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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

Sta-Sti

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OAKLAND, CALIFORNIA,

February - 1938

PATTERSON MAN FRIEND OF ABE LINCOLN

PATTERSON, Feb. 14.—Take it from Edward R. Stafford, 81, of Patterson that "Abe Lincoln was swell—but Mrs. Lincoln had an awful temper."

Stafford is one of the few living persons who claims to have known Abraham Lincoln, whose birthday was observed Saturday.

LIVED ACROSS STREET

The Stafford family used to live across the street from the modest dwelling of the Lincolns, Stafford says, and he remembers as a small boy he played soldier with the "Lincoln kids."

"Lincoln and my father would walk home from work together," Stafford declares. "Us kids used to run to meet them. He was greatly beloved by the children in the town, but they feared his wife."

SHOT WRONG DUCKS

Stafford says he recalls vividly one incident when his family moved from Springfield, Mo. to Decatur, Illinois.

"Lincoln often came there on visits. On one occasion he went hunting with my father. During the hunt Lincoln by mistake shot two of my tame ducks. He said he was sorry, and offered to pay for them."

Stafford left the Middle West in 1877 moving to Mexico and then to

He has lived in Patterson and is widely

KNEW LINCOLN IN ILLINOIS

Friend of Martyred President Re- calls Some Interesting Anecdotes

In the Holland House cafe recently a man more than 80 years old ate for his breakfast a grapefruit, oatmeal, two lamb chops with fried potatoes to match, fried sausage and buckwheat cakes, fried eggs and bacon, with a generous accompaniment of hot rolls, butter and coffee. Then he went out into the lobby and lighted a big black cigar, says the New York Sun.

The octogenarian was Osear C. Stafford of Minneapolis. He used to be a neighbor of Abraham Lincoln in Springfield, Ill., and knew him well, as he did Stephen A. Douglas and the others of that day. Mr. Stafford dates from as far back as 1829, but he says he is younger than his son Lae, who is approaching 60, and he gets about as actively as if he were still far short of 70. He never saw New York until 19 years ago, but since he tasted the joys of traveling he has done a great deal of it. He is a frequent visitor to New York, has made several trips to Europe, and he left yesterday for Havana for a little tour in Cuba before going to Florida to pass the remainder of the Winter.

Mr. Stafford is short in stature and slender. Except for a short gray mustache his face is clean shaven, and he wears spectacles. He appears to take life easy, though he wanted to leave the hotel yesterday three hours before the steamer departed in order to make sure of getting aboard. He wears a wide brimmed felt hat, which he says is of the fashion that Lincoln always wore at home until he was nominated for the Presidency.

"I guess I date back about as far as almost anybody alive that ever lived in Springfield," said Mr. Stafford. "I don't know how it is that I have kept going so long if some of the rules that the doctors lay down are absolutely necessary to follow. For instance, I have smoked cigars and pipes all my life. Still I have never dissipated and my appetite has always been good. My father was 75 when he died and my oldest brother lived to be 80.

"My father was a native of New York State, but in 1824 he started West with his two brothers and they settled about seven miles from Springfield. They went out, of course, in a prairie schooner. I don't remember anything before I was 10 years old, when my father had to make a trip back to New York State, when he rode all the way to Detroit by horseback and sailed down the lake to Buffalo. At that time there were more Indians about than whites. Our nearest neighbor was half a mile away. The Indians were pretty bad when they went there and my mother's brother, Gideon Hawley, was ambushed and killed. But when I begin to remember they were peaceable and many of them used to come to my father's house. North of us the redskins were somewhat troublesome, and I remember when the Black Hawk war broke out my father and my uncles and most of the men in the

Stafford, Oscar C.

vicinity went up as far as where Racine, Wis., now is to help put the Indians down, but the fighting was all over when they got there.

"Springfield wasn't anything but a little village in those days. It did not begin to get important until they built the old State House there, I think in 1855. Even then it did not amount to much. There was not a paved street in the place, and I have seen a bus start from the depot and get stalled in the mud in the main street and the driver and passengers marooned there until sympathetic persons would throw a few planks out from the side of the street and help them to dry land. The first pavement they put down was of planks laid crosswise, and under these rats used to rear their offspring in great numbers.

"I was born on the farm of course, but when I was growing up I went into Springfield to learn a trade. I went into business for myself in 1855 with a hardware store but removed to Deatur in 1857.

"My father was a great friend of Mr. Lincoln's, though they differed in politics. As I recall Mr. Lincoln he was a facsimile almost of Senator Shelby M. Cullom, who was a young man then. The likeness between the two was much commented on. Lincoln never wore whiskers until he was elected President, and I never saw him wearing a stovepipe hat until he was nominated for the Presidency. I knew him before he was married and I knew his wife and all their people. In fact there was hardly anybody in the whole country I did not know. Yes, of course, I knew Stephen A. Douglas. He was a short, heavy set man, with very nice manners. But he used to drink like a fish. I have been in his office when he was running for Congress. He would always insist upon everybody drinking with him and he never would drink anything but straight brandy.

"I was in the convention at Deatur in '59, I think it was, that nominated Diek Yates for Governor of Illinois,

and I remember how Dick Oglesby went out to old Johnny Hanks' farm—Hanks was Lincoln's uncle—and got two Lincoln rails and stuck them upright at the front corners of a platform that had been erected on the street, and how they stretched a big American flag between the two. Oglesby was Lincoln's cousin, and he was the first man that ever mentioned the Lincoln rail. The delegates at that convention almost impoverished old man Hanks, for they went over and stole about every rail he had on his farm and shipped them all over the country.

"When I lived in Springfield I boarded just across the street from the Lincoln home for many years. It was only a one-story affair at first, but when Lincoln went to Congress his wife built a second story on it. I attended many meetings where he spoke, of course. The first, I think, was at Rochester, Ill., where he stood on the stump of a big black walnut tree. It was one of the first political meetings they had ever had in that section, and Lincoln had never been thought of for the Presidency. I used often to hear him make pleas before a jury. I remember a case where they had an old man up for stealing hogs. Lincoln was defending him and a man named Lambourne was the prosecuting attorney. Lincoln was a great man to work on the feelings of the jury. When he made his plea in this case he pictured his client as a gray-haired man with one foot in the grave—but here came an interruption. Lambourne jumped up quickly. 'Yes, by God!' he shouted, and the other in his neighbor's pigpen!' It brought down the house, and I don't remember whether Lincoln got his client off or not.

"Lincoln used to wear his pants about four inches short. Most people who could afford cloth trousers went about with them stuffed in their boots out there in those days. When I was a boy most of them were dressed in buffalo skins, which of course were cheap. You could buy a buffalo overcoat for only \$6. There was any quantity of buffalo out there in those days and until the time of the war buffalo coats were still very much worn.

"I remember, of course, when the first railroad came to Springfield. This was from a little place on the Illinois river called Meredosia. It was run only a few years and then it was abandoned, and then the Great Western took it and ran to Springfield from Naples. When that first train whistled on nearing Springfield everybody turned out and made for the railway station.

"I made my first trip to Chicago in 1854. It was then like a country town, not paved at all, but at that it was a pretty long sight cleaner than it is now. I did not go to Minneapolis until 1871.

"There were few brick buildings in Springfield in those days. The biggest building was the American House, which was actually of three stories, and it is still in existence, though it has been changed from a hotel into shops. It was kept by a fellow named Lesure and somebody else whose name I have forgotten. The bar was very popular. I have seen farmers fetch a load of corn to town, sell it for 10 cents a bushel and then flock to the bar, or else step into the hotel bar first and give a bushel of corn for a drink of corn product. A bar out there usually did not have much of a variety in the way of stock. Thirst ran mostly in the direction of corn whisky because it was cheap. Brandy was favored by the more prosperous citizens, but it cost 25 cents a drink and was considered too high priced for the average man. The bar of a hotel was usually in a corner of the lobby. Anyhow it was always placed so that it was handy to get to.

"Yes, I've had pretty good health all my life, that is until the San Francisco earthquake. I was caught in it and had to sleep out in a park for two or three nights, and that nearly broke me up. I was in the hardware and stove business in Minneapolis until several years ago. Since then I have spent much of my time in travelling about. I do enjoy going to Europe."

CONGR

I WALKED WITH

Mr.

Lincoln

By

Edward E. Stanchfield

As told to

Alice Spencer Cook

I WAS nine years old when I met Mr. Lincoln at a reception at the White House. His eyes crinkled as he looked down at me. "Hello, Bub," he said, and he patted me on the head. That was eighty-five years ago, but I still remember the warmth and kindness of his smile.

I met him often after that for he and my father had been friends as young men back in Illinois. Sometimes I would see him walking up and down in front of the White House. Dressed in black, his high silk hat made him look even taller than he was. He usually wore a grey shawl over his shoulders, for it was a raw spring in Washington, and he carried a cane. It was always, "Hello, Bub!" and that kindly smile whenever we chanced to meet.

We had been living in Elmira, N. Y., when my father went to the capital as a correspondent for the Washington papers. We, my mother and I, followed in March, 1865, and a month later, on April 14, Mr. Lin-



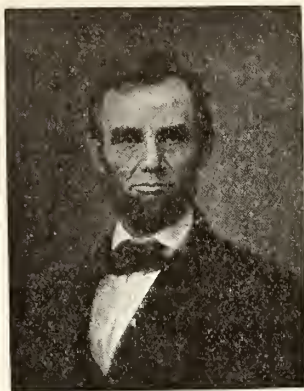
Photo by Charles Stroud

I have kept a scrapbook of Mr. Lincoln from the cradle to the grave. All his famous writings are in this book. He was the greatest man I ever knew.

coln, my Mr. Lincoln, the greatest man of his time, died at the hands of a mad assassin, John Wilkes Booth.

I was too young to understand the grief of a nation. I didn't fully appreciate, 'til years later, my own personal loss when my father told me that Saturday morning that my friend and hero was no more. Now I know what a tragedy it was for my generation and all the generations to come.

Booth has been described as "strikingly handsome," of "romantic beauty." My memory of him, and his photograph, which I have in my Lincoln



Memories of Abraham Lincoln

By Robert Brewster
Stanton

ROBERT Brewster Stanton was fifteen years old when he first saw Abraham Lincoln, whom he describes as "so homely he was fascinating." Mr. Stanton's memories of Lincoln were published in Scribner's magazine, and, if you have not read them, you have missed a rare treat. This is the impression that Stanton had of Lincoln, the first time that he heard him speak:

The First Inauguration

There I saw a tall, square-shouldered man with long arms and legs, but, as he came down the east steps of the Capitol and on to the platform from which he spoke, he walked with such a dignified carriage and seeming perfect ease that there was dispelled forever from my mind the idea that he was in any way uncouth or at a loss to know the proper thing to do or how to do it.

