ILLUSTRATIONS

for

CHAPTER XV

1) The Black Hawk.

The most satisfactory picture of Black Hawk in existence is the above, done from life by George Catlin for the series of Indian portraits in the National Museum at Washington, D.C. Black Hawk was a prisoner in the Jefferson Barracks (now St. Louis) when Catlin painted him.

2) The Carrying off of the Hall Girls in May of 1832. The two young women were taken prisoner by the Indians.

The above engraving was widely scattered over the country at the time, arousing in the public an interest in the war which hitherto it had entirely lacked.

3) Map showing Trails from Black Hawk's Village into Illinois, used by the Indians up to the time of the War.

This map was made by Mr. John H. Hauberg of Rock Island, Ill. for his interesting study of these trails, published by the Illinois State Historical Society in 1921.

The most important trail was that running directly East to Malden, known as the "Great Sauk Trail." It was used regularly by the Indians in going east from their village at Rock Island to secure the pensions which the British allowed them for their services in the War of 1812-14.

The trail South to Oquawka was used by the Illinois troops from Lincoln's section in their march North against Black Hawk. The trail from the point set down as Lincoln Camp on the Rock river was also used by Captain Lincoln's Company.

4) Lincoln Camp site, Rock Island, Ill, as it looks today. From a photograph by John H. Hauberg.

5) The Lincoln-Berry Store at New Salem, as restored for the Pageant, given on the site of New Salem in September, 1918. From a photograph by Grorg, furnished by H. W. Fay, Custodian Lincoln's Tomb, Springfield, Ill.

It will be noted that this cabin was clapboarded.

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ILLUSTRATIONS FOR XV (Continued)

5) Fac-simile of Tavern License granted Lincoln and Berry in March, 1833 (p. 180 "Early Life)

6) Fac-simile of Bond filed by Lincoln, Berry and Bowling Green in March, 1833, in order to secure license to keep a tavern in New Salem.

7) Lincoln Museum at New Salem, built by the State of Illinois.

8) Bend in the road, running through the village of New Salem - Offutt's store in the distance.

This picture shows clearly how Offutt's store and its neighbor Clary's grocery, along with the cock pit and gander pulling park were cut off from the view of the village itself.

9) Copy of an ambrotype of Lincoln, believed to have been taken in 1858 at Beardstown, Ill.

This picture has always seemed to me to be as near like the Lincoln of New Salem as any that we have. It is more youthful than most of his portraits. The lines at the side are undoubtedly heavier than they were when he was in the 20's, but the face on the whole is the face of Lincoln of New Salem.

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IN THE FOOTSTEPS OF ABRAHAM LINCOLN

CHAPTER XV

Lincoln Goes to War and Sets up as a Merchant

One who attempts to follow the foosteps of Abraham Lincoln through his three months of soldiering in the Black Hawk War has before him as pretty a historical pilgrimage as he can ask. Students have charted the roads, marked not a few of the important points and here and there a monument has gone up, particularly impressive being Lorado Taft's heroic Black Hawk, on the bluffs above the Rock river.

Captivating as the pilgrimage is, however, Lincoln's experience in the Black Hawk War cannot be regarded as of any great importance in his development. For him it was largely a frolic - a frolic with much real physical hardship and no great satisfactions either in service rendered or adventures encountered - nothing in it that in the future he could do more than laugh at - as he did once in Congress. He was ridiculing Lewis Cass' war record. "By the way, Mr. Speaker," he said, "do you know I am a military hero? In the days of the Black Hawk War I fought, bled and came away. I had a good many bloody struggles with the mosquitos, and although I never fainted

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from loss of blood, I can truly say I was often hungry. . . . . If they should ever take me up as a candidate for the presidency, I protest they shall not make fun of me as they have of Gen. Cass by attempting to write me into a military hero."

Yet, if there are no great pages in his three months' campaigning, if he himself laughed at them, there was abundant excitement and color. It must have been an animated morning in New Salem when the governor's hand bills, calling for volunteers, were scattered; and there must have been much lively badinage as well as suppressed forebodings as the volunteers cleaned their muskets and the women poured bullets for them. The march to Beardstown, the place of rendezvous, the quick organization, his own election as captain of a company - all this was stirring. And the last something more - deeply satisfying. If he was popular enough for these men to take him as a leader, was it not a sign that he might win out in the election for the assembly, for which, as we have seen, he had already announced himself. It was a good omen. Men did esteem him - that thing which he wanted so much.

