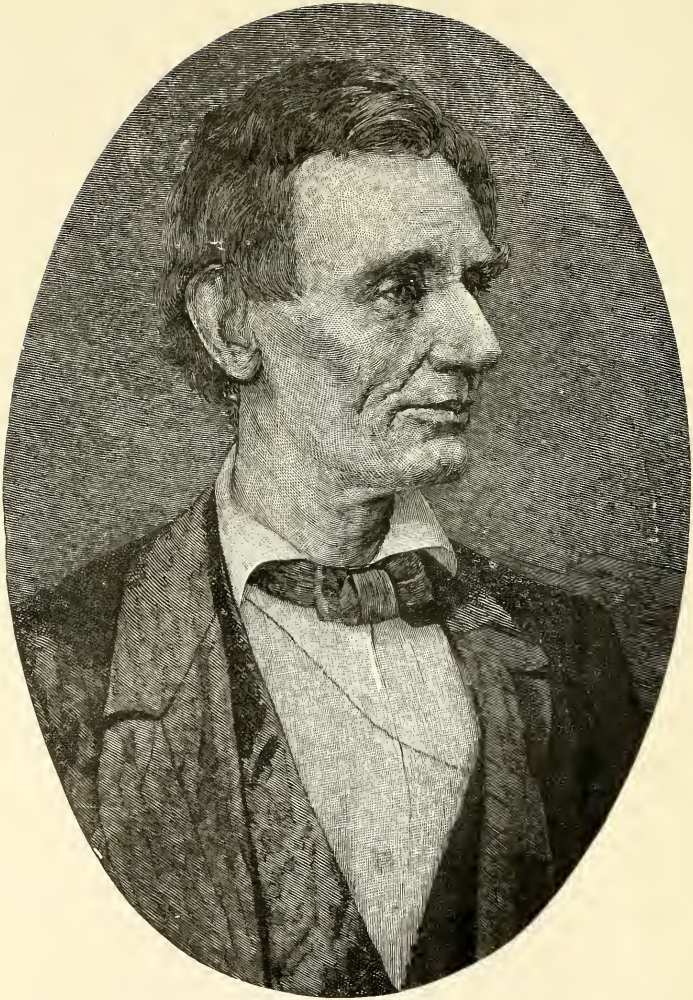
ABRAHAM LINCOLN

The First American

★ D. D. THOMPSON ★



A. Lincoln

ABRAHAM LINCOLN,

THE FIRST AMERICAN.

BY

D. D. THOMPSON.

Our children shall behold his fame,
The kindly, earnest, brave, foreseeing man,
Sagacious, patient, dreading praise, not blame;
New birth of our new soil—*the first American.*

—LOWELL.

POPULAR EDITION.

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POPULAR EDITION.

PREFACE.

THIS volume is designed to entertain and inform those who desire to read about Abraham Lincoln, his words and deeds. It has been prepared with special reference to young people, and for use in schools in connection with the celebration of Lincoln's birthday. Those who wish to know more about him than is here related are referred to the following excellent books, to which the writer acknowledges his indebtedness:

NICOLAY AND HAY: Life of Lincoln. *The Century.*

NICOLAY & HAY: Complete Works of Lincoln. *The Century.*

ISAAC N. ARNOLD: Life of Lincoln. A. C. McClurg & Co., Chicago.

W. O. STODDARD: Life of Lincoln. Fords, Howard & Hulbert, New York.

J. G. HOLLAND: Life of Lincoln.

HERNDON AND WEIK: Story of a Great Life. Belford, Clarke & Co., Chicago.

JOHN ROBERT IRELAN: Life of Lincoln.

JOHN T. MORSE, JR.: Life of Lincoln. Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston.

HENRY J. RAYMOND: Lincoln's Life and Times. Hurst & Co., New York.

ALLEN THORNDIKE RICE: Reminiscences of Lincoln. *North American Review*, New York.

L. E. CHITTENDEN: Recollections of Lincoln. Harper and Brothers, New York.

L. E. CHITTENDEN: Personal Reminiscences. Richmond, Croscup & Co., New York.

NOAH BROOKS: Life of Lincoln. G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York.

CHAS. W. FRENCH: Life of Lincoln. Funk and Wagnalls, New York.

F. B. CARPENTER: Six Months in the White House. *The Independent*, New York.

M. LOUISE PUTNAM: Children's Life of Lincoln. A. C. McClurg & Co., Chicago.

C. G. LELAND: Life of Lincoln. G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York.

J. B. MCCLURE: Anecdotes of Lincoln. Rhodes and McClure, Chicago.

G. M. VAN BUREN: Lincoln's Voice and Pen. Robert Clarke & Co., Cincinnati.

J. H. BARRETT: Life and Administration of Lincoln.

D. D. T.

CHICAGO.

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Married Mary Todd, November 4, 1842.
Elected to Congress, 1846.
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Nominated for President at Chicago, May 16, 1860.
Elected President November 6, 1860.
Inaugurated President, March 4, 1861.
Issued first call for 75,000 Volunteers, April 16, 1861.
Inaugurated President for Second Term, March 4, 1865.
Shot by John Wilkes Booth, Friday, April 14, 1865.
Died April 15, 1865.
Buried at Springfield, Ill., May 3, 1865.

ABRAHAM LINCOLN.

LINCOLN'S CHILDHOOD.

"ALL that I am, or hope to be, I owe to my angel mother—blessings on her memory." So spoke Abraham Lincoln of his mother, after he had become famous. She died when he was yet a child. From his father he inherited his name, his humble condition, and his love of story-telling; but from his mother the nobility of character which made him great, and won the admiration of the world.

Abraham Lincoln was born February 12, 1809, in a floorless log-hut that was little better than a novel, that stood near the banks of a creek in what is now La Rue County, Kentucky. His grandfather, also named Abraham Lincoln, was one of the pioneers of Kentucky, and had been killed by the Indians in 1784, while plowing in his field. The Indian who fired the shot seized the youngest boy, Thomas, six years old, the father of the future President, and started off, when suddenly he fell

dead, shot by an older brother, Mordecai, a boy ten years old.

Thomas Lincoln grew to manhood in the wilds of Kentucky, and when twenty-eight years old married Nancy Hanks, daughter of Joseph Hanks, whose ancestors and those of her husband had been neighbors in the Shenandoah Valley half a century before.

Nancy Lincoln is described as "tall, dark-haired, comely, dignified, and winsome, by her grace and kindness. She seemed at times as if looking far away, seeing what others did not see. She had attended school in Virginia, and stood upon a higher intellectual plane than those around her. The Bible was read morning and evening, and her conduct was in accordance with its precepts. She was on the frontier, where few books were to be had to satisfy her thirst for knowledge, and where there was little intellectual culture."

To Thomas and Nancy Lincoln were born three children—a daughter and two sons. One boy died in childhood. The sister, named Sarah, lived to womanhood. Thomas and Nancy Lincoln were very poor, and they began life together in very humble circumstances. Their first home was a cabin in Elizabethtown. In 1809, Thomas Lincoln secured a quarter-section of land on Nolin's Creek, near Hodgensville, on which he built a one-room

cabin. Their needs were few, and with a Dutch oven, frying-pan, a few tin dishes, wooden plates, and a bucket, the family lived in comparative comfort.

Nancy Lincoln was wife, mother, and teacher. From his wife, Thomas Lincoln learned the letters of the alphabet, as did also her children. On Sundays Nancy Lincoln would gather her children around her, and read to them the wonderful stories in the Bible, and pray with them. After he had become President, Lincoln, speaking of his mother, said: "I remember her prayers, and they have always followed me. They have clung to me all my life."

These Bible stories not only interested him, but they molded his character, and aroused a desire to be able to read for himself—a desire that, in later years, developed into an almost insatiable thirst for knowledge.

In the week evenings, Thomas Lincoln would entertain his family with stories, many of which related to the adventures of Daniel Boone and other pioneers of Kentucky. The most interesting were those of the boy's grandfather, and the most thrilling of all, the account of the grandfather's death, and the escape of little Thomas himself.

Traveling preachers occasionally visited the neighborhood, and a log meeting-house had been

erected at Little Mound, about three miles from the Lincoln home. Here little Abe attended services with his parents, and, when only five years old, was so impressed with what he heard, that on his return home he would mount a stool, and preach a sermon of his own, shouting and pounding the table with his little fist in imitation of the preacher. His favorite among these itinerants was Rev. David Elkin.

Little Abe started to attend school when about five years old. It was "kept" by a Roman Catholic priest, named Zachariah Riney, who traveled through the settlements, teaching for a few weeks at a time. The school did not amount to much; but such as it was, the boys and girls, and even young men and young women of the country, for many miles around, attended it. The only text-book was a "Speller," with easy reading-lessons. Thanks to the careful instruction of his intelligent mother, little five-year-old Abe was soon head of the class, to the great chagrin of the older scholars.

In 1814, Thomas Lincoln, who had been unable to pay for his land on Nolin's Creek, bargained for a two-hundred-acre tract of land on Knob Creek, a few miles away. Here his son attended a school taught by George Hazel, whose only text-book was also a "Speller."

REMOVAL TO INDIANA.

SLAVERY and imperfect land-titles together had made the lot of the poor white man in Kentucky exceedingly unpleasant. When Thomas Lincoln and his wife learned that fertile government land could be bought in Indiana for $2 an acre, they caught the "emigrant fever," and in 1817 decided to move to the free State where rich and poor were alike respected, and where the poorest could secure a home.

Thomas Lincoln had cleared a portion of the Knob Creek farm, built a cabin, dug a well, and made other improvements, and in consideration of these he found a purchaser who would pay him his price for the place—three hundred dollars. The man had but little money, but Lincoln accepted the terms offered—twenty dollars in money and ten barrels of whisky worth $28 a barrel. Whisky in those days was salable everywhere, and was considered as safe as money. But it was inconvenient to carry. This compelled Lincoln to construct a raft on which he placed his few carpenter tools and the whisky.

The raft was built at the junction of Knob Creek and the Rolling Fork River. Leaving his family, Lincoln floated down the Rolling Fork to Salt River; thence into the Ohio. The latter was at flood height, and the current very swift. The raft was capsized, and the whisky and the other freight went to the bottom. Lincoln swam ashore. He was penniless. What should he do? He decided to wait until the waters should recede. This they did in a few days, when he recovered his property, secured another boat, and drifted down the Ohio to Thompson's Landing. He then traveled inland, until he reached Pigeon Creek, where he selected a quarter-section of land, went to Vincennes to enter it, and then returned to Kentucky.

The family moved to Indiana in November. There was no house for them to occupy, not even a cabin. Their only shelter was a shed or three-faced "camp," one side of which was open to the weather. This shelter was the home of the family during the winter, while the father was hewing timber and preparing it for the more pretentious house he was to build.

The family moved into the new home before the floor had been laid or the door hung. Soon afterward, an epidemic, known as "milk-sickness," broke out. It was attributed to the poisoning of the milk by herbs which the cows ate, and attacked

human beings and cattle alike. Physicians had no remedy, and many people died. Nancy Lincoln was stricken, and, after a brief illness, died, at the age of thirty-five years.

Not long before her death, Mrs. Lincoln called little Abe to her bedside, and said to him: "I am going away from you, Abraham, and shall not return. I know that you will be a good boy; that you will be kind to Sarah and to your father. I want you to live as I have taught you, and to love your Heavenly Father." The husband made a coffin, and kind neighbors buried her on the summit of a hill within sight of her home.

That there was no religious service held weighed on little Abe's heart. Some time after he wrote to Rev. David Elkin, the itinerant he had heard preach at Little Mound, Ky., and asked him to preach the funeral sermon at his mother's grave. The preacher replied that he would come. An appointment was made, and the settlers from many miles around gathered to hear the sermon at Nancy Lincoln's grave. The grave is now marked by a marble slab and iron fence, erected by P. E. Studebaker, of South Bend, Indiana. On the stone is the inscription: "Nancy Hanks Lincoln, mother of President Lincoln; died October 5, A. D., 1818, aged thirty-five years. Erected by a friend of her martyred son, 1879."

LINCOLN'S BOYHOOD.

THE death of his mother was the first great sorrow of Abraham Lincoln's life. It left its impression upon his character forever. It was soon after that he began to exhibit that sadness and sympathy which characterized him throughout his life. His tenderness was also manifest at this early age, and he seldom indulged even in the most popular sport of the day—hunting—because it appeared to him to be cruel. Once he shot a wild turkey, but he fired through a crevice of the cabin so that he might not see the bird die.

Not long after Mrs. Lincoln's death, Thomas Lincoln, while visiting a friend about twenty miles distant, observed an old, soiled copy of Bunyan's "Pilgrim's Progress." "What a treasure that would be to Abe!" he thought. He asked his friend to loan him the book, and he did so. When he placed the book in Abe's hands the boy was so delighted, his eyes sparkled, and that day he could not eat, and that night he could not sleep.

It did not take Abe a great while to read the book through. So soon as he had finished it he

began a second time. When he was about half through a lady friend, who heard of his love for reading, presented him a copy of Æsop's Fables. Of this, his first book that he might call his own, he was no doubt more proud than of his election to the Presidency of the United States in later years. He read and re-read the fables until he knew them all by heart. He not only learned the story of each fable, but he caught the lesson it was designed to teach.

It was from this book he learned the value of a story as a teacher, of which he made such remarkable use when, to make men understand him, he would say, "That reminds me of a story," and then relate some incident that would convey his meaning as a statement of mere words could not.

A little more than a year after the death of his wife, Thomas Lincoln suddenly left home. A few weeks later he presented himself at the house of Sarah Bush Johnson, in Elizabethtown, Kentucky. Mrs. Johnson and Mr. Lincoln had been playmates in childhood, but now she was a widow with three children. Mr. Lincoln asked her to marry him. She did not refuse, but said she owed some debts, and could not go away until they were paid. Mr. Lincoln inquired and found that the debts amounted to $12, which was a large sum to Mrs. Johnson. These he paid, and the next day they were married.

Mrs. Sarah Lincoln's possessions consisted of a bureau, a couple of feather-beds, a few chairs, and a heart so large that it at once received as her own the motherless children of Nancy Hanks. Her arrival with her two girls and boy brought cheer to the desolate home.

The new mother was a superior woman, and Lincoln loved her dearly. After he had become prominent as a lawyer, a friend who called at his office found him sitting before a table, on which was a small pile of money, which he was counting over and over.

"Look here, Judge," said Lincoln. "See what a heap of money I've got from the —— case. Did you ever see anything like it? Why, I never had so much money in my life before, put it all together!" Then crossing his arms upon the table, his manner sobering down, he added: "I've got just five hundred dollars; if it were only seven hundred and fifty, I would go directly and purchase a quarter-section of land, and settle it upon my old stepmother."

His friend said that if the deficiency was all he needed, he would loan him the amount, taking his note, to which Mr. Lincoln instantly acceded.

His friend then said: "Lincoln, I would not do just what you have indicated. Your stepmother is getting old, and will not probably live many years.

I would settle the property upon her for her use during her lifetime, to revert to you upon her death."

With much feeling, Mr. Lincoln replied: "I shall do no such thing. It is a poor return, at the best, for all the good woman's devotion and fidelity to me, and there is not going to be any half-way business about it;" and so saying, he gathered up his money, and proceeded forthwith to carry his long-cherished purpose into execution.

In 1822 a log school-house was built on Pigeon Creek. The teacher was a young man named Azel Dorsey. He taught reading, writing, spelling, and arithmetic. There is a tradition that Abe's mother taught him to write, but he had not become proficient. His stepmother, who had noticed his love of reading, gladly sent him to Dorsey's school, and assisted him as best she could at home. It soon became known that he was the best "speller" in the school, and his fame went abroad. He also became greatly interested in arithmetic, and, in the absence of a slate, worked his problems on the back of a wooden shovel. His pencils were a piece of chalk or the burnt end of a stick. For writing books he used the top of his mother's table, the stools in their cabin, the trunks of trees, and sometimes the ground. Once he wrote "Abraham Lincoln" on the ground in his father's cornfield, as children write their names in the sand on the sea-

shore. He loved his books, but even they were not too precious to be defaced. In his arithmetic were found these lines:

"Abraham Lincoln,
His hand and pen;
He will be good—
But God knows when."

Dorsey's school continued only a few weeks, and there was no other for two years. In the meantime Abe was reading everything that he could find. The books he read were "Pilgrim's Progress," Weems's "Life of Washington," and "Robinson Crusoe." The "Life of Washington" he borrowed from Josiah Crawford. One day, during a rainstorm, some of the leaves got wet. It is not probable that Crawford really attached much value to the book, but he charged Abe seventy-five cents for the damage done. The boy had no money, and paid the bill by pulling corn in Crawford's field for three days. This, the first book he bought, was most highly prized.

Perhaps the most helpful school-teacher he had was Andrew Crawford, who followed Dorsey. Crawford trained the scholars, not only in reading, writing, and arithmetic, but in "manners" and elocution. He greatly enjoyed "speaking pieces," and after school would often mount a stump, and repeat some piece from the "American Preceptor," or make an

impromptu speech. His audience usually consisted of his own sister Sarah, his stepsisters Sarah and Matilda Johnson, his stepbrother John Johnson, and his cousin Dennis Hanks, who lived with the Lincoln family. A more appreciative audience no speaker ever had.

The aggregate of Lincoln's schooling did not amount to one year. His eagerness to learn led him not only to read books, but to attend meetings of all kinds where he might hear men speak. Among the books that had fallen into his hands was a copy of the Revised Statutes of Indiana. This was the beginning of his study of law.

Once he walked fifteen miles to Booneville, to listen to the plea of the famous Kentuckian, John Breckinridge, who defended a man accused of murder. He was delighted with the speech, which was the greatest he had ever heard. In his enthusiasm, so soon as the plea was concluded, he pushed his way to the front, to congratulate the orator. Mr. Breckinridge paid no attention whatever to the outstretched hand of the coatless young man, who was expressing his thanks and commending the ability and eloquence of the stranger, who had not only pleased but instructed him. The presumption of the boy was treated with silence, save a contemptuous glance at one of those who, to him, were "poor white trash."

He and Breckinridge met again in 1862, at the White House, in Washington. The coatless boy had become President of the United States. He reminded Mr. Breckinridge of their first meeting, and again complimented him on his great effort. This time the lawyer was pleased.

Lincoln related to Secretary Seward and a few friends in the White House, one evening, the following incident in his life:

"Seward," the President said, "you never heard, did you, how I earned my first dollar?"

"No," rejoined Mr. Seward.

"Well," continued Lincoln, "I belonged, you know, to what they call down South, the 'scrubs.' We had succeeded in raising, chiefly by my labor, sufficient produce, as I thought, to justify me in taking it down the river to sell.

"After much persuasion, I got the consent of mother to construct a little flatboat, large enough to take a barrel or two of things that we had gathered, with myself and little bundle, down to the Southern market. A steamer was coming down the river. We have, you know, no wharves on the Western streams; and the custom was, if passengers were at any of the landings, for them to go out to the passing steamer in a boat.

"I was contemplating my new flatboat, and wondering whether I could make it stronger, or

improve it in any particular, when two men came down to the shore in carriages with trunks, and, looking at the different boats, singled out mine.

"'Who owns this?' one asked:

"I answered, somewhat modestly, 'I do.'

"'Will you,' said one of them, 'take us and our trunks out to the steamer?'

"'Certainly,' said I. I was very glad to have the chance of earning something. I supposed that each of them would give me two or three bits. The trunks were put on my flatboat, the passengers seated themselves on the trunks, and I sculled them out to the steamboat.

"They got on board, and I lifted up their heavy trunks, and put them on deck. The steamer was about to put on steam again, when I called out that they had forgotten to pay me. Each of them took from his pocket a silver half-dollar, and threw it on the floor of my boat. I could scarcely believe my eyes as I picked up the money. Gentlemen, you may think it was a very little thing, and in these days it seems to me a trifle; but it was a most important incident in my life. I could scarcely credit that I, a poor boy, had earned a dollar in less than a day—that by honest work I had earned a dollar. The world seemed wider and fairer before me. I was a more hopeful and confident being from that time."

A STOREKEEPER IN ILLINOIS.

AFTER a few years Thomas Lincoln grew tired of Indiana, and Illinois having been portrayed to him as a veritable paradise, he pulled up stakes and migrated thither in February, 1830, settling near Decatur. Young Abraham accompanied his father. On the way they crossed a shallow stream that was covered with thin ice. After the family had reached the shore, Abraham heard the cries of their little dog, which was standing on the opopposite bank, and was afraid to step into the icy water. "I can not bear to see even a puppy in distress," he said, so he rolled up his trousers, and barefoot waded the stream, took the dog in his arms, and carried it safely across.

Abraham assisted his father in building his cabin, clearing ground, and planting a crop. It was during this time that Lincoln and John Hanks split the rails which were introduced with such tremendous effect at the Republican State Convention, held in Decatur, Ill., in 1860, which nominated delegates to the ensuing National Convention. Lincoln had scarcely taken his seat in the Convention, when

General Oglesby announced that an old Democrat of Macon County desired to make a contribution to the Convention. At once several farmers entered the hall carrying on their shoulders two old fence-rails, bearing the inscription: "Abraham Lincoln, the rail candidate for the Presidency in 1860. Two rails from a lot of three thousand, made in 1830 by Thomas Hanks and Abe Lincoln, whose father was the first pioneer of Macon County." The effect was thrilling. The cheering continued for fifteen minutes, and the demonstration showed the Convention and the country that Abraham Lincoln was the only choice of the Republicans of Illinois for the Presidency.

When Lincoln became of age, he thought it time to do something for himself. Among his first contracts was one to split rails for a woman who, in payment, was to furnish cloth and make him a pair of trousers. The terms were three hundred rails for every yard of cloth used, and the bargain was faithfully carried out.

Not long afterward a man named Offutt engaged Lincoln to take a flatboat loaded with country produce, and sell it. A herd of pigs constituted part of the cargo, and as they refused to be driven, Abraham took them, one by one, in his strong arms, and carried them aboard. While in New Orleans he, for the first time, entered a slave-market, where

he saw men, women, and children sold like cattle. The anguish of fathers and mothers and children, as they were torn from each other, fired him with indignation, and he said to one of his companions: "If I ever get a chance to hit that institution, I will hit it hard, John."

After Lincoln's return Mr. Offutt offered him a position as clerk in his store at New Salem, Illinois. Mr. Offutt was very proud of his clerk, and praised him so often that a gang of young roughs in the neighborhood, known as the "Clary Grove boys," determined to give him a thrashing. They finally provoked Lincoln to engage in a wrestling match with their leader, Jack Armstrong. Armstrong was as strong as an ox, and was the champion wrestler. To his great surprise Lincoln, seizing him with both hands, held him at arms' length, and shook him like a child. His friends rushed to his assistance, but Armstrong shouted to them to stop, saying: "Boys, Abe Lincoln is the best man that ever broke into this settlement. He shall be one of us."

One of Lincoln's greatest triumphs at the bar was in defending William Armstrong, the son of this Jack Armstrong. Young Armstrong had been indicted, with another young man named Norris, for a murder committed near a camp-meeting. The crime had created great excitement and indigna-

tion. Norris had been convicted and sentenced to State-prison. Young Armstrong had few friends, and no money to employ attorneys. His mother had often befriended Lincoln in his younger days, and cheered him in his melancholy moods. She thought he might now befriend her boy in his need. She believed that he could save Bill from disgrace and death if any one could. So she went to him and told him the story. He promised to do what he could. At the trial the evidence against the boy was very strong. The strongest point made was by a witness who swore that at eleven o'clock at night he saw Armstrong strike the murdered man on the head. He declared the full moon was shining brightly, and that he could not have been mistaken.

Lincoln quietly picked up an almanac, and examining it found there was no moon at all on that night. This was Lincoln's only point for defense, but upon this testimony rested the strength of the case against his client. He told no one of his discovery; but when he came to argue the case, he gradually prepared the minds of the jury for the climax of his speech, when he called for the almanac, and showed that the principal witness had testified to what was absolutely false, and declared his whole story a fabrication. What followed is thus described in Barrett's "Life of Lincoln:"

"An almost instantaneous change seemed to

have been wrought in the minds of his auditors, and the verdict of 'not guilty' was at the end of every tongue. But the advocate was not content with this intellectual achievement. His whole being had for months been bound up in this work of gratitude and mercy, and, as the lava of the overcharged crater bursts from its imprisonment, so great thoughts and burning words leaped forth from the soul of the eloquent Lincoln. He drew a picture of the perjurer so horrid and ghastly that the accuser could sit under it no longer, but reeled and staggered from the court-room, while the audience fancied they could see the brand upon his brow. Then, in words of thrilling pathos, Lincoln appealed to the jurors, as fathers of sons who might become fatherless, and as husbands of wives who might be widowed, to yield to no previous impressions, no ill-founded prejudice, but to do his client justice; and as he alluded to the debt of gratitude which he owed the boy's sire, tears were seen to fall from many eyes unused to weep. It was near night when he concluded by saying, that if justice was done—as he believed it would be—before the sun should set it would shine upon his client, a free man.

"The jury retired, and the court adjourned for the day. Half an hour had not elapsed, when, as the officers of the court and the volunteer attorney

sat at the tea-table of their hotel, a messenger announced that the jury had returned to their seats. All repaired immediately to the court-house, and while the prisoner was being brought from the jail, the court-room was filled to overflowing with citizens of the town. When the prisoner and his mother entered, silence reigned as completely as though the house were empty. The foreman of the jury, in answer to the usual inquiry from the court, delivered the verdict of 'Not Guilty!'

"The widow dropped into the arms of her son, who lifted her up, and told her to look upon him as before, free and innocent. Then, with the words, 'Where is Mr. Lincoln?' he rushed across the room and grasped the hand of his deliverer, while his heart was too full for utterance. Lincoln turned his eyes toward the west, where the sun still lingered in view, and then, turning to the youth, said: 'It is not yet sundown, and you are free.' I confess that my cheeks were not wholly unwet by tears, and I turned from the affecting scene. As I cast a glance behind, I saw Abraham Lincoln obeying the divine injunction by comforting the widowed and the fatherless."

It was while employed in Offutt's store, in New Salem, Ill., that Lincoln began to be called "Honest Abe." He was judge, arbitrator, referee, umpire, authority in all disputes, games, and matches of

man-flesh and horse-flesh; a peacemaker in all quarrels; everybody's friend; the best-natured, the most sensible, the best-informed, the most modest and unassuming, the kindest, gentlest, roughest, strongest, best young fellow in all the region round about.

Lincoln could not rest for an instant under the consciousness that he had, even unwittingly, defrauded anybody. On one occasion he sold a woman a little bill of goods, amounting to two dollars six and a quarter cents. He received the money, and the woman went away. On adding the items of the bill again, to make himself sure of correctness, he found that he had taken six and a quarter cents too much. It was night, but he closed and locked the store, and started on foot for the house of his defrauded customer, two miles away, and delivered to her the sum due her. Then he returned home satisfied.

In 1832, Lincoln and a man named Berry bought a store in New Salem. Berry had little means, and Lincoln gave his personal note for the amount involved. They failed in a short time, and Mr. Lincoln carried the burden of the debt for sixteen years, when he paid the last cent out of his congressional salary. He referred to this experience in his life as "paying the national debt."

THE BLACK HAWK WAR.

THE Black Hawk War broke out in 1832, and Lincoln enlisted in a company being formed in New Salem. He was elected captain, and after his elevation to the Presidency referred to this action of his neighbors and friends as one of the proudest moments of his life. He was mustered into service by Lieutenant Robert Anderson, afterward commander of Fort Sumter when it fell.

His company did not have an opportunity to distinguish itself, but the experience enabled Mr. Lincoln to enliven one of his speeches while in Congress by the following allusion to it:

"By the way, Mr. Speaker," said Lincoln, "do you know I am a military hero? Yes, sir; in the days of the Black Hawk War, I fought, bled, and came away. Speaking of General Cass's career reminds me of my own. I was not at Stillman's defeat, but I was about as near it as Cass to Hull's surrender; and, like him, I saw the place very soon afterward. It is quite certain I did not break my sword, for I had none to break; but I bent my musket pretty badly on one occasion. . . . If

General Cass went in advance of me in picking whortleberries, I guess I surpassed him in charges upon the wild onions. If he saw any live, fighting Indians, it was more than I did, but I had a good many bloody struggles with the mosquitoes; and although I never fainted from loss of blood, I can truly say I was often very hungry." Lincoln concluded by saying that if he ever turned Democrat, and should run for the Presidency, he hoped they would not make fun of him by attempting to make him a military hero!

The war did, however, give an opportunity for Lincoln to exhibit his moral courage. One day there came into the camp an old Indian. He was weary and hungry, and had a safe conduct from General Cass, but the men were so incensed against the entire race, that they denounced him as a spy. They were about to kill him, when Lincoln stepped between them and their intended victim. He was terribly angry, and his manner cowed them. After a moment one shouted:

"Lincoln, this is cowardly of you."

Looking at him with contempt, Lincoln replied:

"If any man thinks I am a coward, let him test me."

"You are bigger and braver than any of us."

"That you can guard against; choose your own weapons."

IN PUBLIC LIFE.

SOON after his return from the Black Hawk War in 1832, Lincoln announced himself as a Whig candidate for the Legislature in a speech delivered at Pappsville, Sangamon County, Illinois. It was his maiden effort, and was as follows:

"GENTLEMEN, FELLOW-CITIZENS,—I presume you all know who I am. I am humble Abraham Lincoln. I have been solicited by my friends to become a candidate for the Legislature. My politics are short and sweet, like an 'old woman's dance.' I am in favor of a national bank. I am in favor of the international improvement system and a high protective tariff. These are my sentiments and political principles. If elected, I will be thankful. If defeated, it will be all the same."

He was defeated, but not dismayed. He studied what he should do—thought of learning the blacksmith's trade—but the opportunity offering to buy the store with Berry, he did so. After his failure, while clerking in a Mr. Ellis's store, he bought an old volume of Blackstone at a store in Springfield, and gave himself up to studying law. Other books were loaned him by a friend, to secure which

he walked to Springfield, fourteen miles distant. So absorbed would he become in reading his books on the way home, that he would be oblivious of everything around him. A favorite resort for study was an old oak-tree, around which he moved to keep in the shade. Often he would be found lying flat on his back on the counter, absorbed in his studies. A book was almost always his inseparable companion. One day a friend called at his boarding-house, and found him stretched at full length upon the bed, poring over a book, and rocking the cradle of his landlady's baby with one foot.