When he began to speak I was again surprised, on account of what I had heard of him. He spoke so naturally, without any attempted oratorical effort, but with such an earnest simplicity and firmness that he seemed to me to have but one desire as shown in his manner of speaking—to draw that crowd close to him and talk to them as man to man.

His manner was that of perfect self-possession. He seemed to me fully to appreciate his new and unexpected surroundings, to understand perfectly the enormous responsibilities he was undertaking, but at the same time to have perfect confidence in himself.

In the Houses of Congress

It was at a meeting of the Houses of Congress, gathered in the House of Representatives to celebrate some victory of the war. The chamber was packed and the galleries overflowed with men and women. I sat in a front-row seat. The door opened on the opposite side, and as the Marine Band played "Hail to the Chief," Mr. Lincoln entered. The whole audience rose and cheered. He glanced up at the throng and there appeared on his countenance a bright, beautiful, but gentle smile of thanks, nothing more. In a moment this was gone, and holding himself perfectly erect, with an expression of unconcern and self-possession, he walked across the hall up to the Speaker's desk with a simple grandeur and profound dignity that would be difficult for any one to surpass.

The Commander-in-Chief

I was close enough to him to note clearly his every movement and see the expression of his face. As the Commander-in-Chief of the Army and Navy of the United States rode down that long line, mounted on a magnificent charger, followed by the General and his staff, he sat and rode his horse as if it were the one thing in the world he knew how to do. He sat perfectly erect, not stiffly, but at perfect ease, and in all that throng of trained military men there was not a general who bore himself with

more, no, not as much, dignity, and rode with more true military bearing than the President.

In Various Moods

I saw him when he was cheerful, gay, convulsed in hilarious laughter; saw him when he was sad and sorrowful, sad from his own sorrows, sad for the sorrows of others, sad and at the same time cheerful for his sick and wounded boys in blue, sad and worried over the suffering of his country. I saw all these moods at various times, and each and every feature of his face exactly as it was; but there was a something that came out from behind them, and spoke not in words, but shone and spoke through them by means of them, and turned them all into real beauty. And in all these moods, first or last, that spirit of beauty which I saw spread over his whole countenance and drew one to him as by the power of magic.

A LINCOLN NURSE.

She Cared For Bob and Willie Lincoln Before the War.

Aunt Ruth Stanton, an old colored woman who resides in St. Louis, was a nurse in Abraham Lincoln's family years ago, when they lived in Springfield, and long before the ultimate glory of the great emancipator was outlined. Aunt Ruth is now a janitress and drudges all day long, but she is yet in robust health. This is the story the old lady tells of her experience, minus the quaint dialect:

"The Lincolns were poor then and lived in a frame house with six rooms. Mrs. Lincoln belonged to the Episcopal church, and so did the Bradfords. I used to take the Bradford children to Sunday school, and on the way we would sometimes see Mr. Robert Lincoln, who was only 5 years old. He was going to Sunday school, too, and the Bradford children would say: 'Oh, Ruth, there's that Bobby Lincoln with his patched pants! Let's go the other way, so as we won't meet him.' Then we would go by a roundabout way to church to get away from Bobby Lincoln because he used to wear blue jean pants which his mother made for him and patched for him when he wore a hole in them. After awhile Mrs. Bradford sent me over to help Mrs. Lincoln every Saturday, for she had no servant and had to do her own housework. Then Mrs. Bradford sent me to live with the Lincolns.

"I scrubbed the floors and waited on the table and helped Mrs. Lincoln to clean the dishes and do the washing. She did all the up stairs work, made clothes for the boys, Robert and Willie, and cooked the meals. Mr. Lincoln was a very good and kind man, but I don't remember anything particular about him, for I was very young. He was a very tall man. That's all I can remember of him. He used to be at his office all the day long, and I did not see much of him, but I never expected to see him president of the United States.

"Mrs. Lincoln was a very nice lady. She worked hard and was a good church member. Every Thursday the sewing society of the Episcopal church would meet at Mrs. Lincoln's house and make clothes for the very poor people. She was very plain in her ways, and I re-



AUNT RUTH STANTON.

member that she used to go to church wearing a cheap calico dress and a sunbonnet. She didn't have silk or satin dresses. The children, Robert, 5 years old, and Willie, a few years younger, were very good boys. I used to take care of them, for they were too small to go to school. We would play around the streets of Springfield, and the white children would throw stones at the colored children.

"After I left, Mrs. Lincoln had to do all of her own housework, for she could not afford to get another servant. I have never seen any of the family since, but of course I have heard a great deal about them. I guess that Mr. Robert Lincoln does not remember when he used to wear patched jeans pants since he has become a big man."

Milwaukee Telegraph
Feb. 9, 1895

Stanton, Dr. S. C.

reminiscence

December 7, 1943

Mr. E. G. Stowell
Scout Executive
79 N. Stone Avenue
Tucson, Arizona

Mr. E. G. Stowell:

It was very kind of you indeed to write down the reminiscences of Dr. Stanton which we shall be very happy to keep in our permanent files.

I would like very much to see him and if the opportunity presents itself you may feel sure I will avail myself of that opportunity.

Enclosed I am forwarding several Boy Scout items which we publish which I thought you might like to have.

Very truly yours,

LAW:JT

Director



December 15, 1953

Mr. E. G. Wood
General Manager
The Standard Oil Company
Cleveland, Ohio

Dear Mr. Wood:

I am very glad to hear that the
revisions of the Standard Oil
plan is very satisfactory.

I would like very much to see the
final plan and I will be glad
of the opportunity.

Thank you very much for the
information which I received
last week.

Very truly yours,

Director

EW:jt

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BOY SCOUTS OF AMERICA

CATALINA COUNCIL

79 NORTH STONE AVENUE

TELEPHONE 3457

TUCSON, ARIZONA

November 30, 1943

Dr. Louis Warren
Lincoln National Life
Fort Wayne, Indiana .

Dear Dr. Warren:

I want to thank you first for continuing to send me the weekly copies of Lincoln Lore; we do enjoy it greatly.

You may or may not have this information. There is living in Hinsdale, Illinois an extremely old gentleman named Dr. S. C. Stanton who is 87 years of age. Dr. Stanton is a close friend of our family and until our removal here about three years ago, was a neighbor of ours in Hinsdale.

Dr. Stanton, on several occasions, has related to me the following interesting experience which has to do with Abraham Lincoln:

Dr. Stanton was born in 1856, I believe in Vermont. Late in June of 1863 (just before the Battle of Gettysburg) Dr. Stanton was promised an unusual experience by his mother in celebration of his seventh birthday. His mother told him that she would take him to see his father, a high ranking officer in the Union army, who was then at Gettysburg. I believe that he went through Boston enroute because he seems to remember seeing the horse cars in Boston. At any rate, they reached Gettysburg in time to witness the Battle of Gettysburg.

He relates how he, with other boys, climbed to the steeple of a church in the little town of Gettysburg and looked to the South, seeing the soldiers of both armies running back and forth during the heat of the battle, his vision being obscured intermittently by the smoke of battle. He says that he served as water boy in Gettysburg, with a bucket and tin dipper, giving drinks of water to Union and Confederate soldiers alike. During this time, his mother was engaged with women of Gettysburg in tearing up sheets into bandage material and bandaging the wounds of soldiers of both armies.



Dr. Louis Warren
Page 2
November 20, 1943

Following the three-day battle, his father received a leave to attend a White House reception given by President Lincoln. Mrs. Stanton and this seven year old son accompanied him, of course. As they approached President Lincoln in the reception line, he noticed his father's first cousin, Secretary of War Stanton, standing next to the President. President Lincoln's eye fell upon this youngster, whereupon he stooped and picked up the little boy and held him in his arms for a matter of perhaps a half minute, talking to him.

Dr. Stanton in telling me of this, stated that the trip from the floor up to the President's arms seemed like a long journey due to President Lincoln's extreme height. The Secretary of War spoke chidingly to the President at the delay, stating that this procedure was holding up the reception line. President Lincoln replied that this little visit with a seven-year old boy meant more to him just then, than all of the people waiting in the line. Dr. Stanton relates that the trip from President Lincoln's arms back down to the floor seemed to be endless.

Dr. Stanton, himself, is a Brigadier General (retired) Medical Corps, U.S. Army. For a time he made his home in Florida. This reminds me that on one occasion I asked him when he first visited Florida. Into his eyes came a far away look as he mused for a moment, then answered, "Oh, I guess it was about 1865 or 1866." To me, this seemed like a voice from another world.

Less than a month ago, Mrs. Stanton died at an approximate age of eighty. For many years, this aged couple have spent each summer at Camp Owassippi, the summer camp of the Chicago Council, Boy Scouts of America, where Dr. Stanton headed up the staff of camp doctors, being familiarly called "Doc", while Mrs. Stanton was affectionately known as "Aunt Louise." For many years he has been active in Boy Scout work in a National capacity related to the Health and Safety Program, and is annually called upon by Region 7, Boy Scouts of America (Illinois, Indiana, Wisconsin, Michigan) to officiate as Chief Judge of First Aid contests.

He is a familiar personage in Chicagoland. In spite of his advanced age, he carries himself erect, has a distinguished look, and is as active as a ten-year old boy.

Some few years ago when Dr. Stanton was perhaps 82 or 83 years of age, Mrs. Stanton suffered a fall in their home,



Dr. Louis Warren
Page 3
November

rendering her unconscious. The next day in response to my question, Dr. Stanton said casually, "Oh, I just picked her up in my arms and carried her down to the infirmary." His strength and extreme activity are a source of wonder to all of his friends.

I am writing you thus because I not only have the greatest admiration and affection for Dr. Stanton, but I am sure that you would covet an opportunity to interview Dr. Stanton and get this Lincoln Lore from his own lips. Immediately after Mrs. Stanton's death (recently) he wrote us from Pennsylvania, but I believe that by now he has returned to his home at Hinsdale. His address there is the Godard Memorial Home on the southern edge of Hinsdale. Hinsdale is one of Chicago's suburbs about 20 miles from the Loop on the Burlington railroad.

Most sincerely yours,

CATALINA COUNCIL
BOY SCOUTS OF AMERICA

A handwritten signature in blue ink, appearing to read "E. G. Stowell", with a horizontal line extending to the right.

E. G. Stowell,
Scout Executive

EGS:ejf

**Hears About
Lincoln**

Girl Gets Story From
Man Who Saw Him

Philadelphia Inquirer

2-11-39

Stark, Samuel Christian



HE SHOOK LINCOLN'S HAND

And four-and-one-half-year-old Dorothy Mae Cooper, a model of the great statue which is contained within the Lincoln Memorial at Washington clasped in her arms, is hearing every detail of those historic hand-shakes from the man who experienced them, 89-year-old Samuel Christian Stark, of 5237 Sansom st.

