



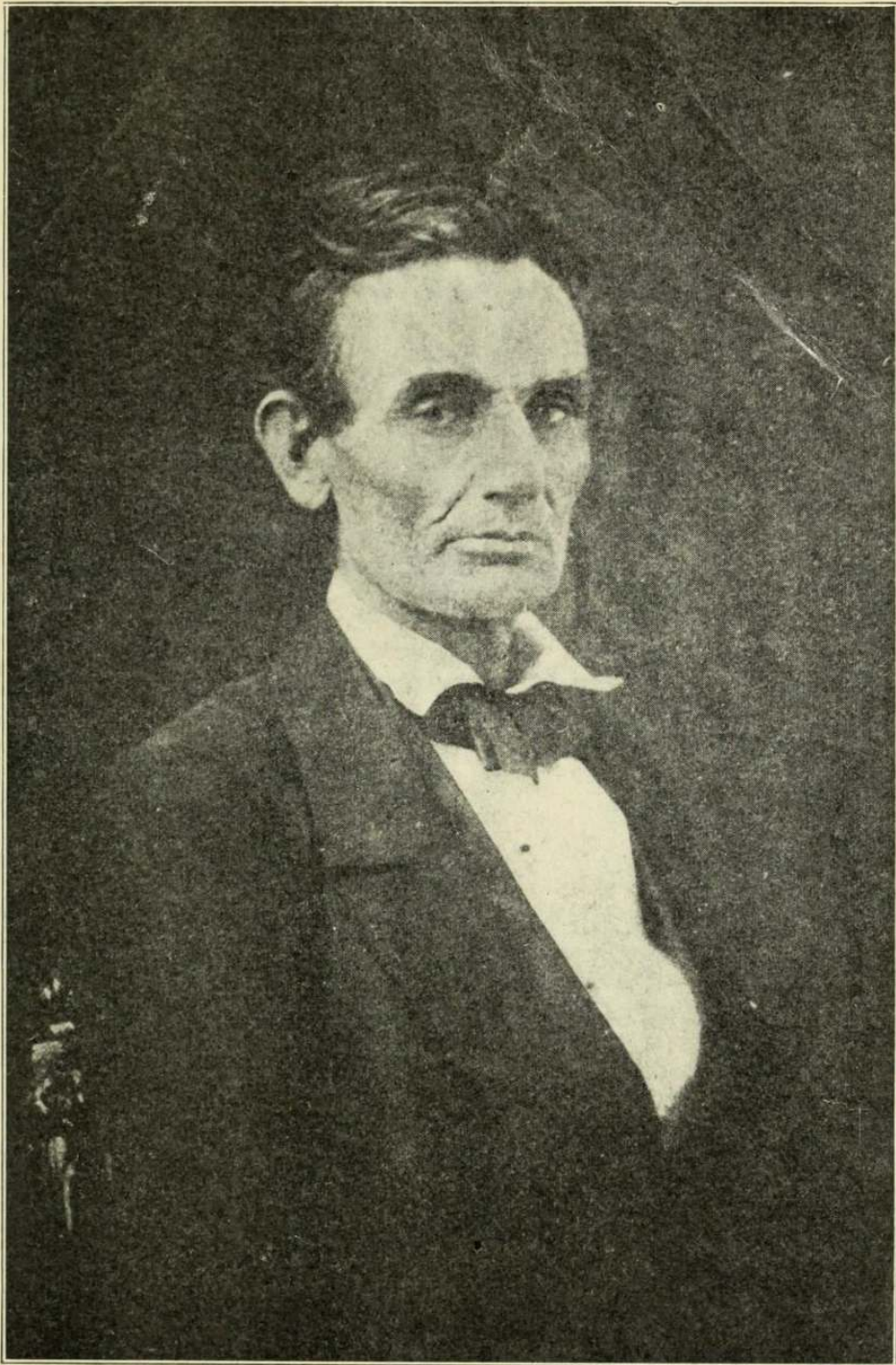
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LINCOLN'S LAST VIEW of the ILLINOIS PRAIRIES



Photograph taken by S. M. Fassett, in Chicago, October, 1859. Negative destroyed in Chicago Fire. "This picture was made at the solicitation of D. B. Cook, who in after years told Miss Ida M. Tarbell that Mrs. Lincoln had declared it the best likeness she had ever seen of her husband."—RUFUS ROCKWELL WILSON in *Lincoln in Portraiture*.

CLINT CLAY TILTON

Danville, Illinois

Privately Printed and Not for Profit.

