



ABBATT, WM.

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The Lincoln Centenary in Literature

SELECTIONS FROM THE PRINCIPAL
MAGAZINES OF FEBRUARY AND
MARCH, 1909, TOGETHER WITH
A FEW FROM 1907-1908/26



WILLIAM ABBATT
NEW YORK
1909

1927

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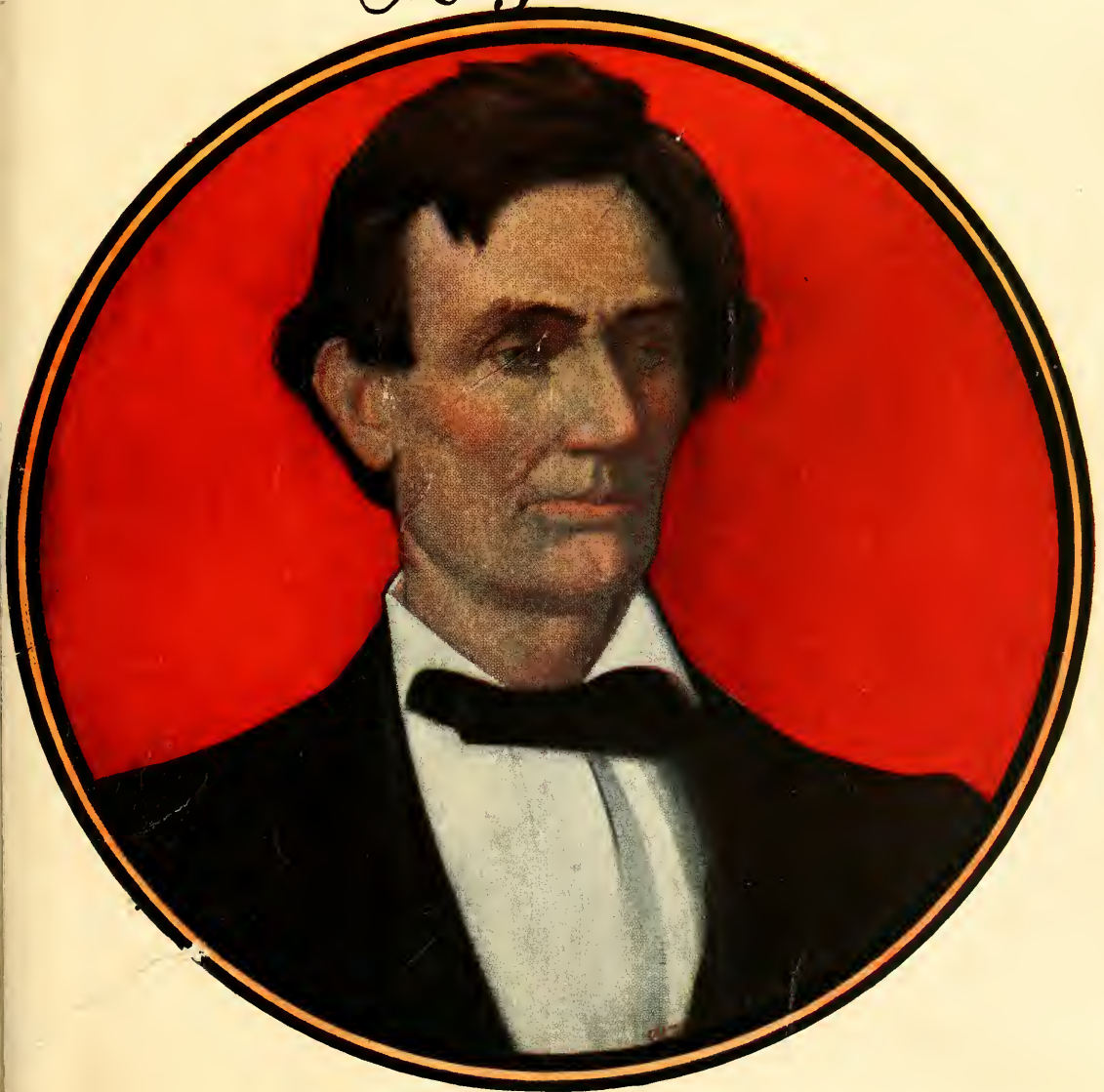
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Mr. Dooley on Hard Times

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The February American Magazine