**Man, 89, Recalls
Lincoln Handshake**

For at least one elderly Philadelphian, tomorrow—the 130th anniversary of Abraham Lincoln—will have a special significance.

Over a period of 79 years, Lincoln—all that he did, all that he wrote, all that he said—has been an ideal to Samuel Christian Stark, retired superintendent of the American Ice Co.,

who now lives at 5237 Sansom st.

Three warm handclasps and a "How are you, young man?" in the Great Emancipator's gentle, husky voice, and a ten-year-old youngster was his slave and idolator for life.

MEET AT HOTEL

The occasion of the first handclasp came during one of Lincoln's visits

to Philadelphia during the campaign of 1860. He was stopping at the old Continental Hotel, 9th and Chestnut sts., on the site now occupied by the Benjamin Franklin.

Young Stark's father—who had no use, politically, for the woodsman from Illinois—nevertheless was one of the throng that lined the lobby of the hotel. As the candidate descended the stairs, the elder Stark hoisted his son to his shoulder. Young Sammy extended his hand, and Lincoln, seeing the gesture, shook hands solemnly, with a "How are you, young man?"

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ELUDES POLICE

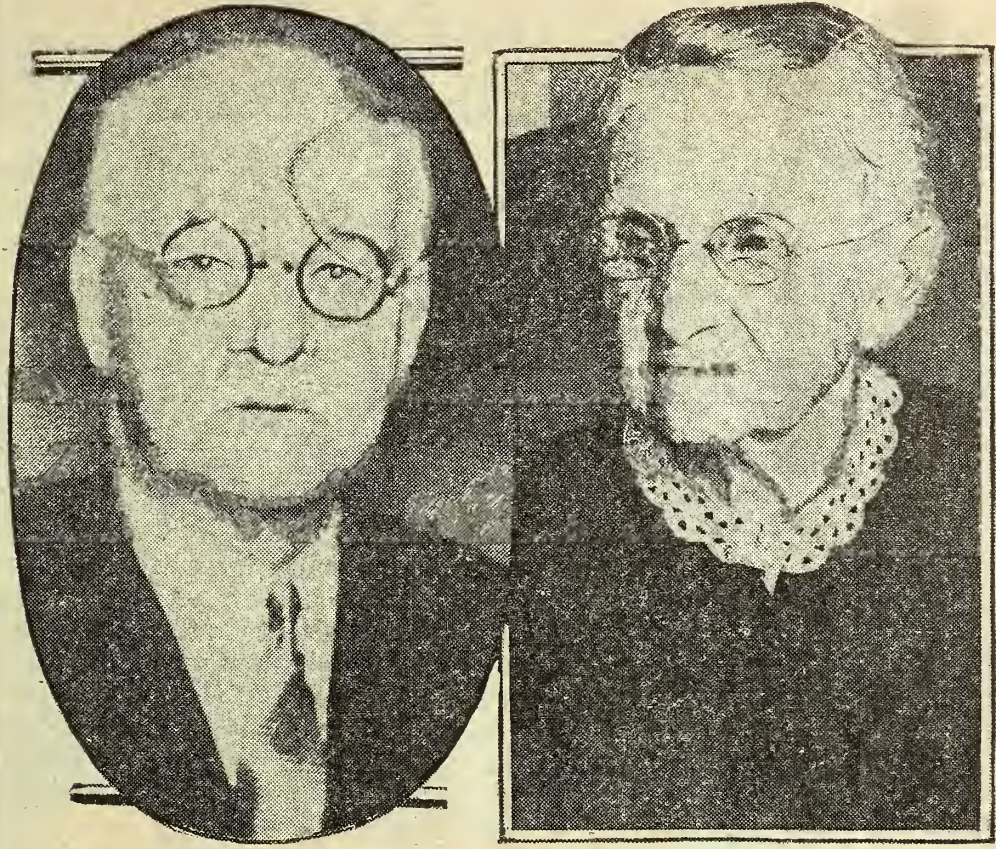
When, in 1861, the President-elect stopped in Philadelphia to unfurl a flag at Independence Hall, Sammy was there. Eluding the police, he crawled under the speakers' stand and wedged himself at the steps. As Lincoln appeared, he lifted his hand, and the President stooped to grasp it. Again, as Lincoln left, the youngster extended his paw, and again the guest shook it.

"The impression I received then has always stayed with me," that ten-year-old who has achieved a spry 89 said yesterday. "I think of Lincoln as a great, tall man with a husky but gentle voice. His hand-clasp was firm and warm."

The Starks, as has been said, had no use for Lincoln—with the significant exception of Sammy. He tried to enlist in the Union Army, before he was 16, but the family would not permit it. He, whose grandfather had fought with the Grand Army under Napoleon at Moscow! He has always been regretful about that.

Stark, Samuel
Frye, Mrs. Loretta

They Knew Lincoln



CELEBRATION of Abraham Lincoln's birthday recalls happy memories to Samuel Stark (left), 84, 5237 Sansom st., and Mrs. Loretta Frye, 93, 749 Garland st. Stark greeted Honest Abe three times in this city, while Mrs. Frye recalls chat with rail splitter in Gettysburg. —(Staff)

A MEMORY OF LINCOLN.

DILLER, Neb., Feb. 8.—To the Editor of The State Journal: Soon our nation will celebrate the one hundredth birthday anniversary of the great Lincoln. Thoughts about and acts of this great man will be again repeated and honor to a living and a martyred leader will note the epoch.

It was my privilege once only to see him and hear his voice and that occasion is stamped as plainly in my mind today. As Mr. Lincoln journeyed to Washington to take the responsibilities of president he gave a short talk to the large crowd that had gathered at our railroad station. I was

then about fourteen years of age and being a boy succeeded in getting close to the rear platform of the train from which he spoke. His face wore a candid and I thought a serious pleasant expression. He was tall and his speech though kind, I cannot repeat except that as he raised his long right arm, he said:

"I shall endeavor to make you a true servant, God being my helper."

The stop was short and as old men crowded forward to grasp his hand, I was lifted by the rush so near that his hand grasped mine and he said, "God bless our youth." The train moved slowly while many wept and that tall object stood with uncovered head until the curve in the track hid him from view. As I returned home I passed the shop of a wagonmaker. He was talking to another and the conversation was about this great Lincoln, and I heard this wagonmaker say, "The people here may crowd to shake his hand, but you wait, he will never get through the state of Baltimore." And I laughed outright at such ignorance. But while this poor ignorant man did not know that Baltimore was a city, he did seem to know that a mob was eager to take Lincoln's life and but for a knowledge of that fact becoming known what might have been the result to us as a nation?

However, a life spared finally ended in the spirit that first effort but our nation now rejoices to honor that name—Lincoln—as a crucified savior and as time erases the evil engendered Lincoln's name will stand out as bold as that of Washington, who, while a patriot, was not a sacrifice as well.

W. C. STARKEY.

THERE lives in Los Angeles today a man who heard Lincoln and Douglas debate, and on two occasions shook hands and talked with Abraham Lincoln. This remarkable experience is remembered by Samuel Statler, living at 6725 Buchanan street.

Mr. Statler was born at Berrien Springs, Mich., September 12, 1843. His father was a Methodist preacher and at that time was engaged in missionary work among the Pottowotamie Indians. Samuel's playmates up to his twelfth year were mostly Indian children. In 1855 a district school was started there with about eight white children and as many more Indians. The teacher was boarded free among the white people and received, besides her keep, 10 cents per week on each student attending.

Shortly after this Mr. Statler's father was transferred to the Northern Indiana Conference of the Methodist Episcopal Church and settled at Lowell, Ind. In August of 1860, Abraham Lincoln and Stephen A. Douglas, Presidential nominees, respectively, of the Republican and Democratic parties, were billed to debate at La Porte, Ind., forty miles from Lowell. Samuel's uncle drove down from Michigan with lumber wagons to go with his folks to the debate. The weather being very hot they started from Lowell about five o'clock in the evening and arrived at La Porte about sun-up. They took their food along in baskets, but had to buy feed for the horses.

La Porte, at that time, was a village of six or seven hundred inhabitants. Mr. Statler says the debate was held in an open space at the edge of the village, and on a platform built about five feet above the ground and shaded by a large oak tree. The audience numbered about 800 people, some coming as much as fifty miles to hear the famous speakers, and a brass band of eight pieces enlivened the occasion. Samuel was much entertained by the big bass drum—the first he had ever seen.

Mr. Statler says of the meeting—"My father, being a minister, was invited to the platform with other prominent citizens, and I climbed up and sat on the edge of the platform in front of the speakers. Lincoln and Douglas came to the meeting in the same rig and were talking and laughing together as they arrived. As Mr. Lincoln approached the platform he seemed to me to stand a full foot taller than the crowd. His face was covered with a short beard. He wore a plain collar and no tie. I thought he was the homeliest man I ever saw. His hands each looked as big as two ordinary man's hands and his feet were enormous. His trousers were attached to his boots by straps under the insteps. Mr. Lincoln was laughing as he took his seat. He placed his silk tile hat upside down beside him on the platform and deposited some papers in it.

"Mr. Douglas was about five foot four inches tall, of medium build, and wore a black derby hat that emphasized his short stature. He wore also a giant black silk bow-tie that must have had a yard of goods in it. I noticed his eyes, which were brown and particularly keen and luminous. His face was very stern when not laughing.

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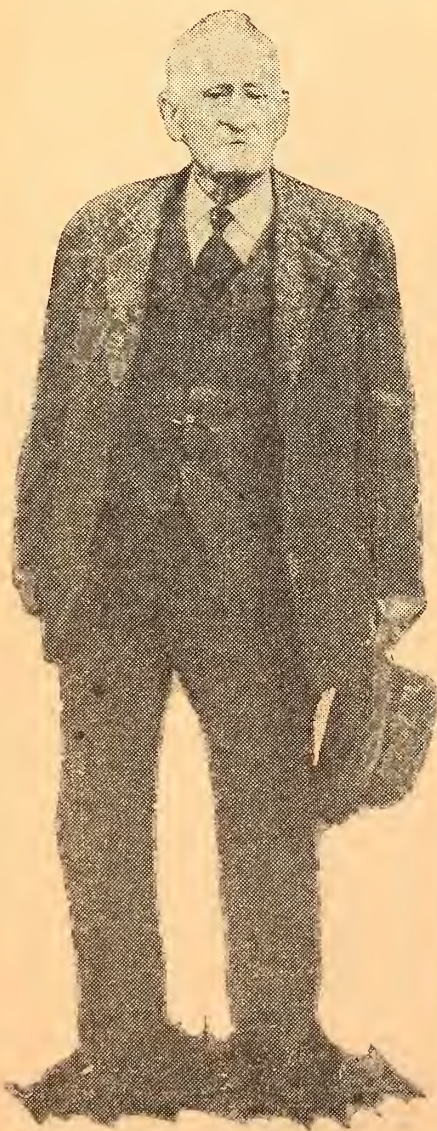
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"A reception was held at the White House," Mr. Statler says in telling of the reception. "The President stood in an archway in the White House and shook hands with the boys as they passed in line. When my turn came, he stopped me (holding up the whole line) and asked where he had seen me before. I said 'I'm the good Democrat you met in La Porte.' Mr. Lincoln laughed and asked, 'How is it now?' I said, 'I voted for you in Tennessee.' He laughed again and said, 'You stole a vote for me, did you? I see I'm solid with you.'"

