

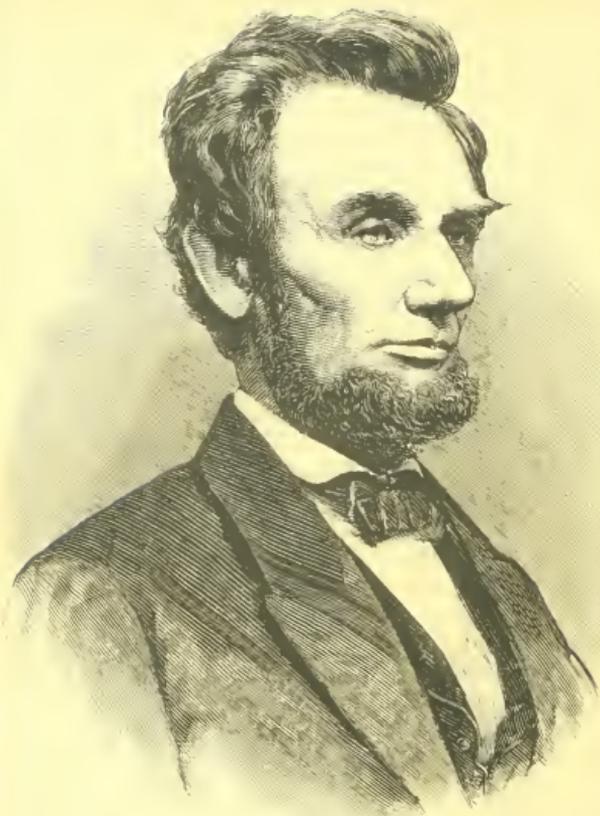
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THE LIFE
OF
ABRAHAM LINCOLN;

FROM
HIS BIRTH TO HIS INAUGURATION AS PRESIDENT.

BY
WARD H. LAMON.

WITH ILLUSTRATIONS.



BOSTON:
JAMES R. OSGOOD AND COMPANY.
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1872.

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P R E F A C E.

I N the following pages I have endeavored to give the life of Abraham Lincoln, from his birth to his inauguration as President of the United States. The reader will judge the character of the performance by the work itself: for that reason I shall spare him the perusal of much pretatory explanation.

At the time of Mr. Lincoln's death, I determined to write his history, as I had in my possession much valuable material for such a purpose. I did not then imagine that any person could have better or more extensive materials than I possessed. I soon learned, however, that Mr. William H. Herndon of Springfield, Ill., was similarly engaged. There could be no rivalry between us; for the supreme object of both was to make the real history and character of Mr. Lincoln as well known to the public as they were to us. He deplored, as I did, the many publications pretending to be biographies which came teeming from the press so long as the public interest about Mr. Lincoln excited the hope of gain. Out of the mass of works which appeared, of one only — Dr. Holland's — is it possible to speak with any degree of respect.

Early in 1869, Mr. Herndon placed at my disposal his remarkable collection of materials, — the richest, rarest, and fullest collection it was possible to conceive. Along with them came an offer of hearty co-operation, of which I have availed myself so extensively, that no art of mine would serve to conceal it. Added to my own collections, these acquisitions have enabled me to do what could not have been done before, — prepare an authentic biography of Mr. Lincoln.

Mr. Herndon had been the partner in business and the intimate personal associate of Mr. Lincoln for something like a quarter of a century; and Mr.

Lincoln had lived familiarly with several members of his family long before their individual acquaintance began. New Salem, Springfield, the old judicial circuit, the habits and friends of Mr. Lincoln, were as well known to Mr. Herndon as to himself. With these advantages, and from the numberless facts and hints which had dropped from Mr. Lincoln during the confidential intercourse of an ordinary lifetime, Mr. Herndon was able to institute a thorough system of inquiry for every noteworthy circumstance and every incident of value in Mr. Lincoln's career.

The fruits of Mr. Herndon's labors are garnered in three enormous volumes of original manuscripts and a mass of unarranged letters and papers. They comprise the recollections of Mr. Lincoln's nearest friends; of the surviving members of his family and his family-connections; of the men still living who knew him and his parents in Kentucky; of his schoolfellows, neighbors, and acquaintances in Indiana; of the better part of the whole population of New Salem; of his associates and relatives at Springfield; and of lawyers, judges, politicians, and statesmen everywhere, who had anything of interest or moment to relate. They were collected at vast expense of time, labor, and money, involving the employment of many agents, long journeys, tedious examinations, and voluminous correspondence. Upon the value of these materials it would be impossible to place an estimate. That I have used them conscientiously and justly is the only merit to which I lay claim.

As a general thing, my text will be found to support itself; but whether the particular authority be mentioned or not, it is proper to remark, that each statement of fact is fully sustained by indisputable evidence remaining in my possession. My original plan was to verify every important statement by some more appropriate citations; but it was early abandoned, not because it involved onwelcome labor, but because it encumbered my pages with a gross array of obscure names, which the reader would probably pass unnoted.

I demand this volume into the world, with no claim for it of literary excellence, but with the hope that it will prove what it purports to be.— A faithful record of the life of Abraham Lincoln down to the 4th of March, 1861.

WARD H. LAMON

WASHINGTON CITY, MAR., 1872.

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LIFE OF ABRAHAM LINCOLN.

xv



LIFE OF ABRAHAM LINCOLN.

CHAPTER I.

ABRAHAM LINCOLN was born on the twelfth day of February, 1809. His father's name was Thomas Lincoln, and his mother's maiden name was Nancy Hanks. At the time of his birth, they are supposed to have been married about three years. Although there appears to have been but little sympathy or affection between Thomas and Abraham Lincoln, they were nevertheless connected by ties and associations which make the previous history of Thomas Lincoln and his family a necessary part of any reasonably full biography of the great man who immortalized the name by wearing it.

Thomas Lincoln's ancestors were among the early settlers of Rockingham County in Virginia; but exactly whence they came, or the precise time of their settlement there, it is impossible to say. They were manifestly of English descent, but whether emigrants directly from England to Virginia, or an offshoot of the historic Lincoln family in Massachusetts, or of the highly-respectable Linean family in Pennsylvania, are questions left entirely to conjecture. We have absolutely no evidence by which to determine them. Thomas Lincoln himself stoutly denied that his progenitors were either

Quakers or Puritans; but he furnished nothing except his own word to sustain his denial: on the contrary, some of the family (old-time relations of Thomas Lincoln) who possess in Virginia, believe themselves to have sprung from the New-England stock. They found their opulent sibs; on the East Side the Christian names given to the sons of the poor English were the same, though only in a few cases, and at different times. But this might have arisen merely from that common religious sentiment which induces parents of a determined way to confer scriptural names on their children, or to name them in some other families who really are kindred on that account. In England, during the ascendancy of the Puritans, in case of fanatical religious excitement, the children were named universally (perhaps) by the names of the celebrated and old Testament heroes, or by names of their own particular vocation, signifying what the infant was expected to do and to suffer in the cause of the Lord. The professors of all the American Sects were Englishmen, and they had many many Puritans. There is, therefore, nothing extraordinary in the supposition that they began the practice of bestowing such names before the migration of any of them, and in names becoming members of family pride and family continuity, were continued to be given ever since. — How, of course, that Christian names of a particular class prevailed among the Lincoln of Massachusetts and the Lincoln of Virginia or Kentucky, is no proof of misapprehension, or identity of derivation, or pointing to any low transmission. It is hardly possible that they ever had not a common ancestor, even if they had no more have lived and died as usual, and by the ordinary means of the sea or the highway. — I should exceedingly prefer a hard statement, however, to the American tradition, as it would be to give the names of the papers of the family, or of the records of any particular generation as having derived from a certain distinguished

Reference is here made to the family tree appended to the 2d edition of this work, at Lincoln, Mass., p. 447, showing that several generations — a long one —

division of the old country, would gladly probably be taken by many who had no claim to it by reason of descent from its original possessors.

Dr. Holland, who, of all Mr. Lincoln's biographers, has entered most extensively into the question of his ancestry, states that the father of Thomas the third Abraham had no authority for his statement, and it is as likely to be wrong as to be right. The Hankses—both now dead—have passed a great part of their lives in the company of Thomas Lincoln, tell us that the name of his father was Mordecai, and so also does Col. Chapman, who married Thomas's first step-daughter. The rest of those who might be able are unable to assign him any name at all. Dr. Holland says further, that this Abraham (or Mordecai) had four brothers—Jacob, John, Isaac, and Thomas, that Isaac went to Tennessee, where his descendants are now; that Thomas went to Kentucky after his brother Abraham, but that Jacob and John "are supposed to have" remained in Virginia. This is doubtless true, at least so far as it relates to Jacob and John; for there are at this day numerous Lincolns residing in Henric and Northampton County,—the place from which the Rev. John Lincoln emigrated. One of these ancestors, Jacob,—the father of the brother referred to,—was a lieutenant in the army of the Revolution, and present at the siege of Yorktown. His military services were made the ground of a claim against the government, and Abraham Lincoln, whilst a representative of Congress from Illinois, was applied to by the family to assist them in prosecuting it. A correspondence of some length ensued, by which the presumed relationship of the parties was fully acknowledged on both sides. But, unfortunately, no copy of it is now in existence. The one preserved in the Virginians was lost or destroyed during the late war. The family, with perfect unanimity, supported the cause of the Confederate States, and suffered many losses in consequence, of which these interesting papers may have been among

¹ The Life of Abraham Lincoln, by J. C. Bennett, p. 40.

called to find this "corn" — when they were actually found by Simon Kenton who suddenly planned a little tract of corn, to see how the stalk that bore the yellow grain would grow beside its "brother" of the wilderness. He was one day leaning against the side of a great tree, watching the little assemblage of sprouts, and wondering at the strange fruitfulness of the earth which had theretofore he found a footstep behind him. It was the great Daniel Boone's — they united their fortunes for the present, but subsequently each of them became the chief of a considerable settlement. Boone's trail had been down the Ohio, Boone's from North Carolina, and from both those directions soon came hunters, trappers, and settlers to join them. But the Indians had no thought of relinquishing their fairest hunting-grounds without a long and desperate struggle. The rich carpet of natural grasses which fed innumerable herds of buffalo, elk, and deer, all the year round; the grandeur of its primeval forests, its pine mountains, and abundant streams, — made it even more attractive to them than to the whites. They had long established in the possession of it; and no tribe, or confederacy of tribes, had ever been able to hold it to the exclusion of the rest. Here, from time immemorial, the northern and southern, the eastern and western Indians had met each other in mortal strife, mutually shedding the blood which ought to have been husbanded for the more deadly conflict with a common foe. The character of this savage warfare had earned for Kentucky the appellation of "the dark and bloody ground;" and now that the whites had fairly begun their encroachments upon it, the Indians were resolved that the phrase should lose none of its old significance. White settlers might therefore come upon fighting for their lives as well as their lands.

Boone did not make his final settlement till 1775. The Lincoln came about 1780. This was but a year or two after Clark's expedition into Illinois; and it was long, long before St. Clair's defeat and Wayne's victory. Nearly the whole of the north-west territory was then occupied by hostile Indians. Kentucky volunteers had yet before them many a day

men who were drowning in the river nearby, although their dismal cries for help were distinctly heard throughout the "city."

On the journey out, the Lincolns are said to have endured many hardships and encountered all the usual dangers, including several skirmishes with the Indians. They settled in Mercer County, but at what particular spot is uncertain. Their house was a rough log-cabin, their farm a waste of land, in the midst of a vast forest. One morning, not long after their settlement, the father took Thomas, his youngest son, and went to build a fence, a short distance from the house, while the other brothers, Mordecai and Josiah, went out to another field not far away. They were all tired of their day's work, when a shot from a party of Indians in ambush, broke the "hanging stillness" of the woods. The father fell dead, Josiah ran to a stockade two or three miles off, Mordecai the eldest son, made his way to his home, and, looking out from the window in the forenoon, saw an Indian to the north, holding his rifle to the ground. The next afternoon, a party of seven or eight Indians, on the heads of the fence, and brought him down. From that day forward, the father was attended by two or three Indians, who were named the "black boys" after Indians that came from the country of the same name. It was not long until Josiah, mortally wounded, was carried into a party of soldiers, and the Indians had to be sent away, and the dead one was buried in the "grave" of his parents, and put to rest in the same "hallow-land."

When this tragedy was related, the father was very old, and a well-worn man. His eyes no longer had become dim, but were a vacant stare, and his mouth by its constant work by those years, nearly pure blackness, the brightest of gravel that he was. The hand of military discipline, as they passed through the wilderness, revealed by its unerring path, of home, and it was as much as he could gather every day, and he said, "I am a man."

—Continued in other articles in this number of the journal.

His vagrant career had supplied him with an inexhaustible fund of anecdotes, which he told cleverly and well. He loved to sit about at "stores," or under shade-trees, and "spin yarns," — a propensity which atoned for many blots, and made him extremely popular. In politics, he was a Democrat — a Jackson Democrat. In religion he was nothing at times, and a member of various denominations by turns. — a Free-Will Baptist in Kentucky, a Presbyterian in Indiana, and a Disciple — vulgarly called Campbellite — in Illinois. In this latter communion he seems to have died.

It ought, perhaps, to be mentioned, that both in Virginia and Kentucky his name was commonly pronounced "Linck-horn," and in Indiana, "Linckhern." The usage was so general, that Tom Lincoln came very near losing his real name altogether. As he never wrote it at all until after his marriage, and wrote it then only mechanically, it was never spelled one way or the other, unless by a storekeeper or by some one there who had a small account against him. Whether it was properly "Lincoln," "Linck-horn," or "Linckhern," was not definitely settled until after Abraham began to write, when, as one of the neighbors has it, "he remodelled the system and corrected the pronunciation."

By the middle of 1806, Lincoln had acquired a good share of knowledge of the carpenter's trade, and set up on his own account; but his achievements in this line were no farther than those of his previous life. He was employed occasionally in the rough work, that requires neither science nor skill; but seldom villages that he ever built a house, or proceeded to do more than a few other odd jobs, considered worth some undertaking. In such a general of the business, he had not to do every thing else that required application and taste. He was to have had some advantage, perhaps, and indeed he had. When he started in the trade, all he did, he made common business receipts, and by means of such some specimens of his work of the kind is still extant in Kentucky and Indiana, and even then not a stranger in the quarters of those who are

neglected and destitute son of Nancy Hawks. Thomas Lincoln took another wife, but he always eyed Sally Hawk as fondly as he was capable of loving another, and notwithstanding, when her husband and his wife were both dead he returned suddenly from the wilds of Indiana, and representing himself as a thriving and prosperous farmer, asked her to marry him. It will be seen hereafter what value was to be attached to his representations of his own prosperity.

Nancy Hawks, who accepted the hand of a better man, refused, was a slender, symmetrical woman, of medium stature, a brunette with dark hair, regular features, and soft, sparkling hazel eyes. Tenderly bred she might have been beautiful, but hard labor and hard usage bent her handsome form, and imparted an unnatural coarseness to her features long before the period of her death. Toward the close her face and features were equally sad; and the latter habitually wore the painful expression which afterwards distinguished the countenance of her son in repose.

By her family, her understanding was considered something wonderful. John Hanks spoke reverently of her large and intellectual forehead, which he considered was the seat of faculties like his. Compared with the mental superiority of her husband and relatives, her attainments were certainly very great: for it is related by those who were well acquainted with her that she could actually read and write. The possession of these arts placed her far above her associates, and after a little while even Tom began to meditate upon the importance of acquiring them. He set to work accordingly in your connection, having a competent mistress so near at hand; and with much effort she taught him what letters composed his name, and how to put them together in a scribble that *Christy* had written. Henceforth he signed no more by making *hmnck*. But it is nowhere stated that he ever learned to write any thing else, or to read either written or printed letters.

Nancy Hawks was the daughter of Lucy Hanks. Her mother was one of four sisters.—Lucy, Betsey, Polly, and

witness for itself the established process of the early settlement. It is about thirty-two feet square, has faced three times successively, twice used as a slaughter-house, and once as a stable. From a daughter was born on the tenth day of February, 1807, who was called *Nancy* during the life of her mother, and after her death *Sarah*.

But Lincoln soon recalled of Elizabethtown and carpenter-work. He thought he could do better as a farmer; and, shortly after the birth of Nancy (or Sarah), removed to a piece of land on the south fork of North Creek, then called from Hodgenville, within the present course of La Grange, and about thirteen miles from Elizabethtown. What share he had, or attempted to get, in this land is not clear from the papers at hand. It is said he bought it, but was unable to pay for it. It was very poor, and the landscape of which it formed a part was extremely desolate. It was then nearly destitute of timber, though it is now partially covered in spots by a young and stunted growth of post-oak and hickory. On every side the eye rested only upon woods and low bushes, and a kind of grass which the present owner of the farm describes as "barren grass." It was on the whole as bad a piece of ground as there was in the neighborhood, and would hardly have sold for a dollar an acre. The general appearance of the surrounding country was not much better. A few small but pleasant streams — North Creek and its tributaries — wandered through the valleys. The land was generally what is called "rolling;" that is, dead level interspersed by little hillocks. Newly sown it was useless; but, except the margins of the watercourses, not much of it was sufficiently fertile to repay the labor of tillage. It had no grand, unvisited forests to allure the winter and summer bodies of deep and fish souls to camp; the bestowment. Here it was only by incessant labor and the daily habits of an ordinary living could be wrung from the earth.

The family took up their residence in a reasonable cabin which stood on a little knoll in the middle of a barren glade

equally insignificant. He was satisfied with comfortable shelter, and a dose of "con-moral and noll" was all he asked. John Hanks never observes, that "happiness was the end of life with him." The land he now (1790) owned (with hundred and thirty-eight acres) he had purchased (in 1787) from Mr. Slater. The deed manifests a consideration of one hundred and eighteen pounds. The purchase must have been a mere speculation, with all the payments delivered, for the title remained in Lincoln till a single year. The deed was made to him Sept. 2, 1813; and Oct. 27, 1814, he conveyed two hundred acres to Charles Milton for one hundred pounds, leaving thirty-eight acres of the tract unsold. No public record discloses what he did with the remainder. If he retained any interest in it for the time, it was probably permitted to be sold for taxes. The last of his voluntary transfers (made) regarding this land, took place two years before his removal to Trafton; after which, he seems to have continued in possession as the tenant of Milton.

In the mean time, Dennis Hanks endeavored to induce young Abraham, now approaching his eighth year, to the mysteries of fishing, and led him on numerous tramps up and down the picturesque branch, — the brook, whose waters were so pure that a white pebble could be seen in a depth of ten feet. On Nolin he had hunted ground-hogs with an older boy, who has since become the Rev. John T. Linnick, and displayed a precocious zeal in the sport. On Knobs creek, he dabbled in the water, atop of the hills, and climbed the trees, with a little companion named Gallatin. On one occasion, when attempting to "cross" across the stream, by swinging over on a sycamore-tree, Abraham lost his hold, and, vaulting into deep water, was saved only by the urgent exertions of the other boy. But, with all this play, the child was often serious and sad. With the earliest dawn of reason he began to suffer and endure; and it was this personal moral training which developed both his heart and his intellect with such singular and astonishing rapidity. It is not likely that Tom

there is not the slightest evidence that he ever disclosed any conscientious scruples concerning the institution."

The lives of his father and mother, and the history and character of the family before their settlement in Indiana were topics upon which Mr. Lincoln never spoke but with great reluctance and significant reserve.

In his family Bible he kept a register of births, marriages, and deaths, every entry being carefully made in his own handwriting. It contains the date of his mother's birth and his own; of the marriage and death of his sister; of the death of his mother; and of the birth and death of Thomas Lincoln. The rest of the record is almost wholly devoted to the Johnstons and their numerous descendants and connections. It has not a word about the Hawkins or the Searrows. It shows the marriage of Sally Bushfield with Isaac Johnston, and then with Thomas Lincoln; but it is entirely silent as to the marriage of his own mother. It does not even give the date of her birth, but history recognizes her existence and demise, to make the vacancy which was probably filled by Sarah Johnston.*

An artist was painting her portrait, and asked her to sketch of his early life. He said: "I was born Feb. 12, 1809, in the town of Hardin County, Kentucky, of a poor widow who was coming out of Georgia with a wife and a boy from where Malheur had been. My parents being dead, and my own memory not serving, I know of no means of ascertaining the precise locality. It was in North Creek."

"To the compiler of the 'Dictionary of Congress' he was the youngest son born Feb. 12, 1809, in Hardin County, Kentucky. Educated in private schools, a member of the House of Representatives from the State of Ohio, Secretary of the Illinois Legislature, and vice-president of the Lower House of Congress."

* The fact that the name of the mother of Lincoln is not given in the Bible is not surprising, as it is not unusual for the name of the mother to be omitted in such records.

"A campaign biographer who applied for particulars of his early history, he replied that they could be of no interest; that they were not."

"The least sad ample meals of the poor?"

"The chief difficulty I had in encounter," writes the latter confidant, "was to induce him to contemplate the family life and conditions of his early life. He seemed to be painfully conscious with the extreme poverty of his early surroundings. He rather shrank of all material and heroic elements, and I know he thought poorly of the idea of collecting a biographical sketch for campaign purposes. . . . Mr. Lincoln communicated some facts to me about his personal life that he did not wish published, and which I have never revealed or allowed to appear. I do not think, however, that Douglas speaks, if he knows any thing about these matters, would it be fairly to say any thing about them."

CHAPTER II.

THOMAS LINCOLN was something of a workman. In the frequent changes of occupation, which had hitherto made his life so barren of good results, he could not resist the temptation to the career of a flat-boatman. He had accordingly made one, or perhaps two trips to New Orleans, in the company and employment of Isaac Bush, who was probably a near relative of Sally Bush. It was therefore very natural, that when, in the fall of 1816, he finally determined to emigrate, he should attempt to transport his goods by water. He built himself a boat, which seems to have been none of the best and launched it on the Rolling Fork at the mouth of Knob Creek, a half-mile from his cabin. Some of his personal property, including carpenter's tools, he put on board, and the rest he traded for four hundred gallons of whiskey. With this crazy boat and most singular cargo, he put out into the stream alone, and floating with the current down the Rolling Fork, and then down Sand River, reached the Ohio without any mishap. Here he soon proved somewhat rickety when contending with the difficulties of the larger stream, or perhaps there was a lack of force in the management of her, or perhaps the single navigator had consoled himself during the lonely voyage by too frequent applications to a portion of his cargo; at all events, the boat capsized, and the lading went to the bottom. He fished up a few of the tools "and most of the whiskey," and, righting the little boat, again floated down to a landing at Thompson's Ferry, two and a half miles west of Troy, in

where he intended to make his future home. It was situated between the forks of Big Pigeon and Little Pigeon creeks, a mile and a half east of Centreville, a village which grew up afterwards, and now numbers about three hundred inhabitants. The whole country was covered with a dense forest of oaks, beeches, walnuts, sugar-maples, and many of the varieties of trees that flourish in North America. The woods were usually open, and devoid of undergrowth. The trees were of the largest growth, and beneath the deep shades they afforded was spread over a rich greenwood. The natural grazing was very good, and logs found abundant sustenance in the prodigious quantity of mast. There was occasionally a little glade or prairie scattered in the midst of this vast expanse of forest. One of these, not far from the Lincoln place, was a famous resort for the deer, and the hunters knew it well for its numerous "holes." Upon this prairie the militia "musters" were had at a later day, and from it the south fork of the Pigeon runs steadily to be known as the "Prairie Fork."

Lincoln laid off his curtilage on a gentle hillside having a slope on every side. The spot was very beautiful, and the soil was excellent. The selection was wise in every respect, but one. There was no water near, except what was collected in holes in the ground after a rain; but it was very bad and had to be strained before using. At a later period one Mrs. Abraham and his step-sister carrying water from a spring situated a mile away. Dennis Hanks asserts that Tom Lincoln "riddled his land like a honeycomb," in search of good water, and was at last sorely tempted to employ a Yankee who came around with a divining-rod, and declared that for the small consideration of five dollars in cash, he would make his rod point to a cool, flowing spring beneath the surface.

Here Lincoln built "a half-faced camp," — a cabin enclosed on three sides and open on the fourth. It was built not of logs, but of poles, and was therefore denominated a "cabin" to distinguish it from a "cabin." It was about fourteen feet square, and had no floor. It was no larger than the first house

sweeping into this inviting country. Harrison's victories over the Indians had opened it up to the potential settlers, and Indiana was admitted into the Union in 1800, with a population of sixty-five thousand. The county in which Thomas Lincoln settled was Perry, with the county-seat at Troy; but he soon found himself in the new county of Spencer, with the court-house at Rockport, twenty miles south of Troy, and the thriving village of Gentryville within a mile and a half of his door.

A post-office was established at Gentryville in 1824 or 1825. Dennis Hanks helped to hew the logs used to build the first storeroom. The following letter from Mr. Edward Turnham, now of Dale, Spencer County, presents some interesting and perfectly authentic information regarding the village and the settlements around it in *its early days*—

"Yours of the 5th inst. is at hand. As you wish me to answer several questions, I will give you a few items of the early settlement of Indiana.

"When my father came here in the spring of 1810 he settled in Spencer County, within one mile of Leavenworth, then a widower. The chance for obtaining new land was such as it was. Abraham and myself attended the common schools.

"We first had to go every three or four days to use a hand-mill that would grind four to five bushels of corn in a day. There was but little wheat grown at that time, and, when we did have wheat, we had to grind it in the mill described, and use it without cooking, as there was no water in the country. In the course of three or three years a mill by the name of Hodge's built a mill on a narrow stream about twelve miles down. We and I first used the mill on horseback, and soon were enabled to go on foot. Then they began building horse-mills at a distance of twenty-five to thirty miles.

"The country was very fertile, especially in the lowlands, and had little timber, and very little water, and almost no fire. These places were called *lowlands*. The country

The steps taken by Lincoln to complete his title to the acre upon which he settled are thus recited by the Commissioner of the General Land Office:—

"In reply to the letter of Mr. W. H. Harnden, who is writing the biography of the late President, dated June 7th, 1867, herewith returned, I have the honor to state, pursuant to the Secretary's reference, that on the 15th of October, 1817, Mr. Thomas Lincoln, then of Perry County, Indiana, obtained under the old credit system,—

"1. The South-West Quarter of Section 32, in Township 4, South of Range 5 West, lying in Spencer County, Indiana.

"2. Afterwards the said Thomas Lincoln relinquished to the United States the East half of said South-West Quarter, and the amount paid thereon was credited to his credit in complete payment of the West half of said South-West Quarter of Section 32, in Township 4, South of Range 5 West, and accordingly a patent was issued to said Thomas Lincoln to the latter tract. The patent was dated March 3, 1827, and was signed by John Quincy Adams, then President of the United States, and countersigned by George T. Linn, then Commissioner of the General Land Office."

It will be observed that although Lincoln acquired title to the land by the Act of 1816, he did not obtain the title to the tract until 1827, and a title deed was not given to him until 1837. But a title deed does not give a title to land. It merely gives evidence of a title, and does not give a title. It is possible that the money which Lincoln gave to the United States for the purchase of the land was not paid to the United States until after the date of the Act of 1816, and that the title to the land was not given to Lincoln until after the date of the Act of 1816. It is also possible that the money which Lincoln gave to the United States for the purchase of the land was not paid to the United States until after the date of the Act of 1816, and that the title to the land was not given to Lincoln until after the date of the Act of 1816. It is also possible that the money which Lincoln gave to the United States for the purchase of the land was not paid to the United States until after the date of the Act of 1816, and that the title to the land was not given to Lincoln until after the date of the Act of 1816.

but who were attacked by it, and I myself, we both died again in the midst of great suffering from typhoid and fever.

Following, regarding its nature and treatment, is the case of a patient who died in Danville, Illinois:

WARD H. LAMON, Esq.

DEAR SIR:—Your favor of the 17th inst. has been received. The response thereto commends you with my theory in relation to the origin of the epidemic called "milk sickness," and also a "general statement of the best treatment of the disease," and the prognosis of such cases.

I have quite a number of cases of the so-called disease of Florida in my private practice; but perhaps you are not aware that this disease is the result of a peculiar quality in this region of country and myself, there is quite a discrepancy of opinion as to the cause in the existence of the disease in Vermont County's range, at the present, I am going to opinion, that, instead of genuine milk-sickness, this is only a modified form of another fever with which we here have to contend. Though several of its symptoms are peculiar to this country, we have too much evidence from different authorities, proved to be the argument, that, in many parts of the West and South-west, there is a disease, which has existed more than fifty years ago, and different from every other disease, compared to our system of Nosology.

In the opinion of medical men, as well as in that of the people, in general, when the sickness prevails, cattle, sheep, and horses contract the disease by feeding on such pasture-lands; and, when those pastures have been exhausted and cultivated, the disease entirely disappears. This has also been the observation of the farmers and stockmen of Vermont County. From this it might be inferred that the disease had a vegetable origin. But it appears that it prevails as early as the month of March, and in some localities; and I am informed that, in an early case, the disease was first introduced by water holding some mineral substances dissolved in it, and it was produced by water holding some mineral substances dissolved in it, and it was produced by some vegetable producing the disease may have been introduced and produced from the soil on which the cattle were fed at the time; but the disease is not known to be the habit of cutting wild grass for their stock. On the whole, I am inclined to attribute the cause to a vegetable origin.

The symptoms of what is called milk-sickness in this country—an acute and similar to those described by authors who have written on the disease in other countries of the Western country—are a whitish coat on the tongue, burning sensation of the stomach, vomiting, obstinate constipation of the bowels, coolness of the extremities, prostration, and jaundice, pulse rather small, somewhat more frequent than natural, and slightly corded. In the course of the disease, the coat on the tongue becomes blackish and dark, the countenance dejected, and the prostration of the system is great. If the termination may take place in sixty hours, or life may be prolonged for a hundred forty days. These are the symptoms of the acute form of the disease. Sometimes it exists in the chronic form, or it may assume that form from the commencement. In some instances, or years, the patient may finally die, or recover only a painful degenerated health.

The treatment which I have found most successful is pills composed of rhubarb and opium, given at intervals of two, three, or four hours, so as to bring the patient under strongly under the influence of opium by the time the second or third dose has been administered; some effervescent mixture, *pro re nata*; infusion of castor-oil, when the stomach will retain it; blisters to the stomach, braids, or good whiskey freely administered throughout the disease, and quinine after the bowels have been moved.

Under the above treatment, modified according to the circumstances, I would not expect to lose more than one case in eight or ten, as the disease manifests itself in this county. . . .

As ever,

THOMAS J. SWANN.

space for this primitive graveyard, and the same day would have sprung up unopposed in great numbers, but in many instances the names of pilgrims to the burial-place of the great Abraham Lincoln might not have been so well known. With this exception, the spot is wholly unvisited. Her grave never had a stone, nor even a board, at present only four, and the neighbors still dispute as to which one of these rough-hewn hollows contains the ashes of Nancy Lincoln.

Thirteen months after the burial of Nancy Hanks and one or ten months after the solennities mentioned by William Thomas Lincoln appeared at Elizabethtown, Ky. a widow of another wife. Sally Bush had married Johnston, the jailer, in the spring of the same year in which Lincoln had married Nancy Hanks. She had then repented him for a better match, but was now a widow. In 1814 many persons in and about Elizabethtown had died of a disease which the people called the "cold plague," and among those the father. Both parties being free again, Lincoln came back very unexpectedly to Mrs. Johnston, and opened his suit in remarkably abrupt manner. "Well, Miss Johnston," said he, "I have no wife, and you have no husband. I cannot refuse to marry you: I knowed you from a gal, and you knowed me from a boy. I have no time to lose; and, if you see within you it be done straight off." To this she replied, "Tommy, I know you well, and have no objection to marrying you: but I cannot do it straight off as I owe some debts that must first be paid." "The next morning" says Hon. Samuel Hayden, the clerk of the courts and the gentleman who reports the quaint courtship, "I issued his license, and they were married *straight off* on that day, and left and I never saw her or Tom Lincoln since." From the death of her husband to that day, she had been living, "an honest, poor widow," in a round log-cabin, which stood in an "alley" just behind Mr. Hayeraft's house. Dennis Hanks says that it was only "on the earnest solicitation of her friends" that Mrs. Johnston consented to marry Lincoln. They all liked her, and it was with a member of her family that he had made several

found her uncle to be the first teacher Kierulff had the real property and maintenance of the farm. She had certainly been given her inheritance, but the "distresses" had occasioned her old Kierulff's ruin, and now were an industrious and prosperous family. She was naturally able to restrain the expression of her astonishment and pleasure, long though they were excited by a real discovery, and she passed and her such course of attention to the world and their hopes and wishes together. On the contrary, she was about wondering what was made with all her strength and energy. Had she really finished the school with reasonable success? She never fondly put down a story, and long and long ago. At five in the depth of winter; and she, children as they sat in the warm beds the parlor from enjoying themselves together of records from the great works of the century, and she was granted for that the business of such a day (as she was) to work. She had a brother, a son and two daughters, her son, John, Sam, and Martha, and she had her own, Mary, Fanny, numerous grand children, (she had a son, the raised and broken hills structure her land, more given an equal share in her affections. They were half Indian and she said them from the above of clothes she had had in her own town. They were dirty, but she dressed them (after her own manner) and she could have with her other's kindness. In her own school language, she thought them look better than before. "Oh face," says Dennis Healy, "is a low school, but I thought; and when every thing was wanting, now all was gone and comfortable. She was a woman of great strength of reasonable good sense, very industrious and active and wherever neat and busy in her house and affairs, and since a quiet life to manage children. She was an excellent mother to young Abe. Her first love was and severity retained, and continued to the day of his death. But her mother and her parents as he lived by himself. Sometimes dressed him up in purple and silk, and from that time he appeared to lead a new life. He was surrounded by her in

any other way than in the way prescribed by the laws of the land. The government of the United States is a government of laws, and not of men. It is a government of the people, and not of a few. It is a government of the whole, and not of a part. It is a government of the future, and not of the past. It is a government of the living, and not of the dead. It is a government of the people, and not of the few. It is a government of the whole, and not of a part. It is a government of the future, and not of the past. It is a government of the living, and not of the dead.

When I read the history of the United States, I am reminded of the words of the great philosopher, Plato: "The best of all things is that which is most just." The history of the United States is a history of the struggle for justice. It is a history of the struggle for the rights of the people. It is a history of the struggle for the rights of the living, and not of the dead. It is a history of the struggle for the rights of the whole, and not of a part. It is a history of the struggle for the rights of the future, and not of the past. It is a history of the struggle for the rights of the living, and not of the dead. It is a history of the struggle for the rights of the whole, and not of a part. It is a history of the struggle for the rights of the future, and not of the past. It is a history of the struggle for the rights of the living, and not of the dead.

The history of the United States is a history of the struggle for justice. It is a history of the struggle for the rights of the people. It is a history of the struggle for the rights of the living, and not of the dead. It is a history of the struggle for the rights of the whole, and not of a part. It is a history of the struggle for the rights of the future, and not of the past. It is a history of the struggle for the rights of the living, and not of the dead. It is a history of the struggle for the rights of the whole, and not of a part. It is a history of the struggle for the rights of the future, and not of the past. It is a history of the struggle for the rights of the living, and not of the dead.

Abraham began his frequent attendance at the market school very soon after he had under the name of Dea. Sargent Mrs. Lincoln. It was probably in the summer of 1835 (she having commenced in the February of that year). It has been seen that this was no more than usual by a somewhat precocious son of the good mother of his home.

—Hazel Dorey was his first master.¹ He presided in a small house near the Little Pigeon Creek meeting-house, a well and a half century old human edifice. It was full of antique logs and logs—books and "stintars,"² to wit: "The sacred power" series for slaves. The room was furnished almost to a hair in a good sense. Here he was taught reading, writing, and ciphering. They spelled "Arithmetic" and "Principles of Arithmetic." These poetic comments were very striking—the participles, and it is well for the curiosity that Abe was given this the equal of two can say anything more valuable in his class.

The next teacher was Andrew Constant. Mrs. Gentry says in her own possession in the neighborhood noted winter of 1829-30, which year of his schooling are attributable to his first school life. He taught in the same 1830 schoolhouse, which had been the scene of Dorey's labors, and the village was still infested with the ground boys of old superstitions that had come down from Dorey's time. Abe was now in his fifteenth year, and began to exhibit symptoms of genius among the weaker sex, as the school parents discovered. He was given up at a remarkably early age, two years later attained his full height of six feet five inches. He was long, very, and strong; white, his big feet and hands, and the length of his legs gave him, even out of all proportion to his small trunk and head. His complexion was very swarthy, and Mrs. Lincoln says that his skin was swarthy and yellow even then. He wore his shaggy hair in a long, messy, wavy style that, with a nap made of the skin of an opossum or a coon. The forehead being such he set his hair at a right angle, but

¹ The names of teachers to whom there are various traditions, and others, who attended the school with him at Little Pigeon Creek, are given in the following.

ghastly, that, among all those who regarded such a scene, would spell "Zeph:" and Chamberlain's words resounded in clouds over his terrible tomb. All were the response to the same shake with fear. He declared his mind knew Chamberlain only in all day and all night, and that "Zeph" was his spirit. There was among them a Miss Riley, a girl whose eyes of eyes, whom we must suppose to have been good, for she was evidently half in love with her. "I saw him in a dream," says she, "he had his finger on his eye, and a mark on his face: I instantly took the mark that I made when the letter *y* into an *z*. Hence I spelled the word, *zeph*, as you see it out. I felt grateful to Lincoln for that awful thing."

Nat Grigby tells us, with unnecessary "paraphrase," that "essays and poetry were not taught in the school." "I took it (them) upon his own account." He finished their sentences against "arrogance to mankind" and in her own forward with a regular "composition" on her own. He was very much annoyed and pained by the conduct of some who were in the habit of catching taverns and pouring bowls of fire on their backs. "He would strike us," says she, "tell us it was wrong, and would strike us again."

The third and last school in which Aba was present, was by a Mr. Swamy, in 1826. To get there he had to travel four and a half miles; and this long time and wide distance occupied entirely the whole of his term. His attendance was therefore only at odd times, and was soon broken off altogether. The schoolhouse had more than the other one near the Pigeon Creek meeting-house, except that it had two chimneys instead of one. The course of instruction was precisely the same as under Denton and Chamberlain, save that Swamy, like Denton, omitted the grandiloquent "manners." "Here," says John H. Chamberlain, of the settler who had blazed out "the trail to the Trail Tavern," "we would choose up, and split as to red-bone-oven forty-night." Hawkins himself had jaws, "He did not show anything else, and built a stable with the legs. — He never told sorry for his bustle, and necessarily possessed Mr. Threlkeld's

gray head, he would lay his hand on." She says: "I've read diligently. . . . He read every book he could lay his hands on; and, when he came across a passage that struck him, he would write it down on boards if he had no paper, and keep it there until he did get paper. Then he would endeavor to look at it, repeat it. He had a copy-book, a kind of ledger-book, in which he put down all things, and thus possessed them."

John Hanks came out from Kentucky when Abe was fifteen years of age, and lived four years with the Lincolns. We cannot describe some of Abe's habits better than John has described them for us: "When Amos — Abe's first — returned to the house from work, he would generally sit down, snatch a piece of corn-bread, take down a bowl, and sit on a chair, cock his legs up high as his neck and head. He and I worked barefooted, grubbed it, ploughed, reared, and pruddled together; ploughed corn, gathered it, and threshed some. Abraham read constantly when he had an opportunity.

Among the books upon which Abe "laid his hands" were "Æsop's Fables," "Robinson Crusoe," "Walter's Progress," a "History of the United States," and Walter's "Life of Washington." All these he read many times, and transferred extracts from them to the boards and the scrap-book. He had procured the scrap-book because most of the literature was borrowed, and he thought it profitable to make copious notes from the books before he returned them. Frank Turnham had bought a volume of "The Revised Statutes of Indiana;" but, as he was "acting constable" at the time, he could not lend it to Abe. But Abe was not to be baffled in his purpose of going through and through every book in the neighborhood; and so, says Mr. Turnham, "he used to come to my house and sit and read."¹ Dennis Hanks would fain have us believe that he himself was the purchaser of the book, and that he had stood as a sort of first-processor to Abe in the science of law. "I had like to forget," writes

¹ He also read at Turnham's house Scott's Lessons and Stewart's Geography.



step
MRS. SARAH LINCOLN, MOTHER OF THE PRESIDENT.
A

betrayed by bad roads up the river to land in 1831 as readily as in a few days, as he could possibly make it. His departure proved to be a disaster. May he have had access to the hills and mountains he was told to have, as he was tired and weary, for he was tired and weary, for he was tired and weary. He worked 7 - 8 hours a day, a few months a time, and passed peacefully off in a quiet life, wherever they were, gradually, as they are, they had no reason for parting with you, with generous about leaving to make later and harder.

He was very generous, a man, and was in the country, taller than any man in the neighborhood. He was a universal friend, and his friends had made his family's name at every station between the two *Upper Lakes*. And would you not have been "Mr. Miller" - a good friend, with them, for he did his work well, and paid them all over, while he was about it. The names were especially common for you was not above them, and did not "know" any thing. He was always ready to make a necessary sacrifice, and a labor. But what chance of people, with those letters, when he passed the same river of perfect health? We had found them if we desire to know him.

They lived in the neighborhood of *Hampton*, in Mrs. Elizabeth Chapman's wife, in the town of *Hampton*, with the same name, and the same name. A woman very kind of her, and indeed, one to himself, and in her company. She throughout possessed a most valuable and Mr. Lincoln's high reputation of manuscript, and made it all by her contributions. We have done for a great mass of valuable and sometimes extremely amusing information. And it is the following graphic of *Hampton*, a marriage, the *Hampton* people to present it:-

"You will be to tell you how the people used to get to meet me. - how far they went. - as they did, as though it nothing to go right in the road. - The old-fashioned red stop for the want of a wheel, or lack of riding, or Mrs. horses, in the winter-time; but they would put in their bus-

most necessary to preserve the tranquillity of the country long distant by being told of a French invasion, a revolution, or any thing else that might be turned into an insurrection in India. On such occasions the country women carried up their children, their husbands, and only paid them to return again to join the company. The ladies drew themselves up, and the men took up spears, and both sexes dressed their hair in some fancifully or picturesque dress.

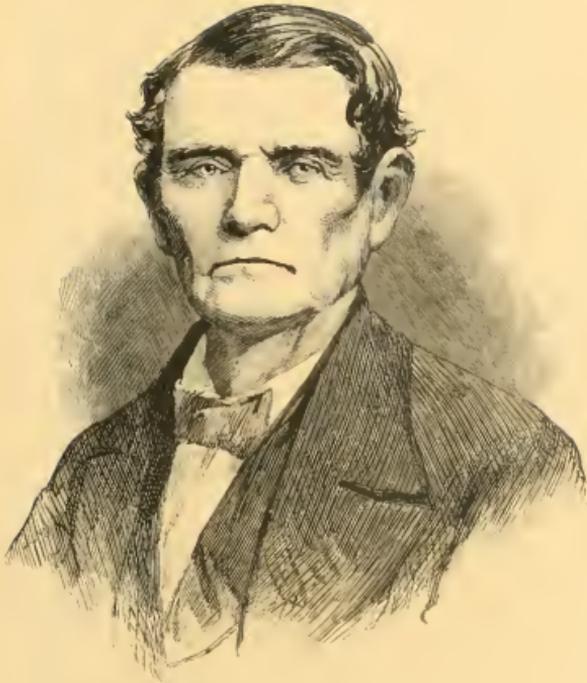
The day was very beautiful, however, excepting the wind in front and long shadow behind behind. Several were the more when entering the hall-room; but they had not all fashionable to suit them out by walking or dining in town. "Four yards of lilacy-woolery, a yard in width, made a dress for day wanted." The waist was short, and decorated just under the arms, while the skirt was long and narrow. "Crinoline and puchering lace" it had none. The waist or two feet were furnished with buttons, joined or unjoined together. The waists were short, like the frills of the women, and the long "suspensorium" tail was still up to the waist. The lawyer was company dress, and the lawyer-shirt the only one every day. The breeches were of buckskin or worse; the nap was of seal-skin; and the shoes of leather turned in some. If no member of the family could make shoes, the leather was taken to some one who could, and the customer paid the maker a fair price in some other sort of labor.

The state of agriculture was what it always is, where there is no market, either to sell or buy; where the implements are few and primitive, and where there are no regular markets. The Pigeon Creek farmer - tilled "two acres of ground in a day with his flesh-and-bone plough, and got out half a crop. He cut one acre with his scythe, while the modern machine laid down in neat rows ten. With his flail and hand-threshing, he threshed out fifteen bushels of wheat; while the use now of to-day, with a few more hands, would turn out three hundred and fifty. He "fanned" and "cleaned" with a sieve." When he wanted flour, he took his team and went on a "horse-mill."

and outside treated otherwise than "accorded to the freed in the States" were slowly won to his.

Such, with the people among whom Abe grew to manhood, with "Jays" sons and daughters, he used to suffer. Most their farms he earned his daily bread by daily toil. There, in conversation he formed his earliest opinions of men and things, the worst over. Many of their positions became so exact many of their thoughts and feelings concerning a variety of subjects were assimilated with his own, and imparted to him that unique character which, in the eyes of a great host of the American people, was only less curious and amusing than it was noble and august.

His most intimate companions were of course, for a long time, the members of his own family. The reader already knows something of Thomas Lincoln, and that pre-eminently good woman, Sally Bush. The latter, we know, visited, clothed, loved, and encouraged Abe in well doing from the moment he fell in her way. How much he owed to her goodness and affection, he was himself never able to estimate. That it was a great debt, fondly acknowledged and eternally repaid as far as in him lay, there can be no doubt. His best friend, the child of Nancy Hanks, was warmly attached to him. Her face somewhat resembled his. In repose it had the features which they both, perhaps, inherited from their mother. But it was capable of being lighted almost into beauty by one of Abe's ridiculous stories or rapturous sallies of humor. Soe was a modest, plain, industrious girl, and is kindly remembered by all who knew her. She was married to AARON Grigsby at eighteen, and a year after died in child-birth. Like Abe, she occasionally worked out at the houses of the neighbors, and at one time was employed in Mrs. Crawford's kitchen, while her brother was a laborer on the same farm. She lies buried, not with her mother but in the yard of the old Pigeon Creek meeting-house. It is especially pleasing to read the encomiums lavished upon her memory by the Grigsbys; for between the Grigsbys on one side, and Abe and his step-brother on the other, there once subsisted a fierce feud.



DENNIS F. HANKS.

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honest, truthful man, with none of the wit and woe of the questionable accomplishments of Dennis. He was the son of Joseph, the carpenter with whom Tom Lincoln started his trade. He went to Indiana to live with the Inwoods when Abe was fourteen years of age, and remained there four years. He then returned to Kentucky, and subsequently went to Illinois, where he was speedily joined by the old Inwoods he had left in Indiana. When Abe separated from the Inwoods, and went in search of individual fortune, it was in company with "old John." Together they split the rails that did so much to make Abe President, and "old John" set the ball in motion by carrying a part of them into the "Great Convention" on his own broad shoulders. John had no talents whatever, except that of the muscles and the guts. He could neither read nor write; but his character was so good and respectable, and Lincoln esteemed him as a man, and took him as a friend and relative.

About six years after the death of the first Mrs. Inwood, Levi Hall and his wife and family came to Indiana, and settled near the Lincolns. Mrs. Hall was Nancy Harris, the mother of our friend Dennis, and the aunt of Nancy Inwood, the mother of Abraham Lincoln. She had two sons, and one daughter, her husband. One of them, Levi, as already mentioned, married one of Abe's step-sisters, while Dennis had taken and married the other one. The father and mother of the latter speedily died of the milk-scurvy, but Levi was for many years a constant companion of Abe and Lincoln.

In 1825 Abraham was employed by James Taylor, who lived at the mouth of Anderson's Creek. He was sent out fifteen miles north, and remained for some months. His principal business was the management of a sheep-ranch, but Taylor had flying across the Ohio, as well as Kentucky Creek. But, in addition to this, he was required to do some sort of farm-work, and even to perform some special services about the house. He was a slender, good-looking, energetic man of about thirty, and was well-qualified to take care of the sheep, even with a pack-trail, and to do some of the other things

appearance : and that " he was tender and kind " to his sister, who was at the same time her maid-of-all-work. His pay was twenty-five cents a day ; " and, when he missed time, he would not charge for it." This latter remark of good Mrs. Crawford reveals the fact that her husband was in the habit of knocking Abe on his miserable wages whenever he happened to lose a few minutes from steady work.

The time came, however, when Abe got his " revenge " for all this petty brutality. Crawford was as ugly as he was surly. His nose was a monstrosity, — long and crooked, with a huge, misshapen " stub " at the end, surmounted by a line of pimples, and the whole as " blue " as the moral state of Mr. Crawford's spirits. Upon this member Abe devoted his attack in rhyme, song, and " chronicle " — and, though he could not reduce the nose, he gave it a fame as wide as the Wabash and the Ohio. It is not improbable that he learned the art of making the doggerel rhymes in which he celebrated Crawford's nose from the study of Crawford's own " Kentucky Preceptor." At all events his sallies upon this subject achieved him great reputation as a " poet " and a wit, and caused Crawford intolerable anguish.

It is likely that Abe was reconciled to his situation in the family by the presence of his sister, and the opportunity it gave him of being in the company of Mrs. Crawford, for it is clear he had a genuine attachment ; for she was nothing that her husband was, and every thing that he was not. According to her account, he split rails, ploughed, threshed, and did whatever else he was ordered to do ; but she distinctly affirms that " Abe was no hand to pitch into his work like killing snakes." He went about it " calmly," and generally took the opportunity to throw " Crawford " down two or three times " before they went to the field." It is fair to presume, that, when Abe managed to inveigle his disagreeable employer into a tussle, he hoisted him high and threw him hard, for he felt that he had no reason to be careful of his bones. After meals Abe " hung about," lingered long to gossip and joke with the

while they were seldom shot for the table, the natives frequently devised the most cunning means of destroying them in great quantities, in order to save the growing crops. Wild turkeys and deer were the principal articles for food; besides these were the bears, the wildcats, and the quonks. The scream of the latter, the most unpropitious howling of the cat kind, hastened Abe's homeward sojourn, one dark night, as he came late from Dase Turnham's, "Paule" Wood's, or the Gentryville grocery. "That terrific cry amounts not only to the natural fear of the monster's teeth and claws, but, heard in the solitude of night and the darkness, it bestows a feeling of superstitious horror, that chills the hearts of the bravest.

Everybody about Abe made hunting a part of his business. Tom Lincoln and Dennis Hanks doubtless regaled him continually with wonderful stories of their luck and prowess; but he was no hunter himself, and did not care to hunt. It is true, that, when a mere child, he made a fortunate shot at a flock of wild turkeys, through a crack in the wall of his "half-faced cabin;"¹ and that, when grown up, he went for coons occasionally with Richardson, or watched deer-harvest with Turnham; but a true and hearty sportsman he never was. As practised on this wild border, it was a solitary and sociable way of spending time, which did not suit his temper, and, besides, it required more exertion than he was willing to make without due compensation. It could not be said that Abe was indolent; for he was alert, brisk, active, about every thing that he made up his mind to do. His step was very quiet, and, when he had a sufficient object in view, he speeded on

¹ "No Indians there when I first went to Indiana, I say, no, none. I see tracks of deer, turkey, and coon, wild-cats, and other things, and frogs." — DENNIS HANKS.

² "You say, What were some of the customs? I suppose you mean taking 'em all together. One thing I can tell you about: we had to work very hard clearing potatoes to keep body and soul together; and every spare time we had we picked up our own and brought in a fine deer or turkey—and in the winter-time we went a coon-hunting for coon-skins were at that time considered legal tender, and deer-skins and hams. I tell you what, I enjoyed myself better then than I ever have since." — DENNIS HANKS.

³ "No doubt about the A. Lincoln's killing the turkey. He done it with one stroke of a rifle, made by William Lutes, of Bullitt County, Kentucky. I have killed a hundred times with her myself; turkeys too numerous to mention." — DENNIS HANKS.

among the first and earliest at all the neighborhood routs; and when his tall, singular figure was seen towering amongst the hunting-shirts, it was considered due notice that the fun was about to commence. "Abe Linkhern," as he was generally called, made things lively wherever he went; and, if Crawford's blue nose happened to have been carried to the assembly, it quickly subsided, on his arrival, into some obscure corner; but the implacable "Linkhern" was apt to make it the subject of a jest that would set the company in a roar. But when a party was made up, and Abe left out, as sometimes happened through the influence of Crawford, he sulked, fumed, "got mad," nursed his anger into rage, and then broke out in songs or "chronicles," which were frequently very bitter, sometimes passably humorous, and invariably vulgar.

At an early age he began to attend the "preachings" roundabout, but principally at the Pigeon Creek church, with a view to catching whatever might be ludicrous in the preacher's talk or matter, and making it the subject of mimicry as soon as he could collect an audience of idle boys and men to hear him. A pious stranger, passing that way on a Sunday morning, was invited to preach for the Pigeon Creek congregation, but he banged the boards of the old pulpit, and bellowed and groined so wonderfully, that Abe could hardly contain his mirth. The memorable sermon was a great favorite with him; and he frequently reproduced it with nasal tones, rolling eyes, and all manner of droll aggravations, to the great delight of the Grigsby and the wild fellows whom Nat was able to assemble. None that heard him, not even Nat himself (who was say thing but dull), was ever able to show wherein Abe's absurd version really departed from the original.

The importance of Gentryville, as a centre of business, soon began to possess the imaginations of the dwellers between the two Pigeon Creeks. Why might it not be a good place of trade? Mr. Gentry was a man generous, patient, and advantageously situated where two roads crossed: it already had a blacksmith's shop, a grocery, and a store. There it is

of profane ballads and amorous ditties he knew the words of a vast number. When Dennis got happy at the grocery, or passed the bounds of propriety at a frolic, he was in the habit of raising a charming carol in praise of the joys which came into the Mussulman's estate on earth, — of which he has vouchsafed us only three lines, —

“ The turbaned Turk that swags the world,
An' struts about with his whiskers curled
For no other man but himself to see.”

It was a prime favorite of Abe's; and Dennis sang it with such appropriate zest and feeling, that Abe never forgot a single word of it while he lived.

Another was, —

“ Hail Columbia, happy land!
If you ain't drunk, I'll be damned,” —

a song which Dennis thinks should be warbled only in the “fields;” and tells us that they knew and enjoyed “all such [songs] as this.” Dave Turnham was also a musical gentleman, and had a “piece” beginning, —

“ There was a Romish lady
Brought up in popery,”

which Abe thought one of the best he ever heard, and insisted upon Dave's singing it for the delectation of old Tom Lincoln, who relished it quite as much as Abe did.¹

Mrs. Crawford says, that Abe did not attempt to sing much

¹ “ I recollect some more: —

‘ Come, thou Fount of every blessing,
Tune my heart to sing thy praise.’

‘ When I can read my title clear
To mansions in the skies!’

‘ How tedious and tasteless the hours.’

‘ Oh! to grace how great a debtor!’

Other little songs I won't say any thing about: they would not look well in print; but I could give them.” — DENNIS HANKS.

I am waiting the summons in earnest to be called,
 Whilst my poor little confines are fast on the wicket,
 I hope my kind neighbors their benevolence will see,
 And Heaven, kind Heaven, pity my dear and me!"

In 1826 Abe's sister Nancy (or Sarah) was married to Aaron Grigsby; and the festivities of the occasion were particularly memorable by a song entitled, "Adam and Eve's Wedding Song," which many believed Abe had himself composed. The conceits embodied in the doggerel were old before Abe was born; but there is some intrinsic as well as extrinsic evidence to show that the doggerel itself was his. It was sung by the whole Lincoln family, before Nancy's marriage and since, but by nobody else in the neighborhood.

ADAM AND EVE'S WEDDING SONG.

When Adam was created, he dwelt in Eden's shade,
 As Moses has recorded, and soon an Eve was made
 Ten thousand times ten thousand
 Of creatures swarmed around
 Before a bride was formed,
 And yet no mate was found.

The Lord then was not willing
 The man should be alone,
 But caused a sleep upon him,
 And took from him a bone,

And closed the flesh in that place of;
 And then he took the same,
 And of it made a woman,
 And brought her to the man.

Then Adam he rejoiced
 To see his loving bride,
 A part of his own body,
 The product of his side.

This woman was not taken
 From Adam's feet, we see;
 So he must not abuse her,
 The meaning seems to be.

Abe wrote many "satires" and "chronicles" which are only remembered in fragments by a few old persons in the neighborhood. Even if we had them in full, they were most of them too indecent for publication. Such, at least, was the character of "a piece" which is said to have been "exceedingly humorous and witty," touching a church trial, wherein Brother Harper and Sister Gordon were the parties seeking judgment. It was very coarse, but it served admirably to raise a laugh in the grocery at the expense of the church.

His chronicles were many, and on a great variety of subjects. They were written, as his early admirers love to tell us, "in the scriptural style;" but those we have betray a very limited acquaintance with the model. In these "chronicles" was celebrated every event of importance that took place in the neighborhood: weddings, fights, Crawford's nose, Sister Gordon's innocence, Brother Harper's wit, was all served up, fresh and gross, for the amusement of the groundlings.

Charles and Reuben Grigsby were married about the same time, and, being brothers, returned to their father's home with their brides upon the same day. The infant, the court, the dance, the ostentatious retirement of the bride and groom, were conducted in the old-fashioned way of old-time customs in the United States, but a way which was not common to Squire Western himself. In this season Abe was not very well, and was very "mad" in consequence. The religious found vent in a highly-spiced piece of descriptive sermons, called "The Chronicle of Reuben," which are well known.

But even "The Chronicles," venturesome and highly successful as they were, were totally insufficient to gratify Abe's desire for vengeance on the Grigsbys. They were impudently disrespectful about Gearyville, and the social slight that had been done stung him bitterly. He thereupon began with "Bill" to write, after disposing of "Crawford's Nose" in complete verse. Mrs. Crawford attempted to prevent these verses, as Mr. Gordon did; but the good old lady had not power, and the "Bill" she blessed very red, and saying that they were the best she

one of them to temperance. Abe borrowed from him some reading them faithfully over and over again, and developed from an ardent desire to write something on the subject. "Some of them they treated. He accordingly composed an article on temperance, which Mr. Wood thought "exceeded for words nearly any thing that the paper contained." It was forwarded, through the agency of a Baptist preacher to an editor in Illinois, to whom it was published, to the infinite gratification of Mr. Wood and his *protégé*. Abe then read his "manifesto on national politics," saying that "the American Government had the best form of government for an intelligent people; that it ought to be kept sound, and preserved forever; that universal education should be fostered and supported all over the country; that the Constitution should be saved, the Union perpetuated, and the laws revered, respected, and enforced." This article was consigned, like the other, to Mr. Wood to be referred to him before the public. A lawyer named Patchard ventured to pass that way, and, being favored with a perusal of Abe's "piece," pithily and enthusiastically declared, "The world can't beat it." "He begged for it," and it was published in some obscure paper; this new success causing the student a most extraordinary access of pride and happiness.

But in 1828 Abe had become very tired of his home. He was now nineteen years of age, and becoming daily more restive under the restraints of servitude which bound him. He was anxious to try the world for himself and make his way according to his own notions. "Abe came to my house one day," says Mr. Wood, "and stood round about, tired and shy. I knew he wanted *something*, and said to him, 'Now, what's your case?' He replied, 'Uncle, I want you to go to the river, and give me some recommendation to some town.' I remarked, 'Abe, your age is against you; you are but twenty yet.' 'I know that, but I want a start,' said Abe. I concluded not to go for the boy's good." Poor Abe! old Tom still had a claim upon him which even Uncle Wood would not help him to evade. He must wait a few weary

We have no particulars of the journey, except that "Abe had some pack," and that the party then followed a well worn route to the spring. The latter were almost dead, and the oxen, horses, the swifter and cumbersome Wagoners, the negroes and some sheep nearly kept away. On the first day of March, 1830, after fifteen days' toils and hard travel, they arrived at John Hank's house, four miles north-west of Decatur. They only settled all any thing he had was included nothing, at a point ten miles west of Decatur. Here John Hank had cut some logs in 1829, which he now gave to Lincoln to build a house with. With the aid of John Deming, Alexander built a house on a small hill, on the north side of the north fork of the Sangamon. Abe had John build the four yoke of oxen and "broke up" fifteen acres of land, and then split rails enough to fence it in.

Abe was now over twenty-one. There was no "Uncle Wood" to tell him that his age was almost gone; he had done something more than his duty by his father; and, as that country was now again placed in a situation where he might do well if he chose, Abe came to the conclusion that it was time for him to begin life on his own account. It may have cost him some pain to leave his good step-mother; but, beyond that, all the old ties were probably broken without a single regret. From the moment he was a free man, independent, able to go where, and to do what he pleased, his success in those things which lay nearest his heart — that is, public and social preferment — was astonishing to himself, as well as to others.

It is with great pleasure that we dismiss Tom Lincoln, with his family and fortunes, from further consideration in these pages. After Abraham left him, he moved at least three times in search of a "healthy" location, and finally got himself fixed near Goose Nest Prairie, in Coles County, where he died of a disease of the kidneys, in 1851, at the ripe old age of seventy-three. The little farm (forty acres) upon which his days were ended, he had, with his usual imprudence, mortgaged to the School Commissioners for two hundred dollars, —

old. When he had returned, he carried the birds to Douglas, where he tried to sell the chickens at his regular fair. John Hanks, at least, would not buy any. They carried them to the little country store, owned by one of the neighboring settlers—

"Did Abraham Lincoln trust John D. Johnston with the sale of his chickens, about 1831? I think the credit must be John Hanks' desertion. John Johnston was not old and rich enough for the old people. They became suspicious of him on this ground. I don't wish to tell all the things that I know, if it would not look well to history. I say this, who would John well?"

"What kind of a man was Johnston?" — "I say this man. A kinder-hearted man never was in Critt's Cavalry, Illinois, nor an honest man. I don't call him honest, he was not another-in-law. I say it, knowing it. John did not do any work any the best. I begged him for his writings."

"Did Thomas Lincoln trust Abe greatly?" — "He loved him. I never could tell whether Abe loved his father very well or not. I don't think he did. No Abe was proud of his forward boys. I have seen his father knock him down of the fence when a stranger would ask the way to a neighbor's house. Abe always would have the first word. The old man loved his children."

"Did any of the Johnston family ask for offices?" — "No. Thomas Johnston went to Abe. he got the parcel of the daguerrotypes in the army. This is all, for they are all dead except John's boys. They did not ask me any."

"Did you or John Hanks ask Lincoln for any offices?" — "I say this: that John Hanks, of Deatur, did want to get an Indian Agency; and John told me that Abe was good as to let him he should have one. But John could not find a man. I think this was the reason that Abe did not give John any place."

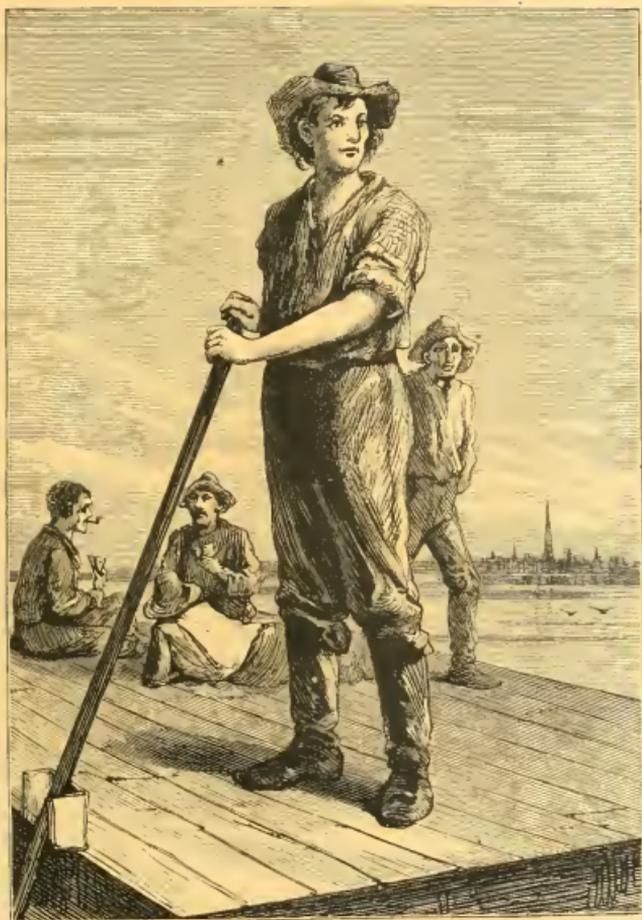
"As for myself, I did not ask any right man for an office, only this. I would like to have the post office in Charleston. That was my wife that asked him. He said that would

they arrived at New Salem, a little village destined to be the scene of the seven eventful years of Mr. Lincoln's life, which immediately followed the conclusion of the present trip. Just below New Salem the boat "stuck," for one night and the better part of a day on Rutledge's mill-dam, — one end of it hanging over the dam, and the other sunk deep in the water behind. Here was a case for Abe's ingenuity, and he exercised it with effect. Quantities of water were being taken in at the stern, the lading was sliding backwards, and every thing indicated that the rude craft was in momentary danger of breaking in two, or sinking outright. But Abe suggested some unheard-of expedient for keeping it in place while the cargo was shifted to a borrowed boat, and then, boring a hole in that part of the bottom extending over the dam, he "rigged up" an equally strange piece of machinery for tiding and holding it while the water ran out. All New Salem was assembled on shore, watching the progress of this singular experiment, — and with one voice affirm that Abe saved the boat; although nobody is able to tell us precisely how.¹ The adventure turned Abe's thoughts to the class of difficulties, one of which he had just surmounted; and the result of his reflections was "an improved method for lifting vessels from shoals."² Offutt declared that when he got back from New

¹ Many persons at New Salem describe in full detail his conduct on this occasion.

² "Occupying an ordinary and common position on the end of the shelves in the large hall of the Patent Office, is one little model, which, in ages to come, will be gotten at at once one of the most curious and one of the most sacred relics in that vast museum of unique and priceless things. This is a model of a simple model of a staunch boat, so-called, fashioned in wood, by the hand of Abraham Lincoln. It bears date 1809, when the inventor was known simply as a successful lawyer and rising politician of Eastern Illinois. Neither his practice nor his politics took up so much of his time as to prevent him from giving much attention to contrivances which he hoped might do honor to his world and of profit to himself.

"The design of this invention is suggestive of one phase of Abraham Lincoln's life, when he went up and down the Mississippi as a fisherman and business trader, and some of the dangers and inconveniences attending these occupations. The model is simple. It is an attempt to make it an easy matter to raise and lower a boat, and to hold it steady. The main idea is that of an apparatus resembling a tripod, having a boom on each side of the hull of the boat, just below the water-line, and secured to a complicated system of rope, valve, and pulleys. From the end of the boom, pressure against the sand or obstruction, these bellows are to be worked out, and the boat raised.



MR. LINCOLN AS A FLATBOAT-MAN.

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treated whipped, and scourged. Lincoln saw that his looks told, said nothing much, was silent from below, was not looked bad, felt bad, was thoughtful and discreet. I can say, knowing it, that it was on this trip that he formed his opinions of slavery. It ran us from to blue them and there, — May, 1831. I have heard him say so often and often."

Some time in June the party took passage on a steamboat going up the river, and remained together until they reached St. Louis, where Offutt left them, and Abe, Hanks, and Johnston started on foot for the interior of Illinois. At Fultonville, twenty-five miles out, Hanks took the road to Springfield, and Abe and Johnston took that to Coles County, where Tom Lincoln had moved since Abraham's departure from home.