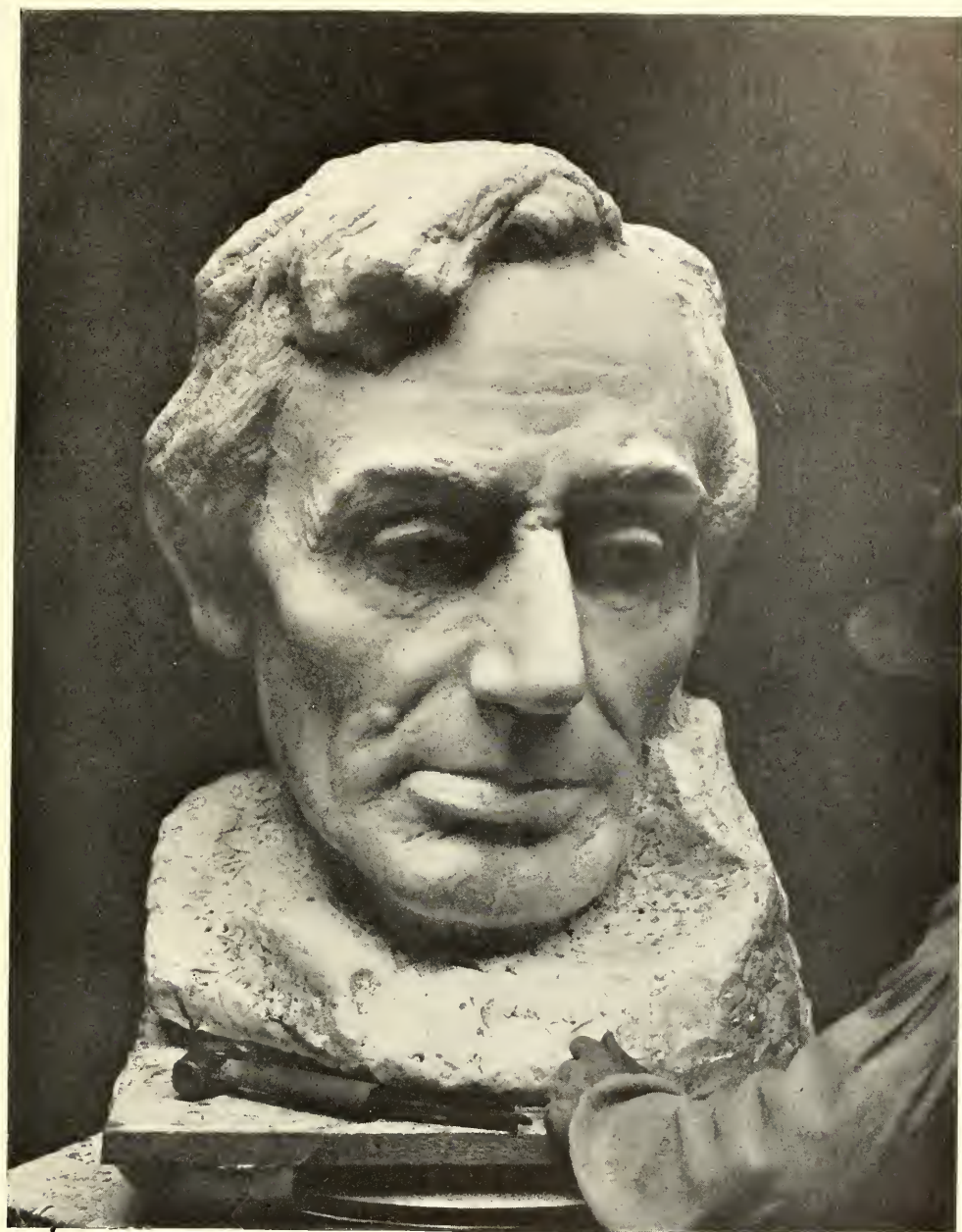


Lincoln's Boyhood
unpublished records of Dennis Hanks his cousin and playmate

LINCOLN

In him distilled and potent the choice essence of a race!
Far back the Puritans—stern and manful visionaries,
Repressed poets, flushed with dreams of glowing theologies!
Each new succession, out of border hardship,
Refined to human use the initial rigor of the breed,
Passing to the next the unconscious possession of a perfecting soul!
Each forest clearing gave something of neighborly grace,
The rude play of cabin-bred natural people something of humor,
Each mountain home something of inner daring,
Each long-wandering life something of patience and of hope!
In the open, far-seen nature gradually chiseled
The deepening wistful eyes.
Each axman and each plowman added
Another filament of ruggedness;
Unknowing minds dumbly cried for liberty;
Mute hearts strove against injustice. . . .

At last was ready the alembic, where Nature stored and set apart
Each generation's finest residue,
Waiting for the hour of perfect mixture—
And then the Miracle!



HEAD OF LINCOLN

Sculptured in marble by Gutzon Borglum. This heroic head was finished the first of December and is here photographed for the first time

LINCOLN'S BOYHOOD

REMINISCENCES OF HIS COUSIN AND PLAY-MATE, DENNIS HANKS

BY ELEANOR ATKINSON

ILLUSTRATED WITH PORTRAITS AND PHOTOGRAPHS

In 1889 Mrs. Atkinson visited Dennis Hanks at Charleston, Illinois. Dennis was born ten years before Abraham Lincoln, and at the time of this visit was the only living person who remembered the birth and childhood of Lincoln. A partial transcript from the records of this conversation was published in the Chicago Tribune at the time. Although Dennis Hanks was drawn upon for material by Lamon and Herndon, who were among the earliest of Lincoln's biographers, no one has compacted his recollections into so full and living a picture of Lincoln's youth as Mrs. Atkinson does in the narrative we here print.



IN January, 1889, the writer spent a long, leisurely afternoon with Dennis Hanks, Abraham Lincoln's cousin and play-mate, in his home in Charleston, Illinois. He was ninety years old at that time, and died three or four years later. He was living with his daughter, Mrs. Dowling, herself a great-grandmother of sixty-nine, in a comfortable brick cottage, built, as she said, nearly a half century before, probably the first brick house in the town. The furniture was so old-fashioned that Tom Lincoln may well have made some of it.

In a pleasant, low-ceiled sitting-room, with a bright rag carpet and a coal fire, Dennis Hanks sat, tilted back in a splint-bottomed chair asleep, in the light of the pale winter sunshine that streamed through a western window. A withered figure of an ancient man he was, in loose black clothes, his slippered feet resting on a rung of the chair, his gnarled, bloodless hands clasped on the top of a thorn stick that was polished by long use. A soft black felt hat covered his head, a thin fringe of silvery-white hair falling from under the brim about his coat collar. His face was clean shaven, and his skin was of that rosy transparency seen only in first and second childhood. Asleep, the old man's face was as unreflective as an infant's, but

in animation it showed a curious resemblance to Lincoln's, although cast in a smaller, weaker mold—the high cheek-bones, broad forehead, wide mouth and strong jaw—and the deep-set eyes that sparkled with droll memories, or were dimmed by tragic ones. In his speech he had many words peculiar to the South, grafted on the Western stock, although he left Kentucky at the age of eighteen.

"Want to know what kind o' boy Abe Lincoln was?" he said in reply to the first question I put to him after he awakened. "Well, I reckon old Dennis Hanks is the only one livin' that knowed him that arly. Knowed him the day he was born, an' lived with him most o' the time till he was twenty-one an' left home fur good. 'Abe,' sez I, many a time, 'if you die fust folks 'll have to come to me to find out what kind o' boy you was.' We used to laugh over that, fur it looked like he'd live longer'n me. I was ten years older'n Abe, an' he was as strong as a hoss. 'Well, Denny,' he'd say, 'I don't want you to die fust, fur folks 'd jist nigh about pester me to death to 'larn what kind o' boy you was.'

"Tom an' Nancy lived on a farm about two miles from us, when Abe was born. I ricollect Tom comin' over to our house one cold mornin' in Feb'uary an' sayin' kind o' slow, 'Nancy's got a boy baby.'

"Mother got flustered an' hurried up 'er work to go over to look after the little feller,

but I didn't have nothin' to wait fur, so I cut an' run the hull two mile to see my new cousin.

"You bet I was tickled to death. Babies wasn't as common as blackberries in the woods o' Kaintucky. Mother come over and washed him an' put a yaller flannen petticoat on him, an' cooked some dried berries with wild honey fur Nancy, an' slicked things up an' went home. An' that's all the nuss'n either of 'em got. Lordy! women nowadays don't know what their grandmothers went through an' lived—some of 'em. A good many of 'em died arly. Abe's said many a time that Nancy 'd lived if she'd had any kind o' keer; an' I reckon she must have been strong to 'a' stood what she did.

"I rolled up in a b'ar skin an' slep' by the fire-place that night, so's I could see the little feller when he cried and Tom had to git up an' 'tend to him. Nancy let me hold him purty soon. Folks often ask me if Abe was a good-lookin' baby. Well, now, he looked just like any other baby, at fust—like red cherry pulp squeezed dry. An' he didn't improve none as he grewed older. Abe never was much fur looks. I ricollect how Tom joked about Abe's long legs when he was toddlin' 'round the cabin. He grewed out o' his clothes faster'n Nancy could make 'em.

"But he was mighty good comp'ny, solemn as a papoose, but interested in every-thing. An' he always did have fits o' cuttin' up. I've seen him when he was a little feller, settin' on a stool, starin' at a visitor. All of a sudden he'd bust out laughin' fit to kill. If he told us what he was laughin' at, half the time we couldn't see no joke.

"Looks didn't count them days, nohow. It was stren'th an' work an' daredevil. A

lazy man or a coward was jist pizen, an' a spindlin' feller had to stay in the settle-mints. The clearin's hadn't no use fur him. Tom was strong, an' he wasn't lazy nor afeerd o' nothin', but he was kind o' shif'less—couldn't git nothin' ahead, an' didn't keer putickalar. Lots o' them kind o' fellers in arly days, druther hunt an' fish, an' I reckon they had their use. They killed off the varmints an' made it safe fur other fellers to go into the woods with an ax.

"When Nancy married Tom he was workin' in a carpenter shop. It wasn't Tom's fault he couldn't make a livin' by his trade. Thar was sca'cely any money in that kentry. Every man had to do his own tinkerin', an' keep everlastin'ly at work to git enough to eat. So Tom tuk up some land. It was mighty ornery land, but it was the best Tom could git, when he hadn't much to trade fur it.