The Illinois Volunteers, of which Lincoln's Company was a part, made their way from Beardstown, up the old Indian trail on the east bank of the Mississippi to a point not far from the present city of Rock Island. Here they were sworn into the Federal service. Today this gathering place of the volunteers is known as Lincoln Camp. There were many men in that motley

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group far more conspicuous at the time than he - there were lieutenants, colonels on the ground, but it is not the name of any one of them which is given to the place. And this is true from one end to the other of the route he and his men took.

"That's the trial Lincoln followed on his way to fight the Indians," old men told Mr. John Hauberg who personally has traced all of the Indian trails spreading from Black Hawk's village, and whose findings have been published by the Illinois State Historical Society. A conspicuous tree marking the route they call Lincoln's Tree - the point on the Rock river where he was nearly eaten by mosquitos - a point which he himself located - is locally famous. "Lincoln camped here" - "Lincoln marched by here" - they tell you, the length of the march from the first camp, north-west to Dixon, north to the scene of Stillman's defeat (May 15), where he saw the only Indians of the whole campaign - dead Indians!, south-east to Ottawa to be mustered out (May 27), and to be re-enlisted (May 29) as a mounted ranger, north-west to Galena, considerably over a hundred miles in a straight line back to Ottawa again to be mustered out (June 16) and mustered in again on June 20, to Dixon, to Kellogg's Grove, back to Dixon, then north to Turtle Village, now Beloit, Wisc., and on to Lake Koshkonong, finally to be mustered out for good and all at Burnt Village on the 11th of July. Left high and dry in southern Wisconsin, his horse stolen, he made his way as fast as he could, on foot

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and by canoe, back to New Salem.

It was experience of course - stories and a setting for stories which he used as long as he lived, but particularly Lincoln carried out of this helter skelter Indian chasing an enlarged knowledge of the kinds of men there are, and the way they act under stress and strain. The entire youth of Illinois had rushed into the Black Hawk War, some of them to stay but a short time, many of them to see the thing through. Lincoln met many a man then with whom he was to have relations of more or less value in later days. Look over any one of the county histories of Illinois, and you will find proudly displayed rosters of those who served in the Black Hawk War. A large number of these were men with whom Lincoln was later to be associated in the law or in politics. Not a few of them were to become distinguished public servants. There was O. H. Browning, a future senator; John J. Hardin, a general, killed at Buena Vista; E. D. Baker, a senator and general, killed at Ball's Bluff.

As Lincoln never forgot anybody, had an artist's sensitiveness to the details of scenes, he used his contacts in the compaign, even the slightest, to excellent purpose in the future.

"Major, do you remember ever meeting me before?" he asked Robert Anderson when, fresh from Fort Sumpter, he came to report at the White House.

"No, Mr. President," Anderson replied.

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"My memory is better than yours," Mr. Lincoln said, "you mustered me into the service of the United States in 1832 in the Black Hawk War."

I don't know that he ever had a chance to tell Jefferson Davis, Col. Zachariah Taylor or Albert Sidney Johnson that he once campaigned with them, but we may be sure that if he had, he took it. He missed no tie of that kind.

It was July when he walked into New Salem. His return must have been a rare treat for his friends. The things that he would tell them! How he had to wear a wooden sword for a day because he had fired his gun within the confines of the camp, of the great men he had seen, of the tales he had heard. He could tell them, too, about the event of the war which stirred the whole country more than any other single incident - the carrying off by the Indians, in May, of Rachel and Silvia Hall, two girls fifteen and seventeen, who had seen fifteen of their relatives and friends killed at their side, but who had themselves been saved as brides for young chiefs. For ten days these two girls had been hurried westward, and then, through the efforts of the Indian agent and friendly Winnibagos, had been bought off at the price of forty horses. We can be sure the story lost nothing in Lincoln's telling.

Looking for traces of the war in the letters and speeches of his later life, it is interesting to find that the very first letter that we have of his, though not of course the first he wrote,

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came out of this war. It is an amusingly frank statement of an incident, showing how little real respect the volunteers - Lincoln included - had for military rule. He had been asked about the transfer and discharge of one David Rankin.

> "The transfer of Rank from my Company occurred as follows: Ranking having lost his horse at Dixon's ferry and having acquaintance in one of the foot companies who were going down the river was desirous to go with them, and one Galishen being an acquaintance of mine and belonging to the company in which Rankin wished to go, wished to leave it and join mine, this being the case it was agreed that they should exchange places and answer to each other's name - as it was expected we all would be discharged in veryfew days."

