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Reminiscences about
Abraham Lincoln

Newspaper clippings, accounts, and
memories of those whose lives
included an encounter with the 16th
President of the United States

Surnames beginning with

Wi

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WILBERN, MRS. SINA

IT is stated by Mrs. Sina Wilbern, aged 84, of Omaha, Neb., that she knew Abraham Lincoln during his "starving days," when he first made claim of being a lawyer. Prior to this time he had been clerking in a crossroads store.

She says the first lawsuit the martyred President ever defended, and winning the case, though trivial, was the means of bringing him fame throughout the farm district in which he was practising, and it was all due to a young Chester White hog.

The Wilberns were the happy possessors of a litter of these choice but scarce brand of hogs, and had a custom of nicking the ears of the little piggies in a style all their own.

It was learned that a neighbor had stolen one of the brood. Mr. Wilbern caught it in the road and brought it home to its parents. The neighbor raised a big kick at this, claiming just ownership, and sued Wilbern for damages, valuing the pig at 50 cents.

ABRAHAM LINCOLN was engaged to defend the case. Wilbern placing an appraisement on the hog of \$2.50. Feeling ran high over the matter in the neighborhood, an incipient riot nearly starting.

Lincoln, after making a great plea, won the case, thereby distinguishing himself greatly in the minds of all the farmers. His fee from the legatee was \$2. It is said he needed it. But his victory gave him much prominence, for it was his first.

Things have not changed so much in principle even up to to-day; for are not most of the lawyers busy taking up cases in which hogs predominate?

with the construction of the English lan-

H. Y. S. J. p. 1
2/4/09

Aged Mrs. Wilbern Tells of One of the Great President's First Law Suits in New Salem, Ill., and How He Won It For a Fee of \$2

Special Correspondence of The Journal.

OMAHA, Neb., Jan. 29.—This is the tale of a pig—a wee Chester White piggy, which ranks high in porcine history.

Abraham Lincoln, the martyred President, gained fame through the young porker. The pig was literally a "fat-fryer" for Lincoln during his "starving days" as a young lawyer.

The story is now told, on the eve of the celebration of Lincoln's one hundredth birthday anniversary, by Mrs. Sina Wilbern, aged 84, of this city, whose husband retained Lincoln to defend their claim to the pig. The old lady insists that Lincoln's fame sprouted from this case, which he won against "one of the most noted Illinois lawyers of that time."

This is her story: "Lincoln was just a young lawyer then, studying at odd times in the office of Lawyer Herndon, at New Salem, Ill.

"My husband had been Lincoln's school companion and knew him well when he clerked in the town grocery and later when he was studying law. So, when we had a lawsuit to defend we retained him, though we didn't think he was much of a lawyer.

"We had a Chester White hog. That was when the Chester Whites were scarce and valuable.

"In time a brood of seven little pigs were born. We let them run around loose, and one night one little pig was lost. We searched everywhere for it, but could not find it.

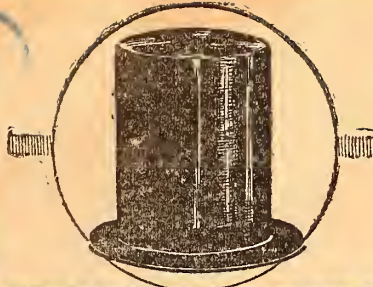
"About a month later my husband found the pig, running in the road toward our house. He picked it up and took it back home, as he identified it by a notch in its ear—the same mark we had on the ears of all the new pigs.

"The next day a prominent family near us claimed the pig. They swore it was their pig, but we found they kept the pig hidden in the woods.

"When we refused to give them our pig they brought suit against us.

"Then we engaged Lincoln. They claimed the pig was worth only 50 cents. We said it was worth \$2.50.

"Feeling ran high in the neighborhood and a feud almost started. Finally the case came to trial. Lincoln distinguished himself by winning the case.



MRS. SINA WILBERN.

"His fee from us was \$2 and I guess he needed it.

"But his victory gave him much prominence in the town. It was one of the first victories he won in court in which the public were much interested."

Mrs. Wilbern learned much about Lincoln's boyhood from her husband. She also knew him for several years at New Salem. Her recollections of this period are remarkably clear and she has many a good story to tell. She said:

"My husband and Lincoln while at school played and wrestled together. Neither had much schooling and neither liked to get what schooling they had. Lincoln was not as studious as some people have said.

"Wrestling was a great hobby and sport of Lincoln. A negro named 'Tate' was the only boy who could throw him.

"Lincoln was not so awfully bright at school and liked to play 'hookey,' I guess. He and my husband often skipped school and went fishing or hunting out in the woods.

"Nobody thought much of Lincoln when I first met him, that is as a bright fellow, but every one liked him. He was always good natured. He was never offended, always joking and just full of jokes."

Interesting reminiscences of Lincoln's early courtships and marriage to Miss Todd are recounted by Mrs. Wilbern. She strongly disapproved of his wedding with Miss Todd, whom she describes as a "highfalutin'" lady.

"Lincoln was always a great fellow to go to parties. He liked the society of women. But Lincoln buried his love—Ann Rutledge, his first sweetheart. He was devoted to her. When she died I know Lincoln was heartbroken. He told my husband he had buried his love.

"A good joke on Lincoln, I remember," said the old lady. "He froze his feet going to see a girl. He had to walk a long way through snow on an awful cold night. He had to stay a week at the girl's home until his feet got well enough for him to go out. Then the old lady charged him board."

Denial of the rail-splitting anecdote credited to Lincoln's youth is made by Mrs. Wilbern.

"My husband said Lincoln never split rails. The Hankses were not that poor. That rail-splitting story was only made up for political purposes, to use to get votes.

"Lincoln and my husband were always good friends, but he voted for Douglas. He liked Lincoln, but they were of different politics. We both heard the great debate between Lincoln and Douglas."

Handwritten notes and a stamp. The stamp says "COUNCIL" and "1920".





Fred N. Wilcox telling his little neighbor, Aileen McGee, a story of the Civil War. *Columbian Citizen May 30, 1929*

"YES, Aileen, you may not know much about who General U. S. Grant and President Abraham Lincoln were, but they were great men and I am glad that I had the honor of dining with both of them."

It is Fred N. Wilcox of 338 19th-av who is speaking. Listening with avid interest, is his 4-year-old neighbor, Aileen McGee, 339 19th-av.

Aileen is one of many youngsters who like to listen to Mr. Wilcox tell stories of the Civil War.

He is believed by G. A. R. officials to be the oldest surviving member in the state. He will be 99 on Nov. 27.

"Southern girls were especially kind to northern soldiers," Mr. Wilcox recalls. "They would hide behind trees and slip fried chicken to us."

After leaving the army, Mr. Wilcox became a locomotive engineer.

He lives with his son, Frank, and daughter, Miss Nelle Wilcox, at 338 19th-av. He has four children, 10 grandchildren and four great-grandchildren.



In the picture one-hundred-year old Captain W. H. Wildey is receiving a Franklin interest income contract from Franklin agent John Frosch of Mt. Carroll, Illinois, in exchange for his policy No. 27614, issued March 1, 1900.

Mr. Wildey was offered cash in the amount of the face value of the policy on April 18, his hundredth birthday, but preferred to leave the money with the Company and draw interest as long as he lives. We believe this decision proves that Mr. Wildey has a keen appreciation of financial security.

When Mr. Wildey was a lad of 14 Horace Greeley's injunction to "go west, young man" fell alluringly on his ears, and he traveled to Ohio, later to Chicago. There he shook hands with Abraham

Lincoln, and heard him debate with Stephen A. Douglas.

When Mr. Lincoln sent out his first call for volunteers, Mr. Wildey's was the eleventh name enrolled in Chicago. Mr. Wildey still insists that there is nothing he likes better than soldiering. He was severely wounded in 1863, but went back into the fight, and was finally mustered out in 1866 as a captain.

He then bought a grocery store in Mt. Carroll, married, and settled down to manage the store for 59 years.

Mr. Wildey has been a Mason for 72 years, and members of this order, as well as his many friends in Mt. Carroll, young and old, helped celebrate his hundredth anniversary in April.

Williams, Mrs. Berntza

Circuit Rider's Daughter

To the Editor: The circuit rider's daughter has just passed on. I had the pleasure of visiting the beautiful city of Salem last fall and I did so enjoy Wilson park and all of nature's goodness to this very lovely place. Wandering along, my attention was drawn to the bronze statue "Circuit Rider," and I found myself going back again and again. An excellent piece of work! The pioneer minister who labored for love and not for money, for the good that he could do for fellow man.

I could see the lines on his forehead, the kind expression of his face, the message in his hand, the open Bible—a true pioneer.

It was my privilege to know this daughter of his, the late Mrs. Sarah Booth Hockett, and she was also an inspiration like her father. She had the same great faith that helped her to carry on, with a smile on her face, through all hardships; the kind we want to pattern after. It was women like her that made the west what it is. Let us try and keep that spirit ever here.

MRS. BERNITZA O. WILLIAMS,
Ilwaco, Wash.

The Sunday Oregonian
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REDWOOD CITY, July 28. (A-)
Mrs. Eudora Forde Willette of Oakland testified in Superior Court here today that Mrs. Constance May Gavin, who seeks a share of the \$9,000,000 estate of the late James L. Flood on the ground she is his daughter, was not only not Flood's child, but that she was named after a Boston department store.

Mrs. Willette, who says she is Mrs. Gavin's mother, testified that the late James Cannon, former stage hand at the old Grove Street Theater in San Francisco, was Mrs. Gavin's father. She narrated in considerable detail her asserted relations with Cannon and said she doubted if he ever knew about Constance. She said she met him while she visited the theater during the time her mother, Mrs. Alfredeta Forde, was an actress there.

SAW LINCOLN SHOT

Mrs. Forde, who is 93 years of age, and says she saw Lincoln shot, was a witness in the case during the morning and early afternoon. She testified Mrs. Gavin was not the daughter of Flood and also told about her daughter's asserted relations with Cannon. When attorneys for Mrs. Gavin sought to cross-examine Mrs. Forde she became hysterical. She had been carried into court, as she was too feeble to walk.

Mrs. Willette in describing the birth of her daughter said she was visited by a Catholic priest at her request for discussion of her plight, as she was unmarried. She said the priest suggested she could have a "spiritual marriage" and that she could have her child christened any name she liked.

She said she thought of a Victor Sturm with whom she had had a youthful romance and she thought of Stearn's Department store in Boston, in which city she was born, and decided to name her daughter Constance Sturm as a sort of combination of the two names. She said the name was entered erroneously as "Stern" on the baptismal certificate.

Earlier in the day Very Rev. Msgr. James Cantwell of San Francisco, was a witness and introduced the baptismal certificate showing the name of Constance Stern. The child was baptized at St. Mary's Cathedral here in 1893.

Mrs. Willette is expected to be on the stand several more days. Until recently she had stated in affidavits that Constance was the daughter of Flood. Recently she changed her statement and denied this.

POVERTY IN 1893

In her testimony today Mrs. Willette told of her poverty at the time her child was born—May 11, 1893. She said the famous old Russ House—early-day hotel—held her trunk for fourteen months because she owed the place rent. She said Flood, with whom she later became acquainted, gave her the money to pay the rent, but that this was after the child was born.