"Pore? We was all pore, them days, but the Lincolns was porer than anybody. Choppin' trees an' grubbin' roots an'



Photograph loaned by the Lincoln Farm Association

The cabin in which Lincoln was born

splittin' rails an' huntin' an' trappin' didn't leave Tom no time to put a puncheon floor in his cabin. It was all he could do to git his fambly enough to eat and to kiver 'em. Nancy was turrible ashamed o' the way they lived, but she knowed Tom was doin' his best, an' she wasn't the pesterin' kind. She was purty as a pictur an' smart

as you'd find 'em anywhere. She could read an' write. The Hankses was some smarter'n the Lincolns. Tom thought a heap o' Nancy, an' was as good to her as he knowed how. He didn't drink or swear or play cyards or fight, an' them was drinkin', cussin', quarrelsome days. Tom was popylar, an' he could lick a bully if he had to. He jist couldn't git ahead, somehow.

"It didn't seem no time till Abe was rummin' round in buckskin moccasins and breeches, a tow-linen shirt an' coon-skin cap. That's the way we all dressed then. We couldn't keep sheep fur the wolves, an' pore folks didn't have sca'cely any flax except what they could git tradin' skins. We wasn't much better off 'n Indians, except 't we tuk an' interest in religion an' polyticks. We et game an' fish an' wild berries an' lye hominy, an' kep' a cow. Sometimes we had corn enough to pay fur grindin' meal an' sometimes we didn't, or thar wasn't no mill nigh enough. When it got so we could keep chickens, an' have sal, pork an' corn dodgers an' gyarden sass an' molasses, an' have jeans pants an' cowhide boots to w'ar, we felt as if we was gittin' along in the world. But that was some years later.

"Abe never give Nancy no trouble after he could walk excep' to keep him in clothes. Most o' the time we went bar'foot. Ever wear a wet buckskin glove? Them moccasins wasn't no putection ag'inst the wet. Birch bark with hickory bark soles, strapped on over yarn socks, beat buckskin all holler, fur snow. Abe 'n' me got purty handy contrivin' things that way. An' Abe was right out in the woods, about as soon's he was weaned, fishin' in the crick, settin' traps fur rabbits an' muskrats, goin' on coon-hunts with Tom an' me an' the dogs, follerin' up bees to find bee trees, an' drappin' corn fur his pappy. Mighty interestin' life fur a boy, but thar was a good many chances he wouldn't live to grow up.

"Tom got hold o' a better farm after 'while, but he couldn't git a clear title to it, so when Abe was eight year old, an' I was eighteen, we all lit out fur Indiany. Kaintucky was gittin' stuck up, with some folks rich enough to own niggers, so it didn't seem no place fur pore folks any more. My folks was dead, an' I went with some relations, the Sparrows, same Sparrows as raised Nancy. Nancy emptied the shucks out o' the tow-linen ticks, an' piled every-

thing they had wuth takin' on the backs o' two pack hosses. Tom could make new pole beds an' puncheon tables an' stools easier 'n he could carry 'em. Abe toted a gun, an' kep' it so dry on the raft crossin' the Ohio, that he shot a turkey hen with it the first day we got to Indiany. He couldn't stop talkin' about it till Tom hollered to him to quit.

"Tom brought his tools, an' four hundred gallons o' whisky to trade fur land with Mr. Gentry. It was in Spencer County, back a piece from the Ohio River. We had to chop down trees to make a road to the place, but it was good land, in the timber, whar the women could pick up their fire-wood, an' on a crick with a deer lick handy, an' a spring o' good water. We all lived in pole sheds fur a year. Don't know what pole sheds is? Well, they're jist shacks o' poles, roofed over, but left open on one side; no floor, no fire place, not much better'n a tree. I've seen Indian lodges that 'd beat pole sheds all holler fur keepin' out the weather. I don't see how the women folks lived through it. Boys are half wild anyhow, an' me 'n' Abe had a bully good time. There was lots o' game an' fishin' an' plenty o' work.

"'Bout the time we got our cabins up the Sparrows both died o' milk-sickness an' I went to Tom's to live. Then Nancy died o' the same disease. The cow et pizen weeds, I reckon. Oh Lord, oh Lord, I'll never furgit it, the mizry in that cabin in the woods when Nancy died.

"Abe an' me helped Tom make the coffin. He tuk a log left over from makin' the cabin, an' I helped him whipsaw it into planks an' plane 'em. Me 'n Abe held the planks while Tom bored holes an' put 'em together with pegs Abe 'd whittled. There wasn't sca'cely any nails in the kentry an' little iron, except in knives an' guns an' cookin' pots. Tom's tools was a wonder to the hull deestric. 'Pears to me like Tom was always makin' a coffin fur someone. We laid Nancy close to the deer run in the woods. Deer was the only wild critters the women wasn't afeerd of. Abe was some'ers 'round nine year old, but he never got over the mizable way his mother died.

"I reckon it was think'n' o' Nancy an' things she'd said to him that started Abe to studyin' that next winter. He could read and write, Nancy and me 'd l'arnt him thät much, an' he'd gone to school a spell, but



Photograph loaned by the Lincoln Farm Association

NOLAN CREEK, WHERE AS A LITTLE BOY LINCOLN FISHED

*"An' Abe was right out in the woods, about as soon's he was weaned,
fishin' in the crick"*

it was nine mile there an' back, an' a pore make-out fur a school anyhow. Tom said it was a waste o' time, an' I reckon he was right. But Nancy kep' urgin' Abe. 'Abe,' she'd say, 'you 'Iarn all you kin, an' be some account,' an' she'd tell him stories about George Washington, an' say that Abe had jist as good Virginny blood in him as Washington. Maybe she stretched things some, but it donè Abe good.

"Well, me'n' Abe spelled through Webster's spellin' book twict before he got tired. Then he tuk to writin' on the puncheon floor, the fence rails an' the wooden fire-shovel, with a bit of charcoal. We got some wrappin' paper over to Gentryville, an' I made ink out o' blackberry-briar root an' copperas. It et the paper into holes. Got so I could cut good pens out o' turkey-buzzard quills. It pestered Tom a heap to have Abe writin' all over everything, but Abe was jist wropped up in it.

"'Denny,' he sez to me many a time, 'look at that, will you? *Abraham Lincoln!* That stands fur me. Don't look a blamed bit like me.' An' he'd stand an' study it a spell. 'Peared to mean a heap to

Abe. When Tom got mad at his markin' the house up, Abe tuk to markin' trees Tom wanted to cut down, with his name, an' writin' it in the sand at the deer lick. He tried to interest little Sairy in 'Iarnin' to read, but she never tuk to it. She was the only woman in the cabin that year, an' no neighbors fur miles. Sairy was a little gal, only 'leven, an' she'd git so lonesome, missin' her mother, she'd set an' cry by the fire. Abe 'n' me got 'er a baby coon an' a turtle, and tried to git a fawn, but we couldn't ketch any. Tom, he moped round. He put in the corn in the spring an' left us to tend it, an' lit out fur Kaintucky. Yes, we knowed what he went fur, but we didn't think he'd have any luck, bein' as pore as he was, and with two childern to raise.

"I reckon Abe'd 'a' got discouraged about 'Iarnin' after awhile if it hadn't be'n fur his stepmother. We was all nigh about tickled to death when Tom brung a new wife home. She'd be'n Sairy Bush, an' Tom'd be'n in love with 'er before he met up with Nancy, but her folks wouldn't let Tom have 'er, because he was shif'less.

So she married a man named Johnston, an' he died. Then her an' Tom got married. She had three children of 'er own an' a four-hoss wagon load o' goods; feather pillers an' homespun blankets, an' patchwork quilts an' chists o' drawers, an' a flax wheel, an' a soap kettle, an' cookin' pots an' pewter dishes.