Abe never worked again in company with his friend and relative, good old John Hanks. Here their paths separated: Abe's began to ascend the heights, while John's continued along the common level. They were in the Black Hawk War during the same campaign, but not in the same division. But they corresponded, and, from 1833, met at least once a year, until Abe was elected President. Then Abe, delighting to honor those of his relatives who were worthy of it, invited John to go with him to see his step-mother. John also went to the inauguration at Washington, and tells, with pardonable pride, how he "was in his [Abe's] rooms several times." He then retired to his old home in Macon County, until the assassination and the great funeral, when he came to Springfield to look in the blackened face of his old friend, and witness the last ceremonies of his splendid burial.

Scarcely had Abe reached Coles County, and begun to think what next to turn his hand to, when he received a visit from a famous wrestler, one Daniel Needham, who regarded him as a growing rival, and had a fancy to try him a fall or two. He considered himself "the best man" in the country, and the report of Abe's achievements filled his big breast with envious pains. His greeting was friendly and hearty, but his challenge was rough and peremptory. Abe valued his popularity among "the boys" too highly to decline it,

and returned by private appointment to "his regular post," at Wash. Court House, for duty on that point until he had a chance that Southham could have more than "two for one." "I know only," said he, "you have drawn me twice, but you can't draw me"—"Southham," retorted John, "are you satisfied that I will draw one? If you are disposed to put an occasional orange & a shilling, I will do that, one for your share." Southham had found that the postage would "draw" from the treasury "a 2¢ 1/2 with the 1¢ unreturned" fully at the point. "I'll bring you 2¢ 1/2, and at the same time ungenerously include by way of my share by way of your remuneration that a penny more and a half a penny would be the correct amount to the treasury and therefore constituted the net withdrawal from the public treasury."

CHAPTER IV.

ON the west bank of the Sangamon River, twenty miles north-west of Springfield, a traveller on his way to Havana will ascend a bluff one hundred feet higher than the low-water mark of the stream. On the summit he will find a solitary log-hut. The back-bone of the ridge is about two hundred and fifty feet broad where it overlooks the river; but it widens gradually as it extends westerly toward the remains of an old forest, until it terminates in a broad expanse of meadow. On either side of this hill, and skirting its feet north and south, run streams of water in very deep channels, and tumble into the Sangamon almost within hearing. The hill, or more properly the bluff, rises from the river in an almost perpendicular ascent. "There is an old mill at the foot of the bluff, driven by water-power. The river washes the base of the bluff for about four hundred yards, the hill breaking off almost abruptly at the north. The river along this line runs about due north: it strikes the bluff coming around a sudden bend from the south-east, the river being checked and turned by the rocky hill. The mill-dam running across the Sangamon River just at the mill checks the rapidity of the water. It was here, and on this dam, that Mr. Lincoln's flatboat 'stuck on the 19th of April, 1831.' The dam is about eight feet high, and two hundred and twenty feet long, and, as the old Sangamon rolls her turbid waters over the dam, plunging them into the whirl and eddy beneath, the roar and hiss of waters, like the low, continuous, distant thunder, can be distinctly heard through the whole village, day and night,

discovery on the prairies of Illinois. . . . I, however, soon came across a noted character who lives in this vicinity, by the name of Thomas Watkins, who set forth the beauties and other advantages of Cameron's Mill, as it was then called. I accordingly came home with him, visited the locality, contracted for the erection of a magnificent storehouse for the sum of fifteen dollars; and, after passing a night in the prairie, reached St. Louis in safety. Others soon followed."

In 1836 New Salem contained about twenty houses, inhabited by nearly a hundred people; but in 1831 there could not have been more than two-thirds or three-fourths that number. Many of the houses cost not more than ten dollars, and none of them more than one hundred dollars.

When the news flew through the country that the mill dam was broken, the people assembled from far and near, and made a grand frolic of mending it. In like manner, when a new settler arrived, and the word passed around that he wanted to put up a house, everybody came in to the "raising;" and, after behaving like the best of good Samaritans to the new neighbor, they drank whiskey, ran foot-races, wrestled, fought, and went home.

"I first knew this hill, or bluff," says Mr. Herndon, in his remarkable lecture on Ann Rutledge, "as early as 1829. I have seen it in spring-time and winter, in summer-time and fall. I have seen it in daylight and night-time; have seen it when the sward was green, living, and vital; and I have seen it wrapped in snow, frost, and sleet. I have closely studied it for more than five long years. . . ."

"As I sat on the verge of the town, in presence of its ruins, I called to mind the street running east and west through the village, the river eastward; Green's Rocky Bend to the hills, southward; Clary's Grove, westerly about three miles; Petersburg northward, and Springfield south-east; and now I cannot exclude from my memory or imagination the names, faces, voices, and features of those I once knew so well. To my imagination the village paraded on the hills as usual from the hum of busy men, and the clatter of pack-trains ascending;

and from the country come men and women on foot or on horseback, to see and be seen, to hear and to be heard, to bargain and exchange what they have with the merchant and the laborer. There are Jack Armstrong and William Green, Kisco and Jason Duncan, Alley and Carman, Hill and McNamara, Herrison and Rutledge, Warburton and Simcho, Bale and Ellis, Abraham and Ann. Oh, what a history!"

In those days, which in the progressive West would be called ancient days, New Salem was in Sangamon County, with Springfield as the county-seat. Springfield itself was still a mere village having a population of one thousand, or perhaps eleven hundred. The capital of the State was yet at Vandalia, and waited for the parliamentary tact of Abraham Lincoln and the "long nine" to bring it to Springfield. The same conditions, which, after long struggles, succeeded in removing the capital, caused the new County of Menard to be created out of Sangamon in 1839, of which Petersburg was made the county-seat and within which is included the territory of New Salem.

In the month of August, 1831, Mr. Litchell made his second appointment to New Salem. He was again in company with Deacon Offord, who had collected some goods at Beardstown, and now proposed to bring them to this place. Mr. Lincoln involuntarily came there in the service of Offord, but with the goods were being transported from Beardstown he assumed to be talking about politics and special subjects in such a manner as to attract attention for the first time, speaks of him as "doing nothing." He has given some encouragement to this idea formed by the crowd in which he habitually spoke of his "ivory legs" — describing himself as coming down the river "arriving within of the deep song like a piece of 'float-wood' broken off by the stream, and accidentally landed at New Salem.

On the day of the election he also made his speech at Springfield as "Whitey Graham, the hand-lander," tells us. His own son, however, about the pulling phase. It must have been but a few days after his arrival in the town, for already many that

he could write. They were "short of a clerk" at the polls; and, after casting about in vain for some one competent to fill the office, it occurred to one of the judges that perhaps the tall stranger possessed the needful qualifications. He thereupon accosted him, and asked if he could write. He replied, "Yes, a little."—"Will you act as clerk of the election to-day?" said the judge. "I will try," returned Abe, "and do the best I can, if you so request." He did try accordingly, and, in the language of the schoolmaster, "performed the duties with great facility, much fairness and honesty and impartiality. This was the first public official act of his life. I clerked with him," says Mr. Graham, swelling with his theme, "on the same day and at the same polls. The election-books are now in the city of Springfield, Ill., where they can be seen and inspected any day."

Whilst Abe was "doing nothing," or, in other words, waiting for Offutt's goods, one Dr. Nelson, a resident of New Salem, built a flatboat, and, placing his family and effects upon it, started for Texas. But as the Sangamon was a turbulent and treacherous stream at best, and its banks were now full to overflowing, Nelson needed a pilot, at least as far as Beardstown. His choice fell upon Abe, who took him to the mouth of the doubtful river in safety, although Abe often declared that he occasionally ran out into the prairie at least three miles from the channel. Arriving at Beardstown, Nelson pushed on down the Illinois, and Abe walked back to New Salem.

The second storekeeper at New Salem was a Mr. George Warburton; but, "the country not having improved his morals in the estimation of his friends," George thought it advisable to transfer his storeroom and the remnant of his stock to Offutt. In the mean time, Offutt's long-expected goods were received from Beardstown. Abe unpacked them, ranged them on the shelves, rolled the barrels and kegs into their places, and, being provided with a brand-new book, pen, and ink, found himself duly installed as "first clerk" of the principal mercantile house in New Salem. A country store is an

incomparable collection of miscellanies,—groceries, dry goods, hardware, earthenware, and stoneware, cups and saucers, plates and dishes, coffee and tea, sugar and molasses, hams and shoes, whiskey and lead, butter and eggs, tobacco and gunpowder, with an endless list of things, unthinkably expensive by a household of a "poor man." Such was the store in the charge of which Abe was now promoted,—promoted from the rank of a common laborer to be a sort of brevet clerk.

But Offutt's ideas of commerce were very comprehensive; and his business was already considerably scattered about the country. He thought he would add a little more. He therefore moved the mill at the foot of the hill, from Cameron and Reddy, and set Abe to overlooking that as well as the store. This increase of business however required another clerk, and in a few days Abe was given a companion in the person of W. G. Green. They slept together on the same cot at the store; and as Mr. Green observes, by way of indicating the great intimacy that subsisted between them, "when one turned over, the other had to do so likewise." By completing his domestic arrangements, Abe followed the example of Mr. Offutt, and took boarding at John Cameron's, one of the tenants of the mill.

Mr. Offutt is variously, though not differently, described as "a wild, hoarse-sounding, reckless fellow;" a "great, vainly, bragging man;" a "noisy, unsteady, bossy, meddling man, wild and imprudent." If anybody can imagine the character indicated by these terms, he can imagine Mr. Offutt.—Abe's employer, friend, and patron. Since the trip on the harbor, his admiration for Abe had grown to be boundless. He now declared that "Abe knew more than any man in the United States;" that "he would some day be President of the United States," and that he would, at that present moment, outrun, whip, or throw down any man in Sangamon County. These loud boasts were not wasted on the desert air; they were bad seed sown in a rich soil, and

speedily raised up a crop of sharp thorns in both Abe and Offutt. At New Salem, honors such as Offutt accorded to Abe were to be won before they were worn.

Bill Clary made light of Offutt's opinion respecting Abe's prowess; and one day, when the dispute between them had been running high in the store, it ended by a bet of ten dollars on the part of Clary that Jack Armstrong was "a better man." Now, "Jack was a powerful twister," "square built, and strong as an ox." He had, besides, a great backing; for he was the chief of the "Clary's Grove boys," and the Clary's Grove boys were the terror of the countryside. Although there never was under the sun a more generous parcel of ruffians than those over whom Jack held sway, a stranger's introduction was likely to be the most unpleasant part of his acquaintance with them. In fact, one of the objects of their association was to "initiate or naturalize new-comers," as they termed the amiable proceedings which they took by way of welcoming any one ambitious of admittance to the society of New Salem. They first bantered the gentleman to run a foot-race, jump, pitch the ball, or wrestle; and, if none of these propositions seemed agreeable to him, they would request to know what he would do in case another gentleman should pull his nose, or squirt tobacco-juice in his face. If he did not seem entirely decided in his views as to what should properly be done in such a contingency, perhaps he would be nailed in a hogshod, and rolled down New-Salem hill; perhaps his ideas would be brightened by a brief ducking in the Sangamon; or perhaps he would be scoffed, kicked, and cuffed by a great number of persons in concert, until he reached the confines of the village, and then turned adrift as being unfit company for the people of that settlement. If, however, the stranger consented to engage in a tussle with one of his persecutors, it was usually arranged that there should be "foul play," with nameless impositions and insults, which would inevitably change the affair into a fight; and then, if the subject of all these practices proved indeed to be a man of mettle, he would be promptly received into "good society," and

in all probability would never have better words on earth than the following fellows who had admission to the party.

Thus far Abe had managed to secure "protection" at the hands of Jack and his associates. They were disposed to like him and to take him on their, or at least to require no further evidence of his credulity than that which money had already brought them. Omit's wife no more taught her friend wife the error of his suspicious doubts on the score; and better still, at NEW Salem, a friend more to the "Chaps" Omit says "had witnessed her treatment; fruits of strength and dignity at the lady's schoolroom. I was sure that no public-house fellow was equalled" to a soldier with love, and an exception to the rule might have been made in his favor, but not the confidence and confidence of his employer.

The example of Omit and Omit was followed by all the "boys," and money, knives, whiskey, and all manner of things were sent on the result of the struggle. The little company was returned throughout, and Jack's partners were present in great numbers; while Omit and Bill Green were alone the only persons upon whom Abe could rely if the worst should take the most time and end in a fight. For these, and many other reasons, he found it so hard and finally out of the scrape; but Omit's folly had made it impossible for him to make the round of hand in being the negotiation and suffering the penalties of cowardice. He said "I never made and scuffle, and I will not; I don't like this working and pulling." Was these examples only served to aggravate the case, and to see a case found to the mind of Jack, which he did with a voluntary power that amazed the fellows & he had at his hand long by the point of indignation. They had "the hold," and were surrounded, each with remainder but equal strength, for several minutes without any perceptible advantage on either. New cups or unexpected events were of no avail however, to such a point could breathe as thus. Presently Abe profited by his height and the length of his arms to fit Jack head of the ground, and swinging him about, though he found him on his

back; but this feat was as futile as the rest, and left Jack standing as square and as firm as ever. "Now, Jack," said Abe, "let's quit: you can't throw me, and I can't throw you." But Jack's partisans, regarding this overture as a signal of the enemy's distress, and being covetous of jack-knives, whiskey, and "smooth quarters," cheered him on to greater exertions. Rendered desperate by these expectations of his friends, and now enraged at meeting more than his match, Jack resolved on "a foul," and, breaking holds, he essayed the unfair and disreputable expedient of "hogging." But at this Abe's prudence deserted him, and righteous wrath rose to the ascendent. The astonished spectators saw him take their great bully by the throat, and, holding him out at arm's-length, shake him like a child. Then a score or two of the boys cried "Fight!" Bill Clary claimed the stakes, and Offutt, in the fright and confusion, was about to yield them; but "Lincoln said they had not won the money, and they should not have it; and, although he was opposed to fighting, if nothing else would do them, he would fight Armstrong, Clary, or any of the set." Just at this juncture James Rutledge, the original proprietor of New Salem, and a man of some authority, "rushed into the crowd," and exerted himself to maintain the peace. He succeeded; but for a few moments a general fight was impending, and Abe was seen with his back against Offutt's store "undismayed" and "resolute," although surrounded by enemies.¹

Jack Armstrong was no bad fellow, after all. A sort of Western John Browdie, stout and rough, but great-hearted, honest, and true: his big hand, his cabin, his table, and his purse were all at the disposal of a friend in need. He possessed a rude sense of justice, and felt an incredible respect for a man who would stand single-handed, stanch, and defiant, in the midst of persecutors and foes. He had never disliked Abe, and had, in fact, looked for very clever things from him, even before his title to respectability had been made so

¹ Of the fight and what followed, we have the particulars from many persons who were witnesses.

that brought him to the ground." Being "as strong as two men, Jack wanted to whip the man badly," but Abe interfered, and, managing to have himself made "arbitrator," compromised the difficulty by a practical application of the golden rule. "Well, Jack," said he, "what did you say to the man?" Whereupon Jack repeated his words. "Well, Jack," replied Abe, "if you were a stranger in a strange place, as his man is, and you were called a d—liar, &c., what would you do?"—"Whip him, by God!"—"Then this man has done no more to you than you would have done to him."—"Well, Abe," said the honest bruiser, "it's all right," and, taking his opponent by the hand, forgave him heartily, and "treated." Jack always treated his victim when he thought he had been too hard upon him.

Abe's duties in Offutt's store were not of a character to monopolize the whole of his time,¹ and he soon began to think that here was a fine opportunity to remedy some of the defects in his education. He could read, write, and cipher as well as most men; but as his popularity was growing daily, and his ambition keeping pace, he feared that he might shortly be called to act in some public capacity which would require him to speak his own language with some regard to the rules of the grammar,—of which, according to his own confession, he knew nothing at all. He carried his troubles to the schoolmaster, saying, "I have a notion to study English grammar."—"If you expect to go before the public in any capacity," replied Mr. Graham, "I think it the best thing you can do."—"If I had a grammar," replied Abe, "I would commence now." There was no grammar to be had about New Salem, but the schoolmaster, having kept the run of that species of property, gladdened Abe's heart by telling him that he knew where there was one. Abe rose from the breakfast at which he was sitting, and learning that the book was at Vaner's store

¹ During the time he was working for Offutt and hauling logs across Lincoln woods to and cut down trees, and split enough rails for Offutt to make a pen sufficiently large to contain a thousand hogs. The pen was built under New-Salem, because to the north of it I know where those rails are now, are sound to-day."—MISTER GRAHAM.

to sleep distant, set off as early as he could. When traversed by Mr. Graham, a very little visit must be returned and accompanied with great pleasure, that he had to. "He then turned his immediate and most unshaken attention" to the study of it. "Sometimes, when business was not particularly thick, he would sit under a shade-tree in front of the door, and pore over the book; at other times a customer would find him stretched on the counter, intently engaged in the same way. But the more was a bad plan to study; and he was often seen quietly slipping out of the village, as if he wished to avoid observation, when it was still in getting off alone, he would spend hours in the woods, "abstracting a book," as in a state of profound distraction. His eyes often got lame of sitting up late at night; but as light was necessary to his purpose as day, were expressed the illness never prevented him to sit in his sleep, when he found the slowness, and kept a binding the to read by, when every one else was at bed. The Greens took him kindly, the schoolmaster gave him instructions at the shop, on the road to in the mountains, every night to New Salem who made his first possession in scholarship was waylaid by Abner and required an explanation which he could not understand. The world of it all was that the talents and the surrounding country wondered at the growth of knowledge, and he was looked at as a miracle for the quickness of his understanding as for the unusual power of his intellect, and the resulting habit of his talk.

Early in the spring of 1842, some extraordinary circumstances at Springfield determined to try whether the Springfield was a desirable stream of men. It was a momentous question to the city along the river, and when the "Commonwealth" was resolved to make the experiment, the popular sentiment was intense, and her passage of road was a vast affair, and the occurrence of people of every rank. It was thought that Miss Reynolds by this particular opportunity would be a most valuable and to company with some others, in some respects to the country, in 1842

the "Talisman," and pilot her up. With Abraham Lincoln she ran with comparative ease and safety as far as the New Salem dam, a part of which they were compelled to tear away in order to let the steamer through. Thence she went on as high as Bogue's mill; but, having reached that point, the rapidly-falling water admonished her captain and pilots, that, unless they wished her to be left there for the season, they must promptly turn her prow down stream. For some time on the return trip, she made not more than three or four miles a day, "on account of the high wind from the prairie." "I was sent for, being an old boatman," says J. R. Herndon, "and I met her some twelve or thirteen miles above New Salem. . . We got to Salem the second day after I went on board. When we struck the dam, she hung. We then backed off, and threw the anchor over the dam, and tore away a part of the dam, and, raising steam, ran her over the first trial. As soon as she was over, the company that chartered her was done with her. I think the captain gave Mr. Lincoln forty dollars to run her down to Beardstown. I am sure I got forty dollars to continue on her until we landed at Beardstown. We then went down with her and walked back to New Salem."

CHAPTER V.

IN the spring of 1832, Mr. Offutt's business had gone to ruin. The store was sold out, the mill was handed over to its owners, Mr. Offutt himself departed for parts unknown, and his "wood store" was again out of work. Just about that time a governor's proclamation invited, calling for volunteers to meet the famous chief Black Hawk and his warriors, who were preparing for a grand, and, in all likelihood, a bloody fray, into their old hunting-grounds in the Rock-wood country.

Black Hawk was a large Indian, of powerful frame and commanding presence. He was a soldier and a statesman. The history of his diplomacy with the tribes he sought to consolidate shows that he expected to realize on a smaller scale the grand plan of Pontiac and Tecumseh. In his own tongue he was eloquent and deemed dreams which, amongst the Indians, passed for prophecy. The prophet is an indispensable part of any comprehensive scheme of Indian politics, and no chief has ever effected a combination of formidable strength without his aid. In the person of Black Hawk, the chief and the prophet were one. His power in both respects was laid toward a single end, — the great purpose of his life — the recovery of his birthplace and the removal thence of his people from the possession of the stranger.

Black Hawk was born on the Rock River in Wisconsin, in the year 1767. The grandfather lived near Montreal whence the father Piqua was recruited but not until he had become thoroughly imbued in his views and feelings. All his life



BLACK HAWK, THE INDIAN CHIEF.

long he made annual journeys to the councils of the tribes at Malden, where the gifts and persuasions of British agents confirmed him in his inclination to the British interests. When Pyesa was gathered to his fathers, his son took his place as the chief of the Sacs, hated the Americans, loved the friendly English, and went yearly to Malden, precisely as he thought Pyesa would have had him do. But Black Hawk's mind was infinitely superior to Pyesa's: his sentiments were loftier, his heart more susceptible; he had the gift of the seer, the power of the orator, with the high courage and the profound policy of a born warrior and a natural ruler. He "had brooded over the early history of his tribe; and to his views, as he looked down the vista of years, the former times seemed so much better than the present, that the vision wrought upon his susceptible imagination, which pictured it to be the Indian golden age. He had some remembrance of a treaty made by Gen. Harrison in 1804, to which his people had given their assent; and his feelings were with difficulty controlled, when he was required to leave the Rock-river Valley, in compliance with a treaty made with Gen. Scott. That valley, however, he peacefully abandoned with his tribe, on being notified, and went to the west of the Mississippi; but he had spent his youth in that locality, and the more he thought of it, the more determined he was to return thither. He readily enlisted the sympathies of the Indians, who are ever prone to ponder on their real or imaginary wrongs; and it may be readily conjectured that what Indian counsel could not accomplish, Indian prophecy would."¹ He had moved when summoned to move, because he was then unprepared to fight; but he utterly denied that the chiefs who seemed to have ceded the lands long years before had any right to cede them, or that the tribe had ever willingly given up the country to the stranger and the aggressor. It was a fraud upon the simple Indians: the old treaty was a great lie, and the signatures it purported to have, made with marks and primitive devices, were not attached in good

¹ Schoolcraft's History of the Indian Tribes.

like will visit me, the most abundant game. The ground
 passed by will be found very good. The water of the
 Great Falls, you do this or otherwise do this. It will be full
 throughout all the mountains, and is good. And still
 there, you will find me good till the people of the valley
 and.

It had by this agreement of about the Black Hawk, which
 presented the same. The features by the same name were
 in a simple substance. He had and still. He would
 not in the mountains of the people, who had passed. The same
 cases of war with the face and give them to the White
 Mountain Sioux, Skokopis, and many others. The Black
 Hawk was a who was often found, in the Indian con-
 sidered, had his property were found for some of the tribes
 with eagles, and by all of them with respect. At one
 time he, and others, returned and returned—the most for-
 mally in the North-west, it appeared the Sioux and the
 Chipewyan who were themselves inclined to peace. Early
 in the day, the man of the Chipewyan obtained a private
 audience, and with certain words, having been
 accepted from Black Hawk, secured an alliance between
 the two, and they, of the latter tribe, in consequence but numerous
 had, found some guides of the British, which passed in
 addition of Black Hawk, which would they were to follow the
 war with Black Hawk.

The Black Hawk had crossed the river in small boats,
 but had not yet been the situation of the Great Mountains
 the United States post at Black Island. He then promised to
 remain in the other side, and would proceed to the latter. But
 early in the spring of 1804 he returned, with greater num-
 bers, passed straight into the Rock-iver Valley, and said he
 would come to report on. He was now forty-five years of
 age, but though his appearance was decrepit and his limbs feeble
 and slow. They would fight a few bloody battles, and then
 he would fall down in his old age, and see the corn grow where
 he passed it in his youth. Red David still remained to
 the 15th of June, having, by arrangement, he had not yet

of trusting to their patriotism instead of their interests. Gen. Atkinson, now in command at Rock Island set the troops in motion: the governor issued his call for volunteers; and, as the Indians by this time had committed some frightful barbarities, the blood of the settlers was boiling, and the regiments were almost instantly filled with the best possible material. So soon as these facts became known, the allies of Black Hawk, both the secret and the open, fell away from him, and left him, with the Saes and the Foxes, to meet his fate.

In the mean time Lincoln had enlisted in a company from Sangamon. He had not been out in the campaign of the previous year, but told his friend Row Herndon, that, if he had not been down the river with Offutt, he would certainly have been with the boys in the field. But, notwithstanding his want of military experience, his popularity was so great, that he had been elected captain of a militia company on the occasion of a muster at Clary's Grove the fall before. He was absent at the time, but thankfully accepted and served. Very much to his surprise, his friends put him up for the captaincy of this company about to enter a tive service. They did not organize at home, however, but marched first to Beardstown, and then to Rushville in Schuyler County, where the election took place. Bill Kirkpatrick was a candidate against Lincoln, but made a very sorry showing. It has been said that Lincoln once worked for Kirkpatrick as a cotton planter, and suffered some indignities at his hands; but the story as a whole is supported by no credible testimony. It is certain, however, that the planks for the boat built by Abe and his friends at the mouth of Spring Creek were sawed at the mill of a Mr. Kirkpatrick. It was then, likely enough, that Abe fell in the way of the man, and learned to dislike him. At all events, when he had distanced Kirkpatrick, and was chosen his captain by the suffrages of men who had been in contact with Kirkpatrick long before they had ever heard of Abe, he spoke of him gratefully, and referred in no garbled terms to some old dispute. "Damn him," said he to Gross, "I've

fring his pistol within ten steps of the camp, and for this violation of orders was put under arrest for that day, and his sword taken from him; but the next day his sword was restored, and nothing more was done in the matter."

From Henderson River the troops marched to Yellow Banks, on the Mississippi. "While at this place," Mr. Ben F. Irwin says, "a considerable body of Indians of the Cherokee tribe came across the river from the Iowa side, with the white flag hoisted. These were the first Indians we saw. They were very friendly, and gave us a general war-dance. We, in return, gave them a Sucker ho-down. All enjoyed the sport, and it is safe to say no man enjoyed it more than Capt. Lincoln."

From Yellow Banks, a rapid and exhaustive march of a few days brought the volunteers to the mouth of Rock River, where "it was agreed between Gen. Whiteside and Gen. Atkinson of the regulars, that the volunteers should march up Rock River, about fifty miles, to the Prophet's Town, and there encamp, to feed and rest their horses, and await the arrival of the regular troops, in keel-boats, with provisions. Judge William Thomas, who again acted as quartermaster to the volunteers, made an estimate of the amount of provisions required until the boats could arrive, which was supplied; and then Gen. Whiteside took up his line of march."¹ But Capt. Lincoln's company did not march on the present occasion with the alacrity which distinguished their comrades of other corps. The orderly sergeant attempted to "form company," but the company declined to be formed, the men, oblivious of wars and rumors of wars, mocked at the word of command and remained between their blankets in a state of serene repose. For an explanation of these signs of passive military we must resort again to the manuscript of the private who gave the story of Capt. Lincoln's first arrest. "About the 1st of April, we reached the mouth of Rock River. About three or four nights afterwards, a man named Ral P. Green, commonly called 'Pot Green,' belonging to a Green-company company,

¹ For's History of Illinois, chap. vi.

when several Indians were seen hovering about some raised ground nearly a mile distant. Straightway Stillman's gallant fellows remounted, one by one, or two and two, and without officers or orders, galloped away in pursuit. The foremost first took a red flag, and then dashed off at the top of their speed. Three of them were overtaken and killed by the rest performed with perfect skill the errand upon which they were sent; they led Stillman's command into an Indian village where lay Black Hawk himself with several hundred of his warriors. The pursuers recoiled, and rode in their course Black Hawk bore down upon Stillman's camp, the fugitives streaming back with fearful cries respecting the numbers and ferocity of the enemy, spread consternation through the entire force. Stillman gave a hasty order to fall back—and the men fell back much faster and farther than he intended. They never faced about, or so much as stopped, until they reached Whiteside's camp at Dixon. The first of them reached Dixon about twelve o'clock; and others came straggling all night long and part of the next day, each party announcing themselves as the sole survivors of that stricken field, escaped solely by the exercise of miraculous valor. The affair is

"It is said that a big, tall Keokuckian with a very loud voice, who was a member of the militia, but a private with Stillman, upon his arrival in camp, gave to Gen. Whiteside and the wondering multitude the following glowing and bombastic account of the affair. 'Sirs,' said he, 'our detachment was encamped amongst some scattering timber on the north side of Old Man's Creek, with the prairie from the north gently sloping down to our encampment. It was just after twilight, in the gloaming of the evening, when we discovered Black Hawk's army coming down upon us in solid column, thus displayed by the form of a crescent upon the brow of the prairie, and such accurate and precise military movements were never witnessed by man; they were equal to the best evolutions of Wellington in Spain. I have said that the Indians came down in solid column, and displayed in the form of a crescent, and what was most wonderful, there were twenty squares of cavalry resting upon the points of the curve, which squares were supported again by other columns fifteen deep, extending back through the woods, and over a swamp three-quarters of a mile, which again rested upon the main body of Black Hawk's army bivouacked upon the banks of the Kishwaukee. It was a terrible and terrific sight to see the tawny warriors as they rode along our flanks attempting to flank us with the glittering moonbeams glistening from their polished blades and serrated spears. It was a sight well calculated to strike consternation into the stoutest and boldest heart; and accordingly our men soon began to break in small squads and parties. In a very little time the rout became general. The Indians were off our flanks and threatened the destruction of the entire detachment. About this time Major Stillman, Col. Stephenson, Major Perkins, Capt. Adams, Mr. Hackstaff, and myself, with some others, threw ourselves into the rear to rally the fugitives and protect the retreat. But in a short time all my companions fell, bravely fighting hand to hand with the savage

of the most careful and experienced," the camp was nearly destitute of food. "The majority had been living on parched corn and coffee for two or three days;" but, on the morning of the last march from Dixon, Quartermaster TOWNSEND had succeeded in getting a little fresh beef from the only white inhabitant of that country, and thus the men were glad to eat without bread. "I can truly say I was often hungry," said Capt. Lincoln, reviewing the events of this campaign. He was, doubtless, as destitute and wretched as the rest, for he was patient, quiet, and resolute. Hunger brought with it a discontented and mutinous spirit. The men complained bitterly of all they had been made to endure, and clamored loudly for a general discharge. But Capt. Lincoln kept the even tenor of his way;" and, when his regiment was disbanded, immediately enlisted as a private soldier in another company.

From the battle-field Whiteside returned to his old camp at Dixon, but determined, before doing so, to make one more attempt to retrieve his ill-fortune. Black Hawk's pirogues were supposed to be lying a few miles distant, in a bend of the Rock River; and the capture of these would serve as some relief to the dreary series of errors and miscarriages which had hitherto marked the campaign. But Black Hawk had just been teaching him strategy in the most effective mode, and the present movement was undertaken with an excess of caution almost as ludicrous as Stillman's bravado. "To provide as well as might be against danger, one man was started at a time in the direction of the point. When he would get a certain distance, keeping in sight, a second would start, and so on, until a string of men extending five miles from the main army was made, each to look out for Indians, and give the sign to right, left, or front, by hanging a hat on a bayonet, — erect for the front, and right or left, as the case might be. To raise men to go ahead was with difficulty done, and some tried hard to drop back; but we got through safe, and found the place deserted, leaving plenty of Indian signs, — a dead dog and several scalps taken in Stillman's defeat, as we supposed them to have been taken." After this, the last of Gen. Whiteside's

a little bolder than the rest, but evidently feeling that he spoke for the whole, cried out, "This is cowardly on your part, Lincoln!" Whereupon the tall captain's figure stretched a few inches higher again. He looked down upon these varlets who would have murdered a defenceless old Indian, and now quailed before his single hand, with lofty contempt. The oldest of his acquaintances, even Bill Green, who saw him grapple Jack Armstrong and defy the bullies at his back, never saw him so much "aroused" before. "If any man thinks I am a coward, let him test it," said he. "Lincoln" responded a new voice, "you are larger and heavier than we are." — "This you can guard against: choose your weapons," returned the rigid captain. Whatever may be said of Mr. Lincoln's choice of means for the preservation of military discipline, it was certainly very effectual in this case. There was no more disaffection in his camp, and the word "coward" was never coupled with his name again. Mr. Lincoln understood his men better than those who would be disposed to criticise his conduct. He has often declared himself that his life and character were both at stake, and would probably have been lost, had he not at that supremely critical moment forgotten the officer and asserted the man. To have ordered the offenders under arrest would have created a formidable mutiny, to have tried and punished them would have been impossible. They could scarcely be called soldiers: they were merely armed citizens, with a nominal military organization. They were but recently enlisted and their term of service was just about to expire. Had he preferred charges against them, and offered to submit their differences on points of any sort, it would have been regarded as an act of personal pusillanimity, and his efficiency would have been gone forever.

Lincoln was believed to be the strongest man in his regiment, and no doubt was. He was certainly the best wrestler in it, and after they left Beardstown nobody ever disputed the fact. He is said to have "done his wrestling in the company;" and one man insists that he *always* had a combative man led around his person, in readiness for the next. Try a while

bloody one, when Lincoln rose up and said, "Boys, the man actually threw me once fair, broadly so; and the second time, this very fall, he threw me fairly, though not so apparently so." He would countenance no disturbance, and his unexpected and somewhat astonishing magnanimity ended all attempts to raise one.

Mr. Lincoln's good friend, Mr. Green, the principal, though not the sole authority for the present account of his adventure in behalf of the Indian and his wrestle with Thompson, mentions one important incident which is found in no other manuscript, and which gives us a glimpse of Mr. Lincoln in a scene of another sort. "One other word in reference to Mr. Lincoln's care for the health, welfare, and justice to his men. Some officers of the United States had claimed that the regular army had a preference in the rations and pay. Mr. Lincoln was ordered to do some act which he deemed unauthorized. He, however, obeyed, but went to the officer and said to him, 'Sir, you forget that we are not under the rules and regulations of the War Department at Washington; are only volunteers under the orders and regulations of Illinois. Keep in your own sphere, and there will be no difficulty; but resistance will hereafter be made to your unjust orders: and, further, my men must be equal in all particulars, in rations, arms, camps, &c., to the regular army. The man saw that Mr. Lincoln was right, and determined to have justice done. Always after this we were treated equally well, and just as the regular army was, in every particular. This brave, just, and humane act in behalf of the volunteers at once attached officers and rank to him, as with hooks of steel."

When the army reached Dixon, the almost universal discontent of the men had grown so manifest and so ominous that it could no longer be safely disregarded. They longed "for the flesh-pots of Egypt," and fiercely demanded their discharge. Although their time had not expired it was determined to march them by way of Paw-Paw Grove to Ottawa, and there concede what the governor feared he had no power to withhold.

river, and I went with us clear through to, I think, the mouth of the River; and there the boys killed it, or it would doubtless have come home with us. If it got behind us daylight as we were marching, which it did sometimes, it would follow on the track, and come to us at night. It was naturally the cleverest, friendly-disposed hog any man ever saw, and its untimely death was by many of us greatly deplored, for we all liked the hog for its friendly disposition and good manners; for it never molested any thing, and kept in its proper place."

On the 28th of May the volunteers were discharged. The governor had already called for two thousand more men to take their places: but, in the mean time, he made the most strenuous efforts to organize a small force out of the recently discharged, to protect the frontiers until the new levies were ready for service. He succeeded in raising one regiment and a spy company. Many officers of distinction, among them Gen. Whiteside himself, enlisted as private soldiers, and served in that capacity to the end of the war. Capt. Lincoln became Private Lincoln of the "Independent Spy Company" Capt. Early commanding; and, although he was never in an engagement, he saw some hard service in scouting and trailing, as well as in carrying messages and reports.

About the middle of June the new troops were ready for the field, and soon after moved up to Rock River. Meanwhile the Indians had overrun the country. "They had scattered their war-parties all over the North from Chicago to Galena, and from the Illinois River into the Territory of Wisconsin; they occupied every grove, waylaid every road, hung around every settlement, and attacked every party of white men that attempted to penetrate the country." There had been some desultory fighting at various points. Capt. Snyder, in whose company Gen. Whiteside was a private, had met the Indians at Burr Oak Grove, and had a sharp engagement; Mr. St. Vrain, an Indian agent, with a small party of assistants, had been treacherously murdered near Fort Armstrong; several men had been killed at the lead mines, and the Wisconsin volunteers under Dodge had signally punished

the Indians they would leave; Gideon had been distressed and sent Apollis, twelve miles from Galena, to command a strong detachment of Illinois troops. Separation of Galena had produced the same result as organized and being to modern warfare in doing and desperate courage. By driving a party of Indians west, they had very devastating, into a more distant and more dangerous than especially both he was wounded in several counted himself, and having three of his wounded on his return.

On the contrary the side was fully turned against Black Hawk. Two weeks earlier, under circumstances of the most extraordinary, he had refused to go, and, although he succeeded in yielding his territory for a brief time, every year he had returned to a degree in battle and all his resources were exhausted. In the latter part of May he was found occupying about 6 volunteers under Henry, along the bluff of the Wisconsin River and believed his ultimate battle. The river was completely abandoned all his and compass, and passed in a small boat, and the river was returned to the Mississippi with a reputation of passing that border between him and his people.

On the fourth day, when crossing the Wisconsin, Gen. Atkinson's advance reached the high ground near the Mississippi. Here, and his forces being very few, he was obliged to take place of the river in the river of course, with the intention of preventing them from passing on either. The Black Hawk was assisted by a detachment which was nearly equal the number of his people, and in the end completely satisfied the intentions of Atkinson regarding Henry and his men. The old chief, with the help of his men, was able to find a number of reverses and had refused, took every opportunity and deliberately passed himself, determined to hold the army in check by land it away in a pine tree, while he and his men were being transferred to the other bank of the river. He repeatedly made his attack in a pine tree for was required by trees, logs, and all grass, which prevented the discovery of his numbers. Finding his advance engaged,

Atkinson formed a line of battle, and ordered a charge; but Black Hawk conducted his retreat with such unexampled skill that Atkinson believed he was just at the heels of the whole Indian army, and under this impression continued the pursuit far up the river.

When Henry came up to the spot where the fight had taken place, he readily detected the trick by various evidences about the ground. Finding the main trail in the immediate vicinity, he boldly fell upon it without orders, and followed it until he came up with the Indians in a swamp on the margin of the river, where he easily surprised and scattered them. Atkinson, hearing the firing in the swamp, turned back, and arrived just in time to assist in the completion of the massacre. A few of the Indians had already crossed the river: a few had taken refuge on a little willow island in the middle of the stream. The island was charged, — the men wading to it in water up to their arm-pits, — the Indians were dislodged and killed on the spot, or shot in the water while attempting to swim to the western shore. Fifty prisoners only were taken, and the greater part of these were squaws and children. This was the battle of the Bad Axe, — a terrific slaughter, considering the numbers engaged, and the final ruin of Black Hawk's fortunes.

Black Hawk and his twenty warriors, among whom was his own son, made the best of their way to the Dalles on the Wisconsin, where they seem to have awaited passively whatever fate their enemies should contrive for them. There were some Sioux and Winnebagoes in Atkinson's camp, — men who secretly pretended to sympathize with Black Hawk, and while acting as guides to the army, had really led it astray on many painful and perilous marches. It is certain that Black Hawk had counted on the assistance of those tribes: but after the fight on the Wisconsin, even those who had consented to act as his emissaries about the person of the hostile commander not only deserted him, but volunteered to hunt him down. They now offered to find him, take him, and bring him in, provided that base and cowardly service should

to ascertain facts. I suppose the nearest we were to doing battle was at Gratiot's Grove, near Galena. The spy company of Posey's brigade was many miles in advance of the brigade, when it stopped in the grove at noon for refreshments. Some of the men had turned loose their horses, and others still had theirs in hand, when five or six Sac and Fox Indians came near them. Many of the white men broke after them, some on horseback, some on foot, in great disorder and confusion, thinking to have much sport with their prisoners immediately. The Indians thus decoyed them about two miles from the little cabins in the grove, keeping just out of danger, when suddenly up sprang from the tall prairie grass two hundred and fifty painted warriors, with long spears in hand and tomahawks and butcher-knives in their belts of deer-skin and buffalo, and raised such a yell that our friends supposed them to be more numerous than Black Hawk's whole clan, and instantly filled with consternation, commenced to retreat. But the savages soon began to spear them, making it necessary to halt in the flight, and give them a fire, at which time they killed two Indians, one of them being a young chief gorgeously apparelled. Again, in the utmost horror, such as savage retaliation alone can produce, they fled for the little fort in the grove. Having arrived, they found the balance of their company terrified by the screams of the whites and the yells of the savages, closely shut up in the double row, into which they quickly plunged, and found the well-headed regulars. The Indians then prowled around the grove, securing nearly all the company's horses, and stealing the balance of them. There, from cracks between the logs of the cabin, three Indians were shot and killed in the act of reaching for the reins of bridles on horses. They endeavored to conceal their bodies by trees in an old field which surrounded the fort, but, reaching with sticks for bridles, they exposed their heads and necks, and all of them were shot with two balls each through the neck. These three, and the two killed among our men wheeled and fired, make five Indians known to be killed; and on their retreat from the grove to the prairie, five

lated by the proximity of home, could never have consented to travel at our usual tardy mode. At Pekin, Lincoln wrote an oar with which to row our little boat, while I went through the town in order to buy provisions for the trip. One of us pulled away at the one oar, while the other sat astern to steer, or prevent circling. The river being very low was without current, so that we had to pull hard to make half the speed of legs on land, — in fact, we let her float all night, and on the next morning always found the objects still visible that were beside us the previous evening. The water was remarkably clear, for this river of plants, and the fish appeared to be sporting with us as we moved over or near them.

“On the next day after we left Pekin, we overhauled a raft of saw-logs, with two men afloat on it to urge it on with poles and to guide it in the channel. We immediately pulled up to them and went on the raft, where we were made welcome by various demonstrations, especially by that of an invitation to a feast on fish, corn-bread, eggs, butter, and coffee, just prepared for our benefit. Of these good things we ate almost immoderately for it was the only warm meal we had made for several days. While preparing it, and after dinner, Lincoln entertained them, and they entertained us for a couple of hours very amusingly.

“This slow mode of travel was, at the time, a new mode, and the novelty made it for a short time agreeable. We descended the Illinois to Havana, where we sold our logs, and again set out the old way — over the sand-ridges for Moundsburg. As we drew near home, the impulse became stronger, and urged us on amazingly. The long soles of our shoes, often slipping back in the loose sand at every step, were just right for me; and he was greatly diverted when he noticed me behind him stepping along as his tracks to keep from slipping.

“About three days after leaving the spring at Whitewater, we saw a battle in full operation about two miles to the west of us. Lincoln was riding a young horse, the property of

L. D. MATHIAS: I was riding a splendid animal belonging to John U. Stuart. At the time we were in sight of the same, the two voluntary battalions were about three-fourths of a mile in advance of us, and we about half a mile behind them of our company, and three or four or five well behind us leading some forty-headed horses. But the owners of our horses came running back and, meeting us all in full speed, vigorously ordered us to dismount. We obeyed: they mounted, and all pressed on toward the conflict — only so lowback, and no foot. In a few moments of hard walking and fairly close observation, Lewis said to me, 'George, this can't be a very dangerous battle.' Reply: 'Much shooting, nothing kills.' To you it may happen to be a plan for the purpose of creating greater masses of Indians having attacked a few white soldiers, and a few of our own men on their way back, for the purpose of killing them."

CHAPTER VI

THE volunteers from Sangamon returned to their homes shortly before the State election, at which among other officers, assembly-men were to be chosen. Lincoln's popularity had been greatly enhanced by his service in the war, and some of his friends urged him with warm solicitations to become a candidate at the coming election. He prudently resisted, and declined to consent, alleging in excuse his limited acquaintance in the county at large, until Mr. James Rutledge, the founder of New Salem, added the weight of his advice to the nearly unanimous desire of the neighborhood. It is quite likely that his recent military career was thought to furnish high promise of usefulness in civil affairs; but Mr. Rutledge was sure that he saw another proof of his great abilities in a speech which Abe was induced to make, just about this time, before the New-Salem Literary Society. The following is an account of this speech by R. B. Rutledge, the son of James:—

“About the year 1832 or 1833, Mr. Lincoln made his first effort at public speaking. A debating club, of which James Rutledge was president, was organized, and held regular meetings. As he arose to speak, his tall form towered above the little assembly. Both hands were thrust down deep in the pockets of his pantaloons. A perceptible smile at once lit up the faces of the audience, for all anticipated the relation of some humorous story. But he opened up the discussion in splendid style, to the infinite astonishment of his friends. As he warmed with his subject, his hands would

Since 1820 every general election in the State had resulted in a Democratic victory. The young men were mostly Democrats; and the most promising talents in the State were devoted to the cause, which seemed destined to succeed wherever there was a contest. In a new country thinly peopled by adventurers from older States, there would necessarily be found great numbers who would attach themselves to the winning side merely because it was the winning side.

It is unnecessary to restate here the prevailing questions in national politics, — Jackson's stupendous struggle with the bank, "hard money," "no monopoly," internal improvements, the tariff, and nullification, or the personal and political relations of the chieftains, — Jackson, Clay, and Calhoun. Mr. Lincoln will shortly disclose in one of his speeches from the stump which of those questions were of special interest to the people of Illinois, and consequently which of them principally occupied his own attention.

The Democrats were divided into "whole-hog men" and "nominal Jackson men;" the former being thoroughly devoted to the fortunes and principles of their leader, while the latter were willing to trim a little for the sake of popular support. It is probable that Mr. Lincoln might be fairly classed as a "nominal Jackson man," although the precise character of some of the views he then held, or is supposed to have held, on national questions, is involved in considerable doubt. He had not wholly forgotten Jones, or Jones's teachings. He still remembered his high disputes with Offutt in the shanty at Spring Creek, when he effectually defended Jackson against the "abuse" of his employer. He was not Whig, but "Whiggish," as Dennis Hanks expresses it. It is not likely that a man who deferred so habitually to the popular sentiment around him would have selected the occasion of his settlement in a new place to go over boldly to a hopeless political minority. At all events, we have at least three undisputed facts, which make it plain that he then occupied an intermediate position between the extremes of all parties. First, he received the votes of all parties at New Salem, sec-

and, in 1792, the most powerful political personality in Great Britain, and, third, the Department of the Interior, the legislative and executive branches, and he was elected by a large majority than any other candidate.

One odd way in which the candidates for the first Parliament set themselves to business, inasmuch as candidates for the same election, however closely connected by family or other relations, did not travel together. The candidates then travelled around the country in pairs, in groups, parties, making speeches, conferring with the people, receiving votes, who being, naturally, against their opponents, and defending themselves against the attacks of their adversaries: but it was not always lost to defend against calumnies. A candidate who was to be elected should never allow any charge made against him; for, if he does, his adversaries will pursue him through the country, and much more. As a candidate did not move forward as the champion of any party, he usually moved with all opinions and prevailed every circumstance by the usage, and most usually promised either integrity or honesty, he agreed to all the other conditions of the constitution. One of the acts was to raise a quarrel with his opponent who was allowed to do nothing and that they be considered with the opportunity of others to call upon it a new population. These modes of administration were not that of all the candidates, not perhaps of half of them, very few of them being guardians of their integrity.

The portion of the people whose influence in the political parties, and who were given to carry a large part, in the hands of the candidates, were sometimes called the "interests of the land," and sometimes "the influence and influence of the land." The class, according to John Ford, "was a kind of balance of power party." These favorite were sure of success; and nearly all political contests were decided by the influence of the land. "In all elections and great parliaments of the legislature great pains were taken to get candidates, and all men in office to make their names and names as acceptable to those knights of steel and muscle.

At a later date they enjoyed a succession of titles such as "barefoot boys," "the flat-footed boys," and "the big-pawed boys."

In those times, Gov. Ford avers that he has seen all the rum-shops and groceries of the principal places of a county chartered by candidates, and kept open for the gratuitous accommodation of the free and independent electors for several weeks before the vote. Every Saturday afternoon the people flocked to the county-seat, to see the candidates, to hear speeches, to discuss prospects, to get drunk and fight. "Toward evening they would mount their ponies, galloping from side to side, galloping through town, and throwing up their caps and hats, screeching like so many maned apes broke loose from their nether prison; and thus they separated for their homes." These observations occur in Wood's account of the campaign of 1830, which resulted in the choice of Gov. Reynolds — two years before Mr. Lincoln first became a candidate, — and lead us to suppose that the body of electors before whom that gentleman presented himself were none too cultivated or refined.

Mr. Lincoln's first appearance on the stage in the course of the canvass was at Pappeva, about seven miles west of Springfield, upon the occasion of a public sale of the firm of Long & Knapp. The sale was expected to bring about to begin with Mr. Lincoln observed among symptoms of indignation in his audience. "Who had asked that particular monarch to engage in such Mr. James A. Herald pronounced 'a general fight.'" Lincoln says that one of his first acts was suffering more than he did in the same kind of fighting. The crowd he described there staying very from 10 to 20, and he just a fellow who returned to his farm, having been by the way of the work and the cost of his business are passed on." led to twelve days quality. After this speech — as a demonstration of his as of the time, — he recruited the platform and delivered with unflinching modesty, and without any special —

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votes, united with the Whigs, to elect him. In the very next canvass Mr. Lincoln himself was taken up by such a combination and triumphantly elected. Such things were made possible by the prevalent mode of making nominations without the salutary intervention of regular party conventions and committees. We repeat that Mr. Lincoln's position was midway between the extremes in local politics.

His friend, Mr. A. Y. Ellis, who was with him during a part of this campaign, says, "He wore a mixed ~~game~~ coat, claw-hammer style, short in the sleeves, and hobnail, — in fact, it was so short in the tail he could not sit on it, — flax and low linen pantaloons, and a straw hat. I think he ~~wore~~ wore, but do not remember how it looked. He then wore put-resistant boots.

I accompanied him on one of his electioneering trips to Island Grove; and he made a speech which pleased our party friends very well indeed, though some of the audience tried to make sport of it. He told several anecdotes in his speech, and applied them, as I thought, very well. He also told the boys several stories which drew them after him. I remember them; but modesty and my consciousness for the memory withheld me to relate them.

Mr. J. H. Herndon, our friend and counsel, never failed to make several speeches about this time, and I give in the following extract from one which seems to have met with unusual success upon the minds of his audience. "Well, gentlemen, I have been told that some of my opponents here and there was a disgrace to the name of Sangamon to have such a laughing man as I am stuck up for the Legislature. Now, I thought this was a free country; this is the reason I address you to-day. Had I been known to the contrary, I should not have consented to run; but I will say one thing to the people which never I may I shall I have been a candidate before you some five or six times, and have been beaten every time; I am contented, I am pleased, and will be sure never to say or write I am I am bound or read this man if I say least words. That's all."

type of his speech against Povey and Irving, a man of common sense, under the auspices of John Hunter, on the 17th of June, 1831, professional politicians so completely that they approached the objective. His experience in navigating the river was so cultivated to make him forget to and to had occupied his thoughts more or less from that day forward. Now that it might be turned to good use, when he was personally interested, he set about preparing a written address on a part or some other questions of local interest upon which he believed a final point. The "estimated errors" in the first draft were corrected by Mr. McNairy, the planter of New Salem as a business point, and the gentleman had been assured by Mr. Lincoln's friend in the most important for the sake of his life. He may have consulted the schoolmaster also, for if he had done so, it is hardly to be surmised that the schoolmaster would have left so important a part one of his written manuscripts. It is more probable that Mr. Lincoln confined his applications for assistance in the most important matter in the quarter where he could get up on parable as well as grammar. However that may have been, the following is the finished paper. —

TO THE PEOPLE OF SANGAMON COUNTY.

Fellow-Citizens, — Having become a candidate for the honorable office of one of your Representatives in the next General Assembly of this State, in accordance with an established custom and the principles of true republicanism, it becomes my duty to make known to you, the people, whom I propose to represent, my sentiments with regard to local affairs.

Time and experience have verified to a demonstration the public utility of internal improvements. That the more and most thinly-populated countries would be greatly benefited by the opening of good roads, and in the clearing of navigable streams within their limits, is what no person will deny. It is folly to undertake work of this or any other kind, without first knowing that we are able to finish them, — we shall

work, or probably higher, to vessels of from twenty-five to thirty tons' burden, for at least one-half of all bottom saws, and to vessels of much greater burden a part of the time. From my peculiar circumstances, it is probable, that for the last twelve months I have given as particular attention to the stage of the water in this river as any other person in the country. In the month of March 1831, in company with others, I commenced the building of a flatboat on the Sangamon, and finished and took her out in the course of the spring. Since that time I have been concerned in the mill on New Salem. These circumstances are sufficient evidence that I have not been very inattentive to the stages of the water. The time at which we crossed the mill-dam being in the last days of April, the water was lower than it had been since the breaking of winter in February, or than it was for several weeks after. The principal difficulties we encountered in descending the river were from the drifted timber, which obstructions all know are not difficult to be removed. Knowing almost precisely the height of water at that time, I believe I am safe in saying that it has as often been higher as lower since.

From this view of the subject, it appears that my calculations with regard to the navigation of the Sangamon cannot but be founded in reason; but, whatever may be its natural advantages, certain it is, that it never can be practically useful to any great extent, without being greatly improved by art. The drifted timber, as I have before mentioned, is the most formidable barrier to this object. Of all parts of this river, none will require so much labor in proportion to make it navigable, as the last thirty or thirty-five miles; and going with the meanderings of the channel, when we are this distance above its mouth we are only between twelve and eighteen miles above Beardstown, in something near a straight direction; and this route is upon such low ground as to retain water in many places during the season, and in all parts such as to draw two-thirds or three-fourths of the river-water at all high stages.

CHAPTER VII.

THE results of the canvass for the Legislature were precisely such as had been predicted, both by Mr. Lincoln and Mr. Rutledge: he had been defeated, as he expected himself; and it had done "him much good." In the politician's sense, as promised by Mr. Rutledge. He was now somewhat acquainted with the people outside of the New Salem district, and generally marked as a young man of good parts and popular manners. The vote given him at home demonstrated his local strength, and made his favor a thing of value to the politicians of all parties.

Soon after his return from the army, he had taken quarters at the house of J. H. Hurdston who lived near New Salem, and always with as much civility as one man can (especially Mr. Hurdston's family) always "became much attached to him." He "hardly always had one" in Hurdston's family "agreed with him." Mr. Hurdston said to one of his friends that he was "at home whenever he went," and that he was "wonderfully agreeable to the people he lived with." It is hard to say how he happened to be so kind. Among other things, he was very kind to the negroes and children, and perhaps that was it.

Lincoln, as we have seen already, was not possessed of the art of a good lawyer, — never having had experience. He performed his duty to the best of his ability, but never gained the name of a very able lawyer. He was, however, a very good lawyer, and a very good lawyer, and a very good lawyer.

good time, and returned home on some heavy clouds of dark money and losses of a quantity of merchandise and fifty barrels of Radford and Green's goods for five hundred dollars, he had now surrendered, it may well be supposed, to Berry's for the same amount, ordered by Berry, while Lincoln & Berry gave Green a note for two hundred and fifty dollars, the honest profit to the trade.

Mr. Radford¹ also owned a small grocery in the village, and this was speedily absorbed by the antagonism from of Lincoln & Berry, who now had the hold to themselves, they were proprietors of the only store of the family New Salem.

Whether Mr. Lincoln sold liquor by the drink, even the counter of this story remains and will forever remain an undetermined question. Many of our friends were that he did, and as many more were that he did not. When Douglas, with that courtesy for which he distinguished himself in the debates with Lincoln, revised the story, Lincoln replied that, even if it were true, there was but little difference between them; for, while he figured on one side of one counter, Douglas figured on the other. It is known, however, were a part of the stock of all the groceries of Lincoln & Berry. Of course they sold them by the measure, and probably by the drink. Some of it they *must* have sold, for one could not keep store without setting out the customary drink to the patrons of the place.¹

¹ Here is the evidence of James Davis, a Democrat, "aged forty, and bound to give the Devil his due:"—

"Came to Clary's Grove in 1825—knew Lincoln well, knew that he had a quantity they sold out to Berry;—one of them did; afterwards the other sold to Berry. The store was a mixed one, — dry goods, a few groceries, such as sugar, salt, &c. and was principally kept for their customers, or to sell by the gallon, quart, or pound — and carried on. The Murdons probably had the Bankenship goods. Radford had a grocery store, and sold to Berry & Lincoln. Lincoln & Berry broke. Berry subsequently kept a grocery, a whiskey saloon, as I do now or did. Am a Democrat, never associated or spoken with Abe. He was an honest man. — the Devil's his due; — never and started by the name of New Salem! I was in town every week for years. I think of many things I always drank my dram, and drank at Berry's often, ought to know, Lincoln got involved, I think, in the first operation — Salem Hill was a barren."

The difficulty of gathering authentic evidence on this subject is well illustrated by the following extract from Mr. George Spears of Petersburg. —

"I took my horse this morning, and went over to New Salem, through the country, and

was not until his return from Congress, in 1846, that he saw the last dollar of it discharged. He paid three full notes of two hundred and fifty dollars, in small installments, beginning in 1839, and ending in 1840. The amount of his debt to his ledge is not so well known. It was probably insignificant, as compared with the others. Mr. Rutledge proved a generous creditor, as he had always been a kind and considerate friend.

Certain that he had no abilities for trade, Mr. Lincoln took the best resolution he could have formed under the circumstances. He sat down to his books just where he was, believing that knowledge would be power, and power profit. He had no reason to shun his creditors, for these were the men of all others who most applauded the honesty of his conduct at the period of his greatest pecuniary misfortune. He talked to them constantly of the "old debt," "the national debt," as he sometimes called it, — promised to pay them as he could, and they devoutly relied upon every word he said.

Row Herndon moved to the country, and Lincoln was compelled to change his boarding-place. He now began to live at a tavern for the first time in his life. It was kept by various persons during his stay, — first, it seems, by Mr. Rutledge, then by Henry Onstatt, and last by Nelson Alley. It was a small log-house, covered with clapboards, and contained four rooms.

Lincoln began to read law while he lived with Herndon. Some of his acquaintances insist that he began even earlier than this, and assert, by way of proof, that he was known to borrow a well-worn copy of Blackstone from A. V. Bogard, a pork-dealer at Beardstown. At all events, he now went to work in earnest, and studied law as faithfully as if he had never dreamed of any other business in life. As a matter of course, his slender purse was unequal to the purchase of the needful books: but this circumstance gave him little trouble; for, although he was short of funds, he was long in the legs, and had nothing to do but to walk off to Springfield, where his friend, John T. Stuart, cheerfully supplied his wants. Mr.

"Scotia's Bard," whom his friend mouthed in his cups, or expounded more soberly in the intervals of fixing bait and dropping line. Finally he and Kelso boarded at the same place; and with another "merchant," named Sincho, of tastes congenial and wits as keen as Kelso's, they were "always found together, battling and arguing." Bill Green ventures the opinion, that Lincoln's incessant reading of Shakspeare and Burns had much to do in giving to his mind the "sceptical" tendency so fully developed by the labors of his pen in 1834-5, and in social conversations during many years of his residence at Springfield.

Like Offutt, Kelso disappeared suddenly from New Salem, and apparently from the recollection of men. Each with a peculiar talent of his own, kind-hearted, eccentric creatures, no man's enemy and everybody's prey, they stro'ed out into the great world, and left this little village to perish behind them. Of Kelso a few faint traces have been found in Missouri; but if he ever had a lodging more permanent than the wayside tavern, a haystack, or a hedge, no man was able to tell where it was. Of Offutt not a word was ever heard: the most searching and cunning inquiries have failed to discover any spot where he lingered for a single hour; and but for the humble boy, to whom he was once a gentle master, no human being that knew him then would bestow a thought upon his name. In short, to use the expressive language of Mr. Lincoln himself, he literally "petered out."

Mr. Lincoln was often annoyed by "company." His quarters at the tavern afforded him little privacy, and the shade of the tree in front of the grocery was scarcely a sufficiently secluded situation for the purposes of an ardent student. There were too many people to wonder and laugh at a man studying law with "his feet up a tree;" too many to worry him for the stories and jokes which it was supposed he could furnish on demand. For these reasons it became necessary that he should "retire to the country occasionally to rest and study." Sometimes he went to James Short's on the Sand Ridge; sometimes to Minter Graham's; sometimes to Bowlin

Greenes; sometimes to Jack Armstrong's, and as often perhaps, to Adee's or Row Herndon's. All of these men served him faithfully and signally at one time and another, and to all of them he was sincerely attached. When Bowlin Greene died, in 1842, Mr. Lincoln, then in the enjoyment of great local reputation, undertook to deliver a funeral oration over the remains of his beloved friend; but, when he rose to speak, his voice was choked with deep emotion: he stood a few moments, while his lips quivered in the effort to form the words of fervent praise he sought to utter, and the tears ran down his cheeks and swelled cheeks. Some of those who came to see him, and saw his tall form thus sway in silence over the body of Bowlin Greene, say he looked so helpless, so utterly lost and pitiable, that every heart in the audience was melted by the spectacle. After repeated efforts, he found it impossible to speak, and strode away, openly and bitterly sobbing, to the widow's carriage, in which he was driven from the scene. Mr. Herndon's papers disclose less than we should like to know concerning this excellent man: they give us only this burial scene, with the fact that Bowlin Greene had loaned Mr. Lincoln books from their earliest acquaintance, and on one occasion had taken him to his home, and cared for him with the solicitude of a devoted friend through several weeks of great suffering and peril. The circumstances of the attempted eulogy are mentioned here to show the relations which subsisted between Mr. Lincoln and some of the benefactors we have enumerated.

But all this time Mr. Lincoln had a living to make, a running board-bill to pay, and nothing to pay it with. He was, it is true, in the hands of excellent friends, so far as the greater part of his indebtedness was concerned; but he was industrious by nature, and wanted to be working, and paying as he went. He would not have forfeited the good opinion of those confiding neighbors for a lifetime of ease and luxury. It was therefore a most happy thing for him, and he felt it to be so, when he attracted the attention of John Calhoun, the surveyor of Sangamon County.

Calhoun was the type of a perfect gentleman,—brave, courteous, able, and cultivated. He was a Democrat then, and a Democrat when he died. All the world knows how he was president of the Lecompton Convention; how he administered the trust in accordance with his well known convictions; and how, after a life of devotion to Douglas, he was adroitly betrayed by that facile politician, and left to die in the midst of obloquy and disaster. At the time we speak of, he was one of the most popular men in the State of Illinois, and was one of the foremost chieftains of the political party which invariably carried the county and the district in which Mr. Lincoln lived. He knew Lincoln, and admired him. He was well assured that Lincoln knew nothing of surveying; but he was equally certain that he could soon acquire it. The speculative fever was at its height; he was overrun with business: the country was alive with strangers seeking land; and every citizen was buying and selling with a view to a great fortune in the “flush times” coming. He wanted a deputy with common sense and common honesty: he chose Lincoln, because nobody else possessed these qualities in a more eminent degree. He hunted him up; gave him a book; told him to study it, and said, that, as soon as he was ready, he should have as much work as he could do.

Lincoln took the book, and “retired to the country;” that is, he went out to Minter Graham’s for about six weeks, in which time, by the aid of that good master, he became an expert surveyor, and was duly appointed Calhoun’s deputy. Of course he made some money, merely his pay for work; but it is a remarkable fact, that, with his vast knowledge of the lands in Sangamon and adjacent counties, he never made a single speculation on his own account. It was not long until he acquired a considerable private business. The accuracy of his surveys were seldom, if ever, questioned. Disputes regarding “corners” and “lines” were frequently submitted to his arbitration; and the decision was invariably accepted as final. It often happened that his business kept him away from New Salem, and his other studies, for weeks

and time: but all this while he was gathering friends against the day of election.

In after years -- from 1844 onward -- it was his good or bad fortune frequently to meet Calhoun on the stump; but he never forgot his benefaction to him, and always regarded him as the ablest and best man with whom he ever had crossed swords. To the day of Calhoun's death they were warmly attached to each other. In the times when it was most fashionable and profitable to denounce Calhoun and the Le-compton Constitution, when even Douglas turned to revile his old friend and coadjutor, Mr. Lincoln was never known to breathe a word of censure on his personal character.

On the 7th of May, 1833, Mr. Lincoln was appointed post-master at New Salem. His political opinions were not extreme; and the Jackson administration could find no man who was at the same time more orthodox and equally competent to perform the duties of the office. He was not able to rent a room, for the business is said to have been carried on in his hat; but, from the evidence before us, we imagine that he kept the office in Mr. Hill's store, Mr. Hill's partner, McNamar, having been absent since 1832. He held the place until late in 1836, when New Salem partially disappeared, and the office was removed to Petersburg. For a little while before his own appointment, he is said to have acted as "deputy-postmaster" under Mr. Hill.

The mail arrived duly once a week; and the labors of distributing and delivering it were by no means great. But Mr. Lincoln was determined that the dignity of the place should not suffer while he was the incumbent. He therefore made up for the lack of real business by deciphering the letters of the uneducated portion of the community, and by reading the newspapers aloud to the assembled inhabitants in front of Hill's store.

But his easy good-nature was sometimes imposed upon by inconsiderate acquaintances; and Mr. Hill relates one of the devices by which he sought to stop the abuse. "One Elmore Johnson, an ignorant but ostentatious, proud man, used

to go to Lincoln's post-office every day, — sometimes three or four times a day, if in town, — and inquire, 'Any thing for me?' This bored Lincoln, yet it amused him. Lincoln fixed a plan, — wrote a letter to Johnson as coming from a negress in Kentucky, saying many good things about opossum, dances, corn-shuckings, &c.; 'John's! come and see me; and old master won't kiek you out of the kitchen any more!' Elmore took it out; opened it; couldn't read a word; pretended to read it; went away; got some friends to read it: they read it correctly; he thought the reader was fooling him, and went to others with the same result. At last he said he would get *Lincoln* to read it, and presented it to Lincoln. It was almost too much for Lincoln, but he read it. The man never asked afterwards, 'Any thing here for me?'"

It was in the latter part of 1834 that Mr. Lincoln's personal property was sold under the hammer, and by due process of law, to meet the judgment obtained by Van Bergen on the note assigned to him by Radford. Every thing he had was taken; but it was the surveyor's instruments which it hurt him most to part with, for by their use he was making a tolerable living, and building up a respectable business. This time, however, rescue came from an unexpected quarter.

When Mr. Lincoln first came to New Salem, he employed a woman to make him a pair of pantaloons, which, probably from the scarcity of material, were cut entirely too short, as his garments usually were. Soon afterwards the woman's brother came to town, and she pointed Abe out to him as he walked along the street. The brother's name was James Short. "Without the necessity of a formal introduction," says Short, "we fell in together, and struck up a conversation, the purport of which I have now forgotten. He made a favorable impression upon me by his conversation on first acquaintance through his intelligence and sprightliness, which impression was deepened from time to time, as I became better acquainted with him." This was a lucky "impression" for Abe. Short was a fast friend, and in the day of trouble a

sure and able one. At the time the judgment was obtained, Short lived on the Sand Ridge, four miles from New Salem; and Lincoln was in the habit of walking out there almost daily. Short was then unconscious of the main reason of Mr. Lincoln's remarkable devotion to him: there was a lady in the house whom Lincoln secretly but earnestly loved, and of whom there is much to be said at another place. If the host had known every thing, however, poor Abe would have been equally welcome; for he made himself a strangely agreeable guest here, as he did everywhere else. In busy times he pulled off his roundabout, and helped Short in the field with more energy than any hired man would have displayed. "He was," said Short, "the best hand at husking corn on the stalk I ever saw. I used to consider myself very good; but he would gather two leads to my one."