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By E. W. Perkins



Samuel Statler

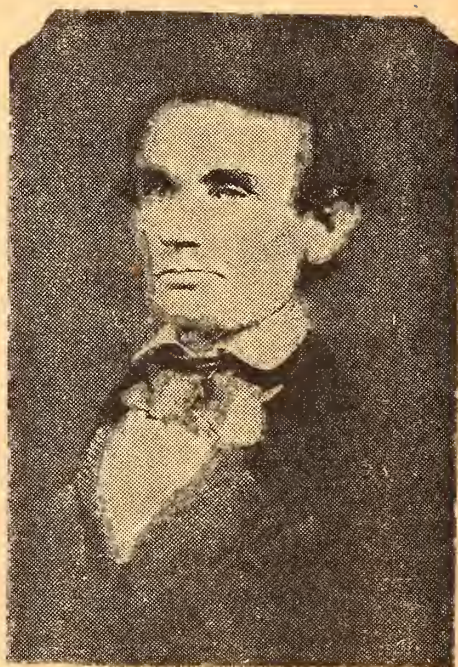


Photo from ambrotype taken in 1857

Man Who Knew

Lincoln



Lincoln's birthplace

THERE lives in Los Angeles today a man who heard Lincoln and Douglas debate, and on two occasions shook hands and talked with Abraham Lincoln. This remarkable experience is remembered by Samuel Statler, living at 5725 Buchanan street.

Mr. Statler was born at Berrien Springs, Mich., September 12, 1843. His father was a Methodist preacher and at that time was engaged in missionary work among the Pottowotamie Indians. Samuel's playmates up to his twelfth year were mostly Indian children. In 1855 a district school was started there with about eight white children and as many more Indians. The teacher was boarded free among the white people and received, besides her keep, 10 cents per week on each student attending.

Shortly after this Mr. Statler's father

was transferred to the Northern Indiana Conference of the Methodist Episcopal Church and settled at Lowell, Ind. In August of 1860, Abraham Lincoln and Stephen A. Douglas, Presidential nominees, respectively, of the Republican and Democratic parties, were billed to debate at La Porte, Ind., forty miles from Lowell. Samuel's uncle drove down from Michigan with lumber wagons to go with his folks to the debate. The weather being very hot they started from Lowell about five o'clock in the evening and arrived at La Porte about sun-up. They took their food along in baskets, but had to buy feed for the horses.

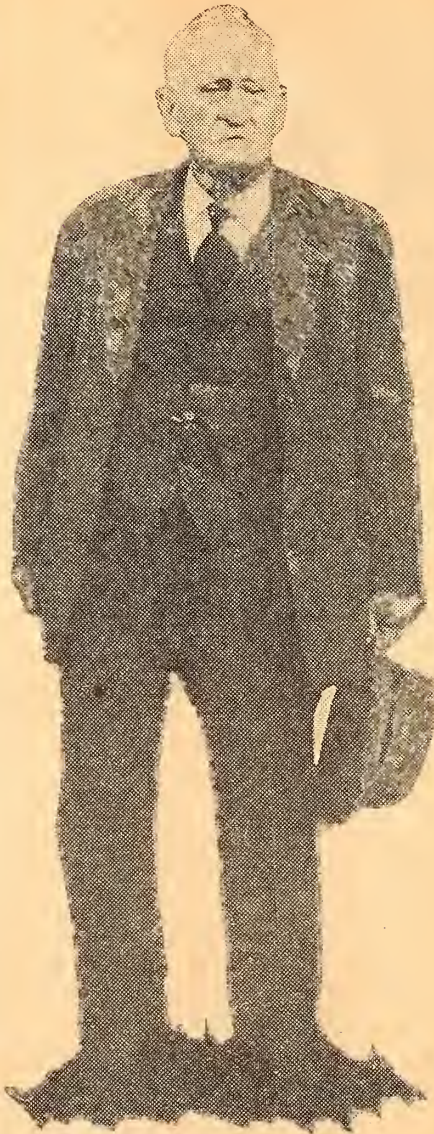
La Porte, at that time, was a village of six or seven hundred inhabitants. Mr. Statler says the debate was held in an open space at the edge of the village, and on a platform built about five feet

above the ground and shaded by a large oak tree. The audience numbered about 800 people, some coming as much as fifty miles to hear the famous speakers, and a brass band of eight pieces enlivened the occasion. Samuel was much entertained by the big bass drum—the first he had ever seen.

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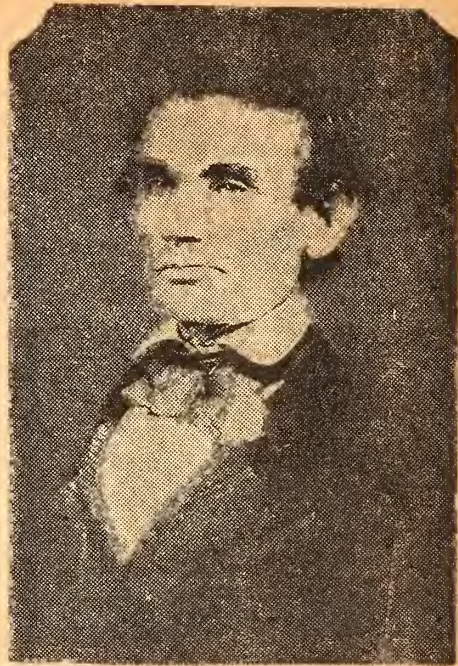


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**Daughter of Lincoln's
Law Partner, Pioneer
Of Northwest, Passes**

SEATTLE, Wash., Nov. 17, 1923.—Mrs. Julius E. Stearns, who was a resident in this city in 1880 and whose father, James G. Herndon, was a law partner with former President Abraham Lincoln, in Springfield, Illinois, died November 14 at the home of her granddaughter, Mrs. E. Paul Martz, Green Lake district, Seattle, it was announced today.

In 1862 Mrs. Stearns went by stage coach to Cheyenne, Wyoming, by train to San Francisco, and from there to Seattle on the steamer Eliza Anderson.



LINCOLN PICTURED AS IDEAL HOTEL GUEST

Never Fussed About Service,
Says Will O. Clark, 84,
Here for Convention.

Abraham Lincoln was pictured as an ideal hotel guest by Will O. Clark, 84-year-old retired hotel man of Geneseo, Ill., who is here to attend the twenty-fifth annual convention of the Illinois Hotel association, which opened its two-day session to-day at the Hotel La Salle.

According to Mr. Clark, who is president emeritus of the association, Lincoln's plain and simple habits never changed when he was away from home and staying at a hotel. He was vastly different in this respect from the average person of to-day, who, the minute he pens his name on a hotel register, begins to call for service spelled with a capital S, Mr. Clark said.

"And I know," he added, "because as a bellboy at the age of 12 and later as a clerk in my father's hotels, I tended to or rather was ready to supply any of his wants.

Met Lincoln in Rock Island.

"The first time I ever saw Mr. Lincoln was at Rock Island in 1856. He came there as an attorney to defend a suit of the Chicago-Rock Island railroad brought against it by the Mississippi Navigation company for impeding navigation by building the first bridge across the Mississippi river.

"While there Mr. Lincoln was a guest at the Island City hotel, owned by my father, John S. Clark. I was the bellboy and often conversed with Lincoln and listened to his stories.

"The next time I met Lincoln was at Charleston, Ill., in 1861. He was a guest of my father at the Charleston house, where I worked as the clerk. He came there after his election and previous to his inauguration to say farewell to his relatives and friends.

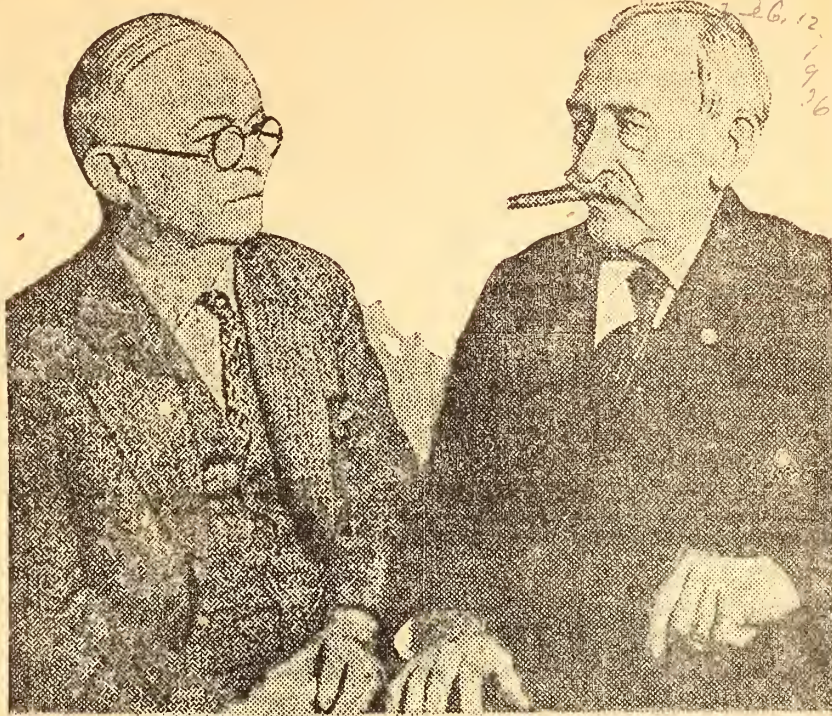
Was Not Fussy About Food.

"In those days hotel guests took a drink of water if they wanted it before they went up to their rooms and never would have dreamed of demanding to have a pitcher of it sent to them. I remember Lincoln never was fussy about his food, but ate the simple fare of the time with apparently great enjoyment."

Mr. Clark paid a tribute to Lincoln when he addressed the meeting in response to the address of welcome delivered by J. A. Blatchford, secretary of the Chicago Hotel association.

Mr. Clark exchanged reminiscences with E. J. Stebbins, for thirty-one years manager of the Halliday house at Calro, known as "The Last House in Illinois."

CALLS LINCOLN IDEAL HOTEL GUEST



E. J. STEBBINS AND WILL O. CLARK, 84-YEAR-OLD RETIRED HOTEL MAN OF GENESEO, ILL., WHO RECALLS ABRAHAM LINCOLN'S VISITS TO MR. CLARK'S FATHER'S HOTELS.