"Yes, Aunt Sairy was a woman o' prop-erty an' could 'a' done better, I reckon, but Tom had a kind o' way with the women, an' maybe it was somethin' she tuk comfort in to have a man that didn't drink an' cuss none. She made a heap more o' Tom, too, than pore Nancy did. Before winter he'd put in a new floor, he'd whipsawed an' planed off so she could scour it; made some good beds an' cheers, an' tinkered at the roof so it couldn't snow in on us boys that slep' in the loft. Purty soon we had the best house in the kentry. Thar was eight of us then to do fur, but Aunt Sairy had faculty an' didn't 'pear to be hurried or worried none. Little Sairy jist chirked right up, with a mother an' two sisters fur comp'ny. Abe used to say he was glad Sairy had some good times. She married purty young an' died with her fust baby. I reckon it was like Nancy, she didn't have the right sort o' keer."

After a moment of reverie, old Dennis began to chuckle to himself. Tragedy and comedy intermingled in his memory, as only Shakespeare and real life can bring them together, without incongruity or without losing a laugh or a tear.

"Aunt Sairy sartinly did have faculty. I reckon we was all purty ragged an' dirty when she got there. The fust thing she did was to tell me to tote one o' Tom's carpenter benches to a place outside the door, near the hoss trough. Then she had me an' Abe an' John Johnston, her boy, fill the trough with spring water. She put out a big gourd full o' soft soap, an' another one to dip water with, an' told us boys to wash up fur dinner. You jist naturally had to be somebody when Aunt Sairy was around. She had Tom build 'er a loom, an' when she heerd o' some lime burners bein' 'round Gentryville, Tom had to mosey over an' git some lime an' whitewash the cabin. An' he made 'er an ash-hopper fur lye, an' a chicken house nothin' could git into. Then—te-he-he-he! she set some kind of a dead-fall trap fur him an' got Tom to jine the Baptist Church. Cracky, but Aunt Sairy was some punkins!

"An' it wasn't only in things to make us comfable an' well thought of. She didn't have no eddication herself, but she knowed what l'armin' could do fur folks. She wasn't thar very long before she found out how Abe hankered after books. She heerd him talkin' to me, I reckon. 'Denny,' he'd say, 'the things I want to know is in books. My best friend's the man who'll git me one.' Well, books wasn't as plenty as wild cats, but I got him one by cuttin' cord-wood. It had a lot o' yarns in it. One I ricollect was about a feller that got near some darned fool rock that drewed all the nails out o' his boat an' he got a duckin'. Wasn't a blamed bit o' sense in that yarn."

"Sindbad the Sailor, in the 'Arabian Nights'?"

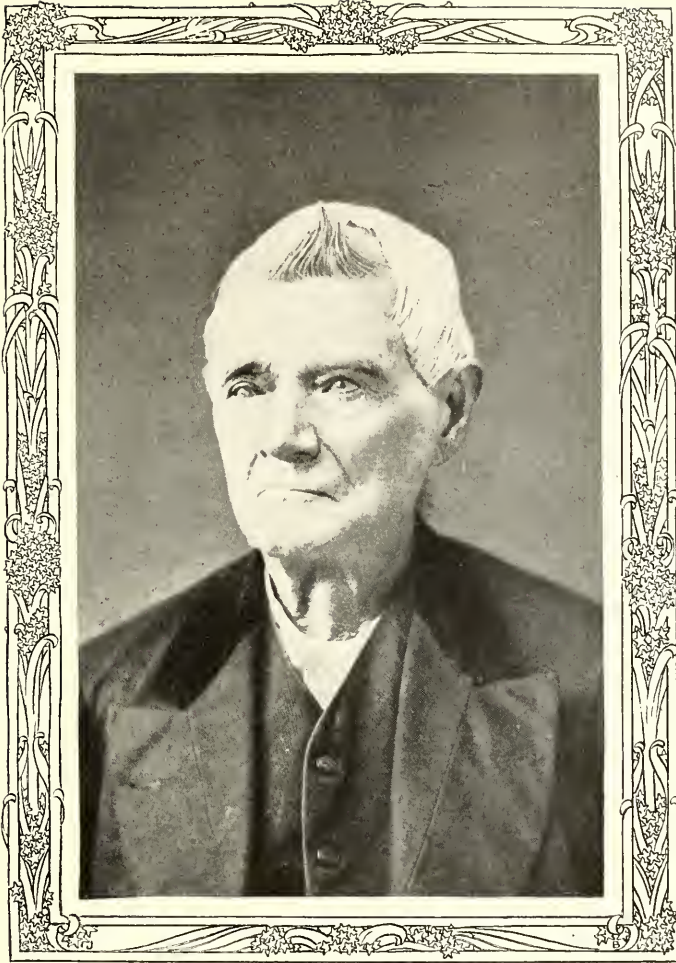
"Hey? Well, I reckon. I ain't no scholar. Abe'd lay on his stummick by the fire, an' read out loud to me an' Aunt Sairy, an' we'd laugh when he did, though I reckon it went in at one ear an' out at the other with 'er, as it did with me. Tom'd come in an' say: 'See here, Abe, your mother kain't work with you a-botherin' her like that,' but Aunt Sairy always said it didn't bother her none, an' she'd tell Abe to go on. I reckon that encouraged Abe a heap.

"'Abe,' sez I, many a time, 'them yarns is all lies.'

"'Mighty darned good lies,' he'd say, an' go on readin' an' chucklin' to hisself, till Tom'd kiver up the fire fur the night an' shoo him off to bed.

"I reckon Abe read that book a dozen times an' knowed all the yarns by heart. He didn't have nothin' much else to read, excep' Aunt Sairy's Bible. He cut four cords o' wood onct to git one stingy little slice of a book. It was a life o' Wash-ington; an' he'd lay over the Statoots o' Indiany half the night. We'd git hold o' a newspaper onct in a while, an' Abe l'arned Henry Clay's speeches by heart. He liked the stories in the Bible, too, an' he got a little book o' fables some'ers. I reckon it was them stories he read that give him so many yarns to tell. I asked him onct after he'd gone to lawin' an' could make a jury laugh or cry by firing a yarn at 'em.

"'Abe,' sez I, 'whar did you git so blamed many lies?' An' he'd always say, 'Denny, when a story l'arns you a good lesson, it ain't no lie. God tells truth in parables. They're easier fur common



DENNIS HANKS

Cousin and play-mate of Lincoln, who, in his ninetieth year, talked to the writer and furnished material for this article

folks to understand an' ricollect.' His stories was like that.

"Seems to me now I never seen Abe after he was twelve 'at he didn't have a book in his hand or in his pocket. He'd put a book inside his shirt an' fill his pants pockets with corn dodgers an' go off to plow or hoe. When' noon come he'd set under a tree, an' read an' eat. An' when he come to the house at night, he'd tilt a cheer back by the chimbley, put his feet on the rung, an' set on his back-bone an' read. Aunt Sairy always put a candle on the mantel-tree piece fur him, if she had one. An' as like as not Abe'd eat his supper thar, takin' anything she'd give him that he could gnaw at

an' read at the same time. I've seen many a feller come in an' look at him, Abe not knowin' anybody was 'round, an' sneak out agin like a cat, an' say: 'Well, I'll be darned.' It didn't seem natural, nohow, to see a feller read like that. Aunt Sairy'd never let the childern pester him. She always declared Abe was goin' to be a great man some day, an' she wasn't goin' to have him hendered.