These visits increased Short's disposition to serve him; and it touched him sorely when he heard Lincoln moaning about the catastrophe that hung over him in the form of Van Bergen's judgment. "An execution was issued," says he, "and I took on Lincoln's horse, saddle, bridle, compass, chain, and other surveyor's instruments. He was then very much distressed, and said he would let the whole thing go by the board. He was at my house very much, — half the time. I did all I could to put him in better spirits. I went on the delivery-bond with him; and when the sale came off, which Mr. Lincoln did not attend, I bid in the above property at a hundred and twenty dollars, and immediately gave it up again to him. Mr. Lincoln afterwards repaid me when he had moved to Springfield. Greene also turned in on the judgment his horse, saddle, and bridle at a hundred and twenty-five dollars; and Lincoln afterwards repaid him."

But, after all, Mr. Lincoln had no friend more intimate than Jack Armstrong, and none that valued him more highly. When he finally left New Salem for Springfield, he "rusticated" occasionally at Jack's hospitable cabin, situated "four miles in the country," as the polished metropolitans

of New Salem would say. Jack's wife, Hannah, before alluded to, liked Abe, and enjoyed his visits not less than Jack did. "Abe would come out to our house," she says, "drink milk, eat mush, corn-bread, and butter, bring the children candy, and rock the cradle while I got him something to eat. . . . I foxed his pants; made his shirts. . . . He has gone with us to father's; he would tell stories, joke people, girls and boys, at parties. He would nurse babies, — do any thing to accommodate anybody. . . . I had no books about my house; loaned him none. We didn't think about books and papers. We worked; had to live. Lincoln has staid at our house two or three weeks at a time."

If Jack had "to work to live," as his wife has it, he was likewise constrained to fight and wrestle and tumble about with his unhappy fellow-citizens, in order to enjoy the life he earned by labor. He frequently came "to town," where his sportive inclinations ran riot, except as they were checked and regulated by the amicable interposition of Abe, — the prince of his affections, and the only man who was competent to restrain him.

"The children at school had made a wide sliding walk," from the top of Salem Hill to the river-bank, down which they rode on sleds and boards, — a distance of two hundred and fifty or three hundred yards. Now, it was one of the suggestions of Jack's passion for innocent diversion to nail up in hogsheads such of the population as incurred his displeasure, and send them adrift along this frightful descent. Sol. Spears and one Scanlon were treated to an adventure of this kind; but the hogshead in which the two were eaged "leaped over an embankment, and came near killing Scanlon." After that the sport was considered less amusing, and was very much discouraged by that portion of the community who feared, that, in the absence of more convenient victims, "the boys" might light on them. Under these circumstances, Jack, for once in his life, thought it best to abandon coercion, and negotiate for subjects. He selected an elderly person of bibulous proclivities, and tempted him with a great

temptation. "Old man Jordan *agreed* to be rolled down the hill for a gallon of whiskey;" but Lincoln, fully impressed with the brutality of the pastime, and the danger to the old sot, "stopped it." Whether he did it by persuasion or force, we know not, but probably by a judicious employment of both.

"I remember once," says Mr. Ellis, "of seeing Mr. Lincoln out of temper, and laughing at the same time. It was at New Salem. The boys were having a jollification after an election. They had a large fire made of shavings and hemp-stalks; and some of the boys made a bet with a fellow that I shall call 'Ike,' that he couldn't run his little bob-tail pony through the fire. Ike took them up, and trotted his pony back about one hundred yards, to give him a good start, as he said. The boys all formed a line on either side, to make way for Ike and his pony. Presently here he come, full tilt, with his hat off; and, just as he reached the blazing fire, Ike raised in his saddle for the jump straight ahead; but pony was not of the same opinion, so he flew the track, and pitched poor Ike into the devouring element. Mr. Lincoln saw it, and ran to his assistance, saying, 'You have carried this thing far enough.' I could see he was mad, though he could not help laughing himself. The poor fellow was considerably scorched about the head and face. Jack Armstrong took him to the doctor, who shaved his head to fix him up, and put salve on the burn. I think Mr. Lincoln was a little mad at Armstrong, and Jack himself was very sorry for it. Jack gave Ike next morning a dram, his breakfast, and a seal-skin cap, and sent him home."

One cold winter day, Lincoln saw a poor fellow named "Ab Trent" hard at work chopping up "a house," which Mr. Hill had employed him to convert into firewood. Ab was barefooted, and shivered pitifully while he worked. Lincoln watched him a few moments, and asked him what he was to get for the job. Ab answered, "One dollar;" and, pointing to his naked and suffering feet, said that he wished to buy a pair of shoes. Lincoln seized the axe, and, ordering the

boy to comfort himself at the nearest fire, chopped up 'the house' so fast that Ab and the owner were both amazed when they saw it done." According to Mr. Rutledge, "Ab remembered this act with the liveliest gratitude. Once he, being a cast-iron Democrat, determined to vote against his party and for Mr. Lincoln; but the friends, as he afterwards said with tears in his eyes, made him drunk, and he had voted against Abe. Thus he did not even have an opportunity to return the noble conduct of Mr. Lincoln by this small measure of thanks."

We have given some instances of Mr. Lincoln's unflinching disposition to succor the weak and the unfortunate. He never seems to have hesitated on account of actual or fancied danger to himself, but boldly espoused the side of the oppressed against the oppressor, whoever and whatever the latter might be. In a fisticuff or a rough-and-tumble fight, he was one of the most formidable men of the region in which he lived. It took a big bully, and a persevering one, to force him into a collision; but, being in, his enemy found good reason to beware of him. He was cool, calculating, but swift in action, and terribly strong. Nevertheless, he never promoted a quarrel, and would be at infinite trouble any time to compose one. An unnecessary broil gave him pain; and whenever there was the slightest hope of successful mediation, whether by soft speech or by the strong hand, he was instant and fearless for peace. His good-nature, his humor, his fertility in expedients, and his alliance, offensive and defensive, with Jack Armstrong, made him almost irresistible in his benevolent efforts to keep the ordinary ruffian of New Salem within decent bounds. If he was talking to Squire Godbey or Row Herndon (each of them give incidents of the kind), and he heard the sounds or saw the signs which betoken a row in the street, he would jump up, saying, "Let's go and stop it." He would push through the "ring" which was generally formed around the combatants, and, after separating the latter, would demand a truce and "a talk;" and so soon as he got them to talking, the victory was his. If it happened to

be rough: Jack himself who was at the bottom of the disturbance, he usually became very much ashamed of his conduct, and offered to "treat," or do any thing else that would atone for his brutality.

Lincoln has often been seen in the old mill on the river-bank to lift a box of stones weighing from a thousand to twelve hundred pounds. Of course it was not done by a straight lift of the hands: he "was harnessed to the box with ropes and straps." It was even said he could easily raise a barrel of whiskey to his mouth when standing upright, and take a drink out of the bung-hole: but of course one cannot believe it. Frequent exhibitions of such strength doubtless had much to do with his unbounded influence over the rougher class of men.

He possessed the judicial quality of mind in a degree so eminent, and it was so universally recognized, that he never could attend a horse-race without being importuned to act as a judge, or witness a bet without assuming the responsibility of a stakeholder. "In the spring or summer of 1832," says Henry McHenry, "I had a horse-race with George Warburton. I got Lincoln, who was at the race, to be a judge of the race, much against his will and after hard persuasion. Lincoln decided correctly; and the other judge said, 'Lincoln is the fairest man I ever had to deal with: if Lincoln is in this county when I die, I want him to be my administrator, for he is the only man I ever met with that was wholly and unselfishly honest.'" His ineffable purity in determining the result of a scrub-race had actually set his colleague to thinking of his latter end.

But Lincoln endured another annoyance much worse than this. He was so generally esteemed, and so highly admired, that, when any of his neighbors had a fight in prospect, one of the parties was sure to insist upon his acting as his second. Lincoln was opposed to fights, but there were some fights that had to be fought; and these were "set," a day fixed, and the neighborhood notified. In these cases there was no room for the offices of a mediator; and when the affair was pre-ordained,

“and must come off,” Mr. Lincoln had no excuse for denying the request of a friend.

“Two neighbors, Harry Clark and Ben Wilcox,” says Mr. Rutledge, “had had a lawsuit. The defeated declared, that, although he was beaten in the suit, he could whip his opponent. This was a formal challenge, and was at once carried to the ears of the victor (Wilcox), and as promptly accepted. The time, place, and seconds were chosen with due regularity; Mr. Lincoln being Clark’s, and John Brewer, Wilcox’s second. The parties met, stripped themselves all but their breeches, went in, and Mr. Lincoln’s principal was beautifully whipped. These combats were conducted with as much ceremony and punctiliousness as ever graced the duelling-ground. After the conflict, the seconds conducted their respective principals to the river, washed off the blood, and assisted them to dress. During this performance, the second of the party opposed to Mr. Lincoln remarked, ‘Well, Abe, my man has whipped yours, and I can whip you.’ Now, this challenge came from a man who was very small in size. Mr. Lincoln agreed to fight, provided he would chalk out his size on Mr. Lincoln’s person, and every blow struck outside of that mark should be counted foul. After this sally, there was the best possible humor, and all parties were as orderly as if they had been engaged in the most harmless amusement.”

In 1834 Lincoln was again a candidate for the Legislature, and this time was elected by a larger majority than any other man on the ticket. By this time the party with which he acted in the future was “discriminated as Whig;” and he did not hesitate to call himself a Whig, although he sought and received the votes of a great many Democrats. Just before the time had arrived for candidates to announce themselves, he went to John T. Stuart, and told him “the Democrats wanted to run him.” He made the same statement to Ninian W. Edwards. Edwards and Stuart were both his personal and political friends, and they both advised him to let the Democrats have their way. Major Stuart’s advice was certainly disinterested; for, in pursuance of it, two of the Whig

candidates, Lincoln and Dawson, made a bargain with the Democrats which very nearly proved fatal to Stuart himself. He was at that time the favorite candidate of the Whigs for the Legislature; but the conduct of Lincoln and Dawson so demoralized the party, that his vote was seriously diminished. Up to this time Sangamon had been stanchly Democratic; but even in this election of 1834 we perceive slight evidences of that party's decay, and so early as 1836 the county became thoroughly Whig.

We shall give no details of this campaign, since we should only be repeating what is written of the campaign of 1832. But we cannot withhold one extract from the reminiscences of Mr. Row Herndon:—

“He (Lincoln) came to my house, near Island Grove, during harvest. There were some thirty men in the field. He got his dinner, and went out in the field where the men were at work. I gave him an introduction, and the boys said that they could not vote for a man unless he could make a haul. ‘Well, boys,’ said he, ‘if that is all, I am sure of your votes.’ He took hold of the cradle, and led the way all the round with perfect ease. The boys were satisfied, and I don’t think he lost a vote in the crowd.

“The next day was speaking at Berlin. He went from my house with Dr. Barnett, the man that had asked me who this man Lincoln was. I told him that he was a candidate for the Legislature. He laughed and said, ‘Can’t the party raise no better material than that?’ I said, ‘Go to-morrow, and hear all before you pronounce judgment.’ When he came back, I said, ‘Doctor, what say you now?’ ‘Why, sir,’ said he, ‘he is a perfect take-in: he knows more than all of them put together.’”

Lincoln got 1,376 votes, Dawson 1,370, Carpenter 1,170, Stuart 1,164. Lincoln was at last duly elected a Representative by a very flattering majority, and began to look about for the pecuniary means necessary to maintain his new dignity. In this extremity he had recourse to an old friend named Coleman Smoot.

One day in 1832, while he was clerking for Offutt, a stranger came into the store, and soon disclosed the fact that his name was Smoot. Abe was behind the counter at the moment; but, hearing the name, he sprang over and introduced himself. Abe had often heard of Smoot, and Smoot had often heard of Abe. They had been as anxious to meet as ever two celebrities were; but hitherto they had never been able to manage it. "Smoot," said Lincoln, after a steady survey of his person, "I am very much disappointed in you: I expected to see an old Probst of a fellow." (Probst, it appears, was the most hideous specimen of humanity in all that country.) "Yes," replied Smoot; "and I am equally disappointed, for I expected to see a good-looking man when I saw you." A few neat compliments like the foregoing laid the foundation of a lasting intimacy between the two men, and in his present distress Lincoln knew no one who would be more likely than Smoot to respond favorably to an application for money.

"After he was elected to the Legislature," says Mr. Smoot, "he came to my house one day in company with Hugh Armstrong. Says he, 'Smoot, did you vote for me?' I told him I did. 'Well,' says he, 'you must loan me money to buy suitable clothing, for I want to make a decent appearance in the Legislature.' I then loaned him two hundred dollars, which he returned to me according to promise."

The interval between the election and his departure for the seat of government was employed by Mr. Lincoln partly in reading, partly in writing.

The community in which he lived was pre-eminently a community of free-thinkers in matters of religion; and it was then no secret, nor has it been a secret since, that Mr. Lincoln agreed with the majority of his associates in denying to the Bible the authority of divine revelation. It was his honest belief, — a belief which it was no reproach to hold at New Salem, Anno Domini 1834, and one which he never thought of concealing. It was no distinction, either good or bad, no honor, and no shame. But he had made himself thoroughly familiar with the writings of Paine and Volney, — the "Ruins"

by one, and "The Age of Reason" by the other. His mind was full of the subject, and he felt an itching to write. He did write, and the result was a "little book." It was probably merely an extended essay; but it is ambitiously spoken of as "a book" by himself and by the persons who were made acquainted with its contents. In this work he intended to demonstrate,—

"First, that the Bible was not God's revelation; and,

"Secondly, that Jesus was not the Son of God."

These were his leading propositions, and surely they were comprehensive enough; but the reader will be better able to guess at the arguments by which they were sustained, when he has examined some of the evidence recorded in Chapter XIX.

No leaf of this little volume has survived. Mr. Lincoln carried it in manuscript to the store of Mr. Samuel Hill, where it was read and discussed. Hill was himself an unbeliever, but his son considered this book "infamous." It is now generally believed that Hill, being a warm personal friend of Lincoln, feared that the publication of the essay would some day meet with the proscribed advancement of his favorite. To avert this, he snatched it out of his hand, and thrust it into the fire, from which only a sheet escaped. The sequel will show that even Mr. Hill's provident forethought was not altogether equal to the prevention of the injury he dreaded.

CHAPTER VIII.

THE reader is already familiar with the name of James Rutledge, the founder of New Salem, and the owner in part of the famous mill on the Sangamon. He was born in South Carolina, and was of the illustrious Rutledge family of that State. From South Carolina he emigrated to Kentucky, and thence to Illinois. In 1828 he settled at New Salem, built the mill and laid out the village in conjunction with Mr. Cameron, a retired minister of the Cumberland Presbyterians. Mr. Rutledge's character seems to have been pure and high; for wherever his name occurs in the voluminous records before us,—in the long talks and the numerous epistles of his neighbors,—it is almost invariably coupled with some expression of genuine esteem and respect.

At one time, and along with his other business,—which appears to have been quite extensive and various,—Mr. Rutledge kept the tavern, the small house with four rooms on the main street of New Salem, just opposite Lincoln's grocery. There Mr. Lincoln came to board late in 1832, or early in 1833. The family consisted of the father, mother, and nine children,—three of them born in Kentucky and six in Illinois; three grown up, and the rest quite young. Ann, the principal subject of this chapter, was the third child. She was born on the 7th of January, 1813, and was about nineteen years of age when Mr. Lincoln came to live in the house.

When Ann was a little maiden just turned of seventeen, and still attending the school of that redoubtable pedagogue Minter Graham, there came to New Salem a young gentleman

of singular enterprise, tact, and capacity for business. He is identical with the man whom we have already quoted as "the pioneer of New Salem as a business point," and who built the first storehouse there at the extravagant cost of fifteen dollars. He took boarding with Mr. Rutledge's friend and partner, James Cameron, and gave out his name as John McNeil. He came to New Salem with no other capital than good sense and an active and plucky spirit; but somehow fortune smiled indiscriminately on all his endeavors, and very soon — as early as the latter part of 1832 — he found himself a well-to-do and prosperous man, owning a snug farm seven miles north of New Salem, and a half-interest in the largest store of the place. This latter property his partner, Samuel Hill, bought from him at a good round sum; for McNeil now announced his intention of being absent for a brief period, and his purpose was such that he might need all his available capital.

In the mean time the partners, Hill and McNeil, had both fallen in love with Ann Rutledge, and both courted her with devoted assiduity. But the contest had long since been decided in favor of McNeil, and Ann loved him with all her susceptible and sensitive heart. When the time drew near for McNeil to depart, he confided to Ann a strange story, — and, in the eyes of a person less fond, a very startling story. His name was not John McNeil at all, but John McNamar. His family was a highly respectable one in the State of New York; but a few years before his father had failed in business, and there was great distress at home. He (John) then conceived the romantic plan of running away, and, at some undefined place in the far West, making a sudden fortune with which to retrieve the family disaster. He fled accordingly, changed his name to avoid the pursuit of his father, found his way to New Salem, and — she knew the rest. He was now able to perform that great act of filial piety which he set out to accomplish — would return at once to the relief of his parents, and, in all human probability, bring them back with him to his new home in Illinois. At all events, she might

look for his return as speedily as the journey could be made with ordinary diligence; and thenceforward there should be no more partings between him and his fair Ann. She believed this tale, because she loved the man that told it; and she would have believed it all the same if it had been ten times as incredible. A wise man would have rejected it with scorn, but the girl's instinct was a better guide: and McNamar proved to be all that he said he was, although poor Ann never saw the proof which others got of it.

McNamar rode away "on old Charley," an antiquated steed that had seen hard usage in the Black Hawk War. Charley was slow, stumbled dreadfully, and caused his rider much annoyance and some hard swearing. On this provoking animal McNamar jogged through the long journey from New Salem to New York, and arrived there after many delays only to find that his broken and dispirited father was fast sinking into the grave. After all his efforts, he was too late: the father could never enjoy the prosperity which the long-absent and long-silent son had brought him. McNamar wrote to Ann that there was sickness in the family, and he could not return at the time appointed. Then there were other and still other postponements; "circumstances over which he had no control" prevented his departure from time to time, until years had rolled away, and Ann's heart had grown sick with hope deferred. She never quite gave him up, but continued to expect him until death terminated her melancholy watch. His inexplicable delay, however, the infrequency of his letters, and their unsatisfactory character—these and something else had broken her attachment, and toward the last she waited for him only to ask a release from her engagement, and to say that she preferred another and a more urgent suitor. But without his knowledge and formal renunciation of his claim upon her, she did not like to marry; and, in obedience to this refinement of honor, she postponed her union with the more pressing lover until Aug. 25, 1835, when, as many persons believe, she died of a broken heart.

Lincoln's friend Short was in some way related to the Rutledges, and for a while Lincoln visited Ann two or three times a week at his house. According to him, "Miss Rutledge was a good-looking, smart, lively girl, a good housekeeper, with a moderate education, and without any of the so-called accomplishments. L. M. Greene, who knew her well, talks about her as "a beautiful and very amiable young woman;" and "Nath^o Greene is even more enthusiastic. "This young lady," in the language of the latter gentleman, "was a woman of exquisite beauty; but her intellect was quick, sharp, deep, and philosophical, as well as brilliant. She had as gentle and kind a heart as an angel, full of love, kindness, and sympathy. She was beloved by everybody, and everybody respected and loved her, so sweet and angelic was she. Her character was more than good: it was positively noted throughout the county. She was a woman worthy of Lincoln's love." Mr. Short, her unfortunate lover, says, "Miss Ann was a gentle, amiable maiden, without any of the airs of your city belles, but winsome and comely withal; a blonde in complexion, with golden hair, cherry-red lips, and a bonny blue eye." Even the women of the neighborhood united with the men to praise the name of this beautiful but unhappy girl. Mrs. Hardin Bale "knew her well. She had auburn hair, blue eyes, fair complexion; was a slim, pretty, kind, tender, good-hearted woman; in height about five feet three inches, and weighed about a hundred and twenty pounds. She was beloved by all who knew her. McNamar, Hill, and Lincoln all grieved her near the same time. She died as it were of grief. Miss Rutledge was beautiful." Such was Ann Rutledge, the girl in whose grave Mr. Lincoln said, "My heart lies buried."

When Mr. Lincoln first saw Ann, she was probably the most refined woman with whom he had then ever spoken, — a modest, delicate creature, fascinating by reason of the mere contrast with the rude people by whom they were both surrounded. She had a secret, too, and a sorrow, — the unexplained and painful absence of McNamar, — which no doubt made her all the more interesting to him whose spirit was often

even more melancholy than her own. It would be hard to trace the growth of such an attachment at a time and place so distant; but that it actually grew, and became an intense and mutual passion, the evidence before us is painfully abundant.

Mr. Lincoln was always welcome at the little tavern, at Short's on the Sand Ridge, or at the farm, half a mile from Short's, where the Rutledges finally abode. Ann's father was his devoted friend, and the mother he called affectionately "Aunt Polly." It is probable that the family looked upon McNamar's delay with more suspicion than Ann did herself. At all events, all her adult relatives encouraged the suit which Lincoln early began to press; and as time, absence, and apparent neglect, gradually told against McNamar, she listened to him with augmenting interest, until, in 1835, we find them formally and solemnly betrothed. Ann now waited only for the return of McNamar to marry Lincoln. David Rutledge urged her to marry immediately, without regard to any thing but her own happiness; but she said she could not consent to it until McNamar came back and released her from her pledge. At length, however, as McNamar's re-appearance became more and more hopeless, she took a different view of it, and then thought she would become Abe's wife as soon as he found the means of a decent livelihood. "Ann told me once," says James M. in a letter to R. B. Rutledge, in coming from camp-meeting on Rock Creek, "that engagements made too far ahead sometimes failed; that one *had* failed (meaning her engagement with McNamar), and gave me to understand, that, as soon as certain studies were completed, she and Lincoln would be married."

In the summer of 1835 Ann showed unmistakable symptoms of failing health, attributable, as most of the neighborhood believed, to the distressing attitude she felt bound to maintain between her two lovers. On the 25th of August, in that year, she died of what the doctors chose to call "brain-fever." In a letter to Mr. Herndon, her brother says, "You suggest that the probable cause of Ann's sickness was her conflicts, emotions, &c. As to this I cannot say. I, however, have my

with deadly convulsions. The character of her sickness was unexplained. A few days before her death Lincoln was committed to her custody. What happened in her mind during her confinement was known only to him and the dying girl. But sleep he lost her, and stopped at the house of John Jones, on the way back. Jones saw signs of the more terrible distress in Lincoln and his conduct. When Ann actually died, and was buried, his grief became frantic; he lost all self-control, even the consciousness of identity, and every friend he had in New Salem pronounced him insane, mad, crazy. "He was watched with especial vigilance," as William Green tells us, "during storms, fogs, damp, gloomy weather, for fear of an accident." At such times he raved piteously, declaring, "young ladies wild expressions of his woe, 'I can never be reconciled to have the snow, rains, and storms to beat upon the grave!'"

About three-quarters of a mile below New Salem, at the foot of the main bluff, and in a hollow between two lateral bluffs, stood the house of Bowlin Greene, built of logs and cedar-boarded. Thither the friends of Lincoln, who apprehended a total abolition of reason, determined to transport him, partly for the benefit of a mere change of scene, and partly to keep him within constant reach of his near and bold friend, Bowlin Greene. During this period of his darkened and wavering intellect, when "accidents" were momentarily expected, it was discovered that Bowlin Greene possessed a power to persuade and guide him proportioned to the affection that had subsisted between them in former and better times. Bowlin Greene came for him, but Lincoln was cunning and obstinate: it required the most artful practices of a general conspiracy of all his friends to "disarm his suspicions," and induce him to go and stay with his most anxious and beloved friend. But at last they succeeded; and Lincoln remained down under the bluff for two or three weeks, the object of undisguised solicitude and of the strictest surveillance. At the end of that time his mind seemed to be restored, and it was thought safe to let him go back to his old haunts,—

to the study of law, to the writing of legal papers for his neighbors, to pettifogging before the justice of the peace, and perhaps to a little surveying. But Mr. Lincoln was never precisely the same man again. At the time of his release he was thin, haggard, and careworn, — like one risen from the verge of the grave. He had always been subject to fits of great mental depression, but after this they were more frequent and alarming. It was then that he began to repeat, with a feeling which seemed to inspire every listener with awe, and to carry him to the fresh grave of Ann at every one of his solemn periods, the lines entitled, "Immortality; or, Oh! why should the spirit of mortal be proud?" None heard him but knew that he selected these curiously empty, yet wonderfully sad, impressive lines, to celebrate a grief which lay with continual heaviness on his heart, but to which he could not with becoming delicacy directly allude. He muttered them as he rambled through the woods, or walked by the roaring Sangamon. He was heard to murmur them to himself as he slipped into the village at nightfall, after a long walk of six miles, and an evening visit to the Concord graveyard; and he would suddenly break out with them in little social assemblies after noticeable periods of silent gloom. They came unbidden to his lips, while the air of affliction in face and gesture, the moving tones and touching modulations of his voice, made it evident that every syllable of the recitation was meant to commemorate the mournful fate of Ann. The poem is now his: the name of the obscure author is forgotten, and his work is imperishably associated with the memory of a great man, and interwoven with the history of his greatest sorrow. Mr. Lincoln's adoption of it has saved it from merited oblivion, and translated it from the "poet's corner" of the country newspaper to a place in the story of his own life. — a story that will continue to be written, or written about, as long as our language exists.

Many years afterwards, when Mr. Lincoln, the best lawyer of his section, with one exception, travelled the circuit with the court and a crowd of his jolly brethren, he always rose early, he

for any one else was stirring, and, raking together a few glowing logs on the hearth, he would sit looking into them, musing and talking with himself, for hours together. One morning, in the year of his nomination, his companions found him in this attitude, when "Mr. Lincoln repeated aloud, and at length, the poem 'Immortality,'" indicating his preference for the two last stanzas, but insisting that the entire composition "sounded to him as much like true poetry as any thing that he had ever heard."

In Carpenter's "Anecdotes and Reminiscences of President Lincoln," occurs the following passage:—

"The evening of March 22, 1864, was a most interesting one to me. I was with the President alone in his office for several hours. Busy with pen and papers when I went in, he presently threw them aside, and commenced talking to me of Shakespeare, of whom he was very fond. Little 'Tad,' his son, coming in, he sent him to the library for a copy of the plays, and then read to me several of his favorite passages. Relapsing into a sadder strain, he laid the book aside, and, leaning back in his chair, said, —

"Here is a poem which has been a great favorite with me my years, which was first shown to me when a young man by a friend, and which I afterwards saw and cut from a newspaper, and learned by heart. I would," he continued, "give a good deal to know who wrote it; but I have never been able to ascertain it."

"Then, half closing his eyes, he repeated the verses to me:—

And why should the spirit of mortal be proud?
Like a wild-fire to burn, a fast-flying cloud,
A hawk at the falling, a break of the wave,
His passage from life to his rest in the grave.

The bright of day, and the yellow shall fade,
The summer season and winter shall lead;
The low of sea, and the mid, and the low and the high,
Shall meet in the dust, and together shall lie.

The infant a mother attended and loved ;
 The mother that infant's affection who proved ;
 The husband that mother and infant who blest, —
 Each, all, are away to their dwellings of rest.

[The maid on whose cheek, on whose brow, in whose eye,
 Shone beauty and pleasure, her triumphs are by ;
 And the memory of those who loved her and praised,
 Are alike from the minds of the living erased.]

The hand of the king that the sceptre hath borne,
 The brow of the priest that the mitre hath worn,
 The eye of the sage, and the heart of the brave,
 Are hidden and lost in the depths of the grave.

The peasant whose lot was to sow and to reap,
 The herdsman who climbed with his goats up the steep,
 The beggar who wandered in search of his bread,
 Have faded away like the grass that we tread.

[The saint who enjoyed the communion of Heaven,
 The sinner who dared to remain unforgiven,
 The wise and the foolish, the guilty and just,
 Have quietly mingled their bones in the dust.]

So the multitude goes, like the flower or the weed,
 That withers away to let others succeed ;
 So the multitude comes, even those we behold,
 To repeat every tale that has often been told.

For we are the same our fathers have been ;
 We see the same sights our fathers have seen ;
 We drink the same stream, we view the same sun,
 And run the same course our fathers have run.

The thoughts we are thinking our fathers would think ;
 From the death we are shrinking our fathers would shrink ;
 To the life we are clinging they also would cling ;
 But it speeds from us all like a bird on the wing.

They loved, but the story we cannot unfold ;
 They scorned, but the heart of the haughty is cold ;
 They grieved, but no wail from their slumber will come ;
 They joyed, but the tongue of their gladness is dumb.

They ~~and~~ ay they died : we things that are now,
That walk on the turf that lies over their brow,
And make in their dwellings a transieat abode,
Meet the things that they met on their pilgrimage road.

You, hope and desponency, pleasure and pain,
Are mingled together in sunshine and rain :
And the smile and the tear, the song and the dirge,
Still follow each other like surge upon surge.

'Tis the wink of an eye 't's the draught of a breath,
From the blossom of Leath to the paleness of death,
From the gilded saloon to the bier and the shroud, —
Oh ! why should the spirit of mortal be proud ? "

It was only a year or two after the death of Ann Rutledge that Mr. Lincoln told Robert L. Wilson, a distinguished colleague in the Legislature, parts of whose letter will be printed in another place, that, although "he appeared to enjoy life vigorously," it was a mistake; that, "when alone, he was so overcome by mental depression, that he never dared to carry a pocket-knife." And during all Mr. Wilson's extended acquaintance with him he never did own a knife, notwithstanding he was inordinately fond of whittling.

Mr. Lincoln says, "He never addressed another woman, in my opinion, 'Yours affectionately,' and generally and characteristically abstained from the use of the word 'Dear.' That word cannot be found more than a half-dozen times, in that office, in all his letters and speeches since that time. I have seen some of his letters to other ladies, but he never says 'Dear.' He never ended his letters with 'Yours affectionately,' and signed his name, 'Your friend, A. Lincoln.'"

After Mr. Lincoln's election to the Presidency, he one day met an old friend, Jesse Cagdale, who had known him intimately as the father-in-law of the Rutledges, at New Salem, Ill., and he said at my office at the State House, about the middle of 1860: "The secretary will think me to be gone."

"You're not passing to repose, 'rard state enough," I in expression to the company dropped off one by one, until I was left a clerk."

“‘I want to inquire about old times and old acquaintances,’ began Mr. Lincoln. ‘When we lived in Salem, there were the Greenses, Potters, Armstrongs, and Rutledges. These folks have got scattered all over the world, — some was gone. Where are the Rutledges, Greenses, &c?’”

“‘After we had spoken over old times,’ continues Cogdale — “persons, circumstances, — in which he showed a wonderful memory, I then dared to ask him this question :—

“‘May I now, in turn, ask you one question, Lincoln?’”

“‘Assuredly. I will answer your question, if a fair one, with all my heart.’”

“‘Well, Abe, is it true that you fell in love and married Ann Rutledge?’”

“‘It is true, — true: indeed I did. I have loved the name of Rutledge to this day. I have kept my mind on their movements ever since, and love them dearly.’”

“‘Abe, is it true,’” still urged Cogdale, “that you ran a little wild about the matter?’”

“‘I did really. I ran off the track. It was my first. I loved the woman dearly. She was a handsome girl; would have made a good, loving wife; was natural and quite intellectual, though not highly educated. I did honestly and truly love the girl, and think often, often, of her now.’”

A few weeks after the burial of Ann, McNamar returned to New Salem. He saw Lincoln at the post-office, and was struck with the deplorable change in his appearance. A short time afterwards Lincoln wrote him a deed, which he still has, and prizes highly, in memory of his great friend and rival. His father was at last dead; but he brought back with him his mother and her family. In December of the same year his mother died, and was buried in the same graveyard with Ann. During his absence, Col. Rutledge had occupied his farm, and there Ann died; but “the Rutledge farm” proper adjoined this one to the south. “Some of Mr. Lincoln’s corners, as a surveyor, are still visible on lines traced by him on both farms.”

On Sunday, the fourteenth day of October, 1866, William

He, Herndon knelt at the door of John McNamr, at his residence, but a few feet distant from the spot where Ann Rutledge breathed her last. After some preliminaries not necessary to be related, Mr. Herndon says, "I asked him the question:—

"Did you know Miss Rutledge? If so, where did she die?"

"He sat by his open window, looking westerly: and, turning his eyes to himself, looked through the window and said, 'There, by that,'—choking up with emotion, pointing his outstretched forefinger, nervous and trembling, to the spot,—'There, by that currant-bush, she died.' The old house in which she and her father died is gone."

"After further conversation, leaving the sadness to momentarily pass away, I asked this additional question:—

"Where was she buried?"

"In Concord burying-ground, one mile south-east of this place."

Mr. Herndon sought the grave. "S. C. Berry," says he, "James Short (the gentleman who purchased in Mr. Lincoln's compass and chain in 1834, under an execution against Lincoln, or Lincoln & Berry, and gratuitously gave them back to Mr. Lincoln), James Miles, and myself were together.

"I asked Mr. Berry if he knew where Miss Rutledge was buried,—the place and exact surroundings. He replied, 'I do. The grave of Miss Rutledge lies just north of her brother's, David Rutledge, a young lawyer of great promise, who died in 1842, in his twenty-seventh year.'

"The cemetery contains but an acre of ground, in a beautiful and secluded situation. A thin skirt of timber lies on the east, commencing at the fence of the cemetery. The ribbon of timber, some fifty yards wide, hides the sun's early rise. At nine o'clock the sun pours all his rays into the cemetery. An extensive prairie lies west, the forest north, a field on the east, and timber and prairie on the south. In this lonely ground lie the Berrys, the Rutledges, the Clarys, the Arm-

strongs, and the Joneses, old and respected citizens — partners of an early day. I write, or rather did write, the original draught of this description in the immediate presence of the ashes of Miss Ann Rutledge, the beautiful and tender dead. The village of the dead is a sad, solemn place. Its very presence imposes truth on the mind of the living writer. Ann Rutledge lies buried north of her brother, and rests sweetly on his left arm, angels to guard her. The cemetery is fast filling with the hazel and the dead."

A lecture delivered by William H. Herndon at Springfield, in 1866, contained the main outline, without the minute details, of the story here related. It was spoken, printed, and circulated without contradiction from any quarter. It was sent to the Rutledges, McNeeleys, Greenes, Short, and many other of the old residents of New Salem and Petersburg, with particular requests that they should correct any error they might find in it. It was pronounced by them all truthful and accurate; but their replies, together with a mass of additional evidence, have been carefully collated with the lecture, and the result is the present chapter. The story of Ann Rutledge, Lincoln, and McNamar, as told here, is as well proved as the fact of Mr. Lincoln's election to the Presidency.

CHAPTER IX

IF FOLLOWING strictly the chronological order indicated in the course of this narrative, we should be compelled to break off the story of Mr. Lincoln's love-affairs at New Salem, and come upon his public career in the Legislature, and follow the people. But, while by that means we would proceed continually in one respect, we should lose it altogether; and the reader would perhaps prefer to take what we call all of Mr. Lincoln's courtships, save only that one which resulted in marriage.

Twenty-four miles of a mile, or nearly so, north of Bowling Green's end on the summit of a hill, stood the house of Samuel Able, a small frame building eighteen by twenty feet. Able and his wife were warm friends of Mr. Lincoln; and every of his rambles through the surrounding country, reading and talking to himself, terminated at their door, where he always found the latch-string on the outside, and a hearty welcome within. In October, 1833, Mr. Lincoln met there Miss Mary Owens, a sister of Mrs. Able, and, as we shall presently learn from his own words, admired her, although not extravagantly. She remained but four weeks, and then went back to her home in Kentucky.

Miss Owens's mother being dead, her father married again; and Miss Owens, for good reasons of her own, thought she would rather live with her sister than with her stepmother. Accordingly, in the fall of 1836, she re-appeared at Able's, passing through New Salem on the day of the presidential election, where the men standing about the polls stared and

wondered at her "beauty." Twenty eight or nine years of age, "she was," in the language of Mr. L. M. Greene, "tall and portly; weighed about one hundred and twenty pounds, and had large blue eyes, with the finest trimming: I ever saw. She was jovial, social, loved wit and humor, had a liberal English education, and was considered wealthy. Bill," continues our excellent friend, "I am getting old; have seen too much trouble to give a lifelike picture of this woman. I won't try it. None of the poets or romance-writers has ever given to us a picture of a heroine so beautiful as a good description of Miss Owens in 1836 would be."

Mrs. Hardin Bale, a cousin to Miss Owens, says "she was blue-eyed, dark-haired, handsome, — not pretty, — was rather large and tall, handsome, truly handsome, matronly looking, over ordinary size in height and weight. . . . Miss Owens was handsome, that is to say, noble-looking, matronly seeming."

Respecting her age and looks, Miss Owens herself makes the following note, Aug. 6, 1866: —

"Born in the year eight; fair skin, deep-blue eyes, with dark curling hair; height five feet five inches, weighing about one hundred and fifty pounds."

Johnson G. Greene is Miss Owens's cousin; and, when on a visit to her in 1866, he contrived to get his version of the Lincoln courtship at great length. It does not vary in any material part from the account currently received in the neighborhood, and given by various persons, whose oral or written testimony is preserved in Mr. Hardin's collection of manuscripts. Greene (J. G.) described her in terms almost the same as those used by Mrs. Bale, adding that "she was a nervous and muscular woman," very "intellectual," — "the most intellectual woman he ever saw," — "with a forehead massive and angular, square, prominent, and broad."

After Miss Owens's return to New Salem, in the fall of 1838, Mr. Lincoln was unremitting in his attentions: and wherever she went he was at her side. She had many relatives in the neighborhood, — the Bales, the Greenses, the Grahams: and,

of some of "the best-laid schemes of mice and men," and went "all agley."

Lincoln, according to promise, went down to Able's, and asked if Miss Owens was in. Mrs. Able replied that she had gone to Graham's, about one and a half miles from Able's due south-west. Lincoln said, "Didn't she know I was coming?" Mrs. Able answered, "No;" but one of the children said, "Yes, ma, she did, for I heard Sam tell her so." Lincoln sat a while, and then went about his business. "The fat was now in the fire. Lincoln thought, as he was extremely poor, and Miss Owens very rich, it was a fling on him on that account. Abe was mistaken in his guesses, for wealth cut no figure in Miss Owens's eyes. Miss Owens regretted her course. Abe would not bend; and Miss Owens wouldn't. She said, if she had it to do over again she would play the cards differently. . . . She had two sons in the Southern army. She said that if either of them had got into difficulty, she would willingly have gone to old Abe for relief."

In Miss Owens's letter of July 22, 1866, it will be observed that she tacitly admitted to Mr. Gaines Greene "the circumstances in connection with Mrs. Greene and child." Although she here denies the precise words alleged to have been used by her in the little quarrel at the top of the hill, she does not deny the impression his conduct left upon her mind, but presents additional evidence of it by the relation of another incident of similar character, from which her inferences were the same.

Fortunately we are not compelled to rely upon tradition, however authentic, for the facts concerning this interesting episode in Mr. Lincoln's life. Miss Owens is still alive to tell her own tale, and we have besides his letters to the lady herself. Mr. Lincoln wrote his account of it as early as 1832. As in duty bound, we shall permit the lady to speak first. At her particular request, her present name and residence are suppressed.

— May 1, 1860.

MR. W. H. HERNDON.

Dear Sir, — After quite a struggle with my feelings, I have at last decided to send you the letters in my possession written by Mr. Lincoln, believing, as I do, that you are a gentleman of honor, and will faithfully abide by all you have said.

My associations with your lamented friend were in Menard County, whilst visiting a sister, who then resided near Petersburg. I have learned that my maiden name is now in your possession; and you have ere this, no doubt, been informed that I am a native Kentuckian.

As regards Mrs. Radledge, I cannot tell you any thing, she having died previous to my acquaintance with Mr. Lincoln; and I do not now recollect of ever hearing him mention her name. Please return the letters at your earliest convenience.

Very respectfully, yours,

MARY S. ———

— May 22, 1860.

MR. W. H. HERNDON.

My dear Sir, — Really you catechise me in true lawyer style; but I feel you will have the goodness to excuse me if I decline answering all your questions; in fact, being well assured that few women would have ended as much as I have under all the circumstances.

You say you have heard why our acquaintance terminated as it did. I, too, have heard the same bit of gossip; but I never used the remark which Madam Remor says I did to Mr. Lincoln. I think I did on one occasion say to my sister, who was very anxious for us to be married, that I thought Mr. Lincoln was deficient in those little links which make up the chain of human happiness, — at least, it was so in my case. Not that I believed it proceeded from a lack of goodness of heart; but his training had been different from mine — hence there was not that congeniality which would otherwise have existed.

From his own showing, you perceive that his heart and hand were at my disposal, and I suppose that my feelings were not sufficiently enlisted to have the matter consummated. About the beginning of the year 1838 I left Illinois, at which time our acquaintance and correspondence ceased with the same again being renewed.

My father, who resided in Green County, Kentucky, was a gentleman of considerable means; and I am persuaded that few persons placed a higher estimate on education than he did.

Respectfully yours,

MARY S. ———

July 22, 1866.

MR. W. H. HERNDON

Dear Sir,— I do not think that you are pertinacious in asking the question relative to old Mrs. Bowlin Greene, because I wish to set you right on that question. Your information, no doubt, came through my cousin, Mr. Gaines Greene, who visited us last winter. Whilst here, he was laughing at me about Mr. Lincoln, and among other things spoke about the circumstance in connection with Mrs. Greene and child. My impression is now that I tacitly admitted it for it was a season of *trouble* with me and I gave but little heed to the matter. We never had any *hard feelings* toward each other that I know of. On no occasion did I say to Mr. Lincoln that I did not believe he would make a kind husband, because he did not tender his services to Mrs. Greene in helping of her carry her babe. As I said to you in a former letter, I thought him lacking in smaller attentions. One circumstance presents itself just now to my mind's eye. There was a company of us going to Uncle Billy Greene's. Mr. Lincoln was riding with me, and we had a very bad branch to cross. The other gentlemen were very officious in seeing that their partners got over safely. We were behind, he riding in, never looking back to see how I got along. When I rode up beside him, I remarked, "You are a nice fellow! I suppose you did not care whether my neck was broken or not." He laughingly replied (I suppose by way of compliment) that he knew I was plenty smart to take care of myself.

In many things he was sensitive, almost to a fault. He told me of an incident that he was crossing a prairie one day, and saw before him "a hog mired down" to use his own language. He was rather "fixed up;" and he resolved that he would pass on without looking towards the shoat. After he had gone by, he said the "hogging" was irresistible and he had to look back, and the poor thing seemed to say wistfully, "There, now, my last hope is gone;" that he deliberately got down, and relieved it from its difficulty.

In many things we were congenial spirits. In politics we saw eye to eye, though since then we differed as widely as the South is from the North. But to-thinks I hear you say, "Save me from a political woman!" So say I.

The last message I ever received from him was about a year after we parted in Illinois. Mrs. Able visited Kentucky; and he said to her in Springfield, "Tell your sister that I think she was a great fool, because she did not stay here, and marry me." Characteristic of the man.

Respectfully yours,

MARY S. ———

VANDALIA, Dec. 13, 1836.

MARY,— I have been sick ever since my arrival, or I should have written sooner. It is but little difference, however, as I have very little even yet to write. And more, the longer I can avoid the mortification of looking in the

passion for your honor, and not feeling in the least. You see I am not a man that will ever get a good idea any way to risk your health. To try you may soon, and then.

That our State House is bad for business, and consequently the Legislature is from 6000 to nothing. The Governor delivered an inflammatory political message, and it is expected there will be some sparring between the parties about it as soon as the 17th House meets business. Taylor delivered up the questions for the next week as usual, and considers this morning. I am full of disgust at the conduct of almost all the members from Morgan County except G. There are rumors around of the petition I think, to prevent the members from attending to going for it, but if the members take Morgan's opinion, it is likely they will stay with the change will be bad.

Our country is full of the most unimproving congressmen. Some of the best I reported. An unimproving congressman was held last week when we met, which recommended a loan of several million dollars by the sale of the bonds of government railroads. Some of the railroads are to be sold, and some are to be sold, which is the majority I think. There is great strife and commotion in some offices of the United States Service here at this time. It is probable to elect them this year in a few days. The opposition party has no candidate of their party, and consequently they will stand by themselves at the next party of the governing Van-Buren candidates and their supporters, which is the Christian day at Satan's race. You remember that I mentioned to you some of the things that I had been unwell. There is the first, enough I think I am about well now; but there will be other things I cannot mention to you, but I have gotten my spirits so low that I feel that I would rather be any place in the world than here. I really cannot imagine the thought of staying here ten weeks. Write back as soon as you get this, and, if possible, say something that will please me, for really I have not been pleased since I fell you. This letter is so dry and stupid that I am ashamed to send it, but with my present feelings I cannot do any better.

Give my best respects to Mr. and Mrs. Able and family.

Your friend,

LINCOLN

SPRINGFIELD, May 7, 1837

MISS MARY S. WENS.

I saw, they had have commenced two letters to send you before this, one of which had been in answer I got half done and so I ran them up. The first I thought was too serious enough, and the second was in the other extreme. I will send this letter on as it may.

The thing of being in Springfield is rather a dull business, after all; at least it goes to me. It is not quite as dreary here as I ever was anywhere in my life. I only being spoken to by but one woman since I've been here, and should not have been by her, if she could have avoided it. I've never been

to church yet, or probably shall not be soon. I stay away because I am conscious I should not know how to behave myself.

I am often thinking about what we said of your coming to live at Springfield. I am afraid you would not be satisfied. There is a great deal of flourishing about in carriages here, which it would be your doom to see without sharing it. You would have to be poor, without the means of hiding your poverty. Do you believe you could bear that patiently? Whatever woman may cast her lot with mine, should any ever do so, it is my intention to do all in my power to make her happy and contented, and there is nothing I can imagine that would make me more unhappy than to fail in the effort. I know I should be much happier with you than the way I am, provided I saw no signs of discontent in you. What you have said to me may have been in the way of jest, or I may have misunderstood it. It so, then let it be forgotten, if otherwise I much wish you would think seriously before you decide. For my part, I have already decided. What I have said I will most positively abide by, provided you wish it. My opinion is, that you had better not do it. You have not been accustomed to hardship, and it may be more severe than you now imagine. I know you are capable of thinking correctly on any subject; and, if you deliberate maturely upon this before you decide, then I am willing to abide your decision.

You must write me a good long letter after you get this. You have nothing else to do; and, though it might not seem interesting to you after you have written it, it would be a good deal of company to me in this "busy wilderness." Tell your sister, I don't want to hear any more about selling out and moving. That gives me the hypo whenever I think of it.

Yours, &c.,

LINCOLN.

SPRINGFIELD, Aug. 16, 1837.

FRIEND MARY, — You will no doubt think it rather strange that I should write you a letter on the same day on which we parted, and I can only account for it by supposing that seeing you lately makes me think of you more than usual; while at our late meeting we had but few expressions of thoughts. You must know that I cannot see you, or think of you, with entire indifference; and yet it may be that you are mistaken in regard to what my real feelings toward you are. If I knew you were not, I should not trouble you with this letter. Perhaps any other man would know enough without further information; but I consider it *my* peculiar right to plead ignorance, and your bounden duty to allow the plea. I want in all cases to do right; and most particularly so in all cases with women. I want, at this particular time, more than any thing else, to do right with you: and if I *knew* it would be doing right, as I rather suspect it would, to let you alone, I would do it. And, for the purpose of making the matter as plain as possible, I now say

the act decently recorded to the conscience of a biographer professing to be honest and candid, it should never see the light in these pages. Its grotesque humor, its coarse exaggerations in describing the person of a lady whom the writer was willing to marry, its imputation of toothless and scolded-beaten old age to a woman really young and handsome, its utter lack of that delicacy of tone and sentiment which one naturally expects a gentleman to adopt when he thinks proper to discuss the merits of his late mistress. — all these and its defective orthography, it would certainly be more acceptable to suppress than to publish. But, if we begin by mutilating or mutilating a document which sheds so broad a light upon one part of his life and one phase of his character, why may we not do the like as fast and as often as the temptations arise? and where shall the process cease? A biography worth writing at all is worth writing fully and honestly; and the writer who suppresses or mangles the truth is no better than he who bears false witness in any other capacity.

In April, 1838, Miss Owens finally departed from Illinois; and in that same month Mr. Lincoln wrote Mrs. B. writing:—

STANBRED, April 1, 1838.

DEAR MADAM.—Without apologizing for being confidential, I shall make the history of so much of my life as has elapsed since I saw you the subject of this letter. And by the way, I now discover that I never gave you a full and intelligible account of the things I have done and suffered. — I saw you, I shall necessarily have to relate some that happened before.

It was, that, in the autumn of 1836, that a married lady of an acquaintance, and who was a great friend of mine, being about to pay a visit to her father & other relatives residing in Kentucky, proposed to me to convey her return she would bring a sister of hers with her, and contract that I would contract to consider her father's law with all convenient despatch. — I of course, accept of the proposal, for you know I could not have done otherwise had I really been averse to it, but privately between you and me, I was most confidentially well pleased with the project. — I had met the said sister some three years before, amongst the neighbors, and was sensible and saw my good objection to sending her through land in her own hands. Thus passed on the lady took her journey, and in due time returned home in company, very energetic. This occasioned much lively local rejoicing, inasmuch that her coming so readily showed that she was a wife and was very young, and

time, which I really dreaded as much, perhaps more, than an Irisaman does the halter.

After all my suffering upon this deeply-interesting subject, here I am, wholly, unexpectedly, completely, out of the "scrape," and I now want to know if you can guess how I got out of it, — out, clear, in every sense of the term: no violation of word, honor, or conscience. I don't believe you can guess, and so I might as well tell you at once. As the lawyer says, it was done in the manner following, to wit: After I had delayed the matter as long as I thought I could in honor do (which, by the way, had brought me round into the last fall), I concluded I might as well bring it to a consummation without further delay; and so I mustered my resolution, and made the proposal to her direct: but, shocking to relate, she answered, No. At first I supposed she did it through an affectation of modesty, which I thought but ill became her under the peculiar circumstances of her case; but, on my renewal of the charge, I found she repelled it with greater firmness than before. I tried it again and again, but with the same success, or rather with the same want of success.

I finally was forced to give it up; at which I verily unexpectedly found myself mortified almost beyond endurance. I was mortified, it seemed to me, in a hundred different ways. My vanity was deeply wounded by the reflection that I had so long been too stupid to discover her intentions, and at the same time never doubting that I understood them perfectly — and also that she, whom I had taught myself to believe nobody else would have, had actually rejected me with all my fancied greatness. And, to cap the whole, I then, for the first time, began to suspect that I was really a little in love with her. But let it all go. I'll try and outlive it. Others have been made fools of by the girls; but this can never with truth be said of me. I most emphatically, in this instance, made a fool of myself. I have now come to the conclusion never again to think of marrying, and for this reason: I can never be satisfied with any one who would be blockhead enough to have me.

When you receive this, write me a long yarn about something to amuse me. Give my respects to Mr. Browning.

Your sincere friend,

A. LINCOLN.

Mrs. O. H. BROWNING.

CHAPTER X

THE recovery of Mr. Lincoln's manuscripts — and they were many and valuable — from the Gov. he received from N. F. Sisson in Vandalia, a distance of one hundred miles. How he went for the Gov. was an error. Legislators of the State. Was that an important mistake; or he was treated as a guest with as much of the courtesy of the society as the circumstances would permit. It was for those very reasons that he was unwilling that his private correspondence should be made public, and when the same fact was taking form he felt it possible to "sensibly enough get into the matter with his own Congress, and into the same of his name."

When he arrived at the House of Representatives of Illinois, Ottawa had been about a year in the service of Adams, and was by "the introduction of the new" and he was elected in Congress during the session of the same year, and that he went to the House of Representatives, he had discovered that he had been all the while in the hands of the same, and was quite willing to let the Whigs in the hands of the same, they were willing. These Whigs were, they were unwilling to be elected in great numbers, but in the meantime were elected and prepared. Lincoln gave the proper reasons of public duty and a good opportunity to make the same, that he might not be the same as the Whigs, and in 1857. The Whigs were not willing, Illinois, the land and the same of the same, had been in the hands of Chicago, and State later, and the same of the same, the same of the same, the same of the same. The late Lincoln was a very well-known

in its own conceit, and was not slow to launch out with the first of a series of magnificent experiments. It contented itself, however, with chartering a State bank, with a capital of one million five hundred thousand dollars; rechartering, with a capital of three hundred thousand dollars, the Shawneetown Bank, which had broken twelve years before; and providing for a loan of five hundred thousand dollars, on the credit of the State, wherewith to make a beginning on the Illinois and Michigan Canal. The bill for the latter project was drawn and introduced by Senator James M. Strode, the gentleman who described with such moving eloquence the horrors of Stillman's defeat. These measures Gov. Ford considers "the beginning of all the bad legislation which followed in a few years, and which, as is well known, resulted in general ruin." Mr. Lincoln favored them all, and faithfully followed out the policy of which they were the inauguration at subsequent sessions of the same body. For the present, nevertheless, he was a silent member, although he was assigned a prominent place on the Committee on Public Accounts and Expenditures. The bank-charters were drawn by a Democrat who hoped to find his account in the issue; all the bills were passed by a Legislature "nominally" Democratic; but the Board of Canal Commissioners was composed exclusively of Whigs, and the Whigs straightway assumed control of the banks.

It was at a special session of this Legislature that Lincoln first saw Stephen A. Douglas, and, viewing his active little person with immense amusement, pronounced him "the *least* man he ever saw." Douglas had come into the State (from Vermont) only the previous year, but, having studied law for several months, considered himself eminently qualified to be State's attorney for the district in which he lived, and was now come to Vandalia for that purpose. The place was already filled by a man of considerable distinction; but the incumbent remaining at home, possibly in blissful ignorance of his neighbor's design, was easily supplanted by the supple Vermonter.

It is the institution of legislatures (in general), as it was in those days the peculiar misfortune of the Legislature of Illinois, to be made by a multitude of ignorant members in the exclusive possession of "legislative" power among the "voters" were some of the most "distinguished" men, and guided by an influential delegation from the Democratic Party, or "opposition" to be formed by the legislation proposed. An expert "legislator" an experienced and well-instructed person, who could direct the course of his motions with precision and decisive consequences, was not to have a general impression of the "policy" and the "wisdom" of his affairs, and to be "aroused and enlightened."

It is not to be supposed that anybody ever succeeded in amassing a single square inch of Mr. Lincoln's passion with the "law" and "debates" but his own ever-first "The Long Run" of which he was the longest and clearest possessed regard to "parliamentary" matters, and distinguished "progress" of "parliamentary" affairs. But of this at another place.

In 1830 Mr. Lincoln was again a candidate on the Legislature: notwithstanding Mr. White (then in Sangamon being, for Representatives John Dawson, William F. Elkin, S. W. Edwards, Andrew McGonigle, Dan Stone, and R. L. Wilson; and for Senators A. G. Herndon and John Fletcher. They were all elected but one, and he was beaten by John Calhoun.

Mr. Lincoln opened the campaign by the following manifesto:—

NEW STATE, JUNE 10, 1830

TO THE EDITOR OF "THE JOURNAL."

In your issue of last evening, I see a communication over the signature of "MAY VANCE" in regard to the candidates who are announced in the "Journal" assembled against "show their hands." Agreed. Here come

I go on all against the pretenses of the government who assist in bearing its burden. Consequently, I go on showing, and being to the right of failure, which is good in your sense (for, as you say, "show their hands").

It is not, I think, possible, the whole point of Sangamon my constituents, as well as those who are present there, to support me.

While, as far as their Representative, I shall be governed by their will on all subjects, and shall I have the pleasure of knowing what their will is;

and upon all others I shall do what my own judgment ~~teaches me~~ will best advance their interests. Whether elected or not, I ~~will~~ distribute the proceeds of the sale of the public lands to the several States, to enable our State, in common with others, to dig canals and construct railroads without borrowing money and paying the interest on it.

If alive on the first Monday in November, I shall vote for Hugh L. White for President.

Very respectfully,

A. LINCOLN.

The elections were held on the first Monday in August, and the campaign began about six weeks or two months before. Popular meetings were advertised in "The Sangamon Journal" and "The State Register," — organs of the respective parties. Not unfrequently the meetings were joint, — composed of both parties, — when, as Lincoln would say, the candidates "put in their best licks," while the audience "rose to the height of the great argument" with cheers, taunts, cat-calls, fights, and other exercises appropriate to the free and untrammelled enjoyment of the freeman's boon.

The candidates travelled from one grove to another on horseback; and, when the "Long Nine" (all over six feet in height) took the road, it must have been a goodly sight to see.

"I heard Lincoln make a speech," says James Gourly, "in Mechanicsburg, Sangamon County, in 1836. John Neal had a fight at the time: the roughs got on him, and Lincoln jumped in and saw fair play. We staid for dinner at Green's, close to Mechanicsburg, — drank whiskey sweetened with honey. There the questions discussed were internal improvements, Whig principles." (Gourly was a great friend of Lincoln's, for Gourly had had a foot-race "with H. B. Truett, now of California," and Lincoln had been his "judge;" and it was a remarkable circumstance, that nearly everybody for whom Lincoln "judged" came out ahead.)

"I heard Mr. Lincoln during the same canvass," continues Gourly. "It was at the Court House, where the State House now stands. The Whigs and Democrats had a general quarrel then and there. N. W. Edwards drew a pistol on Achilles Morris." But Gourly's account of this last scene is

"At the conclusion of Lincoln's speech (I quote from Mr. Speed), "the crowd was dispersing, when Forquer rose and asked to be heard. He commenced by saying that the young man would have to be taken down, and was sorry that the task devolved upon him. He then proceeded to answer Lincoln's speech in a style, which, while it was able and fair, yet, in his whole manner, asserted and claimed superiority. Lincoln stood near him, and watched him during the whole of his speech. When Forquer concluded, he took the stand again. I have often heard him since, in court and before the people, but never saw him appear so well as upon that occasion. He replied to Mr. Forquer with great dignity and force, but I shall never forget the conclusion of that speech. Turning to Mr. Forquer, he said, that he had commenced his speech by announcing that 'this young man would have to be taken down.' Turning then to the crowd, he said, 'It is for you, not for me, to say whether I am up or down. The gentleman has alluded to my being a young man: I am older in years than I am in the tricks and trades of politicians. I desire to live, and I desire peace and distinction as a politician; but I would rather die now, than, like the gentleman, live to see the day that I would have to erect a lightning-rod to protect a guilty conscience from an offended God.'"

He afterwards told Speed that the sight of that same rod "had led him to the study of the properties of electricity and the utility of the rod as a conductor."

Among the Democratic orators stamping the county at this time was Dick Taylor, a pompous gentleman, who went abroad in superb attire, ruffled shirts, rich vest and immense watch-chains, with shining and splendid pendants. But Dick was a severe Democrat in theory, made much of "the hard-handed ycomany," and flung many biting sarcasms upon the aristocratic pretensions of the Whigs, -- the "rag barons" and the manufacturing "lords." He was one of many in the midst of a particularly aggravating declamation of this sort, when Abe began to feel devilish, and thought he would take the wind out

“nominal Jackson men;” that is to say, men who continued to act with the Democratic party, while disavowing its cardinal principles, — traders, trimmers, cautious schismatics who argued the cause of Democracy from a brief furnished by the enemy. The diversion in favor of White was just to the hand of the Whigs, and they aided it in every practicable way. Always for an expedient when an expedient would answer, a compromise when a compromise would do, the “hand” Mr. Lincoln “showed” at the opening of the campaign contained the “White” card among the highest of its trumps. “If alive on the first Monday in November, I shall vote for Hugh L. White for President.” A number of local Democratic politicians assisting him to play it, it won the game in 1836, and Sangamon County went over to the Whigs.

At this election Mr. Douglas was made a Representative from Morgan County, along with Col. Hardin, from whom he had the year before taken the State’s attorneyship. The event is notable principally because Mr. Douglas was nominated by a convention, and not by the old system of self-announcement, which, under the influence of Eastern immigrants, like himself, full of party zeal, and attached to the customs of the places whence they came, was gradually but surely falling into disfavor. Mr. Douglas served only one session, and then became Register of the Land Office at Springfield. The next year he was nominated for Congress in the Peoria District, under the convention system, and in the same year Col. Stephenson was nominated for Governor in the same way. The Whigs were soon compelled to adopt the device which they saw marshalling the Democrats in a state of complete discipline; whilst they themselves were disorganized by a host of volunteer candidates and the operations of innumerable cliques and factions. At first “it was considered a Yankee contrivance,” intended to abridge the liberties of the people; but the Whig “people” were as fond of victory, offices, and power as their enemies were, and in due time they took very kindly to this effectual means of gaining

Democrat. Mr. Lincoln chose his company with commendable discretion, and wasted no tender regrets upon his "nominal" Democratic friends. For *WARRICK* against Harrison, in November, 1836, he led the Whigs into action when the Legislature met in December; and when the hard-color campaign of 1840 commenced, with its endless meetings and processions, its coon-skins and log-cabins, its intrigue, trickery, and fun, his musical voice rose loudest above the din for "Old Tippecanoe;" and no man did better service, or enjoyed those memorable scenes more, than he who was to be the beneficiary of a similar revival in 1860.

When this legislature met in the winter of 1836-7, the bank and internal-improvement mania had taken full possession of a majority of the people, as well as of the politicians. To be sure, "Old Hickory" had given a temporary check to the wild speculations in Western land by the specie circular, about the close of his administration, whereby gold and silver were made "hard-office money;" and the Government declined to exchange any more of the public domain for the depreciated paper of rotten and explosive banks. Millions of notes loaned by the Banks on insufficient security or no security at all were by this timely measure turned back into the banks, or converted to the uses of a more legitimate and less dangerous business. But, even if the specie circular had not been repealed, it would probably have proved impotent against the evils it was designed to prevent, after the passage of the Act distributing among the States the surplus (or supposed surplus) revenues of the Federal Government.

The last dollar of the old debt was paid in 1833. There were from time to time large unexpended and unappropriated balances in the treasury. What should be done with them? There was no sub-treasury as yet, and questions concerning the mere safe-keeping of these moneys excited the most tremendous political contests. The United States Bank had always had the use of the cash in the treasury in the form of deposits; but the bank abused its trust, — used its enormous power over the currency and exchanges of the country to

acutely political results of his own conduct, and, by the manifold and irregularly-compelled Gen. Jackson to counter the deposits. Ultimately the bank took shelter in Pennsylvania, where it began a new tentative enterprise under a suspicious name looked to the end of a road like one of its passages through the General Assembly. In due time the "bank" of Col. Benton failed to call its dues on its depositors, and a financial and agricultural crash, clouding the future with a shadow of adversity to the end, and leaving a few army of billholders and depositors to await one of the most remarkable discussions of modern times.

When, however, the Government had not been forced to withdraw from the bank of the United States, the revenues of the Federal Government were deposited as before they passed through various State banks. Two notes of the Federal bank were put out, and sufficient other notes to get constituted the paper currency of the day. It was this money which the Whigs, called by Democrats reasonable, proposed to give away to the States. This passed the A. C. required it to be deposited with the States — *intending* — to be used in some method of *disposal*. It, but actually, followed that it would have to be called for, or paid, if it was. It was simply an extraordinary measure; and something the very embarrassed nature of which when the Government had not a dollar elsewhere to pay on a promise and the emergency of the day was to issue a treasury note against the better judgment of the party in power, the payment of withdrawal from deposits was once taken into the account. The A. C. went into effect on the 1st of January, 1837, and was one of the immediate causes of the suspension and bankruptcy of that year. — The condition of our deposit banks was desperate, — wholly inadequate to the slightest pressure in their vaults to the ordinary course of business, much less that of assisting the daily Government drafts and the accumulating deposit of near forty millions with the States. — Nevertheless, the deposits began at the rate of one million a quarter. The deposit banks "blew up," and all the others, including

that of the United States, closed their doors to customers and bill-holders, which gave them more time to hold public meetings, imputing the distress of the country to the hard-money policy of Jackson and Van Buren, and agitating for the re-charter of Mr. Biddle's profligate concern as the only remedy human ingenuity could devise.

It was in the month previous to the first deposit with the States,—about the time when Gov. Ford says, “lands and town-lots were the only articles of export” from Illinois; when the counters of Western land-offices were piled high with illusory bank-notes in exchange for public lands, and when it was believed that the West was now at last about to bound forward in a career of unexampled prosperity, under the forcing process of public improvements by the States, with the aid and countenance of the Federal Government,—that Mr. Lincoln went up to attend the first session of the new Legislature at Vandalia. He was big with projects: his real public service was just now about to begin. In the previous Legislature he had been silent, observant, studious. He had improved the opportunity so well, that of all men in this new body, of equal age in the service, he was the smartest parliamentarian and the cunningest “log-roller.” He was fully determined to identify himself conspicuously with the “liberal” legislation in contemplation, and dreamed of a fame very different from that which he actually obtained as an antislavery leader. It was about this time that he told his friend, Mr. Speed, that he aimed at the great distinction of being called “the De Witt Clinton of Illinois.”

Meetings with a view to this sort of legislation had been held in all, or nearly all, the counties in the State during the preceding summer and fall. Hard-money, strict-construction, no-monopoly, anti-progressive Democrats were in a sad minority. In truth, there was little division of parties about these matters which were deemed so essential to the prosperity of a new State. There was Mr. Lincoln, and there was Mr. Douglas, in perfect unison as to the grand object to be accomplished, but mortally jealous as to which should take the lead

of engineers, or even unprofessional views. "Progress" was not to wait on titles; capitalists were supposed to be lying in wait to catch these precious bonds; the money would be raised in a twinkling, and being applied with all the skill of "a hundred De Witt Clintons,"—a class of gentlemen at that time extremely numerous and obtrusive,—the lands would build the railroads, the railroads would build cities, cities would create farms, foreign capital would rush to us meeting a field, the lands would be taken up with marvelous celerity, and the "land-tax" going into a sinking fund *bona fide* with some odd and certain speculations to be made by the State, would pay principal and interest on the debt without even a cent of taxation upon the people. In short, everybody was to be enriched, save the immediate of the State, by selling its credit and expending the proceeds, would make treasury coffers overflow with ready money. It was a luck stroke of statesmanship, a mysterious device in finance, which whether from fatal inadvertence or from being mismanaged, bore from the beginning down the very reverse of those it had promised.

A Board of Canal Commissioners was already in existence; but now incorporated, as necessary parts of the new system, a Board of Public Commissioners and a Board of Commissioners of Public Works.

The capital stock of the Shawneetown Bank was increased to one million seven hundred thousand dollars, and that of the State Bank to three million one hundred thousand dollars. The State took the new stock, and proposed to pay for it "with the surplus revenues of the United States, and the residue by a sale of State bonds." The banks were likewise made fiscal agencies, to place the loans, and generally to manage the railroad and canal funds. The career of these banks is an extremely interesting chapter in the history of Illinois,—not less so than the rise and collapse of the great internal-improvement system. But, as it has already a place in a chronicle of wider scope and greater merit than this, it is enough to say that, in due time they went the way of their kind,—the State lost

by them, and they lost by the State in money as well as in money.

