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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

Wa-We

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Civil War Vet, 100 Today, Says: 'Watch What You Eat' Seattle.

William H. Waffle has "been West ever since the War." By "West" Mr. Waffle means everything this side of Wisconsin; by "War" he means the Civil War.

For Mr. Waffle, who lives with his son, Charles Waffle, 2535 E. 94th St., is 100 years old today and the 1800s are almost more clear in his memory than the 1900s.

Still eating three square meals a day, and with better hearing and sight than most elderly persons have, Mr. Waffle reminisced today of his meeting with President Lincoln.

"It was during the war," he recalled. "I was in Virginia with Company E, 121st New York State Volunteers. President Lincoln came to our camp. He thanked us soldiers for our part in the war and told us the fighting was about over. A week later Lee surrendered."

Mr. Waffle, who was a first sergeant in the Civil War, fought in thirty-two battles and skirmishes—among them the battle of Gettys-

burg. He was 24 when the war began.

Mr. Waffle was born in Springfield, N. Y., March 10, 1837. His parents had gone there from Germany. After the war he went to Wisconsin.

Mr. Waffle has never been up in an airplane.

"You know, they talked about flying machines 'way, 'way back before the war," he said with a smile. "But nobody ever heard of an automobile, and then automobiles really were invented first."

Mr. Waffle is the oldest member of the Ancient Order of United Workmen and he has been a Mason since 1870.

Besides his son, Mr. Waffle has a daughter, Mrs. Irma Boze, also of Seattle. He has five children and seven grandchildren.

Mr. Waffle attributes his longevity to correct eating.

"Take care of what you eat when you're young," he advised. "The stomach is the main thing. It's just like an engine and should be fed the proper fuel if you want to keep it running."

MARCHED IN LINCOLN RITES

KANSAS CITIAN RECALLS THE NATION'S SORROW IN 1865.

Store Fronts Were Painted Black and Business Was at Standstill, J. J. Wagner, Who Was in Masonic Escort, Says.

Kansas City Star 8-12-23

The national sorrow at the death of President Harding recalled to one Kansas Citian the day America paid its tribute to another President who laid down his life for his country. J. J. Wagner, 6408 the Paseo, marched in the guard of honor that accompanied the body of President Lincoln to and from the New York hall, where it lay in state while thousands viewed the body of the emancipator.

Mr. Wagner was living in Williamsburg, N. Y., in 1865, the year John Wilkes Booth shot the President. Every morning he would take the ferry to New York to his place of business. The morning of April 16 the tug stopped in mid-stream in response to the whistles of another craft.

"Abe Lincoln is dead," shouted a voice from the signaling boat. There was a moment of silent surprise as every ear aboard the ferry was strained to catch the scarcely creditable news. A man on the upper deck threw a newspaper into the little crowd of ferry passengers. The account was meager, but across the top was a headline, "Lincoln Assassinated." There was a murmur of horror. Then a man's voice rose harsh and savage:

"I'm glad! I wish I had fired that shot myself."

THE COOLER HEADS PREVAIL.

Several men seized the speaker and threw him, cursing and threatening, over the side of the boat. The cooler heads prevailed, however, and the man was fished out with a boat hook, to cower and grumble until the ferry reached the New York side.

It was 7 o'clock when Mr. Wagner began his walk from the ferry to Broadway, but already a dozen stores he passed had been painted black. Painters and owners of buildings rapidly were changing the lettered fronts of buildings to black. Business was at a standstill, people gathered on street corners

to await further details of the tragedy, and everywhere the national calamity was felt.

Mr. Wagner is 86 years old, but he says he has never experienced the pang and at the same time the thrill he felt as he marched behind the casket of the President in the Masonic escort.

HE HAD MET LINCOLN BEFORE.

Mr. Wagner had met the President some years before in Bloomington, Ill. He had been sent there to superintend the decoration of a new hotel. One day he found his men resumed work before three men had finished dinner. A paper hanger folded a strip of wall paper in the usual manner while he placed it. A little pompous man at the table eyed the worker's efforts with dissatisfaction.

"Here, you fellow," he called, "that piece of paper is too short. Can't you see?"

The workman made no response.

"Don't be a fool!" continued the pompous one. "You can't piece that job and make it look right."

The paper hanger kept silent and, having placed the paper, unrolled it with a deft motion and showed it fit exactly.

"I'm sorry. I didn't know what I was talking about," said the offender, abashed. "Come on in to the bar and have a drink."

One of the diners, an extremely tall and ungainly man, turned to the little pompous man.

"That's what I call adding insult to injury," he said. "First you tell this paper hanger he doesn't know his business, and then you attempt to make things right by giving him a glass of whisky."

Mr. Wagner later asked the tall man's name. It was Abraham Lincoln.

Recalls Lincoln

GALION, O., Feb. 27 (INS) — With the approach of Lincoln's birthday, Dr. Samuel Wagner, 98, Galion's oldest resident recalls an overnight trip he made from Frederick, Md., to Gettysburg, Pa., to hear the famous address. Dr. Wagner said he had no conception of the greatness of the speech at the time, his only impression being that it was "a good talk," but "rather short."

TOLEDO BLADE: THURSDAY, FEBRUARY 27, 1936

**OHIOAN, 98, REMEMBERS
LINCOLN AT GETTYSBURG**

GALION, Ohio —One of the few living men who heard Abraham Lincoln deliver his famous Gettysburg address on Nov. 19, 1863, has passed his 98th birthday.

He is Dr. Samuel Wagner, now a retired dentist. As a young man, he went on an all-night buggy ride from Frederick, Maryland, to Gettysburg to witness the ceremonies consecrating the national cemetery. He remembers the speech and the crowd clearly.



I cannot say that I was intimately acquainted with Lincoln, but can truly say I knew him well.

Early in the '50s he did some business at Springfield for the law firm of Brackett & Waite, which brought us into correspondence with him. Afterward I used to meet him in the United States courts.

I remember attending a session of one of those courts in the upper story of a building on the east side of Clark street, near the center of the city. It was in the summer or fall of 1860, after his nomination. We were sitting in front of the building on a veranda, and Mr. Lincoln, surrounded by a company of interested and admiring lawyers, was relating stories and anecdotes. Suddenly, raising his hand, he said: "Stop a moment. I must look after that fellow in there," referring to a lawyer who was making an argument on the opposite side of a case which Lincoln had just been trying. He went in, and in two or three minutes came out again, saying:

"It's all right. I thought, perhaps, from a word or two I heard, that he was getting on to something; but it's all right." And he went on with his stories.

After his accession to the Presidency I was one day at his private reception room at the White House, and, having been requested to remain awhile, I took a seat across the room, and, knowing something of his eccentricities in receiving people, I took that occasion to observe what should take place, and found myself fully repaid for so doing.

Among the callers was a gentleman from Kentucky, accompanied by a Frenchman, whom he said he wished to introduce.

"Very well," said Lincoln. "Introduce him." As the Kentuckian did so, the Frenchman advanced with three or four measured steps, and, squaring himself off and spreading out his right hand, made a bow that would have graced any court in Europe. Lincoln was grinning from ear to ear. He had a little conversation with them both, in course of which he asked them when they left Kentucky. Having been given the date, he said:

"Let me see. Wasn't that rather a poor time to leave the State? General Prentiss had just arrived there."

Noticing that this embarrassed the Ken-

tuckian a little and the Frenchman a good deal, he turned the conversation, and in a few moments they left.

The next interviewer was an old woman who wished to get her son into West Point. Lincoln said he didn't think there was any vacancy.

"I am satisfied there is," replied the old woman. "Other people get their sons there; if it's because they have money, I've got money, too."

"O!" said Mr. Lincoln, raising his voice to that peculiar tenor pitch in which he nearly always indulged when about to utter something pointed. "You want to buy a place, do you? Well, I haven't any to sell. Go to Adjutant General Thomas; maybe he'll sell you one."

"I have been to General Thomas."

"Well, what does he say?"

"He, too, says there's no place," said she, "but I believe there is."

The President seemed to be hugely pleased by her persistence, and finally gave her a letter of some sort, which appeared to be satisfactory.

I could relate many more such incidents, but these will suffice.

After having been appointed by Mr. Lincoln Associate Justice for Utah Territory, I found, upon arriving there, that the federal laws could not be executed. I communicated the fact to Senator Browning of this State, who had an interview with the President as to the expediency of sending a military force there. Lincoln's reply to Browning was characteristic:

"I've got the negroes on my hands now," said he. "When I get through with them I'll attend to the Mormons."

This light phase of Lincoln's character is known to all the world. Perhaps the more serious phases are not so well understood.

His extreme carefulness on all occasions to do what he thought was right, and not to go beyond the right thing, sometimes caused him to deliberate until he appeared to lack, and perhaps to some extent he did lack, decision of character; but when he had once made up his mind—when he had "put his foot down"—he was as firm as the rock of ages.

CHARLES B. WAITE.

W.E.L.

Kendallville Man ✓ Tells of 1860 Trip to See Lincoln Here

2-13-37 News.
(Special to The Journal-Gazette).

KENDALLVILLE, Feb. 12.—J. A. Waldron, lifelong resident of this city, grew reminiscent today and commented on a visit he made to Fort Wayne in 1860 to see Lincoln who was en route to Washington.

Mr. Waldron said: "I was just a lad, but had a friend in Willard Bailey, driver of the Fort Wayne-Sturgis stage who took me with him. Bailey was a very large man and when we reached the Fort Wayne depot we pushed our way through the crowd—I hung on to Mr. Bailey's coat tails—and he gave me a big shove and I was standing on the train steps beside the president, who looked down at me and asked my name. I shouted my answer, and told him I was from Kendallville, and the great Lincoln smiled and patted me on the shoulder."

Pat Waldron

Aged Kendallville Resident Recalls Pat From Lincoln

*2/12/42
Fort Wayne Journal-Gazette*

(Special to The Journal-Gazette)

KENDALLVILLE, Feb. 12.—P. A. Waldron, more than 90 years old, recalled today on Lincoln's birthday anniversary that the great emancipator once smiled at him and patted his shoulder at a Fort Wayne railroad station where the president's train had stopped a few minutes while en route from Chicago to Washington.

Mr. Waldron, a Kendallville resident many years, said he was but a child and that after begging a ride to Fort Wayne on a stage coach he and the coach driver, a 200-pound man, pushed their way through a huge throng to reach the train platform. The driver boosted him up as Lincoln appeared, Mr. Waldron recalled, and the president smiled, asked his name and patted his shoulder.

WABASH, Feb. 12.—Only the placing of wreaths at the base of the Abraham Lincoln monument on the courthouse lawn in Wabash on next Sunday will mark the annual Boy Scout observance of the birthday of the Civil war president.