In 1833 he was appointed postmaster of New Salem. The remuneration was not large, and the office was discontinued during Lincoln's term. Some time later, and after Lincoln had begun the practice of law, an agent of the Post-office Department entered his office, and inquired if Abraham Lincoln was in. Lincoln was told that the agent had called to collect a balance due the Department from the New Salem office. A shade of perplexity passed over Lincoln's face, which did not escape the notice of friends who were present. One of them said at once: "Lincoln, if you are in want of money, let us help you." He made no reply, but suddenly rose, and pulled out from a pile of books a little old trunk, and, returning to the table, asked the agent how much the amount of his debt

was. The sum was named, and then Lincoln opened the trunk, pulled out a little package of coin wrapped in a cotton rag, and *counted out the exact sum*, amounting to something more than seventeen dollars.

After the agent had left the room, Lincoln remarked quietly that he never used any man's money but his own. Although this sum had been in his hands for several years—during which he was in great financial straits—he had never regarded it as available, even for any temporary purpose of his own.

After retiring from the post-office, Lincoln resumed rail-splitting for a living. He was thus working for a man named Short, when a neighbor came along and told him he had been appointed a government surveyor.

In 1834, Lincoln was again a candidate for the Legislature. He made a thorough canvass, delighted his audiences with his funny stories, and was triumphantly elected. On one occasion, while speaking to a number of men cradling wheat in a field, one of them said:

"I won't vote for any man we can cut out of his swath."

"Well, boys," replied Lincoln, "I guess you will all vote for me then;" and seizing a cradle, he led them around the field.

Lincoln's finances were low, but his credit was so good that he borrowed two hundred dollars with which to buy clothes and pay his expenses during the session of the Legislature. To save the expense, he walked to Vandalia, the capital, a distance of about one hundred miles, carrying his clothes in a pack on his back. One of the first persons he met at Springfield, though not as a member of the Legislature, was Stephen A. Douglas, with whose name his own was afterward to be intimately associated.

In a speech in 1856, Mr. Lincoln made the following generous allusion to Douglas. He said: "Twenty years ago Judge Douglas and I first became acquainted. We were both young then, he a trifle younger than I. Even then we were both ambitious—I, perhaps, quite as much as he. With me the race of ambition has been a failure. With him it has been a splendid success. His name fills the nation, and it is not unknown in foreign lands. I affect no contempt for the high eminence he has reached; so reached that the oppressed of my species might have shared with me in the elevation, I would rather stand on that eminence than wear the richest crown that ever pressed a monarch's brow."

Mr. Lincoln was a candidate for re-election. There was considerable interest, and the voters of Sangamon County called upon each candidate to

"show his hand." In response Mr. Lincoln issued the following address:

"FELLOW-CITIZENS,—The candidates are called upon, I see, to show their hands. Here is mine. I go for all sharing the privileges of government who assist in bearing its burdens. Consequently, I go for admitting all the whites to the rights of suffrage who pay taxes or bear arms, by no means excluding the females.

"If elected, I shall consider the whole people of Sangamon County my constituents, as well those who oppose as those who support me. While acting as their representative, I shall be governed by their will on all subjects upon which I have the means of knowing what their will is; and upon all others, I shall do what my judgment tells me will best advance their interests.

"Whether elected or not, I go for distributing the proceeds of the sales of the public lands to the several States, to enable our State, in common with others, to dig canals and construct railroads without borrowing money and paying the interest on it. If alive on the first day of November, I shall vote for Hugh L. White for President."

His opponent was George Forquar, of Springfield, Illinois, who was celebrated for having "changed his coat" politically, and as having introduced the first and only lightning-rod in Springfield at this time.

He said in a speech, in Lincoln's presence: "This young man [Lincoln] will have to be taken down, and I am sorry the task devolves upon me;" and then proceeded to "take him down."

Lincoln replied, and in closing said: "Fellow-citizens, it is for you, not for me, to say whether I am up or down. The gentleman has alluded to my being a young man; I am older in years than I am in the tricks and trades of politicians. I desire to live, and I desire place and distinction as a politician; but I would rather die now than, like the gentleman, live to see the day that I would have to erect a lightning-rod to protect a guilty conscience from an offended God."

This response was greeted with laughter and cheers, and, lifting him upon their shoulders, Lincoln's friends carried him from the court-house. Forquar made no reply.

In this Legislature, Lincoln took a somewhat active part. His most notable action was the presentation of the following protest, dated March 3, 1837:

"Resolutions upon the subject of domestic slavery having passed both branches of the General Assembly, at its present session, the undersigned hereby protest against the passage of the same.

"They believe that the institution of slavery is founded on both injustice and bad policy; but that

the promulgation of Abolition doctrines tends rather to increase than abate its evils.

"They believe that the Congress of the United States has no power, under the Constitution, to interfere with the institution of slavery in the different States.

"They believe that the Congress of the United States has the power, under the Constitution, to abolish slavery in the District of Columbia; but that the power ought not to be exercised, unless at the request of the people of said District.

"The difference between these opinions and those contained in the said resolutions, is their reason for entering this protest.

"(Signed,) DAN STONE,
"A. LINCOLN,
"Representatives from the County of Sangamon."

A good illustration of the execution which Lincoln sometimes effected with a story occurred during his career in the Legislature. There was a troublesome member from Wabash County, who gloried particularly in being a "strict constructionist." He found something "unconstitutional" in every measure that was brought forward for discussion. He was a member of the Judiciary Committee, and was very apt, after giving every measure a heavy pounding, to advocate its reference to this committee. No amount of sober argument could floor him.

At last the members determined to silence him, and Lincoln was asked to undertake the task.

A measure was brought forward in which Lincoln's constituents were interested, when the member from Wabash rose, and discharged all his batteries upon its unconstitutional points. Lincoln then took the floor, and, with a quizzical expression of features, and a mirthful twinkle in his gray eyes, said:

"Mr. Speaker, the attack of the member from Wabash on the constitutionality of this measure reminds me of an old friend of mine. He's a peculiar-looking old fellow, with shaggy, overhanging eyebrows, and a pair of spectacles under them. [Everybody turned to the member from Wabash, and recognized a personal description.] One morning, just after the old man got up, he imagined, on looking out of his door, that he saw rather a lively squirrel on a tree near his house. So he took down his rifle and fired at the squirrel, but the squirrel paid no attention to the shot. He loaded and fired again and again, until, at the thirteenth shot, he set down his gun impatiently, and said to his boy, who was looking on:

"'Boy, there's something wrong about this rifle.'

"'Rifle's all right; I know 'tis,' responded the boy; 'but where's your squirrel?'

"'Do n't you see him, humped up about halfway up the tree?' inquired the old man, peering over his spectacles, and getting mystified.

"'No, I do n't,' responded the boy; and then turning and looking into his father's face, he exclaimed: 'I see your squirrel! You 've been firing at a louse on your eyebrow!'"

The story needed neither application nor explanation. The house was in convulsions of laughter. The member from Wabash was very careful afterwards not to provoke any allusion to his "eyebrows."

Lincoln was a member of the Legislatures elected in 1838 and 1840. He had become the recognized Whig leader, and in the latter Legislature was the candidate of his party for speaker.

During the campaign of 1840, Col. Dick Taylor, a Democrat, in a political speech, characterized the Whigs as pretentious "lords" and aristocrats. Lincoln, in replying, said: "I was a poor boy, hired on a flatboat at eight dollars a month, and had only one pair of breeches, and they were buckskin—and if you know the nature of buckskin when wet, and dried by the sun, they shrink—and mine kept shrinking until they left several inches of my legs bare between the tops of my socks and the lower part of my breeches; and whilst I was growing taller, they were becoming shorter, and so much

tighter, that they left a blue streak around my legs that can be seen to this day. If you call this aristocracy, I plead guilty to the charge."

While a member of the Legislature, February 22, 1842, Lincoln delivered an address on temperance before the Washingtonian Temperance Society of Springfield, Ill., in which he said: "When the victory shall be complete, when there shall be *neither a slave nor a drunkard* on the earth, how proud the title of that land which may claim to be the birthplace and cradle of those resolutions that shall have ended in that victory!"

Lincoln never used either liquor or tobacco in any form. He is said to have often preached the following "sermon," as he called it, to his boys:

"Don't drink, don't smoke, don't chew, don't swear, don't gamble, don't lie, don't cheat. Love your fellow-men and love God. Love truth, love virtue, and be happy."

In 1846, Lincoln became the candidate for Congress from the Sangamon District. This included the city of Springfield, to which he had removed in 1837. His Democratic opponent was Rev. Peter Cartwright, the famous Methodist backwoods preacher. The campaign was exciting, both being popular speakers. Lincoln was elected by a majority of 1,511 votes—the largest ever received in that district.

The slavery question was uppermost in his thoughts for many years, and he realized that the struggle between slavery and abolition was to be to the death. Where he himself stood, even before Douglas startled the country with his Kansas-Nebraska Bill, or the Whig party had committed suicide by accepting a compromise measure as a finality, is indicated by his remark to his law partner, Mr. Stuart, in 1850: "The time will come when we must all be Democrats or Abolitionists. When that time comes, my mind is made up. The slavery question can't be compromised." The Whig political leaders thought it could be, and drafted the "Compromise Measures of 1850." These prepared the pro-slavery leaders, and it was supposed the minds of the people also, for Douglas's Kansas-Nebraska Bill; but the irruption which followed the announcement of the latter measure indicated that the politicians had failed to read the public mind upon a moral question, as they had before been able to do on purely political questions. Surprised at the effect of his bill, Senator Stephen A. Douglas started for Springfield, Ill., to explain. This he did in October, before a vast number of people during the State Fair, delivering one of the greatest speeches of his life. There was but one man who was able to answer him, and that was Lincoln. He that day made his first great political speech. Stoddard

says: "All the smothered fire of his brooding days and nights and years burst forth in a power and with an eloquence which even those who knew him best had not so much as hoped for. There was no report made of that speech. Not a sentence of it had been reduced to writing beforehand. He spoke all that was in his heart to speak, and when he sat down there had been a new party born in the State of Illinois, and he was its father, its head, its unquestioned and unquestionable representative and leader. . . . It is a matter of historical record that the existence of the Republican party, unnamed but living, dates from the first collision at Springfield of Stephen A. Douglas with the man who, for forty-seven years of toilsome development, had unwittingly prepared himself for that hour, and for the long struggle which was to follow."

In 1855, Lincoln was the Republican candidate for United States senator from Illinois. His opponents were James Shields and Lyman Trumbull. No candidate had a majority of votes in the Legislature. Lincoln, who had the largest number, seeing he could not be elected, induced his supporters to vote for Trumbull, and he was elected.

At the Republican National Convention, which met in Philadelphia, Pa., June 19, 1856, Lincoln received 110 votes for Vice-President, which directed the attention of national politicians to him.

LINCOLN'S "KEYNOTE" SPEECH.

THE Illinois Republican State Convention met at Springfield, June 16, 1858. The delegates and alternates numbered about one thousand. Men were present from every Northern State and from several Southern States. The eyes of the Nation were turned in the direction of this little city.

It was understood by all that Lincoln would be the orator of the occasion, and that his speech before the Convention would be a great political event. He realized this fact, and prepared his speech so that there could be no misunderstanding of his views upon the great issue then before the country—slavery.

On the 16th of June the Convention unanimously adopted the following resolution:

"That Abraham Lincoln is our first and only choice for United States senator, to fill the vacancy about to be created by the expiration of Mr. Douglas's term of office."

While Lincoln had taken neither advice nor counsel in the preparation of his speech, he deemed it wise to prepare some of his nearer friends for

what it was to be. He read it first to Mr. Herndon, an Abolitionist, and that gentleman said:

"It is true; but is it entirely politic to speak it or read it as it is written?"

The question referred particularly to the "key-note" of the speech, which was as follows:

"GENTLEMEN OF THE CONVENTION,—If we could first know where we are and whither we are tending, we could then better judge what to do and how to do it. We are now far on into the fifth year since a policy was initiated with the avowed object and confident promise of putting an end to slavery agitation. Under the operation of that policy, that agitation has not only not ceased, but has continually augmented. In my opinion it will not cease until a crisis shall have been reached and passed. 'A house divided against itself can not stand.' I believe this Government can not endure, permanently, half slave and half free. I do not expect the Union to be dissolved; I do not expect the house to fall; but I do expect that it will cease to be divided. It will become all one thing or all the other. Either the opponents of slavery will arrest the further spread of it, and place it where the public mind shall rest in the belief that it is in course of ultimate extinction, or its advocates will push it forward till it shall become alike lawful in all the States, old as well as new, North as well as South."

To Herndon's objection Lincoln replied:

"That makes no difference. That expression is a truth of all human experience. 'A house divided against itself can not stand,' and 'He that runs may read.' The proposition is indisputably true, and has been true for more than six thousand years; and I will deliver it as it is written. I want to use some universally known figure, expressed in simple language as universally known, that may strike home to the minds of men in order to rouse them to the peril of the times. I would rather be defeated with this expression in the speech, and it held up and discussed before the people, than to be victorious without it."

Lincoln afterward gathered a dozen leading men in the library-room of the State-house, not to ask their guidance, but to assure them of his purpose by reading his speech to them. They listened, and every man present except Mr. Herndon, who had caught Lincoln's spirit, condemned the bold utterance, and declared that its delivery would sound the death-knell of Lincoln and the Republican party.

Lincoln heard them all respectfully, and then said to them:

"Friends, I have thought about this matter a great deal; have surveyed the question well from all corners, and am thoroughly convinced the time has come when it should be uttered; and if it must be

that I go down because of this speech, then let me go down linked to truth—die in the advocacy of what is right and just. This Nation can not live on injustice. 'A house divided against itself can not stand,' I say again and again."

The speech was delivered without modification the next day, June 17th, and it startled the Nation. No such daring words, no such unequivocal statement of the great problem, had yet been uttered by any man of political prominence and power.

Mr. Lamon relates that, a day or two after the delivery of the speech, a Dr. Long, representing many others, came into Lincoln's law office to free his mind. He said:

"Well, Lincoln, that foolish speech of yours will kill you—will defeat you in this contest, and probably for all offices for all time to come. I am sorry, sorry, very sorry. I wish it was wiped out of existence. Do n't you wish it now?"

Lincoln dropped the pen he had been writing with, and turned his sad, earnest, half-contemptuous smile upon the mourner:

"Well, Doctor, if I had to draw my pen across and erase my whole life from existence, and I had one poor gift or choice left as to what I should save from the wreck, I should choose that speech, and leave it to the world unerased."

THE LINCOLN AND DOUGLAS DEBATE.

THE discussions between Lincoln and Douglas in 1858 were the most famous political joint debates in American history. These men were rival candidates for the position of United States senator from Illinois. They represented the conservative positions on the slavery question, though at the time each was thought to be extremely radical—Lincoln being opposed to the extension of slavery under any conditions, and Douglas being in favor of leaving the people of a Territory to decide it for themselves. The immediate issue involved related to the extension of slavery into Kansas.

Douglas was the champion of what he termed "squatter sovereignty;" that is, that the settlers of a Territory at the time of its proposed admission to the Union of States should, in the provisional constitution, determine whether slavery should be permitted in the new State or not.

The position of Douglas had arrayed against him many anti-slavery Democrats in the North, and pro-slavery Democrats in the South, besides President Buchanan, whom Douglas had antagonized.

The campaign therefore, for these reasons, attracted national attention, and was regarded, so far as Douglas was concerned, the beginning of the Presidential campaign of 1860, it being generally understood that he hoped and expected to be the Democratic candidate for the Presidency.

Both men were trained speakers, and popular. Douglas's friends loved to call him "the Little Giant," and the friends of Lincoln, who was physically and intellectually a giant, loved to call him "Honest Old Abe." Lincoln believed that he and his cause had more to gain than lose by comparison with Douglas before the people, and he forced the issue by proposing the joint debate. Douglas accepted, and seven joint debates were arranged.

These debates were held in the open air. The crowds attending them were so great that no hall in the State of Illinois could have accommodated them. Farmers with their sons rode twenty, thirty, forty, and even fifty miles, carrying provisions with them, and camping out in their wagons on the way.

Isaac N. Arnold in his "Life of Lincoln," says:

"The friends of Douglas who managed the machinery of the campaign, did it well. A special train of cars, a band of music, a cannon to thunder forth his approach, and a party of ardent and enthusiastic friends accompanied him to cheer and encourage; so that his passage from place to place

was like that of a conquering hero. The Democratic party, so long dominant in Illinois, were now, from Douglas down, confident, and his partisans full of bluster and brag. They everywhere boasted, and were ready to bet, that their 'Little Giant' would 'use up and utterly demolish' 'Old Abe.'

"They were so noisy and demonstrative; they seemed so absolutely sure of success, that many of the Republicans, unconscious of the latent power of Lincoln, became alarmed. Douglas had so uniformly triumphed, and his power over the people was so great, that many were disheartened, and feared the ordeal of a joint discussion, which would certainly expose the weaker man. This feeling was apparent in the editorials of some of the leading Republican newspapers.

"Just before the joint discussion, which was to take place at Ottawa, there was a large gathering at the Chenery House, then the leading hotel at Springfield. The house was filled with politicians, and so great was the crowd that large numbers were out of doors, in the street and on the sidewalk. Lincoln was there, surrounded by his friends; but it is said that he looked careworn and weary.

"He had become conscious that some of his party friends distrusted his ability to meet successfully a man who, as the Democrats declared and believed,

had never had his equal on the stump. Seeing an old friend from Vermilion County, Lincoln came up, and, shaking hands, inquired the news. His friend replied: 'All looks well; our friends are wide awake; but,' he continued, 'they are looking forward with some anxiety to these approaching joint discussions with Douglas.' A shade passed over Lincoln's face, a sad expression came and instantly passed, and then a blaze of light flashed from his eyes, and his lips quivered. 'I saw,' said his friend, 'that he had penetrated my feelings and fears, and that he knew of the apprehensions of his friends. With his lips compressed, and with a manner peculiar to him, half jocular, he said: "My friend, sit down a minute, and I will tell you a story." We sat down on the doorstep leading into the hotel, and he then continued: "You and I, as we traveled the circuit together attending court, have often seen two men about to fight. One of them, the big or the little giant, as the case may be, is noisy and boastful; he jumps high in the air, strikes his feet together, smites his fists, brags about what he is going to do, and tries hard to *skeer* the other man. The other says not a word." Lincoln's manner became earnest, and his look firm and resolute. "The other man says not a word, his arms are at his side, his fists are clenched, his teeth set, his head settled firmly on his shoulders, he saves his breath and

strength for the struggle. This man will whip, just as sure as the fight comes off. Good-bye," said he, "and remember what I say." From that moment I felt as certain of Lincoln's triumph as after it was won.'"

Both speakers knew how to interest a crowd, and Lincoln was famous for his stories. But it came to be noticed that as the debates continued, Lincoln's stories diminished in number, while his earnestness in presenting the great moral issue of the campaign and his appeals for justice increased. It was observed, too, that while the people laughed at Douglas's stories, they went away after Lincoln's speech with thoughtful faces, and talked seriously among themselves of the points made by him.

The more important of the debates related to a series of questions presented by each speaker to the other. Those asked by Douglas are not of special interest in this connection, but the entire debate should be read by every young American. The questions asked by Mr. Lincoln are of importance because Douglas's answers to these questions, no doubt, led to the division of the Democratic party in 1860, his defeat for the Presidency, and the election of Lincoln.

These questions were:

"1. If the people of Kansas shall, by means entirely unobjectionable in all other respects, adopt a

State Constitution, and ask admission into the Union under it, before they have the requisite number of inhabitants according to the English Bill—some ninety-three thousand—will you vote to admit them?

"2. Can the people of a United States Territory, in any lawful way, against the wish of any citizen of the United States, exclude slavery from its limits prior to the formation of a State Constitution?

"3. If the Supreme Court of the United States shall decide that States can not exclude slavery from their limits, are you in favor of acquiescing in adopting and following such decision as a rule of political action?

"4. Are you in favor of acquiring additional territory, in disregard of how such acquisition may affect the Nation on the slavery question?"

A friend to whom Lincoln submitted these questions, told him that Douglas would see that an answer, giving practical force and effect to the Dred Scott decision in the Territories, would inevitably lose him the battle, and that he would therefore reply by offering the decision as an abstract principle, but denying its practical application.

"If he does that," said Lincoln, "he can never be President."

"But," said the friend, "that is not your look-out; you are after the senatorship."

"No, sir," he replied, "I am killing larger

game. The battle of 1860 is worth a hundred of this."

Lincoln received the larger popular vote, but Douglas carried the Legislature, and was elected United States senator. Two years later Lincoln's prediction was fulfilled. Douglas's answer to Lincoln's questions did not satisfy the slaveholders of the South. They refused to support him, seceded from the Democratic National Convention, and nominated a candidate of their own.

Lincoln's speeches attracted the attention of Republicans throughout the country to him as an available man for the Presidential nomination.

LINCOLN'S COOPER INSTITUTE SPEECH.

MR. LINCOLN'S debate with Douglas had attracted national attention. People in the East had heard of him as a Western politician famous for his jokes. But a man who could vanquish Stephen A. Douglas, one of the ablest and most polished speakers in the land, must, they thought, be something more than "a teller of jokes." There was great curiosity to hear him, and he was invited to lecture in Plymouth Church. He consented to do so, on condition that he might speak on a political subject.

Before Lincoln arrived in New York, those in charge of the lecture decided that it should be delivered in Cooper Institute, the largest hall in the city. Mr. Lincoln was surprised, and expressed the fear that he would not be able to meet the expectations which the change of place indicated.

There was a vast audience, including many of the most distinguished men of the time. Perhaps hundreds were drawn simply by curiosity to see the man they had read so much about. That he was a scholar or a statesman they did not suppose. William Cullen Bryant, the poet, presided.

Mr. Lincoln had carefully prepared his speech. Its object was to show that the fathers of the Republic knew as much about the slavery question as did the people of 1860, and that they desired to prevent its extension. It contained incidents, but they were designed to clinch his argument, not to amuse his hearers. The audience was charmed with his eloquence, and impressed with his ability and statesmanship. His closing sentence was a bugle-blast: "LET US HAVE FAITH THAT RIGHT IS MIGHT, AND LET US IN THAT FAITH, TO THE END, DARE TO DO OUR DUTY AS WE UNDERSTAND IT."

This lecture directed the attention of the people of the East to Lincoln as an available candidate for President, and contributed very much to his nomination at Chicago a few months later.

SECRET OF LINCOLN'S POWER AS A SPEAKER.

ON the morning following Lincoln's great speech in Norwich, Connecticut, Rev. J. P. Gulliver met Mr. Lincoln on the cars, and entered into conversation with him, which he afterward related in the *Independent*. In speaking of his speech, Mr. Gulliver remarked to Mr. Lincoln that he thought it the most remarkable one he ever heard.

"Are you sincere in what you say?" inquired Mr. Lincoln.

"I mean every word of it," replied the minister. "Indeed, sir," he continued, "I learned more of the art of public speaking last evening than I could from a whole course of lectures on rhetoric."

Then Mr. Lincoln informed him of "a most extraordinary circumstance" that occurred at New Haven a few days previously. A professor of rhetoric in Yale College, he had been told, came to hear him, took notes of his speech, and gave a lecture on it to his class the following day; and, not satisfied with that, followed him to Meriden the next evening, and heard him again for the same purpose.

All this seemed to Mr. Lincoln to be "very extraordinary." He had been sufficiently astonished by his success in the West; but he had no expectation of any marked success in the East, particularly among literary and learned men.

"Now," said Mr. Lincoln, "I should very much like to know what it was in my speech which you thought so remarkable, and which interested my friend the professor so much?"

Mr. Gulliver's answer was:

"The clearness of your statements, the unanswerable style of your reasoning, and, especially, your illustrations, which were romance and pathos, and fun and logic, all welded together."

After Mr. Gulliver had fully satisfied his curiosity by a further exposition of the politician's peculiar power, Mr. Lincoln said:

"I am much obliged to you for this. I have been wishing for a long time to find some one who would make this analysis for me. It throws light on a subject which has been dark to me. I can understand very readily how such a power as you have ascribed to me will account for the effect which seems to be produced by my speeches. I hope you have not been too flattering in your estimate. Certainly, I have had a most wonderful success for a man of my limited education."

"That suggests, Mr. Lincoln, an inquiry which

has several time been upon my lips during this conversation," said Mr. Gulliver. "I want very much to know how you got this unusual power of putting things. It must have been a matter of education. No man has it by nature alone. What has your education been?"

"Well, as to education, the newspapers are correct," replied Lincoln; "I never went to school more than six months in my life. But, as you say, this must be a product of culture in some form. I have been putting the question you ask me to myself, while you have been talking. I can say this, that among my earliest recollections I remember how, when a mere child, I used to get irritated when anybody talked to me in a way I could not understand. I do n't think I ever got angry at anything else in my life. But that always disturbed my temper, and has ever since. I can remember going to my little bedroom, after hearing the neighbors talk of an evening with my father, and spending no small part of the night walking up and down, and trying to make out what was the exact meaning of some of their, to me, dark sayings. I could not sleep, though I often tried to, when I got on such a hunt after an idea, until I had caught it; and when I thought I had got it, I was not satisfied until I had repeated it over and over, until I had put it in language plain enough, as

I thought, for any boy I knew to comprehend. This was a kind of passion with me, and it has stuck by me; for I am never easy now, when I am handling a thought, till I have bounded it north, and bounded it south, and bounded it east, and bounded it west. Perhaps that accounts for the characteristic you observe in my speeches, though I never put the two things together before."

"Mr. Lincoln," said Mr. Gulliver, "I thank you for this. It is the most splendid educational fact I ever happened upon. This is *genius*, with all its impulsive, inspiring, dominating power over the mind of its possessor, developed by education into *talent*, with its uniformity, its permanence, and its disciplined strength—always ready, always available, never capricious—the highest possession of the human intellect. But, let me ask, did you prepare for your profession?"

"O yes! I read law, as the phrase is; that is, I became a lawyer's clerk in Springfield, and copied tedious documents, and picked up what I could of law in the intervals of other work. But your question reminds me of a bit of education I had, which I am bound in honesty to mention. In the course of my law-reading, I constantly came upon the word *demonstrate*. I thought at first that I understood its meaning, but soon became satisfied that I did not. I said to myself, 'What do I mean

when I *demonstrate* more than when I *reason* or *prove?* How does *demonstration* differ from any other proof?' I consulted Webster's Dictionary. That told of certain proof, proof beyond the possibility of doubt; but I could form no idea what sort of proof that was. I thought a great many things were proved beyond a possibility of doubt, without recourse to any such extraordinary process of reasoning as I understood demonstration to be. I consulted all the dictionaries and books of reference I could find, but with no better results. You might as well have defined *blue* to a blind man. At last I said: 'Lincoln, you can never make a lawyer if you do not understand what *demonstrate* means;' and I left my situation in Springfield, went home to my father's house, and staid there till I could give any proposition in the six books of Euclid at sight. I then found out what demonstrate means, and went back to my law-studies."

LINCOLN'S NOMINATION FOR THE PRESIDENCY.

ISAAC N. ARNOLD, in his "Life of Lincoln," thus describes the nomination of Lincoln:

"The leading candidates for the Presidency were William H. Seward, of New York; Abraham Lincoln, of Illinois; Salmon P. Chase, of Ohio; Simon Cameron, of Pennsylvania; and Edward Bates, of Missouri; but it early became apparent that the contest was between Seward and Lincoln.

"On the first day of the Convention the friends of Lincoln discovered that there was an organized body of New Yorkers and others in the 'Wigwam' who cheered vociferously whenever Seward's name was mentioned, or any allusion was made to him. The New Yorkers did the shouting, Lincoln's friends were modest and quiet.

"At the meeting of the Illinois delegation at the Tremont, on the evening of the first day, at which Judd, Davis, Cook, and others were present, it was decided that on the second day Illinois and the West should be heard. There was then living in Chicago a man whose voice could drown the

roar of Lake Michigan in its wildest fury; nay, it was said that his shout could be heard, on a calm day, across that lake. Cook, of Ottawa, knew another man, living on the Illinois River, a Dr. Ames, who had never found his equal in his ability to shout and huzzah. He was, however, a Democrat.

"Cook telegraphed for him to come to Chicago by the first train. These two men with stentorian voices met some of the Illinois delegation at the Tremont House, and were instructed to organize each a body of men to cheer and shout, which they speedily did out of the crowds which were in attendance from the Northwest. They were placed on opposite sides of the 'Wigwam,' and instructed that when Cook took out his white handkerchief they were to cheer, and not to cease until he returned it to his pocket. Cook was conspicuous on the platform, and, at the first utterance of the name of Lincoln, simultaneously with the wave of Cook's handkerchief, there went up such a cheer, such a shout as never before had been heard, and which startled the friends of Seward as the cry of 'Marmion,' on Flodden Field, 'startled the Scottish foe.' The New Yorkers tried to follow when the name of Seward was spoken, but, beaten at their own game, their voices were instantly and absolutely drowned by cheers for Lincoln. This was kept

up until Lincoln was nominated, amid a storm of applause never before equaled.

"Ames was so carried away with his enthusiasm for Lincoln that he joined the Republican party, and continued to shout for Lincoln during the whole campaign; he was afterward rewarded with a country post-office.

"While the Convention was in session Lincoln was at his home in Springfield. The proceedings and the result of each ballot were immediately communicated to him by a telegraph wire extending from the 'Wigwam.' At the time of the second ballot Lincoln was with some friends in the office of the *Sangamon Journal*. Soon a gentleman hastily entered from the telegraph office, bearing a slip of paper on which his nomination—the result of the third ballot—was written. He read the paper to himself, and then aloud, and then, without stopping to receive congratulations of his friends, he said: 'There is a little woman down at our house who would like to hear this. I 'll go down and tell her.' The incident speaks relatively of the affectionate relations between him and his wife. She was far more anxious that he should be President than he himself was, and her early dream was now to be realized.