The banks used by the Legislature to pass the "system" described seem to be for the instruction of posterity. — First, a large portion of the people were interested in the success of the plan, which was threatened if other sections of the State were denied the improve-ment introduced by them; and thus interests of the kind were shown to be ready for that work by opposing every other plan to be resorted to the contrary. — Hence, and the revenues were proposed everywhere, to admit every section of the State. — There is said to have been made to pass a similar system, and to be so followed, the bill would be amended by the addition of other parts, until a majority was obtained for it. — These projects which could not be thus accomplished were resorted to the kind of tax imposed through delay. — There could be no payment of interest at all, but rather the Act of interest, which is the system. — Hence, of government, was to be resorted to Springfield. — Some, among County, of which Springfield is a part, and that represented by the Senate, and some. — It was established called the Long Nine, all White with one. — Among them were some men of high rank and influence in politics, whose whole object was to obtain the Act of interest for Springfield. — This Act, which from the beginning of the session drew well on a fair support of its opposition in every local measure of interest and money system, is the part of the vote in favor of the Act of interest. — Most of the other members were small farmers and some Representatives and among them with success for a while, Representative district: and that party, Springfield County, of which Springfield is a part, and the voting system of those days. — It is worthy of observation whether any law and equal regulation can ever be enacted where some of the members are great and powerful and others feeble. — But by such means the Long Nine could draw out a powerful gathering accession of strength to every side, and they carried up a considerable party for Springfield which party they managed to take

almost as a unit in favor of the internal-improvement system, in return for which the active supporters of that system were to vote for Springfield to be the seat of government. Thus it was made to cost the State about six millions of dollars to remove the seat of government from Vandalia to Springfield, half of which sum would have purchased all the real estate in that town at three prices; and thus by log-rolling on the canal measure; by multiplying railroads; by terminating these railroads at Alton, that Alton might become a great city in opposition to St. Louis; by distributing money to some of the counties to be wasted by the county commissioners; and by giving the seat of government to Springfield, — was the whole State bought up, and bribed to approve the most senseless and disastrous policy which ever crippled the energies of a growing country.”¹

Enumerating the gentlemen who voted for this combination of evils, — among them Stephen A. Douglas, John A. McClernand, James Shields, and Abraham Lincoln, — and reciting the high places of honor and trust to which most of them have since attained, Gov. Ford pronounces “all of them spared monuments of popular wrath, evincing how safe it is to a politician, but how disastrous it may be to the country, to keep along with the present fervor of the people.”

“It was a maxim with many politicians just to keep along even with the humor of the people, right or wrong;” and this maxim Mr. Lincoln held then, as ever since, in very high estimation. But the “humor” of his constituents was not only intensely favorable to the new scheme of internal improvements: it was most decidedly their “humor” to have the capital at Springfield, and to make a great man of the legislator who should take it there. Mr. Lincoln was doubtless thoroughly convinced that the popular view of all these matters was the right one; but, even if he had been unhappily afflicted with individual scruples of his own, he would have deemed it his simple duty to obey the almost unanimous voice of his constituency. He thought he never could serve them better than

¹ Ford's History of Illinois.

in giving them just what they wanted; and that to neglect the will of his people, and register it by his own vote, was far from being the obligation of a representative. It happened that on this occasion the popular feeling fell in very pleasantly with his young dream of calling the town of Clinton; and here, also, was a fine opportunity of repeating the highest strain and on a higher stage the impassioned arguments which, on the very coast of his name had proved so hard for "Pass and Strong," when he overthrew those measures in the great debate respecting the improvement of the Saginaw River.

The Internal-Improvement Bill,³ says Mr. Wilson (one of the "Young Nine"), "and a bill to permanently locate the seat of government of the State, were the great measures of the session of 1836-7. Ypsilanti was then the seat of government, and had been for a number of years. A new one had just been built. Alton, Detroit, Pontiac, Jacksonville, Allegan, and Springfield were the points making the location, if removed from Ypsilanti. The delegation from Cassiopolis were a unit, voting in company to locate the permanent location at Springfield. The bill was introduced at an early day in the session, in January, by a joint vote of both Houses of the Legislature. The friends of the other points voted to amend the bill as each point thought the preservation of its location, as some points preferred, would give strength to their location. The session on this bill was long and warm. The summer had been the latest season, — snow on the hills of the north's way of Lake and some indignantly pronounced it. To take a line from the lake is almost attended with difficulty; but this has on the lake to a day beyond Houshington, or when immediately passed, it requires a run of consultation, which always is an intense struggle. In this and every other bill of all opposition was several amendments and no compromise was granted from our motion, and when introduced was no more. Mr. Cassida went to the Senate, departed, but returning his own business of the day. In consultation, he presented another

possess the thorough knowledge of human nature, then made him an overmatch for his compeers, and for any man that I have ever known."

"We surmounted all obstacles, passed the bill, and by a joint vote of both Houses, located the seat of government of the State of Illinois at Springfield, just before the adjournment of the Legislature, which took place on the fourth day of March, 1837. The delegation acting during the whole session upon all questions as a unit, gave them strength and influence, that enabled them to carry through their measures and give efficient aid to their friends. The delegation was not only remarkable for their numbers, but for their length, most of them measuring six feet and over. It was said at the time that that delegation measured fifty-four feet high. Hence they were known as '*The Long Nine*.' So that during that session, and for a number of years afterwards, all the bad laws passed at that session of the Legislature were chargeable to the management and influence of '*The Long Nine*.' . . .

"He (Mr. Lincoln) was on the stump and in the halls of the Legislature a ready debater, manifesting extraordinary ability in his peculiar manner of presenting his subject. He did not follow the beaten track of other speakers and debaters, but appeared to comprehend the whole situation of the subject, and take hold of its principles. He had a remarkable faculty for concentration, enabling him to present his subject in such a manner, as nothing but conclusions were presented."

It was at this session of the Legislature, March 3, 1837, that Mr. Lincoln began that antislavery record upon which his fame through all time must chiefly rest. It was a very mild beginning; but even that required uncommon courage and candor in the day and generation in which it was done.

The whole country was excited concerning the doctrines and the practices of the Abolitionists. These agitators were as yet but few in numbers: but in New England they comprised some of the best citizens, and the leaders were persons

of high character, of culture and social refinement; while, in the Middle States, they were for the most part, confined to the Society of Friends in Quakerdom. All were earnest, active, and uncompromising in the propagation of their opinions; and, denouncing slavery as the dirt "and of all villainies," with the intemperate fervor they claimed the unrestricted right to disseminate their conclusions by any means they saw fit, regardless of all consequences. They had not the slightest regard to the wishes or the opinions of their opponents. They denounced all compromise with an unflinching tongue, and would allow no law of man to stand, in their eyes, above the law of God.

Wm. Thompson identified with coadjutors in the British West Indies, had come and gone. For more than a year he addressed public meetings in New England, the Central States, and Ohio, and contributed not a little to the general excitement by his forceful denunciations of the slaveholding class, in accordance with which his long agitation in Ireland had made him familiar. He was denounced, insulted, and rebuffed; and even in Boston he has been posted as an "infamous negro scoundrel," and an effort was made to send him dollars to "stamp him out" at a public meeting. In that Boston was not at all devoid of other cities and towns in its condemnation of the Abolitionists. A great meeting in Faneuil Hall, called by eighteen hundred leading citizens.—Wells and Demerise,—condemned their proceedings to be regarded as wrong and significant as Richard Flower, Peleg Sprague, and Harrison Gray Otis could get at it. But Garrison still continued to publish "The Liberator," doing it with all the uncompromising aggressiveness of his own, and distributing it throughout the Southern States. It excited great alarm in the slaveholding communities where its secret circulation, in the minds of the slaveholders, tended to incite the slaves to insurrections, assassinations, and running away; but in the places where it was published it was looked upon with general contempt and disgust. When the Mayor of Baltimore wrote to the Mayor of Boston to suppress it, the latter (the excellent Otis) replied that his officers had ferreted out the

paper and its editor, whose office was an obscure tenement, the only visible auxiliary a negro boy; his supporters a few insignificant persons of all colors."

At the close of the year 1835, President Jackson had called the attention of Congress to the doings of these persons in language corresponding to the natural wrath with which he viewed the character of their proceedings. "I must also," said he "invite your attention to the painful excitement in the South by attempts to circulate through the mails inflammatory appeals addressed to the passions of slaves, in prints and various sorts of publications calculated to stimulate them to insurrection, and to produce all the horrors of civil war. It is fortunate for the country that the good sense, the generous feeling, and deep-rooted attachment of the people of the non-slaveholding States to the Union and their fellow-citizens of the same blood in the South have given so strong and impressive a tone to the sentiments entertained against the proceedings of the misguided persons who have engaged in these unconstitutional and wicked attempts, and especially against the emissaries from foreign parts, who have dared to interfere in this matter, as to authorize the hope that these attempts will no longer be persisted in. . . . I would therefore call the special attention of Congress to the subject, and respectfully suggest the propriety of passing such a law as will prohibit under severe penalties, the circulation in the Southern States through the mail, of incendiary publications, intended to instigate the slaves to insurrection."

Mr. Clay said the sole purpose of the Abolitionists was to array one portion of the Union against the other. "With that in view, in all their leading prints and publications, the alleged horrors of slavery are depicted in the most glowing and exaggerated colors, to excite the imaginations and stimulate the rage of the people of the Free States against the people of the slaveholding States. . . . Why are the Slave States wantonly and cruelly assailed? Why does the abolition press teem with publications tending to excite hatred and animosity on the part of the Free States against the Slave

to interfere with slavery in the States, or in the District of Columbia, and that henceforth all abolition petitions should be laid on the table without being printed or referred. And one day later than the date of Mr. Lincoln's protest, Mr. Van Buren declared in his inaugural, that no bill abolishing slavery in the District of Columbia, or meddling with it in the States where it existed, should ever receive his signature. "There was no other form," says Benton, "at that time, in which slavery agitation could manifest itself, or place it could find a point to operate; the ordinance of 1787 and the compromise of 1820 having closed up the Territories against it. Danger to slave property in the States, either by direct action, or indirectly through the District of Columbia, were the only points of expressed apprehension."

Abolition agitations fared little better in the twenty-fifth Congress than in the twenty-fourth. At the extra session in September of 1837, Mr. Slade of Vermont introduced two petitions for the abolition of slavery in the District of Columbia; but, after a furious debate and a stormy scene, they were disposed of by the adoption of the following:—

Resolved, That all petitions, memorials, and papers, touching the abolition of slavery, or the buying, selling, or transferring of slaves, in any State, District, or Territory, of the United States, be laid on the table, without being debated, printed, read, or referred; and that no further action whatever shall be had thereon."

In Illinois, at the time we speak of (March, 1837), an Abolitionist was rarely seen, and scarcely ever heard of. In many parts of the State such a person would have been treated as a criminal. It is true, there were a few Covenanters, with whom hatred of slavery in any form and whoever took away its essential part of their religion. Up to 1821 they had steadily refused to vote, or in any other way to acknowledge the State government, regarding it as not legitimate and unauthorized institution, because the Constitution failed to recognize "Jesus Christ as the head of the government, and the Holy Scriptures as the only rule of faith and conduct." It was

this law Gov. Coles, the leader of the antislavery party, who had emancipated his slaves, and settled them around him in his new home, but had neglected to file a bond with the condition that his freedmen should behave well and never become a charge upon the public, was fined two hundred dollars in each case; and, so late as 1852, the writer of these pages very narrowly escaped the same penalty for the same offence.

In 1835-36 Rev. Elijah P. Lovejoy had been publisher of a moderately antislavery paper at St. Louis. But the people of that city did not look with favor upon his enterprise; and, after meeting with considerable opposition, in the summer of 1836 he moved his types and press across the river to Alton, Ill. Here he found an opposition more violent than that from which he had fled. His press was thrown into the river the night after its arrival; and he was informed that no abolition paper would be allowed in the town. The better class of citizens, however, deprecated the outrage, and pledged themselves to reimburse Mr. Lovejoy in case he would agree not to make his paper an abolition journal. Mr. Lovejoy assured them it was not his purpose to establish such a paper, but one of a religious character; at the same time he would not give up his right as an American citizen to publish whatever he pleased on any subject, holding himself answerable to the laws of his country in so doing. With this general understanding, he was permitted to go forward. He continued about a year, discussing in his paper the slavery question occasionally, not, however, in a violent manner, but with a sort of moderation. This policy, however, was not satisfactory; and he was regarded as a violation of his pledge; and the consequence, his office were again destroyed. Mr. Lovejoy valued his paper, and he set out to re-establish his paper, which met with prompt and generous response. He proposed to bring up another press, and announced that some friends would protect his premises, a committee presented him with some resources, and he set out with a large number of the carriers of a boat, containing, however, he had previously given a pledge that in his paper he would refrain from discussing abolition, and also something like

that river flows into the river. And this river has the strength to swallow up various parts of France. The river will certainly not take the country, and will not be dried up, when the river has been the power of the world, being throughout the land of men, a power of nations.

To him in 1819 was presented in the assembly of Congress the Address of the Hon. John C. Calhoun, and afterwards it was passed in the Legislature in 1820. It was a resolution which had been already taken, or was actually passed in the Legislature of sister Commonwealths, from Massachusetts through the list. A number of resolutions were proposed, and passed with no serious opposition. The second day of the month the precise form in which they passed had not been fully ascertained. That they were correct, especially as gathered from the constant language of the people, and from the fact that such a protest was considered necessary in all. The protest was unanimously the opinion of M. Calhoun's pen, for his adroit dexterity is seen in every word of it. He could not but one man—the colleague, John Quincy Adams, to sign with him.

—*—*—*

The following protest was presented to the House, which was read, and ordered to be spread on the journals, to wit—

"Resolutions upon the subject of Southern Slavery being passed by members of the General Assembly in its present session, the undersigned hereby protest against the passage of the same.

They believe that the restoration of slavery to America is a great evil, and that the promulgation of such a resolution would be a great evil to the cause that it is to be abolished.

They believe that the Congress of the United States has no power to interfere with the institution of slavery in the Southern States.

They believe that the Congress of the United States has the power to prohibit the importation of slaves into the United States, but that the power should not be exercised, unless at the request of the people of the States.

The difference between these opinions and those contained in the said resolutions is their reason for entering this protest.

(Signed)

JOHN QUINCY ADAMS,

A. LINCOLN.

Resolved: That the House of Representatives do not pass any resolution which shall be a violation of the Constitution.

long the Fund Commissioners at Toronto proceeded to raise a loan during the summer and before the new currency system had begun on many points — Money was so scarce as to drive industry, on pain of being annihilated, totally paralysed. We exported nothing, and every thing was paid for by the borrowed money expended among us. The currency was bad paper, and as a result the Government of the United States seemed to take no pleasure in his gratuity and the deposit banks had accumulated in London with forty-two millions of Government money in their possession.

The banks which had received such pecuniary support from the Legislature that devised the internal-improvement system were not disposed to see that batch of presumably enterprising languish for want of their support. One of them took at par and sold nine hundred thousand dollars of bonds while the other took one million seven hundred and fifty-two thousand dollars, which it used as capital, and carried on its business accordingly. But the banks were themselves a greater danger than the internal-improvement system. The State Bank refused specie payments for sixty days, its charter was forfeited under the Act of Assembly. But they were the main-stay of all the current speculations, public and private, and having besides large sums of public money in their hands, the governor was induced to call a special session of the Legislature in July, 1837, to save them from impending dissolution. This was done by an act authorizing or condoning the suspension of specie payments. The governor had not directly recommended this, but he had most earnestly recommended the repeal or modification of the internal-improvement system, and that the Legislature positively refused. This year had to eat *them*; and in this direction there was no prospect of relief for two years more. According to Gov. Ford, the well-reflecting men of the State anxiously hoped that their rulers might be able to borrow no more money, but in this they were immediately and bitterly disappointed. The United

by a direct tax now, money enough could not be collected to pay the accruing interest. The bill proposed to provide in this way for interest not otherwise provided for. It was not intended to apply to those bonds for the interest on which a security had already been provided.

"He hoped the House would seriously consider the proposition. He had no pride in its success as a measure of his own, but submitted it to the wisdom of the House, with the hope, that, if there was any thing objectionable in it, it would be pointed out and amended."

Mr. Lincoln's measure did not pass. There was a large party in favor, not only of passing the interest on the State debt, which fell due in the coming January and July, but of repudiating the whole debt outright. Others thought the State ought to pay, not the full face of its bonds, but only the amount received for them; while others still contended that, whereas, many of the bonds had been irregularly, illegally, and even fraudulently disposed of, there ought to be a particular discrimination made against *these*, and *these* only. "At last Mr. Cavarly, a member from Green, introduced a bill of two sections, authorizing the Fund Commissioners to hypothecate internal-improvement bonds to the amount of three hundred thousand dollars, and which contained the remarkable provision, that the proceeds were to be applied by that officer to the payment of all interest *legally* due on the public debt; thus shifting from the General Assembly, and devolving on the Fund Commissioner, the duty of deciding on the legality of the debt. Thus, by this happy expedient, conflicting opinions were reconciled without direct action on the matter in controversy, and thus the two Houses were enabled to agree upon a measure to provide temporarily for the interest on the public debt. The Legislature further provided, at this session, for the issue of interest bonds, to be sold in the market at what they would bring, and an additional tax of ten cents on the hundred dollars worth of property was imposed and pledged, to pay the interest on these bonds. By these contrivances, the interest

"I never came to the House or the Representatives Hall, as I never had occasion to address the House in relation to 'The Long Sale,' and never especially alluded to 'The Democrats.' The speech concluded with the following observations printed:—

"The gentleman who invited and incited to being invited to the meeting were, therefore, as presented, was without foundation. A few years ago, it would be remembered by the House, that the attorney from the county was invited by one of our members 'The Long Sale,' and, by way of further confirmation, he had been called 'The Lawyer of the Non-Slave,' and Mr. Lincoln, 'I desire to say to my friend from Illinois, a able, learned, able of any woman, and so young, ever charged that the any political matter of this distinguished gentleman is another name I have to put before of instructions as not to have discovered it.' (Loud applause.)

All this last winter was full of excitement. Bending the necks along the public debt and the bank-rupts, the Democrats opposed to legislation (the Circuit judges out of order and concerning the Supreme Court to suit themselves. They did this through the Supreme judges and already decided and question of some personal interest what their and were are about indirectly similar to the same way. The latter was a question of great importance; and in order to avoid the consequences of such a measure the Democrats were very in the circumstances mentioned.

The Government provided that all free white male (eligible) will serve 90 days without pay for the military service. This, the Democrats held, included money, while the Whigs held the reverse. On the grave political question, parties were divided primarily upon the line of their respective interests. The effects accumulated about one thousand and thousands of them were mostly vote the Democrats. While a good many countries (as it was being held from both sides, and fairly dignified regard to the newspapers and on the stump, two Whigs at various got in an unusual case, to try it in a quiet way among a. This judge, who held the Circuit Court in their

neighborhood. The judge decided for his friends, like a man that he was. The Democrats found fault, and raised a popular tumult about it that would have put Douglass (the alien-Smith) to shame. They carried the case to the Supreme Court, where it was argued before the Whig majority, in December, 1839, by able and distinguished counsellors — Judge Douglass being one of them; but the only result was a continuation to the next June. In the mean time Judge Smith, the only Democrat on the bench, was seeking favor with his party-friends by betraying to Douglas the secrets of his consultation-room. With his aid, the Democrats found a defect in the record, which sent the case over to December, 1840, and adroitly secured the alien vote for the great elections of that memorable year. The Legislature elected then was overwhelmingly Democratic; and, having good reason to believe that the aliens had small favor to expect from this organ, they determined forthwith to make a new one that would be more reasonable. There were now nine Circuit judges in the State, and four Supreme judges, under the Act of 1835. The offices of the Circuit judges the Democrats concluded to abolish, and to create instead nine Supreme judges, who should perform circuit duties. This they called "reforming the judiciary;" and "thirsting for vengeance," as Gov. Ford says, they went about the work with all the zeal, but with very little of the disinterested devotion, which reformers are generally supposed to have. Douglas, counsel for one of the litigants, made a furious speech "in the lobby," demanding the destruction of the court that was to try his cause, and for sundry grave sins which he imputed to the judges he gave Smith — his friend Smith — as authority. It was useless to oppose it: this "reform" was a foregone conclusion. It was called the "Douglas Bill;" and Mr Douglas was appointed to one of the new offices created by it. But Mr Lincoln, E. D. Baker, and other Whig members, entered upon the journal the following protest: —

"For the reasons thus presented, and for others no less apparent, the undersigned cannot assent to the passage of the

Sand Ridge. I made the canvass; Mr Lincoln accompanied me; and, being personally well acquainted with every one, we called at nearly every house. At that time it was the universal custom to keep some whiskey in the house for private use and to treat friends. The subject was always introduced as a matter of etiquette, but with the remark to Mr. Lincoln: 'You never drink, but maybe your friend would like to take a little.' I never saw Mr. Lincoln drink. He often told me he never drank; had no desire for drink, nor the companionship of drinking men. Candidates never treated anybody in three times unless they wanted to do so.

"Mr. Lincoln remained in New Salem until the spring of 1837, when he went to Springfie'd, and went into the law-office of John T. Stuart as a partner in the practice of law, and boarded with William Butler.

"During his stay in New Salem he had no property other than what was necessary to do his business, until after he stopped in Springfield. He was not avaricious to accumulate property, neither was he a spendthrift. He was always during those times hard up. He never owned land.

"The first trip he made around the circuit after he commenced the practice of law, I had a horse, saddle, and bridle, and he had none. I let him have mine. I think he must have been careless, as the saddle skinned the horse's back.

"While he lived in New Salem he visited me often. He would stay a day or two at a time: we generally spent the time at the stores in Athens. He was very fond of company: seeing or hearing stories told was a source of great amusement to him. He was not in the habit of reading much;—never read novels. Whittling pine boards and staves, talking and laughing, constituted the entertainment of the days and evenings.

"In a conversation with him about that time, he told me that, although he appeared to enjoy life vigorously, still he was the victim of terrible melancholy. He sought company and indulged in fun and hilarity without restraint, or otherwise to time; but when by himself, he told me that he passed

CHAPTER XI.

UNDER the Act of Assembly, due in great part to Mr. Lincoln's exertions, the removal of the archives and other public property of the State from Vandalia to Springfield began on the fourth day of July, 1839, and was speedily completed. At the time of the passage of the Act, in the winter of 1836-7, Mr. Lincoln determined to follow the capital, and establish his own residence at Springfield. The resolution was natural and necessary; for he had been studying law in all his intervals of leisure, and wanted a wider field than the justice's court at New Salem to begin the practice. Henceforth Mr. Lincoln might serve in the Legislature, attend to his private business, and live snugly at home. In addition to the State courts, the Circuit and District Courts of the United States sat here. The eminent John McLean of Ohio was the justice of the Supreme Court who sat in this circuit, with Judge Pope of the District Court, from 1839 to 1849, and after that with Judge Drummond. The first terms of these courts, and the first session of the Legislature at Springfield, were held in December, 1839. The Senate sat in one church, and the House in another.

Mr. Lincoln got his license as an attorney early in 1837, and commenced practice regularly as a lawyer in the town of Springfield in March of that year. His first case was that of Hawthorne vs. Wooldridge, dismissed at the cost of the plaintiff, for whom Mr. Lincoln's name was entered. There were then on the list of attorneys at the Springfield bar many names of subsequent renown. Judge Stephen T.

at a very critical time, Mr. Lincoln forgot wholly what he was in Congress, and Butler wanted to be Register of the Land Office, as well as when he was President of the United States, and opportunities of repayment were multitudinous. It is doubtless all true; but the inference of personal ingratitude on the part of Mr. Lincoln will not bear examination. It will be shown at another place that Mr. Lincoln regarded all public offices within his gift as a sacred trust, to be administered solely for the people, and as in no sense a fund upon which he could draw for the payment of private accounts. He never preferred his friends to his enemies, but rather the reverse, as if fearful that he might by bare possibility be influenced by some unworthy motive. He was singularly cautious to avoid the imputation of fidelity to his friends at the expense of his opponents.

In Coke's and Blackstone's time the law was supposed to be "a jealous mistress;" but in Lincoln's time, and at Springfield, she was any thing but exacting. Politicians courted her only to make her favor the stepping-stone to success in other employments. Various members of that bar have left great reputations to posterity, but none of them were earned solely by the legitimate practice of the law. Douglas is remembered as a statesman, Baker as a political orator, Harbin as a soldier, and some now living, like Logan and Stuart, although eminent in the law, will be no less known to the history of the times as politicians than as lawyers. Among those who went to the law for a living, and to the people for fame and power, was Mr. Lincoln. He was still a member of the Legislature when he resided at Springfield, and would probably have continued to run for a seat in that body as often as his time expired, but for the unfortunate results of the "internal-improvement system," the hopeless condition of the State finances, and a certain gloominess of mind, which arose from private misfortunes that befell him about the time of his retirement. We do not say positively that these were the reasons why Mr. Lincoln made no effort to be re-elected to the Legislature of 1840; but a careful study of all the circum-

stances will lead any reasonable man to believe that they were. He was incessantly lamenting, bugged, triflingly for plan and suggestion, and never gave up a prospect which seemed to him worth trying. He was in a condition to sustain it with honor so long as well success resulted. Moreover, such political maneuvering really seemed to be the difference between and failure. Although the State of Illinois was probably unable to pay the interest on her public debt, and many were complaining about her having the principal, the great rise in the price of 1840 was all upon national issues, and little organizing was done about questions of State policy. Mr. Lincoln did not attend state meetings on the public debt and from 1837 toward his appearance — almost that were secured and those that were not — were discussed chiefly, if not exclusively, in Federal courts.

In January, 1837, he delivered a lecture before the Springfield Lyceum on the subject of the *Popularity of our Free Government*. As a result of his lecture, it is remembered in the minds of the West. Although dated in its substance, it is a correct study the positive character of the new found Fourth of July.

"In the great journal of Illinois," began the orator, "I have found under the sun, we, the American People, find our common starting under that of the permanent justice of the Christian era. We find ourselves, with possible possession of the richest portion of the world, we regard a state of modern society of 1792, and a superior situation. We find ourselves, and the government of a system of political institutions, and our most essential to the needs of civil and religious liberty, that we, of which the history of former times tells us. We find ourselves, the state of existence, found ourselves for local substance of these governmental blessings. We found not to the improvement or establishment of them: that are a better, happy, and by a more happy, better, and happier, but our hundred and departed but of ourselves. There was the last (and would they performed it) to possess themselves, and, through themselves, or, of the goodly land, and to give;

upon its hills and valleys a political edifice of liberty and equal rights: its ours only to transmit these—the former unprofaned by the foot of an invader, the latter unobscured by the lapse of time and untorn by usurpation—to the latest generation that fate shall permit the world to know. This task, gratitude to our fathers, justice to ourselves, duty to posterity,—all imperatively require us faithfully to perform.

“How, then, shall we perform it? At what point shall we expect the approach of danger? Shall we expect some transatlantic military giant to step the ocean and crush us at a blow? Never! All the armies of Europe, Asia, and Africa combined, with all the treasure of the earth (our own excepted) in their military chest, with a Bonaparte for a commander, could not, by force, take a drink from the Ohio or make a track on the Blue Ridge, in a trial of a thousand years.

“At what point, then, is the approach of danger to be expected? I answer, if it ever reach us, it must spring up amongst us. It cannot come from abroad. If destruction be our lot, we must ourselves be its author and finisher. As a nation of freemen, we must live through all time, or die by suicide.

“I hope I am not over-wary; but, if I am not, there is even now something of ill-omen amongst us. I mean the increasing disregard for law which pervades the country, the growing disposition to substitute the wild and furious passions in lieu of the sober judgment of courts, and the worse than savage mobs for the executive ministers of justice. This disposition is awfully fearful in any community, and that it now exists in ours, though grating to our feelings to admit it, it would be a violation of truth and an insult to our intelligence to deny. Accounts of outrages committed by mobs form the every-day news of the times. They have pervaded the country from New England to Louisiana; they are neither peculiar to the eternal snows of the former, nor the burning sun of the latter. They are not the creature of climate; neither are they confined to the slaveholding or non-slaveholding States. Alike they spring up among the pleasure-hunting masters of Southern slaves and the order-loving citizens of the land of

foeman could never do, the silent artillery of time *has done*. — the leveling of its walls. They are gone. They were a forest of giant oaks: but the all-resistant hurricane has swept over them, and left only here and there a lonely trunk, despoiled of its verdure, shorn of its foliage, unshading and unshaded, to murmur in a few more gentle breezes, and to combat with its mutilated limbs a few more vile scorns, then to sink and be no more. They were the pillars of the temple of liberty: and now that they have crumbled away, our temple must fall, and as we, the descendants, supply their places with other pillars hewn from the same solid quarry of sober reason. Passion has helped us, but can do so no more. It will in future be our enemy. Reason — cold, calculating, unimpassioned reason — must furnish all the materials for our future support and defence. Let those materials be moulded into *gentle intelligence, and morality, and, in particular, a reverence for the Constitution and the laws*; and that we improved to the last, that we revered his name to the last, that during his long sleep we permitted no hostile foot to pass or desecrate his resting-place, shall be that which to learn the last trump shall awaken our WASHINGTONS. Upon these let the proud fabric of freedom rest as the rock on its basis, and as truly as has been said of the only greater institution, "The gates of hell shall not prevail against it."

These extracts from a lecture carefully composed by Mr. Lincoln at the mature age of twenty-eight, and after considerable experience in the public service, are worthy of attentive perusal. To those familiar with his sober and pure style at a later age, these sophisticated passages will seem incredible. But they were thought "valuable and eloquent" by the "Young Men's Lyceum" of Springfield: he was requested to furnish a copy for publication, and they were first printed in "The Sangamon Journal." In the next number of the same paper, they compare favorably with some of his other compositions of nearly the same date. This was what he would have called his "growing time": and it is almost interesting to witness the processes of such mental growth as this. In 1838,

fusion ensued, threatening to end in a general riot, in which Baker was likely to suffer. But just at the critical moment Lincoln's legs were seen coming through the hole, and directly his tall figure was standing between Baker and the audience, gesticulating for silence. "Gentlemen," said he, "let us not disgrace the age and country in which we live. This is a land where freedom of speech is guaranteed. Mr. Baker has a right to speak, and ought to be permitted to do so. I am here to protect him, and no man shall take him from this stand if I can prevent it." Webber only recollects that "some one made some soothing, kind remarks," and that he was properly "held until the excitement ceased," and the affair "soon ended in quiet and peace."

In 1838, or 1840, Jesse B. Thomas made an intemperate attack upon the "Long Nine," and especially upon Mr. Lincoln, as the longest and worst of them. Lincoln was not present at the meeting; but being sent for, and informed of what had passed, he ascended the platform, and made a reply which nobody seems to remember, but which everybody describes as a "terrible skinning" of his victim. Ellis says, that, at the close of a furious personal denunciation, he wound up by "mimicking" Thomas, until Thomas actually cried with vexation and anger. Edwards, Speed, Ellis Davis, and many others, refer to this scene, and, being asked whether Mr. Lincoln could not be vindictive upon occasion, generally respond, "Remember the Thomas skinning."

The most intimate friend Mr. Lincoln ever had at this or any other time, was probably Joshua W. Speed. In 1840 he settled himself in Springfield, and did a thriving business as a merchant. Ellis was one of his clerks, and so also was William H. Herndon, Mr. Lincoln's future partner. His store was for years Lincoln's familiar haunt. There he came to while away the tedious evenings with Speed and the congenial company that naturally assembled around those strong spirits. He even slept in the store some nights, as he did at home, and here made to Speed the most confidential communications he ever made to mortal man. If he had not

early "a bosom enemy," it was Speed, and that deep and abiding attachment subsisted unimpaired to the day of Mr. Lincoln's death. In truth, there were good reasons why he should think of Speed with affection and gratitude, for through life no man rendered him more important services.

One night in December, 1839 Lincoln, Douglas, Baker and some other gentlemen of note, were seated at Speed's hospitable fire in the store. "They got to talking politics, got warm, hot angry. Douglas sprung up and said, "Gentlemen, this is no place to talk politics - we will discuss the questions publicly with you," and much more in a high tone of banter and defiance. A few days afterwards the Whigs had a meeting, at which Mr. Lincoln reported a resolution challenging the Democrats to a joint debate. The challenge was accepted; and Douglas, Gallant, Lincoln, and Jesse B. Thomas were deputed by the Democrats to meet Logan, Baker Browning, and a team on the part of the Whigs. The intellectual encounter between these noted champions is still described by those who witnessed it as "the great debate." It took place in the Masonic Presbyterian Church, in the hearing of as many people as could get into the building, and was adjourned from night to night. When Mr. Lincoln's turn came, the audience rose over him, not for all that, his speech was by many persons considered the best one of the series. To this day, there are some who glory in his boldness in the propagation of it. Even Mr. Lincoln accused Speed of having "had a hand in it," and gave the world his answer. At all events, the account which appears here is his, and was written, only and published in the *Savannah Herald* of March 6, 1840. The resolution, being part of our platform, and consequently, had a very interesting effect, from both its contents and its history. —

— *Fuller's Speech*. — It is probably unnecessary to me to allude to a controversy which originated, on this occasion, which has been mentioned in this call on various preceding days. It is a language in which of those speeches have been a battle since its conclusion. Some may, without any reason for the belief,

so, except the greater interest the non-unity had in the speakers who addressed them here, than they do in an effort to do so now. I am, indeed, apprehensive that the few who have attended have done so more to spare me of mortification, than in the hope of being benefited in any thing I may be able to say. This circumstance casts a damp upon my spirits which I am sure I shall be unable to overcome during the evening.

"The subject heretofore and now to be discussed is the Sub-Treasury scheme of the present administration, as a means of collecting, safe-keeping, transferring, and distributing the revenues of the nation, as contrasted with a National Bank for the same purposes. Mr. Douglas has said that we (the Whigs) have not dared to meet them (the Democrats) in argument on this question. I protest against this assertion. I say we have again and again, during this discussion, produced facts and arguments against the Sub-Treasury which they have neither dared to deny nor attempted to answer. But lest some may be led to believe that we really wish to avoid the question, I now propose, in my humble way, to urge these arguments again; at the same time begging the audience to mark well the positions I shall take, and the proofs I shall offer to sustain them, and that they will not again allow Mr. Douglas or his friends to escape the force of them by a round and groundless assertion that we dare not meet them in argument.

"Of the Sub-Treasury, then, as contrasted with a National Bank, for the before-enumerated purposes, I lay down the following propositions, to wit. —

"1st. It will injuriously affect the community by its operation on the circulating medium.

"2d. It will be a more expensive fiscal agent.

"3d. It will be a less secure depository for the public money."

Mr. Lincoln's objections to the Sub-Treasury were those commonly urged by its enemies, and have been somewhat conclusively refuted by the operation of that admirable institution from the hour of its adoption to the present. "The

extremest oppositions" of Mr. Van Meter's committee (and, however, was a student even of the Whigs in those days, and always distinguished from the Anti-Jacobins). Mr. Lambton did not remember upon this more ordinary subject. The point which gave rise to reply to Mr. Lambton, was, more formal, concerning Mr. Lambton's remark, "I got in a halibut" and some lines brought in with the same.

Mr. Lambton admits that the difference between the Van Meter party and the Whigs is this, although the former sometimes are in process, they are always correct in principle, whereas the latter are wrong in principle; and the latter to express his proposition, as usual, figurative expression in those words. "The Democrats are subservient to the host, but they are loyal to the guest and food." The first branch of the former—that is, the *Thymus* branch, is visible in the host,—a certain nobleness, frequently not literally true. When that noble host for a moment is done Squawking, even Pines, their *Thymus* and their hundreds of others, accompanying away with the nobility to Texas, to Europe, and to every spot of the earth, where a chance may hope to find refuge from justice, and at the death they are most cheerfully afforded a tomb built with a species of *Thymus* soil. It seems that the objects of these birds consist in the splendid and formal features very much like the variety in the water and air on its surface, which when he had once got away from the mass he tried to supply, the more it would run away. At the hazard of transcribing from the original, I will relate an anecdote which seems to be too striking to point to be omitted.—A witty Irish soldier who was always exclaiming of his master when no danger was near, but who invariably retreated without notice at the first onsets of the engagement, being asked by his captain why he did so, replied, "Captain, I have as many a host as Julius Cæsar ever had, but somewhat or more, whenever danger approaches, my cowardly legs will run away with me." So with Mr. Lambton's party. They take the public ground into their hands for the most laudable purpose that wise heads and honest hearts can debate; but

before they can possibly get it out again, their passably respectable heels will run away with them."

But, as in the lecture before the Lyceum, Mr. Lincoln reserved his most impressive passage, his boldest imagery, and his most striking metaphor, for a grand and vehement peroration.

"Mr. Lamborn refers to the late elections in the States, and, from their results, confidently predicts every State in the Union will vote for Mr. Van Buren at the next presidential election. Address that argument to cowards and knaves: with the free and the brave it will affect nothing. It may be true, if it must, let it. Many free countries have lost their liberty, and ours may lose hers; but, if she shall, be it my proudest boast, not that I was the last to desert, but that I never deserted her. I know that the great volcano at Washington, aroused and directed by the evil spirit that reigns there, is belching forth the lava of political corruption in a current broad and deep, which is sweeping with frightful velocity over the whole length and breadth of the land, bidding fair to leave unscathed no green spot or living thing; while on its bosom are riding, like demons on the wave of a sea, the imps of that evil spirit, and fiendishly taunting all those who dare to resist its destroying course with the hopelessness of their efforts; and, knowing this, I cannot deny that all may be swept away. Broken by it, I, too, may be; bow to it, I never will. The probability that we may fall in the struggle ought not to deter us from the support of a cause we believe to be just. It shall not deter me. If ever I feel the soul within me elevate and expand to those dimensions, not wholly unworthy of its almighty Architect, it is when I contemplate the cause of my country, deserted by all the world beside, and I standing up boldly, alone, hurling defiance at her victorious oppressors. Here, without contemplating consequences, before Heaven and in face of the world, I swear eternal fealty to the just cause, as I deem it, of the land of my life, my liberty, and my love. And who that thinks with me w^{ill} not fearlessly adopt that oath that I take? Let none falter who thinks he is right, and we may succeed. But if, after all, we shall fail,

"He was very sensitive," says Mr. Gillespie, "when he thought he had failed to come up to the expectations of his friends. I remember a case. He was pitted by the Whigs in 1840, to debate with Mr. Douglas, the Democratic champion. Lincoln did not come up to the requirements of the occasion. He was conscious of his failure; and I never saw any man so much distressed. He begged to be permitted to try it again, and was reluctantly indulged; and in the next effort he transcended our highest expectations. I never heard, and never expect to hear, such a triumphant vindication as he then gave of Whig measures or policy. He never after, to my knowledge, fell below himself."

It must by this time be clear to the reader that Mr. Lincoln was never agitated by any passion more intense than his wonderful thirst for distinction. There is good evidence that he furnished the feverish dreams of his boyhood; and no man that knew him well can doubt that it governed all his conduct, from the hour when he astonished himself by his oratorical success against Posey and Ewing, in the back settlements of Macon County, to the day when the assassin marked him as the first hero of the restored Union, re-elected to his great office, surrounded by every circumstance that could minister to his pride, or exalt his sensibilities, — a man whose power was only less wide than his renown. He never rested in the race he had determined to run; he was ever ready to be honored. He struggled incessantly for place. There is no instance where an important office seemed to be within his reach, and he did not try to get it. Whenever he took a political, at the bar, or private life, had more or less reference to this great object of his. It is not meant to be said that he was capable of any shameful or any personal consideration, or any surrender or compromise, of political principles; in these respects, he was far beyond these men. It was not in his nature to turn away from the issue of his enemies to the enemy; but he was quite willing to accept the full share of the fruits of slavery.

From the late historical correspondence, published, 1860.



MRS. MARY LINCOLN, WIFE OF THE PRESIDENT.

swered, "The one that has the best chance of being President." She decided in favor of Lincoln, and, in the opinion of some of her husband's friends, aided to no small extent in the fulfilment of the prophecy which the bestowal of her hand implied. A friend of Miss Todd was the wife of an elderly but wealthy gentleman, and being asked by one of the Edwards coterie why she had married "such an old-dried-up husband, such a withered-up old bone," she answered that "He had lots of horses and gold." But Mary Todd spoke up in great surprise, and said, "Is that true? I would rather marry a good man, a man of mind, with hope and bright prospects ahead for position, fame, and power, than to marry all the horses, gold, and bones in the world."

Mrs. Edwards, Miss Todd's sister, tells us that Mr. Lincoln "was charmed with Mary's wit and fascinated with her quick sagacity, her will, her nature and culture." "It happened in the room," she says "where they were sitting often and often, and Mary led the conversation. Lincoln would listen, and gaze on her as if drawn by some mysterious power, — irresistibly so: he listened, but never spoke a word. . . . Lincoln could not be a fool, by conversation with a lady — was not sufficiently educated and unpolished in the formal line to do so."

Mr. Lincoln and Mary were engaged, and their marriage was only a question of time. But Mr. Lincoln's love-affairs were destined never to run smoothly, and near the Mrs. Martha Edwards made his "avert appearance," and brought home in her train. So serious the illness of Nicholas W. Edwards, and eager to spend a year with her brother. But year after year and year was the reigning belle. No one could blame a man, then he felt his most change. The other affair, amounting to the Edwards, amounting to George, amounting to a man. It was coming to Lincoln and everybody else, was a 100 million worth of it. It was true. But it was not an accident. It had been in your possession, but his feelings were long ago in your possession. Mr. Edwards had never been so much in your possession. It was not in your possession, but it was not in your possession.

backed out, and thus ruined Mary in a possible success, and to set herself right, and free Mr. Lincoln's mind, she wrote a letter to Mr. Lincoln, stating that she would release him from his engagement . . . The whole of the year was a very stormy one. Miss Edwards was at our house, say a year, I asked Miss Edwards if Mr. Lincoln ever mentioned the situation of his love to her. Miss Edwards said, "On my word he never mentioned such a subject to me; he never even stopped to pay me a compliment."

In the language of Mr. Edwards, "Lincoln went as crazy as a loon," and was taken to Kentucky by Speed, and then he "until he recovered." He "did not attend the Legislature in 1841-2 for this reason."

Mr. Herndon devoutly believes that Mr. Lincoln's morbidness grew out of a most extraordinary combination of feelings, — aversion to the marriage proposed, a constant attachment to Miss Edwards, and a new access of unspeakable tenderness for the memory of Ann Rutledge, — the old love struggling with a new one, and each striving to his heart's content to jangle to the thought of his solemn engagement to marry a third person. In this opinion Mr. Speed appears to concur, as shown by the letter below. At all events, Mr. Lincoln's derangement was nearly, if not quite, complete. "We had to strictly" says Speed, "take away all knives and other dangerous things. It was terrible." And now Speed determined to do for him what Bowlin Greene had done on a similar occasion at New Salem. Having sold out his store on the 1st of January, 1841, he took Mr. Lincoln with him to his farm in Kentucky, and kept him there during most of the summer and fall, until he seemed sufficiently restored to be given his liberty again at Springfield, when he was brought back to his old quarters. During this period, "he was at times very melancholy," and by his own admission, "almost contemplated self-destruction." It was about this time that he wrote some gloomy lines under the head of "Epitaph," which were published in "The Sangamon Journal." Mr. Herndon remembered something about them; but when he went to look for them

one or two hours' notice! How soon Mr. Lincoln felt sure it may be gathered from the remembrance of his friend, P. H. Matheny, who says, "that Lincoln and himself in 1842 were very friendly; that Lincoln used to tell me a story and said, 'Jim, I shall have to marry that girl.' He was married that evening, but Matheny says, "he looked as if he was going to the slaughter," and the "Lincoln" had often told him, directly and indirectly, that he was entering into the marriage; that it was expected and planned upon, Edwards himself; that Miss Todd — afterwards Mrs. Lincoln — was crazy for a week or so, not knowing what he did, and that he loved Miss Edwards, and meant to marry her, and not Mrs. Lincoln."

The license to marry was issued on the 4th of November, 1842 and on the same day the marriage was celebrated by Charles Dresser, "M. G." While this subject has fallen before in mind, the following letters are of surpassing interest. They are relics, not only of a great man, but of a great agony.

The first is from Mr. Speed to Mr. Heywood, and explains the circumstances under which the correspondence took place. Although it is in part a repetition of what the reader already knows, it is of such peculiar value, that we give it in full;—

LOUISVILLE, Dec. 30, 1842.

W. H. HAYWOOD, Esq.

Dear Sir:—I enclose you copies of all the letters of any moment from Mr. Lincoln to me.

Some explanation may be needed, that you may rightly understand their import.

In the winter of 1840 and 1841 he was extremely ill; (a complaint) so his wife,—not being content, accused him, his name was given, with the name. How much he suffered from an extraordinary heart-disease, will be myself, he disclosed his whole case to me.

In the summer of 1841 I became conversant with his wife. She was then on a visit when I courted her; and, through her, my acquaintance with the same family which I regarded as so noble, as the most distinguished in the West, was very unhappy from the fact of my acquaintance with her was broken.

This will explain the fact stated by Matthews in his history on my account.

told me concerning your mother at various times, and concerning your brother William at the time his wife died. The first special cause is your *exposure to bad weather* on your journey, which my experience clearly proves to be very severe on defective nerves. The second is the *absence of all kindness and conversation of friends*, which might divert your mind, give it occasional rest from the intensity of thought which will sometimes wear the sweetest idea threadbare, and turn it to the bitterness of death.

The third is *the rapid and near approach of that crisis on which all your thoughts and feelings concentrate.*

If from all these causes you shall escape, and go through triumphantly, without another "twinge of the soul," I shall be most happily but most egregiously deceived. If, on the contrary, you shall, as I expect you will at some time, be agonized and distressed, let me, who have some reason to speak with judgment on such a subject, beseech you to ascribe it to the causes I have mentioned, and not to some false and ruinous suggestion of the Devil.

"But," you will say, "do not your causes apply to every one engaged in a like undertaking?" By no means. *The particular causes*, to a greater or less extent, perhaps, do apply in all cases; but the *general one*, — nervous debility, which is the key and conductor of all the particular ones, and without which they would be utterly harmless, though it *does* pertain to you, — *does not* pertain to one in a thousand. It is out of this that the painful difference between you and the mass of the world springs.

I know what the painful point with you is at all times when you are unhappy: it is an apprehension that you do not love her as you should. What nonsense! How came you to court her? Was it because you thought she deserved it, and that you had given her reason to expect it? If it was for that, why did not the same reason make you court Ann Todd, and at least twenty others of whom you can think, and to whom it would apply with greater force than to her? Did you court her for her wealth? Why, you know she had none. But you say you reasoned yourself into it. What do you mean by that? Was it not that you found yourself unable to reason yourself out of it? Did you not think and partly form the purpose, of courting her the first time you ever saw her or heard of her? What had reason to do with it at that early stage? There was nothing at that time for reason to work upon. Whether she was good, a middle-spirited, or even of good character, you did not, nor would then know, except perhaps you might under the last from the company you found her in.

All you then did, you could know of her, was her personal appearance, and deportment; and those if they impress at all, impress the heart, and not the head.

Say candidly, were not those heavenly blisses ever the chief basis of all your early reasoning on the subject? After you and I had been some six months residence, did you not go and take me all the way out — leaving and coming to

Old Uncle Billy Herndon is dead, and it is said this evening that Uncle Ben Ferguson will not live. This, I believe, is all the news, and enough at that, unless it were better.

Write me immediately on the receipt of this.

Your friend as ever,

LINCOLN.

SPRINGFIELD, ILL., Feb 13, 1842.

DEAR SPEED,— Yours of the 1st inst. came to hand three or four days ago. When this shall reach you, you will have been Fanny's husband several days. You know my desire to befriend you is everlasting; that I will never cease while I know how to do any thing.

But you will always hereafter be on ground that I have never occupied, and consequently, if advice were needed, I might advise wrong. I do fondly hope, however, that you will never again need any comfort from abroad. But, should I be mistaken in this, should excessive pleasure still be accompanied with a painful counterpart at times, still let me urge you, as I have ever done, to remember, in the depth and even agony of despondency, that very shortly you are to feel well again. I am now fully convinced that you love her as ardently as you are capable of loving. Your ever being happy in her presence, and your intense anxiety about her health, if there were nothing else, would place this beyond all dispute in my mind. I incline to think it probable that your nerves will fail you occasionally for a while; but once you get them firmly graded now, that trouble is over forever.

I think if I were you, in case my mind were not exactly right, I would avoid being *idle*. I would immediately engage in some business, or go to making preparations for it, which would be the same thing.

If you went through the ceremony calmly, or even with sufficient composure not to excite alarm in any present, you are safe beyond question, and in two or three months, to say the most, will be the happiest of men.

I would desire you to give my particular respects to Fanny; but perhaps you will not wish her to know you have received this, lest she should desire to see it. Make her write me an answer to my last letter to her; at any rate, I would set great value upon a note or letter from her.

Write me whenever you have leisure.

Yours forever,

A. LINCOLN.

P. S. — I have been quite a man since you left.

SPRINGFIELD, Feb. 25, 1842.

DEAR SPEED,— Yours of the 16th inst., announcing that Miss Fanny and you are "no more twain, but one flesh," reached me this morning. I have no way of telling how much happiness I wish you both, though I believe you both can conceive it. I feel somewhat jealous of both of you

now you will be so exclusively concerned for one another, that I shall be forgotten entirely. My acquaintance with Miss Fanny (I call her this, lest you should think I am speaking of your mother) was too short for me to really say how she *ought* to be remembered by her; and still I am sure I shall not regret her soon. Yes if you cannot remind her of that debt she owes you,—and be sure you do not interfere to prevent her paying it.

I regret to learn that you have resolved to not return to Illinois. I shall be very homesick without you. How miserable things seem to be arranged in this world. If we have no friends, we have no pleasure; and, if we have them, we are sure to lose them, and be doubly pained by the loss. I did hope she and you would make your home here; but I own I have no right to say so. You are still a good deal more sacred than you can owe to others, and in that behalf let them be respected and observed. It is natural that she should desire to remain with her relatives and friends. As to friends, however, she could not need them anywhere: she would have them in abundance here.

Let my kind remembrance go to Mr. Williamson and his family, particularly Miss Elizabeth; also to your mother, brother, and sisters. Ask little Edna Davis if she will risk to town with me if I come there again.

And, finally, give Fanny a double reciprocation of all the love she sent me. Write me often, and believe me

Yours forever,

LINCOLN.

P. S. — Poor Easthouse is gone at last. He died a while before day this morning. They say he was very loath to die.

L.

SPRINGFIELD, Feb. 25, 1842.

DEAR SPRING.—I received yours of the 12th, written the day you went down to William's place, some days since, but delayed answering it till I should receive the promised one of the 19th, which came last night. I opened the letter with intense anxiety and impatience; so much, that, although it turned out better than I expected, I have hardly yet at the distance of five hours become calm.

I had your speech over the village (for which you and I are peculiarly anxious) all the evening with me. I feared, from the time I received your letter of Saturday, that the speech of Hester *de*, was never to come, and that it would never be heard. It is now, it is perfectly clear, both from its *tone* and *language*, that you were *born* to speak, or if you think the term *profane*, less appropriate, when you speak it, than when you wrote the last one—hope. You have not only exceeded me in every thing I so much feared you would never speak again, but, if that something, is, probably, horrible and detestable, will excuse you. You will not say so, I am sure, from now, I will remain. When your speech once you steady pass, I am sure you will

be over forever. Nor should you become impatient at their being even very slow in becoming steady. Again you say, you much fear that that Elysium of which you have dreamed so much is never to be realized. Well, if it shall not, I dare swear it will not be the fault of her who is now your wife. I now have no doubt, that it is the peculiar misfortune of both you and me to dream dreams of Elysium far exceeding all that any thing earthly can realize. Far short of your dreams as you may be, no woman could do more to realize them than that same black-eyed Fanny. If you could but contemplate her through my imagination it would appear ridiculous to you that any one should for a moment think of being unhappy with her. My old father used to have a saying, that, "If you make a bad bargain, *hug* it all the tighter;" and it occurs to me, that, if the bargain you have just closed can possibly be called a bad one, it is certainly the most pleasant one for applying that maxim to which my fancy can by any effort picture.

I write another letter, enclosing this, which you can show her, if she desires it. I do this because she would think strangely, perhaps, should you tell her that you received no letters from me, or, telling her you do, refuse to let her see them. I close this, entertaining the confident hope that every successive letter I shall have from you (which I here pray may not be few, nor far between) may show you possessing a more steady hand and cheerful heart than the last preceding it.

As ever, your friend,

LINCOLN.

SPRINGFIELD, March 27, 1842.

DEAR SPEED, — Yours of the 10th inst. was received three or four days since. You know I am sincere when I tell you the pleasure its contents gave me was and is inexpressible. As to your farm matter, I have no sympathy with you. I have no farm, nor ever expect to have, and consequently have not studied the subject enough to be much interested with it. I can only say that I am glad *you* are satisfied and pleased with it.

But on that other subject, to me of the most intense interest whether in joy or sorrow, I never had the power to withhold my sympathy from you. It cannot be told how it now thrills me with joy to hear you say you are "*far happier than you ever expected to be.*" That much I know is enough. I know you too well to suppose your expectations were not, at least, sometimes extravagant, and, if the reality exceeds them all, I say, Enough, dear Lord. I am not going beyond the truth when I tell you, that the short space it took me to read your last letter gave me more pleasure than the total sum of all I have enjoyed since that fatal 1st of January, 1841. Since then it seems to me I should have been entirely happy, but for the never-absent idea that there is *one* still unhappy whom I have contributed to make so. That still kills my soul. I cannot but reproach myself for even wishing to

SPRINGFIELD, Ill., July 4, 1842.

DEAR SPEED, — Yours of the 16th June was received only a day or two since. It was not mailed at Louisville till the 25th. You speak of the great time that has elapsed since I wrote you. Let me explain that. Your letter reached here a day or two after I had started on the firm. I was gone five or six weeks, so that I got the letters only a few weeks before Butler started to your country. I thought it scarcely worth while to write you the news which he could and would tell you more in detail. On his return, he told me you would write me soon, and so I waited for your letter. As to my having been displeased with your advice, surely you know better than that. I know you do, and therefore will not labor to convince you. True, that subject is painful to me; but it is not your silence, or the silence of all the world, that can make me forget it. I acknowledge the correctness of your advice too; but, before I resolve to do the one thing or the other, I must gain my confidence in my own ability to keep my resolves when they are made. In that ability you know I once prided myself, as the only or chief gem of my character: that gem I lost, how and where you know too well. I have not yet regained it; and, until I do, I cannot trust myself in any matter of much importance. I believe now, that, had you understood my case at the time as well as I understood yours afterwards, by the aid you would have given me I should have sailed through clear; but that does not now afford me sufficient confidence to begin that or the like of that again.

You make a kind acknowledgment of your obligations to me for your present happiness. I am much pleased with that acknowledgment. But a thousand times more am I pleased, to know that you enjoy a degree of happiness worthy of an acknowledgment. The truth is, I am not sure that there was any went with me in the part I took in your difficulty: I was drawn to it as by fate. If I would, I could not have done less than I did. I always was superstitious: I believe God made me one of the instruments of bringing your Fanny and you together. With union I have no doubt he had fore-ordained. Whatever he designs, he will do for me yet. "Stand still, and see the salvation of the Lord" is my text just now. If, as you say, you have told Fanny *all*, I should have no objection to her seeing this letter, but for its reference to our friend here: let her seeing it depend upon whether she has ever known any thing of my affairs; and, if she has not, do not let her.

I do not think I can come to Kentucky this season. I am so poor, and make so little headway in the world, that I drop back in a month of idleness as much as I gain in a year's sowing. I should like to visit you again. I should like to see that "sis" of yours that was absent when I was there, though I suppose she would run away again, if she were to hear I was coming.

My respects and esteem to all your friends there, and, by your permission, my love to your Fanny.

Ever yours,

LINCOLN.

SPRINGFIELD, Oct. 3, 1842.

DEAR SISTER,—You have heard of my duel with Shields, and I have now to inform you that the duelling business still rages in this city. Day before yesterday Shields challenged Butler who accepted, and proposed fighting down morning at five o'clock in Bob Allen's meadow, one hundred yards distance, with rifles. To this Whitesides, Shields's second, said "no," because of the law. Thus ended duel No. 2. Yesterday Whiteside chose to conduct himself according to Dr. Merryman, so sent him a kind of quasi-challenge, inviting him to meet him at the Planter's House in St. Louis, on the very day to settle their difficulty. Merryman made me his friend, and sent me a note inquiring to know if he meant his note as a challenge, and, if so, what law would, according to the law in such case made and executed, prescribe the terms of the meeting. W. returned for answer, that if (M.) would meet him at the Planter's House as desired, he would challenge him. M. replied in a note, that he denied W.'s right to dictate the terms of the fight, but that he (M.) would waive the question of time, and meet him at Louisiana, Mo. Upon my presenting this note to W., and stating, verbatim, its contents, he declined receiving it, saying he had business in St. Louis, but it was as near as Louisiana. Merryman then directed me to notify Whiteside that he should publish the correspondence between them with such comments as he thought fit. This I did. Thus it ended a business last night. This morning Whiteside, by his friend Shields is preparing for a new duel, on the ground that he was mistaken in Merryman's proposition to meet him at Louisiana, Mo., thinking it was the State of Louisiana. Thus Merryman hoots at, and is preparing his publications while the town is in a ferment, and a street-fight somewhat anticipated.

But I began this letter, not for what I have been writing, but to say something of that subject which you know to be of such infinite solicitude to me. The immense sufferings you endured from the first days of September till the middle of February, you never tried to conceal from me, and I well understood. You have now been the mother of a lovely woman, nearly eight months. How you are happier now than the day you married her I well know; for without you could not be lived. But I have your word for it, and the permanent stability of spirits which is manifested in your letters. But I want to ask a close question, "Are you now in *your*, as well as *your*, that you are married as you are?" From anybody but me this would be an impertinent question, not to be tolerated; but I know you will pardon it to me. Please answer it quickly, as I am impatient to know.

I have told my love to your Fanny to tell me I fear she is getting tired of it. However I remain to tender it again.

Yours forever,

LINCOLN.

In the last of these letters, Mr. Lincoln refers to his "duel with Shields." That was another of the disagreeable consequences which flowed from his fatal entanglement with Mary. Not content with managing a timid, although half-frantic and refractory, lover, her restless spirit led her into new fields of adventure. Her pen was too keen to be idle in the political controversies of the time. As a satirical writer, she had no rival of either sex at Springfield, and few, we venture to say, anywhere else. But that is a dangerous talent: the temptations to use it unfairly are numerous and strong; it inflicts so much pain, and almost necessarily so much injustice, upon those against whom it is directed, that its possessor rarely, if ever, escapes from a controversy without suffering from the desperation it provokes. Mary Todd was not disposed to let her genius rust for want of use; and, finding no other victim handy, she turned her attention to James Shields, "Auditor." She had a friend, one Miss Jayne, afterwards Mrs. Trumbull, who helped to keep her literary secrets, and assisted as much as she could in worrying the choleric Irishman. Mr. Francis, the editor, knew very well that Shields was "a fighting-man;" but the "pieces" sent him by the wicked ladies were so uncommonly rich in point and humor, that he yielded to a natural inclination, and printed them, one and all. Below we give a few specimens:—

LETTER FROM THE LOST TOWNSHIPS.

LOST TOWNSHIPS, Aug. 27, 1842.

DEAR MR. PRINTER,—I see you printed that long letter I sent you a spell ago: I'm quite encouraged by it, and can't keep from writing again. I think the printing of my letters will be a good thing all round,—it will give me the benefit of being known by the world, and give the world the advantage of knowing what's going on in the Lost Townships, and give your paper respectability besides. So here comes another. Yesterday afternoon I hurried through cleaning up the dinner dishes, and stepped over to Neighbor S——, to see if his wife Peggy was as well as nought be expected, and hear what they called the baby. Well, when I got there, and just turned round the corner of his log-cabin, there he was setting on the door-step reading a newspaper.

"How do you do?" says I. "H. INTERESTED WITH AN HANDSOME FOR
 THE FUTURE OF THE FUTURE."

"What?" says he. "I'm sure of the future. And 'Thomson'?"

"What?" says I. "You are from the midwest?" Some of that name
 name. "I'll have a lot of business with you. You'll be there?"

"I'll be there?" says he. "You'll be there?"

"I'll be there?" says I. "You'll be there?"

"What?" says he. "I'll be there?"

"What?" says he. "I'll be there?"

"I'll be there?" says he. "I'll be there?"

"What?" says he. "I'll be there?"

"I'll be there?" says he. "I'll be there?"

"What?" says he. "I'll be there?"

"I'll be there?" says he. "I'll be there?"

"What?" says he. "I'll be there?"

"I'll be there?" says he. "I'll be there?"

"What?" says he. "I'll be there?"

"I'll be there?" says he. "I'll be there?"

sticks? I tell you, Aunt 'Beena, he's a White, and so m'kiss' nobody but a White could make such a quality dunce of himself."

"Well, says I, "maybe he is, but, if he is, I'm mistaken the worst sort. Maybe he may be white, but, if I am, I'll suffer by it. I'll bet you Democrat if it turns out that Shields is a White; considerin' you shall be a White if he turns out a Democrat."

"A bargain, by Juggins!" says he, "but how will we stand out?"

"Why," says I, "we'll just write, and ax the printer."

"Agree, says I, "say, he, "and, by the way, if it does come out that Shields is a Democrat, I never will!"

"Jefferson, — Jefferson!"

"What do you want, Peggy?"

"Do — do — do — your cleaving clatter somethin' and bring me a goodly of water," the child's head being in a tank this morning.

"I'll do it, then," says he, "as well as for water, I'll be bound to dole for you a *flask of St. —*"

Jeff ran off to get the water, though just like he had's head water, any thing spilled for me, it was good to wash down, when all was you got at the foundation of the

"I wanted one of those, and 'Why, I'll say," says I, "I believe we like to keep you together."

"Oh, yes!" says she, "when a body can't help themselves, everybody else forgets 'em; but, I'll thank God, by my own possession I shall be well enough to walk the streets, and put the pants, and wrap the necessary ones' tails for comfort to them, to nobody."

"Come, says I, "Peggy," says I, "and he'll stand for I will be you and come for asking Jeff, neither for so long."

And now Mr. Printer, and you be sure to be as kind as you can in a paper whether this Shields is a White or a Democrat. I can't come down to the north, for I know well enough how it is around, but I want to see some J. E. I may do some good to let him, and advise him, but, I'll be bound to send these *papers of St. —* to him. It may help to break the ground of opposition set on many they being, and to all the points they are disagree, with men who will be none work for me, pay, and take, a lower, and when they are doing it. I'm in' sure to think that the same men who go to the north will change their course, and yet I'll profit from it, and enough for the time is not made, it's not long that either Peggy or I, or any of us, will have a row left to milk, or a half's tail to wrap.

Yours truly,

JESSENA —

LOST TOWNSHIP, Sept. 8, 1842.

DEAR MR. PRINTER, — I was a-standin' at the spring yesterday a-washin' out butter, when I s'ed Jim Snooks a-ridin' up towards the house for very life;

It is—don't say to your friend, if he qualifies a warrior rather than fight, I shall not, however, qualify. But if, if he should ever happen to point his young gall lance, 7 miles from our house, he can not come your hands.

It is to be trusted a subject of wonder that those jeremiads from Abner. Mr. James Shields felt a state of wrath. A thin-skinned, sensitive, high-blooded and high-tempered man, tender of his family and an Irishman besides, it would have been strange indeed, if he had not felt the smouldering blood. But his rage only affected some delicacies, his corns, his toes and when it resulted in his words: "A very Boston" distinguished herself as—Confederate, and took care to please Mr. Lincoln's young, wife—Miss Mary's brother—'Bad'—'kiddy'—'mamma'—'in Valley' for his—'mamma'—'kiddy'.

(For the Journal.)

Y. Am. J. (1862). Vol. A—1862.
 Remembrance of the late General Cass, 1862.
 The poem of the Year, from General Cass.
 H. C. and I had seen in a magazine.
 The number of the month, and some of the
 To the public for the year. Oh, what a letter to
 In the name of the company, as the address,
 Justified by the words "with the number" added.
 The number of the year (1862) on the cover.
 My (the cover of the book) was taken on the hour.
 But the identification of Mr. Francis, my
 In the name of the company, as the address,
 Hence proved to be false, and found from some
 The date (1862) was only 20 years ago.
 Found in the company's name, the wife married from
 Was an early (1862) of the year.
 And found that it was only 20 years ago.
 In regard to the company, the year for the year.

C. F. B. B. B.

It was no bad. Mr. Shields would send it to him. He sent Gen. Whipple to Mr. Francis to demand the name of the person who wrote the letters from the "Lost Townships," and Mr. Francis told him it was A. Lincoln. This

was the author of a stack of six articles which appeared in "The Journal" headed "Last Thoughts" and signed "Reveries" and, it so happened by request of a newspaper editor, in connection with the private character, if not his actual would-be last address. This letter was referred to Mr. Shields' manuscript which happened to be at that time in his further possession because those with the best news were with him. Mr. Shields then gave me a note, designating me as his agent to send Mr. Lincoln a reply by directing Dr. Merryman. These directions were passed on Monday morning the 11th. Dr. Merryman handed me Mr. Lincoln's last note when he arrived. I referred to Dr. Merryman that the matter was considered by me and that I would possess that note and would send him a copy of it, and would offer to try to arrange upon himself suitable accommodations and would pay passages on horses or team. These arrangements I made and we took leave upon the 12th. It was then generally agreed that he should go to Springfield and there accept of the matter for the purpose of effecting the second arrangement between him and myself. All this I have obtained from Mr. Shields. Our time had got a little low in going to Tennesse and Dr. Merryman advised me to take great advantage. I accepted his advice and the next evening, as I thought, that having Mr. Shields in Tennesse and his horse would be in good condition to travel with me, and the price agreement between Dr. Merryman and myself. I traveled to Springfield part of the way with a horse and with Mr. Lincoln's last-making parcel between us on the passenger vehicle to the water in Illinois. We arrived in Springfield on Monday night. About noon on Tuesday, to my astonishment, a proposition was made to me by Mr. Smith, within three miles of Alton on the next Tennessee. The proposition was by broadsword of the latter side, the price to stand in each side of a harbor, and to be confined to a limited space. As I was not long consulted at all on the subject, and, considering the private understanding between Dr. Merryman and myself and I being known that Mr. Shields had left to Fremont, such a proposition gave me by surprise. However being constrained not to violate the laws of the State, I declined agreement upon the terms until we should meet in Missouri. Immediately after I called upon Dr. Merryman and withdrew the plates of honor between him and myself in relation to a second arrangement. I started on this to visit Mr. Smith, and met him about twenty miles from Springfield. It was late on Tuesday night when we both reached the city, and learned that Dr. Merryman had left for Missouri, Mr. Lincoln having left before the proposition was made as Dr. Merryman had himself informed me. The time had passed so quickly necessary to start it over. We left Springfield at eleven o'clock on Tuesday night, travelled all night, and arrived in Hillsboro on Wednesday morning, where we took in Gen. Fwing. Upon there we made an Alton party, we arrived on Thursday, and, upon the proposition required, these arrangements made, I was joined by Gen. Fwing and Dr. Hoop to the friends of Mr. Shields.

