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## EVERY-DAY LIFE OF Abraham Lincoln.

By FRANCIS F. BROWNE.  
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The Spring of 1832 brought a new turn in Lincoln's career. Mr. O'Bruff's trading enterprise ended disastrously. The store was shut up, the mill was closed, and Lincoln was out of business. The year had been one of great advances in many respects. He had made new and valuable acquaintances, read many books, mastered



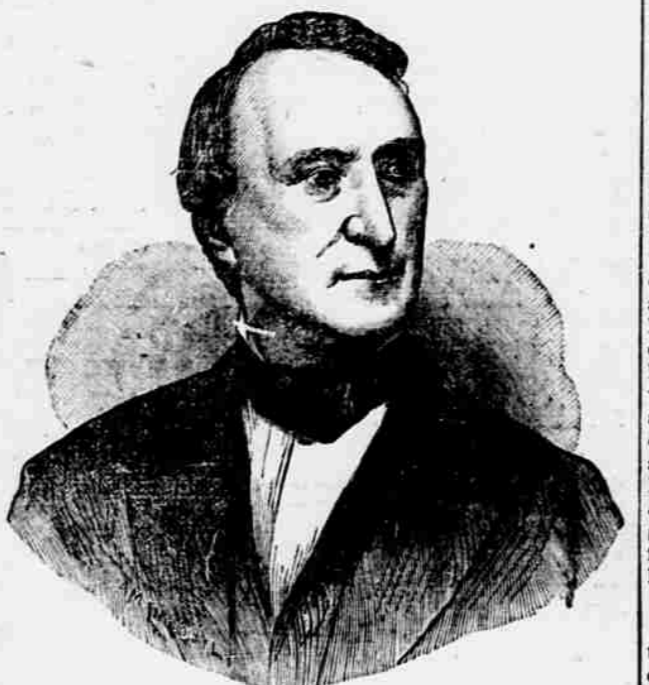
THE SPRING OF 1832 BROUGHT A NEW TURN IN LINCOLN'S CAREER. MR. O'BUFF'S TRADING ENTERPRISE ENDED DISASTROUSLY. THE STORE WAS SHUT UP, THE MILL WAS CLOSED, AND LINCOLN WAS OUT OF BUSINESS. THE YEAR HAD BEEN ONE OF GREAT ADVANCES IN MANY RESPECTS. HE HAD MADE NEW AND VALUABLE ACQUAINTANCES, READ MANY BOOKS, MASTERED

some of these companies. He had the best opportunities to observe the merits of Capt. Lincoln, and testifies that Lincoln was exceedingly popular among the soldiers, in consequence of his excellent care of the men in his command, his never-failing good nature, and his ability to tell more stories and better ones than any man in the service. He was popular also among these hardy men on account of his great physical strength. For several years after the Black Hawk war Mr. Lincoln retained his military title, and was usually addressed as "Capt. Lincoln." But this in time was discontinued. Stuart's title of "Major," on the contrary, adhered to him through life; he was best known as "Major Stuart" down to the time of his death, which occurred early in the winter of 1888.

LINCOLN AS A PRIVATE SOLDIER. The time for which Capt. Lincoln's company enlisted soon ran by; but, the trouble with the Indians not being ended, Gov. Reynolds called for a second body of volunteers. Lincoln again responded, and was enrolled as a private in the independent company commanded by Elijah Iles, of Springfield. A note of this occurrence, made in 1868, by Capt. Iles, contains the following statement: "The term of Gov. Reynolds's first call being about to expire, he made a second call, and the first was discontinued. I was elected a Captain of one of the companies. I had as members of my company Gen. James D. Henry, John T. Stuart, and A. Lincoln, and we were mustered into service on the 29th of May, 1832, at the mouth of Fox River, now Ottawa, by Lieut. Robert Anderson, Assistant Inspector-General in the United States Army. We reported to Col. Zachary Taylor at Dixon's Ferry (now Rock River). Mr. Lincoln remained with the company to the close of the war."