[By a staff photographer of The Daily News.]

To Consider All Problems.

Any one listening in would have learned that when Mr. Clark was married years ago, he and his wife went from Mattoon to the Halliday house, then owned by Mr. Stebbins' father, S. T. Stebbins. And that the young Mr. Stebbins, then acting as bellboy, was soundly whipped by his father for forgetting to remove the breakfast dishes from the room of Mr. and Mrs. Clark before going to school in the morning.

All the present-day problems encountered in running hotels in cities and towns smaller than Chicago are scheduled to be discussed during the convention.



SAT ON LINCOLN'S KNEE

That Was 76 Years Ago



Mrs. Pauline Steiner

No Desire to Sit on F. R.'s Lap

Something like 76 years ago, a heavily guarded train drew into Decatur, Ill.

An obscure hotel proprietor named Adam Snyder, his 6-year-old daughter clinging to his arm, a hot tray of food held on his shoulder, boarded the train, looked anxiously about for his "customer."

Because of threats against his life, the "customer" had remained on board the train to eat his dinner.

ATTRACTED TO DAUGHTER

On the occasion, however, the little daughter proved more of an attraction than the food, and even as the meal was served him, the "customer" pushed it aside and called the little girl to his side.

So today, the birthday anniversary of Abraham Lincoln, Mrs. Pauline Steiner will recall how many years ago as a child of 6 she sat on the knee of the great emancipator.

FOND OF LINCOLN

Now 82, Mrs. Steiner resides at 2212 Divisadero, thinks fondly of Lincoln, but says she has no desire to sit on the lap of President Franklin Delano Roosevelt.

Mrs. Steiner is the widow of Judge A. B. Steiner of Le Mars, Iowa. She has six children, all of them reared in Iowa. Mrs. Steiner has lived in San Francisco 30 years and despite her age she gets out to all municipal, State and national elections to cast her ballot.

San Francisco Chronicle 7/12, '38.



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Green C

Juda Man, Once Held in Arms of Lincoln, 84 Today

Juda—As a small boy Edward Stephens, who today celebrates his 84th birthday, was held in the arms of Abraham Lincoln, the place was



Freeport, Ill., the occasion Lincoln's appearance at that place.

Mr. Stephens has a remarkable memory and enjoys telling of the early days when the Civil war soldiers were drilled in the local streets

Edward Stephens and recalls the Indian lore of that time. He is especially proud of the fact that he rode on the first passenger train from Juda to Milwaukee.

He was born June 4, 1857, in a little house which stood where the Juda depot is now located and spent most of his life in the village. He is the last of 10 children.

Since November, with the exception of a few weeks, Mr. Stephens has been confined in the Deaconess hospital, Monroe. At the present time he is improving and enjoys the visits of his friends.



Pioneer Woman Dies

Indianapolis, March 18—(P)—
Mrs. Lucretia E. Stephens, who
was born in a log cabin and shook
hands with President Abraham
Lincoln at 11, is dead here at 89.

Widow of Samuel Stephens, she
died yesterday in a daughter's
house. Her father, Samuel Sulli-
van, Miami county farmer, brought
her to Indianapolis to see Lincoln
when he spoke at the old Bates
house.

DAY OF THE ASSASSINATION.**Mr. John Austin Stevens's Recollections of a Last Interview With Lincoln.**

TO THE EDITOR OF THE SUN—*Sir*: It was my unfortunate privilege to spend an hour with Mr. Lincoln on the morning of the day of his assassination. I had been received by him many times before, but this was the only occasion on which he did not illustrate his words by a story. I was at the time the secretary of the Chamber of Commerce of New York, as I had been since 1862, and in its rooms originated many if not most of the important movements in aid of the Government during the entire war, but I may add that not one of them had any political coloring.

When the Union Defence Committee came to its natural end, for reasons which are not worth while now to recall, the National War Committee took its place. Mr. Hamilton Fish, who had been the president of the former, became also that of the latter organization. The idea of this organization originated with myself, and I was its first and only secretary. The plan, which was entirely successful, was to unite representatives of the New York Historical Society, the New York Chamber of Commerce, the Corporation of the City of New York, and of the citizens at large in common deliberation and action.

Soon after the surrender of Appomattox Governor Seymour issued a proclamation to the people of New York to make a holiday celebration of the peace. This gave our citizens alarm, as such celebrations, while in a general way desirable, fall heavily upon the tradesmen, especially on the line of march, and it was feared that it might interfere with the purposes of the general Government. The National War Committee took the matter into consideration and appointed a delegation to visit Washington and ascertain from the President whether or not he intended to appoint a day for a national rejoicing. I was selected to represent the three private bodies, and the Common Council appointed a delegation. The funds were placed in my hands and we took the evening train for the capital.

When we arrived the next morning the gentlemen of the Common Council expressed a desire to be excused from meeting the President and asked me to represent them. I called early at the White House and was received by my friend John Hay and ushered into the presence of Mr. Lincoln. He was seated by a light fire, where a log was smouldering. He was as usual thoughtful and kind, asked me where I had been, and when I told him that since I had seen him I had been at New Orleans with Banks he was quite interested to have some personal account of the exit of Butler and the advent of Banks. This over, I congratulated the President on the close of the struggle, saying: "Now I presume, Mr. Lincoln, that your troubles are over?" He turned

to me with a sad expression, saying: "Not at all, they have only begun; those of reconstruction give me as much concern."

I then explained my mission, but he did not seem to have given the matter any thought, at any rate he made me no answer, and after perhaps an hour I took my leave. On the way to the hotel my old friend George Gibbs of the Boundary Coast Survey told me he had a seat for me at Ford's Theatre that night in the army box, which I believe was next to that occupied by the President on that fatal evening. I found my jolly friends of the Common Council anxious to return, and as I carried the purse I felt bound to accompany them. Trains were slow in those days and we did not reach New York till after midnight. We supped at a Canal street restaurant, after which I went to my father's house, where early the next morning I was aroused by one of my sisters with the shocking announcement of the assassination.

How much of that mission reached the public at the time I do not now remember, and I have nothing at hand by which to refresh my memory, but no doubt something may be gleaned from the newspapers of the day.

JOHN AUSTIN STEVENS.

NEW YORK, February 11.



**SOME RECOLLECTIONS OF
LINCOLN**

Knowlesville, N. Y., Nov. 25, 1918.
Editor National Republican:

I cannot give you the name of a person who was in attendance at the Republican national convention on that May day, 1860, when Lincoln was nominated, but I can give you a little of my history in connection with the life of Abraham Lincoln.

In 1860 I cast my first vote. It was for Abraham Lincoln. In 1862, after President Lincoln made a call for 3,000,000 men I responded and on the 22nd day of October was mustered into the U. S. service as corporal of Co. A, 151st Reg., N. Y. Volunteer Infantry. I assisted in the duties of the camp and participated in all the movements of the regiment until Friday, Nov. 27th, 1863, when at the battle of Mine Run, I was wounded, receiving a bullet in my right thigh. On the 4th day of March, 1864, after becoming able for duty, I was ordered from the hospital at Alexandria, where I had been located, to Baltimore, and placed on duty at the Medical Purveyor's store of that city. In the meantime I had been promoted to sergeant. On the morning of June 7th, I received a ticket from the secretary of Senator E. D. Morgan, of New York and there attended the national convention where President Lincoln was nominated for the Presidency for the second term.

On the 15th of Sept., of that year I was transferred to Washington and placed on duty at the Medical Bureau of the Provost Marshal General's office. On the evening of Oct. 21st a large torch-light procession came out and President Lincoln and Vice President Johnson made speeches. On Nov. 3rd I got a 6-day furlough and came home, and on the 8th I voted for Abraham Lincoln for the second time.

On Thanksgiving day I attended church, had a seat in Senator Morgan's pew. The President and his wife were out and after the service I had the pleasure of walking down the aisle by the side of the President. New Years day coming on Sunday we had Monday for our holiday, and we were all invited to the State House to see "Uncle Abe." We went, of course and had to stand around in the crowd about two hours; everyone anxious to shake his hand, and it took a long time for each one to pass before him and receive his greeting.

Sunday evening, January 28, 1865 the annual meeting of the Christian Commission was held at the Capitol and a very large crowd was out. We listened to good speeches from President Lincoln, Vice President Johnson, Admiral Farragut and others.

On Saturday, March 4, I had the pleasure of attending the President's auguration.

On the evening of the 3d of April after the fall of Richmond there was a time of great rejoicing, flags flying, cannon booming and much speech making on the morning of the 10th. Then on that evening President Lincoln made his last speech, a copy of which I now have. On Friday evening April 14th I attended Ford's theater and there saw the assassin jump from the box after having shot President Lincoln.

JOHN H. STEVENS

No Survivor Left Who Saw Lincoln on Dunkirk Visit

DUNKIRK, Feb. 12.—Although the William O. Stevens Post, G. A. R., at one time had a membership of 200, not one of the veterans of the Civil War is alive today who saw Abraham Lincoln.

Older residents recalled today that while Mr. Lincoln passed through Dunkirk several times during his lifetime, Miss Hattie Calhoun, who died in her home in Forestville three years ago at the age of 101, was the last survivor of those who saw Mr. Lincoln when

his special train stopped at Silver Creek en route to Washington for his first inauguration. 11

Miss Calhoun often recalled that at the conclusion of his brief speech at the railroad station, a little girl presented him with a bunch of rosebuds. The President was greatly affected, and alighting from his special car took the girl in his arms, kissed her and said, "You are a sweet little rosebud yourself. I hope your life will open into perpetual beauty and goodness." 11

*Let's see Miss Calhoun
5/12/42*



Stevenson, C. G. (Lincoln said, "Good-bye," at Nashville, Tenn. in 1863)

ABSOLUTELY MODERN

POPULAR PRICES

CENTRALLY LOCATED



Los Angeles Calif-

Feb-19th 1928.

THE NEWSOUTHERN HOTEL
CORNER 6th AND B STREETS
Across from Pantages
SAN DIEGO, CALIFORNIA

GEO. B. ELLIS
J. J. LYCETT
PROPRIETORS

Mr H. E. Baker,
1922 South Hobart Blvd"
Los Angeles Calif-

Dear Sir"

When I have not been away- have been
sick- the reason have not complied with your
request.

You wanted what Lincoln said to me when
he bade me good by- when in Nashville Tenn-in 1863-
At time he was there looking over the army.

There are friends we meet, As we journey along,
Who like ships that pass in the night.

We meet one day-And they slip away-Silently out
of sight.

There are other friends whom we chance to meet,
Who prove loyal and staunch and true.

Whom we leave with a sigh-when we say good by.
Just such a friend are you.