In previous years Scouts from the entire Meshingomesia area, including Wabash, Grant, Howard and Blackford counties, have assembled here on the Sunday closest to February 12 to take part in an elaborate program including speeches at the statue and a religious service in a local church. Because tire rationing necessarily would cut down participation this year it was decided to cut the program to the minimum. Wreaths will be sent from each troop in the area and the usual flag raising will be held. Small representations from each group are expected to participate.

HUNTINGTON, Feb. 12.—The Kiwanis club observed Lincoln's birthday today with an address by George M. Eberhart, local attorney and Lincoln student, who reviewed the life of the Civil war president and paid tribute to his character. Mr. Eberhart said that until 1917 Napoleon was the most written about man in the world, but since that year Lincoln has been. More than 5,500 books and pamphlets written in 28 different languages about Lincoln are on library shelves, he said.

new york 1858

TELLS OF MEETING LINCOLN.

1851

David Walford Gives a Simple Portrayal of His Religious Tendencies.

Special Dispatch to The Inter Ocean.

NEW YORK, Feb. 10.—At the Merritt Auditorium, Eighth avenue and Nineteenth street, a special Lincoln day service was held today, at which the chief address was made by the Rev. James Edward Mason, D. D., of Livingston college of North Carolina, his subject being "The New Negro." At the end of the prayer service a gray-haired man walked to the platform and asked Evangelist Radcliffe if he might say a few words. Mr. Radcliffe found out what he wanted to say and then told the audience that David Walford wanted to tell them of his acquaintance with President Lincoln.

"It was in 1858," Mr. Walford said, "that I was holding a little temperance meeting in a back room on the Bowery. It was Friday, 'washwoman's night,' we used to call it. I was leading the service when the tall figure of a man loomed up in the door and took a back seat. I walked down and asked the man his name. He said quietly, 'My name is Abraham Lincoln.' I invited him to the platform, and after the meeting we walked up the Bowery to see the sights. As we passed some of the dives, Lincoln turned to me and said, 'Mr. Walford, it's a good thing we don't belong to this,' and I said, 'Amen, Mr. Lincoln.' We walked down to the Astor house, where he was stepping, and I saw all the politicians. They all stopped there in those days, but Lincoln would never go near the barroom. Instead he'd go out on Barclay street and see if he could do somebody some good. On Sunday we went to where there were 300 children. I took Lincoln up to the platform and introduced him to the superintendent, and then Lincoln talked to the children.

"When we parted he took my hand and gave it a good squeeze, and that was the first and last time I ever saw Abe Lincoln. I thank you for allowing me to say a word on behalf of the greatest man the country ever produced. I'm 78 years old now, and the proudest recollection of my life is the squeeze that that man gave me after that meetin'."

Mr. Walford told his story in a Scotch dialect and his simple portrayal of Lincoln's religious tendencies evoked several choruses of amens.



LEARN MUCH ABOUT LINCOLN

Pupils of Inglewood School Have Interesting Lesson in History as Venerable Veteran Tells About Civil War Days

INGLEWOOD, Feb. 13.—Lincoln will long live in the memory of more than 400 children of the Oak-street school, after they listened attentively this morning to an aged veteran who had shaken hands with the great emancipator and at Galesburg, Ill., had been among the throng attending one of the momentous Lincoln-Douglas debates. The speaker was J. K. Walker, now 85 years of age, who served throughout the Civil War in the Eighty-third Illinois Volunteer Infantry. Incidentally, the talk brought out that "shell shock" was nothing new, as Mr. Walker was rendered deaf as a post by a shell from a rebel battery which burst near him while serving under Sherman on the famous "marching through Georgia" campaign.

The children listened with breathless attention as the octogenarian told of his own impressions in watching Lincoln, a gawky, lanky, country lawyer, but with a kindly and pungent humor that always took with his audiences. He told of later being one of the throng that shook Lincoln's hand and wished him well as the train pulled out of the Galesburg railroad station. Lincoln lost the Senatorship to the polished "Little Giant," Douglas, but it was this series of debates that endeared Lincoln to thousands of his countrymen and made possible his nomination and election to the Presidency, Mr. Walker declared, thus bringing him to the helm of the ship of state on the most crucial voyage of her history.

According to Mrs. Chloe Euckaby, principal of the school, no history lesson had ever been made so vital in its interest to the pupils of the school, as Mr. Walker told of campaigning under Grant and Sherman, of the march to the sea and of his recollection of the kindly, homely but inspiring face of Lincoln, seen years before at Galesburg, which was a source of courage in inspiration throughout the privations of four long years of civil strife.

Incidentally, in spite of his great

age, Mr. Walker has a splendid memory and can recall without hesitation the roster of officers of his regiment and of all the boys in his company. The regiment went into the war with a fighting strength of 1846 officers and men. It was depleted to hardly two companies before the war was over, but with the entire number of replacements included there are hardly a dozen living, according to the speaker. He served in the following battles: Fort Donelson, Pittsburgh Landing, Chattanooga, Perryville, Chickamauga and others. Mr. Walker is a member of the local G.A.R. post.

SANTA BARBARA STUDENTS HEAR TALK ON LINCOLN

SANTA BARBARA, Feb. 13.—A picture of Abraham Lincoln, transplanted to the high school of modern day, was vividly painted before students of Santa Barbara High School today by Dr. C. N. Thomas of San Jose, general director of the International Council for Educational Progress, who will bring 100 prominent educators of Mexico to California next month.

Dr. Thomas simply yet forcefully told the youthful hearers of Lincoln's self-education, and pointed out to them that with the present system of education they should outdo even the great emancipator if they have but the will power and ambition Lincoln had. While here Dr. Thomas conferred with local educators on his plan to bring the group of Mexican teachers here next month.

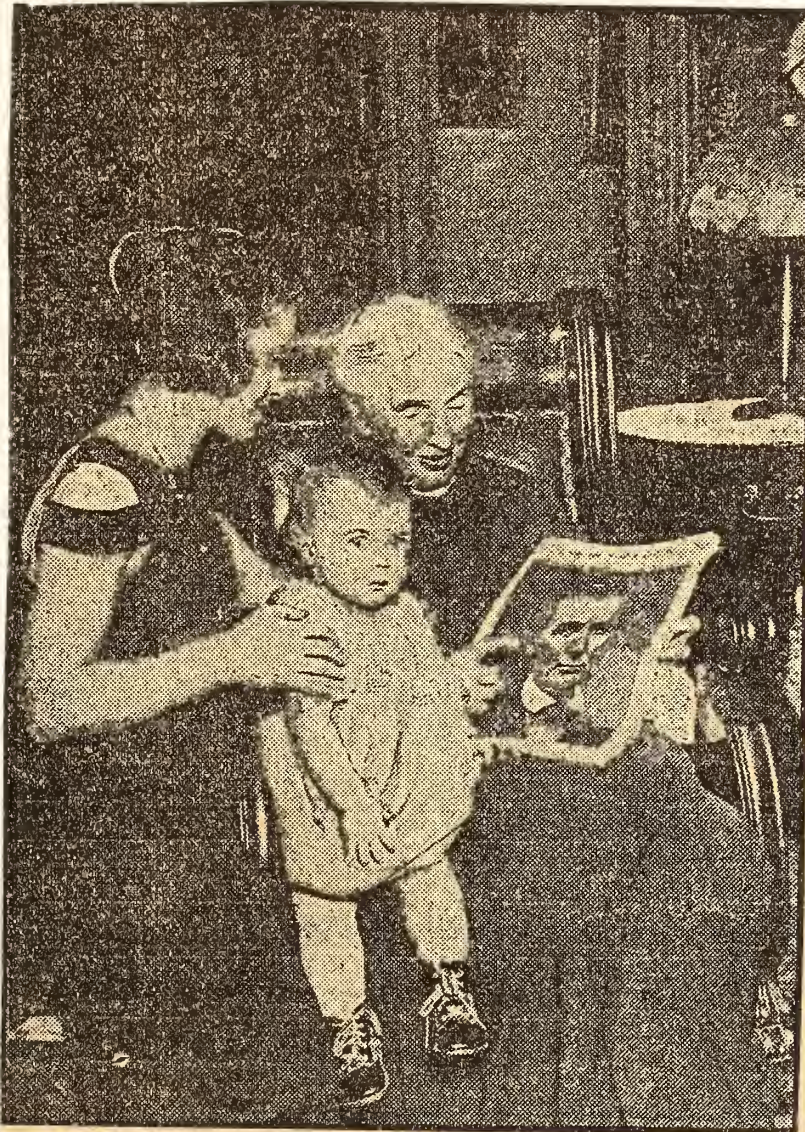
The visitors will spend two weeks in Southern California, visiting the various institutions of learning, and two weeks in Northern California, where they will be entertained by the University of California, University of Santa Clara, Mills College, the San Jose State Teachers' College and other institutions.

Southern California institutions to be visited will be the University of California at Los Angeles, the University of Southern California, the California Institute of Technology, Occidental College and Whittier Col-

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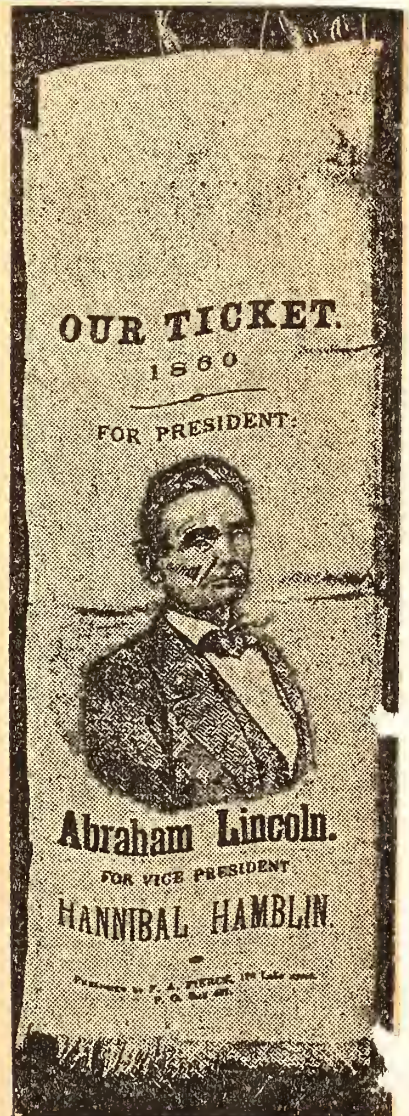
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WOMAN WHO WORKED IN LINCOLN HOME TELLS OF HIM. Mrs. B. Walsh, 94 years old, 5700 South Halsted street, talking to Mrs. Edward Healy, her granddaughter and Laurretta Howard, her great granddaughter.

[TRIBUNE Photo.]

(Story on page four.)



[TRIBUNE Photo.]

LINCOLN BADGE. Emblem worn in the presidential campaign of 1860.