"No words can adequately describe the enthusiasm with which this nomination was received in

Chicago, in Illinois, and throughout the Northwest. A man who had been placed on top of the Wigwam to announce to the thousands outside the progress of the balloting, as soon as the secretary read the result of the third ballot, shouted to those below: 'FIRE THE SALUTE—LINCOLN IS NOMINATED.' The cannon was fired, and before its reverberations died away a hundred thousand voters of Illinois and the neighboring States were shouting, screaming, and rejoicing at the result."

Immediately after the Convention adjourned, a committee visited Mr. Lincoln in Springfield, Ill., to inform him officially of his nomination. After this ceremony had passed, Mr. Lincoln remarked that, as an appropriate conclusion to an interview so important and interesting, he supposed good manners would require that he should furnish the committee something to drink; and opening a door, he called out, "Mary! Mary!" A girl responded to the call, to whom Mr. Lincoln spoke a few words in an undertone. In a few minutes the maiden entered, bearing a large waiter, containing several glass tumblers and a large pitcher, and placed it upon the center-table.

Mr. Lincoln arose, and gravely addressing the company, said: "Gentlemen, we must pledge our mutual healths in the most healthy beverage which God has given to man. It is the only beverage I have

ever used or allowed in my family, and I can not conscientiously depart from it on the present occasion; it is pure Adam's ale from the spring;" and, taking a tumbler, he touched it to his lips, and pledged them his highest respects in a cup of *cold water.*

THE MORAL ASPECT OF THE CAMPAIGN OF 1860.

"DURING the campaign of 1860," says J. G. Holland, in his "Life of Lincoln," "Mr. Newton Bateman, Superintendent of Public Instruction for the State of Illinois, occupied a room adjoining and opening into the executive chamber at Springfield, and he saw Mr. Lincoln nearly every day. Often when Mr. Lincoln was tired, he closed the door against all intruders, and called Mr. Bateman into his room for a quiet talk. On one of these occasions, Mr. Lincoln took up a book containing a careful canvass of the city of Springfield, in which he lived, showing the candidate for whom each citizen had declared it his intention to vote in the approaching election. Mr. Lincoln's friends had, doubtless at his own request, placed the result of the canvass in his hands. This was only a few days before election. Calling Mr. Bateman to a seat by his side, having previously locked all the doors, he said: 'Let us look over this book; I wish particularly to see how the ministers of Springfield are going to vote.' The leaves were turned,

one by one, and as the names were examined, Mr. Lincoln frequently asked if this one and that were not a minister or an elder, or a member of such or such Church, and sadly expressed his surprise on receiving an affirmative answer. In that manner they went through the book, and then he closed it, and sat silently for some minutes regarding a memorandum in pencil which lay before him. At length, he turned to Mr. Bateman, with a face full of sadness, and said:

"'Here are twenty-three ministers, of different denominations, and all of them are against me but three; and here are a great many prominent members of the Churches, a very large majority are against me. Mr. Bateman, I am not a Christian—God knows I would be one—but I have carefully read the Bible, and I do not so understand this book;' and he drew forth a pocket New Testament. 'These men well know,' he continued, 'that I am for freedom in the Territories, freedom everywhere as free as the Constitution and the laws will permit, and that my opponents are for slavery. They *know* this, and yet, with this book in their hands, in the light of which human bondage can not live a moment, they are going to vote against me. I do not understand it at all.'

"Here Mr. Lincoln paused—paused for long minutes—his features surcharged with emotion.

Then he rose and walked up and down the reception-room in the effort to retain or regain his self-possession. Stopping at last, he said, with a trembling voice and cheeks wet with tears: 'I know there is a God, and that he hates injustice and slavery. I see the storm coming, and I know that his hand is in it. If he has a place and work for me—and I think he has—I believe I am ready. I am nothing, but truth is everything. I know I am right, because I know that liberty is right; for Christ teaches it, and Christ is God. I have told them that a house divided against itself can not stand; and Christ and reason say the same; and they will find it so. Douglas don't care whether slavery is voted up or down; but God cares, and humanity cares, and I care, and, with God's help, I shall not fail. I may not see the end, but it will come, and I shall be vindicated; and these men will find that they have not read their Bible right.'

"Much of this was uttered as if he was speaking to himself, and with a sad, earnest solemnity of manner impossible to be described. After a pause, he resumed: 'Does n't it appear strange that men can ignore the moral aspect of this contest? A revelation could not make it plainer to me that slavery or the Government must be destroyed. The future would be something awful, as I look at it, but for this rock on which I stand'—alluding to the Testa-

ment which he still held in his hand—'especially with the knowledge of how these ministers are going to vote. It seems as if God had borne with this thing [slavery] until the very teachers of religion had come to defend it from the Bible, and to claim for it a divine character and sanction; and now the cup of iniquity is full, and the vials of wrath will be poured out.' After this the conversation was continued for a long time. Everything he said was of a peculiarly deep, tender, and religious tone, and all was tinged with a touching melancholy. He repeatedly referred to his conviction that the day of wrath was at hand, and that he was to be an actor in the terrible struggle which would issue in the overthrow of slavery, though he might not live to see the end.

"After further reference to a belief in Divine providence and the fact of God in history, the conversation turned upon prayer. He freely stated his belief in the duty, privilege, and efficacy of prayer, and intimated, in no mistakable terms, that he had sought in that way the Divine guidance and favor. The effect of this conversation upon the mind of Mr. Bateman, a Christian gentleman whom Mr. Lincoln profoundly respected, was to convince him that Mr. Lincoln had, in his quiet way, found a path to the Christian standpoint—that he had found God, and rested on the eternal truth of God.

As the two men were about to separate, Mr. Bateman remarked: 'I have not supposed that you were accustomed to think so much upon this class of subjects. Certainly your friends generally are ignorant of the sentiments you have expressed to me.' He replied quickly: 'I know they are, but I think more on these subjects than upon all others, and I have done so for years; and I am willing you should know it.'"

Mr. Lincoln, however, did receive the general support of the religious people of the North. Not only did they vote for him, but upon his inauguration as President, prayers were offered in thousands of churches and at many family altars that he might be divinely guided.

"ONE WAR AT A TIME."

NEXT to the Emancipation Proclamation, the most important act of Mr. Lincoln's Administration was that in regard to England's demand for the release of Mason and Slidell.

These gentlemen were the accredited envoys of the Confederacy to England and France. They ran the blockade at Charleston, and reached Havana. There they took passage on the British Royal Mail steamship *Trent*, November 7, 1861. Captain Wilkes, of the United States steam sloop-of-war *San Jacinto*, who knew of their movements, lay in wait for the *Trent*, and the next day, in the Bahama Channel, fired a shot across her bows and brought her to. He then boarded the vessel, and, against the angry protests of the English captain, took off Messrs. Mason and Slidell, who were soon afterward confined in Fort Warren, Boston Harbor.

Captain Wilkes's action was received with enthusiasm throughout the North, and he was congratulated by the Secretary of the Navy and praised by Secretary Stanton. Congress passed a vote of thanks for his "brave, adroit, and patriotic conduct."

President Lincoln did not join in the congratulations. Mr. John T. Morse, Jr., in his "Life of Lincoln," says:

"He was scarcely even non-committal. On the contrary, he is said at once to have remarked that it did not look right to stop the vessel of a friendly power on the high seas and take passengers out of her; that he did not understand whence Captain Wilkes derived authority to turn his quarter-deck into a court of admiralty; that he was afraid the captives might prove to be white elephants on our hands; that we had fought Great Britain on the ground of like doings upon her part, and that now we must stick to American principles; that if England insisted upon our surrendering the prisoners, we must do so, and must apologize, and bind her over to keep the peace in relation to neutrals, and to admit that she had been wrong for sixty years."

What pleased the Americans angered the Britons. Orders were at once issued to the English navy-yards to make immediate preparations for war, and the English newspapers were filled with abuse of and threats against the United States. Lord Palmerston, in the heat of passion, hastily wrote a dispatch to Lord Lyons, directing him to demand immediate reparation. The missive was couched in such threatening and insolent language, that Mr. Lincoln must have refused to comply with its de-

mand, and war would probably have been the result. Fortunately, Lord Palmerston, before sending the dispatch to Lord Lyons, submitted it to the Queen, who secured the elimination of the offensive language, though the tone remained peremptory.

Lord Lyons received the dispatch December 19th. Before delivering it officially he talked over its contents with Secretary of State Seward, informally. Mr. Lincoln suggested arbitration, which was refused, Lord Lyons having no authority for such action.

Having admitted that England was right, Mr. Lincoln felt that no other course could be pursued than to surrender the envoys. To those who protested and did not view the legal aspects of the case as himself, he said: "One war at a time." It would have been more agreeable to him to have protracted the diplomatic settlement; but this, under the circumstances, was not possible.

In his official reply, Secretary of State Seward reminded the English Government that the United States, in 1812, had fought against England for exercising the right she claimed to stop their vessels on the high seas and search them for British subjects. He was glad to find her renouncing this old-time error. Captain Wilkes had acted without instructions, and had made a mistake.

"No one," says Arnold, "can calculate the re-

sults which would have followed upon a refusal to surrender these men." Morse expresses the opinion that "an almost certain result would have been a war with England; and a highly probable result would have been that erelong France also would find pretext for hostilities, since she was committed to friendship with England in this matter, and, moreover, the emperor seemed to have a restless desire to interfere against the North."

CONSIDERING THE EMANCIPATION PROCLAMATION.

"IT was the purpose of the President" wrote Ex-Secretary Usher in the New York *Tribune*, "to issue a proclamation looking to the emancipation of slaves during the summer of 1862, but in consequence of the unexpected misadventure of General McClellan in the Peninsula before Richmond, it was considered prudent to delay the proclamation until some decisive advantage should be gained by the armies in the field. Accordingly, soon after the Battle of Antietam, the first Proclamation of Emancipation was made. By that, one hundred days were given the States in rebellion to resume their normal condition in the Government.

"In the preparation of the final Proclamation of Emancipation, of January 1, 1863, Mr. Lincoln manifested great solicitude. He had his original draft printed, and furnished each member of his Cabinet with a copy, with the request that each should examine, criticise, and suggest any amendments that occurred to them.

"At the next meeting of the Cabinet, Mr. Chase

said: 'This paper is of the utmost importance, greater than any State paper ever made by this Government. A paper of so much importance, and involving the liberties of so many people, ought, I think, to make some reference to Deity. I do not observe anything of the kind in it.'

"Mr. Lincoln said: 'No, I overlooked it. Some reference to Deity must be inserted. Mr. Chase, won't you make a draft of what you think ought to be inserted?'

"Mr. Chase promised to do so, and at the next meeting presented the following: 'And upon this Act, sincerely believed to be an act of justice, warranted by the Constitution, upon military necessity, I invoke the considerate judgment of mankind, and the gracious favor of Almighty God.'

"When Mr. Lincoln read the paragraph, Mr. Chase said: 'You may not approve it, but I thought this, or something like it, would be appropriate.'

"Lincoln replied: 'I do approve it; it can not be bettered, and I will adopt it in the very words you have written.'

"When the parts of the Proclamation containing the exception from its operation of States and parts of States were considered, Mr. Montgomery Blair spoke of the importance of the Proclamation as a state paper, and said that persons in after times in seeking correct information of the occurrences of

those times, would read and wonder why the thirteen parishes and the city of New Orleans, in Louisiana, and the counties in Virginia about Norfolk, were excepted from the Proclamation, that they were in the 'very heart and back of slavery,' and unless there was some good reason which was then unknown to him, he hoped they would not be excepted. Mr. Seward said: 'I think so too; I think they should not be excepted.'

"Mr. Lincoln replied: 'Well, upon first view, your objections are clearly good; but after I issued the Proclamation of September 22d, Mr. Bouligny, of Louisiana, then here, came to see me. He was a great invalid and had scarcely the strength to walk up-stairs. He wanted to know of me, if these parishes in Louisiana and New Orleans should hold an election, and elect members of Congress, whether I would not except them from this Proclamation. I told him I would.' Continuing he said: 'No, I did not do that in so many words; if he was here now he could not repeat any words I said which would amount to an absolute promise. But I know he understood me that way, and that is just the same to me. They have elected members and they are here now—Union men, ready to take their seats—and they have elected a Union man from the Norfolk District.'

"Mr. Blair said: 'If you have a promise out, I

will not ask you to break it.' Seward said: 'No, no; we would not have you do that.' Mr. Chase then said: 'Very true, they have elected Hahn and Flanders, but they have not yet got their seats, and it is not certain that they will.'

"Mr. Lincoln arose from his seat, apparently irritated, and walked rapidly back and forth across the room. Looking over his shoulder at Mr. Chase, he said: 'There it is, sir. I am to be bullied by Congress, am I? If I do, I'll be durned.'

"Nothing more was said. A month or more thereafter, Hahn and Flanders were admitted to their seats."

THE GETTYSBURG SPEECH.

MR. LINCOLN'S most famous speech was the short one delivered at the dedication of the Soldiers' Cemetery on the battle-field at Gettysburg, Pennsylvania, November 19, 1863.

The oration of the occasion was delivered by the distinguished scholar, Edward Everett. His speech lasted two hours, Mr. Lincoln's less than five minutes. The latter had been thought out, but was changed slightly during its delivery. As revised afterward by Mr. Lincoln for the Baltimore Fair, it is as 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 battle-field 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 thus far 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, for the people, shall not perish from the earth."

A few hours after the delivery of these few words Mr. Everett said: "I would rather be the author of those twenty lines than to have all the fame my oration of to-day will give me." He spoke truly. Everett's oration is almost forgotten, while Lincoln's is read wherever the English language is spoken.

MR. LINCOLN'S TENDERNESS.

SCHUYLER COLFAX, Vice-President of the United States, wrote in "Rice's Reminiscences of Lincoln:"

"No man clothed with such vast power ever wielded it more tenderly and more forbearingly. No man holding in his hands the key of life and death ever pardoned so many offenders, and so easily. Judge Bates, of Missouri, his Attorney-General, insisted that lack of sternness was a marked defect in Lincoln's character. He told Mr. Lincoln once in my presence that this defect made him unfit to be trusted with the pardoning power. Any touching story, especially one told by a woman, was certain to warp, if not to control, his decision.

"One winter night, while Congress was in session, I left all other business and asked him to pardon the son of a former constituent sentenced to be shot at Davenport Barracks, Iowa, for desertion. He heard the story with his usual patience, although worried out with incessant calls and cares, then replied:

"'Some of my generals complain that I impair

discipline by my frequent pardons and reprieves; but it rests me, after a day's hard work, that I can find some excuse for saving some poor fellow's life; and I shall go to bed happy to-night as I think how joyous the signing of this name will make himself, his family, and friends.' And with a smile beaming on his care-furrowed face, he signed that name and saved that life."

A personal friend of Mr. Lincoln says: "I called on him one day in the early part of the war. He had just written a pardon for a young man who had been sentenced to be shot for sleeping at his post as a sentinel. He remarked as he read it to me:

"'I could not think of going into eternity with the blood of the poor young man on my skirts.' Then he added: 'It is not to be wondered at that a boy, raised on a farm, probably in the habit of going to bed at dark, should, when required to watch, fall asleep; and I can not consent to shoot him for such an act.'"

Rev. Newman Hall, in a sermon upon Mr. Lincoln's death, said that the dead body of this boy was found among the slain on the field of Fredericksburg, wearing next to his heart a photograph of his preserver, beneath which he had written, "God bless President Lincoln!"

Mr. Hall in the same sermon stated that

an officer of the army, in conversation with the preacher, said:

"The first week of my command, there were twenty-four deserters sentenced by court-martial to be shot, and the warrants for their execution were sent to the President to be signed. He refused. I went to Washington and had an interview. I said:

"'Mr. President, unless these men are made an example of, the army itself is in danger. Mercy to the few is cruelty to the many.'

"He replied: 'General, there are already too many weeping widows in the United States. For God's sake, don't ask me to add to the number, for I won't do it.'"

One day, Mr. Alley, a member of Congress, who called at the White House on business, saw in the crowd an old man crying as if his heart would break. Such a sight was so common that the congressman paid no attention to it. The next day he again called at the White House, and found the old man still there, crying. His heart was touched, and he asked him: "What is the matter, old man?"

The old man told him the story of his boy, a soldier in General Butler's Army of the James, who had been convicted of some crime, and sentenced to be shot the next week. His congress-

man was convinced of the boy's guilt, and would not interfere.

"Well," said Mr. Alley, "I will take you into the Executive chamber after I have finished my business, and you can tell Mr. Lincoln all about it."

On being introduced into Mr. Lincoln's presence, he was asked: "Well, my old friend, what can I do for you to-day?"

The old man then repeated to Mr. Lincoln what he had already told the congressman in the anteroom. A cloud of sorrow came over the President's face, as he replied:

"I am sorry to say I can do nothing for you. Listen to this telegram received from General Butler yesterday: 'President Lincoln, I pray you not to interfere with the courts-martial of the army. You will destroy all discipline among our soldiers.—B. F. BUTLER.'"

Every word of this dispatch seemed like a death-knell to the old man. Mr. Lincoln watched his grief for a minute, and then exclaimed:

"By jingo, Butler or no Butler, here goes!"—writing a few words and handing them to the old man.

The confidence created by Mr. Lincoln's words broke down when he read: "Job Smith is not to be shot until further orders from me.—ABRAHAM LINCOLN."

"Why," said the old man, "I thought it was to be a pardon; but you say, 'not to be shot until further orders,' and you may order him to be shot next week."

Mr. Lincoln smiled, and replied: "Well, my old friend, I see you are not very well acquainted with me. If your son never looks on death till further orders come from me to shoot him, he will live to be a great deal older than Methuselah."

General McClellan sent for the President in a critical hour, and he responded by starting at once, accompanied by Stanton. They had no sooner alighted from the car on reaching army headquarters, than Stanton approached General McClellan, and brusquely addressed him by saying: "Why are you delaying an advance? What keeps you from hurling this army on to the foe?"

"I have asked the President and you to come personally," said the general, "that you might see for yourself the necessity for re-enforcements, the depleted ranks of our army, the broken condition to which the last engagement has reduced us." Meanwhile the dead and wounded were being carried from the battle-field. The lanterns of the men who moved among the slain shone out like fireflies as they progressed.

As one stretcher was passing Mr. Lincoln, he heard the voice of a lad calling to his mother in

agonizing tones. His great heart filled. He forgot the crisis of the hour. His very being concentrated itself in the cries of the dying boy. Stopping the carriers, he knelt, and bending over him, asked:

"What can I do for you, my poor child?"

"O, you will do nothing for me," he replied. "You are a Yankee. I can not hope that my messages to my mother will ever reach her."

"Mr. Lincoln's tears, his voice full of the tenderest love, convinced the boy of his sincerity, and he gave his good-bye words without reserve. The President directed them copied, and ordered that they be sent that night, with a flag of truce, into the enemy's lines. He only told the soldier who he was to convince him that his word would be obeyed, and when told that time was precious, as the distant outposts must yet be visited, he arose reluctantly and entered the ambulance. With sobs and tears he turned to Mark Lemon, his friend, and said:

"Mark, my heart is breaking. Sing me something; sing the old song I love, 'Oft in the stilly night.'"

"I was waiting my turn to speak to the President one day, some three or four weeks since," said Mr. M——, "when my attention was attracted by

the sad, patient face of a woman advanced in life, who, in a faded hood and shawl, was among the applicants for an interview.

"Presently Mr. Lincoln turned to her, saying, in his accustomed manner, 'Well, my good woman, what can I do for you this morning?' 'Mr. President,' said she, 'my husband and three sons all went into the army. My husband was killed in the fight at ——. I get along very badly since then, living all alone, and I thought I would come and ask you to release to me my oldest son.' Mr. Lincoln looked into her face a moment, and in his kindest accents responded: 'Certainly! certainly! If you have given us *all*, and your prop has been taken away, you are justly entitled to one of your boys!' He immediately made out an order discharging the young man, which the woman took, and thanking him gratefully, went away.

"I had forgotten the circumstance," continued M——, "till last week, when happening to be here again, who should come in but the same woman. It appeared that she had gone herself to the front, with the President's order, and found the son she was in search of had been mortally wounded in a recent engagement, and taken to a hospital. She found the hospital, but the boy was dead, or died while she was there. The surgeon in charge made

a memorandum of the facts upon the back of the President's order, and, almost broken-hearted, the poor woman had found her way again into Mr. Lincoln's presence. He was much affected by her appearance and story, and said: 'I know what you wish me to do now, and I shall do it without your asking; I shall release to you your second son.' Upon this, he took up his pen and commenced writing the order. While he was writing, the poor woman stood by his side, the tears running down her face, and passed her hand softly over his head, stroking his rough hair, as I have seen a fond mother caress a son. By the time he had finished writing, his own heart and eyes were full. He handed her the paper: 'Now,' said he, '*you* have one and *I* one of the other two left; that is no more than right.' She took the paper, and reverently placing her hand again upon his head, the tears still upon her cheeks, said: 'The Lord bless you, Mr. Lincoln. May you live a thousand years, and may you always be the head of this great Nation!'"

Thaddeus Stevens, "the Great Commoner," often criticised Mr. Lincoln very severely for not being aggressive and destructive enough. One day Mr. Stevens went with an old lady from Lancaster County, Pa. (his district), to the White House, to ask the pardon of her son, condemned to die for sleeping on his post.

Mr. Lincoln suddenly turned upon his Pennsylvania critic, and said:

"Now, Thad, what would you do in this case, if you happened to be President?"

Mr. Stevens knew that many hundreds of his constituents were waiting anxiously to hear the result of that old woman's visit to Washington. He did not relish the President's appeal, but replied that, as he knew of the extenuating circumstances, in this particular case he would certainly pardon him.

"Well, then," said Mr. Lincoln, after a moment's writing in silence, "here, madam, is your son's pardon."

The old lady's gratitude filled her heart to overflowing. It seemed to her as though her son had been snatched from the gateway of the grave. She could only thank the President with her tears as she passed out; but when she and Mr. Stevens had reached the outer door of the White House she burst out excitedly:

"I knew it was a lie! I knew it was a lie!"

"What do you mean?" asked Mr. Stevens, in astonishment.

"Why, when I left my country home in old Lancaster yesterday, the neighbors told me that I would find that Mr. Lincoln was an ugly man, when he is really the handsomest man I ever saw in my life."

Rev. Wayland Hoyt, D. D., in the *Standard*, relates the following, which he says is the tenderest story he ever heard about Mr. Lincoln:

"Private William Scott had had a long day's march, and had been a sentry all the night before, but when the night came again, and a sick friend of his was chosen sentry, he volunteered to take his friend's place. But Private Scott was a farmer's boy, and he had not been used to being awake nights, and he was found asleep at his post. The army was in a dangerous neighborhood at Chain Bridge, and discipline must be preserved. He was sentenced to be shot. They sent to Mr. Lincoln to see if he could do anything, if he could pardon him. At first he said he could not; then he told them that he would go down to Chain Bridge to see the boy.

"Private Scott was in his tent waiting to be shot, when the flap was raised, and there stood Mr. Lincoln. Scott said he knew him to be Mr. Lincoln by a medal he wore of him. He said he was very much frightened to be in the presence of so great a man. Mr. Lincoln began to talk to him, and asked where he was from. He told him from Vermont. Mr. Lincoln asked him about the farm, and he asked him about his mother. Private Scott told him he was very glad he had the picture of his mother in his blouse,

and he took it out and showed it to Mr. Lincoln. He looked at it, and said: 'My boy, you ought to be very proud and glad that your mother is living; you never ought to act so as to make her cheeks blush.'

"As he went on talking, Private Scott said he had made up his mind that he was going to die, and he was just about to ask Mr. Lincoln if he would not see to it that none of the boys of his regiment shot him, because he said, 'I thought I could not stand that. But,' he says, 'Mr. Lincoln told me to stand up, and I stood up; and he put his hands on my shoulders, and said: "Private Scott, look me in the eye." Then he said, "Private Scott, I do n't believe you are a coward, but you are a good soldier; I am not going to have you shot; I am going to send you back to your regiment. How will you pay my bill?"' And Private Scott said: 'I am very much obliged to you. I had made up my mind I must die; but I guess we can pay your bill. I can put a mortgage on the farm, and when pay-day comes around some of the boys will help, and I will give you all of my pay, and it may be $500 or $600, and I guess we can pay your bill.'

"Mr. Lincoln said: 'Private Scott, there is only one man who can pay my bill, and that is William Scott. If from this moment you promise to be the best soldier that you possibly can be; if you are

true to the old flag, and if, when you come to die, and I were there, you could look me in the eye and say, "Mr. Lincoln, I have kept my promise, and been the best soldier to the old flag that I possibly could be," then you will pay my bill.' Mr. Lincoln left, and afterwards there was never such a soldier as Private Scott. He asked that he might do the hardest kind of duty in the hospital, so that he might teach himself how to keep awake nights. There was never a man whose uniform was more clean than his. And when the battle struck there never was a braver man. It was at the awful battles of the Wilderness, and he had accomplished prodigies of valor, and had carried back officer after officer from the bloody field; where at last he fell, shattered all to pieces. At last the battle was done. They bore him back, and his comrades gathered around him. He looked at them with a sweet smile, and said: 'Boys, I have fought my last battle, and I think I tried to do my duty. I guess you can tell my mother that; and then, boys'—and he breathed heavily—'if you should ever any of you see Mr. Lincoln, I wish you would tell him that I—tried to keep—my promise—and be true to the old flag—good-bye, boys,' and he died."

"A few days before the assassination," wrote a correspondent of the *Independent*, "when the President was on his return from Richmond, he stopped

at City Point. Calling upon the head surgeon at that place, Mr. Lincoln told him that he wished to visit all the hospitals under his charge, and shake hands with every soldier. The surgeon asked if he knew what he was undertaking, there being five or six thousand soldiers at that place, and it would be quite a tax upon his strength to visit all the wards and shake hands with every soldier. Mr. Lincoln answered, with a smile, he 'guessed he was equal to the task; at any rate he would try, and go as far as he could; he should never, probably, see the boys again, and he wanted them to know that he appreciated what they had done for their country.'

"Finding it useless to try to dissuade him, the surgeon began his rounds with the President, who walked from bed to bed, extending his hand to all, saying a few words of sympathy to some, making kind inquiries of others, and welcomed by all with the heartiest cordiality.

"As they passed along, they came to a ward in which lay a rebel who had been wounded and was a prisoner. As the tall figure of the kindly visitor appeared in sight, he was recognized by the rebel soldier, who, raising himself on his elbow in bed, watched Mr. Lincoln as he approached, and extending his hand exclaimed, while tears ran down his cheeks:

"'Mr. Lincoln, I have long wanted to see you,

to ask your forgiveness for ever raising my hand against the old flag.'

"Mr. Lincoln was moved to tears. He heartily shook the hand of the repentant rebel, and assured him of his good-will, and with a few words of kind advice passed on. After some hours the tour of the various hospitals was made, and Mr. Lincoln returned with the surgeon to his office. They had scarcely entered, however, when a messenger came saying that one ward had been omitted, and 'the boys' wanted to see the President. The surgeon, who was thoroughly tired, and knew Mr. Lincoln must be, tried to dissuade him from going; but the President said he must go back. He would not knowingly omit one; 'the boys' would be so disappointed. So he went with the messenger, accompanied by the surgeon, and shook hands with the gratified soldiers, and then returned to the office.

"The surgeon expressed the fear that the President's arm would be lamed with so much handshaking, saying that it certainly must ache. Mr. Lincoln smiled, and saying something about his 'strong muscles,' stepped out at the open door, took up a very large, heavy ax which lay there by a log of wood, and chopped vigorously for a few moments, sending the chips flying in all directions; and then, pausing, he extended his right arm to its full length, holding the ax out horizontally, without quivering."

MR. LINCOLN'S RELIGIOUS BELIEF.

ABRAHAM LINCOLN had the good fortune to be trained by a godly mother and stepmother. The two books which made the most impression upon his character were the Bible and Weems's "Life of Washington." The former he read with such diligence that he knew it almost by heart, and the words of Scripture became so much a part of his nature that he rarely made a speech or wrote a paper of any length without quoting its language or teaching.

Mr. Arnold, in his "Life of Lincoln," says: "It is very strange that any reader of Lincoln's speeches and writings should have the hardihood to charge him with a want of religious feeling." In his opinion "no more reverent Christian than he ever sat in the Executive chair, not excepting Washington. . . . From the time he left Springfield to his death he not only himself continually prayed for Divine assistance, but constantly asked the prayers of his friends for himself and his country. . . . Doubtless, like many others, he passed through periods of doubt and perplexity; but his faith in a

Divine providence began at his mother's knee, and ran through all the changes of his life. . . . When the unbeliever shall convince the people that this man, whose life was straightforward, clear, and honest, was a sham and a hypocrite, then, but not before, may he make the world doubt his Christianity."

That Mr. Arnold's description of Mr. Lincoln's religious character is correct is evidenced by quotations found in various books on Lincoln.

In a letter written January 12, 1851, when his father was dangerously ill, Mr. Lincoln says: "I sincerely hope father may yet recover his health; but, at all events, tell him to remember and call upon and confide in our great and good and merciful Maker, who will not turn away from him in any extremity. He will not forget the dying man who puts his trust in him. . . . Say to him, if it be his lot to go now, he will soon have a joyous meeting with loved ones gone before, and where the rest of us, through the help of God, hope erelong to join him."