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That Lincoln had hurried back after his final mustering out, we can well believe. The elecation came off on August 6, and at best it was going to give him scant time for campaigning. He did only a little, but that little shows better than his announcement that he stood squarely for the big doctrines of the period. "I am in favor of a national bank. I am in favor of the internal improvement system and a high protective tariff" - a "loose constructionist", you see - at the start.

He was defeated, However,"This was the only time Abraham was ever defeated on a direct vote of the people," he says rather boastingly in his third person autobiography. He vote was not bad - all things considered. And he knew it. He had 277 votes out of the 284 that were cast in his precinct!

But there was something more important than politics for him at the moment, and that was to find something to do. Offutt's store had failed. It looked as if soldiering and the political ambitions of his clerk may have had something to do with the failure. There is no doubt that Lincoln realized that it washigh time to find something he could stick to. For the first time in his life, so far as I know, he thought of a trade - blacksmithing. At the west end of the street there was a village smithy. The man who kept it had a brother-in-law living in the same house, one Jack Kelso, a crony of Lincolns - a treasured crony, for Jack Kelso, fisherman and idler that he was, had books, knew Shakespeare and Burns, and was always ready to read and quote

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and discuss with Lincoln. The blacksmith wanted an assistant. It might be a good thing to learn a trade and settle down - near Jack Kelso!

But a big ambition that he hardly dared entertain stood in the way of his committing himself. Just when he began to dream of the law, we do not know; but that it was earlier than this is certain. He was thinking seriously this fall and regretfully telling himself that it would never do for him to undertake it, that he had not enough education. Please note that the lack of education did not stand in the way of his offering himself as a legislator! But that was different, to his mind. In politics it was man and man; in the law there was something intervening between men of which he stood in awe - books, learning, standards, for which he had reverence but of which he had little understanding. No, it was not for "humble Abraham Lincoln" to think of reading law.

While hesitating over the problem, taking any odd job that came his way, a chance to buy a New Salem store presented itself. He had no money, but he had something in which New Salem had come profoundly to believe and that was, almost Quixotic honesty!

When the owners of a dying mercantile establishment found he was willing to take half of it off their hands, they jumped at the offer; and so, a few months after he came back from the war, he found himself in a general store, a stock of old goods

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on his hands, and with him, as a partner, an ineffective chap by the name of Berry, of good family, the son of a local minister, but too fond of drink.

Very soon after the firm of Berry and Lincoln came into existence, its field of effort was enlarged by the most rapid and amusing bit of high finance the town ever saw. Across from the Rutledge Tavern stood the store of Reubin Radford. Radford sold groceries, and, like everybody else, whiskey. The Clary Grove boys were among his customers, and one day, when he was away, enraged by his clerk's refusal to sell them more than the number of glasses to which the rule of the place limited each man, they shot up the establishment, smashed counters and barrels, broke in the windows and tore off the doors. When Radford came back and viewed the ruins, he said in disgust that he would sell to the first bidder. Squire Bowling Green's son William, better known as "Bill", was in the crowd.

"Four hundred dollars," said Green.

"Done," said Radford, "it's yours."

Green had no money, but he gave his note. Lincoln who was watching the performance, suggested to Green that they take an inventory. This was quickly done. It showed a more valuable stock than Lincoln had supposed, and he and Berry on the spot offered to assume the note Green had given and add $200., at least (authorities differ!) in cash (Berry's cash) and a horse, saddle and bridle. Before night the exchange was made, and Berry

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and Lincoln promptly transferred the goods from their first store, and set up shop in altogether the most convenient location for merchandising in the town of New Salem.

The story goes that when, rather late that night, young Green went home, his father who had heard rumors of the young man's speculating, was waiting to give him a sound berating. The boy said nothing, but sitting down in front of the fire, waited until the verbal wrath of the old man was exhausted. Then he began slowly counting out from his coat pocket where he carried his $200, the coins, big and little, and letting them ring on the fireplace hearth. The Squire in amazement watched the growing pile, softening as he did so, and finally he called, "Mother! Mother! Get up and get Bill a good supper, he has had a hard day."

Berry and Lincoln had assumed a big debt. The store did not prosper. How could it, with one man drinking and the other with his head forever in a book? They had a chance to sell, and did so. But soon the purchasers disappeared, leaving their debts to swell the previous pile. Berry died, and the accumulation became Lincoln's burden - a burden which he manfully assumed and finally discharged, though it took him years.