(Story on page four.)



LINCOLN NEIGHBOR RECALLS HIS PIETY

Remembers, Too, That One Button on His Coat Always Threatened to Be Lost.

SHE NOW LIVES IN CHICAGO

Chicago Record Herald 2-13-14

"I shall have success just so long as I look to God to guide me."

These were the last words of Lincoln heard by Miss Anna L. Walters, whose parents were close friends of the President for many years, when he was an attorney in Springfield. They were addressed to her mother when Lincoln was leaving his home on his way to the station to go to Washington as President.

Lincoln paused at the gate in front of Miss Walters' home, near his own, to bid her mother good-by. Mrs. Walters wished him success, and the words quoted were his reply. When next she looked upon his face the man she had revered for his many kindnesses in her childhood was lying on his bier in Springfield.

FEARED FOR BUTTON.

Garbed in his ill-fitting garments, a button of his blue coat always hanging by a thread, Lincoln was a frequent visitor in their home. Mary Todd, who afterward became Mrs. Lincoln, was a warm personal friend of Mrs. Walters' mother. She attended their wedding.

Once Mr. Lincoln asked about the laundress employed by Mrs. Walters.

"She has worked for me eight years," she told him.

"That's enough, that's enough," he said, and straightway employed the woman, Mary Cavanaugh, as the Lincoln family's laundress.

"If he had given my mother time she would have explained that as a matter of fact Mary Cavanaugh was probably the poorest washerwoman in Springfield, but my mother employed her because she needed the work," said Miss Walters.

TELLS OF PARTIES.

Miss Walters tells of a party at the Lincoln home which she attended with her parents. At that time it was the custom to hand around plates and the guests balanced them on their knees while they ate. Mr. Lincoln brought in a large jelly roll.

"Mary made it," he said. "You will find in it long strips of lean and little strips of fat."

Another time when she was at dinner at the Lincoln home Mr. Lincoln was carving a chicken. Tad Lincoln wedged himself beneath his father's arm and interfered with the successful dissection of the fowl, while he whispered in his father's ear. Lincoln cut off a drum stick and passed it to the lad, saying: "Children must be served first."

Miss Walters is 84 years old. She resides at 3918 Lake Park avenue. She has been a Christian Science practitioner for many years. For many years one of her most treasured possessions was a card bearing Lincoln's autograph. He presented it to her mother before going to Washington. Several legal documents in his writing have been lost. Several years ago Miss Walters presented the card to her niece, Miss Rosalind Lillibridge of 1568 East Sixty-second street.

SAW LINCOLN TAKE OATH AS PRESIDENT

EUPORA, Miss., Oct. 15 (AP)—J. O. Walton, 80, asserts he is the last living person who witnessed the first inauguration of Abraham Lincoln as President of the United States.

Reviewing some of his experiences, Walton said:

"I rode with the Carolina red shirts in '76 and helped to put Wade Hampton in the South Carolina governor's chair. However, I was born in sight and hearing of the purling blue water of the Rappahannock, Westmoreland county, Virginia.

"I'm the only living person who was at the first inauguration of President Lincoln, March 4, 1861. I also knew Booth and Mrs. Surratt."

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**Member Of Lincoln
Guard Of Honor Dead**

MINNEAPOLIS, Dec. 13.—(AP)—
Jacob C. Walters, 86, a member of
the Masonic Guard of Honor that
followed the body of Abraham Lin-
coln at his funeral, died here to-
day. Mr. Walters had been engaged
in the wholesale fruit and produce
business here since 1885. 1925-

**Veteran Doctor Dies at Home
In Richmond, Ill.**

Dr. Samuel Ward, father of Mrs. T. M. Blackman, died at his home at Richmond, Ill. Saturday afternoon. The last issue of this paper contained a notice of a fall suffered by Dr. Ward. The shock of the broken hip he sustained caused his death. Dr. Ward, a most delightful gentleman known to many Whitewater people because of his frequent visits here in the past, was 95 years of age. He perhaps was the sole survivor of the witnesses to the shooting of Abraham Lincoln and his description of that historic tragedy is unforgettable. The funeral was held at Richmond on Monday afternoon. *Whitewater, Wis*

11/13/36 — Register

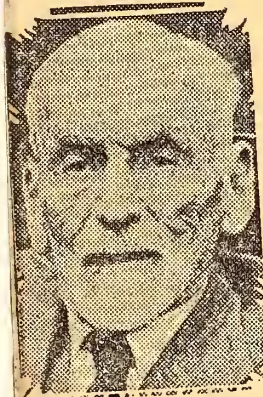


Aspen

TELLS OF SEEING LINCOLN SLAIN 66 YEARS AGO

Doctor Recalls Tragedy in Ford's Theater.

Sixty-six years ago, on the night of April 14, 1865, a young man, a student in Georgetown university, made his way with a party of friends to Ford's theater in Washington.



DR. S. R. WARD.

He had met the President, and had heard him speak at Gettysburg, but he had never seen Gen. Grant, and it was for this purpose that he was attending the theater, for it had been reported that Grant would be a guest in the presidential box. The young man did not see Gen. Grant, after all, but he did hear the shot which fatally wounded Abraham Lincoln, and saw the assassin escape. Lincoln died the next day.

Now 88 years old, Dr. Samuel R. Ward of Richmond, in McHenry county, recalled yesterday the historic scene of Lincoln's assassination. He was 22 years old at the time, and employed in the registrar's office of the treasury, studying medicine at night. Although he had seen a part of Miss Laura Keene's performance in "The American Cousin," he bought four tickets when he learned Grant was to accompany the President and his wife that night.

Learn Grant Had Left.

"We were most excited about seeing Gen. Grant," he said, "the four of us—my brother and his wife and a young lady. I've forgotten her name. When President and Mrs. Lincoln and Maj. Rathbone and a Miss Harris arrived, and we understood Gen. Grant had gone to Philadelphia, it was a great disappointment.

"We were sitting in the dress circle, which was elevated above the main floor and extended in a semicircle around the auditorium. We had an unobstructed view of the Presidential box, which was a double box in which they had removed the small partition so that the President and Mrs. Lincoln, sitting in the box farthest from the stage, were not separated from the rest of the party.

"The boxes were inclosed, and the occupants watched the play from two windows, one in either box. All I could see of the President, despite the fact that his box was on the same level as our seats, was one arm, resting on the sill of the box window.

Actors in Confusion.

"It was a very popular play and the theater was crowded with many of Washington's notables among the audience. The performance had been in progress about an hour, during which the audience applauded it frequently, when I heard a shot. I thought at first it might be a part of the performance. Then, glancing across, I saw Mrs. Lincoln standing up, wringing her hands.

"The actors disappeared in confusion and a few people stirred, half realizing that a tragedy had occurred. Then, while we all sat there, dazed, I saw a man, a bright shiny dagger in his hand, mount the sill of the window in the President's box and look about. At that moment Maj. Rathbone lunged forward to seize him. The man struck out with his dagger and Maj. Rathbone went down. I learned later the man slashed Maj. Rathbone's arm.

"The killer then swung his dagger upward, surveyed the audience and cried out clearly: 'Sic semper tyrannis.' Then he leaped, striking the stage with one foot, but immediately slipping into the orchestra pit.

Escape Seems Strange.

"It seems strange now that no one stopped him, but it was as if everyone in the theater was paralyzed. Of course, too, it happened very quickly. I then saw his hands clinging to the edge of the stage, saw him pull himself up and quickly limp across the stage. At the exit, he encountered Miss Keene, the heroine, who was just coming on the stage. He pushed her aside, and went on."

Dr. Ward then made his way with a group of persons from the audience, to the stage, from where he saw President Lincoln being carried out by six youths, two of whom Dr. Ward had known in Vermont. Someone caught his arm and said: "It was J. Wilkes Booth who fired the shot. I've seen him often."

"I excused myself from my brother and his wife and the young lady," Dr. Ward said, "and, finding a college chum of mine, we went through the theater, which was not far from panic, and out into the street. The streets were filled with excited crowds of people, and continued to be up to the time we went home, which was at dawn. In the hotels we visited crowds were arguing heatedly.

"I saw a number of fist fights.

Lincoln had enemies as well as admirers. He was not understood and appreciated by everyone. But later, when they caught Booth, there was only one sentiment."

Soldiers Put on Guard.

As the young medical student made his way home at dawn he passed the home of Secretary of the Treasury Chase. Soldiers were guarding it for a block in each direction and six or seven lay asleep on the entrance steps. It was rumored that a conspiracy to end the lives of all members of the President's cabinet was under way.

The next day, Dr. Ward said, he visited a restaurant adjoining the theater. There the proprietor told him that Booth, who had access to the theater at all times, had visited it on the previous day and obtained the keys to the President's box. He also heard that a confederate was stationed in the theater with the intention of putting out the lights when Booth fired the shot, but that he had grown confused and failed to do so.

Dr. Ward settled in Richmond to practice in 1874. After 12 years he came to Chicago, where he practiced ten years, then returning to Richmond.



Bob Davis Reveals:

An Echo of Abraham Lincoln From
the Cascade Foothills.

PART I.

HARRISON HOT SPRINGS, B. C.—About one mile up the northwest arm of the lake just around the corner from the hotel, Capt. Ezekiel Gould Warde, a native of Falmouth, Mass., 1858, resides under the shadow of a mountain high enough to block out the summer sun long before evening falls.

For companions the old skipper has a 2,200-pound Holstein cow with a top record of twenty-seven quarts a day; a ring-tail monkey, a fox terrier, two cats and numberless kittens. For forty-eight years he has resided on Lake Harrison, where he is referred to as The Hermit. Hear ye:

"After nearly thirty years before the mast, out of Falmouth on wind jammers," said the Skipper, "sailing with rough men and asking odds of none, I came into this lake and mountain country with the miners following the Caribou trail, 1889. In this cove, Echoes on Harrison I call it, I settled, built some sailboats and established my estate. Hermit? Hell; I came here to enjoy what I call absolute liberty and live as I damn well please. My steady companions are dumb beasts, who expect nothing and who love me. Visitors, who call from curiosity, to find out how a man can live forty-eight years in one place and be contented, are always welcome. They can't make me out, as most men are slaves. But Ezekiel Gould Warde, with eighty-odd years atop of him, is free. And why not, with the blood of Abraham Lincoln in my arteries, which haven't begun to harden."

The Captain, smiting his broad breast, stepped into a corner of his barn-like domicile, divided into a large room 30 by 40, with a smaller room at one end, rummaged among several sea chests and returned with a full quarto Holy Bible that, considering its age, is still in an excellent state of preservation. Very gently the old sea dog lay back the cover, and I was invited to read aloud:

H. Lincolns'. The gift of Jeddediah Lincoln, who died in the 91st year of his age. To his Grandson Henry Lincoln.

Jeddediah Lincoln was a son of Samuel Lincoln who came over from Norwich, England, and settled at Hingham, Mass., in the 17th century.