During Mrs. Willette's and Mrs. Forde's narration of events connected with the birth of Constance, Judge Buck cleared the courtroom of minors. During the afternoon a woman juror, Mrs. Elsie Dodson of South San Francisco, fainted. She was revived and permitted to continue.

Mrs. Forde told of her early stage struggles in Boston, and of how Abraham Lincoln came to her dressing-room after an appearance in "Virginia," and congratulated her on her performance. She also told of acting in the cast with Edwin Booth when the President was assassinated.

WILLETTE, MRS. EUDORA FORDE

BLAKESLEE



Last Sad Look at Lincoln Recalled

Oregon Womans Diary Details Civil War End, Leader's Death

By Dorothy Lois Smith
Journal Staff Writer

Wise men have said that it is how a man ends his life—not how he starts it—that offers proof of his degree of glory.

So, on the eve of the beloved Pres. Lincoln's birthday, it is perhaps not ironic to re-live via a Civil War diary the last few days of his life and the immediate period following his assassination.

SCHOOL TEACHER Mary Agnes Williams, a young woman of Bainbridge, Pa., kept the diary. Following the war, she changed her profession to that of nursing. One of her patients was Mrs. James J. Hill, wife of the famed railroad founder. She caught the "Western fever" from the Hills, who gave her passes for herself and many members of her large family. In 1888, they came to Newberg, and she died there in 1918.

Two nieces still live in Portland. They are Mrs. Hugh Hall and Miss Elinor Williams. A nephew, Harry Williams, once national commander of the Spanish-American War Veterans, and long a leading backer of the Battleship Oregon museum, now lives in Washington, D. C.

Through excerpts from her diary, dated from April 3 through May 4, 1865, the reader senses the quicksilver of emotions of most of the Northerners—their elation at victory, then the crushing, almost unbelievable news that the president was dead.

"THE WAR NEWS today is glorious," the teacher wrote on April 3. "At last the day dawns and a thankful people are saying 'Thanks be unto Almighty God who hath given

and everywhere preparations are making for celebrations on the grandest scale. We hear no more denunciation of Pres. Lincoln and the secretary of war and I have no doubt that many would gladly blot out of existence the treasonable language used by them during the last four years. But their words will live, a disgrace to them and their children after them, for many years."

BUT A FEW DAYS later, the tone of the diary changes dramatically, with the first sentence announcing: "We have heart-rending news this morning!"

"Auntie," she continues, "was just now (8 a. m.) told that a dispatch has been received stating that Pres. Lincoln was shot last night in Ford's theatre in Washington! We cannot credit it and yet, are fearful that it may prove true..."

But at noon, the same day, she adds: "Alas, it is but too true. Pres. Lincoln died at 20 minutes past seven this morning. Pres. Lincoln dead? We repeat the news and look from one to another in utter helplessness and woe.

"I FEEL as if a dark cloud had suddenly obscured everything that was bright and beautiful in our land yesterday. Mysterious are Thy dealings with this nation, Oh Lord. Do Thou help us to bow in submission to Thy superior wisdom? Never was man more beloved (nor hated more) than the one who now lies cold in death, deprived of life by the hired assassin J. Wilkes Booth. I fear we idolized him, so God has taken him from

who loved him so dearly will be allowed to see the body... I'm going to Harrisburg."

Upon her return home the stopped at Harrisburg, she re-cords, "Signal guns announced the arrival of the train, and at the same time a terrible storm began, but the people remained in the street, and no sound was heard save the booming of the cannon and the roll of Heaven's artillery.

"IT SEEMED as if the very elements were weeping with the people. When the procession reached the square, the storm was so furious that they were obliged to halt just in front of where we were..."

"Although I had never seen him except in pictures, he looked familiar... To me he looked like a man quietly sleeping with the consciousness of having faithfully finished his work. Hour after hour the throng poured through the hall and many were unable to get in. Strong men bowed their heads and wept like little children... Everyone seemed to feel that a near and dear relative was about to be borne to the tomb.

"Four years ago, he passed through here an almost unknown man in the East, yet people welcomed him joyfully because he was our President and we had confidence in him. But today how great the contrast. All enmity was swept away by Booth, and President Lincoln returned a conqueror."

Pages for April 26 record that Booth was "shot in a barn in Virginia today... he has been hunted from place to place and finally was driven from a swamp to the barn where he was shot like a dog, and it was right that he should die in this way. But we are not avenged, for many other leading rebels are implicated in the plot."



DIARY WRITTEN in Civil War days by young Bainbridge, Pa., schoolteacher graphically describes emotions from jubilation at winning war to sorrow at assassination of Pres. Lincoln. This is author, Mary Agnes Williams, who came to Oregon when she caught Western fever from James J. Hill family, famous founder of railroad.

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"The president," she then continues, "was killed while in his private box at the theatre with Mrs. Lincoln at his side, the assassin stepping close behind him and shooting him in the head."

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FOLLOWING his funeral, she writes that the religious services held in her church that day "were well suited and many were affected to tears... Woe be to the man or woman who dares insult a sorrowing people by uttering one word of disrespect of the man who has suffered so much and at last died for his country and freedom... On April 21, the remains of Pres. Lincoln and his little son, Willie, who died in 1862, are to be taken from Washington on their way to Springfield,



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"**THE WAR NEWS** today is glorious," the teacher wrote on April 3. "At last the day dawns and a thankful people are saying 'Thanks be unto Almighty God who hath given us the victory! This morning our troops entered Richmond! Tonight the country is wild with excitement. . . . Pres. Lincoln himself sends dispatches to Washington."

"There is no lighter heart in the Union tonight than our noble careworn president carries in his bosom. For four long dreary years he has carried the weight of the national troubles and now, thank God, he has his reward. . . ."

Seven days later, she notes that "Gen. Lee surrendered his army to Gen. Grant! Now we know in truth that peace will soon dawn upon us, for Lee's army has been the mainstay of the Confederacy. The country is still wild with joy

and everywhere preparations are making for celebrations on the grandest scale. We hear no more denunciation of Pres. Lincoln and the secretary of war and have no doubt that many would gladly blot out of existence the treasonable language used by them during the last four years. But their words will live, a disgrace to them and their children after to them, for many years."

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"A truly great man—one of Nature's noblemen—is gone,



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Two days later she notes that "the people are just beginning to realize fully their loss. The blow came so suddenly that all were stunned by it and now feel like persons recovering from some horrible nightmare. . . . He has taken a large part of the

national heart with him, one gentleman said today, and it is true."

FOLLOWING his funeral, she writes that the religious services held in her church that day "were well suited and many were affected to tears. . . . Wee be to the man or woman who dares insult a sorrowing people by uttering one word of disrespect of the man who has suffered so much and at last died for his country and freedom. . . . On April 21, the remains of Pres. Lincoln and his little son, Willie, who died in 1862, are to be taken from Washington on their way to Springfield, passing through Baltimore, Harrisburg, Philadelphia, New York, Albany, Columbus, Indianapolis and Chicago, and at all these places the people

who loved him so dearly will be allowed to see the body. . . . I'm going to Harrisburg."

Upon her return home the night after the funeral train stopped at Harrisburg, she records, "Signal guns announced the arrival of the train, and at the same time a terrible storm began, but the people remained in the streets, and no sound was heard save the booming of the cannon and the roll of Heaven's artillery.

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"Today the remains of President Lincoln were deposited in the cemetery at Springfield," she reports on May 4. "How deep must have been the grief of those friends and neighbors who bade him farewell and God speed four years ago, when he was returned a cold and silent corpse. No, not a silent one, for no living tongue ever spoke so eloquently to the people as does his, telling them even in death, to guard sacredly those principles he had died to maintain."

"Henry Ward Beecher," she concludes, "gives a sermon on the president in these words: 'Four years ago, Oh Illinois! We took from thy midst an untired man. Today we return him to thy bosom conqueror—no, yours any longer but ours; not ours, but the nation's; not the nation's but the world's!'"

Wednesday Evening April 11th
*Do not have had earlier news the morning. Auntie was just
 told that a dispatch has been received stating that Pres. Lincoln
 was shot last night in Ford's theatre in Washington! We cannot credit it
 and yet, are fearful that it may prove true. . . ."*

THAT MANY NORTHERNERS at first thought news of Abe Lincoln's assassination was rumor, started "to dampen ardor of those who have been rejoicing over the victories" is brought out in Miss Williams's diary. Here is page that dramatically begins: "We have heart-rending news this morning." First tidings of assassination are recounted.



Death of Former Official Recalls Lincoln's Burial

Galesburg, Ill., March 2.—The death here during the past week of M. O. Williamson, former state treasurer, recalled to the minds of his close friends that he was a member of the last group to view the body of Abraham Lincoln.

It was during Mr. Williamson's tenure of office as state treasurer that the body of Lincoln, which had rested in a plot of Oak Ridge cemetery in Springfield, was transferred to the monument in which it now rests. Agitation for the placing of the body in the then new monument, where steel and concrete guarded the sacred remains closely from vandals, came after ghouls had made an attempt to steal the body.

It became necessary for a committee to be named to view the remains before they were placed in the new vault in the monument. Prominent state officials of the day were called upon for this duty and Mr. Williamson was one of those chosen. Solemnly they went to the monument, viewed the remains and pronounced them as those of the Great Emancipator. Even as they left the monument, workmen began encasing and sealing the tomb which is destined to hold the immortal Lincoln's body down through the ages.

After one term as state treasurer, Mr. Williamson returned to private life, becoming president of a bank at Galesburg and remaining prominent in Galesburg affairs until the time of his death.

Last Group to View Body of Abraham Lincoln



Group of state officials who were the last to view the body of Abraham Lincoln when it was transferred to the Springfield monument September 26, 1901. M. O. Williamson, former state

treasurer, who died at Galesburg the past week is fifth from the left in the front row. Acting governor John J. Brenholt is at his left in the picture.

Lincoln Is Recalled As Clean-Cut, Mild

Buffalo Evening News
Always Trusted in Almighty,
Former Reporter Says

Abraham Lincoln was "clean-cut, mild and easy speaking," as James A. Willis, 96, of 342 Rhode Island st. recalled him today. As a Chicago newspaper reporter in 1861, Mr. Willis interviewed Lincoln in Chicago's old Sherman House when he was campaigning for the presidency.

"His whole mind was a book," said Mr. Willis, who had met Lincoln repeatedly. "Questioned about war to keep the Union together, Lincoln had replied, 'It's got to be done.' Every expression of his thought and conscience was based on the Almighty's law. To many questions he would reply, 'God will take care of that.'"

The Buffalonian gave up newspaper work in 1862 to enlist in the 72d Michigan Regiment. When it came to Lincoln's second election, Mr. Willis said: "The whole Union Army voted for him. There wasn't a soldier who didn't love him."

Mr. Willis, an upholsterer in Goodwill Industries, 153 North Division st., works eight hours a day and hasn't missed a day in five years.



AN INTERVIEW WITH THE PRESIDENT.

N. P. Willis writes as follows from Washington to the last number of the *Home Journal*;

"The President, of course, is not to be spoken with, except upon urgent business, in these days; but chance gave me a very pleasant exchange of a few words with him last evening. Passing across the interior hall of the White House, toward the drawing-room where Mrs. Lincoln was to be at home to a few friends without ceremony, I met the Chief-Magistrate on his way from the tea-room to his office. Evidently thinking that I was in search of himself, he stopped, shook hands and looked inquiringly; upon which I introduced myself, apologized for the interruption, and stood back to let him pass. But having thus been made to know me, he took the occasion to obviate embarrassment by a few apt words, and ended by most courteously showing me the way to Mrs. Lincoln's reception-room.