It should be said that Winchell visited a year with Sumner from June 1850 to June 1851, but that correspondence with Mr. Lincoln is a long time ago and of little value regarding Winchell's perceptions of Mr. Lincoln. This Winchell correspondence is possessed by Mr. Lincoln (but Mr. Lincoln said one would not communicate from Mr. Lincoln) because of Winchell's own written will of his estate - a bequest. Mr. Lincoln's estate included Mrs. Winchell, one of the daughters of the Governor and her property, and Winchell's property, including that of his estate, but not the estate of Mrs. Winchell. Winchell's will stated that the estate of Winchell's wife should be divided with the husband's estate, and he stated that Mr. Lincoln should have the estate.

"On Monday morning, the 21st, and previous to the 22nd, the morning of the 23rd, Mr. Lincoln was in his study in Springfield, Illinois, as usual."

January 22nd, 1851.

A. Lincoln, Esq. - Dear Sir, I have the pleasure to acknowledge the receipt of your letter of the 21st inst. regarding the estate of Mrs. Winchell. I have the pleasure to inform you that the estate of Mrs. Winchell is now in the hands of the court, and that the court has ordered that the estate of Mrs. Winchell be divided with the estate of Mr. Lincoln. I have the pleasure to inform you that the court has ordered that the estate of Mrs. Winchell be divided with the estate of Mr. Lincoln. I will endeavor to do so as soon as possible. I am, Sir, very respectfully,
Your obedient servant,
A. Lincoln.

(Copy)

1851

The Mr. Lincoln's will and the will of Mrs. Winchell. I have the pleasure to inform you that the estate of Mrs. Winchell is now in the hands of the court, and that the court has ordered that the estate of Mrs. Winchell be divided with the estate of Mr. Lincoln. I will endeavor to do so as soon as possible. I am, Sir, very respectfully,
Your obedient servant,
A. Lincoln.

The court has ordered that the estate of Mrs. Winchell be divided with the estate of Mr. Lincoln. I will endeavor to do so as soon as possible. I am, Sir, very respectfully,
Your obedient servant,
A. Lincoln.

ledge me next, and as soon cut my throat as not." Nor willing that Lincoln should suppose my principal less dangerous than his own, I proclaimed (not mentioning our pacific intentions to Mr. Lincoln or any other person; and we started for Springfield forthwith.

We all, except Mr. Shields, arrived in Springfield late at night on Monday. We discovered that the affair had, somehow, got great publicity in Springfield, and that an arrest was probable. To prevent this, it was agreed by Mr. Lincoln and myself that he should leave early on Tuesday morning. Accordingly, he prepared the following instructions for my guide, on a suggestion from Mr. Butler that he had reason to believe that an attempt would be made by the opposite party to have the matter accommodated:—

In case Whiteside shall signify a wish to adjust this affair without further difficulty, let him know, that, if the present papers be withdrawn, and a note from Mr. Shields asking to know if I am the author of the grossness of words his complaints, and assuring that I shall make him gentlemanly satisfaction if I own the authorship, and this without request or dictation as to what that satisfaction shall be, a pledge is made that the following answer shall be given:—

"I did write the 'Lost Townsman's' letter which appeared in the 'Journal' of the 21st inst., but had no participation in any other or any more articles appearing to you. I wrote that work for political effect. I had no intention of injuring your personal or private character, or standing as a man or a gentleman; and I did not then think, as I do not now think, that that article could produce or be produced, that effect against you; and I am sensible such an effect, would have induced me to write it. And I will add, that your conduct towards me, so far as I knew, has always been gentlemanly, and that I had no personal or private quarrel against you, and no cause for any."

If this should be done, I leave it with you to manage what shall and what shall not be published.

If nothing like this is done, the preliminaries of the fight are to be:—

1st, **WEAPONS.**—Cavalry broadswords of the largest size, precisely equal in all respects, and such as now used by the cavalry company at Jacksonville.

2^d, **POSITION.**—A plank ten feet long, and four feet or two inches broad, to be firmly fixed on edge on the ground as the line between them, which order is to pass his feet over upon first cut of this line. Next, a line drawn on the ground, to the centre of said plank and parallel with it, such at the distance of the whole length of the sword from the feet of either of them on the plank; and the passing of his own sword over such line by either party during the fight shall be deemed a surrender of the contest.

3^d, **TIME.**—On Thursday evening, at 5 o'clock, if a meeting is so, but in no case to be at a greater distance of time than Friday evening, at 5 o'clock.

4th, **PLACE.**—Within three miles of Alton, on the opposite side of the river, the particular spot to be agreed on by you.

Any preliminary details coming within the above rules, you are absolutely to make at your discretion; but you are in no case to swerve from these rules, or to pass beyond their limits.

In the course of the forenoon I met Gen. Whiteside, and he again intimated a wish to adjust the matter amicably. I then read to him Mr. Lincoln's instructions to an adjustment, and the terms of the hostile meeting, if there must be one, both at the same time.

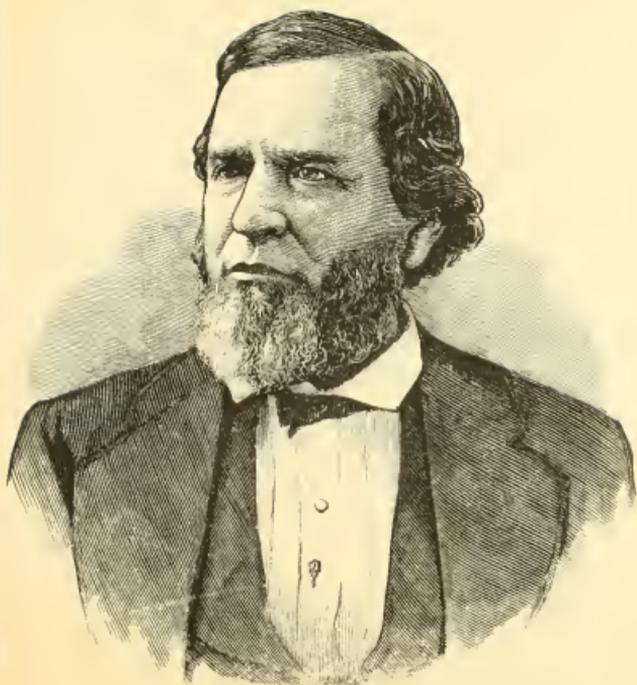
to his principal, he placed himself in a dilemma which he is now endeavoring to shuffle out of. By his inefficiency, and want of knowledge of those laws which govern gentlemen in matters of this kind, he has done great injustice to his principal, a gentleman who I believe is ready to all proof to vindicate his honor manfully; but who has been unfortunate in the selection of his friend; and this fault he is now trying to wipe out by doing an act of still greater injustice to Mr. Lincoln.

E. H. MERRYMAN.

And so Mr. Lincoln acknowledged himself to have been the author of one of the "Lost Township Letters." Whether he was or not, was known only perhaps to Miss Todd and himself. At the time of their date he was having some meetings with her at Mr. Francis's house, and endeavoring to nerve himself to the duty of marrying her, with what success the letters to Speed are abundant evidence. It is probable that Mary composed them fresh from these stolen conferences; that some of Mr. Lincoln's original conceptions and peculiarities of style unwittingly crept into them, and that here and there he altered and amended the manuscript before it went to the printer. Such a connection with a lady's productions made it obligatory upon him to defend them. But why avow one and disavow the rest? It is more than likely that he was determined to take just enough responsibility to fight upon, provided Shields should prove incorrigible, and not enough to prevent a peaceful issue. If the injured gentleman should be inclined to accept an apology.

After his marriage Mr. Lincoln took up his residence at the "Grange Tavern," where he had a room and board for man and wife for the moderate sum of four dollars per week. But, notwithstanding cheap living, he was still as poor as ever, and gave "poverty" as one of his reasons for not paying a friendly visit which seemed to be expected of him.

At the bar and in political affairs he continued to work with as much energy as before, although his political prospects seem just now to have suffered an unexpected reverse. In 1843, Lincoln, Hardin, and Baker were candidates for the Whig congressional nomination; but between Hardin and



JOSHUA F. SPEED.

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After the "race," still smarting from the recollection of defeat, and the disappointment of a cherished hope, he took his old friend Jim Mathony away off to a solitary place in the woods, "and then and there," "with great surprise," protested that he had not grown proud, and was not in a conceit. "Jim," said he, in conclusion, "I am now, and always shall be, the same Abe Lincoln that I always was."

reached him, Lincoln shook his hand "cordially," and, after felicitating himself sufficiently upon the happy meeting, he returned to the platform, and finished his speech. When that was over, Lincoln could not make up his mind to part with Nat, but insisted that they must sleep together. Accordingly, they wended their way to Col. Jones's, where that fine old Jackson Democrat received his distinguished "clerk" with all the honors he could show him. Nat says, that in the night a cat "began mewling, scratching, and making a fuss generally." Lincoln got up, took the cat in his hands, and stroking its back "gently and kindly," made it sparkle for Nat's amusement. He then "gently" put it out of the door, and, returning to bed, "commenced telling stories and talking over old time."

It is hardly necessary to say, that the result of the canvass was a severe disappointment to Mr. Lincoln. No defeat but his own could have given him more pain; and thereafter he seems to have attended quietly to his own private business until the Congressional canvass of 1846.

It was thought for many years by some persons well informed, that between Lincoln, Logan, Baker, and Hardin, — four very conspicuous Whig leaders, — there was a secret personal understanding that they four should "rotate" in Congress until each had had a term. Baker succeeded Hardin in 1844; Lincoln was elected in 1846, and Logan was nominated, but defeated, in 1848. Lincoln publicly declined to contest the nomination with Baker in 1844; Hardin did the same for Lincoln in 1846 (although both seem to have acted reluctantly), and Lincoln refused to run against Logan in 1848. Col. Matheny and others insist, with great show of reason, that the agreement actually existed; and, if such was the case, it was practically carried out, although Lincoln was a candidate against Baker, and Hardin against Lincoln, as long as either of them thought there was the smallest prospect of success. They might have done this, however, merely to keep other and less tractable candidates out of the field. That Lincoln would cheerfully have made such a bargain to insure himself a seat

date at this time. Add to this the relation that Mr. Lincoln bears, and has borne, to the party, and it is not surprising that many of those who are as strongly attached to Gen. Hamilton as they are to Mr. Lincoln should prefer the latter at this time. We do not entertain a doubt, that, if we could review the positions of the two men, that a very large portion of those who now have supported Mr. Lincoln would warmly would have supported Gen. Hamilton quite as warmly. This article was admirably calculated to soothe Gen. Hamilton, and to win over his friends. It was wise and correct. The author was Mr. Lincoln's intimate friend. It is noted by Mr. Lincoln's staff, and has at least one expression which was peculiar to him.

In its issue of May 7, the Journal announced the nomination as having been made at Petersburg, on the Friday previous, and said further, "The nomination was of course unanimous. There being no other candidates in the field. Mr. Lincoln we all know is a good Whig, a good man, an able speaker, and rightly deserves, as he enjoys, the confidence of the Whigs of our district and of the State."

Peter Cartwright, the energetic pioneer Methodist preacher, noted for his piety and conscientiousness, was Mr. Lincoln's competitor before the people. We know already the nature of the principal charges against Mr. Lincoln's personal character; and here, with the usual odium upon Whig reformers, formed the staple topics of the campaign on the Democratic side. But Peter Cartwright did not escape from this community which might have been expected to have seen it in relation of the gospel. Rough, tongue-cutting, exaggerated stories of his wicked ingratitude and his worldly-slanderness, which he provided servant of the Prince of peace. Many Democrats looked with intense disgust upon his presence, and he behaved, that, by mouthing its politics, he was degraded by others and polluting the Church. One of these Democrats told Mr. Lincoln what he thought, and said, that, although it was a hard thing to vote against his party, he would do so if it should be necessary to do so. Cartwright, Mr. Lincoln said

At the meeting of the Thirtieth Congress Mr. Lincoln took his seat, and went about the business of his office with a strong determination to do something memorable. He was the only Whig member from Illinois, and would be carefully watched. His colleagues were several of them old acquaintances of the Vandalia times. They were John McClernand, O. B. Ficklin, William A. Richardson, Thomas J. Turner, Robert Smith, and John Wentworth (Long John). And at this session that alert, tireless, ambitious little man, Stephen A. Douglas, took his seat in the Senate.

The roll of this House shone with an array of great and brilliant names. Robert C. Winthrop was the Speaker. On the Whig side were John Quincy Adams, Horace Mann, Hunt of New York, Calhoun of Vermont, Ingersoll of Pennsylvania, Botts and Goggin of Virginia, Morehead of Kentucky, Caleb B. Smith of Indiana, Stephens and Toombs of Georgia, Gentry of Tennessee, and Vinton and Schenck of Ohio. On the Democratic side were Wilnot of Pennsylvania, Mc Lane of Maryland, McDowell of Virginia, Rhett of South Carolina, Cobb of Georgia, Boyd of Kentucky, Brown and Thompson of Mississippi, and Andrew Johnson and George W. Jones of Tennessee. In the Senate were Webster, Calhoun, Benton, Berrien, Clayton, Bell, Hunter, and William R. King.

The House organized on the 6th; and the day previous to that Mr. Lincoln wrote to his friend and partner, William H. Herndon:—

WASHINGTON, Dec. 5, 1847

DEAR WILLIAM.—You may remember that about a year ago a man by the name of Wilson (James Wilson, I think) paid us twenty dollars as an advance fee to attend to a case in the Supreme Court for him, against a Mr. Caspell, the record of which case was in the hands of Mr. Dixon of St. Louis, who recently furnished it to us. When I was at Bloomington last fall, I met a friend of Wilson, who mentioned the matter to me, and induced me to write to Wilson telling him that I would leave the ten dollars with you which had been left with me to pay for making abstracts in the case so that the case may go on this winter—but I came away, and forgot to do it. What I want now is to send you the money to be used accordingly, if any one comes on to start the case, or to be retained by you if no one does.

the bang of the House, I made a little speech two or three days ago, on a post-office question of no general interest. I find speaking *hard and sound* about the same thing. I was about as badly scared, and as nervous as I am when I speak in court. I expect to make one when a week or so goes by which I hope to succeed well enough to wish you to see it.

It is very pleasant to me to learn from you that there are some who desire that I should be re-elected. I most heartily thank them for our kind partiality, and I can say as Mr. Cly said of the annexation of Texas, that "*personally* I would not object" to a re-election, although I thought at the time, and still think, it would be quite as well for me to return to the law at the end of a single term. I made the declaration that I would not be a candidate again, more from wish to deal fairly with others, to keep peace among our friends, and to keep the district from going to the winds through any cause *personal to myself*, so that, if it should so happen that *somebody else wishes to be elected*, I could not refuse the people the right of sending me again. But to enter *myself* as a competitor of others, or to authorize any one so to enter me, is what my word and honor forbid.

I get some letters intimating a probability of someone *otherwise* amongst our friends as to pass us the district, but I remember some letters were written to Bickel when my own case was under consideration, and I trust there is no more ground for such apprehensions than there was then.

Remember I am always glad to receive a letter from you.

Most truly your friend,

A. LINCOLN.

Thoroughly hostile to Polk, and hotly opposed to the war, Mr. Lincoln took an active, although not a leading part in the discussions relating to the commencement and conduct of the latter. He was politician enough, however, to go with the majority of his party in voting supplies to the troops, and thanks to the generals, while censuring the President by solemnly declaring that the war was unjustly and unconstitutionally begun by the President of the United States." But his position, and the position of the Whigs, will be made sufficiently apparent by the productions of his own pen.

On the 22d of December, 1847, Mr. Lincoln introduced a preamble and resolutions, which attained great celebrity in Illinois under the title of "Spot Resolutions," and in all probability lost the party a great many votes in the Springfield district. They were as follows:—

WILLIAM, The President of the United States in his Message of May 11, 1846 has declared that "the Mexican Government is a daily rebellion to the laws of the United States, in violation to his provisions, but after a long and painful struggle to compel him to conform to our treaty, and the laws of the United States, he has refused to do so."

and further in his Message of July 8, 1846 that "the United States is engaged in a war with Mexico, which is a rebellion against the laws of the United States, and a violation to his provisions, but after a long and painful struggle to compel him to conform to our treaty, and the laws of the United States, he has refused to do so."

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declared, were or were not at that time armed officers and soldiers, sent into that settlement by the military order of the President, through the Secretary of War.

8th. Whether the military force of the United States was or was not sent into that settlement after Gen. Taylor had more than once intimated to the War Department, that, in his opinion, no such movement was necessary to the defence or protection of Texas.

Mr. Lincoln improved the first favorable opportunity (Jan. 12, 1848), to address the House in the spirit of the "Spot Resolutions."

In Committee of the Whole House, Jan. 12, 1848.

Mr. Lincoln addressed the Committee as follows:—

MR. CHAIRMAN, — Some, it not at all, of the gentlemen on the other side of the House, who have addressed the Committee within the last few days, have spoken rather complainingly, if I have rightly understood them, of the vote given a week or ten days ago, declaring that the war with Mexico was unnecessarily and unconstitutionally commenced by the President. I admit that such a vote should not be given in mere party warfare, and that the one given is justly censurable, if it have no other or better foundation. I am one of those who joined in that vote, and did so under my best impression of the truth of the case. How I got this impression, and how it may possibly be removed, I will now try to show. When the war began, it was my opinion that all those who, because of knowing too little, or because of knowing too much, could not conscientiously approve the conduct of the President (in the beginning of it), should, nevertheless, as good citizens and patriots, remain silent on that point, at least till the war should be ended. Some leading Democrats, including ex-President Van Buren, have taken this same view, as I understand them; and I adhered to it, and acted upon it, until since I took my seat here, and I think I should still adhere to it, were it not that the President and his friends will not allow it to be so. Besides the continual effort of the President to argue every silent vote given for supplies into an indorsement of the justice and wisdom of his conduct; besides that singularly candid paragraph in his late Message, in which he tells us that Congress, with great unanimity (only two in the Senate and fourteen in the House dissenting), had declared that "by the act of the Republic of Mexico a state of war exists between that government and the United States;" when the same journals that informed him of this also informed him, that, when that declaration stood disconnected from the question of supplies, sixty-seven in the House, and not fourteen merely, voted against it: besides this open attempt to prove by telling the

I now proceed to examine the President's evidence, and propositions, such as come. What that evidence is, and what it shall include in the following propositions:—

1. That the Rio Grande was the western boundary of Louisiana as we possessed her in France in 1803.
2. That the Republic of Texas always possessed the Rio Grande as her western boundary.
3. That in various acts, she had claimed it as such.
4. That Santa Anna in his treaty with Texas recognized our Rio Grande as her boundary.
5. That Texas, Texasians and the United States after annexation had ever and forever settled the boundary by Texas, between the two parties.
6. That our Congress understood the boundary of Texas to extend beyond the Nueces.

Now my order is, to show it all wrong.—

Her first source, and the Rio Grande was the western boundary of Louisiana, as we purchased it of France in 1803, and, according to report this will be proved, he supposes was the amount of nearly a page of Texas history as the end of such is to be ascertained, but by the treaty of 1819, as well as Spain, the western boundary, and the Rio Grande, according to the Spanish Note, according to the persons, that the Rio Grande was the boundary of Louisiana, that makes Herpin had told us, with the precise boundary between our Mexico. How, Mr. Chalmers the one that ever strayed your attention were connected to the boundary, although as well I may still my mind to give it to me beyond all comprehension. And how any man with an honest purpose could suppose, the truth could ever have thought of introducing such a half a page of such an account, equal to his profession still. The evidence upon common rights of seeing as our own title to have any title merely passing Texas only, every one will think it is not entitled by the contract, in consequence of our attempt to settle it.

The President's next personal evidence is, that "The Republic of Texas always claimed the river (the Rio Grande) as her western boundary." That is not true, as yet. Texas has claimed it, but she has not always claimed it. There is at least one distinguished exception. Her State Government—the public men, soldiers and well-meaning men, that whole one, without exception, he could not get out and testimony, revealing all effort—without a word of claim. Not suppose she had always claimed it. Has not Mexico always claimed the contrary? So this story is not often against truth, former nothing proved with the fact of the claim, and that which was the better foundation.

Though not in the order in which the President presents his evidence, I now consider that class of his statements which first of substance, nothing more than that Texas has, by various acts of her Government and Congress claimed the Rio Grande as her boundary—in paper. I mean here what

the two rivers. This actual *exercise* of jurisdiction is the very class or quality of evidence we want. It is excellent so far as it goes: but does it go far enough? He tells us it went *beyond* the Nueces, but he does not tell us it went *to* the Rio Grande. He tells us jurisdiction was exercised *between* the two rivers; but he does not tell us it was exercised *over all* the territory between them. Some simple-minded people think it possible to cross one river and go beyond it without going all the way to the next; that jurisdiction may be exercised *between* two rivers without covering *all* the country between them. I know a man, not very unlike myself, who exercises jurisdiction over a piece of land between the Wabash and the Mississippi: and yet so far is this from being *all* there is between those rivers, that it is just a hundred and fifty-two feet long by fifty wide, and no part of it *more* within a hundred miles of either. He has a neighbor between him and the Mississippi, — that is, just across the street, in that direction, — whom, I am sure, he could neither *persuade*, nor *force*, to give up his habitation; but which, nevertheless, he could certainly annex, if it were to be done by merely standing on his own side of the street and claiming it, or even sitting down and writing a deed for it.

But next, the President tells us, the Congress of the United States *understood* the State of Texas they admitted into the Union to extend *beyond* the Nueces. Well I suppose they did, — I certainly so understand it, — but how far beyond? That Congress did *not* understand it to extend *clear* to the Rio Grande, is quite certain by the fact of their joint resolutions for admission, expressly leaving all questions of boundary to future adjustment. And it may be added, that Texas herself is proved to have had the same understanding of it that our Congress had, by the fact of the exact conformity of her new Constitution to those resolutions.

I am now through the whole of the President's evidence, and it is a singular fact, that, if any one should declare the President sent the army into the midst of a settlement of Mexican people, who had never submitted, by consent or by force, to the authority of Texas or of the United States, and that *there*, and *thereby*, the first blood of the war was shed, there is not one word in all the President has said which would either admit or deny the declaration. In this strange omission chiefly consists the deception of the President's evidence, — an omission which, it does seem to me, could scarcely have occurred but by design. My way of living leads me to be about the courts of justice: and there I have sometimes seen a good lawyer, struggling for his client's neck in a desperate case, employing every artifice to work round, begot, and cover up with many words, some position pressed upon him by the prosecution, which he *dared* not admit, and yet *could* not deny. Party bias may help to make it appear so; but, with all the allowance I can make for such bias, it still does appear to me that just such, and from just such necessity, are the President's struggles in this case.

Some time after my colleague (Mr. Richardson) introduced the resolutions

justification. In that case, I shall be most happy to reverse the vote I gave the other day. I have a selfish motive for desiring that the President may do this: I expect to live some years, in connection with the war, which, without his so doing, will be of doubtful propriety to my own judgment, but which will be free from the doubt if he does so. That if he cannot or will not do this — if on any pretence, or on any excuse, he shall refuse to omit it. — then I shall be fully convinced of what I more than suspect already, — that he is deeply conscious of being in the wrong; that he feels the blood of this war like the blood of Abel is crying to Heaven against him; that he ordered Gen. Taylor into the midst of a *merciful* Mexican sentiment, purposely to bring on a war, thus originally having some other motive — what I will not stop now to give my private conjecture — — to invade the two countries in a way, and to conduct the war, so entirely contrary to the publicize upon the existing impression of ordinary policy, — that not to rain how that rises, to show us of course that supports any other course to destroy — and plunged me beyond the suspension and on all contingencies in his administration of the war which Mexico might be supposed to know only himself to know and follow. How like the halfhearted meddling of a meddling man in the whole, over and of the late Message. — As you can tell me that Mexico has sometimes shown that we can get our territory — and another, showing us how we can support the war by having our territory in Mexico. At one time urging the national honor, the interests of the future, the prevention of further interferences, and even the good of Mexico herself, as among the objects of the war, — my another policy is that: — to get the national policy by getting to stand a nation of property, would be to abandon all our just demands, and to wage the war bearing all its expenses, *without a purpose or return, and so on*. So then, the national honor, security of the home, and every thing but territorial interest to say be mentioned the *no purpose* and not the objects of the war. But leaving it now so that territorial integrity is the only object, we are agreed according to a nation has, all that he was committed to take a few months ago, and the whole province of Lower California to him, and to his army, in the war — to take all the fighting for a long fight — — Again, the President is resolved, make all arrangements, with a full territorial integrity, to the senses of the war, to the things to be done, to the war, to get the peace after those expenses which have surpassed the value of the value of the Mexican territory. So, with, he has said that the separate national existence of Mexico shall be maintained, — but he does not say that this can be done after we shall have taken all her territory. — Now the questions I have suggested be considered speculative, merely let me be indulged a moment in trying to show the way out.

The war has gone on some twenty months, for the expenses of which, together with an innumerable ill score, the President now claims about one-half of the Mexican territory, and that by far the better half, so far as

dem, gives us a long Message without showing us that we are *not* in the least upon an imaginary conception. As I have before said, he knows more than he is. He is a bewildered, confounded, and miserably unpleasing man. God grant he may be able to show that there is one possessing about his common sense and patience that all his mental perplexity.

This speech he hastened to send home as soon as it was printed; but, while throughout he laid on an impudently Whig ground, he had excellent reasons to fear the result. The following is the first letter to Mr. Herndon after the delivery of the speech, and notifying him of the fact:—

WASHINGTON, Jan. 19, 1847.

DEAR WILLIAM, — I enclose you find a letter of James W. Coolidge. What I want is, that you shall ascertain whether the notice upon the issue respecting him received any attention in the Probate Court of Chester County, where the estate of Mr. Overton Witherspoon, from whom recovered on. If nothing is published, or withdrawn the notice, send it to me, so that Chandler can see the object of it. At all events, write me, and I will try and I can somehow get it off hands. I have already been several times troubled about it, and the least of which annoyance is no general pardonable, and especially hard-earning.

I have made a speech in regard which I will send you on next mail.

Yours as ever,

A. LINCOLN.

About the last of January, or the first of February, he began to hear the loud murmurs of alarm and dissatisfaction from his district. He was now on the defensive, and compelled to write long and tedious letters to pacify some of the Whigs. Of this character are two extremely interesting epistles to Mr. Herndon:—

WASHINGTON, Feb. 7, 1847.

DEAR WILLIAM. — Your letter of the 14th ult. was received last night, and for which I am much obliged. The only thing in it that I wish to talk to you about at once is that, because of my vote for Adams's reelection, you fear that you and I disagree about the war. I regret this not because of any fear we shall remain disagreed after you have read this letter, but because if you misunderstand, I fear other good friends may also. The late officers, that the war was unnecessarily and unconstitutionally commenced by the President; and I will stake my life that, if you had been in my place, you would have voted just as I did. Would you have voted what you felt

been to give unconstitutionally and unnecessarily by President Polk, but how the Whigs could vote supplies to carry on the war without indorsing the war itself. Besides all this, he sent news of startling defections; and the weary Representative took up his pen again and again to explain, defend, and advise:—

WASHINGTON, JUNE 22, 1845.

DEAR WILLIAM, — Last night I was attending a sort of caucus of the Whig members, held in relation to the coming Presidential election. The whole body of the nation was scintillating; and all is high hope and confidence. Illinois is expected to better her condition in this race. Under those circumstances, (1846) it was heart-bending it was to come to my room and had and read your discouraging letter of the 17th. We have made no gains, but have lost H. R. Robinson, Turner, Coombs, and four or five more. "The Army to reconquer, if he would be saved." Baker and I use it to do something, but I think you attach more importance to our absence than is just. There is another cause. In 1840 (for instance) we had two Senators and five Representatives in Sangamon; now, we have part of one Senator and two Representatives. With quite one-third more people than we had then, we have only half the sort of offices which are sought by men of the speaking sort of talent. This, I think, is the chief cause. Now, as to the young men. You must not wait to be brought forward by the older men. For instance, do not suppose that I should ever have got into notice if I had waited to be hunted up and pushed forward by older men. You young men get together and form a Rough and Ready Club, and have regular meetings and speeches. Take in everybody that you can get. Harrison, Grimsby, Z. A. Enos, Lee Kinlady, and C. W. Matney will do to begin the thing; but, as you go along, gather up all the shrewd, wild boys about town, whether just of age or a little under age, — Chris. Logan, Reddick Ridgely, Lewis Zwizler, and hundreds more. Let every one play the part he can play best, — some speak, some sing, and all hollow. Your meetings will be of evenings; the older men and the women will go to hear you; so that it will not only contribute to the pleasure of "Old Zack," but will be an interesting pastime, and improving to the intellectual faculties of all engaged. Don't fail to do this.

You ask me to send you all the speeches made about "Old Zack," the war &c. &c. Now, this makes me a little impatient. I have regularly sent you "The Congressional Globe" and "Appendix," and you cannot have examined them, or you would have discovered that they contain every speech made by every man in both Houses of Congress, on every subject, during this session. Can I send any more? Can I send speeches that nobody has made? Thinking it would be most natural that the newspapers would feel interested to give at least some of the speeches to their readers, I, at the beginning of the session, made arrangements to have one copy of "The Globe" and "Appendix"

my veracity, which I think is good with you, that nothing could afford me more satisfaction than to learn that you and others of my young friends at home were doing battle in the contest, and endeavouring themselves to reach the people, and taking a stand far above any I have ever been able to reach in their admiration. I cannot conceive that other and more men differently. Of course, I cannot demonstrate what I say, but I was young once, and I am sure I was never ungenerously thrust back. I hardly know what to say. The way for a young man to rise is to improve himself every way he can, never suspecting that anybody wishes to hinder him. Allow me to assure you that suspicion and jealousy never did help any man in any situation. There may sometimes be ungenerous attempts to keep a young man down; and they will succeed, too, if he allows his mind to be directed from its true channel, to brood over the attempted injury. Easy come, and easy go; this feeling has not injured every person you have ever known to fall into it.

Now, in what I have said I am sure you will suspect nothing but sincere friend-ship. I would save you from a fatal error. You have been a laborious, studious young man. You are far better informed on almost all subjects than I have ever been. You cannot fail in any laudable object, unless you allow your mind to be improperly directed. I have seen the advantage of you in the world's experience, merely by being older; and it is this that induces me to advise.

You still seem to be a little mistaken about "The Congressional Globe" and "Appendix." They contain *all* of the speeches that are published in any way. My speech and Dayton's speech, which you say you got in pamphlet form, are both, word for word, in the "Appendix." I repeat again, all are there.

Your friend, as ever,

A. LINCOLN.

The "internal-improvement" speech to which Mr. Lincoln alludes in one of these letters was delivered on the 20th of June, and contained nothing remarkable or especially characteristic. It was in the main merely the usual Whig argument in favor of the constitutionality of Mr. Clay's "American System."

But, after the nominations at Baltimore and Philadelphia, everybody in either House of Congress who could compose any thing at all "on his legs," or in the closet, felt it incumbent upon him to contribute at least one electioneering speech to the political literature of the day. At last, on the 27th of July, Mr. Lincoln found an opportunity to make his. Few

edly against the constitutionality of that bill, closed with the paragraph which I have read —

“It must be admitted, however, that, unless the President’s mind, on a view of every thing which is urged for and against this bill, is *convincingly* clear that it is unauthorized by the Constitution; if the pro and the con hang so even as to *balance* his judgment, a just respect for the wisdom of the Legislature would naturally decide the balance in favor of their opinion; it is chiefly for cases where they are clearly misled by error, ambition, or interest, that the Constitution has placed a check in the negative of the President.”

Gen. Taylor’s opinion, as expressed in his Allison letter, is as I now read:—

“The power given by the veto is a high conservative power, but, in my opinion, should never be exercised, except in cases of clear violation of the Constitution, or manifest haste and want of consideration by Congress.

It is here seen, that, in Mr. Jefferson’s opinion, if, on the constitutionality of any given bill, the President *doubts*, he is not to veto it, as the gentleman from Kentucky would have him to do, but is to refer to Congress, and approve it. And if we compare the opinions of Jefferson and Taylor, as expressed in these paragraphs, we shall find them more exactly alike than we can often find any two expressions having any literal difference. None but interested *substitlers* can discover any substantial variation.

But gentlemen on the other side are unanimously agreed that Gen. Taylor has no other grounds. They are in utter darkness as to his opinions on any of the questions of policy which occupy the public attention. But is there any doubt as to what he will *do* on the prominent question, if elected? Not the least. It is not possible to know what he will or would do in every imaginable case, because many questions have passed away, and others doubtless will arise, which none of us have yet thought of; but on the prominent questions of currency, tariff, internal improvements, and Wines’ Protection, Gen. Taylor’s course is at least as well defined as is Gen. Cass’s. Why, in this connection, to get at Gen. Taylor, several Democratic members have had occasion to know whether, in case of his election, a bankrupt law is to be introduced. Can they tell us Gen. Cass’s *opinion* on this question? (Some member answered, “He is against it.”) A. J., how do you know more? There is nothing about it in the platform, nor elsewhere that I have seen. If the gentleman knows any thing which I do not, he can show it. B. G. (replying) Gen. Taylor, in his Allison letter, says,—

“I put the subject of the tariff, the currency, the improvement of our great navigable rivers, lakes, and harbors, the will of the people, as expressed through their Representatives in Congress, ought to be respected and carried out by the Executive.”

Now, what is the whole matter; in substance, it is this: The people say to Gen. Taylor, “If you are elected, shall we have a national bank?” He

discovered your principles, you say. Ah! in what? Tell us the name of politicians, what principle we violated? We see you did violate *principles* by attending Van Buren, and we can tell you how. You attacked the primary, the original, the one great living principle of the Democratic representative government, — the principle that the representative is bound to carry out the known will of his constituents. A large majority of our Indiana Constituents of 1844 were, by their nomination, interested in opposing Van Buren's nomination if they could. In violation, in utter, plain, and unadorned common-sense language, — rejected him, as the gentleman from New York (Mr. Borden) did, on the day expressly admitted, for possible, — they sent "general resolutions," which you charge upon us, and which they ever kept as something more than a mere office and campaign-slogan. But the gentleman from Georgia (Mr. Horner) gave us a second speech yesterday, if not a second card and put down in writing, in which Van Buren was censured and advised a "break" for his present position and nomination. It seems remarkable the gentleman's precise language, but I do remember his own Van Buren speech, daily till he goes home, where he was finally met "back" and "gone."

Mr. Speaker, it is no business of mine to meddle in the quarrels of the Van Buren, in the war of extermination now raging between him and our constituents. I say Devil take the hindmost among the Democrats. And there is no mistaking the spirit of the speech, and if the course of "rotation" and "rotting" is to fall on the first and innocent violators of our principles, the matter, I sincerely trust, suggests that the gentleman from Georgia and his party co-sponsors are bound to take it upon themselves.

While I have Gen. Cass in hand, I wish to say a word about his general principles. As a specimen, I take the course of his progress on the Wilmot Proviso. In "The Washington Union" of March 2, 1845, there is a report of the speech of Gen. Cass, made this day before in the Senate, on the Wilmot Proviso, during the delivery of which Mr. Miller of New Jersey is reported to have interrupted him as follows:—

"Mr. Miller expressed his great surprise at this being in the nomination of the Senator from Michigan, who had been regarded as a firm friend of freedom in the North, and of which he had a distinguished record. Last year the Senator from Michigan was understood to be decidedly in favor of the Wilmot Proviso, and as no reason had been stated in the States, he (Mr. Miller) could not refrain from the expression of his serious surprise."

For Mrs. Gen. Cass is reported to have replied as follows to say:—

Mr. Cass said that the course of the Senator from New Jersey was most extraordinary. Last year he (Mr. Cass) should have voted for the proposition had it come up. But circumstances had altogether changed. This fall, while the Senator then read several passages from the remarks on Van Buren which he had committed to writing, in order to refute Cass's charge as that of the Senator from New Jersey."



HON. DAVID DAVIS, JUDGE OF THE SUPREME COURT OF THE U. S.

Court of the United States, and from his death George Davis administered upon his estate at the request of his family. Add to this the fact, that, among American lawyers, Judge Davis's fame is, if not peerless, at least not equalled by that of any man whose reputation rests upon his labors as they appear in the books of Reports, and we may very fairly regard him a competent judge of the professional character of Mr. Lincoln.

At Indianapolis, Judge Davis spoke of him as follows:—

"I enjoyed for over twenty years the personal friendship of Mr. Lincoln. We were admitted to the bar about the same time, and travelled some years what is known in Illinois as the Eighth Judicial Circuit. To-day when I first went on the bench, the circuit embraced four counties, and Mr. Lincoln went with the court to every town. Railroads were not then in use, and our mode of travel was either on horseback or on foot."

"This simple life he loved, preferring it to the pleasure of an life in a city, where, although the remuneration would be greater, the opportunity would be less for mixing with the great body of the people, and those few and whom he loved. Mr. Lincoln was transferred from the bar of Kentucky to the office of President of the United States, having been without judicial position since he left Congress in 1849. In all the elements that constitute the great lawyer, he had few equals. He was great both in his presentation before an appellate tribunal. He seized the strong points of a case, and presented them with clearness and great compactness. His mind was logical and direct, and he did not indulge in extraneous discussion. Generalities and platitudes had no charms for him. An unflinching vein of humor never deserted him; and he was always able to chain the attention of court and jury, when the cause was the most uninteresting, by the appropriateness of his anecdotes.

"His power of comparison was large, and he rarely failed in a legal discussion to use that mode of reasoning. The framework of his mind and mode of being was honesty, and a wrong cause was poorly defended by him. The ability which some eminent lawyers possess, of explaining away the bad points of a cause by ingenious sophistry, was denied him. To arouse to living into full activity his great powers, it was necessary, that he should be convinced of the right and justice of the matter which he advocated. When so convinced, whether the cause was great or small, he was usually successful. He read law-books but little, except when the cause in hand made it necessary; yet he was usually self-reliant, depending on his own resources, and rarely consulting his brother lawyers, either on the management of his case, or on the legal questions involved.

"Mr. Lincoln was the fairest and most accommodating of negotiators,

always tried a case fairly and honestly. He never intentionally misrepresented the evidence of a witness, nor the argument of an opponent. He met bold squarely, and if he could not explain the one or answer the other, substantially admitted it. He never misstated the law, according to his own intelligent view of it. Such was the high-purity, candor, and integrity of his nature, that he could not, well, or courageously, argue a side or a cause that he thought wrong. Of course, he felt it his duty to say what could be said, and he left the decision to others; but there could be seen in such cases the inward struggles of his own mind. In trying a case, he might occasionally dwell too long upon, or give too much importance to, an inconsiderable point; but this was the exception, and generally he went straight to the crux of the point or question, and struck home there, knowing, by that time, that were won, the outworks would necessarily fall. He could hardly be called very learned in his profession, and yet he readily tried a cause without fully understanding the law applicable to it; and I have no hesitation in saying he was one of the ablest lawyers I have ever known. If he was brief before a jury, he was equally so with the court. He detected, with unerring sagacity, the weak points of an opponent's argument, and pressed his own views with overwhelming strength. His efforts were quite unequal; and it might happen that he would not, on some occasions, strike one as at all remarkable. But let him be thoroughly roused, — let him feel that he was right, and that some principle was involved in his cause, — and he would come out with an earnestness of conviction, a power of argument, and a wealth of illustration, that I have never seen surpassed."

Mr. Lincoln's partnership with John T. Stuart began on the 27th of April, 1837, and continued until the 14th of April, 1841, when it was dissolved, in consequence of Stuart's election to Congress. In that same year (1841), Mr. Lincoln united in practice with Stephen T. Logan, late presiding judge of the district, and they remained together until 1845.

prints in favor of a client who in the end was found not entitled to recover. He is known to have many warm friends on the verge of quarrelling with old and valued friends because he could not see the justice of their claims, and therefore, could not be induced to act as their counsel. Henry McHenry, one of his New-Salem associates, brought him a case involving the title to a piece of land. McHenry had placed a family in a cabin which Mr. Lincoln followed up on situated on the other side of the adversary claim. He told McHenry that he must move the family out. McHenry said he should not do it. 'Well,' said Mr. Lincoln, 'if you do not I shall not attend to the suit.' McHenry said he did not care a d—n whether he did or not; that he thought he was not all the lawyer there was in town. Lincoln paused a while, and asked about the location of the cabin. McHenry then said, 'McHenry, you are right: I will attend to the suit,' and did attend to it, and gained it; and that was all that passed.

A citizen of Springfield, says Mr. Lincoln, "who visited our office on business about a year since, Mr. Lincoln's conversation relates the following—

"Mr. Lincoln was seated at his table, listening attentively to a man who was talking earnestly of a case. After the would-be client had stated the facts of the case, Mr. Lincoln replied, 'Yes, there is no reasonable doubt that I can gain your case for you. I can get a verdict notwithstanding all lawyers' heads. I can dispose a widowed mother and her six children, and thereby get for you six hundred dollars worth rightfully belongs. It appears to me, at least to the lawyer, but let nothing be said to you. You have ascertained that some things that are legally right are not morally right. I shall not win your case, but I will give you a good dollar for which I will charge you nothing. You cannot be a perfectly earnest man. I would advise you to try your hand at running the common-sense business of this world every day.'"

In the summer of 1821, Mr. Lincoln had engaged Mr. Harrison. The conversation continued thus: "I have a bill

in cutting down Hickox's mill-dam, and wanted to hang Hickox for objecting, looked most awfully woebegone, he seemed "the victim of unrequited affection," as represented in the comic *Illustration* we used to bring over. And Hart, the little drayman that hauls I Moby from town, said it was the *damned* bad to have so much trouble, and no hanging after all.

I commenced this letter on yesterday, since which I received yours of the 13th. I stick to my promise to come to Louisville. Nothing new here, except what I have written. I have not seen — since my last trip, and I am going out there as soon as I mail this letter.

Yours forever

LINCOLN.

On the 3d of December, 1859, Mr. Lincoln was admitted to practice in the Circuit Court of the United States; and on the same day the names of Stephen A. Douglas, S. H. Treat, Schuyler Strong, and two other gentlemen, were placed on the same roll. The "Little Giant" is always in sight!

The first speech he delivered in the Supreme Court of the State was one the like of which will never be heard again, and must have led the judges to doubt the sanity of the new attorney. We give it in the form in which it seems to be authenticated by Judge Treat:—

"A case being called for hearing in the Court, Mr. Lincoln stated that he appeared for the appellant and was ready to proceed with the argument. He then said, 'This is the first case I have ever had in this court, and I have therefore examined it with great care. As the Court will perceive, by looking at the abstract of the record, the only question in the case is one of authority. I have not been able to find any authority sustaining *my* side of the case, but I *have* found several cases directly in point on the *other* side. I will now give *these* cases, and then submit the case.'"

The testimony of all the lawyers, his contemporaries and rivals, is in the same direction. "But Mr. Lincoln's love of justice and fair play," says Mr. Gillespie, "was his predominating trait. I have often listened to him when I thought he would certainly state his case out of Court. It was not in his nature to assume, or to attempt to bolster up, a false position. He would abandon his case first. He did so in the

ruled] and see their families and friends. Lincoln would refuse to go." "It was on this circuit," we are told by an authority equally high, "that he found as a *novus juris con-* fessor. It was on this circuit Lincoln thought of duty and reward; it was on this circuit that the people were created, and shamed on the man; it was on this circuit that he cracked his jokes, told his stories, made his money, and was happy as mortals in the world beside." When in 1837, Sangamon County was cut off from the Federal Circuit by the act creating the Eighth, "Mr. Lincoln would still continue with Judge Davis, first choosing his residence in Sangamon."

On his return from one of these long journeys he would find Mrs. Lincoln had taken advantage of his absence and sold the enormous stock consisting of his numerous barrels. This placed a second sorrow upon a man who of the first Appareling is for the first time into that rather something abnormal—did performing life to recognize. He called to a man on the street: "Stranger, can you tell me where Lincoln lives? It used to live here."

When Mr. Lincoln first began to "give the law," he was his own as well as his own of nature, and was conscious of his own time his needs. But in that terrible instance the principle of a dress which he had had prepared himself, and to which he was very much attached. On the occasion he would see and have been to be gone for weeks, and he would go to the store and buy a pair of saddle-bags, containing a change of linen and an old cotton blanket, to slather him from sun or rain. When he got a little more of the world's goods he set up a one-horse rig, — a very sorry and shabby-looking affair which he generally used when the weather promised to be bad. But the lawyers were always glad to see him, and the land-holders hailed his coming with pleasure. For he was one of those peculiar, gentle, uncomplaining men, whom those servants of the public who keep "hotels" would generally pay off with the most indifferent accommodations. It was a very significant remark of a lawyer thoroughly acquainted

with the tables and the rollers also. I would you might send me the amount of my settled bill, and might give a check for it on the bank from the bank. It would save money and cost less than to pay for the goods and to pay for the bills. I would you might send me the amount of my settled bill, and might give a check for it on the bank from the bank. It would save money and cost less than to pay for the goods and to pay for the bills.

From Mr. C. F. F. of London, I would you might send me the amount of my settled bill, and might give a check for it on the bank from the bank. It would save money and cost less than to pay for the goods and to pay for the bills.

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"In the case of Harris and Jones vs. Puckles, Harris wanted Lincoln to assist you and myself. His answer was characteristic: 'Tell Harris it's no use to waste money on me in that case: he'll get beat.'"

Mr. Lincoln was prone to adventures in which *you* were the other party. The reader has already enjoyed one from the pen of Miss Owen, and here is another, from an incorrigible humorist, a lawyer, named J. H. Wickizer.

"In 1855 Mr. Lincoln and myself were travelling by buggy from Woodford County Court to Bloomington, Ill.; and, in passing through a little grove, we suddenly heard the terrific squealing of a little pig near by us. Quick as thought Mr. Lincoln leaped out of the buggy, seized a club, pounced upon the old sow, and beat her lustily: she was in the act of eating one of her young ones. Thus he saved the pig, and then remarked, 'By jing! the unnatural old brute shall not devour her own progeny!' This, I think, was his first proclamation of freedom."

But Mr. Wickizer gives us another story, which most happily illustrates the readiness of Mr. Lincoln's wit:—

"In 1858, in the court at Bloomington, Mr. Lincoln was engaged in a case of no great importance; but the attorney on the other side, Mr. S——, a young lawyer of fine address (now a judge of the Supreme Court of the State), was always very sensitive about being beaten, and in this case exhibited unusual zeal and interest. The case lasted until late at night, when it was finally submitted to the jury. Mr. S—— spent a sleepless night in anxiety, and early next morning a word, to his great chagrin, that he had lost the case. Mr. Lincoln met him at the Court House, and asked him what had become of his case. With lugubrious countenance and *solemn* tone, Mr. S—— said, 'It's gone to hell.'—'Oh, well,' replied Lincoln, 'then you'd see it again!'"

Although the humble condition and inferior character of some of his relations and connections were the subject of constant annoyance and most painful reflections, he never tried to shake them off, and never abandoned them when

stroke—out of a two before the man could recover from his surprise.

It was this free life that charmed him, and preserved him to existence. Here he forgot the past, with all its struggles and misadventures: here were no domestic distractions to vex his weary spirit and to try his conscientious heart.

"Abraham had returned from Congress," says Judge Davis, "and had had his practice, consisting of Chicago, proposed to him to open a law-office in Chicago, and to give the partnership with him. Goddard had an extensive practice there. Tappan refused to accept, and gave as a reason that he tended to be discouraged; that, if he went to Chicago, he would never sit down and study hard, and it could not hurt him that he would never go around the circuit—the Eastern Circuit—than to sit down and out in Chicago."

In the summer of 1857, at a court-meeting in Mason County, one Morgan was most brutally murdered. The crime took place about half a mile from the place of meeting, near some wagons loaded with liquor and provisions. Two men, James H. Norris and William D. Armstrong, were blamed for the crime. Norris was tried in Mason County, convicted of manslaughter, and sentenced to the penitentiary for the term of eight years. But Armstrong, the papers being being very high against him in Mason, "took a change of venue to Cass County," and was there tried (at Beardstown) in the spring of 1858. Hitherto Armstrong had had the services of two able counsellers, but now their efforts were impeded by those of a most determined and zealous volunteer.

Armstrong was the son of Jack and Hannah Armstrong of New Salem, the child whom Mr. Lincoln had rocked in the cradle while Mrs. Armstrong attended to other household duties. His life was now in imminent peril: he seemed clearly just; and, if he was to be saved, it could be by the interposition of some power which could deliver that fatal record in the Norris trial, refute the charges of witnesses, and make a jury forget themselves and their oaths. Old Hannah had one friend whom she devoutly believed could

accomplish this. She wrote to Mr. Talcott, and he replied that he would correct the book. She says she has lost his letter. Afterwards she crossed town at Southfield, and compared her own account to what he also wrote, with an interminable "I read over his account of my father and almost began to believe."

When the trial came on Mr. Lincoln suggested for the defence, H. C. Sawyer, Mr. Wallace had possessed him of the record of the Verdicts, & made them known and obvious to everyone in the room, from the witness stand, by a well-considered and judicious cross-examination. He made it appear that every man of sense and integrity, regardless of Mr. Wallace's conduct, had seen all this, & also that Mr. Lincoln had by such means, & otherwise, been enabled to be acquainted with the positive record of the grand jury, & that he would be answerable and sorry if it were full like a new printed volume. This is not to be wondered at, and a common sense man discussing the printed form of the law would not have deliberately prepared for the grand jury a volume of this kind, which would have been full of errors, as Mr. T. says. But the witness whose testimony has been given, says, "I am very sure that the jury was instructed upon the question of right, and that they saw the *Memoirs* by the words of a good man, talk and stand by the law, because we were all present, and we were all present in the room." It is not to be supposed that even to display evidence, the law had been Mr. Lincoln said all concerned which would have discussed all on the Verdict trial. He wanted to do nothing of the sort, an attorney and a man to give a law, in any way, would not call for it, or present all the jury. It was an instance of the care given to the grand jury.

Mr. Lincoln says Mr. Wallace made the leading argument for the defence. At first he spoke slowly and carefully repeated the grand testimony, as picked up all by process, and showed that the jury had not perceived his wounds at the place or time named by the witnesses, but afterwards, and at

the hands of some one else." "The evidence bore heavily upon his client," says Mr Shaw, one of the counsel for the prosecution. "There were many witnesses, and each one seemed to add one more cord that seemed to bind him down, until Mr. Lincoln was something in the situation of Gulliver after his first sleep in Lilliput. But, when he came to talk to the jury (that was always his forte), he resembled Gulliver again. He skilfully untied here and there a knot, and loosened here and there a peg, until, fairly getting warmed up, he raised himself in his full power, and shook the arguments of his opponents from him as if they were cobwebs." In due time he called for the almanac, and easily proved by it, that, at the time the main witness declared the moon was shining in great splendor, there was, in fact, no moon at all, but black darkness over the whole scene. In the "roar of laughter" and undisguised astonishment succeeding this apparent demonstration, court, jury, and counsel forgot to examine that seemingly conclusive almanac, and let it pass without a question concerning its genuineness.¹

In conclusion, Mr. Lincoln drew a touching picture of Jack Armstrong (whose gentle spirit alas! had gone to that place of coronation for the meek), and Hannah, — this sweet-faced

¹ Mr. E. J. Loomis, assistant in charge of the "Nautical Almanac" office, Washington, D. C., under date of Aug. 1, 1864, says: —

"Referring to the 'Nautical Almanac' for 1857, I find that, between the hours of ten and eleven o'clock on the night of the 29th of August, 1857, the moon was within one hour of setting.

"The computed time of its setting on that night is 10 h. 57 m. — three minutes before midnight.

"The moon was only two days past its first quarter, and could hardly be mistaken for 'nearly full.'

"In the case of the *People vs. Armstrong*, I was assisting prosecuting counsel. The prevailing belief at that time, and I may also say at the present, in Cass County, was as follows: —

"Mr. Lincoln, previous to the trial, handed an almanac of the year previous to the murder to an officer of the court, stating that he might call for one during the trial, and, if he did, to send him that one. An important witness for the People had fixed the time of the murder to be in the night, near a camp-meeting; that the moon was about in the same place that the sun would be at ten o'clock in the morning, and was nearly full, therefore he could see plainly, &c. At the proper time, Mr. Lincoln called to the officer for an almanac, and the one prepared for the occasion was shown by Mr. Lincoln, he reading from it at the time referred to by the witness: *The moon had already set!* That in the roar of laughter the jury and opposing counsel forgot to look at the date. Mr. Carter, a lawyer of this

up to the Court; Hiram; the jury shook hands with me, and left the Court, so did Lincoln. We were all affected, and tears streamed down Lincoln's eyes. He then remarked on my "Hannah, what did I tell you? I pray to God that William may be a good boy hereafter: that this lesson may prove to the world a good lesson to him and to all." . . . After the trial was over, Lincoln came down to where I was in Beardstown. I asked him what he charged me, and how I was paid. He said, "Why, Hiram, I don't charge you a cent — nothing. Any thing I can do for you I will do for you nothing and charge nothing otherwise." He talks to me about some local folks who said that we were trying to get from me, and said, "Hiram, they can't get your land. Let them try to go to the Circuit Court, and then you appeal it; bring it to Supreme Court, and I and Hiram will attend to it for nothing!"

The boy William enlisted in the Union army. Jan. 2, 1863, Hannah recorded the "wonder" item. She doesn't say what William was taking in under any disability, or that he had the legal right to sue the army. She simply "wondered" some, and wrote Mr. Lincoln to that effect. His reply promises to be telegraphic: —

SPRINGFIELD, ILL.

Mrs. Hannah Armstrong, — I have read with the greatest interest your letter touching your son, now in Louisiana. Ky

A. Lincoln

For many years Mr. Lincoln was the attorney of the Illinois Central Railway Company, and, having rendered in some recent cases most important and valuable services, he procured a bill in 1857 for five thousand dollars. He pressed for his money, and was referred to some confidential who was charged with the class of business. Mr. Lincoln would probably have modified his bill, when several prominent as changes went among country lawyers; but the company treated him with such rude insolence, that he commenced suit with a formal demand, and then immediately commenced suit on the claim. The case was tried at Springfield before Judge Davis; and, upon appeal at N. B. Judd. O. H.



STEPHEN T. LOGAN.

CHAPTER XIV

WE have seen already, from one of his letters to Mr. Herndon, that Mr. Lincoln was personally quite willing to be a candidate for Congress the second time. But his "policy" forbade; he had given pledges, and made private arrangements with other gentlemen, so powerful in the district from going to the entire. Judge Logan was nominated in his place: and, although personally one of the most popular men in Illinois, he was sadly hampered, in consequence of the record which the Whig party had made against his name. It was well as it was; for, if Mr. Lincoln had been the candidate, he would have been still more disadvantageously situated, since it was mainly the votes he had given to Congress, which Judge Logan found it so difficult to explain and impudently to defend.

Mr. Lincoln was an applicant, and a very warm one, for the office of Commissioner of the General Land-Office in the new Whig administration. He moved he thought, to appear in the newspapers, and wrote to some of his late associates in Congress (among them Mr. Schenck of Ohio) soliciting their support. But it was all of no avail; Mr. Jones (historical (also an Illinoisian) born here in the town of Washington, and got the appointment. It is said by one of Mr. Lincoln's numerous biographers, that he also struggled over his failure to secure this great office, protesting to "think it beneath his merits; but we can find no evidence of the fact alleged, and have no reason to believe it.

Mr. Fillmore subsequently offered him the governorship of

approval of the Fugitive Slave Law as it was passed, believing and declaring wherever he went, that a negro man apprehended as a slave should have the privilege of a trial by jury, instead of the summary processes provided by the law.

"Mr. Lincoln and I were going to Petersburg in 1856, I think," says Mr. Hendon, "The political world was dead; the compromises of 1850 seemed to settle the negro's fate. Things were stagnant, and all hope for progress in the line of freedom seemed to be crushed out. Lincoln was speculating with me about the deadness of things, and the despair which arose out of it, and deeply regretting that his human strength and power were limited by his nature to rouse and stir up the world. He said gloomily, despairingly, sadly, 'How hard, oh! how hard it is to die and leave one's country no better than if one had never lived for it! The world is dead to hope, deaf to its own death-struggle, made known by a universal cry. What is to be done? Is anything to be done? Who can do any thing? and how do it if he were? Do you ever think of these things?'"

In 1850 Mr. Lincoln again declined to be a candidate for Congress; and a newspaper called "The Tazewell Mirror" persisting in naming him for the place, he published a notice, expressing most emphatically to be considered a resolution. The prevailing sentiment alleged that there were many men among the Whigs of the district who would be as likely to vote for him as the district right side up.

With the death of his wonderful stepson, the late General Lincoln, Mr. Lincoln never considered himself free from an onerous duty, the obligation to look after the affairs of the family. But that would never have occurred to any other man, but had for millions of men countries. — *Walter Carter, Secretary of the House.*

On the 17th of January, 1842, Mr. Lincoln was elected to the House of Representatives by the Whigs of the district. He was elected to the House of Representatives by the Whigs of the district. He was elected to the House of Representatives by the Whigs of the district. He was elected to the House of Representatives by the Whigs of the district.

coupled with a most magnanimous pecuniary offer. It is the letter promised in a previous chapter, and makes John an intimate acquaintance of the reader:—

DEAR JOHNSTON,—Your request for eighty dollars, I do not think it best to comply with now. At the various times when I have helped you a little, you have said to me, “We can get along very well now;” but in a very short time I find you in the same difficulty again. Now, this can only happen by some defect in your conduct. What that defect is I think I know. You are not *lazy*, and still you are an *idler*. I doubt whether, since I saw you, you have done a good whole day's work in any one day. You do not very much dislike to work, and still you do not work much, merely because it does not seem to you that you could get much for it. This habit of uselessly wasting time is the whole difficulty; and it is vastly important to you, and still more so to your children, that you should break the habit. It is more important to them, because they have longer to live, and can keep out of an idle habit before they are in it easier than they can get out after they are in.

You are now in need of some money; and what I propose is, that you shall go to work, “tooth and nail,” for somebody who will give you money for it. Let father and your boys take charge of things at home, get a crop, and make the crop, and you go to work for the best money-wages, or in discharge of any debt you owe, that you can get; and, to secure you a fair reward for your labor, I now promise you, that, for every dollar you will, between this and the first of next May get for your own labor, either in money or as your own independence, I will then give you one other dollar. By this, if you hire yourself at ten dollars a month, from me you will get ten more, making twenty dollars a month for your work. In this I do not mean you shall go off to St. Louis, or the lead-mines, or the gold-mines in California; but I mean for you to go at it for the best wages you can get close to home, in Cole's County. Now, if you will do this, you will be soon out of debt, and, what is better, you will have a habit that will keep you from getting in debt again. But, if I should now clear you out of debt, next year you would be just as deep in as ever. You say you would almost give your place in heaven for \$70 or \$80. Then you value your place in heaven very cheap; for I am sure you can, with the offer I make, get the seventy or eighty dollars for four or five months' work. You say, if I will furnish you the money, you will deed me the land, and, as you don't pay the money back, you will deliver possession. Nonsense! If you can't now live with the land, how will you then live without it? You have always been kind to me, and I do not mean to be unkind to you. On the contrary, if you will but follow my

Affectionately your brother,

A. LINCOLN

star in the world, which I very much wish always to have. When I come home, if I can make it convenient to take a week's vacation, I would like to see you, and to have no mistake between us as to the object and extent of our talking over.

As usual as ever,

A. Lincoln.

On the 1st of July, 1852, Mr. Lincoln was chosen by a public meeting of his fellow-citizens at Springfield to deliver in their hearing a eulogy upon the life and character of Henry Clay; and on the 16th of the same month he complied with their request. Such addresses are usually called eulogies, but this one scarcely deserved the name. He made no effort to be eloquent, and in no part of it was he more than ordinarily animated. It is true that he bestowed great praise upon Mr. Clay; but it was bestowed in cold phrases and a tame style, wholly unlike the bulk of his previous compositions. In truth, Mr. Lincoln was never so devoted a follower of Mr. Clay as some of his biographers have represented him. He was for another man in 1836, more probably for another in 1840, and very ardently for another in 1848. Dr. Holland credits him with a visit to Mr. Clay at Ashland, and an interview which effectually cooled his ardor in behalf of the brilliant statesman. But, in fact, Mr. Lincoln never troubled himself to make such a pilgrimage to see or meet any man,—much less Mr. Clay. None of his friends—John Davis, Mr. Herndon, Mr. Speed, or any one else so far as we are able to ascertain—ever heard of the visit. If it had been made at any time after 1838, it could scarcely have been concealed from Mr. Speed; and we are compelled to place it along with the multitude of groundless stories which have found currency with Mr. Lincoln's biographers.

If the address upon Clay is of any historical value at all, it is because it discloses Mr. Lincoln's unreserved agreement with Mr. Clay in his opinion concerning slavery and the proper method of extinguishing it. They both favored gradual emancipation by the voluntary action of the people of the Slave States, and the transportation of the slave negro population to Africa as rapidly as they should be freed from ser-

and to their misery: it was a double scheme, with Mr. Lincoln's name on it was being offered to the nation. The terms of the proposed scheme — "diminished Taxes," "voluntary contributions," "a national land bank," "commutation" of the taxation of the States, "the proposed rates of interest paid" which "shall not be for one hundred years." On this occasion, the speaker Mr. Clay, he said, "The suggestion of the possible attachment of Virginia to the African continent, African colonization was made twenty five years ago. Every individual year has added thousands to the height of the mountains. My forefathers are not dead. Providence's course was cursed with justice, and hundreds were demanded to the Hot Sea, for slavery is a crime, a crime, a crime, a crime, but already seven millions have been buried in the sea. My old fathers have been buried." It is not a word of admiral's hope, the present and coming generations of our countrymen shall by any means be saved by coming into the land, the dangerous process of slavery, and to the same time, entering a course of progress to our beloved Republic, and to our people for the future, and thus we are gradually that neither race nor country is shall have suffered by the same, it is not indeed to a just and permanent. And if to such a conclusion, the original Mr. Clay shall have announced, that "In what he says, without a word of our own, of his labor will have been made valuable to his country and to the world."

During the summer of 1852, Judge Douglas took the train for Chicago in twenty-eight States, out of the thirty-two. The line of speech was at Richmond, Va. It was published extensively throughout the Union, and especially in Illinois. Mr. Lincoln, the so-called lawyer, by answer it, and according to his own account, the "conversion" of the Illinois State of Springfield to make the people more independent. It was a very good effort. If it was distinguished by a quality above ordinary of men by the strength of his own, and his force of his own, and his own, as well as very many. He displayed wisdom and prudent counsel, and the very manner in the last wholly beneath

the dignity of the occasion and the importance of the topic. Considered as a whole, it may be said that none of his future performances was more unworthy of its really noble setting than this one. The reader has doubtless observed in the course of this narrative, as he will in the future, that Mr. Douglas's great success in obtaining place and distinction was a standing offence to Mr. Lincoln's self-love and individual ambition. He was intensely jealous of him, and sought to pull him down, or outstrip him in the race for popular favor, which they united in considering "the chief end of man." Some of the first sentences of this speech before the "South Club" betray this feeling in a most unmistakable and painful manner. "This speech [that of Mr. Douglas at Richmond] has been published with high commendations in at least one of the Democratic papers in this State, and I suppose it has been and will be in most of the others. When I first saw it and read it, I was reminded of old times, when Judge Douglas was not so much greater man than all the rest of us, as he is now, — of the Harrison campaign twelve years ago, when I used to hear and try to answer many of his speeches; and believing that the Richmond speech, though marked with the same species of shibboleths and quibbles as the old ones, was not marked with any greater ability, I was seized with a strange inclination to attempt an answer to it, and this inclination it was that prompted me to seek the privilege of addressing you on this occasion."

In the progress of his remarks, Mr. Lincoln emphatically endorsed Mr. Douglas's great speech at Chicago in 1858, in defence of the compromise measures, which Mr. Lincoln pronounced the work of an enemy, but which "the people of Kansas" belonged to Whigs and Democrats alike. The rest of the address was devoted to a somewhat elaborate exposure of Douglas's language on the Federal question, on account of the dangerous tergiversations of Freese, in a description of Gen. Shields and Freese, and ending in the effect of the nullification of a tariff, and in a most remarkable account of a military success which would have been seen at Springfield

people thereof perfectly free to form and regulate their domestic institutions in their own way subject only to the Constitution of the United States." Mr. Douglas had long since denounced his imprecations upon "the ruthless hand" that should disturb that ancient compact of peace between the sections; and now he put forth his own ingenious hand to do the deed, and to take the curse, in both of which he was eminently successful. Not that the Missouri Act may not have been repugnant to the Constitution, for no court had ever passed upon it; but it was enacted for a holy purpose, was venerable in age, was consecrated in the hearts of the people by the unsurpassed eloquence of the patriots of a previous generation, and having the authority of law, of reason, and of covenant, it had till then preserved the Union, as its authors designed it should; and, being in truth a sacred thing, it was not a proper subject for the "ruthless" interference of mere politicians, like those who now decided it to destruction. If, upon a regularly heard and argued issue, the Supreme Court should declare it unconstitutional, the rescission of the compact could be attributed to necessity,—neither to slavery nor to antislavery,—and the peace of the country might still subsist. But its repeal by the party that did it—a coalition of Southern Whigs and Democrats with Northern Democrats—was evidence of a design to carry slavery into the region north of 36° 30'; or the legislation was without a purpose at all. It was the first aggression of the South; but he is remembered in common history, that he was tempted to it by the treacherous professed a confederate powerful Northern leader who, seeing no remuneration for his electoral votes. In due time he secured his eyes to the nature of the fraud, and, if he carried through the Fugitive-Slavery Act or made the votes of the South void, or even had no intention to give it a false and slavish construction to save the votes of the South in 1858. In the eyes of the Congress, the Northern Democrats united with the Southern Democrats of Democratic and Whig. It was the great sin of the party,—the great sin of the

all its forces. The party succeeded in 1854 only by the nomination of Mr. Buchanan, who was out of the country when the Kansas-Nebraska Act was passed, and who was known to have opposed it. All the arguments which grew out of it, the false and dangerous construction of the act by its author, the Liberty-Whigs in Kansas and throughout the country, Morgan's minority at Charleston, and made possible Mr. Lincoln's election by a majority of the votes cast. And to the Whig party, whose Senators and Representatives from the North voted for the Douglas Bill in a body, the renewal of the slavery question, revived and heated by their action, was the ground of actual discussion.