"You bet he was too smart to think everything was in books. Sometimes, a preacher 'r a circuit-ridin' judge 'r lyyer 'r a stump-speakin' politician 'r a school teacher'd come along. When one o' them rode up, Tom'd go out an' say: 'Light,

stranger,' like it was polite to do. Then Abe'd come lopin' out on his long legs, throw one over the top rail an' begin firm' questions. Tom'd tell him to quit, but it didn't do no good, so Tom'd have to bang him on the side o' the head with his hat. Abe'd go off a spell an' fire sticks at the snow-birds an' whistle like he didn't keer.

"'Pap thinks it ain't polite to ask folks so many questions,' he'd say. 'I reckon I wasn't born to be polite. There's so darned many things I want to know. An' how else am I goin' to git to know 'em?'"

"When Abe was about seventeen some-thin' happened that druv him nigh crazy. There was a feller come over from England, a Britisher, I reckon, an' spoke in Congress about a settlemint he was goin' to lay out on the Wabash, buyin' out some loony Dutch religious fellers that had mills an' factories an' schools thar. Now, maybe you think 'at us folks livin' in the backwoods didn't know what was goin' on in the world. Well, you'd be mighty mistaken about that. We kep' track o' Congress fur one thing. There wasn't much to talk about but polytics, an' we thrashed over everything in argyments at the cross-roads stores. The bigbugs down East wasn't runnin' every-thing. Polytics had sort o' follered us over the Gap trail, an' roosted in the clearin's. Thar was Henry Clay in Kaintucky an' Old Hick'ry in Tennessee at it tooth an' nail, an' we all tuk sides.

"So when this furrin feller spoke in Congress about that Gyarden o' Eden he was goin' to stake out an' fence in on the Wabash, we soon heerd about it. Boats brung news every week. An' one day, arly in the winter, a big keel-boat come down from Pittsburg over the Ohio. They called it 'the boatload o' knowledge,' it had sich a passle o' books an' machines an' men o' parmin' on it. Then little row-boats an' rafts crossed over from Kaintucky, an' ox teams an' pack hosses went through Gentryville and struck across kentry to—to—plague on it, Abe'd tell you in a minute——"

"New Harmony, Rôbert Owen's colony?"

"That's it! Thar wasn't sca'cely any-thing else talked about fur a spell. I reckon some folks thought it was New Jerusalem, an' nobody'd have to work. Anyway, thar was a lot o' wuthless cusses lit out fur that settlemint. Abe'd 'a' broke his back to go, an' it nigh about broke his heart when he couldn't.

"'Denny, thar's a school an' thousands o' books thar, an' fellers that know everything in creation,' he'd say, his eyes as big an' hungry as a hoot-owl's. The schoolin' cost only about one hunderd dollars a year, an' he could 'a' worked fur his board, but Abe might jist as well o' wished fur a hunderd moons to shine at night. I was married an' had hard grubbin' to keep my fambly, or I'd 'a' helped him. Tom didn't set no store by them things. An' thar it was only about sixty mile out west, an' Abe couldn't go. The place petered out after awhile, as it was sartain to do, with all them ornery fellers in it, livin' off the workers. But I reckon it lasted long enough fur Abe to 've l'arned what he wanted to know.*

"Well, I reckon Abe put it out o' his mind after awhile. If he couldn't git a thing he wanted he knowed how to do with-out it, an' maybe he looked at it different afterwards. But things'd 'a' be'n easier fur him if he could 'a' gone to that school.

"When Abe was growed up he was a turrible cut-up an' joker. Aunt Sairy was a good Baptist an' Tom an' the Johnston childern had jined, so the Baptist preachers always stopped at the house. Onct Abe tried to git a preacher to 'count fur them miracles about Jonah an' the whale an' the others, an' got him so worked up that when Abe asked him who was the father o' Zebedee's childern, blamed if he could tell.

"Abe had a powerful good memory. He'd go to church an' come home an' say over the sermon as good as the preacher. He'd often do it fur Aunt Sairy, when she couldn't go, an' she said it was jist as good as goin' herself. He'd say over everything from beloved brethern to amen without crackin' a smile, pass a pewter plate fur a collection, an' then we'd all jine him in singin' the doxology. Aunt Sairy thought a heap o' Abe, an' he did o' her, an' I reckon they'd 'a' done most anything fur one another.

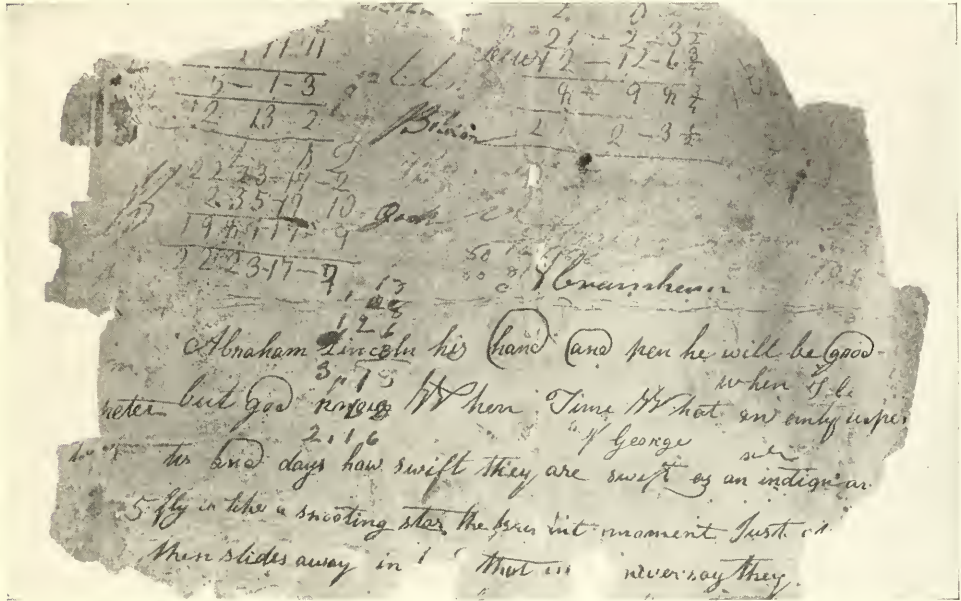
"She seemed to know Abe had more pride'n the rest of us. He always had a extry pair o' jean pants an' a white shirt. When he was only thirteen Aunt Sairy sez to him, 'Abe, you git hold o' some muslin some'ers an' have some white shirts, so you kin go to folks' houses right.' So he cut nine cords o' wood an' got nine yards o'

* Robert Owen arrived on the Wabash, to make his social and educational experiment, in January, 1826.

unbleached cotton, an' she bleached it an' shrunk it an' made him two shirts. He put one o' them on every Sunday. Maybe Abe wouldn't 'a' be'n the man he was if it hadn't be'n fur his mother an' stepmother encouragin' him.

"It was to git money to buy books that

leader, too. He could break up rowdy crowds by tellin' a story that'd make 'em ashamed or make 'em laugh. He wouldn't take no sass, neither. If a feller was spilin' fur a fight an' nothin' else'd do him, Abe'd accomydate him all right. Ginerally Abe could lay him out so he wouldn't



Fragment from a leaf of Lincoln's school book

Abe tuk them v'yages on the flatboats. He was all fur bein' a river man fur awhile. Tom owned Abe's time till he was twenty-one an' didn't want him to go. He was too vallyble fur chores. When Abe was on the farm Tom had more time to hunt an' fish, an' he'd always ruther do that than grub roots or plow corn. Yes, Tom was kind o' shif'less. Well, him an' Abe struck up some kind o' dicker, an' Abe went off down the river, fur fifty cents a day, an' a bonus. It was big wages, but he never went but twict. Didn't take to tradin' nohow. He was too honest to make a livin' at it, an' folks tuk advantage of him. He was popylar, an' when he clerked the store had plenty o' fellers comin' to it that liked to hear him talk, but most o' them thought he was plumb foolish when he got to tradin', so he quit that. Aunt Sairy always said he'd oughter go into polytics, because when he got to argyin' the other feller'd purty soon say he had enough. Abe was a

know nothin' about it fur a spell. In rasslin' an' runnin' an' hoss-back ridin' an' log-rollin' and rail-splittin' he could beat everybody. You'd 'a' thought there was two men in the woods when he got into it with an ax. When he was fifteen he could bring me down by throwin' his leg over my shoulder. I always was a little runt of a feller.

