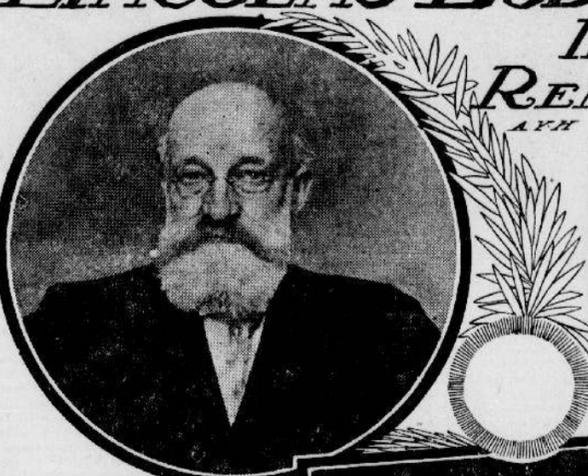


MISSOULA, MONTANA, SUNDAY MORNING, FEBRUARY 7, 1909.

LINCOLN'S BODYGUARD, HIS RELICS AND REMINISCENCES by Waldon Hawcett



Col. Wm. H. Crook

Of the men now living who knew Abraham Lincoln personally and intimately, none can rival Col. William H. Crook in the possession of vivid and unique recollection of the martyr president.

Colonel Crook is now in his sixty-ninth year and was thus little more than 20 years of age when the civil war broke out.

Possibly the special attention be-



Plate, cup and saucer used at the White House by Abraham Lincoln now in the possession of his old bodyguard

stowed by Lincoln upon Crook was due in part at least to the fact that this particular bodyguard was comparatively young and, as he himself now confesses, had something of the attitude of a bashful boy toward the tall president.

A circumstance that contributed to the intimacy between President Lincoln and Colonel Crook was found in Lincoln's invariable practice of having his bodyguard walk by his side instead of some distance in his rear.

did consent to special protective measures, but he insisted that no public announcement should be made regarding these precautions; that the guards should wear plain clothes instead of uniforms, and that the guard who accompanied him on his walks about the capital should ever remain at his side after the fashion of a personal friend, and with no suggestion of that protection, which was obnoxious to Lincoln, because it seemed an admission of lack of confidence in the people of the country.

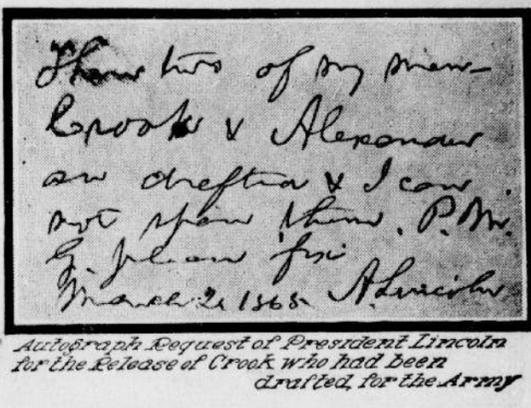
to the news center presents an unusual picture of the mighty Lincoln, the tall figure striding beside him in the gloom, wrapped in the rough gray shawl he invariably wore on such night expeditions, and with his tall beaver hat emphasizing his enormous height.



Mrs. Wm. H. Crook, wife of Lincoln's famous bodyguard

tion with Lincoln will be the better understood when it is explained that at night he was on duty in the corridor just outside the president's bedroom—so close that frequently he could hear the great man sigh or moan in his sleep after a day of unusual anguish and anxiety.

Lincoln's fondness for Crook was probably partly attributable to the fact that Crook and little Tad Lincoln, the apple of the president's eye, were fast friends.



Autograph Request of President Lincoln for the Release of Crook who had been Drafted for the Army

ration that the sad-faced president's lighter moods were in no wise so pleasingly disclosed as when he romped up and down the long upper corridor of the White House with Tad, playing all sorts of juvenile games.

After the death of Lincoln the war, Crook accompanied Mrs. Lincoln to Chicago, and later returned to the White House as bodyguard of President Johnson.

idents. Probably the most prized of all the keepsakes is a card in Lincoln's handwriting which the president addressed to the provost marshal general when Crook and his other bodyguard, Alexander Smith, were drafted for service in the army.