C. G. Stevenson

See Museum file

LINCOLN STUDY CLUB PLA



Betty McQuigg and Gertrude MacDonald of the Lincoln Study Club listen to "Uncle" Charles Stevenson, an honor guest at the club for many years, and his violin. His "fiddlin'" and singing cover the repertoire he played for his friend, "Honest Abe" himself, at Nashville, Tenn., in 1863.

NS BIRTHDAY OBSERVANCE



Minerva Freudenberger and Audrey Bishop of the Lincoln Study Club, who will assist at the annual celebration on Lincoln's Birthday, examine a white linen tablecloth which belonged to Mary Todd Lincoln and was used by the Lincolns at Springfield. The cloth is owned by Dr. Glenn Will.

Lincoln Luncheon Planned by Breakfast Bridge Club

Lincoln's Birthday will be celebrated by the Breakfast Bridge Club, announces Mrs. Harold B. Link, founder-president.

A bridge-luncheon will be given Tuesday noon at the Hollywood Athletic Club. Funds will apply to needs of the benevolence department.

A program of entertainment featuring Lucille Millikin has been arranged by Mrs. Francis Burton

Cobb, chairman. Miss Millikin, coloratura soprano, is a pupil of Lazar Samoiloff. She will be accompanied at the piano by Constance Piper.

Assisting Mrs. Cobb will be Mmes. Raymond Borden, James S. Jennings, Nolan Browning and George Lee Miller. The hospitality chairman, Mrs. Clyde Mowder, will be assisted in receiving by members of the new board of directors which includes Mmes. Carl E. Earl, George Mitchell, Edward Niles Stark, Marguerite McConnell and J. S. Osborne.

Table and door prizes will be given and decorations will be in the seasonal motif.

Man Who Sang at Lincoln's Funeral Tells of Career

Started Playing Ordinary Instruments at Eight
Years; Tuned Patti's Piano

By DORCAS DAVIS
"WELL, I'm kind of out of date, you know, and folks don't want to hear about us old fellows."

That's the way Charles G. Stevenson, musician and singer, who sang at the Lincoln-Douglas debate and at Lincoln's funeral, begins the interesting story of his career. He confesses to 82 years, but his alert manner belies his four-score years. His mind is as keen as in the old days and there is no blur in the outlines of the pictures that he presents, as he talks quaintly of an older generation of musicians, emphasizing his remarks with his cane.



Dorcas Davis

EARLY TRAINING

"Training? Well, I guess I had more of ability than I ever did of that. But my training in music began in a rather queer way. When I was six years old I had to learn six Bible verses each week to say to my mother each Sunday morning. It seemed for a time that I just couldn't seem to learn them. Then one day my mother gave me a tune and suggested that I sing them. I had no trouble after that in learning anything set to music.

"By the time I was eight years of age I had started playing most of the common instruments. And I've been playing them ever since, until lately when I've been getting rheumatism so that I can't use the violin.

SANG AT DEBATE

"In 1864, when I was 21 years of age, I went into the employ of W. W. Kimball of the Kimball Piano Co. I was to tune pianos and advertise the company in every way possible by playing, singing and presenting programs. I was with this company about 20 years and it was during this time that I sang at the Lincoln-Douglas debate.

1858 "That was a great business, that debate was," he says, "his face lighting up in reminiscence." It was at Danville, Ill., you know. I'll never forget it. I sang—Now, you may think this queer but they were new songs then—I sang 'The Star Spangled Banner' and 'The Red, White and Blue'

ing," "Safe With the Master," and "Remembered." Then at the grave we sang "No Graves Are There." These songs were published in 1873 in a book of songs called "The Sunshine."

"In the fall of 1880, I went to Kansas with my wife and family and took up about 1,700 acres of land, and we laid it out and worked it. But I kept up my music just the same.

"Well, guess I always will, because I have to sing a song now and again even yet," he concluded.

Mr. Stevenson is the cousin of Dr. Roy Stevenson, county physician, and though he makes his home in Los Angeles, he has been visiting in San Diego this week.

TUNED PATTI'S PIANO

"I remember well the time I went out to tune the piano for Patti. I had a talk with her at the hall in Chicago where she was to appear. Then I sang for her and she returned the compliment by singing for me. She sang among other numbers "Coming Through the Rye," and some way that comes to me the most plainly when anybody mentions her.

"Throughout the Civil war I sang the songs of George F. Root, all over the country. You know, such songs as "Tenting Tonight on the Old Camp Ground" and others that are now famous in their associations, but were then new. I introduced many of Root's early songs, and he sent me original copies of several, that are quite interesting to most music lovers.

LINCOLN SONGS

"When Abraham Lincoln was assassinated, P. P. Bliss put out four songs which I sang with a quartet at Lincoln's funeral. Some of these songs are still sung, and they are all very beautiful, I think. At the service, we sang "Let Me Go, the Day Is Break-



A 100-YEAR-OLD BANKER.

Chairman of United States Trust Company in Service 69 Years.

MORRISTOWN, N. J., Aug. 26.—John A. Stewart, chairman of the board of trustees of the United States Trust Company of New York, America's oldest banker, celebrated his one hundredth birthday anniversary here at his home today.

Mr. Stewart, who was one of Lincoln's closest advisers in the darkest periods of the Civil War, who came to the rescue of Grover Cleveland in 1894 when the government's gold reserve was dangerously depleted, and who was president pro tempore of Princeton university for the two years following Woodrow Wilson's election as governor of New Jersey, does not attribute his long, active life to any particular habit of living.

Barring a slight impairment of hearing, Mr. Stewart is in perfect physical condition. His mind is bright and alert. He carries the weight of years with a serene outlook on life, and an abiding faith in the ideals and sympathy in the welfare of his fellowmen.

Instead of yielding to the retirement of country life, he prefers the stimulus of active trust company work because of its opportunities for service and the satisfaction of discharging his duties.

Mr. Stewart said that the first president of the United States he saw was Andrew Jackson, who delivered an address at the city hall when he was a boy. He recalled vividly the great fire which almost destroyed New York in 1835.

Mr. Stewart said that the biggest changes have taken place in the conduct of elections and the administration of government, changes that correspond to the physical development of the country during the last half-century. Mr. Stewart was a member of the famous committee of seventy, which was organized in 1871 to reform civic conditions in New York.

"There has been a distinct moral improvement in politics since the middle of the last century," he declared. "A recurrence of a scandal like the Tweed ring dominance in New York City would now be impossible.

"The first financial panic occurred in 1837, two years after the great fire. I was then still a boy. The next panic occurred in 1857, when I was an officer of the United States Trust Company. Such panics as that, and those of 1873, 1893, and 1907, are impossible now. These were virtually national disasters. The state and national banking acts have helped to reduce these old evils, but the establishment of the federal reserve board was the most potent factor. The board and its various governors well merit the confidence of the bankers and the public at large.

"I think that Abraham Lincoln was not only the greatest American, but the greatest man of comparatively modern times. He was broad, he was courageous and unselfish, and, in addition to that, was one of the most just men I have ever known. I had dinner with him at the White House and spent that evening with him in the library. It was the most enjoyable and memorable evening that I have ever passed. This was only a few days before he was assassinated."

Mr. Stewart was born on August 26, 1822, in Fulton street, New York City, when the present Wall street was dotted with green meadows. He has one brother, Rear Admiral Edwin Stewart, retired, for years paymaster general of the United States navy, who is now in his eighty-fourth year. Three sisters died many years ago.

After attending public schools in New York City, Mr. Stewart took the literary and scientific course at Columbia. After a few years at civil engineering, Mr. Stewart was appointed clerk of the board of education in New York City, and in 1850 became actuary of the United States Life Insurance Company. When the United States Trust Company of New York was organized in 1853, as the first American trust company chartered exclusively to render fiduciary service, Mr. Stewart became secretary of the company. When Joseph Lawrence, first president, resigned in 1865 because of ill health, Mr. Stewart was elected president, then being 43 years of age.

In 1902 Mr. Stewart resigned the presidency and became chairman of the board, an office which he has since held.

Next to the United States Trust Company of New York, Mr. Stewart's chief interest has been centered in Princeton university, of which he has been a trustee and counselor for over fifty years.



*Last day
See Reminiscence file*

LINCOLN'S LAST NOTE.

Senator Stewart Reminiscent After Visit to White House.

WASHINGTON, Dec. 18.—As Senator Stewart was about to leave the White House after a short visit yesterday, he commented on the fact that he visited the mansion on the night of President Lincoln's assassination, and probably received from the martyred executive the last lines he ever wrote. Pointing to the portico of the White House, he continued:

"I saw President Lincoln get into his carriage from those steps the night he was killed. I was the last man to speak to him at the White House. He wrote me a note that night that I would give \$1,000 if I had now.

"Mr. Lincoln's calling hour for Congressional visitors was 7 o'clock in the evening. I was in the Senate, and called at the White House about 7:30 o'clock that evening. The Presidential offices were located then in the second story. From there I sent my card to the President, who wrote upon it these words: 'I have an engagement to take Mrs. Lincoln to the theatre—an engagement I never break. Call to-morrow morning at 10 o'clock.' That, I believe, was the last line that Mr. Lincoln ever wrote.

"On my way out of the White House I met President Lincoln in the lobby going to his carriage with his wife. He stopped to shake hands, and repeated to me that he would like to have me call the next morning. I stood there until he helped Mrs. Lincoln in the carriage and got in himself."

CONGRESSIONAL



Stille, Miss
Mary I.

34

BUSY AND JOLLY AT 90 YEARS OLD

Miss Mary I. Stille is West
Chester's Oldest Born
Resident

TALKED WITH LINCOLN

BY LAURA LEE

SHE'S the jolliest person I have met for quite a day. And she was 90 years old last Sunday.

Miss Mary I. Stille, of West Chester, though lame from a fall, does her own work, looks after a niece, writes, reads considerably (without glasses) and is active in club work.

Her most cherished memories are of Presidents. She has shaken

hands with every President since Buchanan, except Franklin D. Roosevelt, and she expects to shake hands with him one of these days.

When a girl of 17, she met Abraham Lincoln at the White House with a party of visitors. In an ingenious little-girl way she asked Mr. Lincoln to

appoint as postmaster of her town Major W. H. Darlington, who had lost a leg in the Civil War.

Taught Lincoln a Lesson

Said Lincoln:

"There is a great war raging, my daughter, and I must go to the War Department. We will walk over together and you can tell me about Major Darlington."

They did walk together, little Mary reaching "about to Lincoln's knees." He wore a gray cape and the tallest hat she had ever seen.

On parting he said: "You have taught me a lesson in patriotism. If all were like you our cause would be won."

He later wrote her a letter reporting that the Postmaster General had appointed the Major.

Oldest D. A. R.

Miss Stille is a charter member of the Daughters of the American Revolution and its oldest member. She was among the first 400—the others are now dead. One of her pleasant memories is standing in line with Mrs. Grover Cleveland and helping her receive the Daughters at the White House. She has an autographed photograph of Mrs. Cleveland.