To Captain John C. Lincoln from his affectionate father Henry Lincoln, 1829.

The gift of Captain John Crocker Lincoln, who died in 1882; to his grandson Ezekiel Gould Warde.

Stroking with one hand his thick white beard, and with the other brushing back the tangled mass of silver locks from his broad forehead, the Captain fixed me with a pair of clear, questioning blue eyes. I felt that it was his turn to speak.

"Now, my friend," he continued after clearing his throat, "I suppose you are wondering why something more definite hasn't been brought forth about this branch of the Lincoln family. And also what evidence I have that Abraham Lincoln was in any way related to the Massachusetts family. I suppose much of the blame is mine, the last of the Massachusetts branch. At 14 I went to sea on the old training sloop Massachusetts, and remained away until I was nearly thirty. In my youth Abraham

Lincoln was not yet regarded as the saint and the martyr that he afterward became. A nomad like myself was not supposed to be very well informed about what was going on at home. Fact is, when Lincoln died I was only 7 years of age, and not much concerned about American history."

"Do you recall any incident or conversation in your family that had any bearing upon the Lincoln connection?" I asked the Hermit.

"Yes, I do, but I'm frank to admit that the importance of those recollections did not sufficiently impress me at the time. I blame myself for not giving more attention to it when it was within my power to make researches and straighten out the data that I cast aside as of no consequence. Capt. John Crocker Lincoln, my grandfather, who was a whaler out of New Bedford, married Sarah Davis, who was born in 1806, three years before Abraham Lincoln's birth. I don't know the particulars of how it was brought about, but she and Abraham exchanged many letters, of which I knew nothing until I came back in 1882, the year my grandfather died, grandmother having already passed on. Upon me fell the task of going through their effects, particularly old books, papers and letters, among the latter at least fifty from Abraham Lincoln. These I burned with the rest of what I regarded as rubbish of no importance. Not until ten years later did I learn of their value or appreciate my vandal act. It was a destructive bonfire that I made in the backyard that morning. I'm damn sorry for it."

I asked this penitent if he had anything else to confess.

"Nothing that in any way compares with what I have just told you. For fifty-six years I have cursed myself for that stupidity, but at the time it was done I had no way of knowing the value or the importance of what I sent up in flames."

"What is your earliest recollection with which the name of Abraham Lincoln is associated?"

"The day of his death!" replied the Captain, tugging at his beard. "I was then 7 years of age. I was visiting my grandmother at the time. Grandfather Lincoln came in and his wife told him the news. I hadn't the slightest idea what it was all about, but the Captain, like he had gone sick, went from the sitting room into the garden, where he went all to pieces. Grandmother told me that his second cousin, Abraham Lincoln, was dead. If what Grandmother Lincoln told me is true, and there is every reason to believe so, the blood of Abraham Lincoln is in me. Between these four walls of my habitation, surrounded by the things I have collected from every quarter of the globe, I have lived a life filled with memories. I knew Hetty Green, the one-time wealthiest woman of the U. S. A., who left an estate of over a hundred million dollars, when I was a child. I can tell you a story about the discovery of petroleum in Titusville, Pa. I can tell you tales of the forgotten past. Would you be bored?"

"Not at all. Let yourself go, Cap."

"The Bible in your hand bears the date 1769. Now I'll tell you . . ."

Perfectly confident that Ezekiel Gould Warde, the Hermit of Harrison, is worth another installment, I beg permission to extend his narrative to Tuesday's issue in this column.

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Lincoln Family
N.Y. Sun 12-30-37

PITTSBURG MAN WHO AIDED LINCOLN SURVEY RECALLS EXPERIENCE

C. F. Warden of Wilkinsburg
Dragged Heavy Chain for
"Honest Abe."

LINCOLN TOLD ANECDOTES

Future President Related That
Chance Put Him Into
the Law.

To a resident of Pittsburg belongs, probably, the distinction of being the only man now living who carried a surveyor's chain with Abraham Lincoln.

C. F. Warden of Wilkinsburg was a deputy United States surveyor of Sangamon County, Ill., in the year 1855, his chief being a local surveyor, Zimri Enos. The work of these surveyors consisted at that time chiefly of the survey of the wooded bottoms of the Sangamon River and adjoining streams. The owners of the bottom woodlands were dividing them into sections of six acres, which found ready sale among the settlers more distant from the rivers, for building purposes, fences and fuel. The belief was then prevalent that only the portions of the great prairies adjacent to the wooded bottoms of the rivers would ever be settled.

One Friday evening Mr. Warden told his chief that he would not return the next day to his task in the Sangamon bottoms. The reply was that it was just as well; that his assistance was required at the office in the town of Springfield, and that Mr. Enos wished him to meet Mr. Lincoln, who with his partner, Mr. Herndon, had a law office on the public square. Mr. Lincoln had some lots in the outskirts of the town which he wished surveyed, and in the morning accompanied the surveyors. Mr. Enos used the transit, an assistant, a young man named Stewart, took the pole, and the work of carrying the chain fell to Mr. Warden and Mr. Lincoln.

Asked which end he would take, Mr. Lincoln chose the rear end, saying in a joking manner that he was too old a surveyor to hesitate on that point. The pith of Mr. Lincoln's remark lay in the fact that the surveyors of that day used a steel chain 100 feet in length and of considerable weight, which the carrier in front was necessitated to drag after him.

Mr. Lincoln was full of reminiscence and anecdote. He recalled incidents connected with his experience as a surveyor, and showed the manner of carrying the surveyor's instrument of his day. He related a personal circumstance not generally known, perhaps. His friends, he said, had urged him to take up the study of law. While the profession appealed to him, considerations of expediency had their influence. He had not the money to pay his board while studying a profession, he told his friends. They reminded him that he could devote a part of his time to his present occupation while preparing for the new one.

One day on his way home he sat on an old Virginia rail fence, his mind full of perplexity. The time for decision had come. He determined to appeal to chance, a common custom on the frontier. He held up his Jacob's staff, the single support of the old-time surveyor's compass. Well forward he would dismiss his staff and enter upon preparation for the law pursuit; if backward, he would remain to his present occupation. The staff fell forward.

LEE AND GORDON HEROES TOO SAYS NOTED EX-SLAVE.

Their Courage of a High Type,
Declares Booker Washnig-
ton at Republican Club's
Lincoln Day Dinner.

HOW HE FIRST HEARD OF
THE GREAT EMANCIPATOR.

Leader of Black Race, Liberally
Cheered, Tells of the
Negroes' Progress.

Booker T. Washington was the principal speaker at the Lincoln dinner of the Republican Club in the Waldorf-Astoria last night. Himself an ex-slave who has risen under the conditions made possible by Lincoln to the leadership of the black race, he was qualified to speak for those made free. He was applauded freely throughout his speech, in which he said:

"My first knowledge of Abraham Lincoln came in this way: I was awakened early one morning before the dawn of day as I lay wrapped in a bundle of rags on the dirt floor of our slave cabin by the prayers of my mother, just before leaving for her day's work, as she was kneeling over my body earnestly praying that Abraham Lincoln might succeed and that one day she and her boy might be free. You give me the opportunity here this evening to celebrate with you and the nation the answer to that prayer.

"By the side of Armstrong and Garrison, Lincoln lives to-day. He lives in the 32,000 young men and women of the negro race learning trades and useful occupations; in the 200,000 farms acquired by those he freed; in the more than 400,000 homes built; in the forty-six banks established, and 10,000 stores owned; in the \$550,000,000 worth of taxable property in hand; in the 28,000 public schools existing with 30,000 teachers; in the 170 industrial schools and colleges; in the 23,000 ministers and 26,000 churches.

"But above all this, he lives in the steady and unalterable determination of ten millions of black citizens to continue to climb year by year the ladder of the highest usefulness and to perfect themselves in strong, robust character.

More Than the Negroes Freed.

As an individual, grateful as I am to Lincoln for freedom of body, my gratitude is still greater for freedom of soul. The signing of the Emancipation Proclamation was a great event, and yet it was but the symbol of another, still greater, and more momentous. We who celebrate this anniversary should not forget that the same pen that gave freedom to four millions of African slaves, at the same time struck the shackles from the souls of twenty-seven millions of Americans of another color.

"In any country, regardless of what its laws say, wherever people act upon the idea that the disadvantage of one man is the good of another, there slavery exists. Wherever in any country the whole people feel that the happiness of all is dependent upon the happiness of the weakest, there freedom exists.

"The world is fast learning that of all forms of slavery there is none that is so hurtful and degrading as that form of slavery which tempts one human being to hate another by reason of his race or color. One man cannot hold another man down in the ditch without remaining down in the ditch with him. One who goes through life with his eyes closed against all that is good in another race is weakened and circumscribed, as one who fights in a battle with one hand tied behind him.

"Like Lincoln, the negro race should seek to be simple, without bigotry and without ostentation. There is great power in simplicity. We, as a race, should, like Lincoln, have moral courage to be what we are and not pretend to be what we are not. We should keep in mind that no one can degrade us except ourselves; that if we are worthy no influence can defeat us. Like other races, the negro will often meet obstacles, often be sorely tried and tempted, but we must keep in mind that freedom, in the broadest and highest sense, has never been a bequest; it has been a conquest.

Praises Southern Generals.

"In paying my tribute to the Great Emancipator of my race, I desire to say a word here and now in behalf of an element of brave and true white men of the South who, though they saw in Lincoln's policy the ruin of all they believed in and hoped for, have loyally accepted the results of the civil war and are to-day working with a courage few people in the North can understand to uplift the negro in the South and complete the emancipation that Lincoln began.

"I am tempted to say that it certainly required as high a degree of courage for men of the type of Robert E. Lee and John B. Gordon to accept the results of the war in the manner and spirit which they did as that which Grant and Sherman displayed in fighting the physical battles that saved the Union."

EX-CONFEDERATES JOIN IN TRIBUTE.

**Strong Lincoln Sentiment Shown
in Many Cities of the
South.**

ATLANTA, Feb. 12.—Veterans of the Blue and the Gray will hold union services here Sunday night in commemoration of the Lincoln centennial. This will be the first union service ever held here by the veterans of the two armies.

BIRMINGHAM, Ala., Feb. 12.—For the first time in the history of the Birmingham public schools Lincoln's Birthday was celebrated to-day in the High School.

LITTLE ROCK, Ark., Feb. 13.—As a semi-holiday Little Rock observed the Lincoln anniversary to-day at a popular \$1-a-plate banquet. Confederate flags were mingled with the stars and stripes. Judge Joseph W. House, a prominent ex-Confederate, was toastmaster. Other prominent Confederates responded to toasts.