"With my four or five years of 'court life' in Europe, I had never seen that awkward matter for a high functionary, an unexpected and brief interview with a stranger, more admirably and winningly done. It was characteristic, for there was no ceremony about it; but, while it was full of tact toward me, it was quite as full of simple dignity for himself. Though not courtly manner, it was what courtly manner tries to imitate—a meanness and presence too absolutely natural and direct for a Brummell to approve, but which would have been exceedingly admired by a Wellington or a Palmerton. It is impossible to look in Mr. Lincoln's face, and hear him speak a few words, without believing in him. He looks as honest as he does tall—and he is taller than most people—while, in

the absorbent openness of his frank eyes, and the ready intelligence of his features and expression, there is plenty of promise of capability.

"My former acquaintance with the White House was under the administration of Mr. Van Buren, who was a widower; and, soul of courtesy as he was, I think the country may fairly be congratulated on the difference, now, with a Lady-President. Mrs. Lincoln is most unaffectedly happy herself, and she strives to make every one else so; and the presence of a genially social and most motherly and kindly woman, dispensing the hospitalities with all her heart, gives a home character to the great White Palace, in which the public exceedingly rejoices. She and her charming kinswoman, Mrs. Grimsley, make those informal evenings, in the circular drawing-room, attractive to all strangers; and, favorite calling-place as it is to the distinguished men resident at the Capital, the conversation there is proverbially gay and agreeable. The President, in fact, is most popularly supported *at home*.

"Until now, the Presidential mansion has always seemed to me slenderly served—the one or two shabby-coated servants, who were to be seen occasionally in the lonely corridors, not being enough for the proper stateliness of the dwelling of the Chief Magistrate. But it is surprising what an improvement is made by the multiplying of uniforms and sentries. The noble gates seem for the first time suitably attended, and the thick sprinkling of officers, among the crowds in the halls and avenues, accord rightly with the architecture and associations. With the playing of the red-coated Marine Band in the grounds, the other afternoon—the gay crowd of ladies and soldiers, and the President's family in the half-circle of the balcony—it was really difficult not to believe one's self in Vienna, the White House, for once, looking sumptuously Imperial."



The Story of Buffalo

Mr. Lincoln's Visit Made Buffalo Custodian of a Treasured Portion of His Philosophy.

By M. M. WILNER

WORD reached Buffalo in February, 1861, that Mr. Lincoln would stop here on his way to Washington.

He arrived from Cleveland at 4 P. M. on Saturday, Feb. 16, 1861. Gov. Morgan came here to meet him. A citizens' committee organized a reception. The Wide Awakes again donned their caps and capes in his honor. The military guard was furnished by D company of the 74th regiment, commanded by Capt. Daniel D. Bidwell. A national salute was fired by an artillery company lately organized by Capt. Michael Wiedrich and attached to the 65th Regiment.

Mr. Lincoln was driven first to the American hotel. There he appeared on the balcony and responded to an address by Mayor Alberger. He spoke of the receptions all along his route as being very gratifying and as representative not alone of the citizens who had supported him but of the whole people. He continued:

"This is as it should be. Had the election fallen to any other of the distinguished candidates instead of myself, under the peculiar circumstances, to say the least, it would have been proper for all citizens to have greeted him as you now greet me.

"It is an evidence of the devotion of the whole people to the Constitution, the Union and the perpetuity of the liberties of this country. I am unwilling on any occasion that I should be so meanly thought of as to have it supposed for a moment that these demonstrations are tendered to me personally. They are tendered to the country and the perpetuity of the liberties of the country, for which these institutions were made and created."

The mayor had hoped that the new

President would relieve the country of the threatened difficulties, referring to the gathering secession cloud.

"I am sure," said Mr. Lincoln, "I bring a heart true to the work. For the ability to perform it, I must trust in that Supreme Being who has never forsaken this favored land, through the instrumentality of this great and intelligent people. Without that assistance I shall surely fail. With it I cannot fail."

He thought it best at the moment to say nothing of specific measures, but he added:

"When I shall speak authoritatively, I hope to say nothing inconsistent with the Constitution, the Union, the rights of all the states, of each state and of each section of the country, and not to disappoint the reasonable expectations of those who have confided to me their votes. In this connection allow me to say that you, as a portion of the great American people, need only to maintain your composure, stand up to your sober convictions of right, to your obligations to the Constitution, and act in accordance with those sober convictions, and the clouds now on the horizon will be dispelled, and we shall have a bright and glorious future, and, when this generation has passed away, tens of thousands will inhabit this country where only thousands inhabit it now."

This was the particular part of the philosophy of Abraham Lincoln of which Buffalo was made the special custodian.

The next day was Sunday, and Mr. Lincoln remained here as the guest of Mr. Fillmore. The former President much as he differed from Mr. Lincoln in politics, had himself experienced very similar poverty and obscurity in

his youth. He now played the host with the dignity and hospitality worthy of his high position in the community.

Mr. Lincoln accompanied Mr. Fillmore to the Unitarian church, where Dr. George W. Hosmer preached. There were no public ceremonies that day.

The next morning the President-elect resumed his journey toward New York and Washington. 3-22-30

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SIDELIGHTS ON LINCOLN GIVEN

*Memories of Emancipator
Recalled by Angeleno*

*Civil War Veteran Tells of
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"With malice toward none and charity for all" as the attribute of Abraham Lincoln which he most vividly recalls, Charles B. Wilson of 2328 Eleventh avenue, yesterday told of his acquaintance with the Great Emancipator during the Civil War days when bitterness and hatred bid fair to tear the nation assunder.

Mr. Wilson, then Lieut. Wilson, was on Gen. Whittell's staff at Richmond, Virginia, in 1865 when the end of the war came. Word was received that Lincoln was coming down from Washington and Wilson was detailed to meet him at the landing a few miles out of town and escort him into Richmond. The President was met, he said, by scores of freed slaves who fell on their knees before him with cries of "God bless Marse Lincoln! God bless Marse Lincoln!" And the short distance into the city took two hours to cover because at every step of the way he was shaking hands with the negroes with both his hands, his stove-pipe hat remaining on his head and his umbrella tucked under his arm.

When finally they reached the State House at Richmond, the President sat in Jefferson Davis's chair and discussed the disposition of the Confederate leaders with his generals.

"What shall we do with them, Mr. President?" he was asked.

and Mr. Wilson tells how Lincoln sat there looking up at the ceiling and his only comment was:

"Let 'em up easy, boys, let 'em up easy."

UNGAINLY HORSEMAN

Earlier in the war when Wilson was one of Berdent's sharpshooters, he related the story of their mutiny because they had been promised a certain kind of rifle to use, instead of which they were given old Enfield muskets. McClellan placed them all under arrest and then went to Lincoln with the story. Lincoln promptly mounted a horse and rode to their camp a short distance outside of Washington.

"With the stirrups too short and his long legs protruding at an ungainly angle, his stove-pipe hat and his umbrella under his arm, he made about as bad a figure on the horse as ever I saw," said Mr. Wilson. "But he came out to talk the matter over with the boys and he told McClellan that just as soon as the promised rifles could be procured we were to have them. He always was fair and he always talked straight from the shoulder. That's why everyone loved him."

Mr. Wilson, who will be 85 years of age this month, is a past senior vice-commander-in-chief of the Grand Army of the Republic. He has been a resident of Los Angeles since 1896.

ONE-TIME ESCORT TO SAVIOR OF COUNTRY



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Plans have been made throughout the city by various organizations for fitting ceremonies today to commemorate Lincoln's Birthday.

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Continued on Page 8, Column 5)

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(Continued from First Page)

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Swedish residents of Los Angeles and vicinity will celebrate Lincoln's Birthday this evening at the T.V.G. Hall, 936 West Washington street. Dr. Albin Peterson is the chairman in charge of a program which will include musicians and entertainers from the Swedish colony. The program will be given in English.

LINCOLN LETTER

OWNED BY LOCAL WOMAN

Coincident with the commemoration today of the 120th anniversary of the birth of Abraham Lincoln, it was revealed that one of the few hitherto unpublished letters written by the great emancipator, is the property of a resident of Beverly Hills, Mrs. Ernest Chase of 721 Rodeo Drive.

The letter was written to Adjt.-Gen. Thomas toward the close of the Civil War in reference to the lessees of plantations owned by Mrs. Eugenia P. Bass, Mrs. Chase's aunt, who later became the Countess Bertinatti. At her death, about ten years ago, the letter, along with a collection of valuable antiques, many of which are said to be of outstanding historical value, became the property of Mrs. Chase.

Countess Bertinatti won fame in Washington, D. C., as a southern beauty during antebellum days, and after her marriage to the Italian nobleman, traveled extensively.

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Prof. Walter Sylvester Hertzog, KHJ historian, spoke yesterday before 2000 students of Belmont High School on "The Contribution of the State of Pennsylvania to the Greatness of Lincoln."

"The simplicity of his life, his calmness in the midst of the struggle of the Civil War, his gentleness and kindness toward friend and foe, were due to the spirit of self-contemplation which was implanted in his heart by the simple teachings of his Quaker ancestors of Berks county, Pennsylvania," the speaker said.



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Missourian Named by Lincoln

James Madison Wilson of Sampsen, Mo., Owes
His Given Names to Visit of Civil War
President at Father's Home in

Quincy, Ill., in 1840.

Rev. J. J. Jones - Card 2-12-28

UAMES MADISON WILSON of Sampsen, Mo., pioneer resident of Livingston county, lays claim to the distinction of being the only living American whose given names were selected by Abraham Lincoln, martyred Civil war president, whose 119th birthday anniversary is being observed today.

Uncle Jim, as Mr. Wilson is known affectionately among his friends and acquaintances, is 87 years old. He moved to Livingston county in 1853, when he was 13, and he has resided there ever since.

He was born in Mount Sterling, Ill., forty-five miles east of Quincy, August 1, 1840. When he was 4 days old, Abraham Lincoln, then making his "log cabin campaign," stopped at the home of Benjamin Wilson, Mr. Wilson's father, who long had been an intimate friend of Mr. Lincoln.

"Let me name him," Mr. Lincoln begged and when the parents agreed Mr. Lincoln said "Name him James Madison." That was the last time he saw the boy until the latter was 12 years old.