This experiement as a merchant which took up most of Lincoln's time through the year 1833, played a part all out of proportion to its real importance in his later political life, for in 1858, at the first of the Lincoln-Douglas debates, Mr. Douglas dragged it in. He

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had first known Lincoln, he said, when he was a "flourishing grocery keeper in the town of Salem." "He could ruin more whiskey," Douglas went on, "than all of the boys in the town together." Over the reply that Lincoln made to this political badinage, a sharp discussion arose.

> "The Judge is woefully at fault about his tale over Lincoln being a grocery keeper," he said. "I do not know as it would be a great sin if I had been, but he is mistaken. Lincoln never kept a grocery anywhere in the world. It is true that Lincoln did work the latter part of one winter in a little still house up at the head of a hollow."

How do you explain it? Well, in the first place, Lincoln's store was not what, in the vernacular of the day, was called a grocery. A grocery was much nearer to what we call a saloon. Even if it had been, it certainly never was "flourishing", but I hardly think that he would have fallen back upon quibbles of that kind; rather that he was so irritated at Judge Douglas' forcing him to give time to answer personal charges that he did not exercise his usual caution in replying. The debate was altogether too serious a matter to Lincoln for him to have patience with such questions as whether he did or did not keep a grocery.

Out of this discussion came the question, if he kept a "store" and not a grocery, did he sell liquor? There is no doubt that he did. There was no store of the day that did not have, side by side with sugar and molasses barrels, a barrel of whiskey. One must remember the practice and the point of view in regard to whiskey in those days, so utterly different from today, and indeed what is was already becoming in 1858. Lincoln himself

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nearly ten years after he had abandoned his mercantile venture, admirably described in a temperance speech that he made in Springfield this practice and point of view.

> "When all such of us as have now reached the years of maturity first opened our eyes upon the stage of existence, we found intoxicating liquor recognized by everybody, used by everybody, repudiated by nobody. It commonly entered into the first draught of the infant and the last draught of the dying man. From the sideboard of the parson down to the ragged pocket of the houseless loafer, it was constantly found. Physicians prescribed it in this, that, andthe other disease; government provided it for soldiers and sailors; and to have a rolling or raising, a husking or "heedown", anywhere about without it was positively insufferable. So, too, it was everywhere a respectable article of manufacture and merchandise. The making of it was regarded as an honorable livelihood, and he who could make most was the most enterprising and respectable. Large and small manufactories of it were everywhere erected, in which all the earthly goods of their owners were invested. Wagons drew it from town to town; boats bore it from clime to clime, and the winds wafted it from nation to nation; and merchants bought and sold it, by wholesale and retail, with precisely the same feelings on the part of the seller, buyer, and bystander as are felt at the selling and buying of ploughs, beef, bacon, or any other of the real necessaries of life: Universal public opinion not only tolerated but recognized and adopted its use."

This quoted paragraph shows clearly enough how and why he sold whiskey in his store. But Mr. Douglas was unfair - must have known he was unfair, when he taunted Lincoln with "ruining more liquor than all the boys of the town together." That was never true. Lincoln never drank. The traditions of New Salem are that he frequently remonstrated with boys and young men that he thought in danger of intemperate habits. In the one temperance

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lecture of his that we have, that delivered in 1842, from which I have quoted above, gives us ample proof of this opinion of whiskey drinking and whiskey selling.

> "Whether or not the world would be vastly benefited by a total and final banishment from it of all intoxicating drinks seems to me not now an open question. Three fourths of mankind confess the affirmative with their tongues, and, I believe, all the rest acknowledge it in their hearts."

He regarded the banishing of liquor as a revolution - a beneficent revolution.

> "If t he relative grandeur of revolutions shall be estimated by the great amount of human misery they alleviate, and the small amount they inflict, then indeed will this be the grandest the world has ever seen.
>
> "Of our political revolution of '76 we are all justly proud. It has given us a degree of political freedom far exceeding that of any other nation ofthe earth. In it the world has found a solution of the long mooted problem as to the capability of man to govern himself. . . . . .
>
> "Turn now to the temperance revolution. In it we shall find a stronger bondage broken, a viler slavery manumitted, a greater tyrant deposed; in it, more of want supplied, more disease healed, morw sorrow assuaged. By it no orphans starving, no widows weeping. By it none wounded in feeling, none injured in interest; even the dram-maker and dram-seller will have glided into other occupations so gradually as never to have felt the change, and will stand ready to join all others in the universal song of gladness."