Her great-grandfather, Samuel Stille, came from France, an officer under Lafayette. His son, Jacob, Mary's grandfather, married Hannah Philips, whose four brothers raised and officered a company in Chester county.

Miss Stille's father, a Civil War veteran, was a carriage maker in West Chester.

Gets Three Letters a Day

She was born there, on Gay st., and has always lived in the town and is its oldest born resident. Her mother and father died more than 30 years ago and they are still her ideals of what women and men should be.

This little lady, who numbers Louise Homer and Samuel M. Vauclain among her friends, is proud of the number and variety of her friendships. Last year she said she had received more than 1,000 letters and that she has from 80 to 100 callers a month.

She is Bucknell College's oldest

graduate (1886). She had hoped to become a public speaker, but her parents were against any kind of jobs for women.

Miss Stille is a founder and vice president of the Chester County Historical Society, was State Historian for 14 years and was a founder of the Chester County Hospital, where she gave active service in its earlier days.



Miss Stille

Washington





THE ONLY SURVIVING MEMBER OF LINCOLN'S
BODYGUARD: SMITH STIMMEL,
Eighty Years Old, of Fargo, N. D., a Boyhood
Friend of the President, Placing a Wreath of
Flowers Upon the Statue of the Emancipator
in Lytle Park, Cincinnati.
(Times Wide World Photos.)

Smith Stimmell Is Dead at 92; Bodyguard to Lincoln in War

Last Leader of Dakota
Territorial Council Wrote
Articles on the President

By The Associated Press

FARGO, N. D., April 15 (AP).—Smith Stimmell, believed to have been the only survivor of President Lincoln's bodyguard during the Civil War, died late yesterday at his home here on the seventieth anniversary of Lincoln's assassination. He was ninety-two years old.

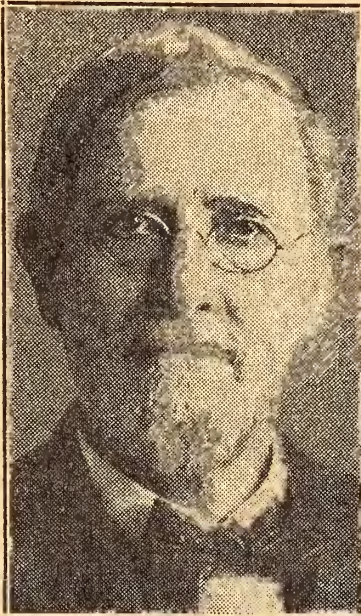
Was Dakota Official

Mr. Stimmell's first enlistment for Civil War service was in an Ohio volunteer infantry regiment, recruited for three months' duty. At the end of service, he entered Ohio Wesleyan University to study law, but resigned at the end of his first year to enlist with the 7th Independent Ohio Cavalry. He was one of the picked men from that outfit to be assigned as one of the guards for the President.

At the time of President Lincoln's assassination, the personal bodyguard was still in service, but was shortly after dismissed by President Andrew Johnson and officially mustered out of service in September, 1865.

Mr. Stimmell then returned to Ohio Wesleyan, being graduated in 1869. Following two years of study at the Cincinnati Law School, he went to Fargo. In 1888 he was elected the last president of the Dakota Territorial Council. The following year the territory was divided into the States of North and South Dakota. He continued in active legal practice until 1921.

Mr. Stimmell was born on a farm near Columbus, Ohio, on December



Associated Press photo

Smith Stimmell

17, 1842. He was married twice. His first wife, Miss Margaret Goode, of Sydney, Ohio, died in 1902 and he later married Miss Annie J. Sibley, of Fargo.

While a member of Lincoln's bodyguard, Mr. Stimmell made an intimate study of the traits and characteristics of the President and used this knowledge in lectures in many states. He also was the author of many articles on Lincoln.

LINCOLN'S GUARD UPSETS MYTHS TOLD BY CRITICS

President Distinguished
When 'Dressed Up'; Wife
Disliked Seward.

BY M. ELIZABETH PERLEY.

There lives in Fargo, N. D., a man who has a most interesting story on Abraham Lincoln. The Hon. Smith Stimmel by name, he is an Ohio Wesleyan graduate



and for years has been a practicing lawyer; also he is almost the sole survivor of the 100 picked men who served President Lincoln as a bodyguard during the last two years of the civil war.

This military company was formed by Gov. Todd of Ohio, who while visiting

Washington in the year 1863 heard that the president was not protected sufficiently. Accordingly, he applied to the war department for permission to form a bodyguard from Ohio and sent out a circular letter to the military committee of different counties, asking for recommendations.

Smith Stimmel was at this time 19 years old and had been in the service the previous year. He applied for the commission and, in view of his horsemanship and other qualifications, received the appointment.

All Were Expert Riders.

"We were all expert riders," Mr. Stimmel explains, "and good shots, I believe. A pretty trusty bunch of fellows. We were mounted on black horses and were armed with a Colt revolver and saber. I was one of the youngest of the group."

"Our duties were to guard the main entrance of the white house and to accompany the president on his trips about Washington. I know we annoyed him, though he was uniformly kind to us, and at times even sociable and familiar. But anything in the nature of a personal guard was distasteful to him.

"Moreover, he refused to have us escort him to church or to the theater. This last prohibition probably cost him his life. I can't believe that Booth would have found the chance to fire the shot had we been on duty at Ford's theater that night of April 14, 1865, and it surely wasn't our fault we weren't there."

Mr. Stimmel resents the derogatory

remarks often made about Mr. Lincoln's personal appearance. "It is true," he states, "that the president was not very particular about the style and fit of his clothes, but when he was really dressed up he made a fine appearance.

"I used to wonder why his silk hat looked so rough, but this was explained when I saw him answer an officer's salute while sitting in his carriage and reading papers. He literally knocked off his hat in the process and then clapped it on his head again, pressing the crown down with his large hand to make it firm.

"I have good reason to know, however, that he could salute with unusual grace, as he once honored me with such a salute, after seeing me conquer my runaway mare. I have heard it said that he had a thin, high-pitched voice. That isn't true. His voice was a clear, strong tenor without a sign of a sharp note in it."

Family Circle Companionable.

Another misapprehension which Mr. Stimmel wishes to help set right concerns the family life of President Lincoln—a subject about which much has been written lately in justification.

"I often used to see President and Mrs. Lincoln coming down the walk or entering the carriage," he states. "Riding by the carriage I could hear their laughter and familiar conversation. The care that the president took for his wife's comfort, their pleasantries, and their evident interest in each other's affairs all spoke of congenial companionship. She was a pretty, vivacious woman and very proud of her distinguished husband.

"For some reason she strongly disliked Secretary Seward, though, perhaps, the dislike was only a temporary one. I remember distinctly once hearing her say as she stepped into the carriage, 'I won't drive past Seward's house. I just won't do it,' at which the president calmly ordered the coachman to drive down a different street."

Terms Him a Pacifist.

Were President Lincoln living today he would be a pacifist in the best sense of the word, Mr. Stimmel believes, and would do all in his power to promote and maintain the "outlawry of war."

"Any one in doubt about Mr. Lincoln's conciliatory spirit should read his first inaugural, which shows plainly his effort and attitude," said Mr. Stimmel. "In closing this memorable address he says: 'We are not enemies, but friends. We must not be enemies. Though passion may have strained, it must not break our bonds of affection.'"

As patriot instructor of the G. A. R. Mr. Stimmel delivered in different parts of the country his lecture on Abraham Lincoln. The late Dr. Frank W. Gunsaulus of Chicago has said of this lecture:

"I wish this lecture could be heard from one end of the country to the other. It is sensible, clear, patriotic; and the production is a human document of the most absorbing interest."

Soon after his 85th birthday the lecture, together with personal experiences, was published by the Riverside Press under the title of "Personal Reminiscences of Abraham Lincoln."

CHICAGO ILL NEWS
MONDAY, JANUARY 28, 1923.

Smith Stimmell Is Dead at 92; Bodyguard to Lincoln in War

Tribune
**Last Leader of Dakota
Territorial Council Wrote
Articles on the President**

By The Associated Press *1935*

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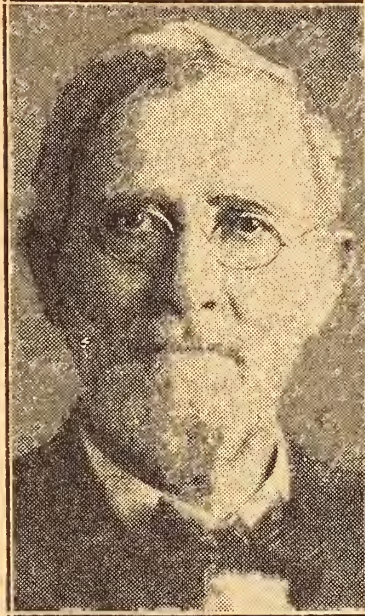
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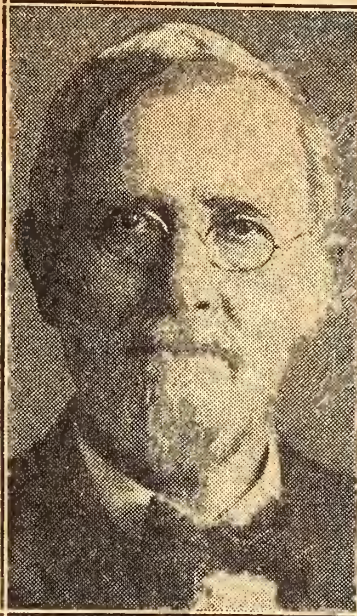


Associated Press photo
Smith Stimmell

17, 1842. He was married twice. His first wife, Miss Margaret Goode, of Sydney, Ohio, died in 1902 and he later married Miss Annie J. Sibley, of Fargo.

While a member of Lincoln's bodyguard, Mr. Stimmell made an intimate study of the traits and characteristics of the President and used this knowledge in lectures in many states. He also was the author of many articles on Lincoln.



Last of Lincoln Bodyguards

Associated Press photo

Smith Stimmell**Smith Stimmell, 92, Dies;
Was Lincoln's Bodyguard****Was in Service at Time of
President's Assassination***By The Associated Press*

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A LINCOLN GUARD.