Soon after the family moved to Missouri, Benjamin Wilson died, leaving James Madison to hustle for himself and help care for his mother. By the time the Civil war broke out, Mr. Wilson was

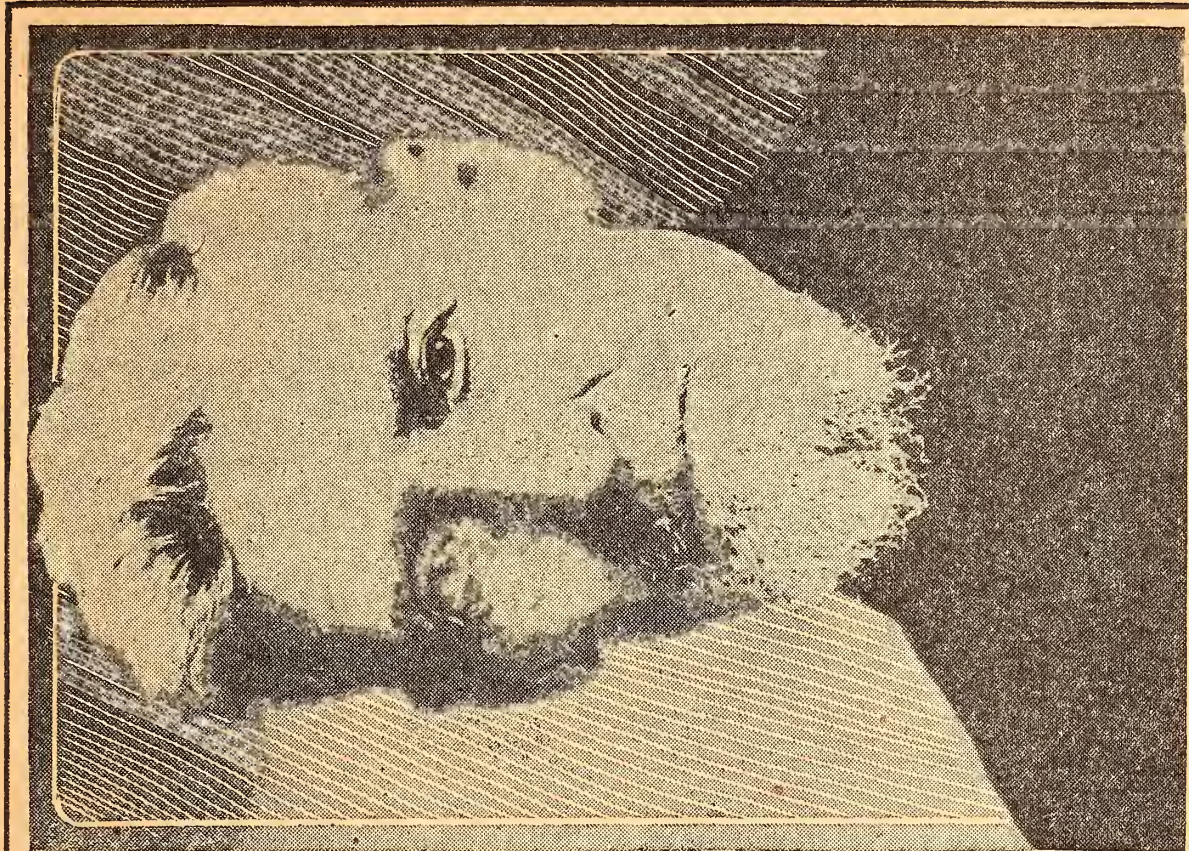
of age and he enlisted in the Union army January 25, 1862. He served three years in full service during the war and it has been estimated that the division of the army with which he traveled marched more than 8,000 miles and engaged in more than 52 battles. He was with General Sherman when he marched through Georgia and during this time Mr. Wilson was appointed captain of the Scouts, a post which he held eighteen months.

Mr. Wilson was selected as a guard to accompany eleven Confederate prisoners to the White House. They boarded a train near Chattanooga, Tenn., and, with several assistant deputies, headed for Washington where they hoped to obtain pardons for the men who had surrendered to the Union army.

When they reached the capital they found that the White House was heavily guarded. They were successful in getting by the first and second guards, but were halted a little farther on until word reached Lincoln that "Benjamin Wilson's soldier boy from Illinois is here with some prisoners to see you."

"Let them come on in," Mr. Lincoln ordered. All of the men were pardoned and one of them afterward became Mr. Wilson's family doctor.

After he was discharged January 25,



James Madison Wilson is proud of his given names because they were chosen by Abraham Lincoln.

—Press Photo.

1865, Uncle Jim returned to Livingston county, where he has lived ever since.

Though he never has had any children of his own, Uncle Jim has helped rear and educate thirteen orphan children. He now lives on his farm, which he has equipped with electric lights and on which

he has his own orchards and vineyard. "That old leg!" he says as he limps slightly over to the door. "It ain't what it used to be."

Uncle Jim was shot twice in the battle of Shiloh and he still carries in his leg the lead, as a memento of that battle.



Woman Who Knew Lincoln's Cousin Will Be 93 Today



MRS. MOLLY WINDSOR

Mrs. Molly Windsor Heard Emancipator Make Stump Speeches

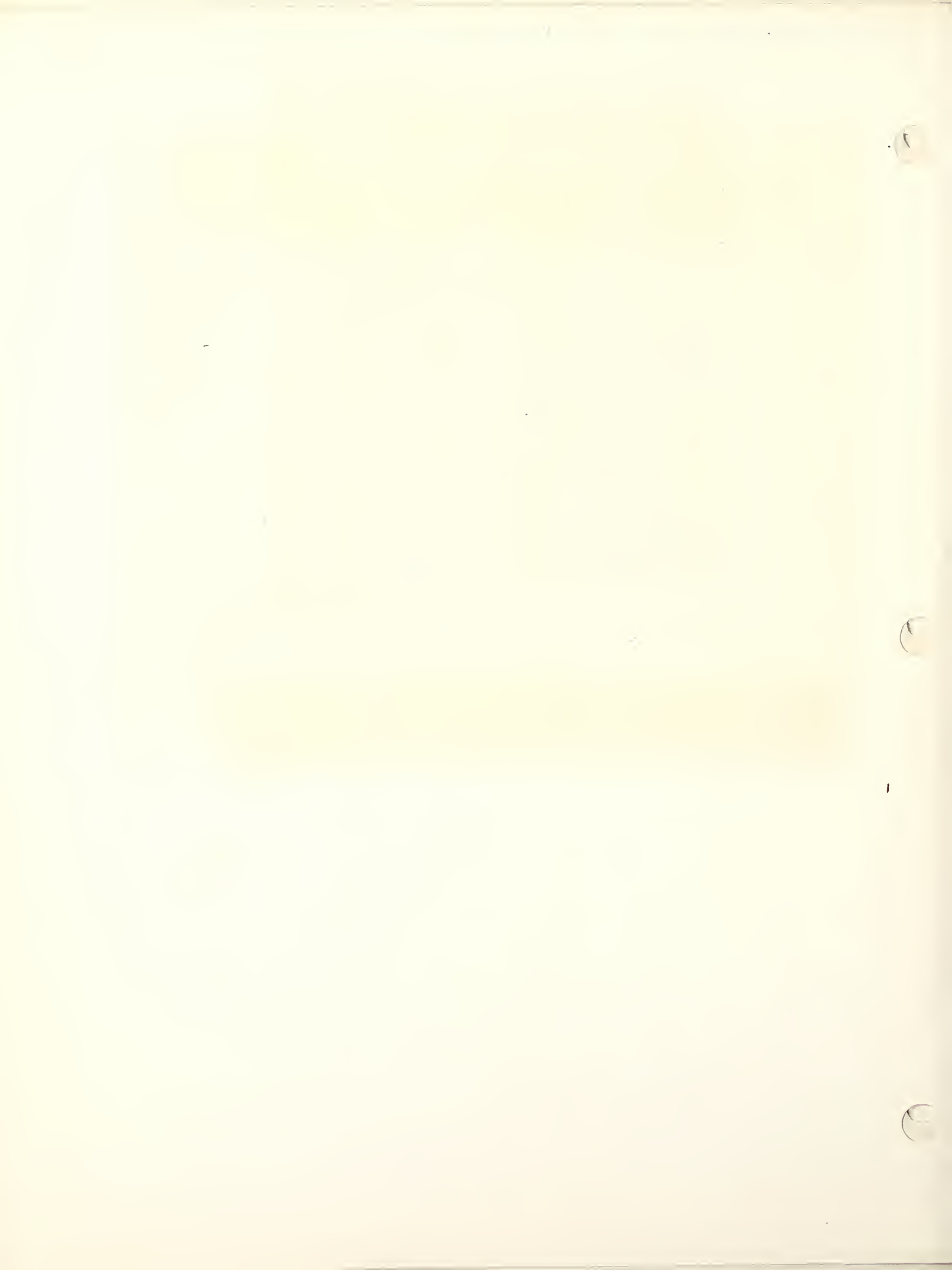
Mrs. Molly Windsor, who was a friend of Rosie Hanks, a sister-in-law of Abraham Lincoln, will celebrate her ninety-third birthday today. She lives with Mr. and Mrs. Oscar Hewins of 1509 Division street.

She recalls hearing Abraham Lincoln make stump speeches before he became president and she was a neighbor of James Gentry, Gentryville, a cousin of Lincoln.

Her second husband fought with the Union army in West Virginia during the Civil war. Mrs. Windsor remembers hunting in Indiana woods when wild hogs, deer and turkeys were plentiful.

She was born in Hamilton county, Ohio. Her father, David McCullough, was a farmer.

Her living relatives include a sister, Mrs. Katie Odell, 79, Lillbourn, Mo.; two nieces, Mrs. Oma Bowen of Evansville and Mrs. Helen Crockriel of Chrisney, and two nephews, Carl McCullough of Evansville and Jim McCullough of Chrisney.



"When Lincoln Kissed Me."

7.9. For. Telegram Feb. 12 1927

Henry E. Wing, a young correspondent at the front during the civil war, who later became a Methodist clergyman, wrote the story of his adventure under the above caption for the Christian Advocate, but it has now been taken up by Miss Ida M. Tarbell and rewritten for Collier's.

"All day Thursday, all night Thursday, all day Friday, Congressmen and Cabinet officers had come and gone, come and gone to and from the White House, seeking what comfort they could from the President. And he—well, he had staked everything on Grant. And now Grant disappeared.

"His mind was heavy with foreboding as he followed the gravelled path from the White House to his own particular chair in the telegraph office of the War Department. The boys all knew him there."

"Nothing, Mr. President," the operator at the desk told him. "Nothing that amounts to anything. A man came in to Union Mills a little while ago, claiming he had left the army early this morning. He wanted to talk to Mr. Dana, but he was not here. Then he asked to send a telegram to the Tribune. Secretary Stanton refused to let us use the wire for a newspaper and demanded the message. The fellow said he would not give it unless we first sent a dispatch to his paper. The Secretary says he is a spy and has ordered him to be shot in the morning."

A change came over the President's face as he listened. He sat straighter;

his eyes lost their dull look. "Ordered him to be shot?" he said.

"Yes, Mr. President."

"He is at Union Mills?"

"Yes."

"Ask him if he will talk with the President."

The result of that talk was that the correspondent's message went and young Wing was speeded to Washington on a special train.

The Cabinet awaited him, Mr. Lincoln at his desk sitting upright, watching the door, the Secretaries grouped about—Seward, Stanton, Welles, Chase—tired and anxious men.

Sitting in the dimly lighted room, with the whole administration of the United States around him, Henry Wing told his story, rising to point out now and then, on the big military map which hung on the wall, the movements of Grant's army up to the time he had left.

What he told them was but little more than he had put into his message. It had been midnight on Tuesday that they had moved out from Culpeper—the whole army of 122,000 men (it was now Saturday morning). They were going after Lee—that everybody knew.

"And you know nothing of what has happened in the last twenty-four hours?"

"No."

Henry Wing was conscious of the inadequacy of his news. It was not what had happened Thursday that they wanted to know now, but what had happened Friday, and why now, Saturday morning, they had no news of what had happened.