"Well! Lemme see. Yes. I reckon it was John Hanks 'at got res'less fust an' lit out fur Illinois, an' wrote fur us all to come, an' he'd git land fur us. Tom was always ready to move. He never had his land in Indiany all paid fur, anyhow. So he sold off his corn an' hogs an' piled everything into ox wagons an' we all went, Linkhorns an' Hankses and Johnstons, all hangin' together. I reckon we was like one o' them tribes o' Israel that you can't break up nohow. An' Tom was always lookin' fur the land of Canaan. Thar was five famblies of us, an' Abe. It tuk us two



SARAH BUSH

Lincoln's stepmother, who brought him up

weeks to git thar, raftin' over the Wabash, cuttin' our way through the woods, fordin' rivers, pryin' wagons an' steers out o' sloughs with fence rails, an' makin' camp. Abe cracked a joke every time he cracked a whip, an' he found a way out o' every tight place, while the rest o' us was standin' 'round scratchin' our fool heads. I reckon Abe an' Aunt Sairy run that movin', an' good thing they did, or it'd 'a' be'n run into a swamp an' sucked under.

"It was a purty kentry up on the Sangamon, an' we was all tuk up with the idy that they could run steamboats up to our corn-fields an' load; but we had fever an' ager turrible, so in a year or two we moved back here to Coles County, an' we've be'n here ever sence. Abe helped put up a cabin fur Tom on the Sangamon, clear fifteen acres

fur corn an' split walnut rails to fence it in. Abe was some'ers 'round twenty-one. I reckon it must 'a' be'n them same rails that John Hanks tuk to the convention up to Chicago."

The old man's voice trailed off into silence, and I saw that he had fallen asleep. It was quite dark outside. Mrs. Dowling brought in an oil lamp and set it down exactly in the middle of a crocheted mat on a little table. She glanced at her father, sleeping placidly in his chair, and pulled down the shade to shut out the chill of the winter evening. Then she unburdened her mind.

"I don't want you to go away thinking so bad of Grandfather Lincoln. That's what us younger ones called Uncle Abe's father; and we called him Uncle Abe, though he

was only father's second cousin. I guess kinfolks counted for more in early days. I'm just tired of hearing Grandfather Lincoln abused. Everybody runs him down. Father never gave him credit for what he was. He made a good living, and I reckon he would have got something ahead if he hadn't been so generous. He had the old Virginia notion of hospitality, enjoyed seeing people eat hearty, and there were always plenty of his relations and grandmother's willing to live on him. Uncle Abe got his honesty and his clean notions of living and his kind heart from his father. Maybe the Hanks family was smarter, but some of them couldn't hold a candle to Grandfather Lincoln when it came to morals. I've heard Grandmother Lincoln say many a time that he was kind and loving, and kept his word, and always paid his way, and never turned a dog from his door. You couldn't say that of every man, not even to-day, when men are decenter than they used to be."

Mrs. Dowling left the room, and the shutting of the door awakened old Dennis from his nap.

"Come here," he whispered mysteriously. "If you won't tell anybody I'll show you something." He pulled from an inside pocket a heavy, old-fashioned coin-silver watch hanging to a steel chain. The chasing on the case was worn almost smooth.

"Abe gimme that after he went to Washington. I went down thar to see him, and thar he was with a big gold watch an' chain hangin' all over his vest, and I commenced to plague him about bein' so fine, an' he sez, 'Dennis, I bet you'd carry a watch if you had one. You needn't be so envious.' Then he went and bought this fur me and wanted me to have a gold chain, but I wouldn't, so he got me this good steel chain, and I've carried it ever sence. I've been offered five hundred dollars fur it, but no money can buy it. Thar ain't many people even gits to see it, I can tell you." He stowed it back carefully in the hidden pocket.

"The next spring after I went to Washington, Abe was shot," he continued. "I heerd of it this a way. I was settin' in my shop peggin' away at a shoe when a man come in an' said: 'Dennis, Honest Abe is dead!' 'Dead, dead. Old Abe dead!' I kep' sayin' to myself. 'My God, it ain't so!' I went out to see Aunt Sairy, where she lived all alone after Tom died, and said, 'Aunt Sairy, Abe's dead.' 'Yes, I know,' sez she. 'I've be'n awaiting fur it. I knowed they'd kill him.' An' she never asked any questions. A body'd 'a' thought the 'arth stopped whirlin' for a few days, the way everybody went on. It was like, even here in Charleston, like a black cloud that kivered the sun." The dim old eyes became blurred by the sad memory.

"You don't remember it?" he said.

"No, I don't remember it."

"Them that does has got a thing to think of. Why, we stopped in the streets, strong men, an' cried. I don't believe the sun shone ag'in for weeks after he was laid away at Springfield. Thar wasn't any tradin' done sca'cely. Every house had black on it. It was like the plague that took the first-born. To hit, to strike him after the war was over! 'Dennis, Honest Abe's dead.' I've heerd that in the night, and in dreams in the daytime fur twenty four years, and I kain't believe it yit." The palsied hand shook and the voice trembled.

"Some of the preachers say you won't know anybody in heaven, but I bet you I'll know Abe Lincoln. He's thar! I may never git thar, but Abe Lincoln went right straight to heaven."

When I left, the old man had fallen asleep again, his trembling hands clasped idly on his stick.

One sentence of the afternoon's talk remains with me as a fitting epitaph of him of whom we spoke with hushed voices:

"Thar was just one thing Abe Lincoln didn't know; he didn't know how to be mean, to do a mean thing, or think a mean thought. When God made Old Abe he left that out fur other men to divide up among 'em."

THE METROPOLIS

SCENES AND INCIDENTS, ILLUSTRATING THE EXTRAVAGANT AND FANTASTIC LIFE OF THE SUPER-RICH, FROM THE UNPUBLISHED NOVEL OF NEW YORK SOCIETY

BY UPTON SINCLAIR

AUTHOR OF "THE JUNGLE," ETC.



HERE Montague saw the real New York. All the rest was mere shadow—the rest was where men slept and played, but here was where they fought out the battle of their lives.

Here the fierce intensity of it smote him in the face—he saw the cruel waste and ruin of it, the wreckage of the blind, hap-hazard strife.

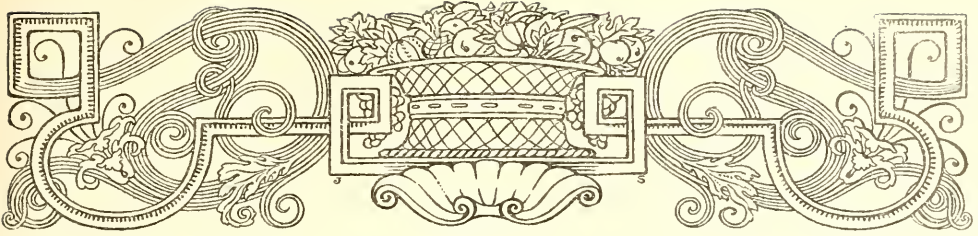
A Picture of "Down Town"

It was a city caught in a trap. It was pent in at one end of a narrow little island. It had been no one's business to foresee that it must some day outgrow this space; now men were digging a score of tunnels to set it free, but they had not begun these until the pressure had become unendurable, and now it had reached its climax. In the financial district land had been sold for as much as \$4 a square inch. Huge blocks of buildings shot up to the sky in a few months—fifteen, twenty, twenty-five stories of them, and with half a dozen stories hewn out of the solid rock beneath; there was to be one building of forty-two stories, six hundred and fifty feet in height. And between them were narrow chasms of streets, where the hurrying crowds overflowed the sidewalks. Yet other streets were filled with trucks and heavy vehicles, with electric cars creeping slowly along, and little swirls and eddies of people darting across here and there.