HISTORIC RAILROAD TIME TABLE

Copy of the Timetable for the Special Train that bore Abraham Lincoln over the first lap of his journey from Springfield, Ill., to Washington, in February, 1861:

GREAT WESTERN RAILROAD

TIME TABLE

For the Special Train, Monday, February 11, 1861, of His Excellency,
Abraham Lincoln, President-elect.

Leave	Springfield	8:00 a.m.
"	Jamestown	8:15 "
"	Dawson	8:24 "
"	Mechanicsburg	8:30 "
"	Lanesville	8:37 "
"	Illiopolis	8:49 "
"	Niantic	8:58 "
"	Summit	9:07 "
Arrive	Decatur	9:24 "
Leave	Decatur	9:29 "
"	Oakley	9:45 "
"	Cerro Gordo	9:54 "
"	Bement	10:13 "
"	Sadorus	10:40 "
Arrive	Tolono	10:50 "
Leave	Tolono	10:55 "
"	Philo	11:07 "
"	Sidney	11:17 "
"	Homer	11:30 "
"	Salina	11:45 "
"	Catlin	11:59 "
"	Bryant	12:07 p.m.
"	Danville	12:12 "
Arrive	State Line	12:30 "

This train will be entitled to the road and all other trains must be kept out of the way.

Trains to be passed and met must be on the side track at least ten minutes before the train is due.

Agents at all stations between Springfield and State Line must be on duty when this train passes and examine the switches and know that all is right before it passes.

Operators at telegraph stations between Springfield and State Line must remain on duty until this train passes and immediately report its time to Charles H. Speed, Springfield.

All foremen and men under their direction must be on the track and know positively that the track is in order.

It is very important that this train should pass over the road in safety and all employes are expected to render all assistance in their power.

Red is the signal for danger, but any signal apparently intended to indicate alarm or danger must be regarded, the train stopped, and the meaning of it ascertained.

Carefulness is particularly enjoined.

F. W. BOWEN, *Supt.*

ONWARD TO WASHINGTON

ABRAHAM LINCOLN'S LAST VIEW OF THE ILLINOIS PRAIRIES

By CLINT CLAY TILTON

It was early morn, Monday, February 11, 1861, and the scene was Springfield, Illinois. Rain was falling and dark clouds were overhead. Despite the dreariness, the dankness and the drizzle the dwellers were early astir. Abraham Lincoln, first citizen, was leaving for Washington to take up the burden of the Presidency of the United States—even then “a House Divided”. And the friends and neighbors of former years—more than a thousand of them—assembled at the Great Western railroad station to wish him God speed. Here shortly before 8:00 o'clock he appeared with his wife and a few friends. For twenty minutes, “his pale face quivering with emotion so deep that he could scarcely speak,” he stood in the waiting room grasping the hands of those who pressed forward to give last assurance of the love and respect which they bore him. Shortly before the leaving time he was conducted to the last car of the special train, and mounting the rear platform faced the assemblage and slowly and impressively delivered his farewell:

My Friends: No one not in my situation can appreciate my feeling of sadness at this parting. To this place, and the kindness of these people, I owe everything. Here I have lived a quarter of a century and have passed from a young to an old man. Here my children have been born and one is buried. I now leave, not knowing when or whether ever I may return, with a task before me greater than that which rested upon Washington. Without the assistance of that Divine Being who ever attended him I cannot succeed. With that assistance I cannot fail. Trusting in Him who can go with me, and remain with you, and be everywhere for good, let us confidently hope that all will yet be well. To His care commending you, as I hope in your prayers you will commend me, I bid you an affectionate farewell.

A sob went through the listening crowd as the broken voice asked their prayers, and a murmured pledge, “We will do it,” reached his ears. There they stood—these townsmen of Abraham Lincoln—with bared heads, the raindrops mingling with their tears, as the bell on the funny-looking engine, which by Illinois statute must weigh not less than twenty-five pounds, clanged its warning of the beginning of the Great Adventure.

It was 8:00 o'clock in the morning.

Smoke poured from the brave stack on the locomotive, the signal was given by Conductor Walter Whitney, and the special started Eastward. There stood Lincoln on the rear platform “with the saddest face I ever saw,” as the train lost itself in the distance. He was leaving the scene of many joyous memories and some poignant sorrows. Here he had found an honored place among men, had wooed and won Mary Todd, had established his home, had four times rejoiced in fatherhood and later had grieved at the grave of one of his sons. He had reason for his sadness for along with his reverie of days in Springfield there intruded the knowledge of the formal organization of the Confederate States of America at Montgomery, Alabama, two days before.