Up to the Dec. 30 Lincoln's views of slavery, and how they were formed, are as well known to the reader as they can be made known from the materials left behind for a history of times. It is quite true that his feelings on the subject were excited by numerous cases of extreme hardship, which had come to his attention, John Rankin, on the Red Ship to New Orleans, recollecting the harsh & popularly known symptoms of disease, the ribs and loins, that sprang out of their backs. "The poor perished by loads." In a letter to Mr. Hunt, recollecting the same, he pronounced Mr. Lincoln addresses in a public discourse in 1841, and speaks with great interest of the pain which the actual presence of chained and tortured slaves had given him. "I wish, Mr. Lincoln was in the world," says another with sufferings of his soul, which he had no witness with the honest slave. His compassion would be second to only his own, but never by sympathy, doubt and anxiety. He felt, however, as he would have done others, that with all his power and the merits of his cause, "as he expressed it himself, it would be one part of the duty of every man to do every thing that he could do, and he devoutly believed that God would do the family of man, so that from whatever point of view we would look on it, we would have to admit the same. Providence would be a great malfeasance for the Liberty cause, if any man could do anything of this kind. The Liberty cause, in consequence of such a man,

postponed the interests of the blacks to the interests of the whites, and expressly subordinated the one to the other. When he was compelled, by what he deemed an overruling necessity, founded on both military and political considerations, to declare the freedom of the public enemy's slaves, he did so with avowed reluctance, and took pains to have it understood that his resolution was in no wise affected by sentiment. He never at any time favored the admission of negroes into the body of electors, in his own State or in the States of the South. He claimed that those who were incidentally liberated by the Federal arms were poor-spirited, lazy, and slothful; that they could be made soldiers only by force, and willing laborers not at all; that they seemed to have no interest in the cause of their own race, but were as docile in the service of the Rebellion as the mules that ploughed the fields or drew the baggage-trains; and, as a people, were useful only to those who were at the same time their masters and the foes of those who sought their good. With such views honestly formed, it is no wonder that he longed to see them transported to Hayti, Central America, Africa, or anywhere, so that they might in no event, and in no way, participate in the government of his country. Accordingly, he was, from the beginning, as earnest a colonizationist as Mr. Clay, and, even during his Presidency, zealously and persistently devised schemes for the deportation of the negroes, which the latter deemed cruel and atrocious in the extreme. He believed, with his rival, that this was purely a "white man's government;" but he would have been perfectly willing to share its blessings with the black man, had he not been very certain that the blessings would disappear when divided with such a partner. He was no Abolitionist in the popular sense; did not want to break over the safeguards of the Constitution to interfere with slavery where it had a lawful existence; but, wherever his power rightfully extended, he was anxious that the negro should be protected, just as women and children and unnaturalized men are pro-

will adopt it.' I asked him to what he attributed the change that was going on in public opinion. He said he had put that question to a Kentuckian shortly before, who answered by saying, 'You might have any amount of bank-money in your pocket, or bank-stock, and, while travelling around, nobody would be any wiser; but, if you had a ducky trudging at your heels, everybody would see him, and know that you owned a slave.' 'It is the most glittering, ostentatious, and displaying property in the world; and now,' says he, 'if a young man goes courting, the only inquiry is how many negroes he or she owns. The love for slave property was swallowing up every other mercenary possession. Its ownership betokened, not only the possession of wealth, but indicated the gentleman of leisure, who was above and scorned labor.' These things Mr. Lincoln regarded as highly seductive to the thoughtless and giddy-headed young men who looked upon work as vulgar and ungentlemanly. Mr. Lincoln was really excited, and said, with great earnestness, that this spirit ought to be met, and, if possible, checked; that slavery was a great and crying injustice, an enormous national crime, and that we could not expect to escape punishment for it. I asked him how he would proceed in his efforts to check the spread of slavery. *He confessed he did not see his way clearly. I think he made up his mind from that time that he would oppose slavery actively.* I know that Mr. Lincoln always contended that no man had any right other than mere brute force gave him to a slave. He used to say that it was singular that the courts would hold that a man never lost his right to his property that had been stolen from him, but that he instantly lost his right to himself if he was stolen. Mr. Lincoln always contended that the cheapest way of getting rid of slavery was for the nation to buy the slaves, and set them free."

If the passage of the Kansas-Nebraska Bill awakened Lincoln from his dream of security regarding the slavery question, which he hoped had been put to rest by the compromises of 1820 and 1850, it did the same with all like-

crucial point in My North. From that moment the Abolitionists on the one hand, inspired a hope, not only of resistance, but even, here of ultimate emancipation; and the Southern Abolitionists, on the other, who had hitherto met with universal and general defeat in their own section, patterned themselves off following the popular lead to the point of discussion. A series of agitations immediately began,—insistent, continuous, and in Kansas murderous and brutal,—which destroyed the Whig party at once, and continued until they secured the Democratic party at Charleston. All other issues were as dead to this—excepting no slavery in the Territories,—while the discussion revolved one round of this practical question and involved the north round two, whether we were possessed indeed by the doctrine of the Constitution. The Whigs soon having voted for the repeal of the compromise, and the Whigs South against it, that party was practically no more. Some of its members went into the Know-Nothing ranks; some entered under the Abolition flag, and others joined them, and together they formed themselves into a new organization, which they called Republicans. It was a ragged army, and derived from the military discipline and party tradition a good part of the members engaged for a public political contest of a very disreputable character. But the better class, having kept themselves unspotted from the pollution of Know-Nothingism, gradually but speedily formed the Republican party, voted in this year drew into their ranks nearly all the elements of opposition to the Democrats. Still a Whig was Mr. Lincoln, who had no time to follow his ground. In Illinois the two party was any (in 1854) either Abolitionist, Republican, Know-Nothing, Whig, or Democratic, for it was composed of odds and ends of all, but chiefly the Anti-Nebraska party, of which Mr. Lincoln was become the acknowledged leader.

Returning from Washington, Mr. Douglas attempted to speak at Chicago, but he was not heard, and, being trussed and missed by the populace of the city, bound himself to some compromise audiences in the vicinity. Early in October,

the State Fair being in progress there, he spoke at Springfield. His speech was ingenious, and, on the whole, able; but he was on the defensive; and the consciousness of the fact, both on his own part and that of the audience, made him seem weaker than he really was. By common consent the Anti-Nebraska men put up Mr. Lincoln to reply; and he did reply with such power as he had never exhibited before. He was not the Lincoln who had spoken that tame address over Clay in 1852, or he who had deformed his speech before the "Scott Club" with petty jealousies and gross vulgarisms, but a new and greater Lincoln, the like of whom no one in that vast multitude had ever heard before. He felt that he was addressing the people on a living and vital question, not merely for the sake of speaking, but to produce conviction and achieve a great practical result. How he succeeded in his object may be gathered from the following extracts from a leading editorial in "The Springfield Journal," written by Mr. Herndon.—

"This Anti-Nebraska speech of Mr. Lincoln was the profoundest, in our opinion, that he has made in his whole life. He felt upon his soul the truths burn which he uttered, and all present felt that he was true to his own soul. His feelings once or twice swelled within, and came near stifling utterance. . . . He quivered with emotion. The whole house was as still as death.

He attacked the Nebraska Bill with unusual warmth and energy; and all felt that a man of strength was its enemy, and that he intended to blast it if he could by strong and manly efforts. He was most successful, and the house approved the glorious triumph of truth by loud and continued hurrahs. Women waved their white handkerchiefs in token of woman's silent but heartfelt assent. Douglas felt the sting of rebuke within was roused, because he frequently retorted on Mr. Lincoln. His friends felt that he was crushed by Lincoln's powerful argument, manly logic, and illustrations from nature around us. The Nebraska Bill was forecast, and, like a tree of the forest, was torn and rent asunder by hot words of truth.

"calling and election sure" by every word and act of a life devoted to political philanthropy and disinterested political labors. While the two great national parties divided the suffrages of the people, North and South, every thing to his eyes was "dead." He detested the bargains by which those parties were in the habit of composing sectional troubles — and sacrificing the "principle of freedom." When the Whig party "paid its breath to time," he looked upon its last agencies as but another instance of divine retribution. He had no patience with time-servers, and regarded with undignified contempt the "policy" which would postpone the natural rights of an enslaved race to the success of parties and politicians. He stood by at the sacrifice of the Whig party in Illinois with the spirit of Paul when he "held the doctrine of them that stoned Stephen." He believed it was for the best, and hoped to see a new party rise in its place, grown in the fervor of its faith, and animated by the spirit of Wilberforce, Garrison, and the Lovejoys. He was a fierce reader and gloried proudly in his title of "fanatic" for the sake of conviction that fanatics were at all times the salt of the earth, with power to save it from the blight that follows the weaknesses of men. He believed in a God, but it was the God of nature, — the God of Socrates and Plato, as well as the God of Jacob. He believed in a Bible, but it was the spirit world of the universe — and in a religion more grand and thorough than it was a religion that sought only to change the manner of slavery of verbal inspiration. His mind was continually busy with worldly and physical causes of consciousness and favored by a sense of individuality, he was not, like some of his contemporaries, the prisoner of Mr. Bayly's "Christianity." If he had passed with the slavery as part of our or being could be so induced but to resist it. But he had himself no party in the compensation after a compromise, and in any case would recognize the gradual and complete emancipation of the slave American race. He set on the "God and man" principle.

When Mr. Lincoln had determined to make an abatement



JOHN T. STUART.

natural antislavery man, as I think, and yet he needed watching, — needed hope, faith, energy; and I think I watched him. Lincoln and I were just the opposite one of another. He was cautious and practical; I was spontaneous, ideal, and speculative. He arrived at truths by reflection; I, by intuition; he, by reason; I, by my soul. He calculated, I went to toil asking no questions, never doubting. Lincoln had great faith in my intuitions, and I had great faith in his reason."

Of course such a man as we have described Mr. Herndon to be could have nothing but loathing and disgust for the secret oaths, the midnight lurking, and the proscriptive spirit of Know-Nothingism. "A number of gentlemen from Chicago," says he, "among them the editor of 'The Star of the West,' an Abolitionist paper published in Chicago, waited on me in my office, and asked my advice as to the policy of going into Know-Nothing Lodges, and ruling them for freedom. I opposed it as being wrong in principle, as well as a fraud on the lodges, and wished to fight it out in open daylight. Lincoln was opposed to Know-Nothingism, but did not say much in 1854 or 1855 (did afterwards). I told Lincoln what was said, and argued the question with him often, insisting that, as we were advocating *freedom for the slave in tendency* under the Kansas-Nebraska Bill, it was radically wrong to enslave the religious ideas and faith of men. The gentleman who waited on me as before stated asked me if I thought that Mr. Lincoln could be trusted for freedom. I said to them, 'Can you trust yourselves? If you can, you can trust Lincoln forever.'"

With this explanation of the political views of Mr. Herndon, and his personal relations to Mr. Lincoln, the reader will more easily understand what follows.

"This State Fair," continues Mr. Herndon, "called thousands to the city. We Abolitionists all assembled here, taking advantage of the fair to organize and disseminate our ideas. As soon as Lincoln had finished his speech, Lovejoy, who had been in the hall, rushed up to the stand, and notified the crowd that there would be a meeting there in the evening."

"Before proceeding, let me say, I think I have no prejudices against the Southern people; they are just what they would be in their situation. If slavery did not pass itself among them, they would not introduce it; if it did not exist amongst us, we should not insistently try to get it. Thus I believe of the masses North and South. Doubtless there are individuals on both sides who would not hold slaves under any circumstances, and others would gladly advertise slaves anew if it were out of existence. We know that some Southern men do free their slaves, go North, and become tip-top Abolitionists; while some Northern men go South, and become cruel slave-masters.

"When Southern people tell us they are no more responsible for the origin of slavery than we, I acknowledge the fact. When it is said that the institution exists, and that it is very difficult to get rid of it in any satisfactory way, I can understand and appreciate the saying. *I surely will not blame them for not doing what I should not know how to do myself. If all earthly power were given me, I should not know what to do as to the existing institution.* My first impulse would be to free all the existing slaves, and send them to Liberia — to their own native land; but a moment's reflection would convince me that whatever of high hope (as I think there is) there may be in this, in the long run, its sudden execution is impossible. If they were all landed there in a day, they would all perish in the next ten days; and there are not surplus shipping and surplus money enough in the world to carry them there in many times ten days. What then? Free them all, and keep them among us as underlings? Is it quite certain that this better their condition? *I think I would not hold one in slavery at any rate, yet the point is not clear enough to me to denounce people upon.* What next? Free them, and make them politically and socially equal? My own feelings will not admit of this; and, if mine would, we all know that those of the great mass of white people would not. Whether this feeling accords with justice and sound judgment is not the sole question. If, indeed, in any

case of it — if universal language relations were to be founded, among the white-disseminated. It would then make them equal — placed neither on one extreme of gradual emancipation, nor on the other — but on that purchase in the U. S. and therefore to judge the freedom of the South. When we would not do their unconditional rights, I acknowledge — *unconsciously*, but fully and fairly, and I would give some one satisfaction for the realization of their freedom which would not be an atonement to some living or dying a free man — because that is a voluntary atonement that we do have to make for.

And yet this by my present knowledge, not more certain as something which we do have our own free territory than it would be, among the African descendants by law. The law which forbids the entrance of slaves from Africa and the white race is long established among those to whom we are bound as disinterested on our moral principles; and the right of our former could not give us plausible excuse at any of the latter.

But Mr. McKim's regard is a great Union-saving measure. With I am of the saving the Union. Much as I hate slavery, I would consent to the extension of it, rather than to the Union dissolved, just as I would consent to any great evil or great a greater one. But when I get to Union-saving, I have talked at least that the means I employ have adopted — as I believe. Every mind, Northern law or such adaptation, is full of a kind of attention to it. It is an aggravation, rather of the only one thing which endangers the Union. When a man goes on all his personal rights — The nation was wrong in the treatment of the people of Africa, and a long course of pain and property caused by it, and we do the whole race of possibility. Our sacred, rights to us before have — being out of a full humanity agitation would have been required, at least the present — regarding the Missouri Compromise. Every man in America has a moral obligation to deliberate submission of the sacred question, and

by which all parties were pledged to abide. Indeed, there was no uninhabited country on the continent which we could acquire, if we except some extreme Northern regions, which are wholly out of the question. In this state of the case, the Genius of Discord himself could scarcely have invented a way of getting us by the ears, but by turning back and destroying the peace measures of the past.

"The structure, too, of the Nebraska Bill is very peculiar. The people are to decide the question of slavery for themselves, but *when* they are to decide, or *how* they are to decide, or whether, when the question is once decided, it is to remain so, or is to be subject to an indefinite succession of new trials, the law does not say. Is it to be decided by the first dozen settlers who arrive there, or is it to await the arrival of a hundred? Is it to be decided by a vote of the people, or a vote of the Legislature, or, indeed, on a vote of any sort? To these questions the law gives no answer. There is a mystery about this, for, when a member proposed to give the Legislature express authority to exclude slavery, it was hooted down by the friends of the bill. The fact is worth remembering. Some Yankees in the East are sending emigrants to Nebraska to exclude slavery from it; and, so far as I can judge, they expect the question to be decided by voting in some way or other. But the Missourians are awake too. They are with a stone's-throw of the pantomime ground. They hold meetings and pass resolutions in which not the slightest allusion to voting is made. They resolve that slavery already exists in the Territory that now shall go there; and that they, remaining in Missouri, and protesting, and that Abolitionists shall be hung as follows &c. &c. Though all this, bowie-knives and six-shooters are seen plainly enough, but never a glimpse of the ball-box. And what will be the result of this? Each party within having vigorous and determined leaders abroad, it is not probable that the contest will come to blows and bloodshed. Could there be a more apt invention to bring about a collision and vigorous ac-

to reply. He readily agreed to go, and on the way sent out a word of the late agreement to the gentleman who had been in charge. Judge Douglas observed the same discreet silence among his friends. Whether they had both agreed to go to Lacon before this agreement was made, or had mutually contrived this clever mode of deception, cannot now be determined. But, when they arrived at Lacon, Mr. Douglas said he was too hoarse to speak, although, "a large portion of the people of the county assembled to hear him." Mr. Lincoln, with unheard-of magnanimity, "informed his friends that he would not like to take advantage of the judge's indisposition, and would not address the people." His friends could not see the affair in the same light, and "pressed him for a speech;" but he persistently and unaccountably "refused."

Of course, Mr. Lincoln and Mr. Douglas met no more during the campaign. Mr. Douglas did speak at least once more (at Princeton), but Mr. Lincoln scrupulously observed the terms of the agreement. He came home, wrote his Peoria speech, and published it in seven consecutive issues of "The Illinois Daily Journal," but he never spoke nor thought of speaking again. When his friends insisted upon giving a reason for this most unexpected conduct, he gave the answer already quoted from Mr. Irvine.

The election took place on the 7th of November. Lincoln's absence, Mr. Lincoln had been announced as a candidate for the House of Representatives of the Thirty-Second Congress. William Jayne took the responsibility of making him a candidate. Mr. Lincoln, however, "saw through the ruse, and said Lincoln's name called out." When Mr. Jayne returned, Jayne called Lincoln's old friend "Bill" (Irvine) to see him. "I went to see him," says Jayne, "his order to get the consent to run. The next day he comes. He says you told me that I need not say — the prospect. He was sitting up and talking the floor almost dry, and he offered permission to let his name stand in the paper. He said 'Well, I won't. You don't know me. I say you can't beat it; you can't beat me; that's enough.' I felt then that I had done his work, and returned."

and those it passed. The Anti-Logan vote elected by about six thousand majority." Mr. Jayne had caused originally both Anti-Logan and Mr. Lincoln to be announced, and they were both elected. But, after all, Mrs. Lincoln was right, and John and Abraham were both wrong. Mr. Lincoln was a well-known candidate for the United States Senate. In the place of Mr. Shields the incumbent, who had voted for the Kansas-Nebraska Bill, but when the Legislature met and showed a majority of Anti-Nebraska men, he thought it a necessary preliminary of his candidacy that he should resign his seat in the House. He did so, and Mr. Jayne makes the following acknowledgment: "Mr. Lincoln resigned his seat, finding out that his Republicans, the Anti-Nebraska men, had turned the Legislature. A. M. Broadwell ran as a Whig Anti-Nebraska man, and was badly beaten. "The people of Sangamon County was down on Lemdin — hated him." Some suspicion that you do stand of taking a woman's advice, might have been preferable to this!

But Mr. Lincoln had set his heart on going to the United States Senate. Finding in the Free-soil Democrats, who had resolved against Mr. Douglas's re-election, and been largely supported by the Whigs in the late elections, they were now to give him a clear Anti-Nebraska majority of one. A Senator was to be elected to succeed Mr. Shields, and Mr. Lincoln had a chance to oppose the plan. He had three capital distinctions, and already in the old Whig ranks was supposed to abound in. But a few Abolitionists declared his candidacy to their extreme views, and five Anti-Nebraska Senators and various Congressmen had been elected with a certain preference to vote for Lincoln when any candidate was proposed. The latter selected George Trumbull as their candidate, and they all voted for him through the whole campaign. They were five out of a number, but in the opinion of others, the remaining ones were the Whigs, five Congressmen and a certain variety of good soldiers in domestic campaigns, were voted for. Their names ought to be known to posterity for their opposition to the pro-

ture saved Mr. Lincoln to the Republicans of Illinois, to be brought forward at the critical moment as a fresh and original candidate for the Presidency. They were Judd of Cook County, Palmer of Macoupin, Cook of La Salle, Baker and Allen of Madison. They called themselves Democrats, and, with the modesty peculiar to bolters, claimed to be the only "Simon-pure." "They could not act with the Democrats from principle, and would not act with the Whigs from policy;" but holding off from the caucuses of both parties, they demanded that all Anti-Nebraska should come to them, or sacrifice the most important fruits of their late victory at the polls. But these were not the only enemies Mr. Lincoln could count in the body of his party. The Abolitionists suspected him, and were slow to come to his support. Judge Davis went to Springfield, and thinks he "got some" of this class "to go for" him; but it is probable they were "got" in another way. Mr. Lovejoy was a member, and required, as the condition of his support and that of his followers, that Mr. Lincoln should pledge himself to favor the exclusion of slavery from *all* the Territories of the United States. This was a long step in advance of any that Mr. Lincoln had previously taken. He was, as a matter of course, opposed to the introduction of slavery into the Territories north of the line of $36^{\circ} 30'$; but he had, up to this time, regarded all south of that as being honestly open to slavery. The villany of obliterating that line, and the necessity of its immediate restoration, — in short, the perfect sanctity of the Missouri settlement, — had formed the burden of all his speeches in the preceding canvass. But these opinions by no means suited the Abolitionists, and they required him to change them forthwith. He thought it would be wise to do so, considering the peculiar circumstances of his case; but, before committing himself finally, he sought an understanding with Judge Logan. He told the judge what he was disposed to do, and said he would act upon the inclination, if the judge would not regard it as "treading upon his toes." The judge said he was opposed to the doctrine proposed; but, for the sake of the

“I am inclined to regard myself one of the best.” And as the Whigs were being re-arranged: “My friends naturally said, ‘Oh, you’re gone, they would let him.’”

In the month of February, 1857, the two Houses and the members assembled in Session. On the first ballot, Mr. Lincoln and his opponents were elected. Trumbull, with three votes more, — Mr. Lincoln two from him, Mr. Trumbull five, and Mr. Lincoln none. On the second ballot, the Democrats left Lincoln and voted, first for Lincoln, voted for Gay, Matthews, &c. — then on the party of the Matthews received one-fifth of the vote of the New-England Democrats. That same ballot Lincoln was declared, majority (making up). For some reason the Whigs declared Matthews great majority, and declared nothing so much as his success. But of that they were ignorant of the great danger, by which the Whigs abandoned Lincoln and voted for Trumbull, the bye Anti-Slavery men would vote on Matthews and elect him. Mr. Trumbull was so loudly by voice. “He said without hesitation, ‘You must elect me, and go for Lincoln; that is the only way you can elect Matthews.’” Judge Lundy came to about that time and pressed on running Lincolnville, but the latter said, “If you do, you will lose both Trumbull and myself, and I think the better in the time is to be preferred.” “We did not lose Lincoln and turned upon Trumbull, and elected him, although it grieved us to the heart to give up Mr. Lincoln. This, I think, shows that Mr. Lincoln was sensible of sinking himself for the cause in which he was engaged.” It was with great bitterness of spirit that the Whigs observed this hard alternative. Many of them accused the bye of this New-England Democrats of “ingenuously and selfish motives.” One of them, “Mr. Waters of M. D. — with one exception, and utterly refused to vote for Mr. Trumbull at all.” “On the last ballot he threw away his vote on Mr. Willis.”

“The Lincoln was very much disappointed,” says Mr. Lundy, a member of the Legislature, and one of Mr. Lincoln’s friends: “for I think that at that time, it was the

height of his ambition to get into the United States Senate. He manifested, however, no bitterness towards Mr. Trumbull or the other Anti-Nebraska Democrats, by whom philosophy he was beaten, but evidently thought that their motives were right. He told me several times afterwards, that the election of Trumbull was the best thing that could have happened."

In the great campaign of 1858, Mr. Douglas on various occasions insisted, that, in 1854, Mr. Lincoln and Judge Trumbull, being until then political enemies, had formed a secret agreement to abolitionize, the one the Whig, and the other the Democratic party; and, in order that neither might go unrewarded for a service so timely and patriotic Mr. Trumbull had agreed on the one hand that Mr. Lincoln should have Shields's seat in the United States Senate (in 1855), and Mr. Lincoln had agreed on the other, that Judge Trumbull should have Douglas's seat (in 1859). But Mr. Douglas alleged, that, when the first election (in 1854) came on, Judge Trumbull treated his fellow-conspirator with shameful duplicity, and cheated himself into the Senate just four years in advance of his appointed time; that, Mr. Lincoln's friends being greatly incensed thereat, Col. James H. Matheny, Mr. Lincoln's "friend and manager for twenty years," exposed the plot and the treachery; that, in order to silence and conciliate the injured party, Mr. Lincoln was promised the senatorial nomination in 1858, and thus a second time became a candidate in pursuance of a bargain more than half corrupt. But it is enough to say here, that Mr. Lincoln explicitly and emphatically denied the accusation as often as it was made, and bestowed upon the character of Judge Trumbull encomiums as lofty and as warm as he ever bestowed upon any contemporary. With the exception of Col. Matheny, we find none of Mr. Lincoln's peculiar friends complaining of Judge Trumbull; but as many of them as have spoken in the records before us (and they are numerous and prominent) speak of the purity, devotion, and excellence of Judge Trumbull in the most unreserved and unaffected manner. In fact and in

to be "irrevocably binding" in substance his own interests, and the interests of "our race," which had done more for him "by reason of the political atmosphere of the time." His conduct constituted the Democratic party in the State, and in the knowledge of Mr. Phillips' first encounter with Mr. Douglas in the meeting before the people of Illinois with admittance to the streets, and the attacking caused by his election irrevocably passed time.

But Mr. Douglas had a greater charge to make against Mr. Lincoln than that of a simple conspiracy with Fremont to secure a presidential election. The factor to have largely nothing of Mr. Lincoln's moral understanding into Lincoln and his associates, the no moral duty, on the day previous to the election of Fremont, Douglas had introduced a series of extreme anti-slavery resolutions, and while these he attempted to connect Mr. Lincoln by showing, that, with two exceptions, every motion was voted for the resolutions on the 7th of February, 1846, and for Mr. Lincoln on the 8th. The first of the resolutions declared the constitution of the prohibition of slave-trade or of slavery, and also a similar prohibition against a territory, which now belongs to the United States, in which any territory, come under their jurisdiction.

The second prohibited the trade against the admission of any Slave State, in any or on all other territory, or in what future territory, and the third prohibited, first, the unconstitutional export of the Fugitive-Slave Law, or, failing that, the right to hold as property and trial by jury, the free person instead of a slave. The first resolution was carried by a small party vote, while the second and third were defeated. But Mr. Douglas asserted that Mr. Lincoln was supported by twenty of all slave-States, and that those that supported them subsequently supported him. Of all this Mr. Lincoln made no further notice than to say that Judge Douglas supported the Resolutions platform by the resolutions of the Free Convention of that party, held at Bloomington in 1846. In fact, he assumed a singular reticence toward the whole affair, probably desiring to go only as far

deeply, lest his rival should unearth the private pledge to Lovejoy, of which Judge Logan has given us the history. When Judge Douglas produced a set of resolutions which he said had been passed by the Abolitionists at their Convention at Springfield, during the State Fair (the meeting alluded to by Mr. Herndon), and asserted that Mr. Lincoln was one of the committee that reported them, the latter replied with great spirit, and said what he could say with perfect truth, — that he was not near Springfield when that body met and that his name had been used without his consent.

tators of, the contest. As participants, each section had its representatives. The struggle opened in Kansas, and in favor of the South. During the passage of the bill organizing the Territory, preparations had been extensively made along the Missouri border, by "Blue Lodges" and "Social Bands," for the purpose of getting control of its Territorial government. The whole eastern border of the Territory was open to those marauders; and they were not slow to embrace the opportunity of meeting their enemies with so many advantages in their favor. Public meetings were held in many of the frontier counties of Missouri, in which the people were not only advised to go over and take early possession of the Territory, but to hold themselves in readiness to remove all emigrants who should go there under the auspices of the Northern Aid Societies. It was with these "Border Ruffians," and some volunteers from Alabama and South Carolina, with a few vagabond "colonels" and "generals" from the Slave States generally, that the South began the struggle. Of course, the North did not look on with complacency upon such a state of things. If the repeal of the Missouri Compromise startled the people of the Free States from their sense of security, the manner of applying "popular sovereignty," as indicated at its first introduction, was sufficient to arouse public sentiment to an unwonted degree. Kansas became at once a subject of universal interest. Societies were formed for throwing into her borders, with the utmost expedition, settlers who would be ready upon to mould her government in the interest of freedom. At the same time there was set in train all the political machinery that could be used to agitate the question, until the cry of "Bleeding Kansas" was heard throughout the land.

It is not necessary in this connection to set down, in order, the raids, assassinations, burnings, robberies, and election frauds which followed. Enough if their origin and character be understood. For this present purpose, a brief summary only will be given of what occurred during the long struggle to make Kansas a Slave State; for upon the practical issues which arose during the contest followed the discussions

bidding of those who are not themselves interested — you would see the Union dissolved. I am not aware that *any one* is buying you and that right: very certainly *I* am not. I have that matter entirely to myself. I also acknowledge *your* rights and *my* obligations under the Constitution in regard to your slaves. I confess I hate to see the poor creatures hunted down and caught and carried back to their stripes and unrequited toils, but I hate my lip, and keep quiet. In 1841 you and I sat together a tedious low-water trip on a steamboat down Louisville to St. Louis. You may remember, as I well do, that, from Louisville to the mouth of the Ohio, there were on board ten or a dozen slaves shackled together with irons. That sight was a continued torment to me; and I see something like it every time I touch the Ohio, or any other slave border. It is not fair for you to assume that I have no interest in a thing which necessarily and continually exercises the power of making me miserable. You ought rather to appreciate how much the great body of the Northern people disapprove their feelings, in order to maintain their loyalty to the Constitution and the Union. I do oppose the extension of slavery because my judgement and feeling so prompt me; and I am under no obligations to the contrary. If we thus vary and I must differ, differ we must. You say, if you were President, you would send an army and hang the leaders of the Missouri outrage upon the Kansas elections: still, if Kansas fairly votes herself a Slave State, she must be admitted, or the Union must be dissolved. But how if she votes herself a Slave State *unfairly*, — that is, by the very means for which you say you would hang men? Must she still be admitted, or the Union dissolved? That will be the phase of desperation when it first becomes a practical one. In your assumption that there may be a fair decision of the slavery question in Kansas, I plainly see you and I would differ about the Nebraska law. I look upon that enactment not as a *law* but a *violen*ce from the beginning. It was conceived in violence, is maintained in violence, and is being executed in violence. I say it was *conceived* in violence, because the destruction of the Missouri Compromise, under the circumstances, was nothing less than violence. It was passed in violence, because it could not have passed at all but for the votes of many members in violence of the known will of their constituents. It is *maintained* in violence, because the elections since clearly demand its repeal, and the demand is openly disregarded.

You say men ought to be hung for the way they are executing that law; and I say the way it is being executed is quite as good as any of its antecedents. It is being executed in the precise way which was intended from the first: else why does no Nebraska man express astonishment or condemnation? Poor Reeder is the only public man who has been silly enough to believe that any thing like fairness was ever intended; and he has been bravely undeceived.

That Kansas will form a slave constitution, and with it will ask to be admitted into the Union, I take to be already a settled question, and so

If you have the majority, as some of you say you have, you can succeed with the ballot, throwing away the ballot. You can peacefully, then, redeem the Government, and preserve the liberties of mankind, through your votes and voice, and moral influence. Let there be peace. In a democracy, where the majority rule by the ballot through the forms of law, these physical rebellions and hoarse resistances are radically wrong, unconstitutional, and are treason. Better than the life you have than fly to those you know not of. Our own Declaration of Independence says that governments long established, for trivial causes should not be resisted. Revolution through the ballot-box, and restore the Government once more to the affections and hearts of men, by making it express as it was intended to do, the highest spirit of justice and liberty. Your attempt, if there be such, to resist the laws of Kansas by force, is criminal and wicked; and all your feeble attempts will be follies, and end in bringing sorrow on your heads, and ruin the cause you would freely die to preserve!

"This little speech," continues Mr. Hamilton, "is not in print. It is a part of a much longer one, likewise not in print. This speech squelched the ideas of physical resistance, and directed our energies through other more effective channels, which his wisdom and coolness pointed out to us. This little speech, so timely and well made, saved many of us from great follies, if not our necks from the halter. The man who uttered it is no more, but this little speech, I hope, shall not soon be forgotten. Mr. Lincoln himself, after this speech, subscribed money to the people of Kansas *under conditions*, which I will relate in other ways. He was not alone in his gift. I signed the same paper, I think, for the same amount, *without* conditions; and would do it again, only doubling the sum, adding no conditions, only the good people's wise discretion."

Early in 1856 it became painfully apparent to Mr. Lincoln that he must take a decisive stand upon the questions of the day, and become a Know-Nothing, a Democrat, a Republican, or an Abolitionist. Mere "Anti-Nebraska" would insure no longer: the members of that ephemeral coalition were seek-

into my office, seemed mad, horrified, and said to me, 'Sir, did Mr. Lincoln sign that Abolition call which is published this morning?' I answered, 'Mr. Lincoln did not sign that call.' — 'Did Lincoln authorize you to sign it?' — 'No: he never authorized me to sign it.' — 'Then do you know that you have ruined Mr. Lincoln?' — 'I did not know that I had ruined Mr. Lincoln: did not intend to do so: thought he was a made man by it; that the time had come when conservatism was a crime and a blunder.' — 'You, then, take the responsibility of your acts; do you?' — 'I do, most emphatically.'

"However, I instantly sat down and wrote to Mr. Lincoln, who was then in Pekin or Tremont, — possibly at court. He received my letter, and instantly replied, either by letter or telegraph, — most likely by letter, — that he adopted *in toto* what I had done, and promised to meet the radicals — Lovejoy, and suchlike men — among us."

At Bloomington Lincoln was the great figure. Beside him all the rest — even the oldest in the faith and the strongest in the work — were small. Yet he was universally regarded as a recent convert, although the most important one that could be made in the State of Illinois. "We met at Bloomington: and it was there," says Mr. Herndon in one of his lectures, "that Mr. Lincoln was baptized, and joined our church. He made a speech to us. I have heard or read all Mr. Lincoln's great speeches; and I give it as my opinion, on my best judgment, that the Bloomington speech was the grand effort of his life. Heretofore, and up to this moment, he had simply argued the slavery question on grounds of policy, — on what are called the statesman's grounds, — never reaching the question of the radical and the eternal right. Now he was newly baptized and freshly born: he had the fervor of a new convert; the smothered flame broke out; enthusiasm unusual to him blazed up; his eyes were aglow with an inspiration; he felt justice; his heart was alive to the right; his sympathies, remarkably deep for him, burst forth, and he stood before the throne of the eternal Right, in pres-



WILLIAM H. HERNDON.

the repeal of the Missouri Compromise as an act of bad faith, and opposed "the extension of slavery into Territories heretofore free." It was so largely because Mr. Lincoln was present, and aiding at the passage of such resolutions, that Mr. Herndon and others thereafter regarded him as a "new-born" Abolitionist. It must have been the general warmth of his speech against the South, — his manifest detestation of slaveholders and slaveholding, as exhibited in his words, — which led them to believe that his feelings at least, if not his opinions, were similar to theirs. But the reader will see, nevertheless, as we get along in our history, that the Bloomington resolutions were the actual standard of Mr. Lincoln's views; that he continued to express his determination to maintain the rights of the Slave States under the Constitution, and to make conspicuously plain his abhorrence of negro suffrage and negro equality. He certainly disliked the Southern politicians very much; but even that sentiment, growing daily more fierce and ominous in the masses of the new party, was in his case counterbalanced by his prejudices or his caution, and he never saw the day when he would willingly have clothed the negroes with political privileges.

Notwithstanding the conservative character of the resolutions, the proceedings of the Bloomington Convention were alarming to a portion of the community, and seem to have found little favor with the people of Springfield. About five days after its adjournment, Herndon and Lincoln bethought them of holding a ratification meeting. Mr. Herndon got out huge posters, announcing the event, and employed a band of musicians to parade the streets and "draw up a crowd." As the hour of meeting drew near, he "lit up the Court House with many blazes," rang the bells, and blew a horn. At seven o'clock the meeting should have been called to order, but it turned out to be extremely slim. There was nobody present, with all those brilliant lights, but A. Lincoln, W. H. Herndon, and John Pann. "When Lincoln came into the courtroom," says the bill-poster and horn-blower of this great demonstration, "he came with a sadness and a sense of the

convenient disguise, and who could be attached to our party, except from motives of self-interest. As yet, they were not quite certain whether it were possible to raise more hatred in the Northern mind against foreigners and Catholics than against slaveholders; and they prudently determined to be in a situation to try either. Accordingly, they went into the lodges, took the oaths, swore to stand by the platform of the "National Council" of 1855, and were perfectly ready to do that, or to leave the organization to the Republicans, as the prospect seemed good or bad. Believing the latter to come to be the best, upon deliberation, they carried it out as far as in them lay, and then told the old, true, honest, and every man, with whom they again sought association, that they had joined the Know-Nothings, and sworn irrevocable oaths to proscribe foreigners and Catholics, solely that they might rule the order "for freedom" and, the Republicans standing in much need of aid just then, the excuse was considered very good. But it was too shameful a business for Lincoln and Herndon; and they most righteously despised it.

In February, 1856, the Republicans held what Mr. Greeley styles that "first National Convention," at Pittsburg; but they made no nominations there. At the same time, a Know-Nothing American "National Council" was sitting at Philadelphia (to be followed by a nominating convention); and the Republicans at Pittsburg had not adjourned before they got news by telegraph, that the patriots who had entered the lodges on false pretences were achieving a great success: the American party was disintegrating, and a great section of it falling away to the Republicans. A most wonderful political feat had been performed, and the way was now apparently clear for a union of the all-fearful anti-Democratic elements in the Presidential canvass.

On the 17th of June the National Republican Convention met at Philadelphia, and nominated John C. Fremont for President, and William L. Dayton for Vice-President. Mr. Williams, Chairman of the Illinois Delegation, presented to

braska, as embodying the only sound and safe solution of the slavery question," and declared farther, —

"That by the uniform application of Democratic principles to the organization of Territories and the admission of new States, with or without slavery as they may desire, the equal rights of all the States will be preserved intact, the original compact of the Constitution maintained inviolate, and the perpetuity and expansion of the Union insured to its almost capacity of embracing, in peace and harmony, every future American State that may be constituted or admitted with a republican form of government."

Mr. Lincoln was again a candidate for the office of Presidential elector, and made a thorough and energetic canvass. Some of his speeches were very striking; and probably no man in the country discussed the main questions of that campaign — Kansas, and slavery in the Territories, — in a manner more original and persuasive. From first to last, he avoided the intimation that the election of Fremont would justify a dissolution of the Union, or that it could possibly become even the occasion of a dissolution. In his eyes, the acquiescences of disunion were a "humbug;" the threat of a more bluster, and the fear of it sily timidity.

In the heat of the canvass, Mr. Lincoln wrote the following perfectly characteristic letter, — marked "Confidential;" —

SPRINGFIELD, Sept. 8, 1856

HARRISON MALTBY, Esq.

Dear Sir, — I understand you are a Fillmore man. Let me present to you that every vote withheld from Fremont and given to Fillmore in this State actually lessens Fillmore's chance of being President.

Suppose Buchanan gets all the Slave States and Pennsylvania, and any other one State besides; then he is elected, no matter who gets all the rest.

But suppose Fillmore gets the two Slave States of Maryland and Kentucky, then Buchanan is not elected. Fillmore goes into the House of Representatives, and may be made President by a compromise.

But suppose, again, Fillmore's friends throw away a few thousand votes on him in Indiana and Illinois: it will inevitably give these States to Buchanan, which will more than compensate him for the loss of Maryland and Kentucky; will elect him, and leave Fillmore no chance in the U. S. or out of it.

In June, 1857, Judge Douglas made a speech at Springfield, in which he attempted to vindicate the wisdom and fairness of the law under which the people of Kansas were about to choose delegates to a convention to be held at Lecompton to frame a State constitution. He declared with emphasis, that, if the Free-State party refused to vote at this election, they alone would be blameable for the proslavery constitution which might be formed. The Free-State men professed to have a vast majority, — “three-fourths,” “four-fifths,” “nine-tenths,” of the voters of Kansas. If these withdr̄w staid away from the polls, and allowed the minority to choose the delegates and make the constitution, Mr. Douglas thought they ought to abide the result, and not oppose the constitution adopted. Mr. Douglas’s speech indicated clearly that he himself would countenance no opposition to the forthcoming Lecompton Convention, and that he would hold the Republican politicians responsible if the result failed to be satisfactory to them.

Judge Douglas seldom spoke in that region without provoking a reply from his constant and vigilant antagonist. Mr. Lincoln heard this speech with a critical ear, and then, waiting only for a printed report of it, prepared a reply to be delivered a few weeks later. The speeches were neither of them of much consequence, except for the fact that Judge Douglas seemed to have plainly committed himself in advance to the support of the Lecompton Constitution. Mr. Lincoln took that much for granted; and, arguing from sundry indications that the election would be fraudulently conducted, he insisted that Mr. Douglas himself, as the author of the Kansas-Nebraska Bill, and the inventor of “popular sovereignty,” had made this “outrage” possible. He did not believe there were any “Free-State Democrats” in Kansas to make it a Free State without the aid of the Republicans, whom he held to be a vast majority of the population. The latter, he contended, were not *all* registered; and, because *all* were not registered, he thought none ought to vote. But Mr. Lincoln advised no bloodshed, no civil war, no roadside assas-

These speeches were delivered, the *one early* and *the other* late, in the month of June: they present strongly, yet guardedly, the important issues which were to engage Mr. Lincoln and Mr. Douglas in the famous campaign of 1858, and leave us no choice but to look into Kansas, and observe what had taken place and what was happening there.

Violence still (June, 1857) prevailed throughout the Territory. The administration of President Pierce recognized itself as the first in support of the pro-slavery party. It acknowledged the Legislature as the only legal government in the Territory, and gave it military assistance to enforce its enactments. Gov. Shannon, leaving by his course only seemed to increase the hostility between the parties, was recalled, and John W. Geary of Pennsylvania was appointed his successor. Gov. Geary, while adopting the policy of the administration, so far as recognizing the Legislative party as the only legally organized government, was very displeas'd, yet, that, as far as the two parties could be got to act together, *that should be fully pursued.* The policy, however, soon found its limit in connection with some of the pro-slavery leaders in the Territory, and not being sustained by Mr. Buchanan's administration, which had in the mean time succeeded the administration of President Pierce, he resigned his office. Hon. Robert J. Walker of Mississippi was appointed his successor, with Hon. F. P. Stanton of Tennessee as secretary. Both were strong Democrats, and both were earnest advocates of the policy of the administration, as expressed in the recent presidential canvass, and in Mr. Buchanan's inaugural Message, — the absolute freedom of the people of the Territories to form such governments as they saw fit, subject to the provisions of the Constitution. Gov. Walker and his secretary earnestly set themselves to work to carry out this policy. The governor, in various addresses to the people of the Territory, assured all parties that he would protect them in the free expression of their wishes in the election of a new Territorial legislature; and he besought the Free-State men to give up their separate Territorial organization under which

vailed; the vote against the constitution in any form being over ten thousand. Thus the proslavery party in the Territory was overthrown. Under the auspices of the new Free-State Legislature, a constitutional convention was held at Wyandotte, in March, 1859. A Free-State constitution was adopted under which Kansas was subsequently admitted into the Union.

Before leaving this Kansas question, there is one phase of the closing part of the struggle which is of worth while to note, particularly as it has a direct bearing upon the fortunes of Judge Douglas, and indirectly to the success of Mr. Lincoln. Douglas always insisted that his plan of "popular sovereignty" would give to the people of the Territories the utmost freedom in the formation of their local governments. When Mr. Buchanan attempted to uphold the Lecompton Constitution as being the free choice of the people of Kansas, Judge Douglas at once took issue with the administration on this question, and the Democratic party was split in twain. Up to the time of the vote of the people of the Territory on the constitution, Douglas had been an unwavering supporter of the administration policy on Kansas. His speech at Springfield, in the June previous, could not be misunderstood. He held all the proceedings which led to the Lecompton issue to be in strict accordance, not only with the letter but the spirit, of the Kansas-Nebraska Act, and was the hero of the Democratic party as expounded by himself. But a few weeks later a change occurred that his possessors had undergone a change. Ominous rumors of a breach with the administration began to circulate among his friends. It was alleged at length that Mr. Douglas's sense of justice had been shocked by the unfairness of certain operations in Kansas. It was even intimated that he had considered the Lecompton affair an "outrage" upon the sovereign people of Kansas, and that he would specially vote for Republicans — the special objects of his indignation in the June speech — in denouncing and defeating it. The Kansas-Nebraska Bill had borne its appropriate fruits, — the fruits all along predicted by

CHAPTER XVI.

ALTHOUGH primarily responsible for all that had taken place in Kansas, Mr. Douglas appeared to be suddenly animated by a new and burning zeal in behalf of the Free-State party in the Territory. It struck him very forcibly, just when he needed most to be struck by a new idea, that the Lecompton Constitution was not "the act and deed of the people of Kansas."

Accordingly, Mr. Douglas took his stand against Lecompton at the first note of the long conflict in Congress. We shall make no analysis of the debates, nor account for votes of senators and representatives which marked the intervals of that fierce struggle between sections, parties, and nations which followed. It is enough to say here, that Mr. Douglas was found speaking and voting with the Republicans upon every phase of the question. He had but one or two followers in the Senate, and a mere handful in the House: yet these were faithful to his lead until a final conference committee and the English Bill afforded an opportunity for some of them to escape. For himself he secured no compromises, voted against the English Bill, and returned to Illinois to ask the votes of the people upon a written record wholly and consistently anti-Democratic. His aim is mentioned, not to obscure the fame of the Congressman, but to impugn the honesty of the politician, and because it had an important influence upon the canvass of subsequent elections.

During the winter Mr. Douglas held frequent consultations with the leaders of the Republican party. These meetings

longed to the Slave States, and its march westward, embracing the whole line of the Pacific from the British possessions to Mexico, struck me as the most magnificent scheme ever conceived by the human mind. This character of cooperation, so frequently employed by Mr. Douglas with those with whom he talked, made the deepest impression upon their minds, enlisted them in his behalf, and changed in almost every instance, their opinion of the matter. In support of this view, Mr. Douglas would point to Kansas, where the battle under his bill was being fought out. The Free-State men had, perhaps from the very beginning, been in a majority, and could take possession of the Territory of the new State, as the case might be, whenever they could secure a fair vote. The laboring classes of the North were the natural settlers of the western Territories. If those filled in numbers, the enormous and increasing European immigration was at their back; and, if both together failed, the churches, our societies, and anti-slavery organizations were at hand to raise arms and equip great bodies of emigrants, as they would regulate forces for a public purpose. The South had no such resources; its social, political, and material conditions made a sudden exodus of its voting population to new countries a long impossible. It might send here a man with a few negroes, and there another. It might insist vehemently upon its supposed rights in the common Territories, and be ready to fight for them; but it could never cover the stripe of those Territories with cosy farmsteads, or crowd them with intelligent and muscular white men; and yet these last would inevitably give political character to the rising communities. Such clearly were to be the results of "popular sovereignty," as Mr. Douglas had up to that time maintained it under the Nebraska Bill.

It signified the right of the people of a Territory "to form and regulate their domestic institutions in their own way" when, and not before, they came to frame a State constitution. The Missouri line, on the contrary, had been a sort of convention, which, by common consent, gave all north of it to freedom, and all south of it to slavery. But popular sover-

versy, whatever has been said has had reference to negro slavery. We have not been in a controversy about the right of the people to govern themselves in the ordinary matters of domestic concern in the States and Territories. Mr. Buchanan, in one of his late messages (I think when he sent up the Lecompton Constitution), urged that the main point to which the public attention had been directed was not in regard to the great variety of small domestic matters, but it was directed to negro slavery; and he asserts, that, if the people had had a fair chance to vote on that question, there was no reasonable ground of objection in regard to minor questions. Now, while I think that the people had *not* had given them, or offered them, a fair chance upon that slavery question, still, if there had been a fair submission to a vote upon that main question, the President's proposition would have been true to the uttermost. Hence, when hereafter I speak of popular sovereignty, I wish to be understood as applying what I say to the question of slavery only, not to other minor domestic matters of a Territory or a State.

“Does Judge Douglas, when he says that several of the past years of his life have been devoted to the question of popular sovereignty, and that all the remainder of his life shall be devoted to it, — does he mean to say, that he has been devoting his life to securing to the people of the Territories the right to exclude slavery from the Territories? If he means so to say, he means to deceive; because he and every one knows that the decision of the Supreme Court, which he approves, and makes an especial ground of attack upon me for disapproving, forbids the people of a Territory to exclude slavery. This covers the whole ground, from the settlement of a Territory till it reaches the degree of maturity entitling it to form a State constitution. So far as all that ground is concerned, the judge is not sustaining popular sovereignty, but absolutely opposing it. He sustains the decision which declares that the popular will of the Territories has no constitutional power to exclude slavery during their territorial existence. This being so, the period of time from the first

giving him any power. Covode was employed to modify Judge Trumbull; but he met with no success, and went away without so much as delivering the message with which Mr. Douglas had charged him. The message was a simple proposition of alliance with the home Republicans, to the effect, that, if they agreed to return him to the Senate in 1858, he would fight their Presidential battle in 1860. Judge Trumbull did not even hear it, but he was well assured that Mr. Douglas was "an applicant for admission into the Republican party." "It was reported to me at that time," said he, "that such was the fact; and such appeared to be the universal understanding among the Republicans at Washington. I will state another fact, — I almost quarrelled with some of my best Republican friends in regard to this matter. I was willing to receive Judge Douglas into the Republican party on probation; but I was not, as these Republican friends were, willing to receive him, and place him at the head of our ranks."

Toward the latter part of April, 1858, a Democratic State Convention met in Illinois, and, besides nominating a ticket for State officers, indorsed Mr. Douglas. This placed him in the field for re-election as an Anti-Lecompton Democrat; but it by no means shook the faith of his recently acquired Republican friends: they thought it very natural, under the circumstances, that his ways should be a little devious, and his policy somewhat dark. He had always said he could do more for them by seeming to remain within the Democratic party; and they looked upon this latest proceeding — his practical nomination by a Democratic convention — as the foundation for an act of stupendous treason between that time and the Presidential election. They continued to press the Republicans of Illinois to make no nomination against him — to vote for him, to trust him, to follow him, as a sincere and manifestly a powerful antislavery leader. These representations had the effect of seducing away, for a brief time, Mr. Washburne and a few others among the lesser politicians of the State; but, when they found the party at large irrevocably

"That Hon. Abraham Lincoln is our first and only choice for United States senator to fill the vacancy about to be created by the expiration of Mr. Douglas's term of office."

That evening Mr. Lincoln came early to his office, along with Mr. Herndon. Having carefully locked the door, and put the key in his own pocket, he pulled from his bosom the manuscript of his speech, and proceeded to read it slowly and distinctly. When he had finished the first paragraph, he came to a dead pause, and turned to his astonished auditor with the inquiry, "How do you like that? What do you think of it?"—"I think," returned Mr. Herndon, "it is strong; but is it entirely *politic* to read or speak it as it is written?"—"That makes no difference," Mr. Lincoln said. "That expression is a truth of all human experience—'a house divided against itself cannot stand; and he that rows may read.' The proposition is indisputably true, and has been true for more than six thousand years; and—I will deliver it as written. I want to use your universally known language expressed in simple language as universally known, that may strike home to the minds of men, in order to rouse them to the peril of the times. I would rather be *defeated with this expression* in the speech, and it held up and discussed before the people, than *to be victorious without it.*"

It may be questioned whether Mr. Lincoln had a clear right to indulge in such a venture as a representative party man in a close contest. He had other interests than his own in charge: he was bound to respect the opinions, and, if possible, secure the success, of the party which had made him its leader. He knew that the strange doctrine so suddenly enunciated, would alienate many well-affected voters. Was it his duty to cast these away, or to keep them? He was not asked to sacrifice any principle of the party, or any opinion of his own previously expressed, but merely to forego the trial of an experiment, to withhold the announcement of a startling theory, and to leave the creed of the party as it came from the hands of its makers, without this individual supplement, of which they had never dreamed. It is evident that

among them condemned the speech in substance and spirit, and especially that section quoted above. They unanimously declared that the whole speech was too far in advance of the times; and they all condemned that section or part of his speech already quoted, as unwise and impolitic if not false. William H. Hoendon sat still while they were giving their respective opinions of its unwisdom and impolicy: then he sprang to his feet and said, 'Lincoln, deliver it just as it reads. If it is in advance of the times, let us — you and I, if not one else — lift the people to the level of this speech now, higher hereafter. The speech is true, wise, and politic, and will succeed now or in the future. No, it will aid you, if it will not make you President of the United States.'

Mr. Lincoln sat still a short moment, rose from his chair, walked backwards and forwards in the hall, stopped and said, 'Friends, I have thought about this matter a good deal, have weighed the question well from all corners, and am thoroughly convinced the time has come when it should be uttered; and if it must be that I must go down because of this speech, then let me go down linked to truth, — die in the advocacy of what is right and just. This nation cannot live on injustice, — "a house divided against itself cannot stand," I say again and again. This was spoken with some degree of emotion, — the effects of his love of truth, and sorrow from the disagreement of his friends with himself.'

On the evening of the 17th this celebrated speech — known since as "The House-divided-against-itself Speech" — was delivered to an immense audience in the hall of the House of Representatives. Mr. Lincoln never peened words which had a more prodigious influence upon the public mind, or which more directly and powerfully affected his own career. It was as follows:—

GENTLEMEN OF THE CONVENTION, — If we could first know where we are, and whether we are tending, we could then better judge what to do, and how to do it. We are now far on into the fifth year since a policy was initiated with the avowed object and confident promise of putting an end to

While the Nebraska Bill was passing through Congress or Legislature increasing the question of a negro's freedom, the reason of his being having voluntarily taken him first into a Free State, and that a Territory received by the congressional prohibition, and held and kept slaves — for a long time in each case — passing through the United-States Circuit Courts to the District of Missouri; and both the Nebraska Bill and Law, were brought to a decision on the same month of May 1854. The former's name was David Scott, which name now designates the decision finally made in the case.

Before the then next Presidential election the decision became law, and was argued by the Supreme Court of the United States, but the decision of it was deferred until *after* the election. Still *before* the election, Senator Trumbull, on the floor of the Senate, expressed the leading opinions of the Nebraska Bill to state for or against whether a people of a Territory had constitutionally exclude slavery from their limits, and the latter resolved "That it is a question for the Supreme Court."

The election came. Mr. Buchanan was chosen, and the endorsement such as it was, secured. That was *unconspicuous* indeed! The endorsement, however full sheet of a free political economy or empire, was lighted through-out, and to perhaps, was not over-represented and it was satisfactory. The outgoing President, as yet, had Missouri as aggressively as possible, rolled back upon the people, the weight and authority of the endorsement.

The Supreme Court met together Bill and examined David Scott, and ordered a re-examination. The Presidential inauguration could not hold its session — the court; but the judicial, political, and the economic principles, followed, advised the people, especially by the increasing learning, science & thought. Thus, in a few days, came the decision.

The case, the Court, gave justice!

The required nature of the Nebraska Bill, and its intention to make a speech at the capital endorsing the David Scott decision, and vehemently denouncing all opposition to it. The new President, in consequence, the only members of the Illinois State Legislature, and strongly re-asserted the decision, and to require the American Government to withdraw from the territory, and to establish a separate system on the same the President and the author of the Nebraska Bill, in the year 1855, of all violating the Louisiana Constitution, was a decision, being just some, made by the people of Kansas. The latter decision, and all the work, is a fact, and the political, that he have, and he have slavery, and he have a law, or good up. It is not indistinctly, and it is not indistinctly, slavery be voted down or voted up, or be allowed by him, and it is an up definition of the policy he writes, and it is not, the 4th of March, — the principle for which he declares he has suffered much, and it is ready to suffer to the end.

And well may he call, to that principle! If he has any parental feel-

and died at age 30. This sentence is the only direct allusion to Lincoln's physical condition. Lincoln's later, more obvious, physical weakness was not mentioned in the original manuscript, and the word "and" which introduced the sentence was not in the original. The sentence is a direct allusion to the physical condition of Lincoln at the time of his death. It is a direct allusion to the physical condition of Lincoln at the time of his death. It is a direct allusion to the physical condition of Lincoln at the time of his death.

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The first of these was the *Declaration of Independence*, which was adopted by the Continental Congress on July 4, 1776. This document declared the thirteen colonies to be free and independent states, and it was a direct challenge to the authority of the British Crown. The second was the *Articles of Confederation and Perpetual Union*, which were adopted by the Congress on September 17, 1777. These articles provided for a loose confederation of states, with a central government that was weak and ineffective. The third was the *Declaration of Sentiments*, which was adopted by the Seneca Falls Convention on August 26, 1848. This document declared the rights of women to be equal to those of men, and it was a direct challenge to the traditional gender roles of the time. The fourth was the *Emancipation Proclamation*, which was issued by President Abraham Lincoln on January 31, 1863. This proclamation declared that all slaves in the Confederate States were to be freed, and it was a direct challenge to the institution of slavery. The fifth was the *13th Amendment*, which was ratified by the states on December 18, 1865. This amendment abolished slavery in the United States, and it was a direct challenge to the institution of slavery. The sixth was the *14th Amendment*, which was ratified by the states on July 9, 1868. This amendment guaranteed the rights of citizenship to all persons born or naturalized in the United States, and it was a direct challenge to the institution of slavery. The seventh was the *15th Amendment*, which was ratified by the states on February 3, 1870. This amendment guaranteed the right of citizens to vote, and it was a direct challenge to the institution of slavery. The eighth was the *18th Amendment*, which was ratified by the states on January 16, 1919. This amendment prohibited the manufacture and sale of alcohol, and it was a direct challenge to the institution of alcohol. The ninth was the *19th Amendment*, which was ratified by the states on August 26, 1920. This amendment guaranteed the right of citizens to vote, and it was a direct challenge to the institution of slavery. The tenth was the *21st Amendment*, which was ratified by the states on December 5, 1933. This amendment repealed the 18th Amendment, and it was a direct challenge to the institution of alcohol.

The *13th Amendment* was the first of the Reconstruction Amendments, and it was a direct challenge to the institution of slavery. The *14th Amendment* was the second of the Reconstruction Amendments, and it was a direct challenge to the institution of slavery. The *15th Amendment* was the third of the Reconstruction Amendments, and it was a direct challenge to the institution of slavery.

he was doomed to hear for several months. "Well, Lincoln," said he, "that foolish speech of yours will kill you, — will defeat you in this contest, and probably for all offices for all time to come. I am sorry, sorry, — very sorry; I wish it was wiped out of existence. Don't you wish it, now?" Mr. Lincoln had been writing during the doctor's lament; but at the end of it he laid down his pen, raised his head, lifted his spectacles, and, with a look half quizzical, half contemptuous, replied, "Well, doctor, if I had to draw a pen across, and erase my whole life from existence, and I had one poor gift or choice left, as to what I should save from the wreck, I should choose that speech, and leave it to the world un-erased."

Leonard Swett, than whom there was no more gifted man, nor a better judge of political affairs, in Illinois, is convinced that "the first ten lines of that speech defeated him." "The sentiment of the house divided against itself seemed wholly inappropriate," says Mr. Swett. "It was a speech made at the commencement of a campaign, and apparently made for the campaign. Viewing it in this light alone, nothing could have been more unfortunate or inappropriate. It was saying first the wrong thing; yet he saw that it was an abstract truth, and standing by the speech would ultimately find him in the right place. I was inclined at the time to believe these words were hastily and inconsiderately uttered; but subsequent facts have convinced me they were deliberate and had been matured . . . In the summer of 1859, when he was dining with a party of his intimate friends at Bloomington, the subject of his Springfield speech was discussed. We all insisted that it was a great mistake; but he justified himself, and finally said, 'Well, gentlemen, you may think that speech was a mistake; but I never have believed it was, and you will see the day when you will consider it was the wisest thing I ever said.'"

John T. Stuart was a family connection of the Todds and Edwardses, and thus also of Lincoln. Mr. C. C. Brown married Mr. Stuart's daughter, and speaks of Mr. Lincoln as "our

of splendid success. His name fills the nation, and is not unknown even in foreign lands. I affect no contempt for the high eminence he has reached, — so reached that the oppressed of my species might have shared with me in the elevation, I would rather stand on that eminence than wear the richest crown that ever pressed a monarch's brow."

Again, in the pending campaign, Mr. Lincoln said: "There is still another disadvantage under which we labor, and to which I will invite your attention. It arises out of the relative positions of the two persons who stand before the State as candidates for the Senate. Senator Douglas is of world-wide renown. All the anxious politicians of his party, or who had been of his party for years past, have been looking upon him as certainly, at no distant day, to be the President of the United States. They have seen, in his round, well-frosted face, post-offices, land-offices, marshalships, and cabinet appointments, clerk-ships and foreign missions, busting and sprouting out in wonderful exuberance, ready to be laid hold of by their greedy hands. And as they have been gazing upon this attractive picture so long, they cannot, in the little distraction that has taken place in the party, bring themselves to give up the charming hope: and, with greater anxiety, they rush about him, sustain him, and give him marches, triumphal entries, and receptions, beyond what, even in the days of his highest prosperity, they could have brought about in his favor. On the contrary, nobody has ever expected me to be President. In my poor, wan, hank face, nobody has ever seen that any cabbages were sprouting out. These are disadvantages, all taken together, that the Republicans labor under. We have to fight this battle upon principle, and principle alone."

Now hear Mr. Douglas. In their first joint debate at Ottawa, he said, "In the remarks I have made on this platform, and the position of Mr. Lincoln upon it, I mean nothing personally disrespectful or unkind to that gentleman. I have known him for nearly twenty-five years. There were many points of sympathy between us when we first got

in time to make this abolition or Black Republican platform, in company with Giddings, Lovejoy, Chase, and Frederic Douglass, for the Republican party to stand upon. Trumbull, too, was one of our own contemporaries."

Previous pages of this book present fully enough for our present purpose the issues upon which this canvass was made to turn. The principal speeches, the joint debates, with five separate and independent speeches by Mr. Lincoln, and three by Mr. Douglass, have been collected and published under Mr. Lincoln's supervision in a neat and accessible volume. It is, therefore, unnecessary, and would be unjust, to reprint them here. They obtained at the time a more extensive circulation than such productions usually have, and exerted an influence which is very surprising to the calm reader of the present day.

Mr. Douglass endeavored to prove, from Mr. Lincoln's Springfield speech, that he (Mr. Lincoln) was a self-declared Disunionist, in favor of reducing the institutions of all the States "to a dead uniformity," in favor of abolishing slavery everywhere, — an old-time abolitionist, a negrophile, an amalgamationist. This, with much vaunting of himself for his opposition to Lea, and a loud proclamation of "popular sovereignty," made the bulk of Mr. Douglass's speeches.

Mr. Lincoln denied these accusations; he had no "thought of bringing about civil war," nor yet uniformity of institutions: he would not interfere with slavery where it had a lawful existence, and was not in favor of negro equality or miscegenation. He did, however, believe that Congress had the right to exclude slavery from the Territories, and ought to exercise it. As to Mr. Douglass's doctrine of popular sovereignty, there could be no issue concerning it; for everybody agreed that the people of a Territory might, when they formed a State constitution, adopt or exclude slavery as they pleased. But that a Territorial Legislature possessed exclusive power, or any power at all, over the subject, even Mr. Douglass could not assert, inasmuch as the Dred-Scott Decis-

Q. 6. — "I desire to know whether he stands pledged to prohibit slavery in all the Territories of the United States, nor his well as south of the Missouri Compromise line."

A. — I am implicitly, if not expressly, pledged by a duty in the right and duty of Congress to prohibit slavery in all the United States Territories. [Great applause.]

Q 7. — "I desire him to answer whether he is opposed by the acquisition of any new territory unless slavery is first prohibited therein."

A. — I am not generally opposed to honest acquisition of territory; and, in any given case, I would or would not oppose such acquisition essentially as I must think such acquisition would or would not affect the slavery question among ourselves.

Now my friends, it will be perceived, upon an examination of these questions and answers, that so far I have not answered that I was not *pledged* to this, that, or the other. The judge has not treated the Territories to ask me any thing more than this, and I have answered it with respectance to the inquiries, and have answered only that I am not *pledged* at all upon any of the subjects which I have mentioned. But I am now disposed to hang upon the words *pledged* in the interrogatory. Am I not disposed to take up at least some of those questions and answers I ought to think upon them.

As to the first one, it refers to the fugitive-slave Law, I have never legislated to say, and I do not yet consent to say, that I have done under the Constitution of the United States. The passage of the Fugitive Slave Law, as enacted by a Congressional act (not Executive and not Executive order), it should have been framed upon the question of the expediency that pertains to it, without historical allusions. And I cannot, as we have now in an agitation in regard to an amendment of and abolition of said Law, I would not be the man to introduce into a new subject of agitation upon the general question of slavery.

In regard to the other question, as whether I am pledged to the acquisition of any more Slave States, I would say, I stand as previously saying, that I would be exceedingly sorry to see the question of having to pass upon this question. I should be exceedingly glad to see if there were never another Slave State admitted into the Union, and I would have if slavey shall be kept out of the Territories during the existence of this Government, and that the people shall have a free choice, and a fair trial, when they meet to change the regulations, or pass an extraordinary thing as to adopt a State constitution, according to the usual practice of the institutions growing around us in Missouri, or we will the country, but to admit them into the Union. [Applause.]

The third interrogatory is answered by the answer to the second being, as I conceive, the same as the second.

Mr. Douglas had presented his interrogatories on the 21st of August, and Mr. Lincoln did not answer them until the 27th. They had no meetings between those days; and Mr. Lincoln had ample time to ponder his replies, and consult his friends. But he did more: he improved the opportunity to prepare a series of insidious questions, which to him were Mr. Douglas could not possibly answer without actually ruining his political prospects. Mr. Lincoln strategized for a great prize, unsuspected by the common mind, but the thought of which was ever present to his own. Mr. Douglas was a standing candidate for the Presidency, but as yet Mr. Lincoln was a very quiet one, nursing hopes which his modesty prevented him from obtaining upon others. He was wise enough to keep the fact of their existence to himself, and in the mean time to dig pitfalls and lay obstructions in the way of his most formidable competitors. His present purpose was not only to defeat Mr. Douglas for the Senate, but to "kill him," — to get him out of the way finally and forever. If he could make him evade the Dred-Scott Decision, and deny the right of a Southern man to take his negroes into a Territory, and keep them there while it was a Territory, he would thereby sever him from the body of the Democratic party, and leave him the leader of merely a little half-hearted antislavery faction. Under such circumstances, Mr. Douglas could never be the candidate of the party at large: but he might serve a very useful purpose by running on a separate ticket, and dividing the great majority of conservative votes, which would inevitably elect a single nominee.

Mr. Lincoln went to Chicago, and there intrusted to some of his friends what he proposed to do. They attempted to dissuade him, because, as they insisted, if Mr. Douglas should answer that the Dred-Scott Decision might be evaded by the people of a Territory, and slavery prohibited in the face of it, the answer would draw to him the sympathies of the antislavery voters, and probably, of itself, defeat Mr. Lincoln. But, so long as Mr. Douglas held to the decision in good faith, he had no hope of more aid from that quarter than he had

4. Are you in favor of acquiring additional territory, or disregard of how such acquisition may affect the status of the slavery question?

The first and fourth questions Mr. Douglas answered substantially in the affirmative. To the third he replied that no judge would ever be guilty of the "moral treason" of making such a decision. But to the second — the main question, to which all the others were added and made weights — he answered as he was expected to answer. "It matters not," said he, "what way the Supreme Court may hereafter decide as to the abstract question, whether slavery may or may not go into a Territory under the Constitution: the people have the lawful means to introduce it or exclude it as they please, for the reason that slavery cannot exist a day or an hour anywhere, unless it is supported by local police regulations. Those police regulations can only be established by the local Legislature; and, if the people are opposed to slavery, they will elect representatives to that body who will, by unfriendly legislation, effectually prevent the introduction of it into their midst."

The reply was more than enough for Mr. Lincoln's purpose. It cut Mr. Douglas off from his party, and put him in a state of perfect antagonism to it. He firmly denied the power of Congress to banish slavery; and he admitted, that, under the Dred-Scott Decision, all Territories were open to its entrance. But he held, that, the moment the slaveholder passed the boundary of a Territory, he was at the mercy of the squatters, a dozen or two of whom might get together in a legislature, and rob him of the property which the Constitution, the Supreme Court, and Mr. Douglas himself said he had an indefeasible right to take there. Mr. Lincoln knew that the Southern people would feel infinitely safer in the hands of Congress than in the hands of the squatters. If they regarded the Republican mode of excluding slavery as a barefaced usurpation, they would consider Mr. Douglas's system of confiscation by "unfriendly legislation" mere plain stealing. The Republicans said to them, "We will regulate

away from a place where it was constitutionally protected, was such an absurdity as Mr. Douglas chose to stir and staid was equal to; the proposition meaning, as he said on a subsequent occasion, "no less than that a thing may lawfully be driven away from a place where it has a lawful right to be."