Mr. Lincoln one day said to a lady in whose piety he had great confidence: "Mrs. ——, I have formed a high opinion of your Christian character, and now, as we are alone, I have a mind to ask you to give me, in brief, your idea of what constitutes a true religious experience." The lady replied at

some length, stating in substance that, in her judgment, it consisted of a conviction of one's own sinfulness and weakness and personal need of the Savior for strength and support; that views of mere doctrine might and would differ, but when one was really brought to feel his need of Divine help, and to seek the aid of the Holy Spirit for strength and guidance, it was satisfactory evidence of his having been born again. When she had concluded, Mr. Lincoln was very thoughtful for a few moments, and then said very earnestly: "If what you have told me is really a correct view of this great subject, I think I can say with sincerity that I hope I am a Christian. I had lived until my boy Willie died without fully realizing these things. That blow overwhelmed me. It showed me my weakness as I had never felt it before; and if I can take what you have stated as a test, I think I can safely say that I know something of that change of which you speak; and I will further add that it has been my intention for some time, at a suitable opportunity, to make a public religious profession." Why he never did so is explained by Mr. Arnold, who quotes Mr. Deming, a member of Congress from Connecticut, as saying that, when asked why, with his marked religious character, he did not unite with some Church, Lincoln said: "I have never united myself with any Church because I found

difficulty in giving my assent, without mental reservation, to the long and complicated statements of Christian doctrine which characterize their articles of belief and confessions of faith. When any Church will inscribe over its altars, as its sole qualification for membership, the Savior's condensed statement of the substance of both law and gospel, 'Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thy heart, with all thy soul, and with all thy mind, and thy neighbor as thyself,' that Church shall I join with all my heart and soul."

James F. Rusling relates in the New York *Tribune* the following impressive utterance, which was made in his hearing during Mr. Lincoln's visit to General Sickles, who had been wounded at the battle of Gettysburg a day or two before. It was Sunday morning, July 5, 1863. Mr. Lincoln greeted Sickles right cordially and tenderly, though cheerfully, and it was easy to see that they held each other in high esteem. Greetings over, Mr. Lincoln dropped into a chair, and, crossing his prodigious legs, soon fell to questioning Sickles as to all the phases of the combat at Gettysburg. When Mr. Lincoln's inquiries seemed ended, General Sickles resumed the conversation substantially as follows:

"Well, Mr. President, I beg pardon, but what do you think about Gettysburg? What was your opinion of things while we were campaigning and

fighting up there in Pennsylvania?" "O," replied Mr. Lincoln, "I didn't think much about it. I was not much concerned about you!" "You were not?" rejoined Mr. Sickles, as amazed. "Why, we heard that you Washington folks were a good deal excited, and you certainly had good cause to be, for it was 'nip and tuck' with us up there a good deal of the time!" "Yes, I know that, and I suppose some of us were a little 'rattled.' Indeed, some of the Cabinet talked of Washington's being captured, and ordered a gunboat or two here, and even went so far as to send some Government archives aboard, and wanted me to go too, but I refused. Stanton and Welles, I believe, were both 'stampeded' somewhat, and Seward, I reckon, too. But I said, 'No, gentlemen, we are all right, and are going to win at Gettysburg;' and we did, right handsomely. No, General Sickles, I had no fears of Gettysburg." "Why not, Mr. President? How was that? Pretty much everybody down here, we heard, was more or less panicky." "Yes, I expect, and a good many more than will own up now. But actually, General Sickles, I had no fears of Gettysburg, and if you really want to know I will tell you why. Of course, I don't want you and Colonel Rusling to say anything about this—at least, not now. People might laugh if it got out, you know. But the fact is, in the stress and pinch of the campaign there, I

went to my room, and got down on my knees and prayed Almighty God for victory at Gettysburg. I told him that this was his country, and the war was his war, but that we really could n't stand another Fredericksburg or Chancellorsville. And then and there I made a solemn vow with my Maker that if he would stand by you boys at Gettysburg, I would stand by him for the rest of my life. And he did, and I will! And after this, I do n't know how it was, and it is not for me to explain, but somehow or other a sweet comfort crept into my soul that God Almighty had taken the whole thing into his own hands, and we were bound to win at Gettysburg! No, General Sickles, I had no fears of Gettysburg; and that is the reason why!"

Mr. Lincoln said all this with great solemnity and impressiveness, almost as Moses might have spoken when first down from Sinai; and when he had concluded, there was a pause in the talk that nobody seemed disposed to break. All were busy with their thoughts, and the President especially appeared to be communing with the Infinite One again. The first to speak was General Sickles, who presently resumed as follows: "Well, Mr. President, what are you thinking about Vicksburg, nowadays?" "O," answered Mr. Lincoln, very gravely. "I do n't quite know. Grant is still pegging away down there, and making some head-

way, I believe. As we used to say out in Illinois, I think 'he will make a spoon or spoil a horn' before he gets through." "So, then, you have no fears about Vicksburg, either Mr. President?" added General Sickles. "Well, no; I can't say that I have," replied Mr. Lincoln very soberly. "The fact is—but don't say anything about this either just now—I have been praying to Almighty God for Vicksburg also." Of course Mr. Lincoln did not then know that Vicksburg had already fallen on July 4th.

Soon after his second election to the Presidency it was remarked by one with whom he was conversing that in all his cares he was daily remembered by those who prayed not be heard of men, as no man had ever before been remembered. He caught at that homely phrase, and said: "Yes, I like that phrase, 'not to be heard of men,' and guess it is generally true, as you say. At least I have been told so, and I have been a good deal helped by just that thought." Then he solemnly and slowly added: "I should be the most presumptuous blockhead upon this footstool if I, for one day, thought that I could discharge the duties which have come upon me since I came into this place without the aid and enlightenment of One who is stronger and wiser than all others."

One of Mr. Lincoln's notable religious utterances

was his reply to a deputation of colored people at Baltimore who presented him a Bible. He said: "In regard to the Great Book I have only to say it is the best gift which God has ever given man. All the good from the Savior of the world is communicated to us through this Book. But for this Book we could not know right from wrong. All those things desirable to man are contained in it." Other expressions could be given to show the deep religious character of Mr. Lincoln. We refer to only three. One was the noble reply to the remark of a clergyman that he hoped "the Lord was on our side." "I am not concerned about that," replied Lincoln, "for I know that the Lord is always on the side of the right. But it is my constant anxiety and prayer that I and this Nation should be on the Lord's side." The second was the sentence in his reply to the deputation from the Methodist General Conference of 1864: "God bless the Methodist Church—bless all the Churches—and blessed be God who, in this our great trial, giveth us the Churches." The last was his second inaugural, than which a more sublime speech, or one containing more of the spirit of Christ and his gospel, was never uttered by emperor, king, or ruler, if indeed there be any which can compare with it. No unbeliever could have written it.

LINCOLN AND HIS FAMILY.

"MR. LINCOLN," says Noah Brooks, one of his secretaries, in his "Life of Lincoln," "cared little for the pleasures of the table, and seldom partook of any but the plainest and simplest food, even when a more elaborate repast than usual was spread upon the board. Wine was set on the table when those who used it were guests; but Lincoln only maintained the form of touching it. When engrossed with the cares of his office, which was almost habitually, he ate irregularly, and the family were accustomed to see him come to the table or stay away as it suited his convenience. Even when his anxious wife had sent to his Cabinet, where he was engaged, a tray of food, he was often too busy or too abstracted to touch it. And when Mrs. Lincoln was away from home, as sometimes happened, he neglected his meals altogether, or, as he expressed it, 'browsed around,' eating when his hunger moved, when and how he could most conveniently. His youngest son—'Tad,' as he was called—could bring him out of his working or meditative moods more readily than any other

member of the family. When the Lincolns entered the White House in 1861, there were three sons and no other children. The eldest was Robert, eighteen years old; Willie, a little more than ten; and Thomas, or 'Tad,' then nearly eight years old. This little fellow celebrated his eighth birthday in the White House, April 4, 1863. Robert was a student in Phillips Academy, Exeter, N. H., when his father became President, and he entered Harvard University soon after that time. He was graduated subsequently, studied law, and was appointed Secretary of War several years after his father's death, serving under President Garfield and President Arthur.

"Willie, the second son, died in February, 1862, during the darkest and most gloomy time of the long and oppressive era of the war. Possibly this calamity made Lincoln less strict with his youngest boy than he should have been. He found it well-nigh impossible to deny Tad anything. But the little fellow, always a hearty, happy, and lovable boy, did not abuse his privileges. He roamed the White House at will, a tricksy and restless spirit, as well known to habitual visitors as the President himself. Innumerable stories might be told of the child's native wit, his courage, his adventurousness, and his passionate devotion to his father. He invaded Cabinet councils with his boyish grief or tales

of adventure, climbed on his father's lap when the President was engaged with affairs of state, and doubtless diverted and soothed the troubled mind of the President, who loved his boy with a certain tenderness that was inexpressible. It was Tad, the mercurial and irrepressible boy of the White House, on friendly terms with the great and the lowly, who gave to the Executive mansion almost the only joyous note that echoed through its corridors and stately drawing-rooms in those troublous times. The boy survived his father, dying at the age of eighteen years, after the family had left Washington.

"The President and Mrs. Lincoln usually addressed each other in the old-fashioned manner as 'Father' and 'Mother,' and it was very seldom that Mrs. Lincoln spoke of her husband as 'the President.' And Lincoln, on his part, never, if he could avoid it, spoke of himself as President. If he had occasion to refer to his high office he spoke of it as 'this place.' When the occasion required, however, his native dignity asserted itself, and a certain simple and yet influential grandeur was manifested in his deportment and demeanor. One soon forgot in his immediate presence the native ungainliness of his figure, and felt that he was in the personal atmosphere of one of the world's great men. Although Lincoln was genial and free in his

manner, even with strangers, there was something in his bearing that forbade familiarity. Much has been said about his disregard for dress and personal appearance, but much of this is erroneous. He was neat in his person, scrupulously so, and his garb was that of a gentleman always. If, in the seclusion of his home, he was called out late at night to hear an important message, or decide instantly an affair of great moment, he did not wait to array himself; something was excused to his preoccupation and anxiety."

DEATH OF LINCOLN.

FRIDAY, April 14, 1865, was the most exciting day to the people of the North since the day, April 12, 1861, just four years before, when the first shot of the war had been fired at Fort Sumter, in Charleston harbor. Lee had surrendered to Grant five days before, and the people were celebrating the end of the war. Everybody was happy, and when Mr. Lincoln and his wife took a carriage-ride in the afternoon, they were greeted everywhere with demonstrations of patriotic affection.

Mr. Lincoln was happy, too, and to his wife he said: "Mary, God has been very good to us. When these four years are over, we will go back to Illinois, and I will be a country lawyer."

In the evening, Mr. Lincoln, with his wife, attended Ford's Theater to witness Miss Laura Keene's play of "Our American Cousin." As the curtain rose for the second scene of the last act, a pistol-shot was heard. Immediately following, a man was seen to leap from the President's box, and fall

upon the stage. Rising, he flourished a knife which he had drawn, and shouted:

"Sic semper tyrannis! The South is avenged!"

It was John Wilkes Booth. He had shot the President. Mr. Lincoln was carried, unconscious, to a small house across the street, where he died the next morning. As his spirit took its flight, Secretary Stanton, standing by the bedside, said: "Now he belongs to the ages."

Saturday, April 15th, was one of the most dreadful days in American history. Many men, who the day before were like children in their joy, appeared to have been turned into fiends.

No one knew what the asasssination of the President and the attack on the Secretary of State might portend. Some feared that England would take advantage of it, and revive the war by recognizing the Southern Confederacy. A spirit of riot was in the air. An impromptu indignation meeting was held in Wall Street, New York, and an excited mob had started toward the office of the *Daily World*, bent on its destruction, when its attention was arrested by a young man standing on the balcony of the Board of Trade, and waving a small flag. He held in the other hand a telegram. Before reading it, however, he lifted his right arm and in a loud and clear voice, said:

"Fellow-citizens! Clouds and darkness are

round about him! His pavilion is dark waters and thick clouds of the skies! Justice and judgment are the establishment of his throne! Mercy and truth shall go before his face! Fellow-citizens! God reigns, and the Government at Washington still lives!"

The passions of the mob were instantly stilled. Then came the question: "Who is he?" and the answer: "General Garfield, of Ohio."

The funeral services were held in the East Room of the White House. The Scriptures were read by Rev. Dr. Hale, of the Episcopal Church. The opening prayer was offered by Bishop Simpson, of the Methodist Episcopal Church. The funeral address was delivered by Rev. Dr. Gurley, of the Presbyterian Church, which Mr. Lincoln and his family had attended. The closing prayer was offered by Rev. Dr. Gray, of the Baptist Church, chaplain of the Senate. At the close, a regiment of colored soldiers escorted the body to the Capitol, where the exercises were completed, and the remains lay in state until the next day. Memorial services were held throughout the country, in many cities a funeral procession being a feature.

April 25th the funeral train left Washington for the President's Western home, which was to be his final resting-place. Everywhere it was received with demonstrations of grief and love.

The remains reached Springfield, Ill., May 3d. As the coffin was borne to the hearse, a choir of two hundred and fifty voices sang the familiar hymn,

"Children of the Heavenly King."

The religious exercises at the cemetery were profoundly impressive. Bishop Simpson, one of Mr. Lincoln's most intimate personal friends, delivered an eloquent address, after which was read the departed President's second Inaugural Address, which the London *Spectator* declared to be "the noblest political document known to history."

LINCOLN'S AUTOBIOGRAPHY.*

I WAS born February 12, 1809, in Hardin County, Kentucky. My parents were both born in Virginia, of undistinguished families—second families, perhaps I should say. My mother, who died in my tenth year, was of a family of the name of Hanks, some of whom now reside in Adams, and others in Macon Counties, Illinois. My paternal grandfather, Abraham Lincoln, emigrated from Rockingham

* Concerning Mr. Lincoln's autobiography, we have the following interesting particulars from a statement made by Mr. Jesse W. Fell, of Normal, Ill., in 1872: "In the autumn of 1858, during the celebrated discussion between Senator Douglas and Mr. Lincoln, I had occasion to travel in the Middle and Eastern States, and finding there a laudable curiosity to learn something more of the latter than was then generally known, and looking, too, to the possibilities of his becoming an available candidate for the Presidency in 1860, I applied to him for a brief history of his early life. After repeated efforts on my part, in December, 1859, he placed in my hands a manuscript, of which the following is a copy in *fac-simile*, written with that freedom and unreserve which one friend would exercise in talking to another, and in which his peculiar conversational style is so happily set forth. I need scarcely add that this simple, unadorned statement of his was not intended for publication, but merely to give a few facts relating to his early history."

I was born Feb. 12. 1809, in Hardin County, Kentucky. My parents were both born in Virginia, of undistinguished families—second families, perhaps I should say. My mother, who died in my ~~seventh~~ tenth year, was of a family of the name of Hanks, some of whom now reside in Adams, and others in Macon counties, Illinois. My paternal grand-father, Abraham Lincoln, emigrated from Rockingham County, Virginia, to Kentucky, about 1781 or 2, where, a year or two later, he was killed by indians, not in battle, but by stealth, when he was laboring to open a farm in the forest— His ancestors, who were quakers, went to Virginia from Berks County, Pennsylvania— An effort to identify them with the New-England family of the same name ended in nothing more definite, than a similarity of Christian names in both families, such as Enoch, Levi, Mordecai, Solomon, Abraham, and the like—

My father, at the death of his father, was but six years of age; and he grew up, litterally without education. He removed from Kentucky to what is now Spencer county, Indiana, in my eighth year— We reached our new home about the time the State came into the Union— It was a wild region, with many bears and other wild animals still in the woods— There I grew up— There were some schools, so called; but no qualification was ever required of a teacher, beyond "readin, writin, and cipherin," ~~reading, writing and Arithmetic~~ to the Rule of Three— If a straggler supposed to understand latin, happened to sojourn in

County, Virginia, to Kentucky, about 1781 or '82, where, a year or two later, he was killed by Indians, not in battle, but by stealth, when he was laboring to open a farm in the forest. His ancestors, who were Quakers, went to Virginia from Berks County, Pennsylvania. An effort to identify them with the New England family of the same name, ended in nothing more definite than a similarity of Christian names in both families, such as Enoch, Levi, Mordecai, Solomon, Abraham, and the like.

My father, at the death of his father, was but six years of age; and he grew up literally without education. He removed from Kentucky to what is now Spencer County, Indiana, in my eighth year. We reached our new home about the time the State came into the Union. It was a wild region, with many bears and other wild animals still in the woods. There I grew up. There were some schools, so-called, but no qualification was ever required of a teacher beyond "*readin'*, *writin'*, *and cipherin'*" to the Rule of Three. If a straggler, supposed to understand Latin, happened to sojourn in the neighborhood, he was looked upon as a wizard. There was absolutely nothing to excite ambition for education. Of course, when I came of age, I did not know much. Still, somehow, I could read, write,

the neighborhood, he was looked upon as a wizzard. There was absolutely nothing to excite ambition for education. Of course when I came of age I did not know much. Still somehow, I could read, write, and cipher to the Rule of Three, but that was all. I have not been to school since. The little advance I now have upon this point of education, I have picked up from time to time under the pressure of necessity.

I was raised to farm work, which I continued until I was twenty-two. At twenty-one I came to Illinois, and passed the first year in Illinois in Macon County. Then I got to New Salem (at that time in Sangamon, now in Menard County, where I remained a year as a sort of clerk in a store. Then came the Black Hawk war, and I was elected a Captain of Volunteers, a success which gave me more pleasure than any I have had since. I went the campaign, was elected, ran for the Legislature the same year (1832), and was beaten, the only time I ever have been beaten by the people. The next, and three succeeding biennial elections, I was elected to the Legislature. I was got a candidate afterwards. During this Legislative period I had studied law, and removed to Springfield to make, practice it. In 1846 I was once elected to the lower House of Congress. Was not a candidate for re-election. From 1849 to 1854 I

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inclusive, practices law more assiduously than ever before— Always, a whig in politics, and generally on the whig electoral tickets, making active campaigns. I was losing interest in politics, when the repeal of the 'Missouri Compromise' aroused me again. What I have done since then is pretty well known.

If any personal description of me is thought desirable, it may be said I am, in height, six feet, four inches, nearly; lean in flesh, weighing, on average, one hundred and eighty pounds; dark complexion, with coarse black hair, and grey eyes— No other marks or bones recollected—

Your's very truly
A. Lincoln

Hon J. W. Fell.

Washington, D.C. March 20. 1860

We the undersigned hereby certify that the foregoing statement is in the handwriting of Abraham Lincoln.

David Davis
Lyman Trumbull
Charles Sumner

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Yours very truly, A. LINCOLN.

HON. J. W. FELL.

LINCOLNIANA.

LINCOLNIANA.

MR. LINCOLN'S CONSIDERATION FOR HIS POOR RELATIVES.

"One of the most beautiful traits of Mr. Lincoln," says Mr. J. B. McClure, "was his considerate regard for the poor and obscure relatives he had left, plodding along in their humble ways of life. Wherever upon his circuit he found them, he always went to their dwellings, ate with them, and, when convenient, made their houses his home. He never assumed in their presence the slightest superiority to them in the facts and conditions of his life. He gave them money when they needed and he possessed it. Countless times he was known to leave his companions at the village hotel, after a hard day's work in the court-room, and spend the evening with these old friends and companions of his humbler days. On one occasion, when urged not to go, he replied: 'Why, aunt's heart would be broken if I should leave town without calling upon her;' yet he was obliged to walk several miles to make the call."

SALLIE WARD'S PRACTICAL PHILOSOPHY.

When the telegram from Cumberland Gap reached Mr. Lincoln "that firing was heard in the direction of Knoxville," he remarked that he "was glad of it." Some person present, who had the perils of Burnside's position uppermost in his mind, could not see why Mr. Lincoln should be glad of it, and so expressed himself.

"Why, you see," responded the President, "it reminds me of Mrs. Sallie Ward, a neighbor of mine, who had a very large family. Occasionally one of her numerous progeny would be heard crying in some out-of-the-way place, upon which Mrs. Ward would exclaim: 'There 's one of my children that is n't dead yet.'"

PILOTING A FLAT-BOAT OVER A MILL-DAM.

W. T. GREENE states that the first time he ever saw Mr. Lincoln he was in the Sangamon River with his trousers rolled up five feet, more or less, trying to pilot a flat-boat over a mill-dam. The boat was so full of water that it was hard to manage. Lincoln got the prow over, and then, instead of waiting to bail the water out, bored a hole through the projecting part and let it run out. This was a forcible illustration of Mr. Lincoln's fertility of resources for times of need.

LINCOLN'S WEDDING-SUIT.

ONE of the greatest trials of Mr. Lincoln's patience occurred in connection with his wedding. When he gave his order for his wedding-suit, his tailor, Mr. A. S. Thompson, regarded it as a joke, and paid no attention to the matter. On the morning of the wedding-day Mr. Lincoln sent for his suit, and was surprised to learn that work upon it had not begun. Mr. Thompson at once put all the force possible upon it, and when in the evening a messenger came for the suit, it was still unfinished. Mr. Lincoln was obliged to wait, with his characteristic patience, partially robed, for an hour, when the boy arrived with the important package.

MR. LINCOLN'S "FRIEND MARY."

Among the most interesting of Mr. Lincoln's personal letters is one addressed to Miss Mary S. Owens, to whom he seems at one time to have proposed marriage. It is dated Springfield, May 7, 1839, and is addressed "Friend Mary." In it he says:

"This thing of living in Springfield is rather a dull business after all. At least it is so to me. I am quite as lonesome here as I ever was anywhere in my life. I have been spoken to by but one woman since I have been here, and should not have been by her if she could have avoided it. I have never been to church yet, and probably shall not be soon. I stay away because I am conscious I should not know how to behave myself. I have been thinking of what we said about your coming to live at Springfield. I am afraid you would not be satisfied. There is a great deal of flourishing about in carriages here, which it would be your doom to see without sharing it. You would have to be poor without the means of hiding your poverty. Do you believe you could bear that patiently? Whatever woman may cast her lot with mine, should any ever do so, it is my intention to do all in my power to make her happy and contented; and there is nothing I could imagine that would make me more unhappy than to fail in the effort. I know I should be much happier with you than the way I am, provided I saw no signs of discontent in you. What you have said to me may have been in the way of jest, or I may have misunderstood it. If so, then, let it be forgotten; if otherwise, I much wish you would think seriously before you decide.

What I have said I will most positively abide by, provided you wish it. My opinion is that you had better not do it. You have not been accustomed to hardship, and it may be more severe than you now imagine. I know you are capable of thinking correctly on any subject, and if you deliberate maturely upon this before you decide, then I am willing to abide your decision."

Mr. Lincoln, in a letter addressed to Mrs. O. H. Browning, dated Springfield, April 1, 1838, appears, without naming the lady, to explain how he came to propose marriage to Miss Owens, and says: "It was, then, in the autumn of 1836 that a married lady of my acquaintance, who was a great friend of mine, being about to pay a visit to her father and other relatives residing in Kentucky, proposed to me that on her return she would bring a sister of hers with her, on condition that I would engage to become her brother-in-law with all convenient dispatch. I, of course, accepted the proposal, for you know I could not have done otherwise had I really been averse to it." After he met the lady he seems not to have been well pleased, and would gladly have withdrawn his promise, but felt in duty bound to adhere to it. It seems to have given him great distress for a while, but he had made up his mind to marry the lady, and be a devoted husband. In this closing letter he says:

"After all my sufferings upon this deeply interesting subject, here I am, wholly, unexpectedly, completely out of the 'scrape,' and I now want to know if you can guess how I got out of it—out, clear in every sense of the term—no violation of word, honor, or conscience. I don't believe you can guess, and so I might as well

tell you at once. As the lawyer says, it was done in the manner following, to wit: After I had delayed the matter as long as I thought I could in honor do (which, by the way, had brought me round into the last fall), I concluded I might as well bring it to a consummation without further delay, and so I mustered my resolution and made the proposal to her direct; but, shocking to relate, she answered no. At first I supposed she did it through an affectation of modesty, which I thought ill became her under the peculiar circumstances of her case, but on my renewal of the charge I found she repelled it with greater firmness than before. I tried it again and again, but with the same success, or rather the same want of success. I finally was forced to give it up, at which I very unexpectedly found myself mortified almost beyond endurance. . . . And, to cap the whole, I then, for the first time, began to suspect that I was really a little in love with her. But let it all go! I'll try and outlive it. Others have been made fools of by the girls, but this can never with truth be said of me. I most emphatically in this instance made a fool of myself."

LINCOLN'S TRIBUTE TO THE BIBLE.

To Joshua Speed, his intimate personal friend, Mr. Lincoln said at the Soldiers' Home, near Washington, about a year before his death:

"I am profitably engaged reading the Bible. Take all of this book upon reason that you can, and the balance on faith, and you will live and die a better man."

MR. LINCOLN'S TALL HAT.

One of the noteworthy characteristics of Mr. Lincoln was his tall hat. After his election, as if not content with his six feet four or five inches of gaunt stature, he had his historic hat made fully a foot high, with a brim almost as big as a southern sombrero. It was a combination of all styles then in existence, and in this respect it reflected his own early experience in having been a store keeper, soldier, surveyor, and finally a solicitor. It was a veritable "joint of stovepipe," and its remarkable and romantic brim made it alike serviceable in rain or shine. Representative Springer, who hails from Lincoln's old home, in speaking of the hat, said: "Mr. Lincoln's high hat was the most indispensable thing of his whole outfit. In it he carried all his valuable papers. In fact, it was a sort of file-rack. Here were all the briefs of his various law cases. Curiously enough, he carried the accounts in his head, and that is why he lost so much money. Had he reversed the process, and kept his accounts in his hat and the cases in his head, he would have been better off. His hat served for his satchel on a journey, and all that was needed besides this were his saddle-bags and his horse. It was large and capacious, and a great many documents and data could be crowded into it without seriously discommoding the wearer."

When Mr. Lincoln was postmaster at New Salem, his hat was a most important part of his office equipment. As soon as the mail was received each day, the young postmaster would put the letters in his hat and take a stroll through the village. The villagers knew

that he was a peripatetic post-office, and, of course, everybody was anxious to know the contents of the hat, which seemed to promise as much to them as a hat in the hands of a sleight-of-hand performer.

LINCOLN'S STORY OF A NEW SALEM GIRL.

Among the numerous delegations which visited the President was one from New York, which urged very strenuously the sending of a fleet to the Southern coast cities with the object of drawing the rebel army from Washington.

Mr. Lincoln said the object reminded him of the case of a girl in New Salem, who was greatly troubled with a "singing" in her head. Various remedies were suggested by the neighbors, but nothing tried afforded any relief. At last a man came along—"a common-sense sort of man," said Lincoln, inclining his head toward the gentleman complimentarily—who was asked to prescribe for the difficulty. After due inquiry and examination, he said the cure was very simple.

"What is it?" was the question.

"Make a plaster of *psalm-tunes*, and apply to her feet, and draw the 'singing' *down*," was the reply.

CARING FOR A DRUNKARD.

An exhibition of Lincoln's practical humanity occurred while a boy. One evening, while returning from a "raising" with a number of companions, he discovered a straying horse, with saddle and bridle upon him. The horse was recognized as belonging to a well-known

drunkard, and it was suspected that the owner was not far off. The fellow was found in a perfectly helpless condition, upon the cold ground. Lincoln's companions intended to leave him to his fate, but young Lincoln would not hear to it. At his demand, the miserable man was lifted to his shoulders, and he actually carried him eighty rods to the nearest house. He then sent word to his father that he would not be back that night. He nursed the man until the morning, and believed that he had saved his life.

LINCOLN'S FIRST APPEARANCE IN THE SUPREME COURT.

Mr. Lincoln's conduct in the presentation of his first case before the Supreme Court illustrates his high sense of justice and duty. He addressed the court as follows:

"Your Honor,—This is the first case I have ever had in this court, and I have examined it with great care. As the court will perceive by looking at the abstract of the record, the only question in the case is one of authority. I have not been able to find any authority sustaining my side of the case, but I have found several cases directly in point on the other side. I will now give the citations, and then submit the case."

"THE AGE IS NOT DEAD."

One of Mr. Lincoln's most interesting speeches was delivered in the court-house at Springfield, Ill., in 1855, to an audience of three persons. Mr. Herndon had endeavored to secure a large audience by the use of huge posters, and the parade of a brass band, and the

ringing of bells. The address, as announced, was to be on the subject of slavery. Mr. Lincoln spoke as follows:

"GENTLEMEN,—This meeting is larger than I knew it would be, as I knew Herndon [Lincoln's partner] and myself would come, but I did not know that anyone else would be here; and yet another has come—you, John Paine [the janitor].

"These are bad times, and seem out of joint. All seems dead, *dead*, DEAD; but the age is NOT yet dead; it liveth as sure as our Maker liveth. Under all this seeming want of life and motion, the world does move nevertheless. Be hopeful. And now let us adjourn and appeal to the people."

THREATENS AGITATION IN ILLINOIS.

ONE afternoon an old negro woman came into the office of Lincoln & Herndon, in Springfield, and told the story of her trouble, to which both lawyers listened. It appeared that she and her offspring were born slaves in Kentucky, and that her owner, one Hinkle, had brought the whole family into Illinois and given them their freedom. Her son had gone down the Mississippi as a waiter or deck-hand on a steamboat. Arriving at New Orleans, he had imprudently gone ashore, and had been snatched up by the police, in accordance with the law then in force concerning free negroes from other States, and thrown into confinement. Subsequently he was brought out and tried. Of course he was fined, and, the boat having left, he was sold, or was in immediate danger of being sold, to pay his fine and the expenses.

Mr. Lincoln was very much moved, and requested Mr. Herndon to go over to the State-house, and inquire of Governor Bissell if there was not something he could do to obtain possession of the negro. Mr. Herndon made the inquiry, and returned with the report that the governor regretted to say that he had no legal or constitutional right to do anything in the premises. Mr. Lincoln rose to his feet in great excitement, and exclaimed: "By the Almighty, I'll have that negro back soon, or I'll have a twenty-years' agitation in Illinois, until the governor does have a legal and constitutional right to do something in the premises."

He was saved from the latter alternative—at least, in the direct form which he proposed. The lawyers sent money to a New Orleans correspondent—money of their own—who procured the negro, and returned him to his mother.

LINCOLN'S LETTER TO HIS STEPBROTHER.

SPRINGFIELD, January 12, 1851.