These huge buildings were like beehives, swarming with life and activity, with scores of elevators shooting through them at bewildering speed. Everywhere was the atmosphere of rush; the spirit of it seized

hold of one, and he began to hurry, even though he had no place to go. The man who walked slowly and looked about him was in the way—he was jostled here and there, and people eyed him with suspicion and annoyance.

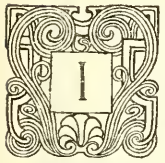
Elsewhere on the island men did the work of the city; here they did the work of the world. Each room in these endless mazes of buildings was a cell in a mighty brain; the telephone wires were nerves, and by the whole huge organism the thinking and willing of a continent was done. It was a noisy place to the physical ear; but to the ear of the mind it roared with the roaring of ten thousand Niagaras. Here was the Stock Exchange, where the scales of trade were held up before the eyes of the country. Here was the clearing-house, where hundreds of millions of dollars were exchanged every day. Here were the great banks, the reservoirs into which the streams of the country's wealth were poured. Here were the brains of the great railroad systems, of the telegraph and telephone systems, of mines and mills and factories. Here were the centers of the country's trade; in one place the shipping trade, in another the jewelry trade, the grocery trade, the leather trade. A little farther up-town was the clothing district, where one might see the signs of more Hebrews than all Jerusalem had ever held; in yet other districts were the newspaper offices, and the center of the magazine and book publishing business of the whole country. One might climb to the top of one of the great "sky-scrapers" and gaze down upon a wilderness of houses, with roofs as innumerable as tree-tops, and people looking like tiny insects below. Or one might go out into the harbor late upon a winter afternoon, and see it as a city of a



IN THE INTERPRETER'S HOUSE

"So they drew on towards the house (the house of the Interpreter) and when they came to the door they heard a great talk in the house."—Bunyan's Pilgrim's Progress.

A TALK ABOUT LINCOLN



I DON'T know why I feel the way I do about the name of Lincoln. I have no such sentiment about Washington. I am profoundly respectful to the memory of that great and good man,

**The Name
of
Lincoln**

but I have no sense of outraged propriety when I see inebriate homes, soap and a pudding called after him. When a man says he believes in the "eternal principles of Washington," I don't mind it at all. It proves nothing about the man except that he doesn't know what he is talking about. Bad principles are apt to be as nearly eternal as good principles. Our Christian doctrine teaches us this. There are two sides even to eternal life. The damned live as long as the blest. Washington's soldier-slave-owner-gentleman theories of government flourish in spots more vigorously than the example of his great love of country, his unselfish devotion to the cause and the marvel of his well-ordered and divinely balanced life. But when a man declares his "unalterable devotion to the principles of Lincoln," I want to kick him. What right has any man to copyright this name for his own selfish purposes? It is as if he used my mother's name to advertise a patent medicine. It is taking a name in vain that holds in solution all brotherly love, tenderness, good-will, patience and sorrow. A Republican party of tariff and trusts, sub-

sidies and corporation jobs calling itself the party of Lincoln! A mob of angry, cruel, vituperative, oppressive Democrats calling *itself* the party of Lincoln! Impious!

I don't know why I feel so about Lincoln. I have read many accounts of his life, from Herndon's gossip to the

Every Scrap books of Miss Tarbell and Mr. Hapgood. Once even

About Him I trudged through the dismal reaches of Nicolay and

Precious Hay — an incomparable work, thank heaven. They found a garden and made it a wilderness. Yes, I almost alone, I and the proofreaders and Mayo Hazeltine have toiled through this masterpiece. Out of great love for Lincoln, I did it and loved him none the less for it. Every scrap of printed paper bearing his name, I read. To arrest my eye you have but to print the name of Lincoln. New stories, old stories about him, estimates, essays, poems, recollections, dreams have held me. Anyone who knows Lincoln, or pretended to know him, could and can and will find me a breathless listener. Even if I know him to be a liar, I will hear him, for it is about Lincoln he lies. At least he chooses a worthy subject for his tale. He is a liar of discrimination.

I SPENT a good part of the only well-spent part of my life, a listening boy, in a part of the country where men knew Lincoln—or thought they did—as well as they knew the backs of their own hands. They were full of tales about him

—the kind of tales that reflected a natural human desire to bring him down to their own level. By their account and the examples they offered of his method of entertaining his friends he was Rabelais without the wit. Their meretricious old memories recalled sayings and stories of Lincoln that were as ancient as Lucian and had been sifted through generations of unappreciative intelligences until only the wickedness remained. Every favorite vulgarity of the hired man was attributed to him. Apparently of the seven good stories in the world he knew only the six "that were unfit for ladies to hear." This picture of him was especially prevalent among gossips and loiterers in Southern Illinois and Indiana where the rancor of sympathizers with the South could be safely assiduous in spreading reports damaging to his reputation. On the whole, I gathered that he was not different from the men around him. It was a period when reserve was not fashionable in this part of the world. Men called each other by names that are now seldom used even in the diminishing Far West. The politeness of "smiling when you say that" was the only thing demanded of them. It was a period of Elizabethan broadness of speech. Lincoln's friends could have talked on good and equal terms with Raleigh. And I can well believe that most of the stories of his stories are lies. Human nature properly rebels against the heroic and seeks to find the error in the shining armor of the great. The worst they can do to the memory of Lincoln is to pile upon it the sins of his generation against cleanness of speech and their fifty times diluted gossip is matched by the testimony of those who knew him best at a time when accurate record of his speech was important—aye, overwhelmed by his choice of hymns and friends, by the austerity of his life and by the incomparable piety of his public utterances.

YOU ask what I am trying to prove? I am trying to show you that I know all there is to be said against Lincoln. In the part of the country that I entered too late, alas! to see that sad face, there still survived many men who had known him well and some who hated him well. The

Copperhead is a much abused political memory. Yet he was not without some of the qualities heroic. Nourished by Douglas in a fantastic, legal view of a question that by all the portents must some day be decided without regard to law, or judges or constitutions, he continued with stupid bravery to make his unequal fight for the "constitutional right of the South to secede" after the Constitution had been put on the shelf that the cartridge boxes had been taken from. His history deserves to be written, for he was the everlasting symbol of stupid egotism, the crownless martyr for a wrong; the man who went to the stake for a disbelief.

For four years these infatuated men suffered tortures. They were harassed in countless ways, ostracized, insulted, mobbed. Their houses were burned. Children hooted at them in the streets. Women drew their skirts away from them. If they were lawyers, their clients left them; clergymen, their congregation abandoned them; newspaper editors, their offices were closed by the military; workingmen, they looked in vain for employment. But while the war limped on to its conclusion, they held grimly to their heresy, and eased their torments from time to time with the news of Bull Run, the delays of McClellan, the complications with England, the draft riots and the other incidents that we now review with shame and sorrow. Unimaginable egotists! I used to see one of them often—an old leader. He had been in jail and in technical peril of his life for a conspiracy for the release of the Confederate prisoners in Camp Douglas. A weak, unbending, handsome old egotist who wore a blue brass buttoned coat and an enormous collar with, not a cravat, but a sash around it. He was still a Douglas Democrat although Douglas had been gathered to his fathers twenty years before. He still had his coat cut in the fashion of the day when it was believed that any sovereign state had a right to pack up and get out; his political principles—but not his shoes—were made by Douglas.

