



1809—Abraham Lincoln—1865

EMANCIPATION

The Comforter
A Story of President Lincoln
Founded on Fact

By F. A. MITCHEL

When the great struggle between the Northern and Southern states came on Allan Fitz Hugh, twelve years old, was at school in Virginia. He was a boy of delicate physique, but was full of fire, and, hearing that Abraham Lincoln was coming southward at the head of an armed force, was much troubled because he was too young to shoulder a musket and repel the invader. He found it difficult during those exciting times to attend to his studies, and had it not been for the influence of his mother, whom he dearly loved, he could not have been kept at school at all.

In those days the passion attending war ran high on both sides. The songs, the gibes, the speeches and what was written concerning the great struggle were very bitter and usually far from the truth. In the North it was "We'll hang Jeff Davis on a sour apple tree," and in the South President Lincoln was called "the baboon." The Northern schoolboy conceived the idea that President Davis was an ogre, not realizing that he was an educated gentleman, had commanded a regiment of United States troops in the war with Mexico, had been a United States senator and secretary of war. The Southern schoolboy considered President Lincoln a wild man from the Western woods who delighted in bloodshed. Children whose minds are not developed must concentrate upon one head in any movement in which they are interested. So Allan's thoughts dwelt upon Mr. Lincoln, embodying the great president with his idea of the hated "yankees."

When Allan was fifteen he begged his mother to let him go to fight for the Confederacy. Naturally she clung to her son, and the matter was compromised between them in this wise: If the war was not over in another year Allan was to enlist with his mother's consent. Many boys of his age, both in the North and in the South, broke away from parental restraint and enlisted without permission. Food for powder was in demand, and the recruiting officers often winked at the fact that the recruits were under age. But Allan was his mother's only child, and, being of an extremely affectionate disposition, the bond between them was doubly strong.

So Allan continued at his studies, though he read more about the battles that were being fought than the subjects treated in his textbooks. He lived in Richmond, and at one time had listened to the roar of the cannon during the seven days' battles that had been fought between Lee and McClellan. His admiration for soldiers wore away some of his bitterness against the federal generals, but President Lincoln was still the embodiment of his repugnance for the Northern people. The two heads—Davis of the Confederacy and Lincoln of the federal Union—throughout the war continued to represent the bitter antagonism felt by either side.

In the early spring of 1865 Allan Fitz Hugh came to be sixteen years of age, and his mother reluctantly consented to his doing his part to fill the gaps in the Southern States made by Northern misdeeds. At the time

came for him to leave his mother he was seized with a foreboding that he would not see her again. It is questionable which suffered the more at parting, mother or son.

Allan enlisted in time to take part in one of the last battles of the war. He saw a dark line of blue on the edge of a wood behind earthworks. With the Confederate line of battle he moved toward it. Suddenly a storm burst in his face. He felt himself collapse and sank down on the ground. His companions in arms went on, but were soon driven back and over him, leaving him there with a stream of blood flowing from his side.

Later he was picked up by a federal ambulance corps and placed on a stretcher. He believed himself to be dying, and, oh, how terrible not to be able to bid his mother good-by!



"What Can I Do for You, My Boy?"

"Mother!" he cried. "Oh, mother!" A tall, spare man in citizen's apparel heard the wail and directed the carrier to put down the stretcher and, kneeling beside it, asked tenderly: "What can I do for you, my boy?" "You are a Yankee. You will do nothing for me. I wish to send a message to my mother, but it will never reach her."

"Give me your message, and I promise you that I will send it for you." The next morning Mrs. Fitz Hugh heard of the battle and knew that her son had been in it. While she was wondering what might have been his fate a man rode up to her and gave her a message stating that it had come by flag of truce.

Starting for the front at once, the anxious mother succeeded in bringing her boy home. He hovered for some time between life and death, then began slowly to recover. Not long after this Richmond was evacuated by the Confederates, and President Lincoln went down there from Washington. When he was riding through the street on which the Fitz Hughs lived Allan was propped up in an easy chair on pillows, and his mother pointed out Mr. Lincoln to him.

"Oh, mother!" exclaimed the boy. "What is it, Allan?" "He's the man who comforted me when I was carried off that dreadful battlefield, and he sent you my message."

**America's
Martyred
President**

1809—Born in Hardin county, Kentucky, February 12. He was descended from a Quaker family, which had emigrated from Virginia about 1780.

1816—Removed with his family from Kentucky to Indiana.

1830—Removed to Illinois, where during the next few years he followed various occupations, including those of a farm laborer, a merchant and a surveyor.

1836—Admitted to the bar and began the practice of law in Springfield.

1842—Served as a captain and afterward as a private in the Black Hawk war.

1844—Elected to the Illinois legislature as a Whig and served eight years.

1847—Elected to congress on the Whig ticket.

1858—As Republican candidate for the United States senate he engaged in a series of joint debates throughout Illinois with the Democratic candidate, Stephen A. Douglas.

1860—Elected president of the United States on the Republican ticket, the disunion of the Democratic party giving him an easy victory.