DEAR BROTHER,—On the day before yesterday, I received a letter from Harriet, written at Greenup. She says she has just returned from your house, and that father is very low, and will hardly recover. She also says that you have written me two letters, and that, although you do not expect me to come now, you wonder that I do not write. I received both your letters, and, although I have not answered them, it is not because I have forgotten them, or been uninterested about them, but because it appeared to me I could write nothing which could do any good. You already know I desire that neither father nor mother shall be in want

of any comfort, either in health or sickness, while they live; and I feel sure you have not failed to use my name, if necessary, to procure a doctor, or anything else for father in his present sickness. My business is such that I could hardly leave home now, if it was not as it is, that my own wife is sick abed. I sincerely hope father may yet recover his health; but, at all events, tell him to remember to call upon and confide in our great and good and merciful Maker, who will not turn away from him in any extremity. He notes the fall of a sparrow, and numbers the hairs of our heads, and he will not forget the dying man who puts his trust in him. Say to him that if we could meet now it is doubtful whether it would not be more painful than pleasant; but that, if it be his lot to go now, he will soon have a joyous meeting with many loved ones gone before, and where the rest of us, through the help of God, hope erelong to join them.

Write to me again when you receive this.

Affectionately, A. Lincoln.

BEATEN IN A HORSE-TRADE.

At one time Lincoln and a judge were bantering one another about trading horses, and it was agreed that the next morning at nine o'clock they should make a trade, and there was to be no backing out, under penalty of twenty-five dollars.

At the hour appointed the judge came up, leading the sorriest looking specimen of a horse ever seen in those parts. In a few minutes Mr. Lincoln was seen approaching, with a wooden saw-horse upon his shoulders. Great were the shouts and the laughter of the

crowd, and both were greatly increased when Mr. Lincoln, on surveying the judge's animal, set down his saw-horse, and exclaimed:

"Well, Judge, this is the first time I ever got the worst of it in a horse-trade."

TRIBUTE TO LINCOLN'S HOMELINESS.

It is said that Lincoln was always ready to join in a laugh at his own expense. He used to tell the following story with great glee:

"In the days when I used to be on the circuit," said he, "I was accosted on the cars by a stranger who said:

"'Excuse me, sir, but I have an article in my possession which belongs to you.'

"'How is that?' I asked, considerably astonished.

"The stranger took a jack-knife from his pocket. 'This knife,' said he, 'was placed in my hands some years ago, with the injunction that I was to keep it until I found a man uglier than myself. I have carried it from that time to this. Allow me to say, sir, that I think you are fairly entitled to the property.'"

ACCOUNTS WITH PARTNERS.

Lincoln always had a partner in his professional life, and when he went out upon the circuit, the partner usually remained at home. While out, says Mr. J. B. McClure, he frequently took up and disposed of cases that were never entered at the office. In these cases, after receiving his fees, he divided the money in his pocket-book, labeling each sum (wrapped in a piece of paper), that belonged to his partner, stating his name

and the case on which it was received. He could not be content to keep an account. He divided the money, so that if he, by any accident, should fail to pay it over, there could be no dispute as to the exact amount that was his partner's due.

FAIR DEALING WITH CLIENTS.

LINCOLN did not make his profession lucrative to himself. To a poor client he was quite as apt to give money as to take it from him. He never encouraged the spirit of litigation. One of his clients says that he went to Lincoln with a case to prosecute, and that Lincoln refused to have anything to do with it because he was not strictly in the right. "You can give the other party a great deal of trouble," he said, "and perhaps beat him; but you had better let the suit alone."

About the time Lincoln came to be known as a successful lawyer, he was waited upon by a lady who held a real estate claim which she wished him to prosecute, putting into his hands, with the papers, a check for two hundred and fifty dollars as a retaining fee. Lincoln promised to look the case over, and asked her to call again next day. When presenting herself, Lincoln told her that he had gone through the papers very carefully, and he must tell her frankly that there was not a "peg" to hang her claim upon, and he could not conscientiously advise her to bring the action. The lady was satisfied, and, thanking him, rose to go.

"Wait," said Lincoln, fumbling in his vest pocket, "here is the check you left with me."

"But, Mr. Lincoln," returned the lady," I think you have earned that."

"No, no," he responded, handing it back to her; "that would not be right. I can't take pay for doing my duty."

A SMALL CROP.

SENATOR MCDONALD states that he saw a jury trial in Illinois, at which Lincoln defended an old man charged with assault and battery. No blood had been spilled, but there was malice in the prosecution, and the chief witness was eager to make the most of it. On cross-examination, Lincoln asked him how long the fight lasted and how much ground it covered. The witness thought the fight must have lasted half an hour, and covered an acre of ground. Lincoln called his attention to the fact that nobody was hurt, and then, with an inimitable air, asked him if he did n't think it was "a mighty small crop for an acre of ground." The jury rejected the case with contempt, as beneath the dignity of a court.

MR. LOGAN'S "BOSOM SHIRT."

TWO FARMERS, who had a misunderstanding about a horse-trade, went to law, employing Lincoln and his partner on the opposite sides. On the day of the trial, Logan, having bought a new shirt, open in the back, with a huge standing collar, dressed himself in extreme haste, and put on the shirt with the bosom at the back, a linen coat concealing the blunder. He dazed the jury with his knowledge of "horse points," and, as the day was sultry, took off his coat and concluded his speech in his shirt-sleeves.

Lincoln, sitting behind him, took in the situation,

and, when his turn to speak came, remarked to the jury:

"Gentlemen, Mr. Logan has been trying, for more than an hour, to make you believe he knows more about a horse than these honest farmers who are witnesses. He has quoted largely from his 'horse-doctor.' And now, gentlemen, I submit to you [here he lifted Logan out of the chair, and turned him with his back to the jury and the crowd, at the same time turning up the enormous standing collar,] what dependence can you place in his horse knowledge, when he does n't know enough to put on his shirt?"

The roars of laughter that greeted his exhibition, and the verdict that Lincoln got soon after, gave Logan a permanent prejudice against "bosom shirts."

DEFENDING COLONEL BAKER.

On one occasion, when Colonel Baker was speaking in a court-house which had been a storehouse, and, on making some remarks that were offensive to certain political rowdies in the crowd, they cried: "Take him off the stand." Confusion ensued, and an attempt was made to carry the demand into execution. Directly over the speaker's head was an old scuttle, at which Lincoln had been listening to the speech. In an instant Lincoln's feet came through the scuttle, and he was soon standing by Colonel Baker's side. He raised his hand; the assembly subsided immediately into silence.

"Gentlemen," said Mr. Lincoln, "let us not disgrace the age and country in which we live. This is a land where freedom of speech is guaranteed. Mr. Baker has

a right to speak, and ought to be permitted to do so. I am here to protect him, and no man shall take him from this stand if I can prevent it."

His perfect calmness and fairness, and the knowledge that he would do what he had promised to do, quieted all disturbance, and the speaker went on with his remarks.

MR. LINCOLN'S POEM.

THE following poem was written by Mr. Lincoln when he was about thirty-five years old. The occasion was a visit to the neighborhood of his old Indiana home to make a political speech in behalf of Henry Clay:

"My childhood's home I see again,
And sadden with the view;
And still, as memory crowds my brain,
There 's pleasure in it, too.

O memory! thou midway world
'Twixt earth and paradise,
Where things decayed, and loved ones lost,
In dreamy shadows rise;

And, freed from all that 's earthly vile,
Seem hallowed, pure, and bright,
Like scenes in some enchanted isle,
All bathed in liquid light.

As dusky mountains please the eye,
When twilight chases day;
As bugle notes that, passing by,
In distance die away;

As leaving some grand waterfall,
We, lingering, list its roar;
So memory will hallow all
We 've known, but know no more.

Near twenty years have passed away,
Since here I bid farewell
To woods and fields, and scenes of play,
And playmates loved so well;

Where many were, but few remain,
Of old familiar things;
But seeing them to mind again
The lost and absent brings.

The friends I left that parting day,
How changed! as time has sped;
Young childhood grown, strong manhood gray,
And half of all are dead.

I hear the loud survivors tell
How naught from death could save,
Till every sound appears a knell,
And every spot a grave.

I range the fields with pensive tread,
And pace the hollow rooms,
And feel (companion of the dead),
I'm living in the tombs."

LINCOLN AND THE PIG.

An amusing incident occurred while Lincoln was riding the circuit. As he was passing a deep slough, to his exceeding distress he saw a pig struggling in vain to extricate himself from the mud. Lincoln looked at the pig and the mud which enveloped him, and then at his own new clothes, which he had purchased but a short time before. Deciding against the claims of the pig, he rode on; but he could not get rid of the vision of the poor brute. At last, after riding several miles, he turned back, determined to release the animal, even at the expense of his new suit. Arriving at the spot, he tied

his horse, and, with considerable difficulty, succeeded in rescuing the pig from its predicament. Then he washed his hands in the nearest brook, remounted his horse, and rode on. He then began to inquire as to the motive that sent him back to release the pig. He at first thought it pure benevolence, but finally came to the conclusion that it was selfishness, for he said to himself that he went to the pig's relief in order to "take a pain out of his own mind."

BLAINE'S PREDICTION.

In the famous Douglas-Lincoln campaign, in 1858, Mr. Blaine reported the speeches and the incidents of the canvass for a Philadelphia newspaper. In his last letter before the election he wrote: "The State will go for Douglas. He will be elected senator; but Lincoln will be the next President." The prediction was ridiculed. Two years later he was present when the committee informed Mr. Lincoln of his nomination, and was gratified to hear the future War President say, as he took out a printed slip containing the prophecy: "Young man, you see that I have kept your prediction."

GENEROSITY TO A CLIENT.

A Mr. Cogdal met with a financial wreck in 1843. He employed Lincoln as his lawyer, and, at the close of the business, gave him a note to cover the regular lawyer's fees. He soon afterwards lost his hand by an accidental discharge of powder. Meeting Lincoln after the accident, the lawyer asked how he was getting along.

"Badly enough," replied Mr. Cogdal, "I am both broken up in business and crippled." Then he added: "I have been thinking about that note of yours."

Lincoln took out his pocket-book, and saying, with a laugh, "Well, you need n't think any more about it," handed him the note.

Mr. Cogdal protested; but Lincoln said, "If you had the money, I would not take it," and hurried away.

A SURPRISED ENGLISHMAN.

As is usually the case, some of Mr. Lincoln's neighbors did not look upon him as a great man. One of them, an Englishman, upon hearing of his nomination by the Chicago Convention, exclaimed:

"What! Abe Lincoln nominated for President of the United States! Can it be possible? A man that buys a ten-cent beefsteak for breakfast, and carries it home himself!"

LINCOLN'S KINDNESS TO BIRDS.

The following incident is related by one who knew Lincoln, and who, at the time of the incident, was his fellow-traveler:

"We passed through a thicket of wild-plum and crab-apple trees, and stopped to water our horses. One of the party came up alone, and we inquired: 'Where is Lincoln?'

"'O,' he replied, 'when I saw him last he had caught two young birds which the wind had blown out of their nest, and he was hunting for the nest, that he might put them back in it.'

"In a short time Lincoln came up, having found the nest and restored the birds. The party laughed at his care of the young birds; but Lincoln said: 'I could not have slept to-night if I had not restored those little birds to their mother.'"

LINCOLN'S NEW HAT.

Mr. G. B. Lincoln tells of an amusing circumstance which took place at Springfield, soon after Mr. Lincoln's nomination in 1860. A hatter in Brooklyn secretly obtained the size of the future President's head, and made for him a very elegant hat, which he sent by his townsman, G. B. Lincoln, to Springfield. About the time it was presented, various other testimonials of a similar character had come in from different sections. Mr. Lincoln took the hat, and, after admiring its texture and workmanship, put it on his head and walked up to a looking-glass. Glancing from the reflection to Mrs. Lincoln, he said, with his peculiar twinkle of the eye:

"Well, wife, there is one thing likely to come out of this scrape, anyhow. We are going to have some *new clothes!*"

LINCOLN'S LOVE FOR CHILDREN.

Soon after his election as President, and while visiting Chicago, one evening at a social gathering Mr. Lincoln saw a little girl timidly approaching him. He at once called her to him, and asked what she wished.

She replied that she wanted his name.

Mr. Lincoln looked back into the room and said: "But here are other little girls; they would feel badly if I should give my name only to you."

The little girl replied that there were eight of them in all.

"Then," said Mr. Lincoln, "get me eight sheets of paper, and a pen and ink, and I will see what I can do for you."

The paper was brought, and Mr. Lincoln sat down in the crowded drawing-room, and wrote a sentence upon each sheet, appending his name; and thus every little girl carried off her souvenir.

During the same visit, and while giving a reception at one of the hotels, a fond father took in a little boy by the hand, who was anxious to see the new President. The moment the child entered the parlor door he, of his own accord, and quite to the surprise of his father, took off his hat, and, giving it a swing, cried:

"Hurrah for Lincoln!"

There was a crowd; but, as soon as Mr. Lincoln could get hold of the little fellow, he lifted him in his hands, and, tossing him toward the ceiling, laughingly shouted:

"Hurrah for you!"

ADVICE TO A YOUNG MAN.

After Mr. Lincoln's speech at Leavenworth, Kansas, in the winter of 1859, Mr. Lincoln and friends, among whom was Captain J. R. Fitch, of Evanston, Ill., then a young man, were invited to the home of Judge Delahay, where Mr. Lincoln was entertained. The refreshments included wine, of which almost every one except Mr. Lincoln partook.

"The next day," says Captain Fitch, in the *North-*

western Christian Advocate, "we escorted him back to the train; and, to my dying day, I shall never forget our parting. I was only twenty-two years old. Mr. Lincoln bade each one good-bye, and gave each a hearty grasp of the hand. He bade me good-bye last, and, as he took my hand in both of his, and stood there towering above me, he looked down into my eyes with that sad, kindly look of his, and said:

"'My young friend, do not put an enemy in your mouth to steal away your brains.'"

MR. LINCOLN'S MODESTY.

In a letter to T. J. Pickett, dated April 16, 1859, Mr. Lincoln wrote: "As to the other matter which you kindly mention, I must, in candor, say I do not think myself fit for the Presidency. I certainly am flattered and gratified that some partial friends think of me in that connection; but I really think it best for our cause that no concerted effort, such as you suggest, should be made. Let this be considered confidential."

LINCOLN AT A FIVE POINTS MISSION.

While Mr. Lincoln was in New York, in 1860, he visited, unattended, the Five Points House of Industry. The superintendent of the Sabbath-school there gave the following account of the event:

"One Sunday morning I saw a tall, remarkable-looking man enter the room, and take a seat among us. He listened with fixed attention to our exercises, and his countenance expressed such genuine interest that I approached him, and suggested that he might be willing

to say something to the children. He accepted the invitation with evident pleasure; and, coming forward, began a simple address, which at once fascinated every little hearer, and hushed the room into silence. His language was strikingly beautiful, and his tones musical with intense feeling. The little faces would droop into sad conviction as he uttered sentences of warning, and would brighten into sunshine as he spoke cheerful words of promise. Once or twice he attempted to close his remarks, but the imperative shout of 'Go on! O, do go on!' would compel him to resume.

"As I looked upon the gaunt and sinewy frame of the stranger, and marked his powerful head and determined features, now touched into softness by the impressions of the moment, I felt an irrepressible curiosity to learn something more about him, and, while he was quietly leaving the room, I begged to know his name. He courteously replied: 'It is Abraham Lincoln, from Illinois.'"

A MINISTERIAL CHARGE.

EARLY in the war it became Rev. Dr. Arthur Edwards's duty, for a brief period, to carry certain reports to the War Department, in Washington, at about nine in the morning. Being late one morning, he was in a desperate hurry to deliver the papers, in order to be able to catch the train returning to camp. On the winding, dark staircase of the old War Department it was his misfortune, while taking about three stairs at a time, to run his head like a catapult into the body of the President, striking him in the region of the right lower vest pocket. The usual surprised and relaxed human grunt of a man

thus assailed came promptly. Mr. Edwards quickly sent an apology in the direction of the dimly seen form, feeling that the ungracious shock was expensive, even to the humblest clerk in the department. A second glance revealed to him the President as the victim of the collision. Then followed a special tender of "ten thousand pardons," and the President's reply:

"One's enough; I wish the whole army would charge like that."

A MAST-FED LAWYER.

ONCE, when an eminent lawyer was presented to him, Mr. Lincoln courteously said he was familiar with the judge's professional reputation. The judge responded:

"And we do not forget that you, too, Mr. President, are a distinguished member of the bar."

"O," said Mr. Lincoln, modestly, "I'm only a mast-fed lawyer."

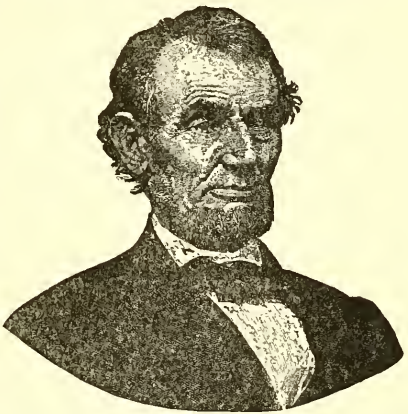
NOT SICK ENOUGH FOR THE POSITION.

A DELEGATION one day called on Mr. Lincoln to ask the appointment of a gentleman as Commissioner to the Sandwich Islands. They presented their case as earnestly as possible, and, besides his fitness for the place, they urged that he was in bad health, and a residence in that balmy climate would be of great benefit to him. The President closed the interview with the discouraging remark: "Gentlemen, I am sorry to say that there are eight other applicants for that place, and they are all sicker than your man."

MR. LINCOLN'S WHISKERS.

CHARLES CARLETON COFFIN* relates the following interesting story:

"If we had been in the village of Westfield, on the shore of Lake Erie, Chautauqua County, N. Y., on an October evening, we might have seen little Grace Bedell looking at a portrait of Mr. Lincoln, and a picture of the log-cabin which he helped build for his father in 1830.



"'Mother,' said Grace, 'I think that Mr. Lincoln would look better if he wore whiskers, and I mean to write and tell him so.'

"'Well, you may if you want to,' the mother answered.

"Grace's father was a Republican, and was going to vote for Mr. Lincoln. Two older brothers were Democrats, but she was a Republican.

"Among the letters going West the next day was one with this superscription, 'Hon. Abraham Lincoln, Esq., Springfield, Illinois.' It was Grace's letter, telling him

*Life of Lincoln. Copyright, 1892, by Harper & Brothers.

how old she was, where she lived, that she was a Republican, that she thought he would make a good President, but would look better if he would let his whiskers grow. If he would, she would try to coax her brothers to vote for him. She thought the rail fence around the cabin very pretty. 'If you have not time to answer my letter, will you allow your little girl to reply for you?' wrote Grace, at the end.

"A day or two later Grace Bedell comes out of the Westfield post-office with a letter in her hand, postmarked Springfield, Ill. Her pulse beat as never before. It is a cold morning, the wind blowing bleak and chill across the tossing waves of the lake. Snowflakes are falling. She can not wait till she reaches home, but tears open the letter. The melting flakes blur the writing; but this is what she reads:

"'SPRINGFIELD, ILL., October 19, 1860.

"'MISS GRACE BEDELL:

"'*My Dear Little Miss*,—Your very agreeable letter of the 15th is received. I regret the necessity of saying I have no daughter. I have three sons—one seventeen, one nine, and one seven years of age. They, with their mother, constitute my whole family. As to the whiskers, having never worn any, do you not think people would call it a piece of silly affection [affectation] if I should begin it now?

"'Your very sincere well-wisher,

"'A. LINCOLN.'

"When the train on which Mr. Lincoln was going to Washington, to become President of the United States, left Cleveland, Mr. Patterson, of Westfield, was invited into Mr. Lincoln's car.

"'Did I understand that your home is in Westfield?' Mr. Lincoln asked.

"'Yes, sir, that is my home.'

"'O, by the way, do you know of any one living there by the name of Bedell?'

"'Yes, sir, I know the family very well.'

"'I have a correspondent in that family. Mr. Bedell's little girl, Grace, wrote me a very interesting letter, advising me to wear whiskers, as she thought it would improve my looks. You see that I have followed her suggestion. Her letter was so unlike many that I received—some that threatened assassination in case I was elected—that it was really a relief to receive it and a pleasure to answer it.'

"The train reached Westfield, and Mr. Lincoln stood upon the platform of the car to say a few words to the people.

"'I have a little correspondent here, Grace Bedell, and if the little miss is present I would like to see her.'

"Grace was far down the platform, and the crowd prevented her seeing or hearing him.

"'Grace, Grace, the President is calling for you!' they shouted.

"A friend made his way with her through the crowd.

"'Here she is.'

"Mr. Lincoln stepped down from the car, took her by the hand, and gave her a kiss. 'You see, Grace, I have let my whiskers grow for you.'

"The kindly smile was upon his face. The train whirled on. His heart was lighter. For one brief moment he had forgotten the burdens that were pressing him with their weight."

"TAD" GUARDING THE WHITE HOUSE.

In the summer the Lincoln family lived in a stone cottage on the reservation belonging to the Government, in the suburbs of Washington, known as the Soldiers' Home.

The drives to and from the Soldiers' Home and the White House were often undertaken in the darkness of late hours, and friends of the President, alarmed by rumors of attempted attacks upon the person of the chief, insisted that he should have a small body-guard of cavalry to accompany him to and fro. The proposition was most unpalatable to Lincoln, and he resisted it as long as he could. When he finally consented, the little show of the cavalry escort was most distressful to him, and he repeatedly expressed his disgust at the "jingling and jangling" of the troop. A guard was also mounted at the main entrance of the White House; and this, too, annoyed him not a little, especially as it was needful, in the observance of military discipline, that they should salute him when he passed in and out.

"On one occasion," says Noah Brooks, "Tad, having been sportively commissioned a lieutenant in the United States Army by Secretary Stanton, procured several muskets, and drilled the men-servants of the house in the manual of arms, without attracting the attention of his father. And one night, to their consternation, he put them all on duty, and relieved the regular sentries, who, seeing the lad in full uniform, or perhaps appreciating the joke, gladly went to their quarters. Robert Lincoln, hearing of this extraordinary performance, indignantly went to his father to remonstrate

against the servants being compelled to do special duty when their day's work was done. Tad insisted on his rights as an officer. The President laughed, and declined to interfere. But when the lad had lost his little authority in his boyish sleep, the Commander-in-chief of the Army and Navy of the United States went down and personally discharged the sentries his son had put on post. For one night, at least, the White House was left unguarded."

A HIT AT McCLELLAN.

When Grant first called on the President, in Washington, one of the first things that Mr. Lincoln said to him, was:

"Grant, have you ever read the book by Orpheus C. Kerr?"

"Well, no; I never did," replied the general.

Mr. Lincoln said:

"You ought to read it; it is a very interesting book. I have had a good deal of satisfaction reading that book. There is one poem there that describes the meeting of the animals, the substance of it being that the animals were holding a convention, and a dragon, or some dreadful thing, was near by and had to be conquered, and it was a question as to who should undertake the job. By and by a monkey stepped forward and proposed to do the work up. The monkey said he thought he could do it if he could get an inch or two more put on his tail. The assemblage voted him a few inches more to his tail, and he went out and tried his hand. He was unsuccessful, and returned, stating that he wanted a few more inches put on his tail. The request

was granted, and he went again. His second effort was a failure. He asked that more inches be put on his tail, and he would try a third time."

"At last," said General Grant, in repeating the story, "it got through my head what Lincoln was aiming at, as applying to my wanting more men, and finally I said: 'Mr. Lincoln, I don't want any more inches put on my tail.'"

The story, however, was a hit at McClellan.

A CHARACTERISTIC LETTER.

THE following letter is to be found in a private collection in Chicago:

"EXECUTIVE MANSION, October 17, 1861.

"MAJOR RAMSEY:

"*My Dear Sir*,—The lady—bearer of this—says she has two sons who want to work. Set them at it, if possible. Wanting to work is so rare a merit that it should be encouraged. A. LINCOLN."

LINCOLN'S SUNDAY-REST ORDER.

"EXECUTIVE MANSION,
"WASHINGTON, Nov. 15, 1862.

"THE President, Commander-in-chief of the Army and Navy, desires and enjoins the orderly observance of the Sabbath by the officers and men in the military and naval service. The importance for man and beast of the prescribed weekly rest, the sacred rights of Christian soldiers and sailors, a becoming deference to the best sentiment of a Christian people, and a due regard for the Divine Will, demand that Sunday labor in the army

and navy be reduced to the measure of strict necessity. The discipline and character of the national forces should not suffer, nor the cause they defend be imperiled, by the profanation of the day or name of the Most High. 'At this time of public distress,' adopting the words of Washington in 1776, 'men may find enough to do in the service of God and their country, without abandoning themselves to vice and immorality.' The first general order issued by the Father of his Country, after the Declaration of Independence, indicates the spirit in which our institutions were founded, and should ever be defended. 'The general hopes and trusts that every officer and man will endeavor to live and act as becomes a Christian soldier defending the dearest rights and liberties of his country.' A. LINCOLN."

LINCOLN AT THE WASHINGTON NAVY-YARD.

ONE afternoon in the summer of 1862, the President accompanied several gentlemen to the Washington Navy-yard, to witness some experiments with a newly-invented gun. Subsequently the party went aboard one of the steamers lying at the wharf. A discussion was going on as to the merits of the invention, in the midst of which Mr. Lincoln caught sight of some *axes* hanging up outside of the cabin. Leaving the group, he quietly went forward, and taking one down, returned with it, and said:

"Gentlemen, you may talk about your 'Raphael repeaters' and 'eleven-inch Dahlgrens;' but *here* is an institution which I guess I understand better than either of you." With that he held the axe out at arm's length

by the end of the handle, or "helve," as the wood-cutters call it—a feat not another person of the party could perform, though all made the attempt.

REVISING HIS CABINET.

Mr. Lincoln's Cabinet was chosen chiefly from his rivals for the Presidential nomination and from considerations largely political. The exigencies of the war demanded, in the opinion of many Republicans, including some leading United States senators, a reorganization of the Cabinet. After the retirement of General Cameron, the senators held a caucus and appointed a committee to wait on the President.

The committee represented that inasmuch as the Cabinet had not been chosen with reference to the war, and had more or less lost the confidence of the country, and since the President had decided to select a new War Minister, they thought the occasion was opportune to change the whole seven Cabinet ministers.

Mr. Lincoln listened with patient courtesy, and when the senators had concluded, he said:

"Gentlemen, your request for a change of the whole Cabinet, because I have made one change, reminds me of a story I once heard in Illinois, of a farmer who was much troubled by skunks. They annoyed his household at night, and his wife insisted that he should take measures to get rid of them. One moonlight night he loaded his old shotgun and stationed himself in the yard to watch for intruders, his wife remaining in the house anxiously awaiting the result. After some time she heard the shotgun go off, and in a few moments the

farmer entered the house. 'What luck had you?' said she. 'I hid myself behind the wood-pile,' said the old man, 'with the shotgun pointed toward the hen-roost, and before long there appeared, not one shunk, but seven. I took aim, blazed away, killed one, and he raised such a fearful smell that I concluded it was best to let the other six go.'"

With a hearty laugh the senators retired, and nothing more was heard of Cabinet reconstruction.

NO MERCY FOR MAN-STEALERS.

Hon. John B. Alley, of Lynn, Massachusetts, was made the bearer to the President of a petition for pardon, by a person confined in the Newburyport jail for being engaged in the slave-trade. He had been sentenced to five years' imprisonment, and the payment of a fine of one thousand dollars. The petition was accompanied by a letter to Mr. Alley, in which the prisoner acknowledged his guilt and the justice of his sentence. He was very penitent—at least, on paper—and had received the full measure of his punishment, so far as it related to the term of his imprisonment; but he was still held because he could not pay his fine. Mr. Alley read the letter to the President, who was much moved by its pathetic appeals; and when he had himself read the petition, he looked up, and said:

"My friend, that is a very touching appeal to our feelings. You know my weakness is to be, if possible, too easily moved by appeals for mercy, and, if this man were guilty of the foulest murder that the arm of man could perpetrate, I might forgive him on such an ap-

peal; but the man who could go to Africa, and rob her of her children, and sell them into interminable bondage, with no other motive than that which is furnished by dollars and cents, is so much worse than the most depraved murderer, that he can never receive pardon at my hands. No! He may rot in jail before he shall have liberty by any act of mine."

SIGNING A PARDON IN BED.

Mr. Kellogg, representative from Essex County, New York, received a dispatch one evening stating that a young townsman, who had been induced to enlist through his instrumentality, had, for a serious misdemeanor, been convicted by a court-martial, and was to be shot the next day. Greatly agitated, Mr. Kellogg went to Secretary Stanton, and urged, in the strongest manner, a reprieve. The Secretary was inexorable.

Too many cases of the kind had been let off, he said, and it was time an example was made.

Leaving the War Department, Mr. Kellogg went directly to the White House. The sentinel on duty told him that special orders had been issued to admit no one whatever that night. After a long parley, by pledging himself to assume the responsibility of the act, the congressman passed in. The President had retired; but, indifferent to etiquette or ceremony, Judge Kellogg pressed his way to his bedroom. In an excited manner, he stated that the dispatch announcing the hour of execution had but just reached him.

"This man must not be shot, Mr. President," said he. "I can't help what he may have done. Why, he

is an old neighbor of mine; I can't allow him to be shot!"

Lincoln sat up in bed, quietly listening to the vehement protestations of his old friend (they were in Congress together), and at length said: "Well, I do n't believe *shooting* him will do him any good. Give me that pen."

A CHURCH WANTED FOR WOUNDED SOLDIERS.

At the White House, one day, a well-dressed lady came forward, without apparent embarrassment in her air or manner, and addressed the President. Giving her a very close and scrutinizing look, he said:

"Well, madam, what can I do for you?"

She proceeded to tell him that she lived in Alexandria, and that the church where she worshiped had been taken for a hospital.

"What church, madam?" Mr. Lincoln asked, in a quick, nervous manner.

"The —— Church," she replied; "and as there are only two or three wounded soldiers in it, I came to see if you would not let us have it, as we want it very much to worship God in."

"Madam, have you been to see the post-surgeon at Alexandria about this matter?"

"Yes, sir; but we could do nothing with him."

"Well, we put him there to attend to just such business, and it is reasonable to suppose that he knows better what should be done, under the circumstances, than I do. See here: You say you live in Alexandria; probably you own property there. How much will you give to assist in building a hospital?"

