

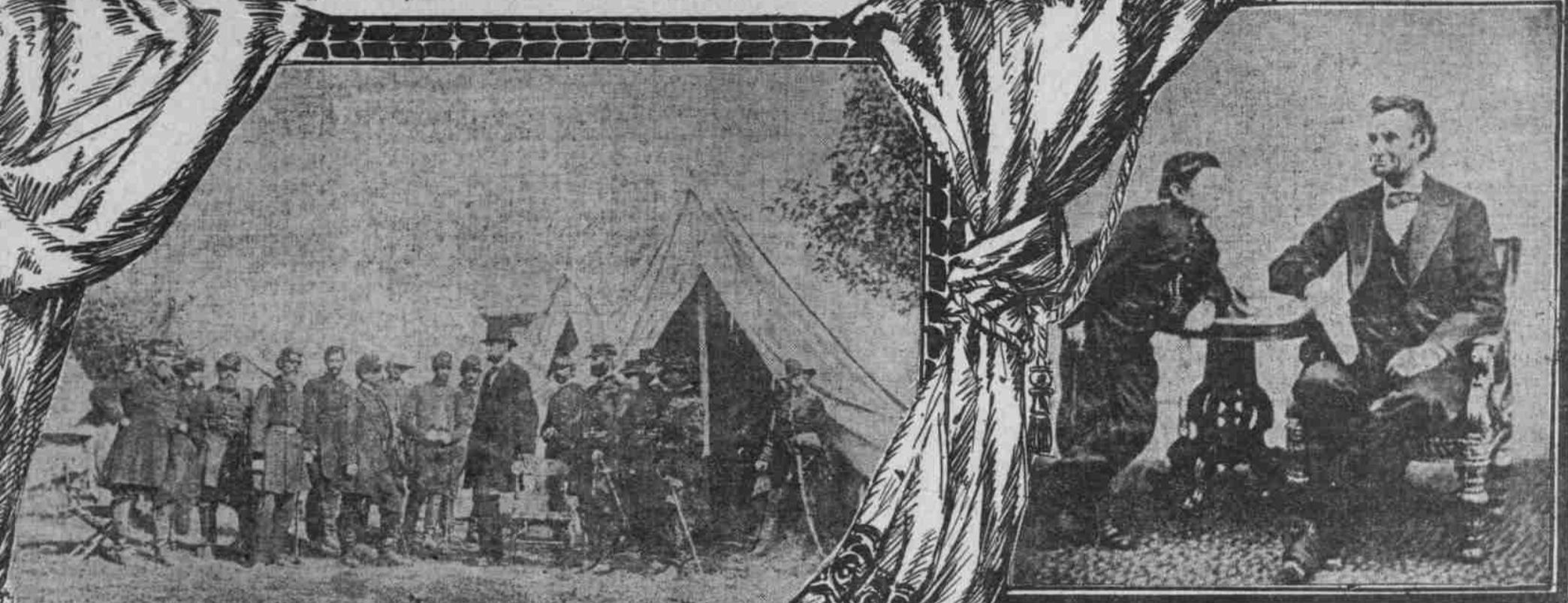
HOW LINCOLN WAS THE SOLDIER'S FRIEND

"FATHER ABRAHAM" by IDA M. TARBELL

PERSONAL FRIEND OF EVERY BOY HE SENT TO THE FRONT HE WATCHED OVER THEM WITH PATERNAL CARE ...



LINCOLN IN 1861. THIS IS ACCOUNTED ABOUT THE TRUEST PORTRAIT OF LINCOLN EVER MADE



FAMOUS PHOTOGRAPH OF LINCOLN AND HIS SON TAD

MR. LINCOLN, GEN. McCLELLAN AND THE GENERALS OF THE ARMY OF THE POTOMAC AT ANTIETAM SEPT. 1863



HOW LINCOLN HELPED THE SOLDIERS



LINCOLN, ON HIS VISIT TO THE CONFEDERATE CAPITAL, FROM A WAR TIME DRAWING



LINCOLN AT ANTIETAM WITH ROBERT PINKERTON ON THE RIGHT AND GEN. McCLELLAN

This is the first of a series of articles by Ida M. Tarbell, the well-known historian, on the human side of Abraham Lincoln. As the time approaches for the celebration of the great President's centenary next February, no biographical sketches can compare with these in interest for Americans. Especially do they commend themselves to the youth of the land. These articles, illustrated by hundreds of rare photographs of priceless value, will be published for several weeks in The Sunday Oregonian. Each is complete in itself.

be done if he could only get to the President, he had slipped into the White House, and by chance met Lincoln, who listened to his story and gave him this note.