1861—On April 15, two days after the fall of Fort Sumter, he issued a call for 75,000 volunteers, and the control of events passed from the cabinet to the camp.

1861—April 19, proclaimed a blockade of Southern ports.

1862—September 22, issued a proclamation emancipating all slaves in states or parts of states, which should be in rebellion on January 1, 1863.

1864—Re-elected president by the Republican party, defeating Geo. B. McClellan, candidate of the Democratic party.

1865—Entered Richmond with the Federal army on April 4, two days after that city had been evacuated by the Confederates.

1865—Shot by John Wilkes Booth on April 14, and died the following day. Buried at Springfield, Ill.

Every man is said to have his peculiar ambition. Whether it be true or not, I can say for one, that I have no other so great as that of being truly esteemed of my fellow men, by rendering myself worthy of their esteem.—Lincoln.

**Gettysburg Speech
Called Marvel of
Poetic Splendor**

Lincoln's undying Gettysburg address has been put into the new poetic style by Dr. Marion Mills Miller, who finds that "the speech is as perfect a poem as ever was written, and even in the minor qualities of artistic language—rhythm and cadence, phonetic euphony, rhetorical symbolism, and that subtle reminiscence of a great literary and spiritual inheritance, the Bible, which stands to us as Homer did to the ancients—it excels the finest gem to be found in poetic cabinets from the Greek anthology downward." Dr. Miller's interesting "poetic" presentation of the address follows:

Fourscore and seven years ago
Our fathers brought forth on this continent
A new nation,
Conceived in liberty,
And dedicated to the proposition
That all men are created equal.

Now we are engaged in a great civil war,
Testing whether that nation,
Or any nation so conceived and so dedicated,
Can long endure.
We are met on a great battlefield of that war.
We have come to dedicate a portion of that field

As a final resting-place
For those who here gave their lives
That that nation might live.
It is altogether fitting and proper
That we should do this.

But in a larger sense,
We can not dedicate—
We can not consecrate—
We can not hallow—
This ground.
The brave men, living and dead,
Who struggled here
Have consecrated it far above our poor

power
To add or detract
The world will little note nor long remember
What we say here,
But it can never forget
What they did here.
It is for us, the living, rather
To be dedicated here to the unfinished work
Which they who fought here have 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.

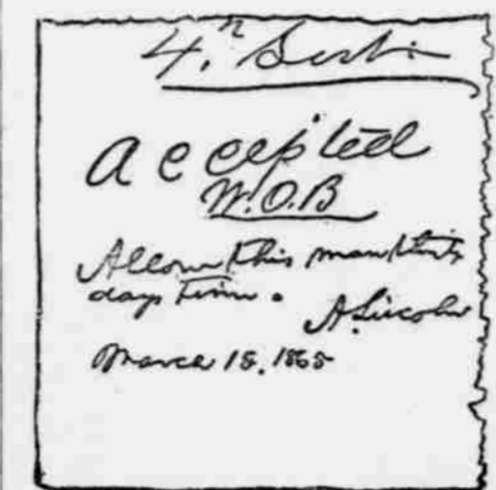
That we here highly resolve
That these dead shall not have died in vain;
That this nation, under God,
Shall have a new birth of freedom;
And that government of the people,
By the people, and for the people
Shall not perish from the earth.

PATHOS IN THIS DOCUMENT

**Soldier's Leave of Thirty Days,
Granted by Lincoln, Was Also
His Allotted Time.**

Here is a photograph of a memorandum signed by Abraham Lincoln. It is dated March 15, 1865 (in his own handwriting), and, likewise in his own hand, says, "Allow this man thirty days' time."

The indorsement is of an application by a soldier for thirty days' leave. But the most striking point about it is that it exactly named the time that, as the event showed, was left for Mr. Lincoln himself to remain on earth. He was assassinated just thirty days later.



LINCOLN'S GOOD OLD FRIEND

Perfect Courtesy of America's Great Son Shown in His Treatment of "Aunt Sally."

After Lincoln's election to the presidency an old woman, whom he called "Aunt Sally," came from New Salem to say good-by to "Abe" before he "went to Washington to be president." The president-elect was standing in the room placed at his disposal in the old state capitol talking with two men of national renown when the old woman entered, shy and embarrassed. He saw her at once and walked across the room to meet his old friend. Taking both her hands in his, he led her to the seat of honor and presented his distinguished visitors to her, putting her quite at ease by saying: "Gentlemen, this is a good old friend of mine. She can make the best flapjacks you ever tasted, for she has baked them for me many a time."

A Few Facts About Lincoln.
He knew the value of a merry jest and a hearty laugh.

He was simple in manner, dress and bearing, but was big of heart and brain.

He was too great a nature to care one way or another about his necessity. The living generation was of vital importance to him.

He did not advocate war for his own glorification, but to liberate human beings from slavery. All men were his brothers and his equals before his Creator.

**Lincoln's Fine Tribute
to Bereaved Mother**

At this time, above all times, when our thoughts revert to the man by many considered the greatest president that our country has had, we are proud to publish a letter written by him to a bereaved mother. It went from the heart to the heart, and its message still stirs the soul of motherhood.