"You know, Mr. Lincoln, our property is very much embarrassed by the war; so, really, I could hardly afford to give much for such a purpose."

"Well, madam, I expect we shall have another fight soon; and my candid opinion is, *God wants that church for poor, wounded Union soldiers*, as much as he does for secesh people to worship in." Turning to his table, he said, quite abruptly: "You will excuse me; I can do nothing for you. Good-day, madam."

LINCOLN'S AND BATES'S PRISONERS.

Attorney-General Bates, who was a Virginian by birth, and had many relatives in that State, one day heard that a young Virginian, the son of one of his old friends, had been captured across the Potomac, was a prisoner of war, and was not in good health. Knowing the boy's father to be in his heart a Union man, Mr. Bates conceived the idea of having the son paroled and sent home, of course under promise not to return to the army. He went to see the President, and said: "I have a personal favor to ask. I want you to give me a prisoner." And he told him of the case.

The President said: "Bates, I have an almost parallel case. The son of an old friend of mine in Illinois ran off and entered the rebel army. The young fool has been captured, is a prisoner of war, and his old, broken-hearted father has asked me to send him home, promising, of course, to keep him there. I have not seen my way clear to do it; but, if you and I unite our influence with this Administration, I believe we can manage it together, and make two loyal fathers happy. Let us make them our prisoners." And he did so.

LINCOLN'S REMARKABLE LETTER TO GENERAL HOOKER.

THE following remarkable letter to General Hooker was written after the latter had taken command of the Army of the Potomac, in January, 1863. Before the President sent it, an intimate friend chanced to be in his cabinet one night, and Mr. Lincoln read it to him, remarking: "I shall not read this to anybody else; but I want to know how it strikes you." During the following April or May, while the Army of the Potomac lay opposite Fredericksburg, this friend accompanied the President to General Hooker's headquarters on a visit. One night General Hooker, alone with this gentleman, said:

"The President says that he showed you this letter;" and he then took out the document. The tears stood in Hooker's eyes as he added: "It is such a letter as a father might have written to his son; and yet it hurt me." Then he said: "When I have been to Richmond, I shall have this letter published."

Sixteen years later, the letter was published. It reads as follows:

"EXECUTIVE MANSION, WASHINGTON, D. C.,
January 26, 1863.

"MAJOR-GENERAL HOOKER:

"*General*,—I have placed you at the head of the Army of the Potomac. Of course, I have done this upon what appears to me to be sufficient reasons; and yet I think it best for you to know that there are some things in regard to which I am not quite satisfied with you. I believe you to be a brave and skillful soldier—which, of course, I like. I also believe you do not mix politics with your profession—in which you are right. You have confidence in yourself—which is a valuable, if not an indispensable, quality. You

are ambitious—which, within reasonable bounds, does good rather than harm; but I think that, during General Burnside's command of the army, you have taken counsel of your ambition, and thwarted him as much as you could, in which you did a great wrong to the country, and to a most meritorious and honorable brother-officer. I have heard, in such a way as to believe it, of your recently saying that both the army and the Government needed a dictator. Of course, it was not for this, but in spite of it, that I have given you the command. Only those generals who gain successes can set up dictators. What I now ask of you is military success, and I will risk the dictatorship. The Government will support you to the utmost of its ability—which is neither more nor less than it has done, and will do, for all commanders. I much fear that the spirit which you have aided to infuse into the army, of criticising their commander and withholding confidence from him, will now turn upon you. I shall assist you, as far as I can, to put it down. Neither you nor Napoleon, if he were alive again, could get any good out of an army while such a spirit prevails in it. And now, beware of rashness. Beware of rashness; but, with energy and sleepless vigilance, go forward and give us victories.

"Yours, very truly, A. LINCOLN."

THREE "BORES."

ONE day when Mr. Lincoln was alone and busily engaged he was disturbed by the intrusion of three men who, without apology, proceeded to lay their claim before him. The spokesman of the three reminded the President that they were the owners of some torpedo or other warlike invention which, if the Government would only adopt it, would soon crush the rebellion.

"Now," said the spokesman, "we have been here to see you time and again; you have referred us to the

Secretary of War, to the chief of ordinance, and the general of the army, and they will give us no satisfaction. We have been kept here waiting, till money and patience are exhausted, and we now come to demand of you a final reply to our application."

Mr. Lincoln listened quietly for a while, and then replied:

"You three gentlemen remind me of a story I once heard of a poor little boy out West who had lost his mother. His father wanted to give him a religious education, and so placed him in the family of a clergyman whom he directed to instruct the little fellow carefully in the Scriptures. Every day the boy was required to commit to memory and recite one chapter of the Bible. Things proceeded smoothly until they reached that chapter which details the story of the trials of Shadrach, Meshach, and Abednego in the fiery furnace. The boy got on well until he was asked to repeat these three names, but he had forgotten them. His teacher told him he must learn them, and gave him another day to do so. Next day the boy again forgot them. 'Now,' said the teacher, 'you have again failed to remember those names, and you can go no further till you have learned them. I will give you another day on this lesson, and if you don't repeat the names I will punish you.' A third time the boy came to recite and got down to the stumbling block, when the clergyman said: 'Now tell me the names of the men in the fiery furnace.' 'O,' said the boy, 'here come those three infernal bores! I wish the devil had them!'"

Having received their "final answer" the three patriots retired.

LIFTING A BURDEN FROM A FATHER'S HEART.

General Clinton B. Fisk, attending a reception at the White House, saw, waiting in the anteroom, a poor old man from Tennessee. Sitting down beside him, he learned that he had been waiting three or four days to get an audience, and that on his seeing Mr. Lincoln probably depended the life of his son, who was under sentence of death for some military offense.

General Fisk wrote his case in outline on a card, and sent it in, with a special request that the President would see the man. In a moment the order came. The old man showed Mr. Lincoln his papers, and he, on taking them, said he would look into the case and give him the result on the following day.

The old man, in an agony of fear, looked up into the President's sympathetic face, and cried out:

"To-morrow may be too late! My son is under sentence of death! The decision ought to be made now!" and the tears came into his eyes.

"Come," said Mr. Lincoln, "wait a bit, and I'll tell you a story," and then he told the old man General Fisk's story about the swearing driver, as follows:

The general had begun his military life as a colonel, and, when he raised his regiment in Missouri, he proposed to his men that he should do all the swearing of the regiment. They assented; and for months no instance was known of the violation of the promise. The colonel had a teamster named John Todd, who, as roads were not always the best, had some difficulty in commanding his temper and his tongue. John happened to be driving a mule team through a series of mud-holes

a little worse than usual, when, unable to restrain himself any longer, he burst forth into a volley of energetic oaths. The colonel took notice of the offense, and brought John to an account.

"John," said he, "did n't you promise to let me do all the swearing of the regiment?"

"Yes, I did, colonel," he replied, "but the fact was, the swearing had to be done then or not at all, and you were n't there to do it."

As Mr. Lincoln told the story, the old man forgot his boy, and both the President and his listener had a hearty laugh together at its conclusion. Then he wrote a few words which the old man read, and tears of joy began to flow from his eyes, for the words saved the life of his son.

LINCOLN "TAKING UP A COLLECTION."

"While the Army of the Potomac was near Falmouth, on the river opposite Fredericksburg, Virginia, early in the war," says Dr. Arthur Edwards, in the *Northwestern Christian Advocate*, "Mr. Lincoln reviewed and inspected that splendid body of troops, one hundred thousand strong. Those who were present remember the quiet Dobbin ridden by the President. The steed proceeded soberly, as if he had been put upon his equine honor to be kind to his illustrious rider.

"During a part of the formality, when the reviewing officer or personage is specially the center of all eyes, Mr. Lincoln carried his tall 'plug hat' in his hand, and, as he bumped up and down in his saddle, not dangerously but considerably, he bowed right and left to the magnificent military lines. The right arm was extended

almost horizontally, and the hand grasped the hat's ample brim.

"The whole aspect of the now historic man abundantly justified the suggestion of a certain Methodist who was present, to the effect that 'the dear old gentleman looks as if he were about to take up a collection.' The joker was discounted on the ground that he was indulging his Methodist traditions as far as the collection was concerned, but a second look at the horse and his rider aided many a kindly smile."

LITTLE INFLUENCE WITH THE ADMINISTRATION.

JUDGE BALDWIN, of California, being in Washington, called one day on General Halleck, and, presuming upon a familiar acquaintance in California a few years before, solicited a pass outside of the lines to see a brother in Virginia, not thinking that he would meet with a refusal, as both his brother and himself were good Union men.

"We have been deceived too often," said General Halleck, "and I regret I can't grant it."

Judge Baldwin then went to Stanton, and was very briefly disposed of, with the same result. Finally, he obtained an interview with Mr. Lincoln, and stated his case.

"Have you applied to General Halleck?" inquired the President.

"Yes, and met with a flat refusal," said Judge Baldwin.

"Then you must see Stanton," continued the President.

"I have, and with the same result," was the reply.

"Well, then," said Mr. Lincoln, with a smile, "I can do nothing; for you must know that I have very little influence with this Administration."

A LITTLE HERO.

Hon. W. D. Kell suggested to the President one day that he send the son of one of his constituents to the naval school for a year. The boy had served a year on board the gunboat *Ottawa*, and had been in two important engagements; in the first as a powder-monkey, when he had conducted himself with such coolness that he had been chosen as captain's messenger in the second.

Mr. Lincoln at once wrote on the back of a letter from the commander of the *Ottawa*, which Mr. Kell had handed him, to the Secretary of the Navy: "If the appointments for this year have not been made, let this boy be appointed." The appointment had not been made, and he took it home with him. It directed the lad to report for examination at the school in July. Just as he was ready to start, his father, looking over the law, discovered that he could not report until he was fourteen years of age, which he would not be until September following. The boy sat down and cried. He feared that he was not to go to the naval school. He was consoled, however, by being told that "the President could make it right." The next morning Mr. Kell met him at the door of the Executive Chamber with his father. Taking by the hand the little fellow—short for his age, dressed in the sailor's blue pants and shirt—he

advanced with him to the President, who sat in his usual seat, and said:

"Mr. President, my young friend, Willie Bladen, finds a difficulty about his appointment. You have directed him to appear at the school in July; but he is not yet fourteen years of age." But before he got half of this out, Mr. Lincoln, laying down his spectacles, rose and said:

"Bless me! is that the boy who did so gallantly in those two great battles? Why, I feel that I should bow to him, and not he to me." The little fellow had made his graceful bow.

The President took the papers at once, and as soon as he learned that a postponement until September would suffice, made the order that the lad should report in that month. Then putting his hand on Willie's head, he said:

"Now, my boy, go home and have good fun during the two months, for they are about the last holidays you will get."

WORK ENOUGH FOR TWENTY PRESIDENTS.

A FARMER from one of the border counties went to the President on a certain occasion with the complaint that the Union soldiers, in passing his farm, had helped themselves, not only to hay, but to his horse; and he hoped the proper officer would be required to consider his claim immediately.

"Why, my good sir," replied Mr. Lincoln, "if I should attempt to consider every such individual case, I should find work enough for twenty Presidents! In my early days, I knew one Jack Chase, who was a lumber-

man on the Illinois, and, when steady and sober, the best raftsman on the river. It was quite a trick twenty-five years ago to take the logs over the rapids, but he was skillful with a raft, and always kept her straight in the channel. Finally a steamer was put on, and Jack—he 's dead now, poor fellow!—was made captain of her. He always used to take the wheel going through the rapids. One day, when the boat was plunging and wallowing along the boiling current, and Jack's utmost vigilance was being exercised to keep her in the narrow channel, a boy pulled his coat-tail, and hailed him with: 'Say, Mister Captain! I wish you would just stop your boat a minute—I 've lost my apple overboard!'"

A BRIDE'S PLEDGE.

In the spring of 1863 a very handsome and attractive young lady from Philadelphia besought the President to restore her husband to his position, from which he had been removed in disgrace. Sometime before she had been married to a young lieutenant in a Pennsylvania regiment. He had been compelled to leave her the day after the wedding to rejoin his command in the Army of the Potomac. After some time he obtained leave of absence, returned to Philadelphia, and they started on a brief honeymoon. A movement of the army being imminent, the War Department issued a peremptory order requiring all absent officers to rejoin their regiments by a certain day on penalty of dismissal in case of disobedience. The bride and groom, away on their wedding tour, failed to see the order, and on their return he was met by a notice of his dismissal

from the service. The young fellow was completely prostrated by the disgrace, and his wife hurried to Washington to get him restored. She told her story with simple and pathetic eloquence, and wound up by saying:

"Mr. Lincoln, won't you help us? I promise you, if you will restore him, he will be faithful to his duty."

The President had listened with evident sympathy and a half-amused smile at her earnestness, and as she closed her appeal, he said, with parental kindness:

"And you say, my child, that Fred was compelled to leave you the day after the wedding? Poor fellow! I don't wonder at his anxiety to get back; and if he staid a little longer than he ought to have done, we'll have to overlook his fault this time. Take this card to the Secretary of War, and he will restore your husband."

She went to the War Department, saw the Secretary, who rebuked her for troubling the President, and dismissed her somewhat curtly. On her way down the War Department stairs, she met the President ascending. He recognized her, and, with a pleasant smile, said:

"Well, my dear, have you seen the Secretary?"

"Yes, Mr. Lincoln," she replied, "and he seemed very angry with me for going to you. Won't you speak to him for me?"

"Give yourself no trouble," said he. "I will see that the order is issued." And in a few days her husband was remanded to his regiment.

"Not long after," says Titian J. Coffey, who relates the story in the Cincinnati *Times-Star*, "the young man

was killed at the battle of Gettysburg, thus sealing with his blood his wife's pledge that he should be faithful to his duty."

CONSIDERATION FOR A COUNT.

DURING the war an Austrian count applied to President Lincoln for a position. Being introduced by the Austrian Minister, he needed, of course, no further recommendation; but, as if fearing that his importance might not be duly appreciated, he proceeded to explain that he was a count—that his family were ancient and highly respectable.

Lincoln, with a twinkle in his eye, tapped the titled foreigner on the shoulder, in a fatherly way, as if the man had confessed to some wrong, and in a soothing tone, said: "Never mind; you shall be treated with just as much consideration, for all that."

A DESIRABLE POSITION.

A GENTLEMAN named Farquhar, of York, Pa., did not enlist because he was a Quaker. In the course of the war, General Early marched before York, and threatened to burn the houses of its peaceful citizens unless a ransom of twenty-five thousand dollars was forthcoming. Mr. Farquhar was foremost in arranging matters, and struck a bargain with the Confederates which, while they were near, seemed very clever to his fellow-townsmen, but when they marched away brought forth many bitter complaints. The whole matter set Mr. Farquhar thinking. The war ought to be ended. So he set out for Washington, to offer his services to the Government.

He called on Mr. Lincoln, told him how he felt, and said he wished to help his country.

"Well," said Lincoln, "come with me to the Secretary of War, and I will give you a position which I would gladly take myself."

They were soon in Mr. Stanton's office. Lincoln made a sign to the Secretary, who produced a Bible, and proceeded to swear Mr. Farquhar into the United States service. The ceremony had not gone very far, when he discovered that the position Mr. Lincoln coveted was that of a private soldier. Mr. Farquhar showed alarm, and the President laughingly released him.

THE LORD AND THE PEOPLE WITH HIM.

Mr. Lincoln and a friend were standing upon the threshold of the door under the portico of the White House, awaiting the coachman, when a letter was put into his hand. While he was reading this, a countryman, plainly dressed, with his wife and two little boys, who had evidently been straying about, looking at the places of public interest in the city, approached. As they reached the portico, the father, who was in advance, caught sight of the tall figure of Mr. Lincoln, absorbed in his letter. His wife and the little boys were ascending the steps.

The man stopped suddenly, put out his hand with a "hush" to his family, and, after a moment's gaze, he bent down and whispered to them: "There is the President." Then, leaving them, he slowly made a half-circuit around Mr. Lincoln, watching him intently all the while.

At this point, having finished his letter, the President turned, and said: "Well, we will not wait any longer for the carriage; it won't hurt you and me to walk down."

The countryman stepped up very diffidently, and asked if he might be allowed to take the President by the hand, after which he asked if he would extend the same privilege to his wife and little boys.

Mr. Lincoln, good-naturedly, approached the latter, who had remained where they were stopped, and, reaching down, said a kind word to the bashful little fellows, who shrank close up to their mother, and did not reply. This simple act filled the father's cup full.

"The Lord is with you, Mr. President," he said, reverently; and then, hesitating a moment, he added, with strong emphasis, "*and the people too, sir; and the people too!*"

THE FIRST COLORED OFFICER.

Rev. H. M. Turner, now a bishop of the African Methodist Episcopal Church, was the first colored man commissioned an officer in the United States Army. He thus writes, in the *Northwestern Christian Advocate:*

"The first colored regiment, which was raised and organized under the direct auspices of the General Government (I do not refer to those enlisted by General Butler in New Orleans, or Governor Andrew in Massachusetts), was raised in Washington, D. C.

"The first two companies were enlisted in the basement of Israel Church; but the regiment was completed on Mason's Island, just across the Potomac from Washington City. All the commissioned officers, being white.

were appointed from the colonel down, and a white chaplain had been assigned to duty to the same regiment, temporarily, by the colonel in command. This writer, however, was the choice of the colored members of the regiment for the position of chaplain, and, at their solicitation, I applied for the same.

"Hon. Edwin M. Stanton, Secretary of War, and Hon. Salmon P. Chase, Secretary of the Treasury, and afterward chief justice of the United States Supreme Court, were favorable; but the other Cabinet officers were either unfavorable or in doubt as to the advisability of making a colored man a commissioned officer in any form—at least, I was so informed by Secretary Chase.

"When the question came up in the Cabinet for final decision before Mr. Lincoln, Mr. Stanton and Mr. Chase held that the colored soldiers should have their own spiritual director and guide, and that my labors in the organization of the regiment entitled me to the position. Messrs. Seward, Blair, Welles, and others of the Cabinet thought it rather too early to risk public sentiment in commissioning a colored man to any position whatever.

"Mr. Lincoln sat with great patience and heard the discussion, but finally put a quietus to the question at issue by saying, 'Well, we have far graver matters for consideration than this;' and, turning to the Secretary of War, simply said:

"'Stanton, issue his commission as chaplain. Now, gentlemen, let us proceed to business.'

"Mr. Chase sent for me the same afternoon to come to his residence, and, after congratulating me upon

being a United States chaplain, and the first one of my race to receive a commission, gave a detailed narrative of the whole transaction, but pledged me to secrecy."

LINCOLN'S FAVORITE POEM.*

O why should the spirit of mortal be proud?
Like a swift-fleeting meteor, a fast flying cloud,
A flash of the lightning, a break of the wave,
He passeth from life to his rest in the grave.

The leaves of the oak and the willow shall fade,
Be scattered around, and together be laid;
And the young and the old, and the low and the high,
Shall molder to dust, and together shall lie.

The infant a mother attended and loved;
The mother that infant's affection who proved;
The husband that mother and infant who blest—
Each, all, are away to their dwellings of rest.

[The maid on whose cheek, on whose brow, in whose eye,
Shone beauty and pleasure—her triumphs are by;
And the memory of those who loved her and praised,
Are alike from the minds of the living erased.]

The hand of the king that the scepter hath borne;
The brow of the priest that the miter hath worn;
The eye of the sage, and the heart of the brave,
Are hidden and lost in the depths of the grave.

The peasant, whose lot was to sow and to reap;
The herdsman, who climbed with his goats up the steep;
The beggar, who wandered in search of his bread,
Have faded away, like the grass that we tread.

* This poem was a special favorite of Mr. Lincoln's, and was often quoted by him. It was written by William Knox, a young Scotchman, a contemporary of Sir Walter Scott. He died in Edinburgh, in 1825, at the age of thirty-six. The two verses in brackets were not repeated by Mr. Lincoln, but belong to the original poem.

[The saint, who enjoyed the communion of heaven;
The sinner, who dared to remain unforgiven;
The wise and the foolish, the guilty and just,
Have quietly mingled their bones in the dust.]

So the multitude goes—like the flower of the weed,
That withers away to let others succeed;
So the multitude comes—even those we behold,
To repeat every tale that has often been told.

For we are the same our fathers have been;
We see the same sights our fathers have seen;
We drink the same stream, we view the same sun,
And run the same course our fathers have run.

The thoughts we are thinking, our fathers would think;
From the death we are shrinking our fathers would shrink;
To the life we are clinging, they also would cling;
But it speeds from us all like a bird on the wing.

They loved—but the story we can not unfold;
They scorned—but the heart of the haughty is cold;
They grieved—but no wail from their slumber will come;
They joyed—but the tongue of their gladness is dumb.

They died—ay, they died—we things that are now,
That walk on the turf that lies over their brow,
And make in their dwellings a transient abode,
Meet the things that they met on their pilgrimage road.

Yea! hope and despondency, pleasure and pain,
Are mingled together in sunshine and rain;
And the smile and the tear, the song and the dirge,
Still follow each other, like surge upon surge.

'T is the wink of an eye, 't is the draught of a breath,
From the blossom of health to the paleness of death,
From the gilded saloon to the bier and the shroud—
O why should the spirit of mortal be proud?

A PRACTICAL SERMON.

On a certain occasion, two ladies from Tennessee came before the President, asking the release of their husbands, held as prisoners of war at Johnson's Island. They were put off until the following Friday, when they came again, and were again put off until Saturday. At each of the interviews, one of the ladies urged that her husband was a religious man. On Saturday, when the President ordered the release of the prisoners, he said to this lady:

"You say your husband is a religious man. Tell him, when you meet him, that I say I am not much of a judge of religion; but that, in my opinion, the religion which sets men to rebel and fight against their Government, because, as they think, that Government does not sufficiently help *some* men to eat their bread in the sweat of *other* men's faces, is not the sort of religion upon which people can get to heaven."

MR. LINCOLN'S "LEG-CASES."

Mr. Lincoln's unwillingness to allow any soldier to be shot for cowardice, sleeping at his post, or other offenses which, in time of war, are construed as treasonable, but in which the treasonable motive is lacking, was a source of great annoyance to the commanders; but it was appreciated by every soldier, and endeared the President the more to them.

In the earlier years of the war, all the death-penalties of courts-martial had to be sent up to the President, as commander-in-chief, for his approval. When Judge Holt, the judge-advocate-general of the army,

laid the first case before the President and explained it, he replied: "Well, I will keep this for a few days, until I have more time to read the testimony." That seemed quite reasonable.

When the judge explained the next case, Mr. Lincoln said: "I must put this by until I can settle in my mind whether this soldier can better serve the country dead than living."

To the third, he answered: "The general commanding the brigade is to be here in a few days to consult with Stanton and myself about military matters; I will wait until then, and talk the matter over with him."

Finally, there was a very flagrant case of a soldier who threw down his gun behind a friendly stump. His cowardice demoralized his regiment. When tried for his cowardice, there was no defense. The court-martial, in examining his antecedents, found that he had neither father nor mother living, nor wife, nor child; that he was unfit to wear the loyal uniform; and that he was a thief, who stole continually from his comrades.

"Here," said Judge Holt, "is a case which comes exactly within your requirements. He does not deny his guilt; he will better serve the country dead than living, as he has no relation to mourn for him, and he is not fit to be in the ranks of patriots, at any rate."

Mr. Lincoln's refuge of excuses was all swept away. Judge Holt expected, of course, that he would write "approved" on the paper; but the President, running his long fingers through his hair, as he used to do when in anxious thought, replied:

"Well, after all, Judge, I think I must put this with my leg-cases."

"Leg-cases!" said Judge Holt, with a frown at this supposed levity of the President in a case of life and death. "What do you mean by leg-cases, sir?"

"Why, why," replied Mr. Lincoln, "do you see those papers crowded into those pigeon-holes? They are the cases that you call by that long title—'cowardice in the face of the enemy;' but I call them, for short, my 'leg-cases.' But I put it to you, and I leave it for you to decide for yourself, if Almighty God gives a man a cowardly pair of legs, how can he help their running away with him?"

AN INDIFFERENT PRESIDENT.

When General Phelps took possession of Ship Island, near New Orleans, early in the war, it will be remembered that he issued a proclamation, somewhat bombastic in tone, freeing the slaves. To the surprise of many people on both sides, the President took no official notice of this movement. Some time had elapsed, when one day a friend took him to task for his seeming indifference on so important a matter.

"Well," said Mr. Lincoln, "I feel about that a good deal as a man whom I will call 'Jones,' whom I once knew, did about his wife. He was one of your meek men, and had the reputation of being badly henpecked. At last, one day, his wife was seen switching him out of the house. A day or two afterward, a friend met him in the street, and said: 'Jones, I have always stood up for you, as you know; but I am not going to do it any longer. Any man who will stand quietly and take a switching from his wife, deserves to be horsewhipped. Jones looked up with a wink, patting his friend on the

back. 'Now, don't,' said he; 'why, it didn't *hurt* me any; and you've no idea what a power of good it did Sarah Ann!'"

LINCOLN AND THE BABY.

"OLD DANIEL," one of the White House ushers, told the following story:

A poor woman from Philadelphia had been waiting, with a baby in her arms, for several days to see the President. She said that her husband had furnished a substitute for the army, but some time afterward, in a state of intoxication, he was induced to enlist. Upon reaching the post assigned his regiment, he deserted, thinking the Government was not entitled to his services. Returning home, he was arrested, tried, convicted, and sentenced to be shot. The sentence was to be executed on Saturday. On Monday his wife left her home with her baby, to endeavor to see the President.

Said Daniel: "She had been waiting three days, and there was no chance for her to get in. Late in the afternoon of the third day, the President was going through the passage to his private room to get a cup of tea. On the way he heard the baby cry. He instantly went back to his office and rang the bell.

"Daniel," said he, "is there a woman with a baby in the anteroom?"

Daniel said there was, and it was a case he ought to see; for it was a matter of life and death.

"Send her to me at once," said the President.

She went in, told her story, and the President pardoned her husband.

As the woman came out from his presence, her eyes

were lifted and her lips moving in prayer, the tears streaming down her cheeks.

Daniel went up to her, and, pulling her shawl, said: "Madam, it was the *baby that did it.*"

PAYING HIS VOW.

THE following incident is related by Mr. Carpenter, the artist:

"Mr. Chase," says Mr. Carpenter, "told me that at the Cabinet meeting immediately after the battle of Antietam, and just prior to the issue of the September proclamation, the President entered upon the business before them by saying that the time for the announciation of the emancipation policy could be no longer delayed. Public sentiment would sustain it—many of his warmest friends and supporters demanded it—*and he had promised his God he would do it.* The last part of this was uttered in a low tone, and appeared to be heard by no one but Secretary Chase, who was sitting near him. He asked the President if he correctly understood him. Mr. Lincoln replied: '*I made a solemn vow before God that if General Lee was driven back from Pennsylvania, I would crown the result by the declaration of freedom to the slaves.*'

"In February, 1865, a few days after the Constitutional Amendment, I went to Washington, and was received by Mr. Lincoln with the kindness and familiarity which had characterized our previous intercourse. I said to him at this time that I was very proud to have been the artist to have first conceived the design of painting a picture commemorative of the Act of Eman-

cipation; that subsequent occurrences had only confirmed my own first judgment of that act as the most sublime moral event in our history. 'Yes,' said he—and never do I remember to have noticed in him more earnestness of expression or manner—'as affairs have turned, *it is the central act of my Administration, and the great event of the nineteenth century.*'"

HOW LINCOLN RELIEVED ROSECRANS.

General James B. Steedman, familiarly known as "Old Chickamauga," relates that some weeks after the disastrous battle of Chickamauga, while yet Chattanooga was in a state of siege, General Steedman was surprised one day to receive a telegram from Abraham Lincoln to come to Washington. Seeking out Thomas, he laid the telegram before him, and was instructed to set out at once. Repairing to the White House, he was warmly received by Mr. Lincoln. Mr. Lincoln's first question was abrupt and to the point:

"General Steedman, what is your opinion of General Rosecrans?"

General Steedman, hesitating a moment, said: "Mr. President, I would rather not express my opinion of my superior officer."

Mr. Lincoln said: "It is the man who does not want to express an opinion whose opinion I want. I am besieged on all sides with advice. Every day I get letters from army officers asking me to allow them to come to Washington to impart some valuable knowledge in their possession."

"Well, Mr. President," said General Steedman,

"you are the Commander-in-Chief of the Army, and if you order me to speak, I will do so."

Mr. Lincoln said: "Then I will order an opinion."

General Steedman then answered: "Since you command me, Mr. President, I will say General Rosecrans is a splendid man to command a victorious army."

"But what kind of a man is he to command a defeated army?" said Mr. Lincoln.

General Steedman in reply said, cautiously: "I think there are two or three men in that army who would be better."

Then, with his quaint humor, Mr. Lincoln propounded this question: "Who, besides yourself, General Steedman, is there in that army who would make a better commander?"

General Steedman said promptly: "General George H. Thomas."

"I am glad to hear you say so," said Mr. Lincoln; "that is my own opinion exactly. But Mr. Stanton is against him, and it was only yesterday that a powerful New York delegation was here to protest against his appointment because he is from a Rebel State and can not be trusted."

Said General Steedman: "A man who will leave his own State [Thomas was a Virginian], his friends, all his associations, to follow the flag of his country, can be trusted in any position to which he may be called."

That night the order went forth from Washington relieving General Rosecrans of the command of the Army of the Cumberland and appointing Thomas in his place.

SIGNING THE EMANCIPATION PROCLAMATION.

THE roll containing the Emancipation Proclamation was taken to Mr. Lincoln at noon on the first day of January, 1863, by Secretary Seward and his son Frederick. As it lay open before him, Mr. Lincoln took a pen, dipped it in ink, moved his hand to the place for the signature, held it a moment, then removed his hand and dropped the pen. After a little hesitation he again took up the pen, and went through the same movement as before. Mr. Lincoln then turned to Mr. Seward, and said:

"I have been shaking hands since nine o'clock this morning, and my right arm is almost paralyzed. If my name ever goes into history it will be for this act, and my whole soul is in it. If my hand trembles when I sign the Proclamation, all who examine the document hereafter will say, 'He hesitated.'"