One possession of Colonel Crook's which though not a relic of the Lincoln period, he got a prize very high, is a violin which was once owned by Ole Bull.

BRITISH OFFICER TELLS OF EARTHQUAKE'S HAVOC



RECOVERING THE WOUNDED.

Fleet Surgeon Edward E. De Court MacSherry, on board H. M. S. Duncan, in a letter to the "Mid-Ulster Mail" gives a vivid description of the scenes in Sicily following the disastrous earthquake which laid waste of some of the most beautiful cities of southern Italy and cost the lives of thousands of persons.

spots on the earth, was now a smouldering heap of ruins, and, except for the general outline, was almost unrecognizable. It had been really a city of palaces, with evidences of taste and wealth and luxury in every direction, and it was inexplicably sad to see it now a vast and formless heap of stones and timbers littering the ground for miles and miles around.

Words inadequate. Words are absolutely incapable of conveying even the remotest idea of the scene of death and desolation which presented itself along the whole of the coast line from Reggio to San Giovanni and on to Scylla.

A. M. C., and was in full working order inside a couple of hours. The men and officers of the Duncan were lauded as rescuing parties and they secured the towns and villages all round the district in search of wounded. And I can tell you some strange rescues were effected by them.

Some instances. It may interest you to hear one or two of them at first hand and just as they occurred. The following one interested me very much: On the afternoon of the Saturday after the earthquake, at 3 o'clock (that is five and a half days after the actual occurrence), a message was brought to us that a sound of a human voice had been heard in a heap of ruins about three miles from Catania.

of a rough country, to the field hospital. This poor fellow's case almost outrivals that of Tantalus. He had just sat down to early breakfast on the fatal Monday morning when the earthquake shock occurred; a great beam had fallen across the table pinning down both his arms to the table, another had fallen across his shoulders forcing his chin onto his breast, while a mass of masonry had fallen round his legs and fixed them fast; at the same time two beams formed an arch above him so as to protect his head, and thus, with ironic jest to spare him from five nights and six days, dying of starvation and thirst, with the untasted breakfast a few inches from his mouth, but absolutely beyond his reach, I have never seen such a look of horror in any human eyes as I saw in his when he was extricated. Poor fellow! he was quite conscious and quite understood what was being done for him, but at the last he had no desire to contend against a fate that could be so unnecessarily cruel and could perpetrate such a grim and unfeeling jest upon a poor human being who after lingering for a couple of days more he "gave in and passed away." We also dug out a girl who had been buried for six days, beneath a heap of wreckage about twelve feet deep. She was a lovely looking girl, one of the handsomest-looking human beings I have ever seen.

Father Killed. She and her father had lived in the same house, but the old father had been killed by the first shock. She was quite delirious when we found her, and for some time after she had been conveyed to the field hospital. She lay screaming over and over again, day and night, "I am dying, Holy Mary; I am dying!" (In Italian, of course). Strange to say she recovered all right and in three days she was more or less herself again, although her eyes still retained that look of ineffable horror which I noticed in the eyes of so many of these people, whom for so many days grim death had been staring out of countenance.

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He himself, and there he was, working day and night, giving his best to succor the wounded, which lay in awful heaps in all directions around him. I knew another man intimately who lost his three brothers and their wives and families to the number of 21—that is 21 members of his own immediate family. It was too depressing for words, no battlefield ever presented such a ghastly scene, and although I



EMERGENCY OPERATING TABLES.

were buried beneath a pile of wreckage, but although she could hear them crying, she couldn't see them. She told me the two days seemed like an eternity. The children weren't injured, but the mother is paralyzed in both legs. The doctor of Catania (or rather one of the doctors) told me he had lost his wife and two children, his father and mother, and all his brothers and sisters and their children, so that out of a family of 17 he was the only one left.

A Terrible State. He himself was in a terrible state, but had been working hard among the wounded, and it was only at the end of a week that he spoke about his own injuries and asked to be treated. When we examined him we were astonished. I had never seen anything in civil life to equal the state of his head and body; he was one huge mass of suppurating, festering wounds and bruises, but all the other doctors had been killed, he had no time to think of himself, and there he was, working day and night, giving his best to succor the wounded, which lay in awful heaps in all directions around him.