Lincoln and "Cussing" Soldier.

Many applications reached Lincoln as he passed to and from the White House and the War Department. It was, no doubt, as he crossed the park that he saw the "colored man with one leg" designated in a check signed by him, and after listening to his story, gave him the money to help him out of his trouble.

A. W. Swan, of Albuquerque, N. M., relates a pleasing incident that fell under his own eye between Lincoln and a soldier in this same path between the White House and the War Department:

"In company with a gentleman, I was on the way to the War Department one day. Our way led through a small park between the White House and the War Department building. As we entered this park we noticed Mr. Lincoln just ahead of us, and meeting him a private soldier who was evidently in a violent passion, as he was swearing in a high key, cursing the government from the President down. Mr. Lincoln paused as he met the irate soldier, and asked him what was the matter. 'Matter enough,' was the reply. 'I want my money. I have been discharged here, and can't get my pay.' Mr. Lincoln asked if he had his papers, saying that he used to practice law in a small way and possibly could help him. My friend and I stepped behind some convenient shrubbery where we could watch the result. Mr. Lincoln took the papers from the hands of the crippled soldier, and sat down with him at the foot of a convenient tree, where he examined them carefully, and writing a line on the back, told the soldier to take them to Mr. Potts, Chief Clerk of the War Department, who would doubtless attend to the matter at once. After Mr. Lincoln had left the soldier, we stepped out and asked him if he knew whom he had been talking with. 'Some ugly old fellow who pretends to be a lawyer,' was the reply. My companion asked to see the papers, and on their being handed to him, pointed to the indorsement they had received. This indorsement read: 'Mr. Potts, attend to this man's case at once and see that he gets his pay. A. L.' The initials were too familiar with men in position to know them to be ignored. We went with the soldier, who had just returned from Liberty Prison and had been given a hospital certificate for discharge, to see Mr. Potts, and before the Paymaster's office was closed for the day he had received his discharge and check for the money due him, he in the meantime not knowing whether to be the more pleased or sorry to think he had cursed 'Abe Lincoln' to his face.

The Company That Guarded Lincoln

"When we entered the city, Mr. Lincoln's soldiers were, of course, transferred to the White House. The body of soldiers, only the half-way house between North and South. The only body of soldiers with which the President had long association was Company K of the One Hundred and Fiftieth Pennsylvania Volunteers. This company, raised in Crawford County, in Northwestern Pennsylvania, reached Washington in the first days of September, 1862. September 6, Captain D. V. Derickson, of Meadville, Pennsylvania, who was in command of the company, received orders to march his men to the Soldiers' Home, to act there

as a guard to the President, who was occupying a cottage in the grounds. The next morning after our arrival," says Mr. Derickson, "the President sent a messenger to my quarters, stating that he would like to see the Captain of the guard at his residence. I immediately reported. After an informal introduction and hand-shaking, he asked me if I would have any objection to riding with him to the city. I replied that it would give me much pleasure to do so, when he invited me to take a seat in the carriage. On our way to the city, he made numerous inquiries, as to my name, where I came from, what regiment I belonged to, etc.