He then turned to the table, took up the pen again, and slowly, firmly wrote "Abraham Lincoln," with which signature the whole world is now familiar. He then looked up, smiled, and said: "*That will do.*"

LINCOLN AND STANTON.

MR. LINCOLN and Edwin M. Stanton first met in the summer of 1857. Mr. Lincoln represented a man named Manny, of Chicago, who had been sued by Mr. McCormick, the inventor of the reaping machine, for infringement of patent. The case was tried before Judge McLean in the United States Court at Cincinnati. Without Lincoln's knowledge, his client called George Harding, of Philadelphia, and Edwin M. Stanton, of

the Cincinnati bar, though living at Pittsburg, into the case, assigning as the reason that the connection of Reverdy Johnson with the other side required men of Harding's and Stanton's knowledge and experience to cope with him. Stanton treated Lincoln with great rudeness. Lincoln overheard him ask, "Where did that long-armed creature come from, and what can he do in this case?" and then proceed to describe him as a "long, lank creature from Illinois, wearing a dirty linen duster for a coat, on the back of which the perspiration had splotched wide stains that resembled a map of the continent." Before the final argument began, one of the counsel moved that only two of the counsel speak, which was decided upon. It had been settled that Harding was to explain the mechanism of the machines. The motion therefore excluded Lincoln or Stanton. The custom of the bar would have decided the matter in Lincoln's favor without any further action. Stanton suggested to Lincoln that he make the speech. He answered: "No; you speak." Stanton promptly replied, "I will," and started off to make preparation. Lincoln felt deeply humiliated by this slight, but it did not prevent his calling to the most important position in his cabinet the man who had thus ignored and insulted him.

Both men came to think more highly of each other in after years. When, a few days before the President's assassination, Stanton tendered his resignation as Secretary of War, Lincoln tore the paper in pieces, threw his arms around the Secretary, and said: "Stanton, you have been a good friend and faithful public servant, and it is not for you to say when you will no

longer be needed here." Mr. Carpenter says the scene was so affecting that it brought tears to the eyes of those who chanced to witness it.

When Lincoln fell, Stanton was almost heart-broken, and, as he knelt by his side, was heard to say to himself: "Am I indeed left alone? None may now ever know or tell what we have suffered together in the Nation's darkest hours." When the surgeon-general said to him that there was no hope, he could not believe it, and passionately exclaimed: "No, no, General, no, no!"

ON JEFFERSON DAVIS'S RECOMMENDATION.

An interesting anecdote of President Lincoln is told by Mr. C. Eaton Creecy, a well-known lawyer of Washington City, who was chief of the appointment division of the Treasury Department during the administration of President Johnson.

Mr. Creecy, who was born in the city of Vicksburg, Mississippi, held the position of messenger to the Secretary of the Treasury just prior to the close of the Buchanan Administration. Being of an ambitious turn of mind, he made application to President Buchanan to be appointed from Mississippi as cadet-at-large to the Military Academy at West Point.

His mother, who was an energetic little Southern woman, entered heartily into her son's ambition, and obtained the recommendation of the Hon. Otho R. Singleton, Hon. L. Q. C. Lamar, and other friends of her deceased husband, in favor of her son's appointment. These papers were filed; but one very strong letter from Senator Jefferson Davis was not, because it was re-

ceived just prior to the secession of Mississippi, and Mrs. Creecy did not press her son's application.

In the fall of 1861, when the war was in full blast and a number of vacancies existed in the Military Academy from the State of Mississippi, Mrs. Creecy determined to introduce herself to President Lincoln and ask him to appoint her son. She was received very politely by the President, who listened kindly and attentively to her. When she had concluded, he said:

"Madam, you have the appearance and bearing of a lady; but what evidence have I that you are not an impostor? I have so many of that class of people calling upon me every day that I am compelled to be very careful; and while I do not wish you to infer that I doubt you, yet I must have some evidence that you are from Mississippi, and that your family is of standing and respectability, before I can consider the application you have made for your son's appointment."

The little lady was wholly disconcerted by this unexpected turn of affairs. She little dreamed that any one would question her truthfulness or her respectability. So she left the Presidential presence very much disturbed, remarking that she did not see how she would be able to go to Mississippi through the army lines to get the evidence that Mr. Lincoln required.

A happy thought occurred to her during the evening, and she resurrected the recommendation of United States Senator Jefferson Davis, and triumphantly carried it up to President Lincoln next day. He received her with a smile, and said:

"I know by your countenance, madam, that you have brought the necessary evidence."

"Yes, Mr. President," she said, "I have brought you a letter from an old friend of my husband, which I think will satisfy you," and she handed him Jefferson Davis's letter.

For a few seconds the President seemed unable to state what his opinion was upon the recommendation, but he finally said to her:

"Madam, the evidence that you have submitted to me is entirely satisfactory, and I will appoint your son, but on one condition, however, and that is that it is not to be known to any one but you and me that I did so upon the recommendation of Jefferson Davis."

The appointment was ordered, but circumstances occurred soon thereafter which prevented Mr. Creecy from accepting it.

MR. LINCOLN AND THE DRUMMER-BOY.

Among a large number of persons waiting in the room to speak with Mr. Lincoln, on a certain day in November, 1864, was a small, pale, delicate-looking boy about thirteen years old. The President saw him standing, looking feeble and faint, and said: "Come here, my boy, and tell me what you want." The boy advanced, placed his hand on the arm of the President's chair, and with bowed head and timid accents said:

"Mr. President, I have been a drummer in a regiment for two years, and my colonel got angry with me and turned me off. I was taken sick, and have been a long time in hospital. This is the first time I have been out, and I came to see if you could not do something for me."

The President looked at him kindly and tenderly,

and asked him where he lived. "I have no home," answered the boy. "Where is your father?" "He died in the army," was the reply. "Where is your mother?" continued the President. "My mother is dead, too. I have no mother, no father, no brothers, no sisters, and," bursting into tears, "no friends—nobody cares for me."

Mr. Lincoln's eyes filled with tears, and he said to him: "Can't you sell newspapers?" "No," said the boy, "I am too weak; and the surgeon of the hospital told me I must leave, and I have no money, and no place to go to."

"The scene," says Rev. Mr. Henderson, "was wonderfully affecting." The President drew forth a card, and addressing on it certain officials to whom his request was law, gave special directions "to care for this poor boy." The wan face of the little drummer lit up with a happy smile as he received the paper, and he went away convinced that he had one good and true friend, at least, in the person of the President.

THE NUMBER OF REBELS.

Mr. Lincoln sometimes had a very effective way of dealing with men who troubled him with questions. A visitor once asked him how many men the rebels had in the field.

The President replied, very seriously: "Twelve hundred thousand, according to the best authority."

The interrogator blanched in the face and ejaculated: "Good heavens!"

"Yes, sir, twelve hundred thousand—no doubt of it.

You see, all of our generals, when they get whipped, say the enemy outnumbers them from three or five to one, and I must believe them. We have four hundred thousand men in the field, and three times four make twelve. Do n't you see it!"

MR. LINCOLN'S COLORED TROOPS.

Honorable Frederick Douglass gives in the *Northwestern Christian Advocate*, Chicago, the following account of an interview with Mr. Lincoln:

"I saw and conversed with this great man for the first time in the darkest hours of the military situation when the armies of the Rebellion seemed more confident, defiant, and aggressive than ever. I had never before had an interview with a President of the United States, and though I felt I had something important to say, considering his exalted position and my lowly origin and the people whose cause I came to plead, I approached him with much trepidation as to how this great man might receive me; but one word and look from him banished all my fears, and set me perfectly at ease. I have often said since that meeting it was much easier to see and converse with a great man than a small man.

"On that occasion he said:

"'Douglass, you need not tell me who you are; Mr. Seward has told me all about you.'

"I then saw that there was no reason to tell him my personal story, however interesting it might be to myself or others, so I told him at once the object of my visit. It was to get some expression from him on three points: 1. Equal pay to colored soldiers. 2. Their promotion when they had earned it on the battle-field. 3. Should

they be taken prisoners and enslaved or hanged, as Jefferson Davis had threatened, an equal number of Confederate prisoners should be executed within our lines. A declaration to this effect I thought would prevent the execution of the rebel threat.

"To all but the last President Lincoln assented. He argued, however, that neither equal pay nor promotions could be granted at once. He said that in view of existing prejudices it was a great step forward to employ colored troops at all; that it was necessary to avoid everything that would offend this prejudice and increase opposition to the measure. He detailed the steps by which white soldiers were reconciled to the employment of colored troops; how these were first employed as laborers; how it was thought they should not be armed or uniformed like white soldiers; how they should only be made to wear a peculiar uniform; how they should be employed to hold forts and arsenals in sickly locations, and not enter the field like other soldiers. With all these restrictions and limitations he easily made me see that much would be gained when the colored man loomed before the country as a full-fledged United States soldier to fight, flourish, or fall in defense of a united Republic. The great soul of Lincoln halted only when he came to the point of retaliation. The thought of hanging men in cold blood, even though the rebels should murder a few of the colored prisoners, was a horror from which he shrank.

"'O, Douglass! I can not do that. If I could get hold of the actual murderers of colored prisoners, I would retaliate; but to hang those who had no hand in such murders, I can not.'

"The contemplation of such an act brought to his countenance such an expression of sadness and pity that made it hard for me to press my point, though I told him it would tend to save rather than destroy life. He, however, insisted that this work of blood once begun would be hard to stop; that such violence would beget violence. He argued more like a disciple of Christ than a commander-in-chief of the army and navy of a war-like nation already involved in a terrible war."

DID NOT "STRIKE ILE."

To Bishop Simpson, after a lecture on "American Progress," in which he did not speak of petroleum, Mr. Lincoln said, as he came out: "Bishop, you did not 'strike ile.'"

SEWARD AND CHASE.

The antagonism between the conservatives, represented in the Cabinet by Seward, and the radicals, represented by Chase, was a source of much embarrassment to Mr. Lincoln. Finally, the radicals appointed a committee to demand the dismissal of Seward. Before the committee arrived, Mr. Seward, in order to relieve the President of embarrassment, tendered his resignation. In the course of the discussion with the committee Mr. Lincoln so managed affairs that Mr. Chase found his position so embarrassing and equivocal that he thought it wise to tender his resignation the next day.

Mr. Lincoln refused to accept either, stating that "the public interest does not admit of it."

When it was all over he said: "Now I can ride; I

have got a pumpkin in each end of my bag." Later on he said: "I do not see how it could have been done better. I am sure it was right. If I had yielded to that storm, and dismissed Seward, the thing would have slumped over one way, and we should have been left with a scanty handful of supporters."

OLD FRIENDS AT THE WHITE HOUSE.

It was during the dark days of 1863, on the evening of a public reception given at the White House. The foreign legations were there, gathered about the President. A young English nobleman was just being presented to the President. Inside the door, evidently overawed by the splendid assemblage, was an honest-faced old farmer, who shrank from the passing crowd until he and the plain-faced old lady clinging to his arm were pressed back to the wall.

The President, tall, and, in a measure, stately in his personal presence, looking over the heads of the assembly, said to the English nobleman: "Excuse me, my lord, there 's an old friend of mine."

Passing backward to the door, Mr. Lincoln said, as he grasped the old farmer's hand: "Why, John, I 'm glad to see you. I have n't seen you since you and I made rails for old Mrs. ——, in Sangamon County, in 1837. How are you?"

The old man turned to his wife with quivering lip, and, without replying to the President's salutation, said: "Mother, he 's just the same old Abe."

"Mr. Lincoln," he said finally, "you know we had three boys; they all enlisted in the same company;

John was killed in the 'Seven-days' fight;' Sam was taken prisoner and starved to death; and Henry is in the hospital. We had a little money, an' I said: 'Mother, we'll go to Washington an' see him.' An' while we were here, I said, we'll go up and see the President."

Mr. Lincoln's eyes grew dim, and across his rugged, homely, tender face swept the wave of sadness his friends had learned to know, and he said: "John, we all hope this miserable war will soon be over. I must see all these folks here for an hour or so, and I want to talk with you."

The old lady and her husband were hustled into a private room in spite of their protests.

THE JUDGE'S COACHMAN.

Attorney-General Bates was once remonstrating with the President against the appointment to a judicial position of considerable importance of a Western man, who, though on the "bench," was of indifferent reputation as a lawyer.

"Well, now, Judge," returned Mr. Lincoln, "I think you are rather too hard on ——. Besides that, I must tell you, he did me a good turn long ago. When I took to the law, I was walking to court one morning, with some ten or twelve miles of bad road before me, when —— overtook me in his wagon.

"'Hello, Lincoln!' said he; 'going to the court-house? Come in, and I will give you a seat.'

"Well, I got in, and —— went on reading his papers. Presently the wagon struck a stump on one

side of the road; then it hopped off to the other. I looked out and saw the driver was jerking from side to side in his seat; so said I, 'Judge, I think your coachman has been taking a drop too much this morning.'

"'Well, I declare, Lincoln,' said he, 'I should not much wonder if you are right, for he has nearly upset me half a dozen times since starting.' So, putting his head out of the window, he shouted: 'Why, you infernal scoundrel, you are drunk!'

"Upon which, pulling up his horses, and turning round with great gravity, the coachman said: 'Be dad! but that's the first rightful decision your honor has given for the last twelve months!'"

BISHOP SIMPSON AND LINCOLN.

"One day, in the darkest time of the war," said Bishop Simpson to Chaplain C. C. McCabe, "I called to see Mr. Lincoln. We talked long and earnestly about the situation. When I rose to go, Mr. Lincoln stepped to the door, and turned the key, and said: 'Bishop, I feel the need of prayer as never before. Please pray for me.' And so we knelt down in that room together, and all through the prayer the President responded most fervently."

CUTTING RED TAPE.

"Upon entering the President's office one afternoon," says a Washington correspondent, "I found Mr. Lincoln busily counting greenbacks.

"'This, sir,' said he, 'is something out of my usual

line; but a President of the United States has a multiplicity of duties not specified in the Constitution or acts of Congress. This is one of them. This money belongs to a poor Negro who is a porter in the Treasury Department, at present very bad with the smallpox. He is now in hospital, and could not draw his pay because he could not sign his name. I have been at considerable trouble to overcome the difficulty and get it for him, and have at length succeeded in *cutting red tape*, as you newspaper men say. I am now dividing the money, and putting by a portion labeled, in an envelope, with my own hands, according to his wish;' and he proceeded to indorse the package very carefully."

A POINTED ILLUSTRATION.

At the White House one day some gentlemen were present from the West, excited and troubled about the commissions or omissions of the Administration. The President heard them patiently, and then replied: "Gentlemen, suppose all the property you were worth was in gold, and you had put it in the hands of Blondin to carry across the Niagara River on a rope, would you shake the cable, or keep shouting out to him, 'Blondin, stand up a little straighter!—Blondin, stoop a little more!—go a little faster!—lean a little more to the north!—lean a little more to the south?' No! you would hold your breath as well as your tongue, and keep your hands off until he was safe over. The Government is carrying an immense weight. Untold treasures are in their hands. They are doing the very best they can. Do n't badger them. Keep silence, and we 'll get you safe across."

"TAD" AND HIS FRIEND.

TAD LINCOLN won the good-will of everybody by his ready sympathy with all classes and conditions of people. He once noticed a wounded soldier hanging about the gates of the Executive mansion, hoping to see the President, to whom access was denied, it having been given out that no soldiers were to be discharged on any account. This veteran believed that he would not recover, and was anxious to see his family before he died. Tad saw him, and, on learning what was the matter, led him into the Executive mansion. They were stopped by a sentinel at the door of the President's office, but Tad shouted in his loudest boyish voice: "Father, let me and my friend in!" Mr. Lincoln never could deny Tad anything, even when he was most busy, and the boy entered the room leading the crippled and sick soldier, for whom Mr. Lincoln immediately wrote out an honorable discharge.

TRYING THE GREENS.

A DEPUTATION of bankers were one day introduced to the President by the Secretary of the Treasury. One of the party, Mr. P——, of Chelsea, Mass., took occasion to refer to the severity of the tax laid by Congress upon the State banks.

"Now," said Mr. Lincoln, "that reminds me of a circumstance that took place in a neighborhood where I lived when I was a boy. In the spring of the year the farmers were very fond of the dish which they called greens, though the fashionable name for it nowadays is spinach, I believe. One day after dinner a large family

were taken very ill. The doctor was called in, who attributed it to the greens, of which all had freely partaken. Living in the family was a half-witted boy named Jake. On a subsequent occasion, when greens had been gathered for dinner, the head of the house said: 'Now, boys, before running any further risk in this thing, we will first try them on Jake. If he stands it, we are all right.' And just so, I suppose," said Mr. Lincoln, "Congress thought it would try this tax on the State banks."

MR. LINCOLN AND THE GOVERNMENT PRINTER.

Mr. Defrees, the Government printer, states that when one of the President's Messages was being printed, he was a good deal disturbed by the use of the term "sugar-coated," and went to Mr. Lincoln about it. He told the President frankly that he ought to remember that a message to Congress was a different affair from a speech at a mass-meeting in Illinois; that it became a part of history, and should be written accordingly.

"What is the matter now?" inquired the President.

"Why," said Mr. Defrees, "you have used an undignified expression in the message;" and, then, reading the paragraph aloud, he added, "I would alter the structure of that, if I were you."

"Defrees," replied Mr. Lincoln, "that word expresses precisely my idea, and I am not going to change it. The time will never come in this country when the people won't know exactly what *sugar-coated* means."

On another occasion Mr. Defrees called the President's attention to an awkward sentence in the proof-copy of a message. Lincoln acknowledged the force of

the objection, and said: "Go home, Defrees, and see if you can better it."

The next day Mr. Defrees took to him his amendment. Mr. Lincoln met him by saying: "Seward found the same fault that you did, and he has been rewriting the paragraph, also." Then, reading Mr. Defrees's version, he said: "I believe you have beaten Seward; but 'by jings,' I think I can beat you both."

Then, taking up his pen, he wrote the sentence as it was finally printed.

LINCOLN'S ADVICE TO LORD LYONS.

Upon the betrothal of the Prince of Wales to the Princess Alexandra, Queen Victoria sent a letter to President Lincoln, announcing the fact. Lord Lyons, her ambassador at Washington, who was a bachelor, requested an audience of Mr. Lincoln, that he might present this important document in person. At the time appointed, he was received at the White House, in company with Mr. Seward.

"May it please Your Excellency," said Lord Lyons, "I hold in my hand an autograph letter from my royal mistress, Queen Victoria, which I have been commanded to present to Your Excellency. In it she informs Your Excellency that her son, His Royal Highness, the Prince of Wales, is about to contract a matrimonial alliance with Her Royal Highness the Princess Alexandra, of Denmark."

After continuing in this strain for a few minutes, Lord Lyons tendered the letter to the President, and awaited his reply. It consisted simply of the words:

"Lord Lyons, *go thou and do likewise.*"

It is not known how the English ambassador succeeded in putting the reply in diplomatic language when he reported it to Her Majesty.

WITHOUT A GREAT POLICY.

Senator John M. Palmer, of Illinois, relates the following:

"I called on Mr. Lincoln at nine o'clock. I sat in the anteroom a long time, while Buckingham, of Connecticut, walked in and out of Lincoln's room several times. At last Buckingham left, and I went in. I found Lincoln with a towel around his neck, getting ready to shave.

"'Got to get shaved some time, Palmer,' he said. 'I could n't shave while Buckingham was here; but you are home-folks, and it does n't matter with home-folks.'

"We chatted till the barber reached his mouth, when he could n't talk without running the risk of getting cut. There was a pause. During it I thought of the great war that was going on, and of the man near me conducting it.

"'Mr. Lincoln,' I said, 'if I had known there was going to be so great a rebellion, I should never have thought of going to a one-horse town for a one-horse lawyer for President.'

"Lincoln stretched forth his arms, pushed the barber aside, and abruptly wheeled around to me. I thought he was angry because of what I had said. But he replied:

"'Nor I either. It's lucky for this country no man was chosen who had a great policy, and would have

stuck to it. If such a man had been chosen, this rebellion would never have reached a successful conclusion. I have had no great policy; but I have tried to do my duty every day, hoping that the morrow would find that I had done right.'"

LINCOLN'S SECOND NOMINATION.

THE dispatch announcing Lincoln's renomination for President had been sent to his office from the War Department while he was at lunch. Afterward, without going back to the official chamber, he proceeded to the War Department. While there, the telegram came in announcing the nomination of Johnson.

"What!" said he to the operator, "do they nominate a Vice-President before they do a President?"

"Why!" rejoined the astonished official, "have you not heard of your own nomination? It was sent to the White House two hours ago."

"It is all right," was the reply; "I shall probably find it on my return."

MR. LINCOLN'S REMEDY FOR BALDNESS.

IN 1864 Mr. Lincoln was greatly bothered by the well-meant but ill-advised efforts of certain good Northern men to bring about a termination of the war. An old gentleman from Massachusetts, very bland and entirely bald, was especially persistent and troublesome. Again and again he appeared before the President, and was got rid of by one and another ingenious expedient. One day, when this angel of mercy had been boring Mr. Lincoln for half an hour, to the interruption of

important business, the President suddenly arose, went to a closet, and took out of it a large bottle. "Did you ever try this remedy for baldness?" he asked, holding up the bottle before his astonished visitor. No; the man was obliged to confess that he never had tried it. Mr. Lincoln called a servant, had the bottle wrapped up, and handed it to the bald philanthropist.

"There," said he, "go and rub some of that on your head. Persevere. They say it will make your hair grow. Come back in about three months and report." And almost before he knew it the good man was outside of the door, with the package under his arm.

WITHOUT INFLUENCE.

To a poor woman who desired his signature to a paper, Lincoln said: "My name will do you no more good than pigs' tracks in the mud."

"TAD" AND HIS FATHER.

"The day after the review of Burnside's division, some photographers," says Mr. Carpenter, "came up to the White House to make some stereoscopic studies for me of the President's office. They requested a dark closet in which to develop the pictures; and, without a thought that I was infringing upon anybody's rights, I took them to an unoccupied room of which little Tad had taken possession a few days before, and, with the aid of a couple of the servants, had fitted up as a miniature theater, with stage, curtains, orchestra, stalls, parquet, and all. Knowing that the use required would

interfere with none of his arrangements, I led the way to this apartment.

"Everything went on well, and one or two pictures had been taken, when suddenly there was an uproar. The operator came back to the office, and said that Tad had taken great offense at the occupation of his room without his consent, and had locked the door, refusing all admission. The chemicals had been taken inside, and there was no way of getting at them, he having carried off the key. In the midst of this conversation, Tad burst in, in a fearful passion. He laid all the blame upon me; said that I had no right to use his room, and the men should not go in, even to get their things. He had locked the door, and they should not go there again—'they had no business in his room!'

"Mr. Lincoln was sitting for a photograph, and was still in the chair. He said, very mildly: 'Tad, go and unlock the door.' Tad went off muttering into his mother's room, refusing to obey. I followed him into the passage; but no coaxing would pacify him. Upon my return to the President, I found him still sitting patiently in the chair, from which he had not risen. He said: 'Has not the boy opened the door?' I replied that we could do nothing with him; he had gone off in a great pet. Mr. Lincoln's lips came together firmly, and then, suddenly rising, he strode across the passage with the air of one bent on punishment, and disappeared in the domestic apartments. Directly he returned with the key to the theater, which he unlocked himself. 'There,' said he, 'go ahead; it is all right now.' He then went back to his office, followed by myself, and

resumed his seat. 'Tad,' said he, half-apologetically. 'is a peculiar child. He was violently excited when I went to him. I said: "Tad, do you know you are making your father a great deal of trouble?" He burst into tears, instantly giving me up the key.'"

LINCOLN'S OPINION OF GRANT.

In a letter to a friend, in March, 1864, Lincoln wrote: "I hardly know what to think of him [Grant] altogether. He is the quietest little fellow you ever knew. Why, he makes the least fuss of any man you ever knew. I believe two or three times he has been in this room a minute or so before I knew he was here. It 's about so all around. The only evidence you have that he 's in any place is that he makes things git. Wherever he is, things move. Grant is the first general I 've had. He 's a general. I 'll tell you what I mean. You know how it 's been with all the rest. As soon as I put a man in command of the army, he 'd come to me with a plan of campaign, and about as much as say, 'Now, I do n't believe I can do it; but, if you say so, I 'll try it on,' and so put the responsibility of success or failure on me. They all wanted me to be general. Now, it is n't so with Grant. He has n't told me what his plans are. I do n't know, and I do n't want to know. I am glad to find a man who can go ahead without me. You see, when any of the rest set out on a campaign, they 'd look over matters, and pick out some one thing they were short of, and they knew I could n't give 'em, and tell me they could n't hope to win unless they had it; and it was most generally the

cavalry. Now, when Grant took hold, I was waiting to see what his pet impossibility would be; and I reckoned it would be cavalry, as a matter of course, for we had n't horses enough to mount what men we had. There were fifteen thousand or thereabouts up near Harper's Ferry, and no horses to put them on. Well, the other day, Grant sends to me about those very men, just as I expected; but what he wanted to know was whether he should make infantry of them, or discharge them. He does n't ask impossibilities of me; and he 's the first general I 've had who did n't."

THE "PEACE CONFERENCE."

At the "Peace Conference," held on the steamer *River Queen*, in Hampton Roads, February 3, 1865, between the President and Mr. Seward, representing the Government, and Messrs. Alexander H. Stephens, J. A. Campbell, and R. M. T. Hunter, representing the Confederacy, Mr. Hunter stated that the recognition of Jeff Davis's power was the first and indispensable step to peace; and, to illustrate his point, he referred to the correspondence between King Charles the First and his Parliament as a reliable precedent of a constitutional ruler treating with rebels.

"Upon questions of history," replied Lincoln, "I must refer you to Mr. Seward, for he is posted in such things, and I do n't profess to be; but my only distinct recollection of the matter is that *Charles lost his head.*"

Mr. Hunter declared, on the same occasion, that the slaves, always accustomed to work upon compulsion,

under an overseer, would, if suddenly freed, precipitate not only themselves but the society of the South into ruin. No work would be done, but blacks and whites would starve together. Mr. Lincoln waited for Mr. Seward to answer the argument; but as that gentleman hesitated he said:

"Mr. Hunter, you ought to know a great deal better about this matter than I, for you have always lived under the slave system. I can only say, in reply to your statement of the case, that it reminds me of a man out in Illinois, by the name of Case, who undertook, a few years ago, to raise a very large herd of hogs. It was a great trouble to feed them; and how to get around this was a puzzle to him. At length he hit upon the plan of planting an immense field of potatoes, and, when they were sufficiently grown, he turned the whole herd into the field, and let them have full swing, thus saving not only the labor of feeding the hogs, but that also of digging the potatoes. Charmed with his sagacity, he stood one day leaning against the fence, counting his hogs, when a neighbor came along:

"'Well, well,' said he, 'Mr. Case, this is all very fine. Your hogs are doing very well just now; but you know out here in Illinois the frost comes early, and the ground freezes a foot deep. Then what are they going to do?'

"This was a view of the matter which Mr. Case had not taken into account. Butchering time for hogs was away on in December or January. He scratched his head, and at length stammered:

"'Well, it may come pretty hard on their *snouts*, but I do n't see but it will be *root hog or die!*'"

NOT AFRAID OF BEING HANGED.

"When Mr. Lincoln returned from the James, where he met Messrs. Stephens, Campbell, and Hunter, he related to his Cabinet some of his conversations with them. He said," writes Mr. Usher, "that at the conclusion of one of his discourses, detailing what he considered to be the position in which the insurgents were placed by the law, they replied:

"'Well, according to your view of the case, we are all guilty of treason, and liable to be hanged.'

"Lincoln replied: 'Yes, that is so.'

"They, continuing, said: 'Well, we suppose that would necessarily be your view of our case, but we never had much fear of being hanged while you were President.'

"From his manner in repeating this scene," says Mr. Usher, "he seemed to appreciate the compliment highly. There is no evidence in his record that he ever contemplated executing any of the insurgents for their treason. There is no evidence that he desired any of them to leave the country, with the exception of Mr. Davis. His great, and apparently his only object, was to have a restored Union."

PROPOSED PURCHASE OF SLAVES.

Soon after Mr. Lincoln's return from his conference with Alexander Stephens and others in regard to the ending of the war, the Cabinet was convened, and he read to it, for approval, a message which he had prepared to be submitted to Congress, in which he recommended that Congress appropriate $300,000,000, to be

apportioned among the several slave States, in proportion to slave population, to be distributed to the holders of slaves in those States, upon condition that they would consent to the abolition of slavery, the disbanding of the insurgent army, and would acknowledge and submit to the laws of the United States.

The members of the Cabinet were all opposed.

He seemed somewhat surprised at that, and asked:

"How long will the war last?" No one answered, but he soon said: "A hundred days. We are spending now in carrying on the war $3,000,000 a day, which will amount to all this money, besides all the lives." With a deep sigh, he added: "But you are all opposed to me, and I will not send the message."

LINCOLN'S ONE WORD.

"ALMOST with tears in his eyes," said Judge Samuel B. Herit, of Suwanee, Fla., "Alexander H. Stephens once told me of the inner history of the Hampton Roads Conference.

"'When the intimation came to us,' said Mr. Stephens, 'that the Federals desired a conference, it was well known that Jefferson Davis was opposed to it. The majority of the Confederate Senate took its cue from the President, and therefore the subject could not be directly broached then. As a consequence, we were forced to strategy. It was proposed that General Lee should appear before the Senate in executive session, and, under the cloak of secrecy, to be removed only for the personal information of the President, give an exact statement of the real position of the two armies.

"'With great reluctance General Lee consented to answer questions, the result being to show that the Confederate army had been reduced to a mere shell, with neither defenses, refuge, nor supplies to fall back upon. With this plain statement the Senate consented to the appointment of Peace Commissioners. But when a resolution was offered and passed that these Commissioners should act under instructions given by Mr. Davis, all hope in my heart failed. Only the conviction that I should lose no chance to bring about peace, induced me to withhold my resignation.'