RALEIGH, N. C., Feb. 12.—The North Carolina Senate adjourned to-day in memory of President Lincoln.

**2,500 Children Honor Nancy Hanks
Lincoln.**

INDIANAPOLIS, Feb. 12.—On the grave of Nancy Hanks Lincoln, Abraham Lincoln's mother, at Lincoln City, Ind., was placed this afternoon a wreath from the school children of Indianapolis. The wreath was purchased by one-cent contributions from 2,500 eighth grade pupils.

COLIGER

An ex-Slave's View of Abraham Lincoln As a Man, a President, and a Martyr

By BOOKER T. WASHINGTON.

(Copyright, 1902, by the Chicago Tribune.)

When I look back it seems to me that almost the first name I learned, aside from those of the people who lived on or near the Virginia plantation where I was born, was that of Abraham Lincoln, who, forty-six years ago last month, signed the proclamation which set my people free.

The circumstances under which I first heard the name of the great emancipator were these: When the war broke out I was a small boy on a plantation in Franklin County, in the Southwestern corner of Virginia. We were living in a remote part of the country and, although the war was going on all around us, we saw little of it, except when we saw them brought back again—as we did sometimes—dead.

My mother was the cook on our plantation and as I grew up and was able to make myself useful my work was to attend my master's table at meal time. In the dining room there was an arrangement by which a number of fans that hung to the rafters over the table could be moved slowly back and forth by pulling a string. It was my business to work these fans at meal time and that, as I remember, was the first work I ever did. As a result, however, I was present at all the meals and heard all the conversation that went on there. Incidentally I heard a great deal about the causes and the progress of the war, and though I understood very little of what I heard, there was one name that stuck fast in my memory and that was the name of Abraham Lincoln. The reason that I remembered this name more than the others was because it was the one name that I encountered at the "big house," which I heard repeated in different tones and with different significance in the cabins of the slaves.

Many a night before the dawn of day I have been awakened to find the figure of my dear mother bending over me as I lay huddled up in a corner of the kitchen, praying that "Marse Lincoln" might succeed, and that some day I might be free. Under these circumstances the name of Lincoln made a great impression upon me and I never forgot the circumstances under which I first heard it.

Attracted by Lincoln.

Among the masses of the negro people on the plantations during the war, all their dreams and hopes of freedom were in some way or other coupled with the name of Lincoln. When the slaves sang those rude plantation hymns, in which thoughts of heaven and salvation were mingled with thoughts of freedom, I suspect they frequently confused the vision of the Saviour with that of the emancipator, and so salvation and freedom came to mean some times pretty much the same thing.

There is an old plantation hymn that runs somewhat as follows:

We'll soon be free,
We'll soon be free,
When de Lord will call us home.
My brudder, how long,
My brudder, how long,
'Fore we done sufferin' here?
It won't be long,
It won't be long,
Fore de Lord will call us home.

When that song was first sung the freedom of which it speaks was the freedom that comes after death, and the "home" to which it referred was heaven. After the war broke out, however, the slaves began to sing these freedom songs with greater veneration, and they gained a new and more definite meaning. To such an extent was this the case that in Georgetown, S. C., it is said that negroes were put in jail for singing the song which I have quoted.

When Lincoln, in April, 1865, entered Richmond immediately after it had been evacuated by the Confederate armies the colored people, to whom it seemed almost as if the "last day" had come, greeted the strange, kindly figure of the President as if he had been their Saviour instead of merely their liberator.

There is a story of one old Auntie who had a sick child in her arms when the President passed through the city. The child was alarmed at the surrounding riot, and was crying to come home, but the good woman kept trying to get the child to gaze at the President, which she was afraid to do, and she would try to turn the child's head in that direction, and would turn around herself in order to accomplish the same object.

"See yah, honey," she would say, look at de Saviour, an' you will git well. Touch the hem of his garment, honey, an' yur pain will be done gone."

How Much It Owes Him.

As the years have gone by we have all learned, white people and colored people, North and South, how much the country as a whole owes to the man who liberated the slaves. There is no one now, North or South, who believes that slavery was a good thing, even for those who seemed to profit most by it; but hard and cruel as the system frequently was in the case of the black man, the white man suffered quite as much from the evils it produced. In order to hold the negro in slavery it was necessary to keep him in ignorance. The result was that the South condemned itself, not merely to employ none but the poorest and most expensive labor, but what was worse, to use all its higher intellectual, moral, and religious energies in defending, before the world, its right to hold another race, not merely in a condition of ignorance but of moral and spiritual degradation.

There is no task that an individual or a people can undertake which is so ungrateful and so certain, in the long run, to fail, as that of holding down another individual or another race that is trying to rise. It is not possible, you know, for an individual to hold another individual down in the gutter without staying down there with him. So it is not possible for one race to devote a large share of its time and attention to keeping another race down without losing some time and some energy that might otherwise have been used in raising itself higher in the scale of civilization.

South Out of Touch.

Under the influence of slavery the South was fast getting out of touch and sympathy with all the generous, upbuilding, and civilizing influences of the world.

Abraham Lincoln, in giving freedom to the black man, who was a slave, gave it at the same time to the white man, who was free. He not merely loosened the enslaved forces of nature in the Southern States, but he emancipated the whole United States from that sectional and fratricidal hatred which led the white man in the South to look upon his brother in the North as an enemy to his section and himself, and led the white man in the North to look upon his brother in the South as an enemy not merely to the nation, but also to mankind. I have had some experience of physical slavery, and I have known, too, what it is to hate men of another race, and I can say positively that there is no form of slavery which is so degrading as that which leads one man to hate another because of his race, his condition, or the color of his skin.

All these things did not seem so clear to us before the war as they do now, and yet there have always been people in the South who clearly saw the evils

of slavery and opposed them. If the times had permitted these men in the South to look calmly upon the course of events, they would have found themselves in close sympathy with Abraham Lincoln. Now that the excitement of the anti-slavery agitation has died away, not merely these men, but many others in the South, are beginning to see that during the whole course of the civil war the South had no more sincere friend than the abolitionist President of the United States, Abraham Lincoln. He, at least, never forgot, during all the long and bloody struggle, that a time was coming when the men who fought for the South and the men who fought for the Union must settle down side by side as fellow-citizens of the one indivisible republic.

Let Us Judge Not.

Some one who was present when Lincoln heard the news of Lee's surrender said that Jeff Davis ought to be hung. The President in reply quoted from his inaugural address, "Let us judge not that we be not judged." Another said that the sight of Libby Prison forbade mercy. "Let us judge not," he repeated, "that we be not judged." This was said at the close of the war when the whole North was aflame with the news of victory. A year before, however, he had said in his jocular way, "We should avoid planting and cultivating too many thorns in the bosom of society." All through the war he saw, what Southern statesmen either shut their eyes to or failed to see, that even had the South won in the war the old struggle between freedom and slavery would have gone on just the same under other banners and other battle cries.

"Physically speaking," he said, in his first inaugural address, "we cannot separate. We cannot remove our respective sections from one another, nor build an impassable wall between them. A husband and wife may be divorced and go

ut of the presence and beyond the reach of one another, but the different parts of the country cannot do this. They cannot but remain face to face, and intercourse, either amicable or hostile, must continue between them. It is impossible, then, to make that intercourse more advantageous, or more satisfactory, after separation than before. Can aliens make treaties easier than friends can make laws? Can treaties be more faithfully enforced between aliens than laws can among friends? Suppose you go to war, you cannot fight always, and when after much loss on both sides and no gain on either, you cease fighting, the identical old questions as to terms of intercourse are again upon you."

Was Bound to Continue.

Whether as separate nations, or as separate States of the same nation, the struggle between freedom and slavery was bound to continue. Had it been possible to put an end to the conflict over slavery, between the people of the Northern and the people of the Southern States, it would soon have broken again within the Southern States themselves. It should never be forgotten that there was always a minority in the South which openly or in silence opposed slavery. After 1830, when the abolition agitation sprang up in the North and it came to be considered a sort of treason in the South to lend any sort of favor to abolition sentiments, the opinions against slavery were no longer openly expressed in the South, but the opposition to slavery did not cease. Thousands of people who submitted to the censorship that was at that time imposed upon the open expression of opinion, silently evaded the laws, and upon some plea or other emancipated their slaves or sent them into free States, where their freedom was assured. This is shown by the fact of the constantly increasing number of "free negroes," both in the Northern and Southern States, and this, too, in spite of the efforts that were made to colonize this class of citizens abroad.

Southerner by Birth.

No one knew these facts better than Lincoln. He mentions them in his debates with Douglas. In this connection it should not be forgotten that Lincoln was a Southerner by birth. If he did not share the prejudices of the Southern people, he at least understood and sympathized with them. In his debate with Douglass he spoke as a Southerner rather than as a Northern abolitionist.

The extreme abolitionists of the Eastern States were frequently violently opposed to him. Because of his attitude on the fugitive slave law, Wendell Phillips wrote an article entitled "Abraham Lincoln, the Slave Hound of Illinois."

The Northwest Territory, of which Ohio, Indiana, and Illinois, Wisconsin and Michigan were formed, was largely settled by Southerners who were opposed to slavery. These men remained Southerners in sentiment and tradition. They did not cease to love the South because they had gone into voluntary exile from it. In a certain sense it is true, therefore, that the abolition movement of the Middle West, which Lincoln represented, was the moral sentiment of the South turned against its own peculiar institutions. It was not the opposition of strangers nor of aliens in tradition and sentiment that the South met in Lincoln and in the anti-slavery people of Indiana,

Ohio, Kentucky, and Illinois from whom he sprang. It was, to a large degree, the opposition of Southerners to that institution of the South that not only endangered the Union of the States, but was slowly and insidiously destroying the South.

Are Direct Inheritors.

I think it is important to point out this connection of Lincoln with the South, and with Southern anti-slavery sentiment, because there are men in the South to-day who are working, silently and earnestly, still in the spirit of that elder generation of anti-slavery men, in order to complete the work that Lincoln began. In a certain way I may say that these men are the direct inheritors of that moral sentiment of the South which, as I have sought to suggest, was represented by Abraham Lincoln and the Southern anti-slavery men of the Middle West.

As the years have passed, all sections of the country have learned to look with altered views upon the men and the issues of the civil war. Many things that seemed of overshadowing importance forty or fifty years ago, now look small and insignificant.

Many persons who were in the foreground then, have now moved into the background. Looking at these persons and events from a distance, as usually happens, they look smaller and less significant. There is only one figure that seems to grow constantly bigger and more impressive as the years go by. It is with a really great man as it is with a lofty tower standing in the midst of a crowded city. As long as you are near it, there are a multitude of smaller and more animated scenes and objects that distract your attention, and you get only the most distorted idea of the lofty structure near you. But as you move farther and farther away, other objects sink into insignificance, and it looms large and serene above them. For the first time you see the mighty edifice in its true proportions.