"When we entered the city, Mr. Lincoln said he would call at General Halleck's headquarters and get what news had been received from the Army during the night. I informed him that General Callum, chief aid to General Halleck, was raised in Meadville and that I knew him when I was a boy. He replied, 'Then we must see both the gentlemen.' When the carriage stopped, he requested me to remain seated and said he would bring the gentlemen down to see me, the office being on the second floor. In a short time the President came down, followed by the other gentlemen. When he introduced them to me, General Callum recognized me and seemed pleased to see me. General Halleck I thought I discovered a kind of quizzical look, as much as to say, 'Isn't this rather a big joke to ask the Commander-in-Chief of the Army down to the street to be introduced for any other purpose. I did not report the next morning. During the day I was informed that it was the desire of the President that I should breakfast with him and accompany him to the White House every morning, and return with him in the evening. This duty I entered upon with much pleasure, and was on hand in good time next morning, and continued to perform this duty until we moved to the White House in November. It was Mr. Lincoln's custom on account of the pressure of business to breakfast before the other members of the family were up, and I usually entered his room over and interview the new captain as he came down to breakfast, with him and I often found him reading the Bible or some work on the art of war. On my entering he would read aloud and offer comments of his own as he read.

"I usually went down to the city at 4 o'clock and returned with the President at 6. He often carried a small portfolio containing papers relating to the business

of the day, and spent many hours on them in the evening. I found Mr. Lincoln to be one of the most kind-hearted and pleasant gentlemen that I had ever met. He never spoke unkindly of any one, and always spoke of the rebels as 'those Southern gentlemen.'

Lincoln's Delight in Camp Fun.

This relation begun with the Captain. The President extended to every man of his company. It was their pride that he knew every one of them by name. 'He always called me Joe,' I heard a veteran of the guard say, 'a quaver in his voice. He never passed the men on duty without acknowledging their salute, and often visited their camp. Once in passing when the men were at mess, he called out: 'That coffee smells good, boys; give me a cup.' And on another occasion he asked for a plate of beans, and sat down on a camp-stool and ate them. Mrs. Lincoln frequently visited the company with the President, and many a merry gift to the White House larder from enthusiastic supporters of the Administration was sent to the boys—now a barrel of apple butter, now a quarter of beef. On holidays Mrs. Lincoln made it a rule to provide Company K with a turkey dinner. The welfare of the men, their troubles, occupations, amusements, were treated by the President as a kind of family matter. He never forgot to ask after the sick, often secured a pass or a furlough for some one, and took genuine delight in the camp fun.

"While we were in camp at the Soldiers' Home in the Fall of 1862," says C. M. Derickson, of Mercer, Pa., "the boys indulged in various kinds of amusement. I think it was the Kepler boys who introduced the trained elephant. Two men of about the same size, both in a stooped position, were placed one ahead of the other. An army blanket was then thrown over them so that it came about to their knees, and a trunk, improvised by wrapping a piece of blanket around a small elastic piece of wood, was placed in the hands of the front man. Here you have your elephant. Ours was taught to get down on his knees, stand on one leg, and do various other tricks. While the elephant was going through his exercises one evening, the President strolled into camp. He was very much amused at the wonderful feats the elephant could perform, and a few evenings after he called again and brought a friend with him, and asked the Captain if he would not have the elephant brought out again, as he would like to have his friend see him perform. Of course he was done, to the great amusement of both the President and his friend."

pital. Even in going to his Summer cottage, at the Soldiers' Home, the President did not escape the sight of the wounded. The rolling hillsides were dotted with white hospital tents during the entire war. In many places the tents were placed close to the road, so as to get more air, the grounds being more thickly wooded than they are now. As he drove home, after a harrowing day in the White House, the President frequently looked from his carriage upon the very beds of wounded soldiers.

In 1862 Mr. Lincoln called Dr. D. Willard Bliss from the field to Washington to aid in organizing a more perfect system of general hospitals in and about the city. One result of Dr. Bliss' coming was the building of Armory Square Hospital, one of the best conducted institutions of the Civil War. Lincoln gave his personal attention to the building of Armory Square, and for a long time met Dr. Bliss twice each week to consider the ingenious appliances which the latter devised to aid in caring for and treating the wounded.

Some of these appliances the President paid for out of his own pocket. Not infrequently he had some suggestion to make for the comfort of the place. It was due to him that Armory Square became a bower of vine and bloom in the summer. 'Why don't you plant flower seeds?' he asked Dr. Bliss one day. The doctor said he would if he had the seeds. 'I'll order them for you from the Agricultural Department,' replied the President, and sure enough he did; and thereafter, all through the season, each of the long barracks had its own flower bed and vines.