“A House Divided. . . .”



Courtesy Danville Commercial-News

WARD HILL LAMON IN 1880

Lamon was a member of the Presidential Party and was his sole companion when Lincoln made his secret journey from Harrisburg, Pa., to Washington. He had been for a time a law partner of the latter in Danville, Illinois, during the Circuit Riding Days. After the inauguration, as Marshal of the District of Columbia, Lamon acted as the Presidential Bodyguard.

Eastward sped the special, with assemblages gathered to wave good wishes at Jamestown, Dawson, Mechanicsburg and all the towns and crossroads of the countryside until Decatur was reached at 9:24 a. m. Here a stop, as required by Illinois law, for the town was the "seat of justice" of Macon county. Here was a crowd, many on horseback and lined in military formation, for Editor James Shoaff of the Democratic *Magnet* had urged all his readers regardless of politics to come and cheer the man who would "save the Union." Lincoln appeared on the rear platform and acknowledged the greeting. Then the ringing of the engine bell signalled "full speed ahead,"—but not for long. A few miles out there was an unscheduled stop while the train crew removed a stake-and-rider fence that had been erected across the right-of-way. It won its purpose. The President-elect appeared and waved to the crowd. Another start and soon Bement—with its memories of the day in 1858 when the "Railsplitter" and the "Little Giant" met in the Francis E. Bryant home and planned their joint debates—was left behind. At a culvert on the outskirts there was a guard with a rifle who stood at attention while the special roared onward.

At 10:50 the twisting of the car brakes by Tom Ross, the brakeman, told them that Tolono was the next stop. This also was a lawful requirement, as here the Great Western crossed the Illinois Central railroad. In a grove at the junction of the two roads Lincoln left the car and addressed the gathering as follows:

My Friends: I am leaving you on an errand of National importance, attended, as you are aware, with considerable difficulties. Let us believe, as some poet has expressed it, "Behind the cloud the sun is shining still."

A tablet, mounted on granite, marks the spot, having been dedicated with appropriate ceremonies by Alliance chapter, D. A. R., of Urbana-Champaign, in 1932.

Once more the train sped through the Illinois prairies—Philo, Sidney, Homer, Salina (now Fairmount), Catlin, Bryant (now a division point of the mighty Wabash railway system and renamed Tilton in honor of the general manager of the old Great Western)—all pro-Lincoln territory in the late election with the vote showing a ratio of five to three, and across the Vermilion river to Danville, where Lincoln was indeed in the home of his friends. Here he had come, along with the Riders of the Old Eighth Circuit, at court time since 1849 and here so great was his popularity that he had for several years maintained a law office with Ward Hill Lamon as his partner. Here another stop, but only to conform with the law, for the train was four minutes late. A crowd was gathered to meet him, but there was time only for a friendly wave by the President-elect and a salute by Lamon, who shared the car platform, attired in a wonderful uniform of his own designing, which he had acquired when appointed a colonel on the staff by Governor Richard Yates. In later years one George Lawrence capitalized the fact that, being tall, he had been able to reach over the crowd and grasp the Lincoln hand. He basked in local acclaim until the early 80's, when the summons came.

Six miles more, and even Judge Davis showed animation. Soon they would dine. The next stop was State Line, a metropolis in its own right since 1857 of some 600 souls and the terminus of the Great Western and the starting point for the Valley railroad. It was divided by a public road with a roundhouse of one railroad in Illinois and the other in Indiana. Here the party was scheduled to dine at the State Line hotel. On arrival, the group, which included beside Lamon and Judge Davis, Edward Bates, Senator-elect Orville H. Browning, N. B. Judd, Jesse Dubois, Col. E. V. Sumner, Maj. David Hunter, Col. Elmer E. Ellsworth, Robert Irwin, J. H. Nicoley, John Hay, Robert Lincoln, D. D. Bates

of the *Springfield Journal*, H. M. Smith of the *Chicago Tribune* and W. S. Woods, who had general charge of the management of the special throughout the entire journey, disembarked while the train was being transferred to the Indiana road, and, because of the press of the 2,000 who had assembled, had some trouble in reaching the hotel.