This ought to be answer enough to the bickering that has gone on in recent years as to whether Lincoln himself ever advocated Prohibition. The fact

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that he undoubtedly sold liquor in his general store in New Salem in 1833 and that he and his partner Berry took out a license to sell, that he once worked in a distillery, may be used to confuse the discussion, but it cannot by any fair process of argument destroy his position as an out-and-out believer in the wisdom of destroying the liquor business.

Lincoln never used liquor, he never used tobacco. A few year ago I was appealed to by a Lincoln student who had been told by a woman reared in Illinois and whose father was a friend of Lincolns that she could never bear to hear his name, that when as a little girl he came as a visitor to her father's house, she always left the room because he was so filthy in his use of tobacco, his face and clothes being stained with it. Firmly convinced that the lady had confused visitors, I appealed to friends of Lincoln's still living in Illinois, among them Mr. Rollo Diller, the proprietor of a drug store on the Square at Springfield, where for years Mr. Lincoln used to drop in and sit for hours with friends and neighbors around the drug store stove, swapping stories and discussing public questions. "I would certainly have known it," Mr. Diller wrote me, "with my intimate association with him. The lady was surely mistaken."

There were other letters, the most important of them from Mr. Robert Lincoln himself:--"My father never used tobacco in any form."

That is, the young man struggling in New Salem to

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find out what he could do, and also whether he dared try the thing that he wanted to do, was clean in his habits. We can be sure that in all New Salem at this time there were few like him, few who did not have their tobacco and their glass of something strong. Why, even the Rev. John Cameron kept a barrel of whiskey in his cellar!

Something was coming out of the struggle, however. Gradually this dream of the law was taking body, materializing. He was getting near and nearer to it, though he hardly knew it. It was he to whom people came now for advice when they had legal documents to fill out, bills of sale to prepare, bonds to give. On anything that required a legal turn, he was consulted. He had become their post-master, too, an office that he could fill admirably in connection with the work of his store, and which he was to hold as long as it continued in the town. (The New Salem post office was discontinued May 30, 1836 because of diminished receipts.) But, most important of all, he was reading - reading Blackstone!

From the story ofthe coming of the volumes into his hands, one gets a vivid picture of the town, its location, its visitors. The road from Springfield came up over the hill from the south, joining the town's one long street directly in front of Lincoln's store. From there it turned to the westward to the prairies. Over this road went migrating settlers. How often

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Lincoln must have gone out to lend a friendly hand to somebody who had broken down or was stuck in the spring or winter mud! His kindliness brought him great reward, for in a barrel of plunder which he had bought to relieve an overloaded settlers wagon, he found a full set of Blackstone - the first he had ever seen.

From the day that he pulled the books out from the pile of odds and ends which had been dumped into the barrel, he read them at every chance - read them when at leisure, moiled over them when at work. How to get his hands on something that would give him the few things he must have - food and a roof to shelter him while he studied! If he could find a steady half-time job, then perhaps -

It came his way as the store was "winking out" and he was beginning to look for jobs of chopping wood or any other heavy labor which he could find. It was probably late in the fall of 1833 that the surveyor of Sangamon County sent him word that he would like to depute him to assist him in his work in and around New Salem. The chance was logical enough when one remembers his reputation among his friends, and stirred as a sympathetic reader must be, by the thought of what seemed to be his almost hopeless ambition, it came like a gift from the gods. What had happened was that friends of Lincoln who knew Calhoun and knew that he was seeking a young man that he thought had the makings of a surveyor in him, told him about Lincoln, how he was trusted, how he

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was liked, how much he knew. "Let him lay out their roads and towns and farms, and there would be no come back" - they knew Abraham Lincoln. It was on the recommendation of his friends that Calhoun finally appointed him.

Lincoln knew nothing of surveying, other than what every woodsman knows - and that is considerable among the really intelligent - but he accepted. And he also promptly made sure that he was going to be able to keep his job, by hunting up a copy of Flint & Gibson - the standby of surveyors in those days - and mastering it. That done, his instruments bought, and he was ready. It was like a fortune to him, work at $3. a day, which kept his brain active, gave him a chance to extend his acquaintance, to sound out public opinion.

He was launched. What he did as a surveyor, how he harnessed his job to his political ambition, what came of driving the two together towards the goal he had in view, is the subject of our next chapter.

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