He Looms Larger.

As it is with the tower in the city, so it has been with Abraham Lincoln. Year by year he looms larger above the horizon

of the present—a magnificent figure—which seems to stretch its arms out to us, saying of that war as he did at Gettysburg:

"It is for us, the living, rather to be dedicated to that unfinished work which they who fought here have thus far so nobly advanced. It is rather for us to be here dedicated to the great task remaining before us, that from these honored dead we take increased devotion to that cause for which they gave the last full measure of devotion; that we here highly resolve that these dead shall not have died in vain; that this nation, under God, shall have a new birth of freedom; and that government of the people, by the people, and for the people shall not perish from the earth."

Although each portion of the American people still look at Abraham Lincoln from a different angle and with widely different sentiments and feelings, it is still true, I believe, that the whole country has learned to honor and revere his memory. To the South he appears, as I have said, no longer as an enemy, but a wise and sincere friend. To the people who have inherited the traditions of the

NORTH he is the preserver of the Union, the second founder of the nation, but to the negro people he will remain for all time the liberator of their race. In the eyes of the excited and ecstatic freedmen at the close of the war Lincoln appeared not merely as a great man but as a personal friend; not merely an emancipator but a savior. I confess that the more I learn of Lincoln's life the more I am disposed to look at him much as my mother and those early freedmen did, not merely as a great man, not merely as a Statesman, but as one to whom I can certainly turn for help and inspiration—as a great moral leader, in whose patience, tolerance, and broad human sympathy there is salvation for my race, and for all those who are down, but struggling to rise.

EX-SLAVE LAUDS LEE

Courage of High Type, Says
Booker Washington.

LINCOLN DAY BANQUET

How He First Heard of Great
Emancipator.

WHITES ALSO FREED BY HIM

Leader of African Race, Liberally
Cheered, Tells of the Prog-
ress of Negro.

NEW YORK, February 13.—Booker T. Washington was the principal speaker at the Lincoln dinner of the Republican Club in the Waldorf-Astoria last night.

Himself an ex-slave who had risen under the conditions made possible by Lincoln to the leadership of the black race, he was qualified to speak for those made free. He was applauded freely throughout his speech.

First Knowledge of Lincoln.

"My first knowledge of Abraham Lincoln came in this way," he said. "I was awakened early one morning before the dawn of day as I lay wrapped in a bundle of rags on the dirt floor of our slave cabin by the prayers of my mother, just before leaving for her day's work, as she was kneeling over my body earnestly praying that Abraham Lincoln might succeed and that one day she and her boy might be free.

"You give me the opportunity here this evening to celebrate with you and the nation the answer to that prayer.

"By the side of Armstrong and Garrison, Lincoln lives today. He lives in the 32,000 young men and women of the negro race learning trades and useful occupations; in the 200,000 farms acquired by those he freed; in the more than 400,000 homes built; in the forty-six banks established, and 10,000 stores owned; in the \$550,000,000 worth of taxable property in hand; in the 28,000 public schools existing with 30,000 teachers; in the 170 industrial schools and colleges; in the 23,000 ministers and 26,000 churches.

"But above all this, he lives in the steady and unaltrable determination of ten millions of black citizens to continue to climb year by year the ladder of the highest usefulness and to perfect themselves in strong, robust character.

More Than Negroes Free.

"As an individual, grateful as I am to Lincoln for freedom of body, my gratitude is still greater for freedom of soul. The signing of the emancipation proclamation was a great event, and yet it was but the symbol of another, still greater and more momentous.

"We who celebrate this anniversary should not forget that the same pen that gave freedom to four millions of African slaves, at the same time struck the shackles from the souls of twenty-seven millions of Americans of another color.

"In any country, regardless of what its laws say, wherever people act upon the idea that the disadvantage of one man is the good of another, there slavery exists. Wherever in any country the whole people feel that the happiness of all is dependent upon the happiness of the weakest, there freedom exists.

"The world is fast learning that of all forms of slavery there is none that is so hurtful and degrading as that form of slavery which tempts one human being to hate another by reason of his race or color. One man cannot hold another man down in the ditch without remaining down in the ditch with him. One who goes through life with his eyes closed against all that is good in another race is weakened and circumscribed, as one who fights in a battle with one hand tied behind him.

"Like Lincoln, the negro race should seek to be simple, without bigotry and without ostentation. There is great power in simplicity. We, as a race, should, like Lincoln, have moral courage to be what we are and not pretend to be what we are not. We should keep in mind that no one can degrade us except ourselves; that if we are worthy no influence can defeat us.

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Praises Southern Generals.

"In paying my tribute to the great emancipator of my race, I desire to say a word here and now in behalf of an element of brave and true white men in the south, who, though they saw in Lincoln's policy the ruin of all they believed in and hoped for, have loyally accepted the results of the civil war and are today working with a courage few people in the north can understand to uplift the negro in the south and complete the emancipation that Lincoln began.

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sults of the war in the manner and spirit which they did as that which Grant and Sherman displayed in fighting the physical battles that saved the Union."

A FRIEND OF LINCOLN.

The Death of Colonel Waters and Another Lincoln Anecdote.

New York, Aug. 15, 1916.

To the Editor of *The New York Times*:

Within the last month there died in Kansas City an important man who was a warm personal friend of Abraham Lincoln. That man was Colonel Louis H. Waters, a lawyer who attained the age of nearly 89 years and who, up to within ten days of his death, actively practiced his profession. He died of pneumonia, with which he was stricken ten days before his death. Colonel Waters served through the war of the rebellion as a private, Captain, Major, and Colonel. At the end of the war Lincoln appointed him a Brigadier General by brevet. Lincoln, as a mark of his friendship for Colonel Waters, in his own handwriting wrote the Colonel's commission as a brevet Brigadier General.

When we think of the awful privations and dreadful hardships that soldiers and officers endured during the civil war, and see a man who went through them all and yet lived in almost perfect health to be nearly 89 years old, we realize how much a person can really stand.

Colonel Waters, who was an excellent raconteur, told many an interesting story of Lincoln, whom he worshipped and almost deified. On one occasion Colonel Waters told a party of lawyers, of whom I was one, a story regarding Lincoln which showed Lincoln's genuine ability as a lawyer. This story, I believe, has never been published, but I think it will be regarded as of real value by the very many who are always seeking to learn more and more about Lincoln.

When Colonel Waters was a youth he lived on a farm in a county in Illinois near the one in which Abraham Lincoln, then a young lawyer, lived. Lincoln practiced "on the circuit" in the county in which Waters lived. Waters, the son of a poor farmer, had then already formed the ambition to become a lawyer. His uncle, who lived on a somewhat distant farm in the same county, had just returned from a two weeks' absence in the county seat, where he had discharged the high duty which so many of our good citizens in these days shirk—of being a juror. On the cold wintry night of his return not only his own family but all his relatives, as was the custom in those days, gathered at his home to hear him tell what he saw and heard during his absence at the county seat. Young Waters, who sat on the floor close to the fire, just as near his uncle as he could get, drank in his uncle's every word. His uncle told of the acts, doings, and sayings of all the lawyers who had impressed him. He quoted from the lawyers' speeches, he imitated their gestures, he repeated their jests and jokes as best he could. Finally he came to the end of it without having mentioned Lincoln. Young Waters, who had already heard much of Lincoln, who, he knew, practiced in that county and for whom he had formed a youthful admiration, was greatly disappointed.

He said to his uncle: "Uncle, you haven't mentioned a lawyer by the name of Abe Lincoln. Wasn't he there?"

"Yes," the uncle said.

"Well, didn't he have any cases?"

"Oh, yes; he was on one side or the other of nearly every case."

"What about him?"

"Oh, he doesn't amount to much."

"Well, how did he come out in his cases?"

"He won all of them, but it was not his fault. His clients happened to be right every time."

What greater tribute could be paid to Lincoln's skill as a lawyer? He thoroughly effaced himself so that the jurors could not see him, but could only see the simple and apparently unvarnished justice of his clients' causes. They saw the pictures he painted, but were unconscious of the fact that they were pictures or that an artist had painted them. His hand was unseen, but his work was felt. He displayed the highest order of art—he was so artful that he appeared to be artless.

HENRY WOLLMAN.

SAW, HEARD, MET OR KNEW LINCOLN

Organization Formed in California
Will Preserve Incidents Con-
cerning War President.

The Abraham Lincoln Fellowship, to be composed of persons who "saw, heard, met, or knew Lincoln," was organized at Berkeley, Calif., on the 122d anniversary of the Civil War President's birth. William H. Wharff, of Berkeley, No. C, 11th Me., is president; Ovid Edouard Pettis, of Oakland, vice president; the Rev. Henry Herbert Smythe, of Falmouth, Mass., chaplain; Arthur Harris Smythe, Berkeley, executive secretary. National headquarters are 1334 Spruce St., Berkeley.

The purpose of the organization is "A supreme effort to glean and preserve for all time to come every incident obtainable from the personal contact of its membership with one of the greatest men in the history of the world."

The membership is limited to the living men and women, not younger than 73 years, who are eligible.

The honorary president shall be the oldest member on Lincoln Day of each year, after 1932. Honorary president for 1931 is Col. J. A. Bates, commander, G. A. R. Post No. 301, of Middletown, N. Y., aged 89.

Honorary vice presidents shall be each member who heard the Gettysburg Address. No. 1, William Corse, of the 6th Mass. Cav., age 86, Soldiers' Home, Minneapolis; No. 2, Martin Luther Bittenbender, Berkeley, Calif.; No. 3, Mrs. M. O. Smith, Hanover, Pa.; No. 4, J. P. Wolf, Redfield, S. Dak.

Not less than \$1 for the expenses of the fellowship must accompany each application for membership, to be returned if for good reasons the same is not accepted. No annual dues or assessments.

A personally autographed photograph, taken within three years, should accompany or follow every application for membership. Present address, date and place of birth should also be given.

On receipt of every application the secretary will mail each applicant a blank form for the entry of the basis or claim on which membership is asked. This statement must be sworn to before a notary and returned promptly to the secretary and be accepted by him before actual membership can be entered.

Every incident from memory as to the date, occasion, distance from Lincoln, other persons present, how he looked, how he acted, what he said, how those present gave expression to their feelings, etc., should be given.

The secretary shall preserve, in a bank safety deposit box, all papers, letters, etc., received by him that contain historical facts about Lincoln, and he will supply copies of any such to the writers or their heirs on application.

About Jan. 15 of each year the secretary shall send to each city, where not less than five reside, the name and address of the members there residing, with the request that they meet together on Lincoln Day.

SHOOK LINCOLN'S HAND 50 TIMES

Comrade George Watkins on
Guard Duty in Washington
During the Civil War.