It was a colorful gathering who greeted the President-elect. While in the throng there were suggestions of pioneer days, many of the males appeared resplendent in plug hats and coats and pantaloons of lively hues and cut in the style of the Eastern seaboard. The coming of the railroad had in large measure banished the practices of barter and money—real money—was in circulation. With access to markets the hardy pioneer could find buyers for his livestock and grain, while the storekeepers were able to offer gay prints, muslins, gingham and even the silks and velvets worn by the ladies of the cities. Transportation also had made possible the regular receipt of mail and in many a home might be found current copies of Peterson's Magazine and Godey's Ladies' Book, with their colored plates showing just what the ladies of fashion were wearing in the more cultured Eastern border. Even the less fortunate had through expediency and the example of the Indians learned the art of dyeing, and with nothing more than the hulls of nuts and the berries to be found in the forests could transform a home-spun cloth into gay apparel.

The Nation had chosen a Western man to guide its destinies in this time of stress and a glance at the throng proved the Eastern suspicion that he was the candidate of the "backwoods" was untrue. It was an American gathering—friends of Abraham Lincoln—100 per cent for the preservation of the Union—composed of the racial elements who later were to intermingle and bring forth the composites who took leadership and made the Nation great.

Dinner over, the party repaired to the Public Square, where Gen. G. K. Steele, in behalf of the people of the State of Indiana, delivered a welcome, to which Mr. Lincoln responded as follows:

Gentlemen of Indiana: I am happy to meet you on this occasion and enter again the State of my early life, and almost of maturity. I am under many obligations to you for your kind reception, and to Indiana for the aid she rendered our cause, which I think a just one. Gentlemen, I shall address you at greater length at Indianapolis, but not much greater. Again, Gentlemen, I thank you for your warm-hearted reception.

As Lincoln finished, the engine bell was sounding its impatience and the party boarded the train for the next lap of the journey, this time Lafayette, Indiana, where another railroad would carry them to Indianapolis for the night. Two additions to the party were E. B. Burrows, superintendent of the road, and Emory Cobb, superintendent of the Western Union Telegraph lines, with a pocket telegraph instrument, as a safeguard should accident befall as the special wended Eastward. The Hoosiers had heard disturbing rumors and were not taking chances. A pilot engine also preceded the regular train.

As the special steamed out Lincoln stood on the rear platform, but he was not looking at the 2,000 people who were cheering for his eyes roved far beyond the town limits out where the rolling prairies were in view. It was his last glimpse of his beloved Illinois homeland.

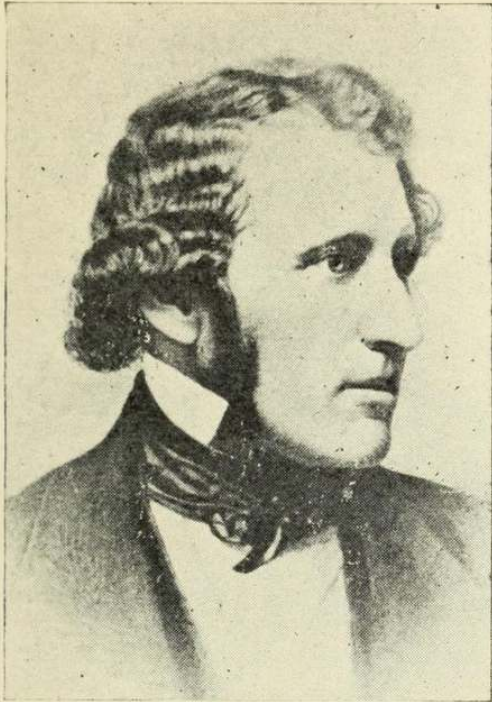
Lincoln re-entered the car and found Lamon singing "The Lament of the Irish Emigrant," Ellsworth was conning a manual on Military Tactics, Col. Sumner was brushing his uniform and Davis was dozing, as fat men will. So in later years Walter Whitney told his grandchildren. He was the Great Western conductor and was taking a free ride to Indianapolis as a guest of the company.

A granite and bronze marker was dedicated by the Warren County Historical society on the Site of the meeting in State Line, Indiana, September 21, 1930. Dr. Louis A. Warren of Fort Wayne, Indiana, made the principal address.

LUCIAN TILTON

*President of Great Western Railroad and Lessee of the Lincoln Home,
Springfield, 1861.*

This Biography is printed by special permission of the author, John B. Babcock, Past President of Boston Society of Civil Engineers, and is taken from their Journal, July, 1936, as a part of the History of the Society since 1848.



Courtesy John B. Babcock.