The letter was this:

Executive Mansion
Washington, Nov. 21, 1864.
To Mrs. Bisby, Boston, Mass.
Dear Madam,
I have been shown in the files of the War Department a statement of the Assistant General of Massachusetts that you are the mother of five sons who have died gloriously on the field of battle. I feel how weak and fruitless must be any word of mine which should attempt to lighten you from the grief of a loss so overwhelming. But I cannot refrain from tendering you the consolation that may be found in the thanks of the Republic they died to save. I pray that our Heavenly Father may assuage the anguish of your bereavement, and leave you only the cherished memory of the loved and lost, and the solemn promise that must be yours to have said so truly a sacrifice upon the altar of freedom.
Yours very sincerely and respectfully,
Abraham Lincoln.

Is it any wonder that this famous letter is still hanging on the walls of Brasenose college, Oxford university, England, as a model of pure and exquisite English and as a compelling expression of a great heart and mind?

WOMEN LOVED BY LINCOLN

**Loss of One of Them in Early Youth
Cast a Lifelong Shadow Across
His Heart.**

There was a wild rose slip of a girl in a blue sunbonnet, with whom he walked the lanes of his homespun days. There was a clever, cultured woman, whose brilliant intellect lighted his ascending way in the Illinois legislature. And there was the belle of the gay social set at Springfield, who fluttered across his pathway as it led to Washington. One he loved, and one he tried to, and one he married. These were the women that he courted. They loved Lincoln. To them the greatest American was far nearer than a lofty figure on a high pedestal. They heard his heart beat!

These were the women that loved Lincoln. One of them today lies near the banks of the Sangamon where he loved her. To the last there was with him the long, long sorrow of her loss that cast its shadow across his heart in youth. As late as 1864 he pushed aside state papers in the executive mansion at Washington to talk of her late in the night to a friend who had come from back home. One rests peacefully in a little cemetery at Pleasant Ridge, Ill. The mother of five children, her tombstone reads: "Mary Owens Vineyard." One lies at his side in the great mausoleum in Springfield, where the state keeps her bier and his heaped with fresh, fragrant flowers. When an assassin's bullet took his life, the American people mourned a great president. She mourned a great husband.—Delineator.

The way for a young man to rise is to improve himself every way he can, never suspecting that anybody wishes to hinder him.—Lincoln.

Election Incident.

Lincoln was a clever politician and never hesitated when president to play trumps in a crisis.

Colonel A. K. McClure said that he told Lincoln he couldn't carry Pennsylvania in 1864 on the home vote unless he furloughed 10,000 Pennsylvania soldiers and sent them back here to vote. Lincoln hesitated only a moment and then requested both Meade and Sheridan to send 5,000 troops into Pennsylvania for the election, which was done.

McClure's prediction was evidently correct, as Lincoln, even with the 10,000 troops voting here, carried Pennsylvania by only 5,712. To this plurality was added some 14,000 as the result of Pennsylvania soldiers voting in the field.—Philadelphia Ledger.

Lincoln's Stories.

It seems probable that some of Lincoln's stories, genuine though we may believe them to be, were current before his time; for instance, the one with the Kentucky flavor referring to the brand of whisky which General Grant's enemies protested he used with too much freedom. Lincoln disclaimed this story in my hearing, stating that King George III. of England was said to have remarked, when he was told that General Wolfe, then in command of the English army in Canada, was mad, that he wished Wolfe would bite some of his other generals.—From "Lincoln in the Telegraph Office."

HASTENED TO INFORM WIFE

"Mary, We Are Elected," Was Lincoln's Form of Telling Helpmeet the Good News.

Perhaps one of the most characteristic of the Lincoln anecdotes may be revived with timeliness. On the night of his first election the little "frame" home of the Lincolns in Springfield, Ill., was thronged with eager neighbors and friends. Reports for a while came in early and favorably. Then they were less promising. The crowd dwindled. Then came the news that Lincoln had carried the country. The rest of the story will better be told by that great man himself. "When there was no longer any doubt, or reason for doubt," he related afterward, "I went up to my bedroom and found my wife asleep. I gently touched her shoulder and said, 'Mary!' She made no answer. 'I spoke again a little louder, saying, 'Mary! Mary! we are elected!'"

Stand with anybody that stands right. Stand with him while he is right and part with him when he goes wrong.—Lincoln.

The PERFECT SERVICE



[When Abraham Lincoln, as a boy, first came in contact with the institution of slavery, he remarked: "If I ever get a chance I am going to knock that thing, and knock it hard."]

To one of station lowly
And far removed from fame
In early youth a holy
Prophetic vision came.

He cherished well the vision
That nursed the germ of truth;
In spite of men's derision;
In spite of waning youth.

When sacrifice was needed
He gave, nor grudged the gift;
And as the years receded
He saw the darkness lift.

The fogs that clouded reason
Were scattered by the light
And what before was treason
Grew sacred in men's sight.

His memory, without equal,
Lies in our hearts enshrined;
For he, so runs the sequel,
Serves best, who serves mankind.