It was almost as if they put him aside as they rose one by one, said, "Good night, Mr. President," and left the room. The President himself seemed so overwhelmed with uncertainty that he was scarcely conscious that Henry Wing had lingered behind.

"You wanted to speak to me?" said Mr. Lincoln.

"Yes, Mr. President. I have a message for you—a message from General Grant. He told me I was to give it to you when you were alone."

In an instant the President was all awareness, intent:—"Something from Grant to me?"

"Yes," blurted out Henry. "He told me I was to tell you, Mr. President, that there would be no turning back."

The harried man had waited long—three years—for such a word, the one word that could have brought him help in his despair; and, sweeping his long arm around the boy, he gathered him to him, and bending over pressed a kiss on his forehead.

His story was told. It was 4 o'clock in the morning, and the President, rising, said:—"It is time for you to get to bed, Henry. You look as if you needed rest, but come to see me tomorrow afternoon." And Henry Wing, who had not had more than three hours' sleep at a time for some five days now, stumbled out of the White House, down to the National Hotel, where he kept a room, and upstairs to throw himself, Virginia mud and all, across the bed, and to fall into a sleep of utter exhaustion.

Drummer Boy, Now 80, Regrets Lincoln Didn't Spank Him at 14

Veteran Cherishes Note in Which Emancipator Made Humorous Threat; Went A. W. O. L. Seeking Post on Firing Line

Chicago, Feb. 11.—(AP)—There is an old man out in Clinton, Ia., who half wishes Abraham Lincoln had carried out a humorous threat to spank him.

He has a "promise" from the Great Emancipator down in black and white. It is a two-line note saying:

"Hadn't we better spank this drummer boy, Danny Winget, and send him back to Leavenworth?"

The drummer boy is 80 years old now, but the incident still stirs him. He told about it today:

"At the age of 14 I was a drummer boy for the First Kansas Regiment at Fort Leavenworth, where my father was Commandant. I wanted to get on the firing line, so I went down to Washington.

"I went to see Secretary of War Stanton. He thought me too small

for a soldier and opined that 'we'd better shoot you for leaving your post as drummer boy for the First Kansas Regiment.'

"I was scared, so I went to the White House. I told my story to the President. He was silent, then wrote a note to take to Stanton.

"When I saw those words—'hadn't we better spank this drummer boy?'—that was too much. I started to cry.

So he took me by the hand and we went out. I still figured I was due to get that tanning. But I didn't. He took me to a hotel; I got three days' rations, clean clothes, a two weeks' furlough and transportation home."

Danny Winget looked reminiscently at the yellowed note.

"You know," he said, "somehow I wish he had spanked me."

*Leadgr 2/2/31
of Indianapolis*



Lincoln

Drummer Boy of '61 Recalls How Lincoln Recommended a Spanking

Daniel Winget, Son of Civil War Com- mandant at Fort Leavenworth, Treasures President's Note.

CLINTON, IA., Feb. 12.—(I.N.S.)—"Hadn't we better spank this drum-
mer boy and send him back home to Leavenworth?"
A. LINCOLN.

As a nation paused today to pay honor to the memory of a great presi-
dent, Daniel Winget sat at his desk in the office of a publishing house here
and folded and unfolded a note that took him back nearly three-quarters of
a century, to a day when a president quizzically meditated on punishing a
small, scared drummer boy.

He was only 14, was Danny Win-
get, in '61—out in Leavenworth, Kas.,
but his father was Gen. D. P. Win-
get, commander of the military post,
and Danny wanted very much to be
a soldier.

"A real soldier," he amended.
"Gosh!" How I wanted to get to the
firing line. It was after Fort Donel-
son, and my regiment, the First Kan-
sas, didn't get into the scrap. I
wanted to, so I just up and followed
some soldiers to Washington.

Out of Food and Money.

"I got there, but I lacked money
and food. I had to do something, so
I went to see the secretary of war.
"I can see him yet—it was Stan-

ton—big and burly and cross as a
bear. He scared the liver out of me.

"You look pretty small for a sol-
dier," he said, looking me up and
down. "If you are, I guess we'd bet-
ter shoot you for a deserter."

"I got away from there as fast as
I could," ruminated Winget.

"But I mustered up enough brass
to go up to the White House. There
was an old darkey there and I told
him I wanted to see Mr. Lincoln.
Someone called 'Let him in.'

"I went in. Even now I can re-

Turn to Page 2, Column 3.

Kansas City Journal Post Feb 12-1930

member the funny feeling I had at
the pit of my stomach. There was
Mr. Lincoln—and he looked as big as
a telegraph pole.

Lincoln Writes Note.

"I told him my story and he didn't
say a word. Then he took a piece
of paper, wrote something on it and
told me to take it to Stanton. I
didn't like Stanton, so I sneaked a
look at the note."

Winget picked up the paper, which
has become one of his most precious
possessions. It is a sheet of White
House stationery, faded and worn
and across it march two lines of
faded, angular writing. The note
reads:

"Hadn't we better spank this
drummer boy and send him back
home to Leavenworth?"

"A. Lincoln."

"That was too much," Winget said
with a smile. "I began to cry. So
he took me by the hand and we
started out. I was still pretty scared,
thinking of that tanning, but I felt
better, feeling his hand in mine.

"But I didn't get the spanking. He
took me to the Ebbetts house, where
we met Stanton, and Mr. Lincoln
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I don't know, but I do know I got
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transportation home—but no spank-
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PRIZES A LINCOLN NOTE

A FORMER LEAVENWORTH BOY TELLS OF A WAR INCIDENT.

Following Soldiers to Washington, the Son of One of Them Sought Out the President, Whose Kindness He Still Recalls.

CLINTON, IA., Feb. 12.—As a nation paused today to pay honor to the memory of a great President, Daniel Winget sat at his desk in the office of a publishing house here and folded and unfolded a note that took him back nearly three-quarters of a century, to a day when a President quizzically meditated on punishing a small, frightened drummer boy.

He was only 14, in '61, out in Leavenworth, Kas., but his father was D. P. Winget, a soldier of the military post, and Danny wanted very much to be a soldier.

SO HE "UP AND WENT."

"A real soldier," he amended. "Gosh! how I wanted to get to the firing line. It was after Ft. Donelson, and my regiment, the 1st Kansas, didn't get into the scrap. I wanted to, so I just up and followed some soldiers to Washington.

"I got there, but I lacked money and food. I had to do something, so I went to see the secretary of war.

"I can see him yet—it was Stanton—big and burly and cross as a bear. He scared the liver out of me.

"You look pretty small for a soldier," he said, looking me up and down. 'If you are I guess we'd better shoot you for a deserter.'

THEN TO THE WHITE HOUSE.

"I got away from there as fast as I could.

"But I mustered up enough brass to go up to the White House. There was an old Negro there, and I told him I wanted to see Mr. Lincoln. Someone called, 'Let him in.'

"I went in. Even now I can remember the funny feeling I had at the pit of my stomach. There was Mr. Lincoln—and he looked as big as a telegraph pole.

"I told him my story, and he didn't

say a word. Then he took a piece of paper, wrote something on it and told me to take it to Stanton. I didn't like Stanton, so I sneaked a look at the note."

PRIZES THE NOTE YET.

Winget picked up the paper, which has become one of his most precious possessions. It is a sheet of White House stationery, faded and worn, and across it march two lines of faded, angular writing. The note reads:

.....
Hadn't we better spank this drummer boy and send him back home to Leavenworth?
.....

A. LINCOLN.

"That was too much," Winget said with a smile. "I began to cry. So he took me by the hand and we started out. I still was pretty scared, thinking of that tanning, but I felt better, feeling his hand in mine.

"But I didn't get the spanking. He took me to the Ebbett House, where we met Stanton. Mr. Lincoln said something to him. What it was I don't know, but I do know I got three days' rations, clean clothes and transportation home—but no spanking."

BUILT LINCOLN'S PRIVATE CAR.

Eleven Months After Construction, It Bore His Body From Capital.

(By the Associated Press.)

SAN DIEGO, CAL., Feb. 12.—Memories of the Civil War, when he was assigned to build a private railroad car for President Lincoln, were recalled here today by James T. Barkley, 90-year-old veteran.

"In December, 1863, I was detailed on recommendation of General McCallum, by Gen. Thomas Holt, to build a new car for the President," said Barkley.

Assisted by a civilian and an enlisted mechanic, Barkley said he went to work in a room in the government shops at Alexandria, Va.

"Lincoln would visit us two or three times a month during construction," said Barkley. "Sitting on a sawhorse, he would suggest changes. There were many suggestions. In the rear of the car was a conference room. In the middle was Lincoln's quarters; in the front a washroom.

The car was upholstered in red plush. The work was finished the third week in May."

Eleven months later, Barkley said, the car, heavily draped and bearing Lincoln's body in a sealed casket, moved out of Washington for Illinois.

The Kansas City Star Feb 12-1930



.. Heard Lincoln At Gettysburg

*Mary Wingard,
89, Resident of
City for Years,
Recalls Plea*



Lincoln—the martyr President, often trod the soil of Champaign County in the days he was practicing law. The leader of the Union in the Civil War, Abraham Lincoln served from March 4, 1861, to April 15, 1865, when he died, victim of an assassin, just after the beginning of his second term. Wednesday, Illinois and the nation observed and commemorated the anniversary of the date of his birth.

“FOURSCORE and seven years ago, our fathers brought forth on this continent a new nation, conceived in liberty, and dedicated to the proposition that all men are created equal . . .”

Seventy-two years ago, but still within the memory of Mary Forney Wingard, 89, of Champaign, President Abraham Lincoln dedicated those famous words of his Gettysburg address.

A young girl of 17 then, she journeyed the 20 miles from her home in Waynesboro, Pa., to Gettysburg, with her parents and the thousands of others, to hear the Emancipator's address on that historic occasion.

Great was the applause that followed the brilliant oratory of Edward Everett Hale who spoke before Lincoln, but following the President's message, there was a reverent silence as if a prayer had been said, or some unseen hand from above appeared to hush the multitude.

History further tells us that Lincoln—whose birthday Champaign-Urbana and the entire nation again today are observing—believed his address a failure, because he had not received an outward response from the throng.

But Lincoln's words sank deeper than the ear, and the memorable battle marked the turning point of the battle of the Union versus the Confederacy.

The spot in Pennsylvania was the most northern point reached by the Confederate army.

Born in Pennsylvania

Mrs. Wingard was born Oct. 10, 1846, in Waynesboro, Franklin County, Pennsylvania, just two miles north of the famous Mason and Dixon line. During her girlhood she experienced war times in a besieged area, for at Chambersburg, 10 miles away, Lee massed his troops for the Gettysburg battle, and about 20 miles to the south, the battle of Antietam was waged.

The home of the young girl and her parents was subjected to frequent raids by the Confederates, and her family saved their household goods and silverware by hiding them under piles of tan bark and in the well.

Mrs. Wingard's grandfather, David Shriver, was prominent in the early history of the country, as one of the authors of the Maryland constitution, and was a member of the Maryland Legislature for 30 years.

Her other grandfather, on the paternal side, Lewis S. Forney, was one of the founders of Mercersburg College. A stock certificate dated 1866 awarded him one share of capital stock in the college, the certificate of which is still in possession of the family here.