LUCIAN TILTON

Lucian Tilton, who was born at Hampton Falls, N. H., was a direct descendant of William Tilton, who settled in Lynn, Mass., about 1630. His grandfather was a surgeon in the Revolutionary army, and his father, John Tilton, served in the War of 1812. His Christian name appears as Lucian in all records of him in New England, whereas it is given as Lucien in references to him in the Middle West. The former is believed correct, since it agrees with his signature affixed to the Constitution of the Society as well as with the genealogical records of the family.

No information has been found concerning his education and early professional experience. It is almost certain that he took part in his earlier years in the surveys and construction of the railroads which were spreading so rapidly in New England in the period from 1835

to 1848. In 1848 he was engineer for the Cheshire railroad, and later superintendent. In 1849 he and Josiah Hunt acted as consulting engineers for the Ashuelot railroad in New Hampshire. In 1850 Tilton was elected superintendent of the Fitchburg railroad, a position which he held until 1853, when he resigned and probably went to the Middle West at that time.

Tilton's life was intimately connected with the development of railroads of Illinois and neighboring states, particularly with those lines which later formed important parts of the Wabash system. While the records are incomplete as to the details for the next three or four years, it is believed that he was chief engineer and superintendent of the Toledo, Wabash & Western R. R.; in 1857 he was vice-president of that railroad, which extended from Toledo, O., to Danville, Ill., on the Indiana-Illinois line. From 1859 until 1862, at least, he was president of the "Great Western Railroad Company of 1859", which extended westward from Danville to Naples on the Illinois river. On May 16, 1865, he was elected president of the Illinois & Southern Iowa R. R. He was appointed consulting engineer for the Toledo, Wabash & Western R. R. in 1865, and the same year became a director for that railroad. Tilton made his home in Springfield, Ill., for many years. When President Abraham Lincoln went to Washington in 1861 he leased his house to Tilton, who remained there until the property was taken in charge by the administrator for the estate. For at least a decade his railroad activities were all connected with lines which later were consolidated into the Wabash. In 1879 the town of Bryant, near Danville, was changed to Tilton in his honor.

Tilton moved to Chicago about 1869, where he spent the remainder of his life. He served as a director of the Illinois Central R. R. from 1871 to 1875. In 1875 he was vice-president of the North Chicago Railway Company. The following is quoted from an obituary notice in the *Chicago Tribune*:

Col Lucien Tilton, a well-known citizen, and one of the most eminent engineers in the Northwest, was buried from his late residence, No. 297 Oak street. He settled in this State a decade ago, and aided materially by his engineering skill in developing her resources. For a long time he resided in Springfield, and some years ago he retired from active business pursuits and took up his residence in this city. Mr. Tilton was a courteous gentleman, who drew about him a wide circle of friends. In his hospitality he was bounteous and his charity was proverbial. He died leaving behind him a reputation without a blemish. The Rev. Dr. Collyer officiated at the funeral ceremonies and touched upon the life and character of the deceased, and alluded to the fact that during thirty years of an active business life he had never overdrawn his bank account or given a note. Mr. Tilton leaves a fortune of fully a quarter of a million dollars, mainly in cash and bonds, and it is stated a portion consists of \$60,000 in gold, but recently purchased. He died March 19, 1877.



ANOTHER VERSION OF THE FAREWELL ADDRESS

(From the *Springfield Journal*, February 12, 1861.)

Friends:

No one who has never been placed in a like position can understand my feelings at this hour, nor the oppressive sadness I feel at this parting. For more than a quarter of a century I have lived among you, and during all that time I have received nothing but kindness at your hands. Here I have lived from my youth until now I am an old man. Here all of my children were born; here one of them lies buried. To you, dear friends, I owe all that I have—all that I am. All the strange checkered past seems now to crowd upon my mind.

Today I leave you. I go to assume a task more difficult than that which devolved upon General Washington. Unless the great God who assisted him shall be with me and aid me, I must fail. But if the same Omniscient mind and the same Almighty that directed and protected him shall guide and support me, I shall not fail. I shall succeed. Let us all pray that the God of our fathers may not forsake us now. To Him I commend you all. Permit me to ask that, with equal sincerity and faith, you all will invoke His wisdom and guidance for me.

With these few words I must leave you—for how long I know not. Friends, one and all, I must now bid you an affectionate farewell.

The following advertisement appeared in the *Springfield Journal*, January, 1861:

AT PRIVATE SALE

The furniture consisting of Parlor and Chamber Sets, Carpets, Sofas, Chairs, Wardrobes, Bureaus, Bedsteads, Stoves, China, Queensware, Glass, etc., at the residence on the corner of Eighth and Jackson streets is offered at Private Sale without reserve. For particulars apply at the premises at once.

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