"Of that answer at Freeport," as Mr. Harlan July 16, Douglas's instantly died. The red-glowing Scotch bonnet-like eyes flashed high and keen. Douglas was crowded out of Lincoln's way. The wind was taken out of Sevier's sails (by the House-rotated Speech), and Lincoln sailed the profound."

The State election took place on the 23d of November, 1858. Mr. Lincoln had more than four times as many of the votes cast; but this was not enough to give him a majority in the Legislature. An old and venerable appointment law was still in operation, and a majority of the members chosen under it were, as it was intended for the time, Democrats. In the Senate there were seven Democrats and seven Republicans; and in the House, forty Democrats to thirty-five Republicans. Mr. Douglas was, of course, elected, and Mr. Lincoln largely disappointed. Some one asked Mr. Lincoln how he felt when they returned home. He replied, "that he felt like the man that strangled his dog. — At first, too, had to laugh, and to cry, and to big to cry!"

In this canvass Mr. Lincoln earned a reputation as a popular debater second to that of no man in America, — certainly not second to that of his famous antagonist. He kept his temper; he was not prone to personalities; he indulged in few anathemas, and those of a decent character; he was fair, frank, and honest; and, if the contest had shown nothing else, it would have shown, at least, that "Old Abe" could behave like a well-bred gentleman in the very trying circumstances. His marked success in these discussions was probably no surprise to the people of the Springfield District, who knew him as well as, or better than, they did Mr. Douglas. But

major operations of the State, and throughout the Territory. The law of 1832, which gave the agricultural and manufacturing interests a vote in the election of the Governor, was passed during the term in which I became known, since the farmers and mechanics of the Territory were believed to generally be opposed to the present policy, national and "American," of protection of commerce with Great Britain, and hence the introduction of a commercial and industrial government was advised and by Lincoln's and subsequently by supporting efforts in 1833, 1834, 1835, 1836, 1837, 1838, 1839, 1840, 1841, 1842, 1843, 1844, 1845, 1846, 1847, 1848, 1849, 1850, 1851, 1852, 1853, 1854, 1855, 1856, 1857, 1858, 1859, 1860, 1861, 1862, 1863, 1864, 1865, 1866, 1867, 1868, 1869, 1870, 1871, 1872, 1873, 1874, 1875, 1876, 1877, 1878, 1879, 1880, 1881, 1882, 1883, 1884, 1885, 1886, 1887, 1888, 1889, 1890, 1891, 1892, 1893, 1894, 1895, 1896, 1897, 1898, 1899, 1900, 1901, 1902, 1903, 1904, 1905, 1906, 1907, 1908, 1909, 1910, 1911, 1912, 1913, 1914, 1915, 1916, 1917, 1918, 1919, 1920, 1921, 1922, 1923, 1924, 1925, 1926, 1927, 1928, 1929, 1930, 1931, 1932, 1933, 1934, 1935, 1936, 1937, 1938, 1939, 1940, 1941, 1942, 1943, 1944, 1945, 1946, 1947, 1948, 1949, 1950, 1951, 1952, 1953, 1954, 1955, 1956, 1957, 1958, 1959, 1960, 1961, 1962, 1963, 1964, 1965, 1966, 1967, 1968, 1969, 1970, 1971, 1972, 1973, 1974, 1975, 1976, 1977, 1978, 1979, 1980, 1981, 1982, 1983, 1984, 1985, 1986, 1987, 1988, 1989, 1990, 1991, 1992, 1993, 1994, 1995, 1996, 1997, 1998, 1999, 2000, 2001, 2002, 2003, 2004, 2005, 2006, 2007, 2008, 2009, 2010, 2011, 2012, 2013, 2014, 2015, 2016, 2017, 2018, 2019, 2020, 2021, 2022, 2023, 2024, 2025.

CHAPTER XVII.

IN the winter of 1858-9, Mr. Lincoln, having no political business on hand, appeared before the public in the character of lecturer, having prepared himself with much care. His lecture was, as might have been, styled, "All Creation is a mine, and every man a miner." He began with a story and Eys and the invention of the "dig-leaf apron," of which he gave a humorous description, and which he said was a "good operation." The invention of letters, writing, printing, of the application of statics, of electricity, he passed under the comprehensive head of "inventions and discoveries," along with the discovery of America, the emigration of patriots, and the "migration of negroes; or the present mode of doing them." Part of the lecture was humorous; a very small part of it actually witty; and the rest of it so commonplace that it was a positive mortification to his friends. He delivered it at two or three points, and then declined all further invitations. To one of these he replied in March, as follows: "Your note, inviting me to deliver a lecture at Galenburgh, is received. I regret to say I cannot do so now; I must stick to the courts a while. I read a week or a lecture to three different audiences during the last speech and talk; but I did so under circumstances which make it a waste of no time whatever."

From the Douglas denunciations now of the leaders of the Republican party both local and the reader will agree had some foundation for the belief that Mr. Lincoln was not of the greatest and best men in the party. It was natural, therefore,

recently adopted in Massachusetts, and whether he favored the fusion of all the opposition elements in the next canvass. He replied, that, as to the restrictions, he was wholly and unalterably opposed to them; and as to fusion, he was ready for it upon "Republican grounds," but upon no other. He would not lower "the Republican standard even by a hair's breadth." The letter undoubtedly had a good effect, and brought him valuable support from the foreign population.

To a gentleman who desired his views about the tariff question, he replied cautiously and discreetly as follows:—

CLINTON, Oct. 15, 1866.

DR. EDWARD WALLACE.

My dear Sir—I am here just now attending court. Yesterday evening I left Springfield, your brother Dr. William S. Wallcut, showed me a copy of yours, in which you kindly mention my name, inquire for my views, and suggest the propriety of my writing a letter upon the subject. I was an old Henry-Clay Tariff Whig. In old times I made more speeches on that subject than on any other.

I have not since changed my views. I believe, you, if we could have a moderate, carefully adjusted, protective tariff, so far as demanded, so as not to be a perpetual subject of political strife, squabbles, obstructions, and uncertainties, it would be better for us. Still, it is my opinion, that, just now, the revival of that question will not *advance the cause, as it is, of the anti-slavery revival*.

I have not thought much on the subject recently; but my general impression is, that the necessity for a protective tariff will see to-day more its old opponents to take it up; and then its old friends can here be understood, "it is all a more firm and durable basis. We, the old Whigs, have long and fully beaten out on the tariff question; and we shall not be able to re-establish the policy until the absence of it shall have demonstrated the necessity of it in the minds of men here; therefore opposed to it." With this view, I should prefer to no longer write a public letter upon the subject.

I therefore wish this to be considered confidential.

I shall be very glad to receive a letter from you.

Yours truly,

A. LINCOLN.

In September Mr. Lincoln made a few masterly speeches in Ohio, where Mr. Douglas had preceded him on his new hobby of "squatter sovereignty," or "unfriendly legislation."

fix, what subject would you choose?' said Lincoln. 'Why, a political one: that's your forte,' I answered." Mr. Herndon remembered his partner's previous "boldness" in the future, "as a lecturer, and, on this occasion, dreaded excessively his choice of a subject. "In the absence of a friend's advice, Lincoln would as soon take the Beautiful for a subject as any thing else, when he had absolutely no sense of it." He wrote in response to the invitation, that he would avail himself of it the coming February, provided he might be permitted to make a political speech, in case he found it inconvenient to get up one of another kind. He had purposely set the day far ahead, that he might thoroughly prepare himself; and it may safely be said, that no effort of his life cost him so much labor as this one. Some of the party engaged on that afterwards put to work to verify its statements, and the report of a foreign campaign document was alleged to lay level three weeks in building the historical events consulted by him.

On the 27th of February, 1859, he arrived in New York. It was Saturday, and he spent the whole day in retouching and retouching his speech. The next day he heard Bowler preach, and on Monday wandered about the city to see the sights. When the committee under whose auspices he was to speak waited upon him, they found him dressed in a sleek and shining suit of new black, covered with very apparent creases and wrinkles, acquired by being packed too closely and too long in his trunk case. He felt uneasy in his new clothes and a strange place. His confusion was increased when the reporters called to get the printed copy of his speech in advance of its delivery. Mr. Lincoln knew nothing of such a custom among the orators, and had no copy. He was, in fact, not quite sure that the press would consent to publish his speech. When he reached the Cooper Institute, and was ushered into the vast hall, he was surprised to see the most cultivated men of the city awaiting him on the stand, and an immense audience assembled to hear him. Mr. Bryant introduced him as "an eminent citizen of the West, hitherto known to you only by reputation." Mr. Lincoln then began,

question had before them the question of prohibiting slavery in that Territory, and four of the "thirty-nine" who afterward framed the Constitution were in that Congress, and voted on that question. Of these, Roger Sherman, Thomas Mifflin, and Hugh Williamson voted for the proposition thus showing that, in their understanding, no line dividing local from Federal authority, nor any thing else, properly forbade the Federal Government to control as to slavery in Federal territory. The other of the four, James McHenry, voted against the prohibition, showing that, for some reason, he thought it improper to vote for it.

In 1787—still before the Constitution, but while the Convention was in session framing it, and while the North-western Territory still was the only Territory owned by the United States—the same question of prohibiting slavery in the Territory again came before the Congress of the Confederation, and three more of the "thirty-nine" who afterward signed the Constitution were in that Congress, and voted on the question. They were William Blount, William Few, and Abraham Baldwin, and they all voted for the prohibition, thus showing that, in their understanding, no line dividing local from Federal authority nor any thing else, properly forbids the Federal Government to control as to slavery in Federal territory. The same prohibition became a law, being part of what is now well known as the Ordinance of '87.

The question of Federal control of slavery in the Territories came not to have been directly before the convention which framed the original Constitution, and hence it is not recorded that the "thirty-nine," or any of them, while engaged on that instrument, expressed any opinion on that precise question.

In 1789, by the First Congress which sat under the Constitution, an act was passed to enforce the Ordinance of '87, including the prohibition of slavery in the North-western Territory. The bill for this act was reported by one of the "thirty-nine,"—Thomas Fitzsimmons, then a member of the House of Representatives from Pennsylvania. It went through all its stages without a word of opposition, and finally passed both branches without yeas and nays, which is equivalent to a unanimous passage. In the Congress there were sixteen of the "thirty-nine" fathers who framed the original Constitution. They were John Langdon, Nicholas Gilman, William S. Johnson, Roger Sherman, Robert Morris, Thomas Fitzsimmons, William Few, Abraham Baldwin, Rufus King, William Patterson, George Clymer, Richard Bassett, George Read, Pierce Butler, Daniel Carroll, James Madison.

This shows that, in their understanding, no line dividing local from Federal authority nor any thing in the Constitution, properly forbade Congress to prohibit slavery in the Federal territory; else both their fidelity to correct principle, and their oath to support the Constitution, would have constrained them to oppose the prohibition.

Again, George Washington, another of the "thirty-nine," was then Presi-

passed or laws were two of the "thirty-one" — they were Abraham Bledin and Jonathan Dayton. As stated in the case of Missouri, it is probable they only voted for it. They would not have allowed their names without recording some vigorous protest, or their understanding, if not their will, the law proper deriving force from Federal authority by the provision of the Constitution.

In 1819-20 being and passed the Missouri question. Many votes were taken by yeas and nays. A. A. Linn, Governor of Missouri, and the others followed the general position. Two others — "thirty-one" — (John King and Charles Pickens) — were members of that Congress. Mr. King probably voted for slavery legislation, and against Missouri's admission, while Mr. Pickens probably voted against slavery prohibition, and against an admission. By this Mr. King showed that, in his understanding, he was voting in aid from Federal authority, and assisting in the Constitution was made by Congress prohibiting slavery in Federal territory — while Mr. Pickens, by his vote, showed that, in his understanding, there was some sufficient reason for imposing such prohibition on that case.

The same I have ascertained from the only one of the "thirty-one" to be any of them, upon the thirty-one — which I have been able to ascertain.

To ascertains the persons who voted against slavery from 1789, (from 1787) seventeen in 1789, (from 1787) two in 1791, and twenty in 1819 — there would be thirty out of thirty. Two this would be counted John Comstock, Roger Sherman, William P. Hall, Rufus King, and George Read each twice, and Abraham Baldwin had three. The remainder of those in the "thirty-one" whom I have checked have voted upon the question, and by the text they understand every thing which is twenty-one, but no one else is shown to have acted upon that day.

Here, then, we have twenty-one out of our "thirty-one" persons who framed the government understood we live who have upon their political responsibility and their conduct laid the rest upon his responsibility under the text affirms they "understand" as well, and understand that we do now" — and twenty-one of them — — — — — majority in the "thirty-one" — — — — — acting upon it as to make those twenty or gross political impropriety and willful perjury if in their understanding any proper discussion, honest and Federal authority, or any thing of the Constitution and its fundamental law and sworn to support, forbids the Federal Government to count as its every in the Federal Territory. Thus the twenty-one — — — — — and if we may speak louder than words, or actions under such responsibility upon and louder.

Two of the twenty-three would be the congressional prohibition of slavery in the Federal Territory by the addition of which they would reject the question — but for what reason they are unable to say. They may have done so because they thought a poorer discussion had been Federal authority, or some provision or principle of the Constitution, good in the way of they

I would say to them, You consider yourselves a reasonable and a just people; and I consider, that, in the general qualities of reason and justice, you are not inferior to any other people. Still, when you speak of us Republicans, you do so only to denounce us as reptiles, or, at the best, as no better than outlaws. You will grant a hearing to pirates or murderers, but nothing like it to "Black Republicans." In all your contentions with one another, each of you deems an unconditional condemnation of "Black Republicanism" as the first step to be attended to. Indeed, such condemnation of us seems to be an indispensable prerequisite — license, so to speak — among you to be admitted or permitted to speak at all.

Now can you, or not, be prevailed upon to pause and to consider whether this is quite just to us, or even to yourselves?

Bring forward your charges and specifications, and then be patient long enough to hear us deny or justify.

You say we are sectional. We deny it. That makes an issue; and the burden of proof is upon you. You produce your proof; and what is it? Why, that our party has no existence in your section, — gets no votes in your section. The fact is substantially true; but does it prove the issue? If it does, then in case we should, without change of principle, begin to get votes in your section, we should thereby cease to be sectional. You cannot escape this conclusion; and yet are you willing to abide by it? If you are, you will probably soon find that we have ceased to be sectional, for we shall get votes in your section this very year. You will then begin to discover, as the truth plainly is, that your proof does not touch the issue. The fact that we get no votes in your section is a fact of your making, and not of ours. And if there be fault in that fact, that fault is primarily yours, and remains so until you show that we repel you by some wrong principle or practice. If we do repel you by any wrong principle or practice, the fault is ours; but this brings us to where you ought to have started, — to a discussion of the right or wrong of our principle. If our principle, put in practice, would wrong your section for the benefit of ours, or for any other object, then our principle, and we with it, are sectional, and are justly opposed and denounced as such. Meet us, then, on the question of whether our principle, put in practice, would wrong your section; and so meet it as if it were possible that something may be said on our side. Do you accept the challenge? No? Then you really believe that the principle which our fathers, who framed the government under which we live, thought so clearly right as to adopt it, and indorse it again and again upon their official oaths, is, in fact, so clearly wrong as to demand your condemnation without a moment's consideration.

Some of you delight to flout in our faces the warning against sectional parties given by Washington in his Farewell Address. Less than eight years before Washington gave that warning, he had, as President of the United States, approved and signed an act of Congress enforcing the prohibi-

Executive authority in the North-western Territory, which act embodied the policy of the Government upon that subject up to and at the very moment we passed that warning; and about one year after he penned it he wrote Tallmadge that he considered that prohibition a wise measure, expressing, in the same connection, his hope that we should some time have a confederacy of Free States.

Seeing this in 1804, and seeing that sectionalism has since arisen upon this same subject, is this warning a weapon in your hands against us, or in our hands against you? Could Washington himself speak, would he cast the blame of our sectionalism upon us, who sustain his policy; or upon you, who repudiate it? We respect that warning of Washington; and we commend it to you, together with his example pointing to the right application of it.

Did you say you are conservative, — eminently conservative; while we are revolutionary, destructive, or something of the sort. What is conservatism? It is not adherence to the old and tried against the new and untried. We seek to contend for, the identical old policy on the point in controversy which was adopted by our fathers who framed the government under which we live; while you, with one accord, reject and spit upon our old policy, and insist upon substituting something new. True, you disagree among yourselves as to what that substitute shall be. You have a hundred different varieties of new propositions and plans; but you are unanimous in rejecting and denouncing the old policy of the fathers. Some of you are for reviving the foreign slave-trade; some for a Congressional Slave-code for the Territories; some for Congress forbidding the Territories to prohibit slavery within their limits; some for maintaining slavery in the Territories through the judiciary; some for the "greatest principle" that, "no man would be slave-master, no third man should object," fantastically called "popular sovereignty;" but never a man among you in favor of Federal prohibition of slavery in Federal Territories, according to the promise of our fathers, who framed the government under which we live. No one of all your various plans can show a precedent or an advocate in the country within which our Government originated. Consider, then, whether your claim of conservatism for yourselves, and your charge of inconsistency against us, are based on the most clear and stable foundations.

Again you say we have made the slavery question more prominent than it formerly was. We deny it. We admit that it is more prominent, but we deny that we made it so. It was not we, but you, who discarded the old policy of our fathers. We resisted, and still resist, your innovation; and hence comes the greater prominence of the question. Would you have that question returned to its former proportions? Go back to that old policy. What has time will be again, under the same conditions. If you would have the power of the old times, re-adopt the precepts and policy of the old times.

You charge that we stir up insurrections among your slaves. We deny it. And what is your proof? Harper's Ferry! John Brown! John Brown was no Republican; and you have failed to implicate a single Republican in his Harper's Ferry enterprise. If any member of our party is guilty in that matter, you know it, or you do not know it. If you do know it, you are inexcusable to not designate the man, and prove the fact. If you do not know it, you are inexcusable to assert it, and especially to persist in the assertion after you have tried and failed to make the proof. You need not be told that persisting in a charge which one does not know to be true is simply malicious slander.

Some of you admit that no Republican designedly aided or encouraged the Harper's-Ferry affair, but still insist that our doctrines and declarations necessarily lead to such results. We do not believe it. We know we hold to no doctrine, and make no declarations, which were not held to and made by our fathers, who framed the government under which we live. You never deal fairly by us in relation to this affair. When it occurred, some important State elections were near at hand; and you were in evident glee with the belief, that, by charging the blame upon us, you could get an advantage of us in those elections. The elections came; and your expectations were not quite fulfilled. Every Republican man knew, that, as to himself at least, your charge was a slander, and he was not much inclined by it to cast his vote in your favor. Republican doctrines and declarations are accompanied with a continual protest against any interference whatever with your slaves, or with you about your slaves. Surely this does not encourage them to revolt. True, we do, in common with our fathers who framed the government under which we live, declare our belief that slavery is wrong; but the slaves do not hear us declare even this. For any thing we say or do, the slaves would scarcely know there is a Republican party. I believe they would not, in fact, generally know it but for your misrepresentations of us in their hearing. In your political contest among yourselves, each faction charges the other with sympathy with Black Republicanism; and then, to give point to the charge, defines Black Republicanism to simply be insurrection, blood, and thunder among the slaves.

Slave insurrections are no more common now than they were before the Republican party was organized. What induced the Southampton Insurrection, twenty-eight years ago, in which, at least, three times as many lives were lost as at Harper's Ferry? You can scarcely stretch your very elastic fancy to the conclusion that Southampton was got up by Black Republicanism. In the present state of things in the United States, I do not think a general, or even a very extensive slave insurrection, is possible. The indispensable concert of action cannot be attained. The slaves have no means of rapid communication; nor can incendiary free men, black or white, supply it. The explosive materials are everywhere in parcels; but there neither are, nor can be supplied, the indispensable connecting trains.

likely to win the Southern people about the affliction of slaves for their country and themselves; and a part of it, at least, is true. A plot for an insurrection could scarcely be devised and communicated to twenty individuals and would one of them be saved the life of a favorite master or mistress, would it succeed? This is the rule; and the slave-revolution in Hayti was success attending to it, but a case occurring under peculiar circumstances. The celebrated pilot of British history, though not connected with the slaves, was once so treated. In that case, only about twenty were admitted to the secret, and yet one of them, in his anxiety to save a friend, betrayed the whole, and yet one of his consequences, averted the calamity. Occasional quarrels from the kitchen, and open or stealthy assassinations in the field, and long marches amounting to a score or so, will continue to occur as the source of trouble of slavery; but no general insurrection of slaves, as I think, can happen in this country for a long time. Whoever much fears, or much hopes for such an event will be alike disappointed.

In the language of Mr. Jefferson, uttered many years ago, "It is still in our power to reverse the process of emancipation and deportation peaceably and to settle slow steps, as that the evil will wear off insensibly; and their places, as yet vacant, filled up by free white laborers. If, on the contrary, a violent insurrection should on human nature must shudder at the prospect held out."

Mr. Jefferson did not mean to say, nor do I, that the power of emancipation is in the Federal Government. He spoke of Virginia; and, as to the power of non-resistance, I speak of the slaveholding States only.

The Federal Government, however, as we insist, has the power of restraining the extension of the institution. — the power to insure that a slave insurrection shall never occur on any American soil which is now free from slavery.

John Brown's effort was peculiar. It was not a slave insurrection. It was an attempt by white men to get up a revolt among slaves, in which the slaves refused to participate. In fact, it was so absurd that the slaves, with all their intelligence, saw plainly enough it could not succeed. That affair, in our philosophy corresponds with the many attempts, related in history, at the assassination of kings and emperors. An enthusiast broods over the oppression of a people till he fancies himself commissioned by Heaven to attempt their liberation. He ventures the attempt, which ends in little else than in increasing oppression. Orsini's attempt on Louis Napoleon, and John Brown's attempt at Harper's Ferry, were, in their philosophy, precisely the same. The readiness to cast blame on old England in the one case, and on New England in the other, does not disprove the sameness of the two things.

— And how much would it avail you, if you could, by the use of John Brown, Falger's book, and the like, break up the Republican organization? Human actions can be modified to some extent; but human nature cannot be changed. There is a judgment and a feeling against slavery in this

nation, which cast at least a million and a half of votes. You cannot destroy that judgment and feeling, that sentiment, by breaking up the political organization which rallies around it. You can scarcely scatter and disperse an army which has been formed into order in the face of your heaviest fire; but, if you could, how much would you gain by forcing the sentiment which created it out of the peaceful channel of the ballot-box, into some other channel? What would that other channel probably be? Would the number of John Browns be lessened or enlarged by the operation?

But you will break up the Union rather than submit to a denial of your constitutional rights.

That has a somewhat reckless sound; but it would be palliated, if not fully justified, were we proposing by the mere force of numbers to deprive you of some right plainly written down in the Constitution. But we are proposing no such thing.

When you make these declarations, you have a specific and well-understood allusion to an assumed constitutional right of yours to take slaves into the Federal Territories, and hold them there as property; but no such right is specifically written in the Constitution. That instrument is literally silent about any such right. We, on the contrary, deny that such a right has any existence in the Constitution, even by implication.

Your purpose then, plainly stated, is, that you will destroy the government, unless you be allowed to construe and enforce the Constitution as you please on all points in dispute between you and us. You will rule or ruin in all events.

This, plainly stated, is your language to us. Perhaps you will say the Supreme Court has decided the disputed constitutional question in your favor. Not quite so. But waiving the lawyer's distinction between dictum and decision, the courts have decided the question for you in a sort of way. The courts have substantially said, it is your constitutional right to take slaves into the Federal Territories, and to hold them there as property.

When I say the decision was made in a sort of way, I mean it was made in a divided court by a bare majority of the judges, and they not quite agreeing with one another in the reasons for making it; that it is so made as that its avowed supporters disagree with one another about its meaning, and that it was mainly based upon a mistaken statement of fact, — the statement in the opinion that "the right of property in a slave is distinctly and expressly affirmed in the Constitution."

An inspection of the Constitution will show that the right of property in a slave is not distinctly and expressly affirmed in it. Bear in mind, the judges do not pledge their judicial opinion that such right is impliedly affirmed in the Constitution; but they pledge their veracity that it is distinctly and expressly affirmed there, — "distinctly," that is, not mingled with any thing else; "expressly," that is, in words meaning just that, without the aid of any inference, and susceptible of no other meaning.

Will they be satisfied if the Territories be unconditionally surrendered to them? We know they will not. In all their present complaints against us, the Territories are scarcely mentioned. Invasions and insurrections are the rage now. Will it satisfy them if, in the future, we have nothing to do with invasions and insurrections? We know it will not. We so know because we know we never had any thing to do with invasions and insurrections; and yet this total abstaining does not exempt us from the charge and the denunciation.

The question recurs, what will satisfy them? Simply this: We must not only let them alone, but we must, somehow, convince them that we do let them alone. This we know by experience is no easy task. We have been so trying to convince them from the very beginning of our organization, but with no success. In all our platforms and speeches we have constantly protested our purpose to let them alone; but this has had no tendency to convince them. Alike unavailing to convince them is the fact that they have never detected a man of us in any attempt to disturb them.

These natural, and apparently adequate means all failing, what will convince them? This, and this only: cease to call slavery *wrong*, and join them in calling it *right*. And this must be done thoroughly,—done in *acts* as well as in *words*. Silence will not be tolerated: we must place ourselves avowedly with them. Douglas's new sedition law must be enacted and enforced, suppressing all declarations that slavery is wrong, whether made in politics, in presses, in pulpits, or in private. We must arrest and return their fugitive slaves with greedy pleasure. We must pull down our Free-State Constitutions. The whole atmosphere must be disinfected from all taint of opposition to slavery, before they will cease to believe that all their troubles proceed from us.

I am quite aware they do not state their ease precisely in this way. Most of them would probably say to us, "Let us alone, do nothing to us, and say what you please about slavery." But we do let them alone, have never disturbed them; so that, after all, it is what we say which dissatisfies them. They will continue to accuse us of doing until we cease saying.

I am also aware they have not as yet, in terms, demanded the overthrow of our Free-State constitutions. Yet those constitutions declare the wrong of slavery with more solemn emphasis than do all other sayings against it; and when all these other sayings shall have been silenced, the overthrow of these constitutions will be demanded, and nothing be left to resist the demand. It is nothing to the contrary, that they do not demand the whole of this just now. Demanding what they do, and for the reason they do, they can voluntarily stop nowhere short of this consummation. Holding, as they do, that slavery is morally right, and socially elevating, they cannot cease to demand a full national recognition of it, as a legal right and a social blessing.

Nor can we justifiably withhold this on any ground, save our convicti@

that slavery is wrong. If slavery is right, all words, acts, laws, and constitutions against it are themselves wrong, and should be silenced and swept away. If it is right, we cannot justly object to its nationality, its universality, if it is wrong, they cannot justly insist upon its extension, its abridgment. All they ask, we could readily grant, if we thought slavery right; and we ask, they could as readily grant, if they thought it wrong. Their thinking it right, and our thinking it wrong, is the precise fact upon which depends the whole controversy. Thinking it right, as they do, they are not to blame for desiring its full recognition, as being right; but thinking it wrong, as we do, can we yield to them? Can we cast our votes with the wrong, and against our own? In view of our moral, social, and political responsibilities, can we do this?

Wrong as we think slavery is, we can yet afford to let it alone where it is, because that mischief is due to the necessity arising from its actual presence in the States; but can we, while our votes will prevent it, allow it to spread into the Territories, and to overrun us here in these Free States?

It our sense of duty forbids this, then let us stand by our duty fearlessly and consistently. Let us be diverted by none of those sophistical contrivances wherewith we are so industriously plied and belabored,—contrivances such as groping for some middle ground between the right and the wrong, vain as the search for a man who should be neither a living man nor a dead man,—such as a policy of “don't care” on a question about which all true men do care,—such as Union appeals beseeching true Union men to yield to Disunionists, reversing the divine rule, and calling, not the sinners, but the righteous, to repentance,—such as invocations to Washington, imploring him to verify what Washington said, and undo what Washington did.

Nor let us be slandered from our duty by false accusations against us, nor frightened from it by menaces of destruction to the Government, nor of dungeons to ourselves. Let us have faith that right makes might; and in that faith, let us, to the end, dare to do our duty as we understand it.

The next morning “The Tribune” presented a report of the speech, but, in doing so, said, “the tones, the gestures, the kindling eye, and the mirth-provoking look defy the reporter's skill. . . . No man ever before made such an impression on his first appeal to a New York audience.” “The Evening Post” said, “We have made room for Mr. Lincoln's speech, notwithstanding the pressure of other matters, and our readers will see that it was well worthy of the deep attention with which it was heard.” For the publication of each argument the editor was “tempted to wish”

that his columns "were indefinitely elastic." And these are but fair evidences of the general tone of the press.

Mr. Lincoln was much annoyed, after his return home, by the allegation that he had sold a "political speech," and had been generally governed by mercenary motives in his Eastern trip. Being asked to explain it, he answered as follows:—

SPRINGFIELD, April 6, 1860.

C. F. McNEILL, Esq.

Dear Sir, — Reaching home yesterday, I found yours of the 23d March, enclosing a slip from "The Middleport Press." It is not true that I ever charged any thing for a political speech in my life; but this much is true. Last October I was requested by letter to deliver some sort of speech in Mr. Beecher's church in Brooklyn, — \$200 being offered in the first letter. I wrote that I could do it in February, provided they would take a political speech if I could find time to get up no other. They agreed; and subsequently I informed them the speech would have to be a political one. When I reached New York, I, for the first, learned that the place was changed to "Cooper Institute." I made the speech, and left for New Hampshire, where I have a son at school, neither asking for pay nor having any offered me. Three days after, a check for \$200 was sent to me at N.H.; and I took it, and *did not know it was wrong*. My understanding now is, though I knew nothing of it at the time, that they did charge for admittance at the Cooper Institute, and that they took in more than twice \$200.

I have made this explanation to you as a friend; but I wish no explanation made to our enemies. What they want is a squabble and a fuss; and that they can have if we explain; and they cannot have it if we don't.

When I returned through New York from New England, I was told by the gentlemen who sent me the check, that a drunken vagabond in the club, having learned something about the \$200, made the exhibition out of which "The Herald" manufactured the article quoted by "The Press" of your town.

My judgment is, and therefore my request is, that you give no denial, and no explanations.

Thanking you for your kind interest in the matter, I remain

Yours truly,

A. LINCOLN.

From New York Mr. Lincoln travelled into New England, to visit his son Robert, who was a student at Harvard; but he was overwhelmed with invitations to address Republican meetings. In Connecticut he spoke at Hartford,

Stamford, New Haven, Meriden, and Bridgeport; in Rhode Island, at Woonsocket; in New Hampshire, at Concord and Manchester. Everywhere the people poured out in multitudes, and the press lavished encomiums. Upon his speech at Manchester: "The Mirror," a neutral paper, passed the following criticisms of his style of oratory, — criticisms dearer enough to the people of his own State: "He spoke an hour and a half with great fairness, great apparent candour, and with wonderful interest. He did not attack the South, the administration, or the Democrats, or indulge in any personalities, with the exception of a few bits of Douglas's notions. He is far from prepossessing in personal appearance, and his voice is disagreeable; and yet he wins your attention and good-will from the start. . . . He adds in no flowers of rhetoric, no eloquent passages. He is not a wit, a humorist, or a clown; yet so great a vein of pleasantry and good-nature pervades what he says, gilding over a deep current of practical argument, he keeps his hearers in a smiling mood, with their mouths open ready to swallow all he says. His sense of the ludicrous is very keen; and an exhibition of that is the clincher of all his arguments, — not the ludicrous acts of persons, but ludicrous ideas. Hence he is never offensive, and steals away willingly into his train of belief persons who were opposed to him. For the first half-hour his opponents would agree with every word he uttered; and from that point he began to lead them off little by little, until it seemed as if he had got them all into his trap. He displays more shrewdness, more knowledge of the masses of mankind, than any public speaker we have heard since Long Jim Wilson left for California."

On the morning after the Norwich speech, Mr. Lincoln was met, as it is said to have been met, in the ears by a preacher, one Gulliver, — a name suggestive of fictions. Gulliver says he told Mr. Lincoln that he thought his speech "the most remarkable one he ever heard." Lincoln doubted his sincerity; but Gulliver persisted. "Indeed, sir," said he, "I know more of the art of public speaking last evening than

I could from a whole course of lectures on rhetoric." Lincoln found he had in hand a clerical sycophant, and a little politician at that, — a class of beings whom he most heartily despised. Whereupon he began to quiz the fellow, and told him, for a most "remarkable circumstance," that the professors of Yale College were running all around after him, taking notes of his speeches, and lecturing about him to the classes. "Now," continued he, "I should like very much to know what it was in my speech which you thought so remarkable, and which interested my friend the professor so much?" Gulliver was equal to the occasion, and answered with an opinion which Mr. Bunsby might have delivered, and died, leaving to the world a reputation perfected by that single saying. "The clearness of your statements," said Gulliver, "the unanswerable style of your reasoning, and especially your illustrations, which were romance and pathos, and fun and logic, all welded together." Gulliver closed the interview with the cant peculiar to his kind. "Mr. Lincoln," said he, "may I say one thing to you before we separate?" — "Certainly; any thing you please," replied the good-natured old Abe. "You have just spoken," preached Gulliver, "of the tendency of political life in Washington to debase the moral convictions of our representatives there by the admixture of mere political expediency. You have become, by the controversy with Mr. Douglas, one of our leaders in this great struggle with slavery, which is undoubtedly the struggle of the nation and the age. What I would like to say is this, and I say it with a full heart: Be true to your principles; *and we will be true to you, and God will be true to us all.*" To which modest, pious, and original observation, Mr. Lincoln responded, "I say Amen to that! Amen to that!"

CHAPTER XVIII.

IT WAS NOT UNTIL May 9 and 10 that the Republican State Convention of Illinois met at Decatur. Mr. Lincoln was present, and is said to have been there as a mere "spectator." He had no special interest in the proceedings, and appears to have had no notion that any business relating to him was to be conducted that day. It was a very large and spirited body, comprising an immense number of delegates, among whom were the most brilliant, as well as the shrewdest men on the party. It was evident that something of more than usual importance was expected to transpire. A few moments after the convention organized, "Old Abe" was seen squatting, or sitting on his heels, just within the door of the Wigwam. Gov. Oglesby rose and said amid increasing silence, "I am informed that a distinguished citizen of Illinois, and one whom Illinois will ever delight to honor, is present; and I wish to move that this body invite him to a seat on the stand." Here the governor paused, as if to tease and dally, and work curiosity up to the highest point; but at length he shouted the magic name "*Abraham Lincoln!*" Not a shout, but a roar of applause, long and deep, shook every board and joist of the Wigwam. The motion was seconded and passed. A rush was made for the hero that sat on his heels. He was seized, and jerked to his feet. An effort was made to "carry him through the crowd" to his place of honor on the stage; but the crowd was too dense, and it failed. Then he was "trussed," — lifted up bodily, — and lay for a few seconds sprawling and kicking upon the heads and shoulders of



UNCLE JOHN HANKS.

the great throng. In this manner he was gradually pushed toward the stand, and finally reached it, doubtless to his great relief, "in the arms of some half-dozen gentlemen," who set him down in full view of his clamorous admirers. "The cheering was like the roar of the sea. Hats were thrown up by the Chicago delegation, as if hats were no longer useful." Mr. Lincoln rose, bowed, smiled, blushed, and thanked the assembly as well as he could in the midst of such a tumult. A gentleman who saw it all says, "I then thought him one of the most diffident and worst-plagued men I ever saw."

At another stage of the proceedings, Gov. Oglesby rose again with another provoking and mysterious speech. "There was," he said, "an old Democrat outside who had something he wished to present to this Convention." — "Receive it!" "Receive it!" cried some. "What is it?" "What is it?" screamed some of the lower Egyptians, who had an idea the old Democrat might want to blow them up with an infernal machine. But the party for Oglesby and the old Democrat was the stronger, and carried the vote with a tremendous hurrah. The door of the Wigwam opened; and a fine, robust old fellow, with an open countenance and bronzed cheeks, marched into the midst of the assemblage, bearing on his shoulder "two small triangular heart rails," surmounted by a banner with this inscription: —

TWO RAILS,

FROM A LOT MADE BY ABRAHAM LINCOLN AND JOHN HANKS, IN
"H" SANGAMON BOTTOM, IN THE YEAR 1830.

The sturdy bearer was old John Hanks himself, enjoying the great field-day of his life. He was met with wild and tumultuous cheers, prolonged through several minutes; and it was observed that the Chicago and Central-Illinois men put up the loudest and longest. The whole scene was for a time simply tempestuous and bewildering. But it ended at last; and now the whole body, those in the secret and those out of it, clamored like men beside themselves for a speech from Mr.

1858, Mr. Herndon had been to Boston partly, if not entirely, on this mission; and latterly Judge Davis, Leonard Swett, and others had visited Ohio, Indiana, Pennsylvania, and Maryland in his behalf. Illinois was, of course, overwhelmingly and vociferously for him.

On the 16th of May, the Republican Convention assembled at Chicago. The city was literally crammed with delegates, alternates, "outside workers," and spectators. No nominating convention had ever before attracted such multitudes to the scene of its deliberations.

The first and second days were spent in securing a permanent organization, and the adoption of a platform. The latter set out by reciting the Declaration of Independence as to the equality of all men, not forgetting the usual quotation about the right to "life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness." The third resolution denounced disunion in any possible event; the fourth declared the right of each State to "order and control its own domestic institutions according to its own judgment exclusively;" the fifth denounced the administration and its treatment of Kansas, as well as its general support of the supposed rights of the South under the Constitution; the sixth favored "economy;" the seventh denied the "new dogma, that the Constitution, of its own force, carries slavery into any or all of the Territories of the United States;" the eighth denied the "authority of Congress, of a Territorial Legislature, or of any individuals, to give legal existence to slavery in any Territory of the United States;" the ninth called the African slave-trade a "burning shame;" the tenth denounced the governors of Kansas and Nebraska for vetoing certain antislavery bills; the eleventh favored the admission of Kansas; the twelfth was a high-tariff manifesto, and a general stump speech to the mechanics; the thirteenth lauded the Homestead policy; the fourteenth opposed any Federal or State legislation "by which the rights of citizenship, hitherto accorded to immigrants from foreign lands, shall be abridged or impaired," with some pretty words, intended as a further bid for the foreign vote; the fifteenth declared for

“new and harbor improvements,” and the sixteenth for a “Pacific Railroad.” It was a very comprehensive “platform;” not, it was claimed, for whom planks were provided should be permitted to stand upon them, there could be no failure in the election.

On the third day the balloting for a candidate was to begin. Up to the evening of the second day, Mr. Seward's prospects were far the best. It was certain that he would receive the largest vote on the first ballot; and outside of the name itself the “crowd” for him was more numerous and numerous than for any other, except Mr. Lincoln. For Mr. Lincoln, however, the “pressure” from the multitude, in the Wigwam, in the streets, and in the hotels, was tremendous. It was sufficiently accounted for by the fact that the “spot” was Chicago, and the State Illinois. Besides the vast numbers who came there voluntarily to urge his claims, and to cheer for him as the exigency demanded, his adherents had industriously “drummed up” their forces in the city and country, and were now able to make infinitely more noise than all the other parties put together. There was a large delegation of men there for Mr. Seward, headed by Tom Henry, the puglist. These, and others like them, filled the Wigwam toward the evening of the second day in expectation that the voting would begin. The Lincoln party found it easy and unobtrusive to call a check to that game. They spent the whole night in mustering and organizing their “free” followers from far and near, and at daylight the next morning “took charge” of the Wigwam, filling every available space, and such that they had no business to fill. As a result the Seward men were unable to get in, and were forced to content themselves with curbstone enthusiasm.

Mr. Lincoln seemed to be very sure, all along, that the contest would be ultimately between him and Mr. Seward. The “Barn-burners” were supposed to be conservative, that is, anti-Union men; and the object of the move in favor of Mr. Bates was to deliver the radical tone of the party, and save the votes of genuine “Union men” who might otherwise be

against it. But a Seward man had telegraphed to St. Louis, to the friends of Mr. Bates, to say that Lincoln was as bad as Seward, and to urge them to go for Mr. Seward in case their own favorite should fail. The despatch was printed in "The Missouri Democrat" but was not brought to Mr. Lincoln's attention until the meeting of the Convention. He immediately caught up the paper, and "wrote on its broad margin," "Lincoln agrees with Seward in his irrepressible-conflict idea, and in negro equality; but he is opposed to Seward's Higher Law." With this he immediately despatched a friend to Chicago, who handed it to Judge Davis or Judge Logan.

Simon Cameron of Pennsylvania was nominally a candidate; but in the language of Col. McClure, "it meant nothing: it was a mere sham, got up to enable Cameron to make a bargain with some real candidate, and thus secure for himself and his friends the lion's share of the spoils in the event of a victory at the polls. The genuine sentiment of the Pennsylvania delegation was divided between Judge Bates and Judge McLean. But Cameron was in a fine position to trade, and his friends were anxious for business. On the evening of the second day, these gentlemen were gratified. A deputation of them — Casey, Sanderson, Reeder, and perhaps others — were invited to the Lincoln Head-quarters at the Tremont House, where they were met by Messrs. Davis, Swett, Logan, and Dole, on the part of Mr. Lincoln. An agreement was there made, that, if the Cameron men would go for Lincoln, and he should be nominated and elected, Cameron should have a seat in his Cabinet, *provided* the Pennsylvania delegation could be got to recommend him. The bargain was fulfilled, but not without difficulty. Cameron's strength was more apparent than real. There was, however, "a certain class of the delegates under his immediate influence;" and these, with the aid of Mr. Wilmot and his friends, who were honestly for Lincoln, managed to carry the delegation by a very small majority, — "about six."

About the same time a similar bargain was made with the friends of Caleb B. Smith of Indiana; and with these two

could scarcely contain Mr. Lincoln men full strong and gathered on the morning of the third day.

While the candidates were being named, and when the ballots for Lewis every mention of Mr. Lincoln's name was greeted with thundering shouts by the vast mass of his adherents, to whom the names had been passed. In the previous day, the "conservative position" was all in his favor. On the first ballot, Mr. Seward had 174; Mr. Cass, 102; Mr. Lincoln, 89; Mr. Chase, 49; Mr. Bates, 48; Mr. McLean, 14; Mr. Wilson, 12; Mr. Colburn, 10; and 9 votes scattered. Mr. Casson, a man of ordinary intelligence, having been the private confidante of Mr. Seward, had 781; Mr. Lincoln, 187; Mr. Chase, 423; Mr. Bates, 86; Mr. Dixon, 10; Mr. McLean, 8; and the rest scattered. It was found that the nomination for Governor Mr. Seward had Mr. Lincoln, and the latter was receiving great personal attention. The third ballot came, and Mr. Lincoln, after rapidly rising 2000 votes, 208 being the number captured by opposition. He had 6000 votes, and it was well known without any announcement, that Mr. Lincoln had but a vote and a half to receive on the fourth. At this juncture, Mr. Casson of what rank, and standing had voted for Mr. Chase for Mr. Lincoln. He was nominated. The Wigwag stood in its formation with the many others. The multitude in the streets witnessed the multitude going and in a moment there all the local exhibitions of a large crowd dressed the consideration. After a long and anxious of the nomination proceeded and great excitement. All the news had had to report from east ground Mr. Lincoln was not far from before this ballot concluded, and upon receipt of the nomination was made manifest. The procession then dispersed by drawing and by the numerous meetings took by the nomination of Abraham Lincoln of Illinois as Vice-President.

All this day and all the day previous Mr. Lincoln was in Springfield trying to hurry as usual, but watching the proceedings of the Convention as they were reported by tele-

graph, with nervous anxiety. Mr. Baker, the friend who had taken "The Missouri Democrat" to Chicago with Mr. Lincoln's pregnant indorsement upon it, returned on the night of the 18th. Early in the morning, he and Mr. Lincoln went to the bill-alley to play at "fives;" but the alley was pre-engaged. They went to an "excellent and neat beer saloon" to play a game of billiards; but the table was occupied. In this strait they contented themselves with a glass of beer, and repaired to "The Journal" office for news.

C. P. Brown says that Lincoln played ball a great deal that day, notwithstanding the disappointment when he went with Baker; and Mr. Zane informs us that he was engaged in the same way the greater part of the day previous. It is probable that he took this physical mode of working off or keeping down the unnatural excitement that threatened to possess him.

About nine o'clock in the morning, Mr. Lincoln came to the office of Lincoln & Herndon. Mr. Zane was then conversing with a student. "Well, boys," said Mr. Lincoln, "what do you know?" — "Mr. Rosette," answered Zane, "who came from Chicago this morning, thinks your chances for the nomination are good." Mr. Lincoln wished to know what Mr. Rosette's opinion was founded upon; and, while Zane was explaining, Mr. Baker entered with a telegram, "which said the names of the candidates for nomination had been announced," and that Mr. Lincoln's had been received with more applause than any other. Mr. Lincoln lay down on a sofa to rest. Soon after, Mr. Brown entered; and Mr. Lincoln said to him, "Well, Brown, do you know any thing?" Brown did not know much; and so Mr. Lincoln, secretly nervous and impatient, rose and exclaimed, "Let's go to the telegraph-office." After waiting some time at the office, the result of the first ballot came over the wire. It was apparent to all present that Mr. Lincoln thought it very favorable. He believed that if Mr. Seward failed to get the nomination, or to "come very near it," on the first ballot, he would fail

and invited into his house everybody that could get in. To this the immense crowd responded that they would give him a larger house the next year, and in the mean time beset the one he had until after midnight.

On the following day the Committee of the Convention, with Mr. Ashmun, the president, at its head, arrived at Springfield to notify Mr. Lincoln of his nomination. Contrary to what might have been expected, he seemed sad and dejected. The re-action from excessive joy to deep despondency—a process peculiar to his constitution—had already set in. To the formal address of the Committee, he responded with admirable taste and feeling:—

“MR. CHAIRMAN AND GENTLEMEN OF THE COMMITTEE.—I tender to you, and through you to the Republican National Convention, and all the people represented in it, my profoundest thanks for the high honor done me, which you now formally announce. Deeply and even painfully sensible of the great responsibility which is inseparable from this high honor,—a responsibility which I could almost wish had fallen upon some one of the far more eminent men and experienced statesmen whose distinguished names were before the Convention, I shall, by your leave, consider more fully the resolutions of the Convention, denominated the platform, and, without unnecessary and unreasonable delay, respond to you, Mr. Chairman, in writing, not doubting that the platform will be found satisfactory and the nomination gratefully accepted. And now I will not longer defer the pleasure of taking you, and each of you, by the hand.”

The Committee handed him a letter containing the official notice, accompanied by the resolutions of the Convention, and to this he replied on the 23d as follows:—

SPRINGFIELD, ILL., May 23, 1860.

HON. GEORGE ASHMUN, PRESIDENT OF THE REPUBLICAN NATIONAL CONVENTION.

Sir,—I accept the nomination tendered me by the Convention over which you presided, and of which I am formally apprised in due honor of yourself and others, acting as a Committee of the Convention for that purpose.

The declaration of principles and sentiments which accompanied your letter meets my approval; and it shall be my care not to violate or disregard it in any part.

Court upon the questions of constitutional law," — a pledge supposed to be of little value, since those who gave it were that moment in the very act of repudiating the only decision the Court had ever rendered. The minority report was adopted after a protracted and acrimonious debate, by a vote of one hundred and sixty-five to one hundred and thirty-eight. Thereupon the Southern delegates, most of them under instructions from their State conventions, withdrew, and organized themselves into a separate convention. The remaining delegates, called "the rump" by their Democratic adversaries, proceeded to ballot for a candidate for President, and voted fifty-seven times without effecting a nomination. Mr. Douglas, of course, received the highest number of votes; but, the old two-thirds rule being in force, he failed of a nomination. Mr. Guthrie of Kentucky was his principal competitor: but at one time and another Mr. Hunter of Virginia, Gen. Lane of Oregon, and Mr. Johnson of Tennessee, received flattering and creditable votes. After the fifty-seventh ballot, the Convention adjourned to meet at Baltimore on the 18th of June.

The seceders met in another hall, adopted the majority platform, as the adhering delegates had adopted the minority platform, and then adjourned to meet at Richmond on the second Monday in June. Fant hopes of accommodation were still entertained; and, when the seceders met at Richmond, they adjourned again to Baltimore, and the 28th of June.

The Douglas Convention, assuming to be the regular one, had invited the Southern States to fill up the vacant seats which belonged to them; but, when the new delegates appeared, they were met with the apprehension that their votes might not be perfectly secure for Mr. Douglas, and were therefore, in many instances, lawlessly excluded. This was the signal for another secession, the Border States withdrew; Mr. Butler and the Massachusetts delegation withdrew; Mr. Cushing deserted the chair, and took that of the rival Convention. The "regular" Convention, it was said, was now "the rump of a rump."

was now clear that that majority was fatally bent upon wasting its power in the bitter struggles of the Elections which composed it. Mr. Lincoln's election was assured; and for them there was nothing left but to put the house in order for the great convulsion which all our political fathers and prophets had predicted as the necessary consequence of such an event.

On the 6th of November, Abraham Lincoln was elected President of the United States. He received 1,857,610 votes; Mr. Douglas had 1,291,574; Mr. Breckinridge, 850,982; Mr. Bell, 646,124. Against Mr. Lincoln there was a majority of 930,170 of all the votes cast. Of the electoral votes, Mr. Lincoln had 180; Mr. Breckinridge, 72; Mr. Bell, 30; and Mr. Douglas, 12. It is more than likely that Mr. Lincoln owed this, his crowning triumph, to the skill and adroitness with which he questioned Mr. Douglas in the canvass of 1858, and drew out of him those fatal opinions about "squatter sovereignty" and "unfriendly legislation" in the Territories. But for Mr. Douglas's consent to those opinions, it is not likely that Mr. Lincoln would ever have been President.

The election over, Mr. Lincoln was surely beset by office-seekers. Individuals, deputations, "delegations," from all quarters, pressed in upon him in a manner that might have killed a man of less robust constitution. The hotels of Springfield were filled with gentlemen who came with light baggage and heavy schemes. The party had never been in office: a "clean sweep" of the "ins" was expected; and all the "outs" were patriotically anxious to take the vacant places. It was a party that had never fed, and it was voraciously hungry. Mr. Lincoln and Artemus Ward saw a great deal of fun in it; and in all human probability it was the fun alone that enabled Mr. Lincoln to bear it.

Judge Davis says that Mr. Lincoln had determined to appoint "Democrats and Republicans alike to office." Many things confirm this statement. Mr. Lincoln felt deeply the responsibility of his great trust; and he felt still more keenly

treating. He had authorized no one to make such bargains for him as had been made with the friends of these men. He would gladly have repudiated the contracts, if it could have been done with honor and safety. For Smith he had great regard, and believed that he had rendered important services in the late elections. But his character was now grossly assailed; and it would have saved Mr. Lincoln serious embarrassments if he had been able to put him aside altogether, and select Mr. Lane or some other Indiana statesman in his place. He wavered long, but finally made up his mind to keep the pledge of his friends, and Smith was appointed.

In Cameron's case the contest was fiercer and more protracted. At Chicago, Cameron's agents had demanded that he should have the Treasury Department, but that was too much; and the friends of Mr. Lincoln, tried, pushed, and anxious as they were, declined to consider it. They would say that he should be appointed to a Cabinet position, but no more; and to secure this, he must win a majority of the Pennsylvania delegation to recommend him. Mr. Cameron was disposed to exact the penalty of his bond, hard as compliance might be on the part of Mr. Lincoln. But Cameron had many and formidable enemies, who alleged that he was a man notorious for his evil deeds, shameless in his rapacity and corruption, and even more shameless in his mean ambition to occupy exalted stations, for which he was utterly and hopelessly incompetent; that he had never dared to offer himself as a candidate before the people of Pennsylvania, but had more than once gotten high offices from the Legislature by the worst means ever used by a politician; and that it would be a disgrace, a shame, a standing offence to the country, if Mr. Lincoln should consent to put him into his Cabinet. On the other hand, Mr. Cameron had no lack of devoted friends to deny these charges, and to say that his was as "white a soul" as ever yearned for political preferment: they came out to Springfield in numbers, — Edgar Cowan, J. K. Moorehead, Alexander Cummins, Mr. Sander-son, Mr. Casey, and many others, besides Gen. Cameron

and the country, because of the notorious incompetency and public and private villany of the candidate. I spent three hours with Mr. Lincoln alone; and the matter was discussed very fully and frankly. Although he had previously assented to appoint Cameron, he closed our interview as a reconsideration of his purpose, and the assurance that within twenty-four hours he would write me definitely on the subject. He wrote me, as he promised, and stated that if I would make specific charges against Mr. Cameron, and produce the proof, he would dismiss the subject. I answered, declining to do so for reasons I thought should be obvious to every man. I believe that affidavits were sworn to him, but I had no hand in it.

"Subsequently Cameron regarded his appointment as impossible, and he proposed to Stevens to begin pressing him. Stevens wrote me of the fact; and I prepared strong letters from the State administration in his favor. A few days after Stevens wrote me a most cutting letter, saying that Cameron had deceived him, and was then attempting to enforce his own appointment. The bond was demanded of Lincoln; and that decided the matter."

¹ As this was one of the few public acts which Mr. Lincoln performed with a bad conscience, the reader ought to know the consequences of it, and because it was not so convenient to revert to them in detail at another place, we give them here, still retaining the language of the eye-witness, Col. Moore. —

"I saw Cameron the noble of the day that Lincoln rebuffed him. We met in the room of a mutual friend, and he was very violent against Lincoln, for *excluding him without consultation or notice*. His denunciations against the President were extremely bitter, but attempting, as he said, his personal as well as his national destruction. He exhibited the letter, which was all in Mr. Lincoln's handwriting, and was literally as follows. I quote from carefully-treasured recollection: —

"HON. SIMON CAMERON, SECRETARY OF WAR.

Dear Sir, — I have this day nominated Hon. Edwin M. Stanton to be Secretary of War, and you to be Minister Plenipotentiary to Russia.

Very truly

A. LINCOLN."

² I am sure there is no material error in my quotation of the letter.

³ Cameron's chief complaint was, that he had no knowledge or information of the change until Chase delivered the letter. We were then, as ever, before and since, and as a matter should be not in political sympathy, but our personal relations were ever kind. Had he been entirely collected, he would probably not have said and done what I here and elsewhere have said; but he wept like a child, and appealed to me to aid in protecting him against the President's attempt at personal degradation, assuring me that under like circumstances he

peculiar to his step-mother. It was shared by very many of his neighbors at Springfield; and the friendly warnings he received were as numerous as they were silly and gratuitous. Every conceivable precaution was suggested. Some thought the cars might be thrown from the track; some thought he would be surrounded and stabbed in some great crowd; others thought he might be shot from a house-top as he rode up Pennsylvania Avenue on inauguration day; while others still were sure he would be quietly poisoned long before the 4th of March. One gentleman insisted that he ought, in common prudence, to take his cook with him from Springfield, — one from “among his own female friends.”

Mingled with the thousands who came to see him were many of his old New-Salem and Petersburg friends and constituents; and among these was Hannah Armstrong, the wife of Jack and the mother of William. Hannah had been to see him once or twice before, and had thought there was something mysterious in his conduct. He never invited her to his house, or introduced her to his wife; and this circumstance led Hannah to suspect that “there was something wrong between him and her.” On one occasion she attempted a sort of surreptitious entrance to his house by the kitchen door; but it ended very ludicrously, and poor Hannah was very much discouraged. On this occasion she made no effort to get upon an intimate footing with his family, but went straight to the State House, where he received the common run of strangers. He talked to her as he would have done in the days when he ran for the Legislature, and Jack was an “influential citizen.” Hannah was perfectly charmed, and nearly beside herself with pride and pleasure. She, too, was filled with the dread of some fatal termination to all his glory. “Well,” says she, “I talked to him some time, and was about to bid him good-by; had told him that it was the last time I should ever see him: something told me that I should never see him; they would kill him. He smiled, and said jokingly, ‘Hannah, if they do kill me, I shall never die another death.’ I then bade him good-by.”

CHAPTER XIX.

IT was now but a few weeks until Mr. Lincoln was to become the constitutional ruler of one of the great empires of the earth, and to begin to expend appropriations, to wield armies, to apportion patronage, powers, offices, and honors, such as few sovereigns have ever had at command. The eyes of all mankind were bent upon him to see how he would solve a problem in statesmanship to which the philosophy of Burke and the magnanimity of Wellington might have been unequal. In the midst of a political canvass in his own State but a few years before, impressed with the gravity of the great issues which then loomed but just above the political horizon, he had been the first to announce, amid the objections and protestations of his friends and political associates, the great truth, that "a house divided against itself cannot stand;" that the perpetuity of the Union depended upon its becoming devoted either to the interests of freedom or slavery. And now, by a turn of fortune unparalleled in history, he had been chosen to preside over the interests of the nation; while, as yet unseen to him, the question that perplexed the founders of the government, which ever since had been a disturbing element in the national life, and had at last arrayed section against section, was destined to reach its final settlement through the fierce struggle of civil war. In many respects his situation was exceptionally trying. He was the first President of the United States elected by a strictly sectional vote. The party which elected him, and the parties which had been defeated, were inflamed by the heat of the canvass. The

former, with faith in their principles, and a natural eagerness for the prizes now within their reach, were not disposed to compromise their first success by any lowering of their standard or any concession to the beaten; while many of the latter saw in the success of the triumphant party an attack on their most cherished rights, and refused in consequence to abide by the result of the contest. To meet so grave an exigency, Mr. Lincoln had neither precedents nor experience to guide him, nor could he turn elsewhere for greater wisdom than he possessed. The leaders of the new party were as yet untried in the great responsibilities which had fallen upon him and them. There were men among them who had earned great reputation as leaders of an opposition; but their eloquence had been expended upon a single subject of national concern. They knew how to depict the wrongs of a subject race, and also how to set forth the baleful effects of an institution like slavery on national character. But was it certain that they were equally able to govern with wisdom and prudence the mighty people whose affairs were now given to their keeping?

Until the day of his overthrow at Chicago, Mr. Seward had been the recognized chief of the party; had, like Mr. Lincoln, taught the existence of an irrepressible conflict between the North and the South, and had also inculcated the idea of a law higher than the Constitution, which was of more binding force than any human enactment, until many of his followers had come to regard the Constitution with little respect. It was this Constitution which Mr. Lincoln, having sworn to preserve, protect, and defend, was to attempt to administer to the satisfaction of the minority which had elected him, and which was alone expected to support him. To moderate the passions of his own partisans, to conciliate his opponents in the North, and divide and weaken his enemies in the South, was a task which no mere politician was likely to perform, yet one which none but the most expert of politicians and wisest of statesmen was fitted to undertake. It required moral as well as intellectual qualities of the highest order. William of Orange, with a like duty and

society he was
 and a soldier
 and a lawyer
 common to all
 common to all
 when they wanted that he was a very common, ordinary man,
 just like the rest of the people" — "Old Abe," a rail-
 rider and a story-teller. They said he was good and
 honest and well-meaning; but they took care not to pretend
 that he was great. He was thoroughly convinced that there
 was too much truth in this view of his character. He felt
 deeply and keenly his lack of experience in the conduct of
 public affairs. He spoke then and afterwards about the
 duties of our Presidency with much diffidence, and said, with
 a heavy heart, a justice of the peace in Illinois, that they
 considered him "great first class — the-understood." He had
 never been a ministerial or an executive officer. His most
 intimate friends feared that he possessed no administrative
 ability; and in this opinion he seems to have shared himself, at
 least in his calmer and more melancholy moments.

Having put his house in order, arranged all his private busi-
 ness matters over his interest in the practice of Lincoln & Herndon
 to Mr. Herndon, and requested "Billy," as a last favor,
 to leave his name on the old sign for four years at least, Mr.
 Lincoln was ready for the final departure from home and all
 familiar things. And this period of transition from private
 to public life — a period of waiting and preparing for the
 great responsibilities that were to bow down his shoulders
 during the years to come — affords us a favorable opportunity
 to turn back and look at him again as his neighbors saw him
 from 1837 to 1861.

Mr. Lincoln was about six feet four inches high, — the
 length of his legs being out of all proportion to that of
 his body. When he sat down on a chair, he seemed no
 taller than an average man, measuring from the chair to the
 crown of his head; but his knees rose high in front, and a
 mantle placed on the cap of one of them would roll down

a steep descent to the hip. He weighed out a hundred and eighty pounds; but he was thin in the breast, narrow across the shoulders, and had the appearance of a consumptive subject. Standing he stooped slightly forward; sitting down, he usually crossed his long legs, or threw them over the arms of the chair, as the most convenient mode of disposing of them. His "head was long, and tall from the base of the brain and the eyebrow;" his forehead high and narrow, but inclining backward as it rose. The diameter of his head from ear to ear was six and a half inches, and from front to back eight inches. The size of his hat was seven and an eighth. His ears were large, standing out almost at right-angles from his head; his cheek-bones high and prominent; his eyebrows heavy, and jutting forward over small, sunken blue eyes; his nose long, large, and blunt, the tip of it rather ruddy, and slightly awry toward the right-hand side; his chin, projecting far and sharp-curved upward to meet a thick, material, lower lip, which hung downward; his cheeks were flabby, and the loose skin fell in wrinkles, or folds; there was a large mole on his right cheek, and an uncommonly prominent Adam's apple on his throat; his hair was dark brown in color, stiff unkempt, and as yet showing little or no sign of advancing age or trouble; his complexion was very dark, his skin yellow, shrivelled, and "leathery." In short, to use the language of Mr Herndon, "he was a thin, tall, wiry, inewy, grizzly, raw-boned man," "looking woe-struck." His countenance was haggard and careworn, exhibiting all the marks of deep and protracted suffering. Every feature of the man — the hollow eyes, with the dark rings beneath; the long, sallow, cadaverous face, intersected by those peculiar deep lines; his whole air; his walk; his long, silent reveries, broken at long intervals by sudden and startling exclamations, as if to confound an observer who might suspect the nature of his thoughts — showed he was a man of sorrows. — not sorrows of to-day or yesterday, but long-treasured and deep, — beating with him a continual sense of weariness and pain.

He was a plain, homely, sad, weary-looking man, to whom one's heart would involuntarily, because he seemed at once miserable and kind.

On a winter's morning, this man could be seen wending his way to the market, with a basket on his arm, and a little boy at his side, whose small feet rattled and pattered over the uneven pavement, attempting to make up by the number of his short steps for the long strides of his father. The little fellow jerked at the bony hand which held his, and grumbled and questioned, begged and grew petulant, in a vain effort to make his father talk to him. But the latter was probably unconscious of the other's existence, and stalked on, absorbed in his own reflections. He wore on such occasions an old gray shawl, rolled into a coil, and wrapped like a rope around his neck. The rest of his clothes were in keeping. He did not walk cunningly, — Indian-like, — but cautiously and firmly. His tread was even and strong. He was a large personhood; and this, with another peculiarity, made his walk very singular. He set his whole foot flat on the ground, and in turn lifted it all at once, — not resting momentarily upon the toe as the foot rose, nor upon the heel as it fell. He never wore his shoes out at the heel and the toe, as most men do, than at the middle of the sole; and his gait was not altogether awkward, and there was manifest physical power in his step. As he moved along thus, some abstracted his thoughts dimly reflected in his sharp nose, even turned to look after him as an object of sympathy as well as curiosity. They remarked, in the words of Mr. Herndon, "I gazed after him as he walked." If, however, on such a tramp to the store, he was routed by a loud, hearty exhortation, "Forward, Lincoln!" he would grasp the speaker's hand with one of those firm grips, and with his usual expression of "Hearty, hearty," would do all that he could to do something towards the relief of it. It happened in Indiana, and it may be told, for it was wonderfully pertinent.

After the exhortation, he would appear as his other, and

go about the labors of the day with all his might, displaying prodigious industry and capacity for continuous application, although he never was a fast worker. Sometimes it happened that he came without his breakfast; and then he would have in his hands a piece of cheese, or Bologna sausage, and a few crackers, bought by the way. At such times he did not speak to his partner or his friends, if any happened to be present: the tears were, perhaps, struggling into his eyes, while his pride was struggling to keep them back. Mr. Herndon knew the whole story at a glance: there was no speech between them; but neither wished the visitors to the office to witness the scene; and, therefore, Mr. Lincoln retired to the back office, while Mr. Herndon locked the front one, and walked away with the key in his pocket. In an hour or more the latter would return, and perhaps find Mr. Lincoln calm and collected; otherwise he went out again, and waited until he was so. Then the office was opened, and every thing went on as usual.

When Mr. Lincoln had a speech to write, which happened very often, he would put down each thought, as it struck him, on a small strip of paper, and, having accumulated a number of these, generally carried them in his hat or his pockets until he had the whole speech composed in this odd way, when he would sit down at his table, connect the fragments, and then write out the whole speech on consecutive sheets in a plain, legible handwriting.

His house was an ordinary two-story frame-building, with a stable and a yard: it was a bare, cheerless sort of a place. He planted no fruit or shade trees, no shrubbery or flowers. He did on one occasion set out a few rose-bushes in front of his house; but they speedily perished, or became unsightly for want of attention. Mrs. Wallace, Mrs. Lincoln's sister, undertook "to hide the nakedness" of the place by planting some flowers; but they soon withered and died. He cultivated a small garden for a single year, working in it himself; but it did not seem to prosper, and that enterprise also was abandoned. He had a horse and a cow: the one was fed and cur-

wood, and the other fed and milked, by his own hand. When at home, he chopped and sawed all the wood that was used in his house. Late one night he returned home, after an absence of a week or so. His neighbor, Webber, was in bed; but, hearing an axe in use at that unusual hour, he rose to see what it meant. The moon was high; and by its light he looked down into Lincoln's yard, and there saw him in his shirt-sleeves "cutting wood to cook his supper with." Webber turned to his watch, and saw that it was one o'clock. Besides this house and lot, and a small sum of money, Mr. Lincoln had no property, except some wild land in Iowa, entered for him under warrants, received for his service in the Black Hawk War.

Mrs. Wallace thinks "Mr. Lincoln was a domestic man by nature." He was not fond of other people's children, but was extremely fond of his own: he was patient, indulgent, and generous with them to a fault. On Sundays he often took those that were large enough, and walked with them into the country, and, giving himself up entirely to them, rambled through the green fields or the cool woods, amusing and instructing them for a whole day at a time. His method of reading is thus quaintly described. "He would read, generally aloud (couldn't read otherwise), — would read with great warmth, all funny or humorous things; read Shakspeare that way. He was a sad man, an abstracted man. He would bow his head against the top of a rocking-chair; sit abstracted that way for minutes, — twenty, thirty minutes, — and all at once would burst out into a joke."

Mrs. Col. Chapman, daughter of Dennis Hanks, and therefore a relative of Mr. Lincoln, made him a long visit previous to his marriage. "You ask me," says she, "how Mr. Lincoln acted at home. I can say, and that truly, he was all that a husband, father, and neighbor should be, — kind and affectionate to his wife and child ('Bob' being the only one they had whom I was with them), and very pleasant to all around him. Never did I hear him utter an unkind word. For instance: one day he undertook to correct his child, and his wife was



MR. LINCOLN'S HOME IN SPRINGFIELD, ILL.

determined that he should not, and attempted to take it from him; but in this she failed. She then tried tongue-lashing, but met with the same fate; for Mr. Lincoln corrected his child as a father ought to do, in the face of his wife's anger, and that, too, without even changing his countenance or making any reply to his wife.