Her old home in Waynesboro, a two-story brick structure, built by her grandparents, is still standing. The house had three or four gables and stood on Main Street. Last Summer, Mrs. Wingard, with her son, Attorney L. F. Wingard and his wife, visited there, and found the old homestead in good condition.

Came to Middle West**

BUT where Lincoln went from his beloved Illinois and prairie Middle West to the nation's cap-

ital in the East to write his name indelibly into American history, Mrs. Wingard, a native Easterner, came West—to Illinois, shortly after her marriage in 1872.

And right in Champaign she has resided, since.

Unusual, too, in the life of a woman 89 years old, is the fact that she has only known two houses as homes, as well as two home towns, in her long span of activity.

The residence at 407 North State Street, at the southwest corner of State and Washington, was erected in 1875, and remains her abode.

Her husband died some years ago. He was a Civil War veteran.

Feb 12/36



Mrs. Mary Forney Wingard, who will be 90 years old next October, sat at her home at 407 North State, Tuesday afternoon, while The News-Gazette photographer took her picture. A resident of Champaign more than 60 years, she has always made her home in the two-story, white house at the corner of State and Washington Streets. As another anniversary of Lincoln's birth rolls around, she recalls that she heard the famous Gettysburg address of the Civil War President, when she was a girl of 17.

having enlisted in the old 120th Illinois Volunteer Infantry, which was recruited in this community, and became famous for its prowess. Mr. Wingard served under such renowned officers and pioneer residents of Champaign-Urbana, as the late Captain Edward S. Bailey, founder of the Champaign National Bank; Col. J. S. Wolfe, for whom Col. Wolfe School is named; and Col. J. W. Langley, ouetime county judge of Champaign County.

Three Children, All Living

The Wingards became parents of three children, all of whom are living. L. F. Wingard is the only one at present in Champaign, a brother Roy, and sister, Anna L. Wingard, both residing in Chicago.

L. F. was graduated from the University of Illinois in 1893, and practices law in Champaign. Franklin Felix Wingard, a grandson of Mary Forney Wingard, received the Doctor of Laws Degree from U. I. in 1929.

So today, Mrs. Wingard looks

back more realistically than most Champaign-Urbana citizens upon the day when she saw Lincoln and heard him give his historic Gettysburg address.

To her, Abraham Lincoln is a living symbol; and even to the majority of local residents who have heard of Lincoln only by spoken word, or by the printed word, the Emancipator has become engraven in hearts as the symbol of American justice and beloved leadership.

Lincoln, in his circuit riding days, was a frequent visitor at the court house in Urbana, and this territory is rich in Lincoln lore.

And in these days when citizens the world over are taking particular interest in their form of government, the last sentence of the speech at Gettysburg that will never die—ring out a challenge to all Americans:

"And that Government of the people, by the people, and for the people, shall not perish from the Earth."

MRS. MARY WINTER RECALLS VIEWING BODY OF PRESIDENT

See Story Recall 1/2/27

Mrs. Mary Winter, 85, of 1130 West Edwards street, Saturday recalled to a State Register reporter having viewed the body of Abraham Lincoln as it lay in state in the present court house building.

"I was only 11 years old then,"

she said, "but I went with the crowd. Everyone had to go in from the north side and pass by the coffin, then come out the south side."

She also recalled a proclamation by Springfield's mayor, asking all residents to display mourning for the president. A committee, she said, went to each home to see that the request was carried out.

At that time Mrs. Winter, then Mary Pefferle, lived with her parents, the late Mr. and Mrs. Frederick Pefferle, on Adams street between Ninth and Tenth streets. She said a large picture of Lincoln, trimmed with evergreen, was suspended several days across Adams street on a rope, running from the court house to the business houses.

During the president's funeral, Mrs. Winter said, local hotels were filled to capacity and residents were asked to assist in finding places for them to stay. She did not attend the services, she said, because her father thought the crowd was "too large."

Mrs. Winter was born in Ulster county, N. Y., on July 6, 1853, and came to Springfield with her parents in August, 1864. Her father put up the first waterworks engine at the Sangamon river, and aided in the installation of the iron winding stairway in the state house dome.



MRS. MARY WINTER

It's Her First Thanksgiving Birthday

Arvada Woman, 97 on Holiday, Sat on Lincoln's Knee as Child

By MORTON L. MARGOLIN
Rocky Mountain News Writer

A woman who as a tot was bounced on the knee of country lawyer Abraham Lincoln and claims him as her former guardian celebrated her 97th birthday in Arvada yesterday.

Mrs. Mary Wyatt, 7401 Grandview ave., sat back after a big turkey dinner and recounted experiences of nearly a century as she waited for her birthday cake.

"This is the first time I can remember my birthday coming out on Thanksgiving," she said. "It's always been pretty close, but I don't recall it coming out on the same day before."

Mrs. Wyatt was born in Indiana, but was taken to Illinois shortly after the death of her father when she was three months old. They settled in Springfield. That's how Abe Lincoln got into the story of her life.

"I'VE NEVER FORGOTTEN Lincoln. I can see him as though he were alive today. He was a wonderful man," she said.

Mrs. Wyatt explained her mother needed a lawyer to settle her father's sizable estate in Indiana. As a stranger in Springfield, she asked friends to recommend a lawyer and "they sent her to Abe Lincoln."

"He was a busy man and didn't want to take the case at first, but my mother explained she was a widow and Mr. Lincoln would go out of his way to help widows and orphans. So he took the case."

In those days women didn't have the legal right to handle property, and in such a case had to have a man represent them.

"The estate was divided up—half to me and half to my mother," Mrs. Wyatt went on. "Mr. Lincoln took care of both halves, my mother's as her lawyer, and mine as my guardian."

"I can still remember when he used to bounce me on his knee. He was a lot of fun."

MRS. WYATT LAST SAW Mr. Lincoln when she was 11 years old, but she vividly remembers the Civil War.

"Wars were terrible in those days. No one did anything for the soldiers. Their food was awful, and they had no shelter," she recalled.

The little, wrinkled old lady glowed when she spoke of the great events of her life gone past. But it was a different story when she discussed the present.

"I've always dreaded old age. It's a terrible thing," she commented. "I can't see well and am hard of hearing. I am not blind."



Thanksgiving day and birthday—the 97th—were all rolled into one yesterday for Mrs. Mary Wyatt of Arvada, who was once a ward of Abraham Lincoln and recalls being bounced on the knee of the Civil War president.

—Rocky Mountain News Photo.

61—ROCKY MOUNTAIN NEWS—Denver, Colo., Friday, Nov. 23, 1951

you understand. I can see people, but I can't read a paper any more. I can hear one person at a time, too, but when everyone's talking at once, I can't make out what they're saying."

* * *
MRS. WYATT DOESN'T remember exactly when she came to Colorado—sometime around 1900. She lives with her brother and sister-in-law, Dr. and Mrs. E. L. Foster, who have lived at the Arvada address for 51 years.

Her only daughter died 40 years ago. Her second husband died five years ago; her first about 60 years ago.

But the old lady is sprightly and seems to have an excellent memory. She was a bit embarrassed when they brought the cake with nine burning candles on it.

She blew the candles out with a single puff. But the wish she wished upon them—that was a private affair. She wouldn't tell.

WISSE, JOHN S.
THE FREER OF THE SLAVES.

Ex-Confederate Wise Pays a High Tribute to
1892 Abraham Lincoln. 1892

BROOKLYN, Feb. 12.—The annual dinner of the Union League Club was given at the club house to-night. The club at the same time celebrated the birthday anniversary of Lincoln. Addresses were made by John S. Wise to the toast, "Abraham Lincoln;" John C. Burroughs, "A Government of the People;" W. H. Hepburn, "How Shall We Extend the Labor Field of the United States," and Z. P. Pangborn, "The Republicanism of Abraham Lincoln, and Its Lessons for Us To-day."

Mr. Wise said in part: "How long ago it seems since Abraham Lincoln lived and died! Never before have men seen a nation first rent asunder in doubtful fratricidal strife, then reunited and hurried forward, all factions forgetting their bitterness, all knowing that the results reached were best of all, and in which the actors in its bloodiest tragedies, forgetting the passions which stirred them of old, become calm philosophers upon the causes and results of their own struggles. [Applause.] The nomination of Mr. Lincoln I pictured in boyish fancy as the elevation of a bad man by an insane faction, with a cruel purpose. The idea that he or his followers could or would prevail against the power of the South seemed to me utterly preposterous. I laughed in my heart as a schoolboy at the thought that anything could uproot and destroy the whole political fabric by which I was surrounded. Within five years from that time I stood upon the same spot a paroled prisoner of the army of the dead Confederacy.

"The outbreak of the war released Mr. Lincoln from every pledge that he had given to the South while endeavoring to maintain peace. He had the unquestioned right to proclaim the freedom of the slaves as a war measure. A giant casting about him for means of coping with a powerful antagonist found a mighty boulder on a mountain peak, which released, would go thundering down into the valley in which the camp of his enemy was pitched. He saw the danger to his friends as it would leap along the mountain side—yet he knew that it would fall with overwhelming force upon and crush his foes. None but a giant could have climbed the height. Hence this advantage was perceived. None but a giant could have strained with shoulders to the rock until it started from its bed of centuries. None but a bold, strong, independent nature would have assumed all responsibilities for the danger which the step involved to himself, his friends and to his cause. Looking at its consequences, friend and foe alike now concur that it was a matchless stroke of a master hand. [Long and continuous applause.] Lincoln will be remembered for all time to come by friend and foe alike as the great, sad, almost lonely helmsman of the Union in the hour of its peril, who, steered by the unfailing light of a single constellation, who, never veering, was always guided by his self-made chart—"With malice toward none and charity for all." [Applause.]

Wise, John S.

1897
HIS OPINION OF LINCOLN.

It Was Well Founded, He Had Every Reason to Believe.

I happened to be at Atlanta, Ga., over Lincoln's birthday, writes John Kendrick Bangs in "From Pillar to Post," and it pleased me beyond measure to find printed on the first page of one of the prominent newspapers of that beautiful city a three column cut of Abraham Lincoln, with a suitable tribute in verse.

After eating my breakfast on the morning of the 11th I dalled for a while in the office of the massive Georgian Terrace hotel, smoking my cigar and glancing over the news in the paper. As I was about to toss the paper aside a fine old type of southern gentleman seated himself on the divan alongside me and in the usual courteous manner of the country gave me a morning salutation. I responded in kind and then, tapping my paper, observed:

"That is a fine picture of Lincoln."
"Yes, suh; a very fine picture, suh," he replied. "I never had the honor of seein' Mr. Lincoln, suh, but from all I hear, suh, he must have resembled that picture pretty close, suh."

"It is a delight to me to find it in one of your southern newspapers," said I

"especially in one so influential in the south as this."

"Yes, suh," he answered. "It shows that the south is not slow to recognize genius, suh, wherever it is found, suh. But," he added, "there is no occasion for surprise, suh. We have always appreciated Mr. Lincoln's greatness down here, and we have admired him, suh, although we have had reason to believe that durin' the late unpleasantness, suh, he was consid'able of a no'thern sympataizer, suh."

Easy by Comparison.

"You must put your shoulder to the wheel," said the earnest citizen.

"Glad of the chance," replied Mr. Chuggins. "I feel lucky if I don't have to crawl under a motorcar and lie on my back to fix the works."—Washington Star.