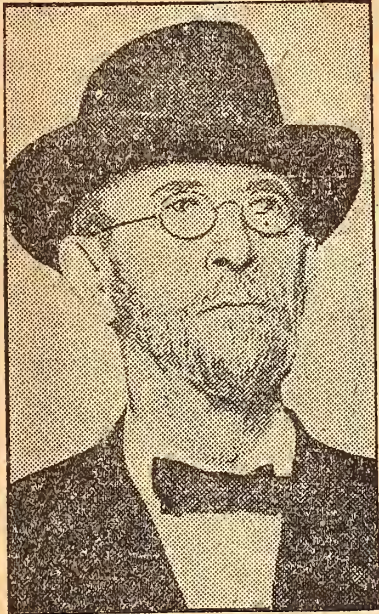
Smith Stimmel, Fargo, N. Dak., was a member of Abraham Lincoln's guard during the Civil War, and has documents to show that he was one of the original 100 men in the bodyguard at the White House. Comrade Stimmel is a retired lawyer, and recently observed his 83d birthday. He has a Lincolnesque beard, is six feet in high and his rather somber garb gives him an appearance that recalls the famous war President, a similarity even strangers comment on. Since his service at the White House during Lincoln's time. Comrade Stimmel has seen every President down to, and including, Calvin Coolidge.

Wat. Journal 2 c. 1-28-26



AUGUST 25, 1930.

HE WAS GUARD
FOR LINCOLN



Smith Stimmel.

[By a staff photographer.]

BY STERLING NORTH.

YOU can probably see this sergeant of Lincoln's bodyguard, a boy of 21, weighing only ninety-six pounds, mounted on the fieriest black horse in the company, and worshipping Lincoln as a boy naturally would.

His name is Smith Stimmel, and he is the only living member of Lincoln's bodyguard of 100, one man from each county in Ohio, who guarded Lincoln through the later years of the war. He came through Chicago today, small, gray-haired and witty, headed for the annual G. A. R. convention in Cincinnati, from his home in Fargo, N. D.

"I remember a day when an old woman came up to the steps of the White House when I was on guard," says Stimmel. "She begged to see the president. Her boy was to be shot for some offense, and she wanted the president to save him.

"I helped her up the steps and into the room where Lincoln was hard at work." He looked up kindly and hear her story through. She said he was a good boy at home and good to her and that she could bear to have him shot in battle, but not shot by the firing squad.

"In Lincoln's hand was a telegram from Gen. Butler. It said: 'Please don't interfere in this execution, as your clemency is undermining the discipline of the army.' He showed it to the mother, and then, looking at her careworn face, he said:

"By Jingo! Butler or no Butler, here goes.' And he sent a telegram saving the woman's boy.

"Often I was on guard at night, and I was on guard the night the White House stables burned. I had just smelled the smoke when Lincoln came out the front door and asked me where the fire was. We rushed around to the stables and before we could stop him Lincoln had rushed to the door in an attempt to save the horses. We pulled him back, as it was too late to save an animal because the inside was a fiery furnace.

"He couldn't bear to hear the screams of the animals and said he had wanted to save Tad's pony."



**LAST OF LINCOLN'S
GUARDSMEN CELE-
BRATES 83RD BIRTH-**

DAY—A member of Abraham Lincoln's bodyguard through the Civil War, Smith Stimmel of Fargo, retired lawyer, recently observed his eighty-third birthday recounting some of the heroic acts of the martyred President. Hale and hearty as a man 20 years his junior, information in Mr. Stimmel's possession shows he alone remains of the original 100-man bodyguard that watched over Lincoln.—P. & A. Photo. 1-24-26

Stimmell, Smith

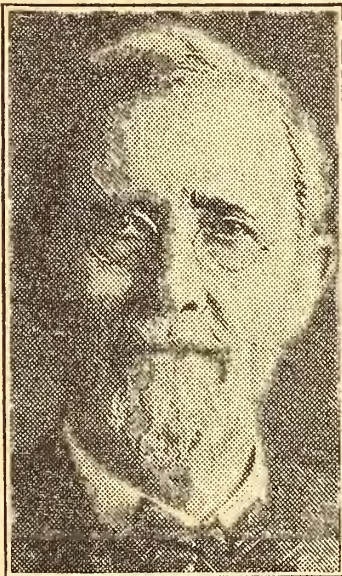
2-12-34
**Last of Lincoln Guard
Lives in North Dakota**

Special to The Christian Science Monitor

FARGO, N. D., Feb. 12—The last surviving member of Lincoln's body-guard, Mr. Smith Stimmell, lives here. He is author of a book, "Personal Reminiscences of Abraham Lincoln." He heard him give his last public speech from a window of the White House on the day following Lee's surrender.

*Christian Science
Monitor*

Was Lincoln's Guard



Smith Stimmell,

FARGO, N. D., April 15.—(A.P.)—Smith Stimmell, aged 92, sole survivor of President Lincoln's bodyguard during the Civil War and pioneer Fargo attorney, died late yesterday at his home here.



LINCOLN'S WISH TO BE PLAIN MAN COST LIFE, GUARD RECALLS

Minneapolis Star
Veteran of Emancipator's Body-
guard, Here, Describes
Assassination Night

REFUSED GUARD SO HE
COULD BE "COMMON MAN"

Smith Stimmell, 81, Minneapolis
Visitor, Describes Historic
Events in 60's

Abraham Lincoln paid with his life for his love of his country, because he wanted above all things to be "just a common man,"



Smith Stimmell

Smith Stimmell, Fargo, N. D., one of 12 surviving members of the guard of 100 Ohio cavalymen who served with Lincoln from 1863 to 1865, said in Minneapolis today. President Lincoln sent his guard away from him, one night at the old Ford's theater. Mr. Stimmell said, and a few hours later was struck down by an assassin's bullet while his guardsmen slept a mile away.

"If we could only have been with him, it might have been different," Mr. Stimmell said. "If one of us could only have had the chance to guard him. But he wouldn't let us. He didn't want a guard. He wanted to be as free as any common man. And so—so we lost him."

Mr. Stimmell is 81 years old now; only two years retired from the active practise of law. And when he left university, back in '63, he was "delicate—not very healthy." He is hale and hearty now, gray haired and gray bearded, but smiling and alert.

Recalls Events of 60 Years Ago

"I'm the only one of the 12 boys who hasn't got sense enough to keep still about it," he says. "But those were great times, you know . . ." and he looks back 60 years, to the time when he knew the man whose 115th anniversary comes tomorrow.

Mr. Stimmell was 20 years old when he answered the "three months' service" emergency call for volunteers, in 1862, and joined the 85th Ohio Infantry, to go down into Kentucky, looking for Morgan's raiders.

The next summer he enlisted again, this time with Governor Todd's guard for Lincoln. The next thing he remembers, painted clearly on the dim canvas of years, is Lincoln and the battle

of Fort Stephens.

"General Early and the confederates had come up north of Washington, and they were dangerously close," he said. "There were only a few men in the forts, and they were mostly invalids. Grant sent the Sixth Army Corps, and part of the Nineteenth, up the Potomac, and they reached the forts on the 11th and 12th of July. If Early had made a dash, he could have got through before that. But I guess he didn't know.

Wanted to See Action

"Anyhow, the president, like every one else, was nervous. So he went out to Fort Stephens, and we went along. He got out of his carriage and went in behind the earthworks. Then he went up on the parapet. He wasn't like one of your modern generals, you see; he wanted to see action, not just hear about it.

"He stood there, and the sharpshooters were pelting away. He was easy to pick out, of course—a great, tall man, with a high hat. He didn't seem to think about that, though. He was just watching, and looking out at the confederates. The commander said, 'Come down, please,' but Lincoln didn't seem to want to do it. So the commander said, 'If you don't come down, I'll have to send up a file of men to bring you down.' And Lincoln laughed, and came down.

"The Sixth corps was just marching in and forming outside the fortifications. So I went and sat on the earthworks, to watch them. The bullets kept clipping into the brush around me, but I was so interested in the marching men that I didn't think anything about them. Then a bullet came through and killed a surgeon, standing close to Lincoln. So we put over a couple of shells into a big brick house, and then there weren't any more sharpshooters there.

Fatherly and Kind to Soldiers

"Lincoln was interested as could be. He wanted to see the fight. That was it. Usually, you know, he was too busy running the fight to see it.

"He didn't mix with us, of course. But he was fatherly, kind, anxious to see we were taken care of. He used to come around of an evening, and ask if we were comfortably fixed. We—well, we loved him like a brother. That is why it hit us so hard, I guess, when Booth killed him.

"He flatly refused to have a guard, when he went to church or to a theater, you see. He said it was irksome to have a lot of men traipsing around after him.' He wanted to be as free as other men. So he went to Ford's theater, alone, the night of April 14.

Civilian on Guard

"The only man that could have guarded him was the carriage footman, and he was a civilian. I was at General Hancock's headquarters with a small detachment; the rest of the boys were in quarters. Lincoln put the footman outside the door of his box, and told him if anyone came to bring him their message—he wanted always to be available to anyone who wanted to see him in a hurry. But the footman couldn't see the stage, from where he sat, and so he moved up from the door. That left room for Booth to step in, and so Lincoln died. . . . If he had been a soldier, he would have been court-martialed and shot, I suppose. But he was a civilian. So nothing was done.

"Anyhow, we heard about it some-

time between 10 and 11 p.m. I had just dropped off to sleep, when I heard a voice outside the window. I got up, walked over to the window, looked out—and a man yelled "Lincoln and Seward have been killed."

"We thought then that a mob had done it. There were a lot of southern sympathizers in Washington, then. So we rode pellmell for the White House. And all the time, I was thinking about the last public speech I had heard Lincoln make—his last public utterance, it was—when he came out on the second story balcony of the White House the night of the 10th, and told a great crowd 'We must forgive the south, and help them be restored.'

Seemed Like Nightmare

"We rode to the White House, and everything was quiet. We started around the treasury building, and a policeman hailed us. 'Lincoln has been shot, down at Ford's theater,' he said. 'The rest of your troop just went past, headed that way!' So we rode faster than ever. The street in front of the theater was packed for a block—just a great mass of people, awestruck, not half believing it was true that Lincoln was shot. They told us to clear the crowd, and we got out our sabers and went into the crowd.

"They moved, after a while. Then we patrolled the street, all night, while Lincoln lay dying inside the house across from the theater. I remember that I pinched myself, several times; I couldn't believe I was awake, that this was true; I thought it must be some awful nightmare. It was the saddest night I ever put in."



DECORAH, IOWA
JOURNAL

Mrs. Mary Stinson Heard Lincoln 1860

— 3. 25. '25 —

We doubt that there is another place in Iowa, of Decorah's population, where so many people survive who heard or saw the great Abraham Lincoln. We have named N. H. Adams, A. L. Abbey, Mrs. Sarah Bates and M. T. Grattan. We thought an unusual number, but here is another.

Mrs. Mary Stinson of Decorah, who lives with her daughter, Mrs. A. J. Moen, heard Abraham Lincoln speak in the fall of 1860, in his first campaign for the presidency. She lived in Covington, Kentucky, at the time. She and her mother crossed the Ohio river on the ferry to Cincinnati.

Is there any other person in Winnebago county who saw or heard Abraham Lincoln?

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