"His favorite way of reading, when at home, was lying down on the floor. I fancy I see him now, lying full-length in the hall of his old house reading. When not engaged reading law-books, he would read literary works, and was very fond of reading poetry, and often, when he would be, or appear to be, in deep study, commence and repeat aloud some piece that he had taken a fancy to, such as the one you already have in print, and 'The Burial of Sir John Moore,' and so on. He often told laughable jokes and stories when he thought we were looking gloomy."

Mr. Lincoln was not supremely happy in his domestic relations: the circumstances of his courtship and marriage alone made that impossible. His engagement to Miss Todd was one of the great misfortunes of his life and of hers. He realized the mistake too late; and when he was brought face to face with the lie he was about to enact, and the wrong he was about to do, both to himself and an innocent woman, he recoiled with horror and remorse. For weeks together, he was sick, deranged, and on the verge of suicide, — a heavy care to his friends, and a source of bitter mortification to the unfortunate lady, whose good fame depended, in a great part, upon his constancy. The wedding garments and the marriage feast were prepared, the very hour had come when the solemn ceremony was to be performed; and the groom failed to appear! He was no longer a free agent: he was restrained, carefully guarded, and soon after removed to a distant place, where the exciting causes of his disease would be less constant and active in their operation. He recovered slowly, and at length returned to Springfield. He spoke out his feelings frankly and truly to the one person most interested in them. But he had been, from the beginning, except in the case of

Ann Rutledge, singularly inconstant and unstable in his relations with the few refined and cultivated women who had been the objects of his attention. He loved Miss Rutledge passionately, and the next year importuned Miss Owens to be his wife. Failing in his suit, he wrote an unfeeling letter about her, apparently with no earthly object but to display his envy and make them both ridiculous. He courted Miss Todd, and at the moment of success fell in love with her relative, and, between the two, went crazy, and thought of ending all his woes with a razor or a pocket-knife. It is not impossible that the feelings of such a man might have undergone another and more sudden change. Perhaps they did. At all events, he was conscientious and honorable and just. There was but one way of repairing the injury he had done Miss Todd, and he adopted it. They were married; but they understood each other, and suffered the inevitable consequences, as other people do under similar circumstances. But such troubles seldom fail to find a tongue; and it is not strange, that, in this case, neighbors and friends, and ultimately the whole country, came to know the state of things in that house. Mr. Lincoln scarcely attempted to conceal it, but talked of it with little or no reserve to his wife's relatives, as well as his own friends. Yet the gentleness and patience with which he bore this affliction from day to day, and from year to year, was enough to move the shade of Socrates. It touched his acquaintances deeply, and they gave it the widest publicity. They made no pause to inquire, to investigate, and to apportion the blame between the parties, according to their deserts. Almost ever since Mr. Lincoln's death, a portion of the press has never tired of heaping brutal reproaches upon his wife and widow; whilst a certain class of his friends thought they were honoring his memory by multiplying outrages and indignities upon her, at the very moment when she was broken by want and sorrow, defamed, defenceless, in the hands of thieves, and at the mercy of spies. If ever a woman grievously expiated an offence not her own, this woman did. In the Herndon manuscripts, there is a mass of

particulars under this head ; but Mr. Herndon sums them all up in a single sentence, in a letter to one of Mr. Lincoln's biographers : " All that I know ennobles both."

It would be very difficult to recite all the causes of Mr. Lincoln's melancholy disposition. That it was partly owing to physical causes there can be no doubt. Mr. Stuart says, that in some respects he was totally unlike other people, and was, in fact, a "mystery." Blue-pills were the medicinal remedy which he affected most. But whatever the history or the cause, — whether physical reasons, the absence of domestic concord, a series of painful recollections of his mother, of his father and master, of early sorrows, blows, and hardships, of Ann Rutledge and fruitless hopes, or all these combined, Mr. Lincoln was the saddest and gloomiest man of his time. " I do not think that he knew what happiness was for twenty years," says Mr. Herndon. " Terrible " is the word which all his friends use to describe him in the black mood. " It was terrible ! It was terrible ! " says one and another.

His mind was filled with gloomy forebodings and strong apprehensions of impending evil, mingled with extravagant visions of personal grandeur and power. His imagination painted a scene just beyond the veil of the immediate future, gilded with glory yet tarnished with blood. It was his "destiny," — splendid but dreadful, fascinating but terrible. His case bore little resemblance to those of religious enthusiasts like Bunyan, Cowper, and others. His was more like the delusion of the fatalist, conscious of his star. At all events, he never doubted for a moment but that he was formed for "some great or miserable end." He talked about it frequently and sometimes calmly. Mr. Herndon remembers many of these conversations in their office at Springfield, and in their rides around the circuit. Mr. Lincoln said the impression had grown in him "all his life ;" but Mr. Herndon thinks it was about 1840 that it took the character of a "religious conviction." He had then suffered much, and, considering his opportunities, achieved great things. He was

greatly beloved among men, and a most brilliant career had been promised him by the prophetic enthusiasm of many a soul. Thus encouraged and stimulated, and feeling himself growing gradually stronger and stronger, in the estimation of "the plain people," whose voice was more potent than all the War-crowns, his ambition painted the rainbow of glory in the sky, while his morbid melancholy supplied the clouds that were to overcast and obliterate it with the wreck and ruin of the tempest. To him it was fate, and there was no escape or defence. The presentiment never deserted him: it was as clear, as perfect, as certain, as any sense conveyed to the senses. He had now entertained it so long, that it was as much a part of his nature as the consciousness of identity. All doubts had faded away, and he submitted humbly to a power which he could neither comprehend nor resist. He was to fall, — fall from a lofty place, and in the performance of a great work. The star under which he was born was at once brilliant and malignant: the telescope was cast, fixed, irreversible; and he had no more power to alter or defeat it in the minutest particular than he had to reverse the law of gravitation.

After the election, he conceived that he would not "last" through his term of office, but had at length reached the point where the sacrifice would take place. All precautions against assassination he considered worse than useless. "If they want to kill me," said he, "there is nothing to prevent." He complained to Mr. Gillespie of the small body-guard which his counsellors had forced upon him, insisting that they were a needless encumbrance. When Mr. Gillespie urged the ease and impunity with which he might be killed, and the value of his life to the country, he said, "What is the use of putting up the *gap* when the fence is down all around?"

"It was just after my election in 1860," said Mr. Lincoln to his secretary, John Hay, "when the news had been coming in thick and fast all day, and there had been a great 'hurrah boys!' so that I was well tired out, and went home to rest, throwing myself upon a lounge in my chamber.

Opposite to where I lay was a bureau with a swinging glass upon it; and, in looking in that glass, I saw myself reflected nearly at full length; but my face, I noticed, had two separate and distinct images, the tip of the nose of one being about three inches from the tip of the other. I was a little bothered, perhaps startled, and got up and looked in the glass; but the illusion vanished. On lying down again, I saw it a second time, — plainer, if possible, than before; and then I noticed that one of the faces was a little paler — say five shades — than the other. I got up, and the thing melted away; and I went off, and in the excitement of the hour forgot all about it, — nearly, but not quite, for the thing would once in a while come up, and give me a little pang, as though something uncomfortable had happened. When I went home, I told my wife about it: and a few days after I tried the experiment again, when, sure enough, the thing came back again; but I never succeeded in bringing the ghost back after that, though I once tried very industriously to show it to my wife, who was worried about it somewhat. She thought it was ‘a sign’ that I was to be elected to a second term of office, and that the paleness of one of the faces was an omen that I should not see life through the last term.”

In this morbid and dreamy state of mind, Mr. Lincoln passed the greater part of his life. But his “sadness, despair, gloom,” Mr. Herndon says, “were not of the kind that leads a badly-balanced mind into misanthropy and universal hate and scorn. His humor would assert itself from the hell of misanthropy: it would assert its independence every third hour or day or week. His abstractedness, his continuity of thought, his despair, made him, twice in his life, for two weeks at a time, walk that narrow line that divides sanity from insanity. . . . This peculiarity of his nature, his humor, his wit, kept him alive in his mind. . . . It was those good sides of his nature that made, to him, his life bearable. Mr. Lincoln was a weak man and a strong man by turns.”

Some of Mr. Lincoln’s literary tastes indicated strongly his prevailing gloominess of mind. He read Byron exten-

poets, especially "Childe Harold," "The Dream," and "Don Juan." Burns was one of his earliest favorites, although there is no evidence that he appreciated highly the best efforts of Burns. On the contrary, "Holy Willie's Prayer" was the only one of his poems which Mr. Lincoln took the trouble to memorize. He was fond of Shakspeare, especially "King Lear," and "The Merry Wives of Windsor." But whatever was suggestive of death, the grave, the sorrows of man's days on earth, charmed his disconsolate spirit, and captivated his sympathetic heart. Solemn-sounding rhymes, with no merit but the sad music of their numbers, were more enchanting to him than the loftiest songs of the masters. Of these were, "Why should the Spirit of Mortal be Proud?" and a pretty commonplace little piece, entitled "The Inquiry." One verse of Holmes's "Last Leaf" he thought was "inexpressibly touching." This verse we give the reader:—

The mossy marbles rest
 On the lips that he has pressed
 In their bloom;
 And the names he loved to hear
 Have been carved for many a year
 On the tomb.

Mr. Lincoln frequently said that he lived by his humor, and would have died without it. His manner of telling a story was irresistibly comical, the fun of it dancing in his eyes and peering from his features. His face changed in an instant: the lines of care faded away, and the mirth seemed to diffuse itself all over him, like a spontaneous tickle. You could see it coming long before he opened his mouth, and he began to speak the moment before his eager auditors could catch the faintest glimpse of it. Telling and hearing ridiculous stories was one of his rolling passions. He would go a long way out of his road to tell a grave, sedate fellow a broad story, or to propose to him a conundrum that was not particularly re-
 ferent to its delicacy. If he happened to hear of a man who was known to have something fresh in this line, he

would hunt him up, and "swap jokes" with him. Nobody remembers the time when his fund of anecdotes was not apparently inexhaustible. It was so in Indiana; it was so in New Salem, in the Black-Hawk War, in the Legislature, in Congress, on the circuit, on the stump, — everywhere. The most trifling incident "reminded" him of a story, and that story reminded him of another, until everybody marvelled "that one small head could carry all he knew." The "good things" he said were repeated at second-hand, all over the counties through which he chanced to travel; and many, of a questionable flavor, were attributed to him, not because they were his in fact, but because they were like his. Judges, lawyers, jurors, and suitors carried home with them select budgets of his stories, to be retailed to itching ears as "Old Abe's last." When the court adjourned from village to village, the taverns and the groceries left behind were filled with the sorry echoes of his "best." He generally located his little narratives with great precision, — in Kentucky, Indiana, Illinois; and if he was not personally "knowing" to the facts himself, he was intimately acquainted with a gentleman who was.

Mr. Lincoln used his stories variously, — to illustrate or convey an argument; to make his opinions clear to another, or conceal them altogether; to cut off a disagreeable conversation, or to end an unprofitable discussion; to cheer his own heart, or simply to amuse his friends. But most frequently he had a practical object in view, and employed them simply "as labor-saving contrivances."

It was Judge Davis's opinion, that Mr. Lincoln's hilarity was mainly simulated, and that "his stories and jokes were intended to whistle off sadness." "The groundwork of his social nature was sad," says Judge Scott; "but for the fact that he studiously cultivated the humorous, it would have been very sad indeed. His mirth to me always seemed to be put on, and did not properly belong there. Like a plant produced in the hot-bed, it had an unnatural and luxuriant growth."

Although Mr. Lincoln's walk among men was remarkably

ture, the same cannot be said of his conversation. He was endowed by nature with a keen sense of humor, and he found great delight in indulging it. But his humor was not of a delicate quality; it was chiefly exercised in hearing and telling stories of the grosser sort. In this tendency he was restrained by no presence and no occasion. It was his opinion that the finest wit and humor, the best jokes and anecdotes, emanated from the lower orders of the country people. It was from this source that he had acquired his peculiar tastes and his store of materials. The associations which began with the early days of Deanis Hanks continued through his life at New Salem and his career at the Illinois Bar, and did not desert him when, later in life, he arrived at the highest dignities.

Mr. Lincoln indulged in no sensual excesses: he ate moderately, and drank temperately when he drank at all. For many years he was an ardent agitator against the use of intoxicating beverages, and made speeches, far and near, in favor of total abstinence. Some of them were printed; and of one he was not a little proud. He abstained himself, not so much upon principle, as because of a total lack of appetite. He had no taste for spirituous liquors; and, when he took them, it was a punishment to him, not an indulgence. But he disliked sumptuary laws, and would not prescribe by statute what other men should eat or drink. When the temperance men ran to the Legislature to invoke the power of the State, his voice — the most eloquent among them — was silent. He did not oppose them, but quietly withdrew from the cause, and left others to manage it. In 1854 he was induced to join the order called Sons of Temperance, but never attended a single meeting after the one at which he was initiated.

Morbid, moody, meditative, thinking much of himself and the things pertaining to himself, regarding other men as instruments furnished to his hand for the accomplishment of views which he knew were important to him, and, therefore, considered important to the public. Mr. Lincoln was a man

apart from the rest of his kind, unsocial, cold, unresponsive, — neither a “good hater” nor a fond friend. He sought in the society of those who gave him new ideas, who listened to and admired him, whose attachment might be useful or whose conversation amused him. He seemed to make boon-companions of the coarsest men on the part of his acquaintances, — “low, vulgar, unfortunate creatures,” but, as Judge Davis has it “he used such men as tools, — things to satisfy him, to feed his desires.” He felt sorry for them, enjoyed them, extracted from them whatever service they were capable of rendering, discarded and forgot them. If one of them, presuming upon the past, followed him to Washington with a view to personal profit, Mr. Lincoln would probably take him to his private room, lock the doors, revel in reminiscences of Illinois, new stories and old, through an entire evening, and then dismiss his ungrateful crony with nothing more substantial than his blessing. It was said that “he had no heart:” that is, no personal attachments warm and strong enough to govern his actions. It was seldom that he pressed anybody, and when he did, it was not a rival or an equal in the struggle for popularity and power. His encounters were more likely to be artificial than sincere, and sometimes were artfully contrived — like two diamonds to catch the light, he pretended to bestow, or at least to share it in equal parts. No one knew better how to “damn with faint praise,” or to “divide the glory of another by being the first and frankest to acknowledge it. Fully alive to the fact that no qualities of a public man were so charming to the people as simplicity and candor, he made simplicity and candor the mask of deep feeling carefully concealed, and smooth plans studiously veiled from all — but one. He had no reverence for great men, followed no leader with blind devotion, and yielded no way to any authority. He felt that he was as great as anybody, and could do what another did. It was, however, the supreme desire of his heart to be right, and to do justice in all the relations of life. Although some of his strongest passions

by the claims of individual men. When he was a candidate himself, he thought no man's career and led the preliminaries not to be his conducted with reference to his success. He would say to a man, "Your continuance in this field injures me," and be quite sure that he had given a perfect reason for his withdrawal. He would have no "obstacles" in his way; coveted honors was eager for power, and impatient of any interference that delayed or obstructed his progress. He worked hard enough at general elections, when he could make speeches, have them printed, and "fill the speaking-trump of time" with his sentiments, but in the little affairs about home, there it was all work and no glory, he had no touchless circumstances. Inevitably sensitive and cautious, he guarded his secret with no trait and revealed not enough of his plans to share counsel and not enough of his power to secure personal application. After Spaulding, he had no confidence in whom he opened his whole heart. This is the quantitative testimony of all who knew him. Finding himself perfectly competent to manage his own affairs, he listened with unobtrusive patience to the views of others, and then dismissed the matter with the adviser. Judge Davis was supposed to have great influence over him, but as always they had merely conversation, "I have no time," was his usual reply, "I never asked my adviser about the alleged dollar law or the debt any thing else."

Notwithstanding his own reasoning and faith, and the breathless eagerness with which he pursued the objective, he had not a particle of sympathy with the gross excesses of his followers who were engaged in similar proceedings far afield. "If ever," said he, "American society and the United States Government are demoralized and corrupted, it will come from the voracious desire of office,—the struggle to be elected out of work and labor, from which I am free myself."

Mr. Lincoln was not a demagogue or a trimmer. He never deserted a party of despair, or joined one in triumph. Nearly the whole of his public life was spent in the service of a party which struggled against hopeless odds, which met with many reverses and few victories. It is true, that about

ity, and he had known what it was to cost it. To gain it or to keep it, he considered no labor too great, no artifice misused or misapplied. His ambition was strong; yet it existed in strict subordination to his sense of party fidelity, and could by no chance or possibility turn him into downright social or political traitors. His path may have been a little devious, winding higher and thither, in search of greater convenience of travel, in the second year of a literary campaign; but it always went onward in the same general direction, and never ran off on right-angles toward a hostile country. The great body of men who acted with him in the Congress acted with him at the last.

On the whole he was an honest, although a stern, and by no means an unselfish, politician. He

"I cannot"

Which way the world is going to drive.

and instinctively drew with it. He had convictions, but preferred to choose his time to speak. He was not so much of a Whig that he could not receive the support of the "nominal" Jackson men, until party lines were drawn so clear that he was compelled to be true thing or the other. He was not so much of a Whig that he could not make a good diversion for Whites in 1836, nor so much of a White man that he could not lead Harrison's friends in the Legislature during the same winter. He was a firm believer in the great point of high "protective tariffs;" but, when importuned to say so in a public letter, he declined on the ground that it would do him no good. He detested Know-Nothingism without exception; but when Know-Nothingism swept the country, he was so far from being intrusive with his views, that many believed he belonged to the order. He was an anti-slavery man from the beginning of his service in the Legislature; but he was so cautious and moderate in the expression of his sentiments, that, when the anti-Nebraska party disintegrated, the ultra-Republicans were any thing but sure of his adherence; and even after the Bloomington Convention he remained so weak

his tears of penitence. He was fond of music, but Dennis Hanks is clear to the point that it was songs of a very questionable character that cheered his lonely pilgrimage through the woods of Indiana. When he went to church at all, he went to mock, and came away to mimic. Indeed, it is more than probable that the sort of "religion" which prevailed among the associates of his boyhood impressed him with a very poor opinion of the value of the article. On the whole, he thought, perhaps, a person had better be without it.

When he came to New Salem, he consorted with free-thinkers, joined with them in deriding the gospel history of Jesus, read Volney and Paine, and then wrote a deliberate and labored essay, wherein he reached conclusions similar to theirs. The essay was burnt, but he never denied or regretted its composition. On the contrary, he made it the subject of free and frequent conversations with his friends at Springfield, and stated, with much particularity and precision, the origin, arguments, and objects of the work.

It was not until after Mr. Lincoln's death, that his alleged orthodoxy became the principal topic of his eulogists; but since then the effort on the part of some political writers and speakers to impress the public mind erroneously seems to have been general and systematic. It is important that the question should be finally determined: and, in order to do so, the names of some of his nearest friends are given below, followed by clear and decisive statements, for which they are separately responsible. Some of them are gentlemen of distinction, and all of them men of high character, who enjoyed the best opportunities to form correct opinions.

James H. Matheny says in a letter to Mr. Herndon: —

"I knew Mr. Lincoln as early as 1834-7; know he was an infidel. He and W. D. Herndon used to talk infidelity in the clerk's office in this city, about the years 1837-40. Lincoln attacked the Bible and the New Testament on two grounds: first, from the inherent or apparent contradictions under its lids; second, from the grounds of reason. Sometimes he ridiculed the Bible and New Testament, sometimes seemed to scoff it, though I shall not use that word in its full and literal sense. I never heard that

William H. Herndon Esq.:—

As to Mr. Lincoln's religious views, he was, in short, an infidel, a theist. He did not believe that Jesus was God, nor the Son of God, — was a fatalist, denied the freedom of the will. Mr. Lincoln told me a *thousand times*, that he did not believe the Bible was the revelation of God, as the Christian world contends. The points that Mr. Lincoln tried to demonstrate (in his book) were: First, That the Bible was not God's revelation; and, Second, That Jesus was not the Son of God. *I assert this on my own knowledge, and on my veracity.* Judge Logan, John T. Stuart, James H. Matheny, and others, will tell you the truth. I say they will confirm what I say, with this exception, — they all make it blacker than I remember it. Joshua F. Speed of Louisville, I think, will tell you the same thing."

Hon. David Davis:—

"I do not know any thing about Lincoln's religion, and do not think anybody knew. The idea that Lincoln talked to a stranger about his religion or religious views, or made such speeches, remarks, &c., about it as are published, is to me absurd. I knew the man so well: he was the most reticent, secretive man I ever saw, or expect to see. He had no faith, in the Christian sense of the term, — had faith in laws, principles, causes, and effects — philosophically: you [Herndon] know more about his religion than any man. You ought to know it, of course."

William H. Hannab, Esq.:—

"Since 1856 Mr. Lincoln told me that he was a kind of immortalist; that he never could bring himself to believe in eternal punishment; that man lived but a little while here; and that, if eternal punishment were man's doom, he should spend that little life in vigilant and ceaseless preparation by never-ending prayer."

Mrs. Lincoln:—

"Mr. Lincoln had no hope and no faith in the usual acceptance of those words."

Dr. C. H. Ray:—

"I do not know how I can aid you. You [Herndon] knew Mr. Lincoln far better than I did, though I knew him well; and you have served up his leading characteristics in a way that I should despair of doing, if I should try. I have only one thing to ask: that you do not give Calvinistic theology a chance to claim him as one of its saints and martyrs. He went to the Old-School Church; but, in spite of that outward assent to the horrible dogmas

the proper solution of this conflict is a process, or it may be that with no intention on the part of any one to mislead the public mind, there were here represented those who believing in the popular theological views of the time may have misapprehended him, as experience shows to be quite common where no special effort has been made to obtain correct accounts on a subject of this nature. This is the more probable from the circumstance, that Mr. Lincoln seldom communicated to any one his views on this subject. But, be this as it may, I have no hesitation whatever in saying that whilst he held many opinions in common with the great majority between themselves, he did not believe in what are regarded as the orthodox or orthodox views of Christianity.

On the merits (degree) of him, the doctrine and office of the great Head of the Church, the statement, the authority of his superintendency, the performance of ordinary ecclesiastical duties of passing and enforcing rewards and punishments (with any papal or episcopal authority) upon subjects, his bold opinions, seemed as necessary evils were the regular practice in the Church. I should say that his expressed views on these and kindred topics were such as to the satisfaction of some believed would place him entirely outside the Christian faith. Yet to say more and say in an abstract position, since his prayers and practices and the duty of his work, he were of the very kind was necessarily agreeable to all Christians, and I think this conclusion is to be well sustained by the circumstance that he never attached himself to any religious society whatever.

His religious views were eminently practical and are summed up as I think in these two propositions:—the Fatherhood of God, and the brotherhood of man. He fully believed in a superintending and sustaining Providence, that guides and controls the operations of the world, but maintained that law and order, and not their violation or suspension are the appointed means by which this providence is exercised.

I will not attempt any enumeration of such law cases and debates on various religious topics, as derived from conversations with him on different times during a considerable period, but, as conveying a general view of his religious or theological opinions, will state the following facts. Some eight or ten years prior to his death, in conversing with him upon this subject, the writer took occasion to refer, in terms of approbation, to the sermons and writings generally of Dr. W. E. Channing and, finding he was remarkably interested in the statement I made of the opinions held by that author, I proposed to present him (Lincoln) a copy of Channing's entire works, which I soon after did. Subsequently, the contents of these volumes, together with the writings of Theodore Parker, furnished him, as he informed me, by his friend and law-partner, Mr. Herndon, having naturally the topics of conversation with us, and though far from believing there was an entire harmony of views on his part with either of those authors, yet they were generally much admired and approved by him.

I became acquainted with Mr. Lincoln in 1831, and I think I knew him well to the day of his death. His mind, when a boy (in Kentucky), showed a certain gloom, an unsocial nature, a peculiar abstractness, a bold and daring scepticism. In Indiana, from 1817 to 1830, it manifested the same qualities or attributes as in Kentucky — it only intensified, developed itself along those lines, in Indiana. He came to Illinois in 1830, and after some little roving, settled in New Salem, now in Menard County and State of Illinois. This village lies about seventy miles northwest of Decatur. It was here that Mr. Lincoln became acquainted with a class of men who were never saw the like of before or since. *They were large men, — tall, and fairly and large in mind, hard to whip, and harder to be fooled.* They were a bold, daring, and reckless set of men; they were men of their own minds; — believed what was demagmatic; were men of great common sense. With these men Mr. Lincoln was thrown, and there he lived, and with them he moved, and almost had his being. They were sceptics all — scoffers some. These scoffers were good men, and their scoffs were prompt and of theology, — loud protests against the follies of Christianity. They had never heard of them and the new and better religious thoughts of the age. Hence, being natural sceptics, and being bold, brave men, they entered their thoughts freely: they declared that Jesus was an illustrious child. . . . They were on all occasions, when opportunity offered, raising the most important questions of Christianity among themselves. They had their share of common sense and in their own sense, and though their opinions were plain and rough, no man could overbear your honest sense. They talked all divines, and set infrequently made some serious — resolutions, as had in themselves. They were a jovial, beautiful, generous, bold, true, and manly set of people.

It was here, and among these people that Mr. Lincoln was thrown. About the year 1834, he began to come across Volney's "Review" and some of Paine's Queerest ideas. He at once seized both of these, and assimilated them into his own being. Volney and Paine became a part of Mr. Lincoln from 1834 to the end of his life. In 1835 he wrote out a small work on "Infidelity," and intended to have it published. The book was an attack upon the whole grounds of Christianity, and especially bore an attack upon the idea that Jesus was the Christ, the true and God-appointed Son of God, as the Christian world conceived. Mr. Lincoln was in that time in New Salem, keeping store for Dr. Samuel Hill, a merchant and postmaster of that place. Lincoln and Hill were very friendly. Hill's *Friend*, was a paper at that time. Lincoln one day after the usual way, brought read it to Mr. Hill his good friend. Hill read it possibly for the first or twice to public, not to publish it. Hill at this time saw in Mr. Lincoln a rising man, and wished him success. Lincoln refused to destroy it, and it should be published. Hill swore it should never see light of day. He had an eye, to Lincoln's popularity, — his present and future success, and believing, that

would sometimes read, and sometimes would not, as I suppose,—nay, know.

When Mr. Lincoln left this city for Washington, I know he had undergone no change in his religious opinions or views. He held many of the Christian ideas in abhorrence, and among them there was this one, namely, that God would forgive the sinner for a violation of his laws. Lincoln maintained that God could not forgive, that punishment has to follow the sin, that Christianity was wrong in teaching forgiveness, that it tended to make man sin in the hope that God would excuse, and so forth. Lincoln contended that the minister should teach that God had no good punishment to sin, and that no repentance could bring him to remit it. In one sense of the word, Mr. Lincoln was a Universalist, and in another sense he was a Unitarian; but he was a theist, as we now understand that word; he was so fully, freely, unequivocally, boldly, and openly, when asked for his views. Mr. Lincoln was supposed to have people in this city who were atheist, and some still believe so. I did not that September expect to receive a letter of Mr. Lincoln in my hand, addressed to his step-father, John D. Johnston, and dated the twelfth day of January, 1851. He had heard from Johnston that his father, Thomas Lincoln, was sick, and that no hopes of his recovery were entertained. Mr. Lincoln wrote back to Mr. Johnston these words:—

"I sincerely hope that father may yet recover his health, but at all events, tell him to remember to call upon and praise the Father, God, and good and merciful Maker, who will not turn away from him in his extremity. He notes the fall of a sparrow, and regards the hairs of our heads; and he will not forget the dying man who puts his trust in him. Say to him that, if we could meet now, it is doubtful whether it would not be more painful than pleasant; but that, if it be his lot to go gone hence, I will have a joyous meeting with many loved ones gone before, and when the best of us, through the help of God, hope ere long to join them."
—A. LINCOLN."

So it seems that Mr. Lincoln believed in God and immortality as well as heaven,—a place. He believed in reward and re-punishment in the future world. It has been said to me that Mr. Lincoln wrote the above letter to an old man simply to cheer him up in his last moments, and that the writer did not believe what he said. The question is, Was Mr. Lincoln an honest and truthful man? If he was he wrote that letter honestly, believing it. It has to me the sound, the ring of an honest utterance. I believe that Mr. Lincoln, in his moments of melancholy and terrible gloom, was wringing on the borderland between deism and atheism,—sometimes even wholly dwelling on atheism. In his happier moments he would swing back to deism, and dwell lovingly there. It is possible that Mr. Lincoln with me always responsible for what he said or thought, so deep, so intense, so terrible, was his melancholy. I send you a lecture of mine which will help you to see what

the ears and mouths of many in this city ; and, after all careful examination, I declare to your numerous readers, that Mr. Lincoln is correctly represented here, so far as I know what truth is, and how it should be investigated.

Very truly,

W H HENDON.

If ever there was a moment when Mr. Lincoln might have been expected to express his faith in the atonement, his trust in the merits of a living Redeemer, it was when he undertook to send a composing and comforting message to a dying man. He knew, moreover, that his father had been "converted" time and again, and that no exhortation would so effectually console his weak spirit in the hour of dismay and dissolution as one which depicted, in the strongest terms, the perfect sufficiency of Jesus to save the perishing soul. But he omitted it wholly : he did not even mention the name of Jesus, or intimate the most distant suspicion of the existence of a Christ. On the contrary, he is singularly careful to employ the word "One" to qualify the word "Maker." It is the Maker, and not the Saviour, to whom he directs the attention of a sinner in the agony of death.

While it is very clear that Mr. Lincoln was at all times an infidel in the orthodox meaning of the term, it is also very clear that he was not at all times equally willing that everybody should know it. He never offered to purge or recant ; but he was a wily politician, and did not disdain to regulate his religious manifestations with some reference to his political interests. As he grew older, he grew more cautious ; and as his New Salem associates, and the aggressive deists with whom he originally united at Springfield, gradually dispersed, or fell away from his side, he appreciated more and more keenly the violence and extent of the religious prejudices which freedom in discussion from his standpoint would be sure to arouse against him. He saw the immense and augmenting power of the churches, and in times past had practically felt it. The imputation of infidelity had seriously injured him in several of his earlier political contests ; and, sobered by age and experience, he was resolved

he based his political doctrines on the teachings of the Bible; yet before all men, except Mr. Bateman, he habitually acted the part of an unbeliever and reprover, because he was "obliged to appear different to them." How obliged? What compulsion required him to deny that Christ was God if he really believed him to be divine? Or did he put his political necessities above the obligations of truth, and oppose Christianity against his convictions, that he might win the favor of its enemies? It may be that his mere silence was sometimes misunderstood; but he never made an express avowal of any religious opinion which he did not entertain. He did not "appear different" at one time from what he was at another, and certainly he never put on infidelity as a mere mask to conceal his Christian character from the world. There is no dealing with Mr. Bateman, except by a flat contradiction. Perhaps his memory was treacherous, or his imagination led him astray, or, peradventure, he thought a fraud no harm if it gratified the strong desire of the public for proofs of Mr. Lincoln's orthodoxy. It is nothing to the purpose that Mr. Lincoln said once or twice that he thought this or that portion of the Scripture was the product of divine inspiration; for he was one of the class who hold that all truth is inspired, and that every human being with a mind and a conscience is a prophet. He would have agreed much more readily with one who taught that Newton's discoveries, or Bacon's philosophy, or one of his own speeches were the works of men divinely inspired above their fellows.¹ But he never told

¹ "As we have bodily senses to lay hold on matter, and supply bodily wants, through which we obtain, naturally, all needed material things: so we have spiritual faculties to lay hold on God and supply spiritual wants through them we obtain all needed spiritual things. As we observe the conditions of the body, we have nature on our side, as we observe the law of the soul, we have God on our side. He imparts truth to all men who observe these conditions: we have direct access to him through reason, conscience, and the religious faculty, just as we have direct access to nature through the eye, the ear, or the hand. Through these channels, and by means of a law, certain, regular, and universal as gravitation, God inspires men, makes revelation of truth: for is not truth as much a phenomenon of God as motion of matter? Therefore, if God be omnipresent and omniscient, this inspiration is no miracle, but a regular mode of God's action on conscious spirit, as gravitation on unconscious matter. It is not a rare condescension of God, but a universal, unobtrusive, and unobtainable, of man. To obtain a knowledge of duty, a man is not sent away out-side of himself, to ancient documents. For the only rule of faith and practice, the Word, is very nigh him, even

most, because they seemed naturally improvable, or inconsistent with his "philosophy as called;" but his pervious success terrified him when he saw two images of himself in AUSTIN.

It is very probable that much of Mr. Lincoln's independence, the "other holy war" stripped from him as he walked, was done in view of religious faith. When the black fit was on him, he gathered a rough mental mass, as Bunyan or Cooper in his deepest moments of their conflicts with the evil one. Mental accidents can never fasten upon him by his early acquaintance. His own way was truth by the Bible, made all comprehensive, metaphysical, and practical wisdom. "To a man of his own sentiment, independent of it was a degradation of spirit; he would be conscious of his power if deemed to live without religion and without God in the world. He might have seemed to be a society with his family circle; he might become content with a limited conversation, or live with it a few scattered and various visits to his friends;—and give the rest of his life to his wife and children, and perhaps visit his friends by early evening or correspondence. And yet he was not. The first and fortune of his life, looking at it again, was the life of the world, was the influence of this momentary period which affected him on the point of meeting. It was the entire period of a life of energy.

THE END OF THE LIFE OF
ANNALISE LAYTON

CHAPTER XX.

ON the 11th of February, 1861, the arrangements for Mr. Lincoln's departure from Springfield were completed. It was intended to occupy the time remaining between that date and the 4th of March with a grand tour from State to State and city to city. One Mr. Wood, "recommended by Senator Seward," was the chief manager. He provided special trains to be preceded by pilot engines all the way through.

It was a gloomy day: heavy clouds floated overhead, and a cold rain was falling. Long before eight o'clock, a great number of people had collected at the station of the Great Western Railway to witness the event of the day. At precisely five minutes before eight, Mr. Lincoln, preceded by Mr. Wood, emerged from a private room in the dépôt building, and passed slowly to the car, the people falling back respectfully on either side, and as many as possible shaking his hands. Having finally reached the train, he ascended the rear platform, and, facing about to the throng which had closed around him, drew himself up to his full height, removed his hat, and stood for several seconds in profound silence. His eye roved sadly over that sea of upturned faces; and he thought he read in them again the sympathy and friendship which he had often tried, and which he never needed more than he did the . . . there was an unusual quiver in his lip, and a still more unusual tear on his shrivelled cheek. His solemn manner, his long silence, were as full of melancholy eloquence as any words he could have uttered. What did he think of? Of the mighty changes which had

At eight o'clock the train (with) out of Springfield heard the cheers of the population. Four years later a funeral train, covered with the pall of a ghastly mourning, rolled past the same city bearing an accidental corpse, whose obsequies were being celebrated in every part of the civilized world.

Along with Mr Lincoln's family on the special car were Gov. Yates, Ex-Gov. Meigs, Dr. Wallace (Mr. Lincoln's brother-in-law), Mr. Judd, Mr. Browning, Judge Davis, Col. Ellsworth, Col. Lamon, and private secretaries Nicolay and Hay.

It has been asserted that an attempt was made to throw the train off the track between Springfield and Indianapolis and also that a hand-grenade was found on board at Cincinnati, but no evidence of the fact is given in either case, and none of the Presidential party ever heard of those treacherous doings until they read of them in some of the ultra-magazine reports of their trip.

Full accounts of this journey were spread broadcast over the country at the time, and have been collected and printed in various books. But, except for the speeches of the President elect, those accounts possess no particular interest at this day; and of the speeches we shall present here only such extracts as express his thoughts and feelings about the impending civil war.

In the heat of the late canvass, he had written the following private letter:—

SPRINGFIELD, ILL., Aug. 14, 1860.

JOHN B. FRY, ESQ.

My dear Sir,—Yours of the 9th, enclosing the letter of Hon. John M. Botts, was duly received. The latter is herewith returned, according to your request. It contains one of the many assurances I receive from the South that in no probable event will there be any very formidable effort to break up the Union. The people of the South have too much of good sense and good temper to attempt the ruin of the government, rather than see it administered as it was administered by the men who made it. At least, so I hope and believe.

I thank you both for your own letter and a sight of that of Mr. Botts.

Yours very truly

A. LINCOLN.

At Columbus:—

"Allusion has been made to the interest *only* in relation to the policy of the new administration. In this, I have received from some a degree of credit for having kept silence, from others some depreciation. I do not think I was right. In the varying and repeatedly-shifting scenes of this process, *without a precedent which could enable me to judge for* the good of the country fitting, that, before speaking upon the difficulties of the country, I should have gained a view of the whole field. To be sure, after all, I found it all necessary to modify and change the course of policy as future events might make a change necessary.

"I have not maintained silence from any want of your anxiety. *It is a good thing that there is no more than anxiety, for there is nothing going wrong. It is a consoling circumstance, that when we get into things that hurt nobody anybody.* We entertain different views upon political questions, but nobody is suffering any thing. This is a most consoling circumstance, and from it I judge that all we want is time and patience, and a relation to men that will not ever forsake the people."

At Pittsburg:—

"Notwithstanding the troubles across the river there is really no more *grouching from any thing in the Government itself.* In general terms they are *ready on crisis, except one political one.* What is there more to warrant the condition of affairs presented by your friend South the year 1861? Take from the same sort of the questions here, and there is nothing to show the course which may be pursued. *I expect to see some more of the same sort of things as they are gotten up at any time by circumstances, and I expect to see some more of the same sort of things as they are gotten up at any time by circumstances.* My advice, then, would be to *maintain the same course as we have done in the past.* The trouble will come to an end, and the questions which now distress the country will be settled just as readily as at any other time of the country, when the Government is in the hands of men who are *ready to do the people's will, and just as ready to do the people's will, and just as ready to do the people's will, and just as ready to do the people's will.*

At Springfield:—

"I require nothing to make the Government in general *ready to do the people's will, and just as ready to do the people's will.* I do not think that there is any more to be done. The only thing to be done is to *maintain the same course as we have done in the past.* The trouble will come to an end, and the questions which now distress the country will be settled just as readily as at any other time of the country, when the Government is in the hands of men who are *ready to do the people's will, and just as ready to do the people's will.*

politicians, merchants, mechanics, laborers, and loafers were engaged in heated discussions about the anticipated war, and the probability of Northern troops being marched through Maryland to slaughter and pillage beyond the Potomac. It would seem like an easy thing to beguile a few individuals of this angry and excited multitude into the expression of some criminal desire; and the opportunity was not wholly lost, although the limited success of the detective under such favorable circumstances is absolutely wonderful. He put his "shadows" upon several persons, whom it suited his pleasure to suspect; and the "shadows" pursued their work with the keen zest and the cool treachery of their kind. They reported daily to their chief in writing, as he reported in turn to his employer. These documents are neither edifying nor useful: they prove nothing but the baseness of the vocation which gave them existence. They were furnished to Mr. Herndon in full, under the impression that partisan feeling had extinguished in him the love of truth, and the obligations of candor, as it had in many writers who preceded him on the same subject-matter. They have been carefully and thoroughly read, analyzed, examined, and compared, with an earnest and conscientious desire to discover the truth, if, perchance, any trace of truth might be in them. The process of investigation began with a strong bias in favor of the conclusion at which the detective had arrived. For ten years the author implicitly believed in the reality of the atrocious plot which these spies were supposed to have detected and thwarted; and for ten years he had pleased himself with the reflection that he also had done something to defeat the bloody purpose of the assassins. It was a conviction which could scarcely have been overthrown by evidence less powerful than the detective's weak and contradictory account of his own case. In the account there is literally nothing to sustain the accusation, and much to rebut it. It is perfectly manifest that there was no conspiracy,—no conspiracy of a hundred, of fifty, of twenty, of three; no definite purpose in the heart of even one man to murder Mr. Lincoln at Baltimore.

The reports are all in the form of personal narratives, and for the most relate when the spies went to bed, when they rose, where they ate, what saloons and brothels they visited, and what blackguards they met and "drinked" with. One of them "shadowed" a loud-mouthed, drinking fellow, named Luckett, and another a poor scapegrace and braggart, named Hilliard. These wretches "drinked" and talked a great deal, being about bars, haunted disreputable houses, were constantly half-drunk, and easily excited to use big and threatening words by the faithless protestations and cunning management of the spies. Thus Hilliard was made to say that he thought a man who should act the part of Brutus in these times would deserve well of his country; and Luckett was induced to declare that he knew a man who would kill Lincoln. At length the great arch-conspirator — the Brutus, the Orsini, of the New World, to whom Luckett and Hilliard, the "national volunteers," and all such, were as mere puppets — condescended to reveal himself in the most obliging and confiding manner. He made no mystery of his cruel and desperate scheme. He did not guard it as a dangerous secret, or choose his confidants with the circumspection which political criminals, and especially assassins, have generally thought proper to observe. Very many persons knew what he was about, and levied on their friends for small sums — five, ten, and twenty dollars — to further the "captain's" plan. Even Luckett was deep enough in the awful plot to raise money for it; and when he took one of the spies to a public bar-room, and introduced him to the "captain," the latter sat down and talked it all over without the slightest reserve. When was there ever before such a loud-mouthed conspirator, such a trustful and innocent assassin! His name was Ferrandina, his occupation that of a barber, his place of business beneath Barnum's Hotel, where the sign of the bloodthirsty villain still invites the unsuspecting public to come in for a shave.

"Mr. Luckett," so the spy relates, "said that he was not going home this evening; and if I would meet him at Barr's saloon, on South Street, he would introduce me to Ferrandina.

This was unexpected to me; but I determined to take the chances, and agreed to meet Mr. Luckett at the place named at 7, P.M. Mr. Luckett left about 2.30, P.M.; and I went to dinner.

“ I was at the office in the afternoon in hopes that Mr. Felton might call, but he did not; and at 7.15, P.M., I went to supper. After supper, I went to Barr's saloon, and found Mr. Luckett and several other gentlemen there. He asked me to drink, and introduced me to Capt. Ferrandina and Capt. Turner. He eulogized me very highly as a neighbor of his, and told Ferrandina that I was the gentleman who had given the twenty-five dollars he (Luckett) had given to Ferrandina.

“ The conversation at once got into politics; and Ferrandina, who is a fine-looking, intelligent-appearing person, became very excited. He shows the Italian in, I think, a very marked degree; and, although excited, yet was cooler than what I had believed was the general characteristic of Italians. He has lived South for many years, and is thoroughly imbued with the idea that the South must rule; that they (Southerners) have been outraged in their rights by the election of Lincoln, and freely justified resorting to any means to prevent Lincoln from taking his seat; and, as he spoke, his eyes fairly glared and glistened, and his whole frame quivered, but he was fully conscious of all he was doing. He is a man well calculated for controlling and directing the ardent-minded: he is an enthusiast, and believes, that, to use his own words, ‘murder of any kind is justifiable and right to save the rights of the Southern people.’ In all his views he was ably seconded by Capt. Turner.

“ Capt. Turner is an American; but although very much of a gentleman, and possessing warm Southern feelings, he is not by any means so dangerous a man as Ferrandina, as his ability for exciting others is less powerful; but that he is a bold and proud man there is no doubt, as also that he is entirely under the control of Ferrandina. In fact, it could not be otherwise: for even I myself felt the influence of this man's strange power; and, wrong though I knew him to

to fall strongly habit to keep my mind balanced against him.

"Ferrandina said, 'Never, never, shall Lincoln be President.' His life (Ferrandina) was of no consequence: he was willing to work up for Lincoln; he would sell it for that Abolitionist's; and as Orton had given his life for Italy, so was he (Ferrandina) ready to do for his country, and the rights of the South; and I said Ferrandina, turning to Capt. Turner, 'We shall all die together; we shall show the North that we can (they not) 'Every man, captain,' said he, 'will on that day prove himself a hero. The first shot fired, the main train (Lincoln) dead, and all Maryland will be with us, and the South shall be free: and the North must then be ours.' — 'Mr. Hollister,' said Ferrandina, '*if I alone must do it, I shall: Lincoln shall die in this city.*'

"While we were thus talking, we (Mr. Lockett, Turner, Ferrandina, and myself) were alone in one corner of the bar-room; and, while talking, two strangers had got pretty near us. Mr. Lockett called Ferrandina's attention to this, and intimated that they were listening; and we went up to the bar, drank again at my expense, and again retired to another part of the room, at Ferrandina's request, to see if the strangers would again follow us: whether by accident or design, they again got near us; but of course we were not talking of any matter of consequence. Ferrandina said he suspected they were spies, and suggested that he had to attend a secret meeting, and was apprehensive that the two strangers might follow him; and, at Mr. Lockett's request, I remained with him (Lockett) to watch the movements of the strangers. I assured Ferrandina, that, if they would attempt to follow him, that we would whip them.

"Ferrandina and Turner left to attend the meeting; and, as I was to follow them myself, I was obliged to remain with Mr. Lockett to watch the strangers, which we did for about fifteen minutes, when Mr. Lockett said that he should go to a friend's to stay over night, and I left for my hotel, arriving there at about 9, P.M., and soon retired."

It is in a secret communication between hireling spies and paid informers that these ferocious sentiments are attributed to the poor knight of the soap-pot. No disinterested person would believe the story upon such evidence; and it will appear hereafter, that even the detective felt that it was too weak to mention among his strong points at that decisive moment, when he revealed all he knew to the President and his friends. It is probably a mere fiction. If it had had any foundation in fact, we are inclined to believe that the sprightly and eloquent barber would have dangled at a rope's end long since. He would hardly have been left to shave and plot in peace, while the members of the Legislature, the police-marshal, and numerous private gentlemen, were locked up in Federal prisons. When Mr. Lincoln was actually slain, four years later, and the cupidity of the detectives was excited by enormous rewards, Ferrandina was totally unmolested. But even if Ferrandina really said all that is here imputed to him, he did no more than many others around him were doing at the same time. He drank and talked, and made swelling speeches; but he never took, nor seriously thought of taking, the first step toward the frightful tragedy he is said to have contemplated.

The detectives are cautious not to include in the supposed plot to murder any person of eminence, power, or influence. Their game is all of the smaller sort, and, as they conceived, easily taken, — witless vagabonds like Hilliard and Luckett, and a barber, whose calling indicates his character and associations. They had no fault to find with the governor of the State: he was rather a lively trimmer, to be sure, and very anxious to turn up at last on the winning side; but it was manifestly impossible that one in such exalted station could meditate murder. Yet, if they had pushed their inquiries with an honest desire to get at the truth, they might have found much stronger evidence against the governor than that which they pretend to have found against the barber. In the governor's case the evidence is documentary, written, authentic, — over his own hand, clear and conclusive as pen

and *you* would make it. As early as the previous November, Gen. Hicks had written the following letter; and, notwithstanding its treasonable and murderous import, the writer became conspicuously loyal before spring, and lived to reap splendid rewards and high honors under the auspices of the Federal Government, as the most patriotic and devoted Union man in Maryland. The person to whom the letter was addressed was equally fortunate; and, instead of drawing out the conscripts in the field to "kill Lincoln and his men," he was sent to Congress by power exerted from Washington at a time when the administration selected the representatives of Maryland, and performed all his duties right loyally and acceptably. Shall one be taken, and another left? Shall Hicks go to the Senate, and Webster to Congress, while the poor barber is held to the silly words which he is alleged to have spluttered out between silly drinks in a low groggery, under the blandishments and encouragements of an eager spy, itching for his reward?

STATE OF MARYLAND, EXECUTIVE CHAMBER,
ANNAPOLIS, NOV. 9, 1860.

HON. E. H. WEBSTER.

My dear Sir:—I have pleasure in acknowledging receipt of your favor concerning a certain over-gentleman to my acquaintance (though a Demo'). I need not say that we have, at this time, no arms on hand to distribute, but assure you at the earliest possible moment your company shall have arms: they have been supplied with all requisite to their part. We have some delay, on account of contracts with Georgia and Alabama, ahead of us: we expect a full early day an additional supply, and of first received your people should be furnished. Will they be good men to send out to kill Lincoln and his men? If not, suppose the arms would be better sent South.

How can I say objection at with you? 'Tis too bad. Harford, nothing to represent yourself for.

Your obedient servant,

THOS. H. HICKS.

With the Presidential party was Hon. Norman B. Judd: he was supposed to exercise unbounded influence over the new President; and with him, therefore, the detective opened communications. At various places along the route, Mr. Judd was given vague hints of the impending danger, accompanied



NORMAN B. JUDD.

by the usual assurances of the skill and activity of the patriots who were perilling their lives in a rebel city to save that of the Chief Magistrate. When he reached New York, he was met by the woman who had originally gone with the other spies to Baltimore. She had urgent messages from her chief, — messages that disturbed Mr. Judd exceedingly. The detective was anxious to meet Mr. Judd and the President; and a meeting was accordingly arranged to take place at Philadelphia.

Mr. Lincoln reached Philadelphia on the afternoon of the 21st. The detective had arrived in the morning, and improved the interval to impress and enlist Mr. Felton. In the evening he got Mr. Judd and Mr. Felton into his room at the St. Louis Hotel, and told them all he had learned. He dwelt at large on the fierce temper of the Baltimore Secessionists; on the loose talk he had heard about “fire-balls or hand-grenades;” on a “privateer” said to be moored somewhere in the bay; on the organization called National Volunteers; on the fact, that, eaves-dropping at Barnum’s Hotel, he had overheard Marshal Kane intimate that he would not supply a police-force on some undefined occasion, but what the occasion was he did not know. He made much of his miserable victim, Hilliard, whom he held up as a perfect type of the class from which danger was to be apprehended; but, concerning “Captain” Ferrandina and his threats, he said, according to his own account, not a single word. He had opened his case, his whole case, and stated it as strongly as he could. Mr. Judd was very much startled, and was sure that it would be extremely imprudent for Mr. Lincoln to pass through Baltimore in open daylight, according to the published programme. But he thought the detective ought to see the President himself; and, as it was wearing toward nine o’clock, there was no time to lose. It was agreed that the part taken by the detective and Mr. Felton should be kept secret from every one but the President. Mr. Sanford, President of the American Telegraph Company, had also been co-operating in the business; and the same stipulation was made with regard to him.

Mr. Judd went to his own room at the *Continental*, and the detective followed. The crowd in the hotel was very dense, and it took some time to get a message to Mr. Lincoln. But finally reached him, and he responded in person. Mr. Judd questioned the detective; and the latter told his story over again, with a slight variation: this time he mentioned the name of Eckendorf along with Hillard's, but gave no more particulars to one than to the other.

Mr. Judd and the detective wanted Lincoln to leave for Washington that night. This he flatly refused to do. He had engagements with the people, he said, — to raise a flag over Independence Hall in the morning, and to exhibit himself at Harrisburg in the afternoon; and these engagements he would not break in any event. But he would raise the flag, go to Harrisburg, "get away quietly" in the evening, and permit himself to be carried to Washington in the way they thought best. Even this, however, he conceded with great reluctance. He condescended to cross-examine the detective on several parts of his narrative, but at no time did he seem in the least degree alarmed. He was earnestly requested not to communicate the change of plan to any member of his party, except Mr. Judd, nor permit even a suspicion of it to cross the mind of another. To this he replied, that he would be compelled to tell Mrs. Lincoln; "and he thought it likely that she would insist upon W. H. Lamont going with him; but, aside from that, no one should know."

On the previous day, Mr. Seward had also discovered the conspiracy. He dispatched his son to Philadelphia to warn the President close of the terrible plot into whose meshes he was about to pass. Mr. Lincoln turned him over to Judd, and Judd told that day already knew all about it. He went away with just enough information to enable his father to anticipate the exact moment of Mr. Lincoln's surreptitious arrival in Washington.

Early on the morning of the 22d, Mr. Lincoln raised the flag over Independence Hall, and departed for Harrisburg. On the way, Mr. Judd gave him a full and precise detail of

the arrangements that had been made "the previous night. After the conference with the detective, Mr. Sanford, Col. Scott, Mr. Felton, railroad and telegraph officials, had been sent for, and came to Mr. Judd's room. They occupied nearly the whole of the night in perfecting the plan. It was finally understood that about six o'clock the next evening Mr. Lincoln should slip away from the Jones Hotel, at Harrisburg, in company with a single member of his party. A special car and engine would be provided for him on the track outside the dépôt. All other trains on the road would be "side-tracked" until this one had passed. Mr. Sanford would forward skilled "telegraph-climbers," and see that all the wires leading out of Harrisburg were cut at six o'clock, and kept down until it was known that Mr. Lincoln had reached Washington in safety. The detective would meet Mr. Lincoln at the West Philadelphia dépôt with a carriage, and conduct him by a circuitous route to the Philadelphia, Wilmington, and Baltimore dépôt. Berths for four would be pre-engaged in the sleeping-car attached to the regular midnight train for Baltimore. This train Mr. Felton would cause to be detained until the conductor should receive a package, containing important "government despatches," addressed to "E. J. Allen, Willard's Hotel, Washington." This package was made up of old newspapers, carefully wrapped and sealed, and delivered to the detective to be used as soon as Mr. Lincoln was lodged in the car. Mr. Lincoln approved of the plan, and signified his readiness to acquiesce. Then Mr. Judd, forgetting the secrecy which the spy had so impressively enjoined, told Mr. Lincoln that the step he was about to take was one of such transcendent importance, that he thought "it should be communicated to the other gentlemen of the party." Mr. Lincoln said, "You can do as you like about that." Mr. Judd now changed his seat; and Mr. Nicolay, whose suspicions seem to have been aroused by this mysterious conference, sat down beside him, and said, "Judd, there is something *up*. What is it, if it is proper that I should know?" — "George," answered Judd, "there is no necessity for your knowing it. One man can keep a matter better than two."

Arrived at Harrisburg, and the public ceremonies and speech-making over, Mr. Lincoln retired to a private parlor in the Jones House; and Mr. Judd summoned to meet him Judge Davis, Col. Lamon, Col. Sumner, Major Hunter, and Capt. Pope. The three latter were officers of the regular army, and had joined the party after it had left Springfield. Judd began the conference by stating the alleged fact of the Baltimore conspiracy, how it was detected, and how it was proposed to thwart it by a midnight expedition to Washington by way of Philadelphia. It was a great surprise to most of those assembled. Col. Sumner was the first to break silence. "That proceeding," said he, "will be a damned piece of cowardice." Mr. Judd considered this a "pointed hit," but replied that "that view of the case had already been presented to Mr. Lincoln." Then there was a general interchange of opinions, which Sumner interrupted by saying, "I'll get a squad of cavalry, sir, and *cut* our way to Washington, sir!" — "Probably before that day comes," said Mr. Judd, "the inauguration day will have passed. It is important that Mr. Lincoln should be in Washington that day." Thus far Judge Davis had expressed no opinion, but "had put various questions to test the truthfulness of the story." He now turned to Mr. Lincoln, and said, "You personally heard the detective's story. You have heard this discussion. What is your judgment in the matter?" — "I have listened," answered Mr. Lincoln, "to this discussion with interest. I see no reason, no good reason, to change the programme; and I am for carrying it out as arranged by Judd." There was no longer any dissent as to the plan itself; but one question still remained to be disposed of. Who should accompany the President on his perilous ride? Mr. Judd again took the lead, declaring that he and Mr. Lincoln had previously determined that but one man ought to go, and that Col. Lamon had been selected as the proper person. To this Sumner violently demurred. "I have undertaken," he exclaimed, "to see Mr. Lincoln to Washington."

Mr. Lincoln was hastily dining when a close carriage was

brought to the side-door of the hotel. He was called, hurried to his room, changed his coat and hat, and passed rapidly through the hall and out of the door. As he was stepping into the carriage, it became manifest that Sumner was determined to get in also. "Hurry with him," whispered Judd to Lamon, and at the same time, placing his hand on Sumner's shoulder, said aloud, "One moment, colonel!" Sumner turned around; and, in that moment, the carriage drove rapidly away. "A madder man," says Mr. Judd, "you never saw."

Mr. Lincoln and Col. Lamon got on board the car without discovery or mishap. Besides themselves, there was no one in or about the car but Mr. Lewis, general superintendent of the Pennsylvania Central Railroad, and Mr. Franciscus, superintendent of the division over which they were about to pass. As Mr. Lincoln's dress on this occasion has been much discussed, it may be as well to state that he wore a soft, light felt hat, drawn down over his face when it seemed necessary or convenient, and a shawl thrown over his shoulders, and pulled up to assist in disguising his features when passing to and from the carriage. This was all there was of the "Scotch cap and cloak," so widely celebrated in the political literature of the day.

At ten o'clock they reached Philadelphia, and were met by the detective, and one Mr. Kinney, an under-official of the Philadelphia, Wilmington, and Baltimore Railroad. Lewis and Franciscus bade Mr. Lincoln adieu. Mr. Lincoln, Col. Lamon, and the detective seated themselves in a carriage, which stood in waiting, and Mr. Kinney got upon the box with the driver. It was a full hour and a half before the Baltimore train was to start; and Mr. Kinney found it necessary "to consume the time by driving northward in search of some imaginary person."

On the way through Philadelphia, Mr. Lincoln told his companions about the message he had received from Mr. Seward. This new discovery was infinitely more appalling than the other. Mr. Seward had been informed "that about *fifteen thousand men* were organized to prevent his (Lincoln's) pas-

went through Baltimore, and the arrangements were made by these parties *to board by the railroad track, for the train.*" 20. To look at these unpleasant circumstances, Mr. Seward contemplated a *blaze of glory*. Here was a plot big enough to swallow up the little one, which we are to regard as the assumed property of Mr. Felton's detectives. Hilliard, Ferguson, and Laidlaw disappear among the "fifteen thousand;" and their scandalous and inept twaddle about the "morning event," looks very insignificant beside the bloody massacre, conflagration, and explosion now foreshadowed.

As the moment for the departure of the Baltimore train drew near, the carriage pressed in the dark shadows of the depot building. It was not considered prudent to approach the carriage. The spy passed in first, and was followed by Mr. Lincoln and Col. Lamon. An agent of the former directed them to the sleeping-car, which they entered by the rear door. Mr. Kinney ran forward, and delivered to the conductor the "important package" prepared for the purpose; and in three minutes the train was in motion. The tickets for the whole party had been prepared beforehand. Their berths were ready, but had only been preserved from invasion by the statement, that they were reserved for a sick man and his attendants. The business had been managed very ably by the female spy, who had accompanied her employer from Baltimore to Philadelphia to assist him in this the most delicate and important affair of his life. Mr. Lincoln got into his bed immediately; and the Germans were drawn together. When the accident came around, the detective handed him the "sick man's" ticket; and the rest of the party lay down also. "None of the party appeared to be sleepy," says the detective; "but we all lay quiet, and nothing of importance transpired." "Mr. Lincoln is very home-sick," said the woman in her "report," "and so very well, that he could not lay straight in his berth." During the night Mr. Lincoln indulged in a joke or two, in an underlonger tone, with that exception, the "two sections" occupied by them were perfectly silent. The detective said he had men stationed at various places along the road to let him

know "if all was right;" and he rose and went to the platform occasionally to observe their signals, but returned each time with a favorable report.

At thirty minutes after three, the train reached Baltimore. One of the spy's assistants came on board, and informed him "in a whisper that all was right." The woman got out of the car. Mr. Lincoln lay close in his berth; and in a few moments the car was being slowly drawn through the quiet streets of the city toward the Washington dépôt. There again there was another pause, but no sound more alarming than the noise of shifting cars and engines. The passengers, tucked away on their narrow shelves, dozed on as peacefully as if Mr. Lincoln had never been born, until they were awakened by the loud strokes of a huge club against a night-watchman's box, which stood within the dépôt and close to the track. It was an Irishman, trying to arouse a sleepy ticket-agent, comfortably ensconced within. For twenty minutes the Irishman pounded the box with ever-increasing vigor, and, at each report of his blows, shouted at the top of his voice, "Captain! it's four o'clock! it's four o'clock!" The Irishman seemed to think that time had ceased to run at four o'clock, and, making no allowance for the period consumed by his futile exercises, repeated to the last his original statement that it was four o'clock. The passengers were intensely amused; and their jokes and laughter at the Irishman's expense were not lost upon the occupants of the "two sections" in the rear. "Mr. Lincoln," says the detective, appeared "to enjoy it very much, and made several witty remarks, showing that he was as full of fun as ever."

In due time the train sped out of the suburbs of Baltimore; and the apprehensions of the President and his friends diminished with each welcome revolution of the wheels. At six o'clock the dome of the Capitol came in sight; and a moment later they rolled into the long, unsightly building, which forms the Washington dépôt. They passed out of the car unobserved, and pushed along with the living stream of men and women toward the outer door. One man alone in the great

around seemed to watch Mr. Lincoln with special attention. Standing a little on one side, he "looked very sharp at him," and, as he passed, seized hold of his hand, and said in a loud tone of voice: "Abe, you can't play that on me." The detective and Col. Lamont were instantly alarmed. One of them raised his fist to strike the stranger; but Mr. Lincoln caught his arm, and said, "Don't strike him! don't strike him! It is Washburne. Don't you know him?" Mr. Seward had given Mr. Washburne a hint of the information received through Johnson; and Mr. Washburne knew its value as well as another. For the present, the detective admonished him to keep quiet; and they passed on together. Taking a hack, they drove towards Willard's Hotel. Mr. Lincoln, Mr. Washburne, and the detective got out in the street, and approached the ladies' entrance; while Col. Lamont drove on to the main entrance, and sent the proprietor to meet his distinguished guest at the side door. A few minutes later Mr. Seward arrived, and was introduced to the company by Mr. Washburne. He spoke in very strong terms of the great danger which Mr. Lincoln had so narrowly escaped, and most heartily applauded the wisdom of the "second passage." "I informed Gov. Seward of the nature of the information I had," says the detective, "and that I had no intimation of any large organization in Baltimore; but the Governor confessed that he had conclusive evidence of this."

It soon became apparent that Mr. Lincoln wished to be left alone. He said he felt "rather tired;" and, upon this intimation, the party separated. The detective went to the telegraph office, and looked by wires with despatches, containing the pleasing intelligence that "Phelps" had brought "Nuts" enough to satisfy, by the way, either the President elect or reduced to the unadorned title of "Nuts."

From some day Mr. Lincoln's family and suite passed through Baltimore on the special train intended for him. They saw no signs of any disposition to burn them alive, or to blow them up with gunpowder; but went their way unmolested and very happy.

Mr. Lincoln was thought to regret the midnight ride. His

friends reproached him, his enemies taunted him. He was convinced that he had committed a grave mistake in yielding to the solicitations of a professional spy and of friends too easily alarmed. He saw that he had fled from a danger purely imaginary, and felt the shame and mortification natural to a brave man under such circumstances. But he was not disposed to take all the responsibility to himself, and frequently upbraided the writer for having aided and assisted him to demean himself at the very moment in all his life when his behavior should have exhibited the utmost dignity and composure.

The news of his surreptitious entry into Washington occasioned much and varied comment throughout the country; but important events followed it in such rapid succession, that its real significance was soon lost sight of. Enough that Mr. Lincoln was safely at the capital, and in a few days would in all probability assume the power confided to his hands.

If before leaving Springfield he had become weary of the pressure upon him for office, he found no respite on his arrival at the focus of political intrigue and corruption. The intervening days before his inauguration were principally occupied in arranging the construction of his Cabinet. He was pretty well determined on this subject before he reached Washington; but in the minds of the public, beyond the generally accepted fact, that Mr. Seward was to be the Premier of the new administration, all was speculation and conjecture. From the circumstances of the case, he was compelled to give patient ear to the representations which were made him in favor of or against various persons or parties, and to hold his final decisions till the last moment, in order that he might decide with a full view of the requirements of public policy and party fealty.

The close of this volume is not the place to enter into a detailed history of the circumstances which attended the inauguration of Mr. Lincoln's administration, nor of the events which signaled the close of Mr. Buchanan's. The

history of the former cannot be understood without tracing its relation to that of the latter, and both demand more impartial consideration than either has yet received.

The 4th of March, 1861, at last arrived; and at noon on that day the administration of James Buchanan was to come to a close and that of Abraham Lincoln was to take its place. Mr. Lincoln's feelings, as the hour approached which was to invest him with greater responsibilities than had fallen upon any of his predecessors, may readily be imagined by the reader of the foregoing pages. If he saw in his elevation another step towards the fulfilment of that destiny which at times unbelieved awaited him, the thought served but to tinge with a peculiar, almost poetic sadness, the manner in which he addressed himself to the solemn duties of the hour.

The morning opened pleasantly. At an early hour he gave his inaugural address its final revision. Extensive preparations had been made to render the occasion as impressive as possible. By nine o'clock the procession had begun to form, and at eleven o'clock it commenced to move toward Willard's Hotel. Mr. Buchanan was still at the Capitol, signing bills, but the official term of his office expired. At half-past twelve he called for Mr. Lincoln: and, after a delay of a few moments, both descended, and entered the open barouche in waiting for them. Shortly after, the procession took up its march for the Capitol.

Apprehensions existed, that possibly some attempt might be made to assassinate Mr. Lincoln; and accordingly his carriage was carefully surrounded by the military and the Comedians of Arkansas. By order of Gen. Scott, troops were placed at various points about the city, as well as on the upper sides of the houses along the route of the procession.

The Senate remained in session till twelve o'clock, when Mr. Buchanan, in a few well-chosen words, bade the senators adieu, and then conformed his successor, Mr. Hannin, to the chair. At this moment, members and members elect

of the House of Representatives, and the Diplomatic Corps, enjoyed the spectacle. At three o'clock, to one, the Judges

of the Supreme Court were assembled: and in their presence, ordered by the yesterday's Court-order. More than 2000 ladies were present, while they moved slowly to the scene assigned. Open at the right of the Vice-President, looking to the right as they passed. At fifteen minutes past one the Massachusetts entered the chamber, followed by the President and President-elect. All Levees looked pale, and many stood silent. In a few moments, the Marshal led the way to the platform in the western part of the Capitol, where preparations had been made for the many-minute ceremony, and he was followed by the Judges of the Supreme Court, Senators-in-Apex, of the Senate, the Chairman of Appropriations, the President and President-elect, Vice-Presidents, Secretary of the Senate, Senators, Members of Congress, Heads of Departments, and others in the Chamber.

On arriving at the platform, Mr. Lincoln first addressed to the Assembly, by the Hon. E. D. Baker, United States Senator from Oregon. Speaking fervently, in a manner full of pathos, and impressively, he read to a silent, attentive crowd the following:

THE ACTUAL ADDRESS.

FRANCIS Pickens to the United States.—

In compliance with a notice issued by the Government that I should deliver a public address, you kindly and to me in your presence, the day appointed by the Government of the United States to be taken by the Nation's Chief Executive in the execution of his office.

I do not doubt it necessary to present myself as a slave from a matter of adaptation, and to do so in my public address, in accordance with the wishes of the people of the Nation. I have been told that of the presence of a President, administration, these persons and their young and personal associates are to be considered. There has been some very reasonable cause for such a feeling, but I do not think it would be of the nature of a public address, and most likely to be considered. It is found in some of the most important speeches of the President, and in the most important of the most important of these speeches, several instances. One of these is, in my opinion, the most noble and noble of the most noble of all speeches in the history of the Nation, where it is said: "I believe I have no objection to the sale of slaves in the States where it is lawful." (Boston Herald of Commerce)

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If my power expires you might want
to call it in to me. I am a duplicate
for for all my time, but I will play
in any or better in my right, and
cannot be used for the purpose of
the other side of the population.

I hope for you
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