Our Help.

"Did you succeed in hiring a new cook?"

"Not yet. She is looking up my references."—Exchange.

Mahogany Trees.

Mahogany trees do not attain their full growth till they have reached the age of 200 years.

A SOUTHERN TRIBUTE.

From Henry W. Grady's Address to the New England Society. 1888

"Great types, like valuable plants, are slow to flower and fruit. But from the union of these colonists, from the straightening of their purposes and the crossing of their blood, slowly perfecting through a century, came he who stands as the first typical American, the first who comprehended within himself all the strength and gentleness, all the majesty and grace of this republic—Abraham Lincoln. He was the sum of Puritan and Cavalier, for in his ardent nature were fused the virtues of both, and in the depth of his great soul the faults of both were lost. He was greater than Puritan, greater than Cavalier, in that he was American, and that in his homely form were first gathered the vast and thrilling forces of this ideal government, charging it with such tremendous meaning and so elevating it above human suffering that martyrdom, though infamously aimed, came as a fitting crown to a life consecrated from its cradle to human liberty. Let us, each cherishing his traditions and honoring his fathers, build with reverent hands to the type of this simple but sublime life, in which all types are honored, and in the common glory we shall win as Americans there will be plenty and to spare for your forefathers and for mine."

Southern Tribute to Lincoln.

[Charleston News and Courier.]

Nearly all the newspapers and magazines in the country are filled with stories about Abraham Lincoln. He was a great man, one of the greatest presidents, in our opinion, the United States has ever had. His tragic death was the severest blow the south has received. We believe if he had lived, this part of the country would have been spared "the middle passage" of reconstruction; that the southern states would have resumed their proper place in the government at Washington; that "the erring sisters" would have returned and the government would have gone on as if there had been no violent breach between the two sections of our country.



Wiseman, Mrs. Mary

Woman Of 100, Who Heard Lincoln, Dies

Rossville, Ill., Nov. 29. (INS)—
Another of the ever diminishing
personal links with Lincoln was
gone today.

Mrs. Mary Wiseman, 100, who
eighty years ago heard Abraham
Lincoln deliver the last speech he
ever made in Illinois, died yester-
day at the home of her daughter,
Miss Ella Wiseman. She was a
girl of 20, when she heard Lin-
coln speak from the rear platform
of a Toledo and Wabash passenger
train the afternoon of Feb. 11,
1861.

54

SECRET

ORCHESTRA LEADER AT FORD'S THEATRE WRITES RECOLLECTIONS OF ASSASSINATION

by Chance He Was Instrumental in Spoiling Part of the Plot—First to Meet Booth After He Had Fired the Fatal Shot

New York Sun 2-11-17

V 2

The original copy of this narrative, together with the coat worn by Mr. Withers on the night of the assassination of President Lincoln, has been presented to the United States Government. A short time before his death, on December 5, 1916, Mr. Withers gave to his sister, Mrs. Louisa Withers Beck of Rye Beach, N. Y., a copy of the manuscript he had prepared for the Government. With it he gave her permission to have it published over his own name for the first time and it is now printed.

By WILLIAM WITHERS,
Leader of the orchestra in Ford's Theatre when President Lincoln was shot.

A FEW weeks before that fatal 14th of April, 1865, I had composed music to the words of a poem entitled "Honor to Our Soldiers," and the song had been sung in public on several occasions very successfully.

This song was directly responsible for my meeting with John Wilkes Booth a moment after his attack on the President, and I might say it almost cost me my life.

When it was announced in the newspapers of Washington that President Lincoln intended to attend a performance of "Our American Cousin" I decided it would be particularly fitting to have my song rendered between acts, and after talking the scheme over with the manager I went about making arrangements. I hired a quartet, and when Miss Laura Keane, who was appearing in the leading part in the play, heard them in one of their rehearsals she volunteered to assist in the chorus with her entire company. It was finally decided that the song be given between the first and second acts.

Friday, the 14th of April, 1865, was a muggy, warm day. Men had been at work all day in the theatre decorating it with flags and bunting for the President's visit. The Presidential box, which under ordinary circumstances was divided in two, was thrown open into one large compartment and smothered in the national colors.

On the night of the performance crowds began to gather in Tenth street long before theatre time. I stood outside the stage entrance watching the people collecting, and shortly before going to the music room I stepped next door to a saloon frequented by actors and employees of the theatre.

When I entered the first person I met was John Wilkes Booth. He was standing at the bar in his shirt sleeves, his coat thrown over one arm and his hat in his hand. There were several

men with him, and they were laughing and joking. When Booth saw me he cried:

"Hello, Billy. Come have a drink with me."

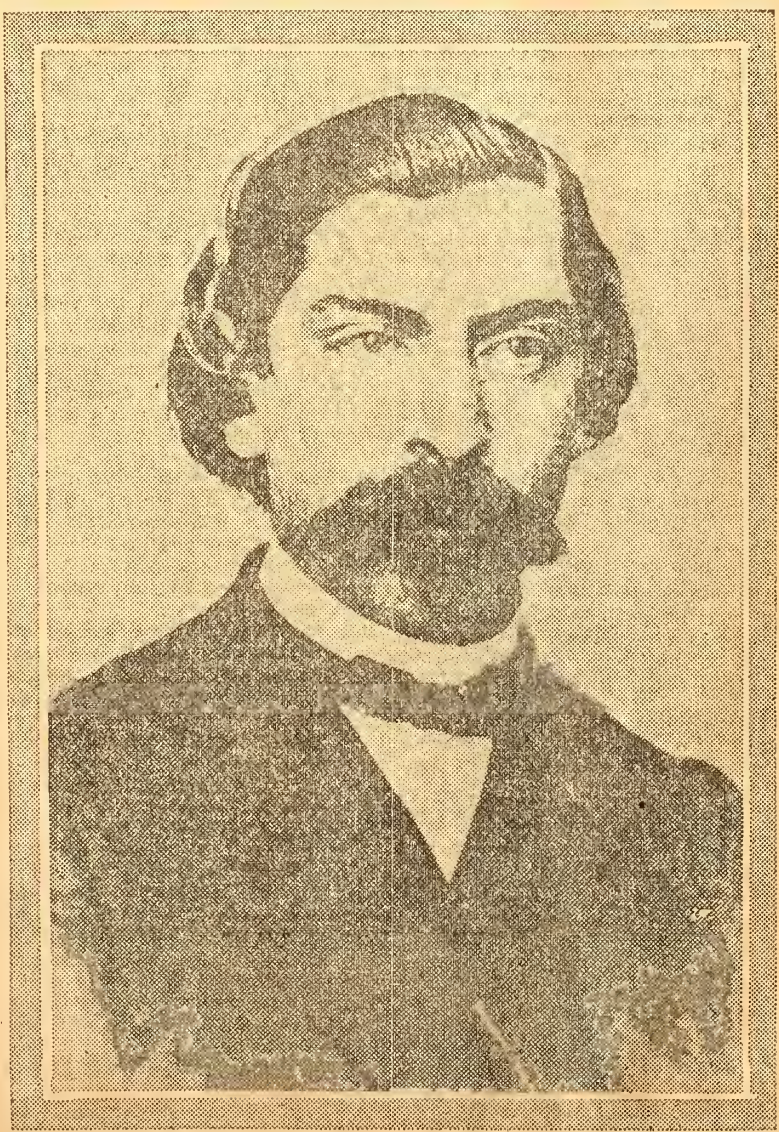
We drank together, and during the conversation, which I think was about different members of the theatrical profession, I laughingly remarked that Booth would never be as great as his father. An inscrutable smile flitted across the actor's face as he replied:

"When I leave the stage I will be the most talked about man in America."

At that time the statement had no significance for me, but afterward I

remembered it with a shock. I left the little party in the saloon and hurried to the music room, as it was almost time for the overture to start.

When I took my place in the orchestra people were crowding down the aisles, and when the bell rang for us to start playing the house was packed. After the overture and before the curtain went up on the first act in looking over the audience I noticed Booth in the rear of the building leaning



William Withers, leader of the orchestra in Ford's Theatre where President Lincoln was shot.

against the last row of orchestra chairs.

The first act had not progressed very far when I heard cheering. I knew what that meant and quickly gave the sign to the members of my orchestra to play "Hail to the Chief." Of course there was a lot of excitement, and men and women stood up and cheered the President.

As Lincoln climbed the stairs to the first balcony the enthusiasm increased, and as he walked down the narrow aisle leading to his box the uproar was deafening. As he reached the end of the aisle he stopped and, placing his right hand over his heart, leaned against a white column and bowed twice to the audience. He disappeared through the curtained entrance and took a seat a moment later in the extreme left hand corner of the box. The President was almost hidden from the audience by a curtain and finally the cheering stopped and the play, which had been temporarily forgotten, was resumed.

At the end of the first act when my song was to be sung I was called to the speaking tube by our stage manager, Mr. J. B. Wright, and requested to play my extra act music, as Miss Keene was not ready to assist in my song, but probably would be at the end of the second act.

Toward the close of the second act I saw Booth in the balcony close to the President's box, apparently deeply interested in the play. This was the last time I saw him until we met as he was making his escape.

When the act was over I was informed again through the speaking tube by our manager that Miss Keene was not ready to do her part in the song. Feeling vexed at this, I went behind the scenes to find out why the extra feature had been slighted. To reach the stage I had to take an underground passage to a narrow stairway in the rear of the building.

I found Mr. Wright standing in one of the wings with several members of the company gathered about him. As I approached, a scene shifter, named Spangler, got in my way, and, as I asked him to move, he turned on me suddenly and snarled:

"What do you want here?"

I was taken aback at his sudden display of temper, as I had always found him a quiet and altogether inoffensive sort of a man. However, I told him I was not there on any business that concerned him, and again asked him to move. He stepped to one side reluctantly, and as I advanced to the manager's side and before I said anything regarding my song I pulled the cover

over a box on the brick wall called the governor, which contained a lever controlling all the gas lights in the house.

I rested my arm against the cover and made inquiries about my song. Mr. Wright told me that he was not to blame for the song being left out, and said that Miss Keene was so nervous and was trying so hard to give a good performance that her promise to assist in the extra feature had slipped her memory. I became disgusted with the whole affair and started back to the orchestra.

I had reached the stairway leading to the underground passage and had taken two steps downward when I heard the report of a pistol. I stood there on the steps and tried to account for it. I knew there were no firearms used in the play, and I quickly concluded that an accident must have happened and started to retrace my steps to the stage manager to find out what the trouble was.

As I approached the narrow entrance where Mr. Wright had been standing only a few seconds before I heard a dull thud, as though some one had fallen on the stage. Just as I was about to step into the entrance I heard an iron bar strike the brick wall and fall to the floor.

The next thing I knew I was standing in almost the same spot I had vacated a moment before. Some one cursed fiercely, and looking up, I faced Booth, the assassin!

Should I live a thousand years I shall never forget the ten seconds of my life that I spent between Booth and his liberty. As he faced me he looked terrible. His eyes seemed starting from their sockets and his hair stood on end. In his left hand there was a long dagger, while with his right he seemed to be balancing himself against the brick wall.