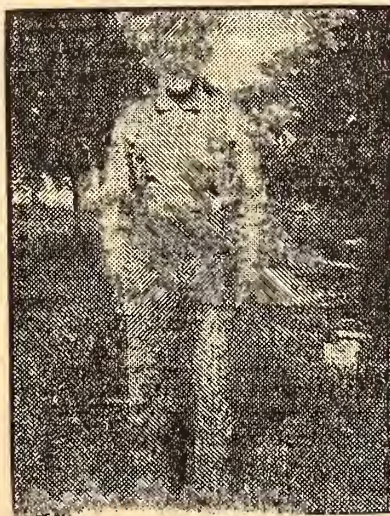
Comrade George Watkins, of Madison, Ohio, was born in Cleveland on Aug. 15, 1841.

He enlisted in Cleveland in the 1st Ohio for three months and then reenlisted in the 84th Ohio. He served three years in the Civil War and was slightly wounded.

Physically Mr. Watkins is very spry, although he says he can not do as much as he used to. His mind is unaffected and he has a marvelous memory; it is very interesting to listen to him.

He was stationed for three months at one time during his service in the Civil War in Washington and while doing guard duty often saw and talked with President Lincoln. He says the President always took an early walk in the morning often accompanied by his little son. If the President met a soldier he stopped and took off his high hat even to a private. His little son always saluted a soldier as well.

Mr. Watkins loves every little memory detail of Lincoln. "Ah," he says with a sigh, "there was a man, a real President, and a loyal friend. He loved his soldiers. They don't make



GEORGE WATKINS.

men like him any more." He says he shook hands with Lincoln at least 50 times.

Mr. Watkins is interested in all current events particularly those of a national character. He was pleasantly surprised with an increase in pension recently.

Mr. Watkins is one of the three surviving Civil War veterans in Madison. Each year he attends the Memorial Day services in Cleveland, being one of the 63 old soldiers left in that city.

Mr. Watkins, with the help of one son, works his large fruit farm, tends his chores and cares for his animals. He has six cats of which he is very fond and points out their good qualities to all callers. His flowers and shrubs are the envy of all who see them.

WATKINS, GEORGE

He believes he will live to be 100 and the secret for long living he says is good-natured disposition, kindness to all animals as well as humans and minding one's own business.

'MARSE HENRY' WATTERSON, NOTED EDITOR, DIES IN SOUTH

JACKSONVILLE, Dec. 22.—Col. Henry Watterson, known to the American people as one of the last surviving members of the old school of journalism, and to his friends as "Marse Henry," died early today at a hotel here.

Death came peacefully, the venerable editor retaining consciousness almost to the end and conversing during his last half hour with his wife, son and daughter.

Col. Watterson came to Jacksonville several weeks ago in accordance with his annual custom of spending the winter in Florida, usually at Ft. Myers. He contracted a slight cold Tuesday and, while seated in a chair yesterday morning, soon after breakfast, he suffered an acute bronchial attack and was ordered to his bed by his physician. His condition grew worse during the day and night and the end came at 6:15 a. m. today. The immediate cause of his death, his physicians said, was heart failure superinduced by congestion of the lungs.

Thus Marse Henry passed to "that beautiful shore" where last October he wrote his comrades of the confederate army he was sure "the bonnie blue flag will be flying at the fore and the bands will be playing 'Dixie' on parade and the pretty girls will be distributing 'The Chattanooga Rebel' (the newspaper published by him during the war between the states) to groups of ragged, red-nosed angels who have not forgotten the rebel yell."

Henry Watterson was one of the last of the old time personal journalists. More than half a century his editorials, with their brilliant, original and phrase-making composition, attracted wide attention. They were commented on and copied by the press of the nation. Beside his power in molding public opinion through his editorials Watterson's influence is credited with having shaped the platform of the democratic party in more than one presidential campaign.

It was perhaps through an accident that Henry Watterson pursued journalism. Early in life he evinced unusual musical talent and his parents encouraged it. A mishap that crushed his left thumb, leaving that member stiff, caused the musical education to be abandoned, as the piano was his favorite instrument.

A natural bent for writing developed but even in this Mr. Watterson was seriously handicapped as an illness in infancy had affected his vision. His first journalistic experience was gained on a Washington, D. C., newspaper as musical and dramatic critic. His father, Harvey M. Watterson, for twenty years preceding the outbreak of the war between the states, was a representative in congress from Tennessee. It was during this time Henry Watterson laid the foundations for an elaborate knowledge of national affairs, he spending much of his time associating with party leaders of that period and in close contact with the operation of the government.

Watterson's course in letters and journalism in the national capital was interrupted just as he attained his majority by the outbreak of war. With his father, he opposed the secession movement, but on the declaring of hostilities, he returned to his Tennessee home, and joined the

army of the Confederacy. He served throughout the war, except for a period of ten months, when he established and operated at Chattanooga, Tenn., "The Rebel," a semi-military paper.

Mr. Watterson served first as an aide to the famous cavalry leader, Gen. Nathan Bedford Forrest, and later was on the staff of Gen. Leonidas Polk. During the campaign between Gens. Sherman and Johnston, Watterson was chief-of-scouts of the Confederate army.

SERVED IN CIVIL WAR.

"The Rebel" instantly achieved great popularity. The paper was outspoken and independent, forecasting in many things the Louisville Courier-Journal, a lineal descendent to follow it within a few years.

Abraham Lincoln was said to be the great passion of Watterson's life. His lecture on "Lincoln" was delivered in hundreds of cities and

it was his pride to tell of calling on Lincoln the morning of his inauguration and of standing beside him at the ceremony.

Mr. Watterson always advocated a "tariff for revenue only," a phrase which he coined, and which finally was adopted by the democratic party. He was an ardent friend of Grover Cleveland during the latter's first administration as president, but opposed Cleveland's third nomination.

His service as a public official was confined to a fractional term in congress. He accepted a seat there in 1876-7 at the wishes of Samuel J. Tilden, with whom he was closely allied. Mr. Watterson refused re-nomination for the full term. From 1872 to 1892, however, he sat at all national conventions of the democratic party as a delegate-at-large from Kentucky. He presided over the convention that nominated Tilden, in 1876 and was chairman of the platform committee in those of 1880 and 1888.

BECOMES BRYAN'S FRIEND.

Mr. Watterson opposed William Jennings Bryan in his candidacy for president in 1896, but in 1900 the Courier-Journal gave him, luke-warm support. In 1908, however, what Mr. Watterson denominated as the "free silver heresy" being "as dead as African slavery," in the United States, he became a warm supporter of Bryan.

Mr. Watterson also devoted some of his editorial attention to social questions. He once made a savage attack on New York society women, calling them "a flock of unclean birds." He accused them of a fondness for display that ruined the men, and a love of champagne and bridge that eventually ruined their morals. His dashing style gave him such nicknames as "Light Horse Harry" and "Henry of Navarre." He was more popularly called plain "Marse Henry."

As effectively as he wrote Mr. Watterson spoke on the public platform. His reputation as an orator reached its climax when he delivered an address at the dedication of the Columbian Exposition when he appeared as the government's official spokesman.

Among the several books he wrote or compiled were "Oddities of Southern Life and Character," a volume of southern humor; "The Spanish-American War," written concurrently with the events, and his latest work, "Compromises of Life," a compilation of his lectures, addresses and numerous editorials from the Courier-Journal.

In his early years he superintended the detail of every department, and for more than thirty years "put the paper to press" every night.

He was born in Washington, D. C., on Feb. 16, 1840.

Colonel Watterson and Lincoln

Writing of his first meeting with Abraham Lincoln, Colonel Watterson, in his autobiography, "Marse Henry," says:

"His appearance did not impress me as fantastically as it had impressed some others. I was familiar with the western type, and whilst Mr. Lincoln was not an Adonis, even after prairie ideals, there was about him a dignity that commanded respect.

"I met him again the next Monday forenoon in his apartment at Willard's Hotel as he was preparing to start to his inauguration, and was struck by his unaffected kindness, for I came with a matter requiring his attention. This was, in point of fact, to get from him a copy of the inauguration speech for the Associated Press. I turned it over to Ben Perley Poore, who, like myself, was assisting Mr. Gobright, The President that was about to be seemed entirely self-possessed; not a sign of nervousness, and very obliging. As I have said, I accompanied the cortège that passed from the Senate chamber to the east portico. When Mr. Lincoln removed his hat to face the vast throng in front and below, I extended my hand to take it, but Judge Douglas, just behind me, reached over my outstretched arm and received it, holding it during the delivery of the address. I stood just near enough the speaker's elbow not to obstruct any gestures he might make, though he made but few; and then I began to get a suspicion of the power of the man.

"He delivered that inaugural address as if he had been delivering inaugural addresses all his life. Firm, resonant, earnest, it announced the coming of a man, of a leader of men; and in its tone and style the gentlemen whom he had invited to become members of his political family—each of whom thought himself a bigger man than his chief—might have heard the voice and seen the hand of one born to rule. Whether they did or not, they very soon ascertained the fact. From the hour Abraham Lincoln crossed the threshold of the White House to the hour he went thence, . . . there was not a moment when he did not dominate the political and military situation and his official subordinates."



Michigan
**FULTON WOMAN, 87,
 RECALLS MEETING
 LINCOLN IN OHIO**

Kalamazoo Co.
**President Not Homely, Says
 Mrs. Harriet Weaver, Who
 Met Him in 1861.** 33

FULTON, July 8.—"I have met and talked with Abraham Lincoln," states Mrs. Harriet Weaver, Fulton, who recalls an interesting meeting with the great emancipator in the fall of 1861 at Ravenna, Ohio.

Lincoln passed through the town on his way to Washington. His train made a 30-minute stop and the entire community was on hand to offer the president best wishes.

Mrs. Weaver, who at that time was Miss Harriet Nidy, had only a week previously said goodbye to her fiance, Jonathan Weaver, upon his departure for active duty with the 104th Ohio Volunteer Infantry. She acquiesced to Weaver's decision to postpone their marriage until after the war when he explained he did not wish to run the risk of leaving her a widow.

COMMENDED BY LINCOLN

President Lincoln was informed of this fact and commended her for her sacrifice. Mrs. Weaver says she was somewhat flustered and excited upon meeting the great man and recalls that she was unable to say more than to wish him good luck in his great task through the war.

"I have always heard so much about what a homely man Mr. Lincoln was. To me that day he was, on the contrary, decidedly nice looking. His eyes were so kind, his words so gracious, and his handclasp so warm and amiable. His personality was such that when one was near some force seemed to reach out and draw one to him. I have loved him since that day and the memory of that meeting will ever be the greatest thrill of my life."