"After describing the meeting with President Lincoln and associates," continued Judge Herit, "Mr. Stephens went on to say: 'Finally, all preliminaries over, President Lincoln said: "So anxious am I for peace, that I will offer terms which I am sure will surprise you. On this sheet of paper I will write but one word, while I will leave to your own judgment every other condition and requirement." Writing, Mr. Lincoln passed the sheet over to me, and I found written upon it the one word "Union." "All other terms," concluded Mr. Lincoln, "may be of your own dictation."

"'My heart sank within me,' said Mr. Stephens. 'Here, on simply accepting the Union, we could dictate our own terms of peace, preserve our State autonomies, maintain our fortunes, gain recompense for our slave property, and all the consequences following defeat could be averted. But our instructions from Mr. Davis, the corner-stone of which was the recognition of the Confederate States, forbade the acceptance of this most magnanimous and generous offer. When I so informed Mr. Lincoln, he sank back in his chair with a look of

utter disappointment. We all felt the gravity of the situation, and it was recognized that one of the great mistakes of history was being enacted. With an army whose defeat was already acknowledged by General Lee, President Davis insisted upon annihilation.'

"These facts," continued Judge Herit, "it was agreed should be kept secret until the death of the principals."

PERMITTING JACOB THOMPSON TO SLIP THROUGH MAINE.

Upon Mr. Lincoln's return to Washington, after the capture of Richmond, a member of the Cabinet asked him if it would be proper to permit Jacob Thompson, one of the Confederate leaders, to slip through Maine in disguise, and embark from Portland. The President, as usual, was disposed to be merciful, and to permit the arch-rebel to pass unmolested, but the secretary urged that he should be arrested as a traitor. "By permitting him to escape the penalties of treason," persistently remarked the secretary, "you sanction it."

"Well," replied Mr. Lincoln, "let me tell you a story.

"There was an Irish soldier here last summer who wanted something to drink stronger than water, and stopped at a drug-shop, where he espied a soda-fountain.

"'Mr. Doctor,' said he, 'give me, plase, a glass of soda-wather, an' if yees can put in a few drops of whisky unbeknown to any one, I'll be obleeged.'

"Now," said Mr. Lincoln, "if Jake Thompson is permitted to go through Maine unbeknown to any one, what's the harm? So don't have him arrested."

WHAT TO DO WITH JEFFERSON DAVIS.

ONE of Mr. Lincoln's stories was told to a party of gentlemen, who, as the war was closing, anxiously asked: "What will you do with Jefferson Davis?"

"There was a boy in Springfield," replied Mr. Lincoln, "who saved up his money and bought a 'coon,' which, after the novelty wore off, became a great nuisance.

"He was one day leading him through the streets, and had his hands full to keep clear of the little vixen, who had torn his clothes half off of him. At length he sat down on the curb-stone, completely fagged out. A man passing was stopped by the lad's disconsolate appearance, and asked the matter.

"'O,' was the only reply, 'this coon is such a *trouble* to me.'

"'Why don't you get rid of him, then?' said the gentleman.

"'Hush!' said the boy; 'don't you see he is gnawing his rope off? I am going to let him do it, and then I will go home and tell the folks that he got away from me!'"

MR. LINCOLN'S BARGAIN WITH TAD.

"TAD" accompanied his father to Fortress Monroe, and on the way became very troublesome. The President was much engaged in conversation with the party who accompanied him, and he at length said:

"Tad, if you will be a good boy, and not disturb me any more till we get to Fortress Monroe, I will give you a dollar."

The hope of reward was effectual for a while in se-

curing silence, but Tad soon forget his promise, and became as noisy as ever. Upon reaching their destination, however, he said, very promptly: "Father, I want my dollar."

Mr. Lincoln turned to him with the inquiry: "Tad, do you think you have earned it?"

"Yes," was the reply.

Mr. Lincoln looked at him half-reproachfully for an instant, and then taking from his pocket-book a dollar note, he said: "Well, my son, at any rate, I will keep my part of the bargain."

RECEIVING DISPATCHES FROM SHERMAN.

On New-Year's day, 1865, General C. H. Howard left Savannah, Georgia, with important dispatches from General Sherman to President Lincoln.

Sherman had sent his unique telegram to the President on Christmas eve, announcing as a Christmas present the capture of Savannah. Owing to the fact that the railroads had been destroyed, this dispatch had been sent by special steamer to Fortress Monroe and thence by telegraph to Washington. But President Lincoln had not yet seen any person who had marched through Georgia with Sherman.

"It was early in the day," writes General Howard in the *Northwestern Christian Advocate*, "when my card was given to the messenger in the anteroom of the White House. He shook his head, and pointed to the crowds in waiting, filling the anteroom and thronging even the lower hall and the stairway. He called my attention to the fact that there were Congressmen of the number

who were supposed to have precedence in calling upon the President. Nevertheless, I requested him to give the President the card which indicated that I had dispatches from Sherman's army.

"The messenger returned within a few minutes and invited me in. First, we entered a room occupied by the President's secretaries, and there I saw one or two senators in waiting, and passing through this room I was ushered into a smaller room, where I saw President Lincoln standing at a glass shaving himself. He paused a moment, came to me with a droll look, heightened no doubt by the half-lathered, half-shaved face, gave me his hand, and asked me to take a seat on the sofa, saying, as he returned to the mirror:

"'I could not even wait till I had finished shaving when an officer from Sherman's army has come.'

"Of course the youthful staff-officer was somewhat abashed in coming into the presence of the President of the United States, his Commander-in-chief, and the now world-renowned Abraham Lincoln. But the President's frank and cordial manner when, on the completion of his toilet, he came and took the right hand of his visitor between both of his large hands and then sat down beside him on the sofa immediately put him at his ease.

"Naturally, the President had many questions to ask concerning the 'March to the Sea.' It was apparent he had been very anxious, as no doubt had the entire North, during the thirty days or more when nothing was heard from the vanished army. He was interested to know in detail of the daily operations. Actually, the first word indicating the approach to the

coast came by a small scouting party sent down the Ogeechee River by Major-General Howard, commanding Sherman's right wing. An officer and two scouts had made their way in a dug-out down the river, moving by night and resting by day, past the Rebel pickets, past Fort McAlister—then armed with heavy guns, and fully manned—out into the open bay, and had communicated with the naval blockading fleet, and the admiral had sent General Howard's dispatch to the Secretary of the Navy at Washington. This news was not only the first to advise President Lincoln of the safety and success of Sherman's army, but had been flashed over the country, bringing good cheer to 65,000 homes which had representatives in that army."

TAD'S REBEL FLAG.

One of the prettiest incidents in the closing days of the Civil War occurred when the troops, "marching home again," passed, in grand form, if with well-worn uniforms and tattered bunting, before the White House, in Washington City. Naturally, an immense crowd had assembled on the streets, the lawns, porches, balconies, and windows, even those of the Executive mansion itself being crowded to excess. A central figure was that of the President, Abraham Lincoln, who, with bared head, unfurled and waved our Nation's flag in the midst of lusty cheers.

Suddenly there was an unexpected sight. A small boy leaned forward, and sent streaming to the air the banner of the boys in gray. It was an old flag which had been captured from the Confederates, and which

the urchin, the President's second son, Tad, had obtained possession of, and considered an additional token of triumph to unfurl on this all-important day. Vainly did the servant who had followed him to the window plead with him to desist. No. Master Tad, the pet of the White House, was not to be prevented from adding to the loyal demonstration of the hour. To his surprise, however, the crowd viewed it differently.

Had it floated from any other window in the capital that day, no doubt it would have been the target of contempt and abuse; but when the President, understanding what had happened, turned, with a smile on his grand, plain face, and showed his approval by a gesture and expression, cheer after cheer rent the air. It was, surely enough, the expression of peace and goodwill which, of all our commanders, none was better pleased to promote than the Commander-in-chief.

A WOODCHOPPER'S SON.

"TAD" LINCOLN was his father's idol and constant companion. Scarcely a day but he could be seen trudging along the country roads near their summer home, or in the city itself, his small figure in comical contrast to the President's tall, lank form. In these walks they had chats which were to the boy as precious memories.

An incident, which Tad himself related, occurred a day or two after his entering, temporarily, a foreign school. A rather snobbish young gentleman of rank, not knowing who young Lincoln was, inquired, as boys will of each other, who his father was. Tad, with the slow, reflective smile which was his sole point of resem-

blance to his father, answered: "A woodchopper." "O, indeed!" was the rather sneering answer. And for a day or two the high-born lad turned the cold-shoulder to the "new boy." Very soon the American lad's prestige became known to all the school, and he found that he had made himself ridiculous.

LAST PUBLIC UTTERANCE.

Mr. Lincoln's last public utterance was addressed to Schuyler Colfax, April 14, 1865: "I want you to take a message from me to the miners whom you visit. . . . Tell the miners for me that I shall promote their interests to the utmost of my ability, because their prosperity is the prosperity of the Nation; and we shall prove, in a very few years, that we are indeed the treasury of the world."

MY CAPTAIN.

O CAPTAIN! my captain! our fearful trip is done;
The ship has weathered every rock, the prize we sought is won;
The port is near, the bells I hear, the people all exulting,
While follow eyes the steady keel, the vessel grim and daring:
But, O heart! heart! heart!
Leave you not the little spot,
Where on the deck my captain lies,
Fallen cold and dead.

O captain! my captain! rise up and hear the bells;
Rise up—for you the flag is flung—for you the bugle trills;
For you bouquets and ribboned wreaths—for you the shores a-crowding;
For you they call, the swaying mass, their eager faces turning:
O captain! dear father;
This arm I push beneath you;
It is some dream that on the deck
You 've fallen cold and dead.

My captain does not answer, his lips are pale and still;
My father does not feel my arm, he has no pulse nor will;
But the ship, the ship is anchored safe, its voyage closed and done;
From fearful trip, the victor ship comes in with object won.
Exult, O shore, and ring, O bells!
But I, with silent tread,
Walk the spot my captain lies,
Fallen cold and dead.

—WALT WHITMAN, on the Death of Lincoln.

WORDS OF LINCOLN.

"My early history is perfectly characterized by a single line of Gray's Elegy:

'The short and simple annals of the poor.'"

× ×

"Men are not flattered by being shown that there has been a difference of purpose between them and the Almighty."

× ×

"I know that the Lord is always on the side of the right. But it is my constant anxiety and prayer that I and this Nation should be on the Lord's side."

× ×

"I have been driven many times to my knees by the overwhelming conviction that I had nowhere else to go. My own wisdom, and that of all about me, seemed insufficient for that day."

× ×

"We can not escape history."

× ×

"The purposes of the Almighty are perfect, and must prevail, though we erring mortals may fail to accurately perceive them in advance."

× ×

"Come what will, I will keep my faith with friend and foe."

"I do not impugn the motives of any one opposed to me."

× ×

"It is no pleasure to me to triumph over any one."

× ×

"I shall do my utmost, that whoever is to hold the helm for the next voyage shall start with the best possible chance to save the ship."

× ×

"I have not willingly planted a thorn in any man's bosom."

× ×

"God must like common people, or he would not have made so many of them."

× ×

"Of the people, when they rise in mass in behalf of the Union and the liberties of their country, truly may it be said: 'The gates of hell can not prevail against them.'"

× ×

"Unless the great God . . . shall be with and aid me, I must fail; but if the same Omniscient Mind and Almighty Arm . . . shall guide and support me, I shall not fail; I shall succeed."

× ×

"I authorize no bargains [for the Presidency], and will be bound by none."

× ×

"The reasonable man has long since agreed that intemperance is one of the greatest, if not the greatest, of all evils among mankind."

"I am indeed very grateful to the brave men who have been struggling with the enemy in the field."

× ×

"For thirty years I have been a temperance man, and I am too old to change."

× ×

"That we here highly resolve that . . . this Nation, under God, shall have a new birth of freedom, and that the government of the people, by the people, and for the people, shall not perish from the earth."

× ×

"I appeal to you again to constantly bear in mind that with you [the people], and not with politicians, not with Presidents, not with office-seekers, but with you, is the question, Shall the Union and shall the liberties of the country be preserved to the latest generation?"

× ×

"If all that has been said by orators and poets since the creation of the world in praise of women were applied to the women of America, it would not do them full justice for their conduct during the war. . . . God bless the women of America!"

× ×

"With malice toward none, with charity for all, with firmness in the right, as God gives us to see the right, let us strive on to finish the work we are in; to bind up the Nation's wounds; to care for him who shall have borne the battle, and for his widow and his orphan—to do all which may achieve and cherish a just and lasting peace among ourselves and with all nations."

"This country, with its institutions, belongs to the people who inhabit it."

× ×

"I have never had a feeling politically that did not spring from the sentiments embodied in the Declaration of Independence."

× ×

"No men living are more worthy to be trusted than those who toil up from poverty—none less inclined to take or touch aught which they have not honestly earned."

× ×

"Let us have faith that right makes might; and, in that faith, let us to the end dare to do our duty as we understand it."

× ×

"There is no grievance that is a fit object of redress by mob law."

× ×

"Many great and good men, sufficiently qualified for any task they may undertake, may ever be found, whose ambition would aspire to nothing beyond a seat in Congress, a gubernatorial, or a Presidential chair; but such belong not to the family of the lion or the tribe of the eagle."

× ×

"Nowhere in the world is presented a Government of so much liberty and equality."

× ×

"Gold is good in its place; but living, brave, and patriotic men are better than gold."

"Let none falter who thinks he is right."

× ×

"All that I am, all that I hope to be, I owe to my angel mother."

× ×

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

× ×

"Suspicion and jealousy never did help any man in any situation."

× ×

"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."

× ×

"Slavery is founded in the selfishness of man's nature—opposition to it in his love of justice."

× ×

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

× ×

"Revolutionize through the ballot-box."

× ×

"If I live, this accursed system of robbery and shame in our treatment of the Indians shall be reformed."

"This Government must be preserved in spite of the acts of any man, or set of men."

× ×

"Many free countries have lost their liberty, and ours may lose hers; but, if she shall, be it my proudest plume, not that I was the last to desert, but that I never deserted her."

× ×

"Any people, anywhere, being inclined and having the power, have the right to rise up and shake off the existing Government, and form a new one that suits them better. This is a most valuable and sacred right—a right which, we hope and believe, is to liberate the world."

× ×

"At what point shall we expect the approach of danger? Shall we expect some transatlantic military giant to step the ocean and crush us at a blow? Never! All the armies of Europe, Asia, and Africa combined, with all the treasures of the earth (our own excepted) in their military chest, with a Bonaparte for a commander, could not, by force, take a drink from the Ohio, or make a track on the Blue Ridge, in a trial of a thousand years. At what point, then, is this approach of danger to be expected? I answer, If it ever reach us, it must spring up amongst us. It can not come from abroad. If destruction be our lot, we must ourselves be its author and finisher. As a nation of freemen, we must live through all time or die by suicide."

"Passion has helped us [to preserve our free institutions], but can do so no more. It will in future be our enemy. Reason—cold, calculating, unimpassioned reason—must furnish all the materials for our support and defense. Let those materials be molded into general intelligence, sound morality, and, in particular, a reverence for the Constitution and the laws; and then our country shall continue to improve, and our Nation, revering his name, and permitting no hostile foot to pass or desecrate his resting-place, shall be that to hear the last trump that shall awaken our WASHINGTON. Upon these let the proud fabric of freedom rest as the rock of its basis, and as truly as has been said of the only greater institution, 'The gates of hell shall not prevail against it.'"

MR. LINCOLN'S TEMPERANCE ADDRESS.*

ALTHOUGH the temperance cause has been in progress for nearly twenty years, it is apparent to all that it is just now being crowned with a degree of success hitherto unparalleled.

The list of its friends is daily swelled by the addition of fifties, hundreds, and of thousands. The cause itself seems suddenly transformed from a cold, abstract theory to a living, breathing, active, and powerful chieftain, going forth "conquering and to conquer." The citadels of his great adversary are daily being stormed and dismantled; his temples and his altars, where the rites of his idolatrous worship have long been performed, and where human sacrifices have long been wont to be made, are daily desecrated and deserted. The trump of the conqueror's fame is sounding from hill to hill, from sea to sea, and from land to land, and calling millions to his standard at a blast.

For this new and splendid success we heartily rejoice. That that success is so much greater now than heretofore, is doubtless owing to rational causes; and if we would have it continue, we shall do well to inquire what those causes are.

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*Delivered before the Springfield Washingtonian Temperance Society, at the Second Presbyterian Church, Springfield, Ill., February 22, 1842.

The warfare heretofore waged against the demon intemperance has, somehow or other, been erroneous. Either the champions engaged or the tactics they adopted have not been the most proper. These champions, for the most part, have been preachers, lawyers, and hired agents. Between these and the mass of mankind there is a want of approachability, if the term be admissible, partial at least, fatal to their success. They are supposed to have no sympathy of feeling or interest with those very persons whom it is their object to convince and persuade.

And, again, it is so easy and so common to ascribe motives to men of these classes other than those they profess to act upon. The preacher, it is said, advocates temperance because he is a fanatic, and desires a union of the Church and State; the lawyer from his pride and vanity of hearing himself speak; and the hired agent for his salary.

But when one who has long been known as a victim of intemperance bursts the fetters that have bound him, and appears before his neighbors, "clothed and in his right mind," a redeemed specimen of long-lost humanity, and stands up, with tears of joy trembling in his eyes, to tell of the miseries once endured, now to be endured no more forever; of his once naked and starving children, now clad and fed comfortably; of a wife, long weighed down with woe, weeping, and a broken heart, now restored to health, happiness, and a renewed affection; and how easily it is all done, once it is resolved to be done. How simple his language! There is a logic and an eloquence in it that few with human feelings can resist. They can not say that he desires a union

of Church and State, for he is not a Church member; they can not say he is vain of hearing himself speak, for his whole demeanor shows he would gladly avoid speaking at all; they can not say he speaks for pay, for he receives none and asks for none. Nor can his sincerity in any way be doubted, or his sympathy for those he would persuade to imitate his example be denied.

In my judgment, it is to the battles of this new class of champions that our late success is greatly, perhaps chiefly, owing. But had the old-school champions themselves been of the most wise selecting? Was their system of tactics the most judicious? It seems to me it was not. Too much denunciation against dram-sellers and dram-drinkers was indulged in. This, I think, was both impolitic and unjust. It was impolitic, because it is not much in the nature of man to be driven to anything, still less to be driven about that which is exclusively his own business, and, least of all, where such driving is to be submitted to at the expense of pecuniary interest or burning appetite. When the dram-seller and drinker were incessantly told, not in the accents of entreaty and persuasion, diffidently addressed by erring man to an erring brother, but in the thundering tones of anathema and denunciation, with which the lordly judge often groups together all the crimes of the felon's life, and thrusts them in his face just ere he passes sentence of death upon him, that they were the authors of all the vice and misery and crime in the land; that they were the manufacturers and material of all the thieves and robbers and murderers that infest the earth; that their houses were the workshops of the devil, and that their persons should be shunned by all the good and

virtuous as moral pestilences,—I say, when they were told all this, and in this way, it is not wonderful that they were slow—very slow—to acknowledge the truth of such denunciations, and to join the ranks of their denouncers in a hue and cry against themselves.

To have expected them to do otherwise than they did—to have expected them not to meet denunciation with denunciation, crimination with crimination, and anathema with anathema—was to expect a reversal of human nature, which is God's decree, and can never be reversed.

When the conduct of men is designed to be influenced, persuasion—kind, unassuming persuasion—should ever be adopted. It is an old and a true maxim "that a drop of honey catches more flies than a gallon of gall." So with men. If you would win a man to your cause, first convince him that you are his sincere friend. Therein is a drop of honey that catches his heart, which, say what he will, is the great high-road to his reason, and which, when once gained, you will find but little trouble in convincing his judgment of the justice of your cause, if, indeed, that cause really be a just one. On the contrary, assume to dictate to his judgment, or to command his action, or to mark him as one to be shunned and despised, and he will retreat within himself, close all the avenues to his head and his heart, and though your cause be naked truth itself, transformed to the heaviest lance, harder than steel and sharper than steel can be made, and though you throw it with more than Herculean force and precision, you shall be no more able to pierce him than to penetrate the hard shell of a tortoise with a rye-straw. Such is man, and so must he be un-

derstood by those who would lead him, even to his own best interests.

On this point the Washingtonians greatly excel the temperance advocates of former times. Those whom they desire to convince and persuade are their old friends and companions. They know they are not demons, nor even the worst of men; they know that generally they are kind, generous, and charitable, even beyond the example of their more staid and sober neighbors. They are practical philanthropists; and they glow with a generous and brotherly zeal that mere theorizers are incapable of feeling. Benevolence and charity possess their hearts entirely; and out of the abundance of their hearts their tongues give utterance. "Love through all their actions runs, and all their words are mild;" in this spirit they speak and act, and in the same they are heard and regarded. And when such is the temper of the advocate, and such of the audience, no good cause can be unsuccessful. But I have said that denunciations against dram-sellers and dram-drinkers are unjust as well as impolitic. Let us see.

I have not inquired at what period of time the use of intoxicating liquors commenced; nor is it important to know. It is sufficient that to all of us who now inhabit the world the practice of drinking them is just as old as the world itself—that is, we have seen the one just as long as we have seen the other. 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 liquors 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, and the other disease; Government provided it for soldiers and sailors; and to have a rolling or raising, a husking or "hoe-down" anywhere about without it, was positively insufferable. So, too, it was everywhere a respectable article of manufacture and of 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 plows, beef, bacon, or any other of the real necessaries of life. Universal public opinion not only tolerated but recognized and adopted its use.

It is true that even then it was known and acknowledged that many were greatly injured by it; but none seemed to think that the injury arose from the use of a bad thing, but from the abuse of a very good thing. The victims of it were to be pitied and compassionated, just as are the heirs of consumption and other hereditary diseases. The failing was treated as a misfortune, and not as a crime, or even as a disgrace.

If, then, what I have been saying is true, is it wonderful that some should think and act now as all thought and acted twenty years ago; and is it just to assail, con-

demn, or despise them for doing so? The universal sense of mankind on any subject is an argument, or at least an influence, not easily overcome. The success of the argument in favor of the existence of an overruling Providence mainly depends upon that sense; and men ought not, in justice, to be denounced for yielding to it in any case, or giving it up slowly, especially when they are backed by interest, fixed habits, or burning appetites.

Another error, as it seems to me, into which the old reformers fell, was the position that all habitual drunkards were utterly incorrigible, and therefore must be turned adrift, and damned without remedy, in order that the grace of temperance might abound, to the temperate then, and to all mankind some hundreds of years thereafter. There is in this something so repugnant to humanity, so uncharitable, so cold-blooded and feelingless, that it never did, nor ever can, enlist the enthusiasm of a popular cause. We could not love the man who taught it—we could not hear him with patience. The heart could not throw open its portals to it; the generous man could not adopt it; it could not mix with his blood. It looked so fiendishly selfish, so like throwing fathers and brothers overboard to lighten the boat for our security, that the noble-minded shrank from the manifest meanness of the thing. And besides this, the benefits of a reformation to be effected by such a system were too remote in point of time warmly to engage many in its behalf. Few can be induced to labor exclusively for posterity, and none will do it enthusiastically. Posterity has done nothing for us; and theorize on it as we may, practically we shall do very little for

it unless we are made to think we are, at the same time, doing something for ourselves.

What an ignorance of human nature does it exhibit to ask or expect a whole community to rise up and labor for the temporal happiness of others, after themselves shall be consigned to the dust, a majority of which community take no pains whatever to secure their own eternal welfare at no greater distant day! Great distance in either time or space has wonderful power to lull and render quiescent the human mind. Pleasures to be enjoyed, or pains to be endured, after we shall be dead and gone, are but little regarded, even in our own cases, and much less in the cases of others.

Still, in addition to this, there is something so ludicrous in promises of good or threats of evil a great way off, as to render the whole subject with which they are connected easily turned into ridicule. "Better lay down that spade you're stealing, Paddy—if you don't, you'll pay for it at the day of judgment." "Be the powers, if ye'll credit me so long, I'll take another jist."

By the Washingtonians this system of consigning the habitual drunkard to hopeless ruin is repudiated. They adopt a more enlarged philanthropy. They go for present as well as future good. They labor for all now living, as well as hereafter to live. They teach hope to all—despair to none. As applying to their cause, they deny the doctrine of unpardonable sin. As in Christianity it is taught, so in this they teach:

> "While the lamp holds out to burn,
> The vilest sinner may return."

And, what is a matter of the most profound congratulation, they, by experiment upon experiment and example upon example, prove the maxim to be no less true in the one case than in the other. On every hand we behold those who but yesterday were the chief of sinners, now the chief apostles of the cause. Drunken devils are cast out by ones, by sevens, by legions, and their unfortunate victims, like the poor possessed who was redeemed from his long and lonely wanderings in the tombs, are publishing to the ends of the earth how great things have been done for them.

To these new champions and this new system of tactics our late success is mainly owing, and to them we must mainly look for the final consummation. The ball is now rolling gloriously on, and none are so able as they to increase its speed and its bulk, to add to its momentum and magnitude; even though unlearned in letters, for this task none are so well educated. To fit them for this work they have been taught in the true school. They have been in that gulf from which they would teach others the means of escape. They have passed that prison wall which others have long declared impassable, and who that has not shall dare to weigh opinions with them as to the mode of passing?

But if it be true, as I have insisted, that those who have suffered by intemperance personally and have reformed are the most powerful and efficient instruments to push the reformation to ultimate success, it does not follow that those who have not suffered have no part left them to perform. 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.

Ought any, then, to refuse their aid in doing what the good of the whole demands? Shall he who can not do much be for that reason excused if he do nothing? "But," says one, "what good can I do by signing the pledge? I never drink, even without signing." This question has already been asked and answered more than a million of times. Let it be answered once more. For the man, suddenly or in any other way, to break off from the use of drams who has indulged in them for a long course of years, and until his appetite for them has grown ten or a hundred fold stronger and more craving than any natural appetite can be, requires a most powerful moral effort. In such an undertaking he needs every moral support and influence that can possibly be brought to his aid and thrown around him. And not only so, but every moral prop should be taken from whatever argument might rise in his mind to lure him to his backsliding. When he casts his eyes around him he should be able to see all that he respects, all that he admires, all that he loves, kindly and anxiously pointing him onward, and none beckoning him back to his former miserable "wallowing in the mire."

But it is said by some that men will think and act for themselves; that none will disuse spirits or anything else because his neighbors do; and that moral influence is not that powerful engine contended for. Let us examine this. Let me ask the man who could maintain this position most stiffly what compensation he will accept to go to Church some Sunday and sit during the

sermon with his wife's bonnet upon his head? Not a trifle, I'll venture. And why not? There would be nothing irreligious in it, nothing immoral, nothing uncomfortable—then why not? Is it not because there would be something egregiously unfashionable in it? Then it is the influence of fashion; and what is the influence of fashion but the influence that other people's actions have on our own actions—the strong inclination each of us feels to do as we see all our neighbors do? Nor is the influence of fashion confined to any particular thing or class of things. It is just as strong on one subject as another. Let us make it as unfashionable to withhold our names from the temperance pledge as for husbands to wear their wives' bonnets to Church, and instances will be just as rare in the one case as the other.

"But," say some, "we are no drunkards, and we shall not acknowledge ourselves such by joining a reformed drunkards' society, whatever our influence might be." Surely no Christian will adhere to this objection.

If they believe as they profess, that Omnipotence condescended to take on himself the form of sinful man, and as such to die an ignominious death for their sakes, surely they will not refuse submission to the infinitely lesser condescension for the temporal and perhaps eternal salvation of a large, erring, and unfortunate class of their fellow-creatures. Nor is the condescension very great. In my judgment such of us as have never fallen victims have been spared more from the absence of appetite than from any mental or moral superiority over those who have. Indeed, I believe, if we take habitual drunkards as a class, their heads and

their hearts will bear an advantageous comparison with those of any other class.

There seems ever to have been a proneness in the brilliant and warm-blooded to fall into this vice—the demon of intemperance ever seems to have delighted in sucking the blood of genius and generosity. What one of us but can call to mind some relative more promising in youth than all his fellows, who has fallen a sacrifice to his rapacity? He ever seems to have gone forth like the Egyptian angel of death, commissioned to slay, if not the first, the fairest born of every family. Shall he now be arrested in his desolating career? In that arrest all can give aid that will, and who shall be excused that can and will not? Far around as human breath has ever blown, he keeps our fathers, our brothers, our sons, and our friends prostrate in the chains of moral death. To all the living everywhere we cry: "Come, sound the moral trump, that these may rise and stand up an exceeding great army." "Come from the four winds, O breath! and breathe upon these slain, that they may live." If the 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 shall ever have seen.

Of our political revolution of 1776 we are all justly proud. It has given us a degree of political freedom far exceeding that of any other nations of the earth. In it the world has found a solution of the long-mooted problem as to the capability of man to govern himself. In it was the germ which has vegetated, and still is

to grow and expand into the universal liberty of mankind.

But with all these glorious results, past, present, and to come, it had its evils too. It breathed forth famine, swam in blood, and rode in fire; and long, long after, the orphans' cry and the widows' wail continued to break the sad silence that ensued. These were the price, the inevitable price, paid for the blessings it bought.

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, more 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. And what a noble ally this to the cause of political freedom! With such an aid, its march can not fail to be on and on, till every son of earth shall drink in rich fruition the sorrow-quenching draughts of perfect liberty! Happy day, when, all appetites controlled, all passions subdued, all matter subjugated, mind, all-conquering mind, shall live and move, the monarch of the world! Glorious consummation! Hail, fall of fury! Reign of reason, all hail!

And when the victory shall be complete—when there shall be neither a slave nor a drunkard on the earth—how proud the title of that *Land* which may truly claim to be the birthplace and the cradle of both those revolutions that shall have ended in that victory!

How nobly distinguished that people who shall have planted and nurtured to maturity both the political and moral freedom of their species!

This is the one hundred and tenth anniversary of the birthday of Washington. We are met to celebrate this day. Washington is the mightiest name of earth—long since mightiest in the cause of civil liberty, still mightiest in moral reformation. On that name a eulogy is expected. It can not be. To add brightness to the sun or glory to the name of Washington is alike impossible. Let none attempt it. In solemn awe pronounce the name, and in its naked, deathless splendor leave it shining on.

The End.