The President himself visited the hospitals as often as he could, visits never forgotten by the men to whom he spoke as he passed up and down the wards, shaking hands here, giving a cheering word there, making jocular comments

everywhere. There are men still living who tell of a little scene they witnessed at Armory Square in 1862. A soldier of the One Hundred and Fortieth regiment, Pennsylvania Volunteers, had been wounded in the shoulder at the battle of Chancellorsville and taken to Washington. One day as he was becoming convalescent a whisper ran down the long row of cots that the President was in the building and would soon pass by. Instantly every boy in blue who was able arose, stood erect, hands to the side, ready to salute his commander-in-chief. The Pennsylvanian stood six feet seven inches in his stockings. Lincoln was six feet four. As the President approached this giant towering above him, he stopped in amazement, and casting his eyes from head to foot and from foot to head, as if contemplating the immense distance from one extremity to the other, he stood for a moment speechless. At length, extending his hand, he exclaimed: 'Hello, comrade; do you know when your rest got cold?'

Lincoln rarely forgot a patient whom he saw a second time, and to stubborn cases that remained from month to month he gave particular attention. There was in Armory Square Hospital for a long time a boy known as 'Little Johnnie.' He was hopelessly crippled—doomed to death, but cheerful, and a general favorite. Lincoln never failed to stop at 'Little Johnnie's' cot when he went to Armory Square and frequently sent him fruit and flowers and a friendly message through Mrs. Lincoln.

"You Mean Confederates."

Of all the incidents told of Lincoln's hospital visits, there is nothing more characteristic, better worth preservation, than the one following, preserved by Dr. Jerome Walker, of Brooklyn: 'Just one week before his assassina-

tion, President Lincoln visited the Army of the Potomac, at City Point, Virginia, and carefully examined the hospital arrangements of the Ninth, Sixth, Fifth, Second and Sixteenth corps hospitals and of the engineer corps, then stationed. At that time I was an agent of the United States Sanitary Commission attached to the Ninth Corps Hospital. Though a boy of 19 years, to me was assigned the duty of escorting the President through our department of the hospital system. The reader can imagine the pride with which I fulfilled the duty, and as we went from tent to tent I could not but note his gentleness, his friendly greetings to the sick and wounded, his quiet humor as he drew comparisons between himself and the very tall and very short men with whom he came in contact, and his genuine interest in the welfare of the soldiers.

"Finally, after visiting the wards occupied by our invalid and convalescing soldiers, we came to three wards occupied by sick and wounded Southern prisoners. With a feeling of patriotic duty, I said, 'Mr. President, you won't want to go in there; they are only rebels.' I will never forget how he stopped and gently laid his large hand upon my shoulder and quietly answered, 'You mean Confederates. And I have meant Confederates ever since.' 'There was nothing left for me to do after the President's remark but to go with him through these three wards; and I could not see but that he was just as kind, his hand-shakings just as hearty, his interest just as real for the welfare of the men as when he was among our own soldiers.'

Lincoln and the Deserter.

One great cause of sorrow to Lincoln throughout the war was the necessity of punishing deserters. Not only did the men commit all the crimes common to society, like robbery and murder; they were guilty of others peculiar to military organization and war, such as desertion, sleeping on post, disobedience to orders, bounty jumping, giving information to the enemy. As the army grew larger, desertion became so common that it had to be treated with great severity. The President never ceased to abhor the death penalty for this offense. While he never commuted the sentence of a bounty-jumper, as far as I have been able to discover, over the great number of sentences he hesitated. He seemed to see what others ignored, the causes which were behind. Lincoln knew that the "copperhead" agitation in the North reached the Army and that hundreds of men were being urged by parents and friends hostile to the Administration to desert. His indignation never was against the boy who yielded to this influence.

"Must I shoot a simple-minded soldier boy who deserts," he said, "while I must not touch a hair of the wily agitator who induces him to desert? I think that in such a case, to silence the agitator, and save the boy, is not only constitutional, but withal a great mercy."

Another cause that he never forgot was that mortal homesickness which so often ate the very heart out of a boy away from home for the first time. It filled many a hospital cot in the Civil War, and shrivelled the nerves and