Upon the conclusion of the Civil war, she was married in a double wedding to Mr. Weaver on March 27, 1866, at Ravenna. The other principals of the double wedding were Mr. Weaver's brother, Adam, also a veteran of the war, and Miss Charlotte Morton. The four celebrated their 25th and 50th wedding anniversaries together. At the 25th anniversary the minister who presided at the marriage and the bridesmaids were present.

COME IN COVERED WAGON

Later, in 1866, in company with her parents and members of her family, Mr. and Mrs. Weaver journeyed by covered wagon to Fulton. Great hardships were endured in clearing land to establish a farm home one mile south of Fulton. Later they removed to a location east of the village where they resided until the death of Mr. Weaver in 1925. Since that time Mrs. Weaver, who at present is 87 years of age, has made her home in Fulton village. She is visiting in Kalamazoo at the home of her son, C. V. Weaver, Rose place. Another son residing in the city is Lloyd Weaver, West Main Street court.

Veteran Who Guarded Bier of Lincoln Tells of Intimate Glimpses of Martyred President

Stephen Weaver Fought Through War.

Cir June Jan 5 30-34

It was sixty-eight years ago, April 14, that Abraham Lincoln was assassinated, Stephen Weaver, 90, 1521 Chapel street, last survivor of those who guarded his bier, recalls. Weaver, a hero of the Civil war, whose bravery Congress had officially noted in a bronze medal, had a number of personal contacts with the martyred President.

"I recall them," he said, "as clearly as if they happened yesterday. I have ever since gone over and over every detail of them in my mind."

At the time of the assassination Weaver was encamped back of the White House. From time to time he had orderly duty in the White House and of this he loves to tell. "Once," he said, "a woman came to see Lincoln with a baby in her arms. Her husband was a deserter and had been ordered shot. I can see that woman sitting there now telling her pitiful story to Lincoln. I remember his face softened. I knew then that the man's life would be saved. It was."

PACED ROOM

How Lincoln walked so often, up and down a room, his hands characteristically behind his back, Weaver describes. Also how he liked to sit, feet propped up on a near-by desk. The first time I served as his orderly," Weaver recalled, "Lincoln had his feet on a desk and was leaning back resting in his chair. 'What State you from?' he wanted to know of me."

Weaver was a nurseryman before the war and he was interested in greenhouses. Once when he was walking through the one at the White House young "Taddy" Lincoln observed him. "This is my father's greenhouse," the child volunteered, gravely.

Many times Weaver saw the President "in a deep study." He said: "Mostly the President was busy in thought like that."

Of the guard at the bier, when the President was laid out in the White House, he recalled most difficulty with the Negroes. "They all wanted to kneel by the coffin and pray," he said. "We had a hard time getting them to move on. I never hear those two words, but



STEPHEN WEAVER

that scene at the bier comes up to mind. We must have said 'move on' hundreds of times." He added that many Negroes thought that now that Lincoln was dead they would have to return to slavery.

IN MANY BATTLES

Weaver was one of the first to enlist in the war. He enlisted in the 108th New York Volunteers—the "fighting 108"—when 19. He was in five battles, South Mountain, Antietam, Fredericksburg, Chancel-

lorsville and Gettysburg. His memory of the war includes even the details of the "dust to our shoetops" on some of the long marches.

He often saw Booth, assassin of the president. He saw him on the night he killed the President. "I was in at a bar just before the shooting and Booth came in," said Weaver. "He treated every one but the soldiers. He drank heavily."

Weaver lives with his daughter, Mrs. R. J. Chatelier, at the Chapel street address.

Lincoln Data Expert Dead

**C. W. Wedeking, 89,
Dale Resident Dies.**

The Times Special Service.

Dale, Ind., Sept. 28.—Charles W. Wedeking, 89, retired pioneer business man and father of Albert J. Wedeking, banker and member of the State Highway Commission, is dead here after an illness of ten weeks.

Wedeking was the oldest resident of Dale. As a youth he played in the original Abe Lincoln cabin before its logs were carried away by vandals. During his lifetime he supplied many visiting writers and Lincoln historians with priceless information concerning President Lincoln's boyhood and directed them to Hoosier settlers who knew the martyred President when he was an Indiana youth.

Ida M. Tarbell was among the hundreds who came here to talk with Wedeking. He liked best to recall the church scene at Santa Claus Camp Ground when word came that President Lincoln was assassinated "and the Republican Party was born in Spencer County—that is, got its church foundation."

Until his retirement five years ago he was active in Dale business affairs, and for sixty-five years farmed, operated a mercantile store and became this area's largest landowner.

Surviving besides his sons, Albert and Hobart, and his daughter, Mabel, Dale, are Edwin, a salesman, and Mrs. Bertha Fuller of Chrisney, Ind.



**Fears Lincoln Not
Honored Here**

Washington 2-14-23

Editor, The News: Monday being the birthday anniversary of the greatest man, with one exception, that in my humble opinion the world ever saw, I desired to procure his portrait, partly because one of my most precious memories is that as a boy of ten I had the privilege of seeing Abraham Lincoln on his way to this city to be inaugurated President, subsequently "playing hookey" from school to see the funeral car that bore his remains to their last resting place.

Quite naturally, I supposed that there would be no difficulty in gratifying my desire, but before I found what I was seeking I had walked ten blocks in the business center of the city and had visited six different establishments!

Verily, "a prophet is not without honor save in his own country!"

G. F. WEEKS.

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JUDGE WELDON FRIEND OF LINCOLN DIES AT CAPITAL

Head of Federal Court of Claims, Appointed From Illinois, Succumbs to Pneumonia. *April 11-1905*

Special Dispatch to The Inter Ocean.

WASHINGTON, D. C., April 10.—Judge Lawrence Weldon of the Court of Claims died tonight at the Hamilton hotel of pneumonia after an illness of ten days. The wife was with him when he passed away. His son, Lincoln Weldon, of Bloomington, Ill., and Mrs. C. S. Hann of Peoria, his daughter, are on their way here.

Judge Weldon was a contemporary of Lincoln, and belonged to his band of ardent supporters, among whom were David Davis, Ward H. Lamon, Leonard Swett, Milton Hay, and Senator Cullom, of whom Senator Cullom is now the only surviving member.

Shortly before David Davis retired from the Supreme bench he secured the appointment of Judge Weldon to the Court of Claims, which position he held for twenty-one years. Judge Weldon was 76 years old and a native of Ohio. He moved to Clinton, Ill., from Ohio, going to Bloomington thirty-five years ago, where he has maintained his home ever since. He was for years a prominent member of the Bloomington bar. His three most intimate friends are all here in Washington—Vespasian Warner, Senator Cullom, and former Governor Fifer. Colonel Warner will have charge of the funeral arrangements, awaiting the arrival of his son and daughter. Burial will be at Bloomington.

Law Lincoln at Cooper Union

To the New York Herald Tribune:

The writer read the letter of Henry H. Wells on Abraham Lincoln's great speech at Cooper Union, February 27, 1860, and can well remember the President's tall form as he stood before that vast audience who listened to his speech with an impressive attention worthy of its great character. Times were then serious and the feeling of the nation intense.

The next time I saw the Great Emancipator was in his coffin as he lay in state at the City Hall, New York. To say there was a crowd around the entrance from the street gate to the hall park would be drawing it mildly. It was a surging mob. The writer was up near the gate when

he espied a policeman whom he knew very well who assisted him over the fence and put him in line.

The President's remains were seen as he lay in his coffin, his fine face placidly expressing his noble character and his well delineated features, the elevated spirit—that has now taken its upward flight.

Washington and Lincoln! Two great names that have emblazoned their nobility upon historians' imperishable scroll and will stand as characters this great nation can well be proud of

B. A. JESSUP.

Lakehurst, N. J., Feb. 27, 1931.

NY Herald Tribune - 3-3-31

MRS. WENZING'S VERSION.

Lincoln Died in Her Bed, Baltimore
Woman Says.

Special to The New York Times.

BALTIMORE, Oct. 2.—Thomas Proctor, who says Abraham Lincoln died in his bed in Washington, is mistaken, according to Mrs. Pauline Louise Wenzing, 70 years old, who lives in this city. Lincoln, she says, was carried to the home of her father, William Peterson, and laid on her bed, where he died the next morning.

No one so young as Proctor, who was 17 at that time, was in the room, Mrs. Wenzing contends. Even the President's younger son was not admitted, she says.

Mrs. Wenzing, who was 14 years old then, had retired, her room being on the first floor of the house. Her father had gone out and she was alone with a servant, she said.

She was awakened by shouting and a disturbance in front of the theatre, which was directly across Tenth Street from her home. She heard some one call out that the President had been shot, and she left her bed. Then she saw the injured man carried into her home.

President Lincoln was placed on the girl's bed, to avoid carrying him upstairs. The bed was a short one, and the foot of it was broken off so that the tall man could lie on it comfortably. The bed was sold, along with the house, after Mr. Petersen's death.

There was so much uproar, Mrs. Wenzing says, that she does not remember clearly everything that happened. She and the servant got towels and bandages and heated water, with which physicians bathed the President's wound. She got a pair of scissors, she says, with which a doctor cut away the hair from the injury on the left side of Lincoln's head. Soldiers came to guard the house, being stationed at all the doors and windows, and even on the roof.

n y Times
Oct. 3, 1921

MINNEAPOLIS TRIBUNE: TUESDAY FEBRUARY 12 1935

HE KNEW LINCOLN



—By Tribune Staff Photographer.

Reminiscing of childhood days, Benjamin J. West of the Andrews hotel, on Lincoln's birthday, told young William Fraser, 2936 West River road, of meeting Lincoln several times when his father took him to Washington.

West, Judge William H.

SURVIVOR OF DELEGATION.

BELLEFONTAINE, O., ¹⁹⁰⁹ Feb. 9.—
Judge William H. West, the only surviving member of the Ohio delegation which supported Abraham Lincoln for president, was eighty-four years old today. Judge West, who is known throughout the country as the "blind man eloquent," has been in poor health for a number of years. Though blind since early manhood, as the result of a dastardly assault committed by a man who he had aided in convicting, Judge West was for years one of the most successful lawyers in this section of Ohio. His public career likewise was notable. He wrote the first republican editorial ever published in Ohio and after having served in the legislature and as attorney-general he was honored by the republicans in 1877 with the nomination for governor. He is best remembered by the public at large, however, for his speech nominating James G. Blaine for the presidency at the republican national convention in 1884.

**Indiana Woman Dies;
Heard Lincoln Debates**

Crawfordsville, Ind., Dec. 13.—
(Special)—Mrs. Mary Jane Westfall, 90 years old, who heard the Lincoln-Douglas debates as a child in Illinois, died today at her home in New Richmond.

Mrs. Westfall was the widow of Job Westfall, a Montgomery county veteran of the Civil War. Surviving are two sons.

Indiana 1941

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DRAWER 25

REMINISCENCES