A MEETING OF NOTABLE MEN. While Mr. Lincoln was a member of Capt. Iles's company there met one day, in camp on Rock River, near the site of Dixon, Lieut.-Col. Zachary Taylor, Lieut. Jefferson Davis, Lieut. Robert Anderson, and Private Abraham Lincoln. Lincoln and Anderson did not meet again till some time in 1861, after Maj. Anderson had evacuated Fort Sumter. He then visited Washington, and called at the White House to pay his respects to the President. After having expressed his thanks to Anderson for his conduct in South Carolina, Mr. Lincoln said: "Major, do you remember ever meeting me before?" "No, Mr. President, I have no recollection of ever having had the pleasure before." "My memory is better than yours," said Mr. Lincoln. "You mustered me into the service of the United States, in 1832, at Dixon's Ferry, in the Black Hawk war."

WRESTLING MATCHES IN CAMP. Wrestling was an every-day amusement in Illinois in those days, and was a favorite diversion of the soldiers of the Black Hawk war. Lincoln had, it is said, only one superior in the whole army. His old friend and military comrade, W. G. Greene, relates that one day, while lying in camp near Rock Island, "the boys got up a wrestling match, and pitched Lincoln against a famous athlete and wrestler by the name of Dow Thompson, from Union County, Ill. We Sangamon County boys believed Mr. Lincoln could throw any one, and the Union County boys knew no one could throw Thompson; so we staked all our slick and well-worn quarters and empty bottles in Thompson's favor; the second fall was rather in Thompson's favor, but Lincoln's backers claimed that it was what in those days was called a "dog-fall." Thompson's backers claimed the stakes, while we demurred; and it really looked for some time as though there would be at least a hundred fights as the result. Mr. Lincoln, after getting up and brushing the dust and dirt off his jeans pants, said: 'Boys, give up your bets; if he has not thrown me fairly, he could.' Every bet was at once surrendered, and peace and order were restored in a minute. During the rebellion, in 1861, I had occasion to see Mr. Lincoln in his office at Washington, and after having recalled many of our early



MAJ. JOHN T. STUART.

recollections, he said: "Bill, what ever became of our old antagonist, Thompson, that big curly-headed fellow who threw me at Rock Island?" I replied I did not know, and wondered why he asked. He playfully remarked that if he knew where he was living he would give him a post-office, by way of showing him that he bore no ill-will." LINCOLN'S MILITARY RECORD. Mr. Lincoln displayed the same courage and fidelity in performing the duties of a soldier that had marked his conduct in all other relations of life. Father Dixon, the guide, who was attached to Capt. Iles's company of mounted rangers, remarks that in their marches, when scouts were sent forward to examine thickets and ravines where the enemy might be lurking, it often became necessary for many of the men to dismount and attend to their riding gear. When Lincoln was desired for such service his "saddle was always in order." During the contest between Gen. Lewis Cass and Gen. Zachary Taylor for the Presidency, in

## THE ADVENTURES of a CONSCRIPT.

By W. H. YOUNCE, Late 58th N. C. (COPYRIGHT, 1899, BY THE AUTHOR.)

THE AUTHOR WAS A BOY OF 18, living in the southwestern corner of Virginia, and was conscripted in the Confederate army. In the previous chapter he narrates the circumstances attending an attempt to desert his regiment, and escape to the Union lines with a party of other conscripts. After several days wandering in the mountains one of the party was taken with an improved bed of leaves and covered with bark. The chapter opens with the renewal of the journey after the abandonment of the sick man and his brother in the mountains.

And I have never known what became of these brothers—whether they were captured or died. I have often wished I did know, for I will never forget that sad parting. We had eaten nothing during the day, and after we left these two comrades we began to look out for something to eat, but it seemed that fate was against us. We found no house that we thought would be safe. Night came on; we crossed the valley east of us, ascended the mountain again, and in the aftermath of the night lay down on the ground and slept till daylight when we again resumed our journey.

We were aware that Ashby's Confederate cavalry was in camp in the valley east of us. From our position on the mountain we could see their camp. Our purpose was to get around them. Of course, their presence made us more cautious. We followed the summit of the mountain until about noon, when we saw a house at the head of a little valley on the east side of the mountain, and after taking in the situation, we decided to stop at the first house we came to; that we would all go together, and let them be fried or foe, we would get something to eat, and that every man would die before we would be captured. With this understanding we began to look for a house. Finally we came to a place a short distance from the main road in a grove of forest trees. We all went together. We told them we were cold and hungry, and asked them to allow us to warm and dry ourselves, and give us something to eat. They received us kindly and invited us in the house.