I stood before him dumfounded and speechless. I was glued to the floor with amazement. Behind the assassin I saw the iron bar used to control the lights lying on the floor. It had fallen from the governor, and it flashed upon me that this was what I had heard strike the wall and clatter to the floor. I have often wondered if Booth recognized me in that brief period that we faced each other. I sometimes think that he muttered my name, but I am not sure.

He glared at me like a wild beast for a few seconds, then lowered his head and with arms flying made a rush.

"Let me pass! Let me pass!" he shouted.

With the dagger he made a desperate lunge at me. I was so bewildered

that I made no move to defend myself, and his second stab sent the sharp blade ripping through the collar of my coat, penetrating my vest and undergarments and inflicting a flesh wound in my neck.

This blow sent me sprawling on the floor, and he was about to deal me another thrust, which would have probably been the end of me, when a loud shouting from the direction of the auditorium caused him to forget me and make a dash for the stage door. I was lying in a position to see his movements, and as he grasped the knob with both hands and pulled the door open I caught a glimpse of a horse's head and saw a young fellow called "Peanut John" holding it by the bridle.

The next thing I knew a detective named Stewart jumped over me and disappeared out the stage door only a few seconds after Booth had closed it.

Harry Hawk and several members of the company went stumbling over me in a rush to get to their dressing rooms. Finally a detective picked me up. I asked him what had happened. He didn't answer but led me to the stage, which by now was crowded with people, and pointing to the President's box said:

"Look there! Look there!"

I looked and saw Lincoln, with his head resting on the back of his chair, apparently dead. His wife was bathing his face with her handkerchief, and Miss Laura Keene stood near with a pitcher in her hand.

The detective hissed in my ear:

"The President is dying—shot by an assassin!"

Until then my brain had been in a chaotic state. The happenings of the last five minutes had taken no definite shape in my mind, but as I stood there in the detective's grasp the horror and the pity of it all rushed upon me like a great black cloud—and I wept.

I recovered myself and told the detective to take me to police headquarters, as I had important information.

The most sorrowful sight I ever beheld was when the President was carried up the aisle that only a short time before he had walked down smiling and bowing. The audience that had cheered was now crying. The handkerchiefs that had been waved enthusiastically were now wet with tears.

The President was taken to Mr. Peterson's house, opposite the theatre, and put to bed in a room occupied by John Matthews, a member of Miss Keene's company, where he died at 7:30 the next morning.

When I reached the street with the

detective there was a great mob in front of the theatre, and as they caught sight of us there were cries of "Kill him! Lynch him! Hang him!"

And the threats were nearly carried out, too, before it was made known that I was not the man who had killed the President. When we arrived at police headquarters I was taken before Mayor Wallack of Washington, who questioned me closely and to whom I told my story.

My wound was examined and attended to, and after I had given all the information I could, Mayor Wallack told me that I would be detained over night, but to go home in the morning and stay there, because if Booth had

friends in Washington they would endeavor to put me out of the way if they thought I had any valuable information.

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THE SHOOTING OF ABRAHAM LINCOLN

(The original copy of this narrative, together with the coat worn by Mr. Withers on the night of the assassination, has been presented to the United States government.)

A short time before his death, on December 5, 1916, Mr. Withers gave to his sister, Mrs. Louisa Withers Beck of Rye Beach, N. Y., a copy of the manuscript he had prepared for the government.

With it he gave permission to have it published over his own name for the first time.—Ed.

The Associated Press 2-11-17
(By William Withers.)

A FEW WEEKS before that fatal fourteenth of April, 1865, I had composed music to the words of a poem entitled "Honor to Our Soldiers," and the song had been sung in public on several occasions very successfully.

This song was directly responsible for my meeting with John Wilkes Booth a moment after his attack on the President, and I might say it almost cost me my life.

When it was announced in the newspapers of Washington that President Lincoln intended to attend a performance of "Our American Cousin," I decided it would be particularly fitting to have my song rendered between the acts, and, after talking the scheme over with the manager, I went about making arrangements. I hired a quartet, and, when Miss Louisa Keene, who was appearing in the leading part in the play, heard them in one of their rehearsals, she volunteered to assist in the chorus with her entire company. It was finally decided that the song be given between the first and second acts.

Friday the fourteenth of April, 1865, was a muggy, warm day. Men had been at work all day in the theater decorating it with flags and bunting for the President's visit. The Presidential box, which under ordinary circumstances was divided into two, was thrown open into one large compartment and smothered in the National colors.

On the night of the performance crowds began to gather in Tenth street outside the stage entrance, watching the people collecting and, shortly before going to the music room, I stepped next door to a saloon, frequented by actors and employees of the theater. When I entered, the first person I met was John Wilkes Booth. He was standing at the bar in his shirt sleeves, his coat thrown over one arm and his hat in his hand. There were several men with him, and they were laughing and joking. When Booth saw me, he cried: "Hello, Billy, come have a drink with me."

We drank together and, during the conversation, which I think was about different members of the theatrical profession, I laughingly remarked that Booth would never be as great as his father. An inscrutable smile flitted across the actor's face as he replied:—

"When I leave the stage, I will be the most talked about man in America."

At that time the statement had no significance for me, but afterward I remembered it with a shock. I left the little party in the saloon and hurried to the music room, as it was almost time for the overture to start.

When I took my place in the orchestra, people were crowding down the aisles, and, when the bell rang

for us to start playing the house was packed. After the overture and before the curtain went up on the first act, in looking over the audience, I noticed Booth in the rear of the building leaning against the last row of orchestra chairs.

The first act had not progressed very far, when I heard cheering—I knew what that meant and quickly gave the sign to the members of my orchestra to play "Hail to the Chief." Of course, there was lots of excitement, and men and women stood up and cheered the President.

As Lincoln climbed the stairs to the first balcony the enthusiasm increased, and as he walked down the narrow aisle leading to his box the uproar was deafening. As he reached the end of the aisle he stopped and, placing his right hand over his heart, leaned against a white column and bowed twice to the audience. He disappeared through the curtain entrance and took a seat a moment later in the extreme left hand corner of the box. The President was almost hidden from the audience by a curtain and finally the cheering had temporarily forgotten, was resumed. At the end of the first act when my song was to be sung, I was called to the speaking tube by our stage manager, Mr. J. B. Wright, and requested to play my extra act music, as Miss Keene was not ready to assist in my song, but probably would be at the end of the second act. Towards the close of the second act I saw Booth in the balcony close to the President's box, apparently deeply interested in the play. This was the last time I saw him, until we met as he was making his escape.

When the act was over I was informed again through the speaking tube by our manager that Miss Keene was not ready to do her part in the song. Feeling vexed at this, I went behind the scenes to find out why the extra feature had been slighted. To reach the stage I had to take an underground passage to a narrow stairway in the rear of the building.

I found Mr. Wright standing in one of the wings with several members of the company gathered about him. As I approached a scene shifter named Spangler got in my way and, as I asked him to move, he turned on me suddenly and snarled, "What do you want here?"

I was taken aback at his sudden display of temper, as I had always found him a quiet and altogether inoffensive sort of a man. However, I told him I was not there on any business that concerned him and again asked him to move. He stepped to one side reluctantly, and, as I advanced to the manager's side, and, before I said anything regarding my song, I pulled the cover over a box on the brick wall called the governor which contained a lever controlling all the gas lights in the house. I rested my arm against the cover and made inquiries about my song. Mr. Wright told me that he was not to blame for the song being left out and said that Miss Keene was so nervous and was trying so hard to give a good performance that her promise to assist in the extra feature had slipped her memory. I became disgusted with the whole affair and started back to the orchestra. I had reached the stairway leading to the underground passage and had taken two steps down-

ward when I heard the report of a pistol. I stood there on the steps and tried to account for it. I knew there were no firearms used in the play, and I quickly concluded that an accident must have happened and started to retrace my steps to the stage manager to find out what the trouble was.

As I approached the narrow entrance where Mr. Wright had been standing only a few seconds before, I heard a dull thud as though some one had fallen on the stage. Just as I was about to step into the entrance, I heard an iron bar strike the brick wall and fall to the floor.

The next thing I knew I was standing in almost the same spot I had vacated a moment before. Some one cursed fiercely, and, looking up, I should I live a thousand years I shall never forget the ten seconds of my life that I spent between Booth and his liberty. As he faced me, he looked terrible. His eyes seemed starting from their sockets, and his hair stood on end. In his left hand, there was a long dagger while with his right he seemed to be balancing himself against the brick wall.

I stood before him, dumbfounded and speechless. I was glued to the floor with amazement. Behind the assassin, I saw the iron bar used to control the lights lying on the floor. It had fallen from the governor, and it flashed upon me that this was what I had heard strike the wall and clatter to the floor. I have often wondered if Booth recognized me in that brief period that we faced each other. I sometimes think that he muttered my name, but I am not sure. He glared at me like a wild beast

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TOLD BY AN EYE WITNESS

for a few seconds, then lowered his head, and, with arms flying, made a rush.

"Let me pass! Let me pass!" he shouted.

With the dagger, he made a desperate lunge at me. I was so bewildered that I made no move to defend myself, and his second stab sent the sharp blade ripping through the collar of my coat, penetrating my vest and undergarments and inflicting a flesh wound in my neck.

This blow sent me sprawling on the floor, and he was about to deal me another thrust, which would have probably been the end of me, when a loud shouting from the direction of the auditorium caused him to forget me and make a dash for the stage door. I was lying in a position to see his movements, and, as he grasped the knob with both hands and pulled the door open, I caught a glimpse of a horse's head and saw a young fellow called "Peanut John" holding it by the bridle.

The next thing I knew a detective named Stewart jumped over me and disappeared out the stage door only a few seconds after Booth had closed it.

Harry Hawk and several members of the company went stumbling over me in a rush to get to their dressing rooms. Finally, a detective picked me up. I asked him what had happened. He didn't answer but led me to the stage, which by now was crowded with people, and pointing to the President's box said:—

"Look there! Look there!"

I looked and saw Lincoln, with his head resting on the back of his chair, apparently dead. His wife was bath-

ing his face with her handkerchief, and Miss Laura Keane stood near with a pitcher in her hand.

The detective hissed in my ear:—"The President is dying—shot by an assassin!"

Until then my brain had been in a chaotic state. The happenings of the last five minutes had taken no definite shape in my mind, but, as I stood there in the detective's grasp, the horror and the pity of it all rushed upon me like a great black cloud—and I wept.

I recovered myself and told the detective to take me to police headquarters as I had important information.

The most sorrowful sight I ever beheld was when the President was carried up the aisle that only a few hours before he had walked down smiling and bowing. The audience that had gathered was now crying. The handkerchiefs that had been waved enthusiastically were now wet with tears.

The President was taken to Mr. Peterson's house, opposite the theater, and put to bed in a room occupied by John Matthews, a member of Miss Keane's company, where he died at half-past seven the next morning.

When I reached the street with the detective, there was a great mob in front of the theater, and, as they caught sight of us, there were cries of—

"Kill him! Lynch him! Hang him!"

And the threats were nearly carried out, too, before it was made known that I was not the man who had killed the President. When we arrived at police headquarters, I was taken before Mayor Wallack, of Washington, who questioned me closely and to whom I told my story. My wound was examined and at-

tended to, and, after I had given all the information I could, Mayor Wallack told me that I would be detained over night but to go home in the morning and stay there because, if Booth had friends in Washington, they would endeavor to put me out of the way if they thought I had any valuable information.

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