We had been in the house but a few moments when we found they were good Union people. We then told them our story—that we were trying to make our escape from the rebel army. The good woman at once went to work and prepared a splendid breakfast for us, while a good-sized boy stood guard some distance from

the house, in order to give an alarm should any soldiers approach. After we had eaten our breakfast and warmed and dried

ourself, we were very much refreshed. We insisted on paying these good people for their kindness, but they refused to take anything, and when we were ready to start the old man, taking each one by the hand, asked God to bless and protect us. The boy went with us five or six miles to pilot us by the safest paths and out of the way of the soldiers that were prowling through the country.

This was on Friday, and we had been out just two weeks. Our purpose was to get to the Holston River that day, and cross it at night. It was a dark, foggy day, and about noon we thought we were in the vicinity of the river. We went down into a dark, deep wood between the hills, built a fire, and sat by it all afternoon, waiting for night to come to cross the river.

It was just inside its banks—a muddy, ugly, turbulent stream,—and the only way to cross was to find a canoe or flatboat, of which there were many along the river, if we could be fortunate enough to find one anchored on our side. As soon as it was light enough to see we crossed the open bottoms that lay along the river, and started up the stream with the hope of finding a canoe or something on which we could cross. We had traveled two or three miles up the west bank, when, some distance further up, we saw two or three men in a canoe crossing over to the east bank. We hallowed at them, and endeavored to attract their attention, but failed to make them hear. We watched them land on the opposite bank and enter a two-story frame residence that stood near the river. We walked on as rapidly as we could, and about the time we got to the landing the colored man who had gone over with the canoe returned.

A VERY NARROW ESCAPE. We asked him if he would take us over, to which he replied that he would. All the boys got in the canoe except Jones and I. It would not carry us all, and the old negro would have to return for us.

While we were waiting for him to return three Confederate cavalrymen rode up, dismounted, and hitched their horses. They said they would go over with us. We all got aboard, the old darky shoved us from the shore, and we started over. The soldiers said they belonged to Gen. Marshall's Brigade, and that their Colonel and Mr. Lyons, who lived on the bank of the river, had just gone over before them, and that Lyons was an enrolling officer. We had found Marshall's Brigade when we were not looking for it, and the next thing for us to do was to get away from it. Had we made ourselves heard or attracted attention of that Colonel and Lyons, there is no doubt but we would have been captured or killed. The soldiers who crossed with Jones and I treated us quite unsuspectingly, asked if we were going home on furlough; to which we answered in the affirmative. When we landed we were not more than 50 yards from the house which the soldiers entered. Fortunately no one in the house, apparently, saw us.

We started east on the main road, running perhaps a mile before it entered a wood along the base of a mountain. We soon reached those woods, when we at once left the road and sought refuge in the mountains. After traveling for some distance, until we felt perfectly safe, we sat down to rest and recount the scenes and dangers of the morning. We fully realized that we had run a great risk, and had a very narrow escape.

This was on Saturday, Feb. 25, and it began to rain in the afternoon. We had nothing to eat during the day, and were very hungry, as well as tired, but we traveled on till about night, when we came to a log cabin beside the little road we were following.

We believed it would be safe to remain there over night if the family who lived there were Union people, and we felt sure they were. We entered the house all to-



"THREE CONFEDERATE CAVALRYMEN DROVE UP."

gether, told them we were wet and hungry, wanted something to eat, and they very kindly took us in, prepared supper for us, and the old gentleman built a fire out of logs in an old-fashioned fireplace. We found them, as we had expected, good Union people. After we had eaten our supper, the old man assured us we were perfectly safe, and they spread a lot of quilts and comforts on the floor in front of the fire for us to lie on. I am sure I never slept sounder or rested better in all my life than I did that night.

We arose next morning quite early, in order to have breakfast prepared by daylight. Our clothes had dried, and we felt very much refreshed. After breakfast the old gentleman instructed us as to the best and safest route, and we again resumed our journey. (To be continued.)

TWO REASONS FOR THANKFULNESS. Deacon Black—'Dis ain't no prussical queechurn, but a mean stroke a chicking an it prounch fo' him to say grace before he eat it.' Deacon Johnson—'Shuah! Ain't he got two reasons to thank God for de chicking an' not gettin' eatid?' (To be continued.)

(Continued on seventh page.)