This old man and the other old men whose leader he had been, who garrulously discussed the Missouri Compromise with him, had even then perceptibly begun to

soften toward Lincoln. It was particularly hard for them to change their view, for Lincoln in life had often troubled them. He used to urge them on to bombastic expositions of the Constitution and then laugh at them. Their political opinions had not changed. People seldom change a wrong opinion if it is unpopular. But they had come to a tolerant, even an unspoken-loving regard for the hated laughter at shallow earnestness—the “kidder” the man on the street would say to-day—who could take nothing seriously—the tricky “country lawyer” who had laid their hero by the heels. The war was wrong, Grant was a butcher and he didn't know much about war or he would've used the navy on the James, if Lee had only had troops and money, if Albert Sidney Johnston hadn't been killed at Shiloh, if Joe Johnston had been supported. Sherman was like a hysterical woman, Stanton was a tyrant, ye can't compare Shuridan with Jubal A. Early, can ye? But Lincoln? “Do ye know, Bill, I sometimes think we was wrong about Lincoln.” “Well, I dunno, maybe we was.”

And this man was their next door neighbor! They had no illusions about him. Old age is indifferent to traditions that conflict with its memories and hatreds. Nothing is more vivid than the clear-eyed hatred of grandfather. If he is in good health his favorite description of one of his contemporaries now asleep beneath all the stony compliments of an epitaph is the good old Saxon word “Scoundrel.” It is not necessary for an old man to be popular. It is not possible for him to be popular. It is not compatible with his period to be even agreeable. He must disagree with the rising generation in order to keep his distinguished place as one soon to be translated.

These old men, believe me, were not affected by the prevailing worship of Lincoln. If they had been contemporaries of Washington or Noah, they would have valorously cursed patriot or patriarch. But in some way the mild and irresistible spirit of Lincoln had slowly erased from their memory old hatreds, old recollections of wrongs done by them to him, old recollections even of neighborly intimacies.

Through the years they saw him at last as he was. Not as they wished him to be, not as their prejudices told them he ought to be, not as he seemed to be to the bloodshot eyes of their youth, but as he was. The good a man does is oft interred with his bones; the good he *is* lives after him.

WAS there ever such a triumph for a Human Soul? Did a heart ever continue to beat so long after the body that held it had melted? Did any other heart—yes, there **The Triumph** was one—compel the rhythmic attendance of all true hearts? There was not a political mathematician in **Human Soul** the world who couldn't prove to you that as a statesman—awful word—Lincoln was as wild as Dr. Jasper. Contemporary opinion of him was—I don't know how to express it. It makes me want to revisit the tombs of Boston and New York and write things on certain tombstones. I don't suppose there was a man connected in any way with the government at Washington during the war—until near its close—who had much more concern about Lincoln than a balloon has about the atmosphere that supports it. The more tenuous it is the higher and swifter up we go. When it moves, of course we move with it. The really wonderful thing is that a bag of silk inflated temporarily with gas should leave the earth and almost reach the stars, or the clouds or the low clouds. Great achievement!

Everybody bullied, browbeat, gossiped about Lincoln as everybody does about the weather. Horace Greeley harangued him, Joe Medill went down from Chicago **Everybody Told Him** to tell him what he ought to do during the Petersburg Campaign. He had to receive delegations of **How to Do It** preachers who were determined to instruct him on the conduct of campaigns that made his heart ache like a woman's. They were otherwise womanly moved. They could talk. He was oppressed by Policeman Stanton and snubbed by the sensational Seward. There was generally a very moderate opinion of him. Sumner wrote to his English friends in 1864—a long time after the Gettysburg speech—that Lincoln might not try for re-election; it would be

better if he didn't; while his motives were good he was incompetent. E. L. Godkin wrote—I think—a little while before the assassination and after Lincoln had added the second inaugural address to the Gettysburg oration, comparing him on equal terms with a somewhat notorious mangler of English in Great Britain.

Everybody had access to him. Dana had a recollection about going to his private office after Thompson's arrest and finding the president with his coat off rinsing his hairy arms over a wash bowl. "I have a warrant for the arrest and detention of Thompson which Mr. Stanton wants you to sign," said Dana. "Dana," Mr. Lincoln said, "if you had an elephant by the hind leg and he wanted to get away, what would you do?" "I would let him go," said Dana. "Go back to Stanton and tell him that," said Lincoln. Everybody who wanted to badly enough got to see him. Secretary Hay told that once he was called from an important cabinet meeting and found a man at the door who had some trivial complaint to make. Lincoln, smiling and indulgent as usual, attempted to explain. The little man bristled up. He was not satisfied. "Mr. President," said he, "I think your course is decidedly insincere." The President said nothing but wheeled the little man around, grabbed him by the collar and the seat of the pantaloons, threw him into the hall and returned to resume the other necessary work of the day.

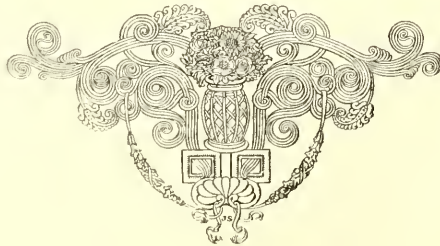
Not all of those who lived
Emerson in his time disparaged him.
 I find hundreds of allusions to him in the newspapers and magazines that show men groping for the truth about him. But I am always struck with the inadequacy of

their expressions. I never could understand why Emerson had so little to say about Lincoln during Lincoln's lifetime. (If ever there were two brothers they were Lincoln and Emerson.) When Lincoln was dead they all understood him. Our tears are the lenses through which we see God and his works.

WHAT can explain the contemporary indifference to Lincoln and the subsequent worship of his memory except the exceptional, inside goodness and greatness of the man? His apotheosis is without comparison in history. It followed his death by a few years and while his own generation, the men who knew him as well as thousands know Mr. Bryan and Mr. Roosevelt, were still alive. The belittling power of intimacy ceased to exercise its force the moment he passed away.

At once the world saw him as he was, with all his deep humanity, his love of his fellow man, his sympathy, his sorrow, his tenderness. It became clear even to his enemies and detractors that whatever he did as president was done from a motive of profound affection for his kind. Other men had wrought as great deeds as his but none had wrought in such a spirit.

I am glad to think that the spirit still lives. I would even go so far as to forgive those who advertise in his name. Thereby they prove their knowledge that while the spirit of Lincoln may not direct the practices it does mold the ideals of American life. In due time it may come about that the ideals will have their way and that our public men will try not to seem like Lincoln or look like Lincoln but to be like Lincoln.



IN THE INTERPRETER'S HOUSE

*So they drew on towards the house (the house of the Interpreter),
and when they came to the door they heard a great talk in the house.*

BUNYAN'S PILGRIM'S PROGRESS

WHAT WOULD LINCOLN DO NOW?

I WONDER sometimes—said the Responsible Editor—if we Americans are conscious of the depth of our confidence in the wisdom of Abraham Lincoln.

I believe it to be true that we would rather have his opinion on a public matter that puzzles us than that of any other American.

Popular Reverence for Lincoln's Opinion

People never cease asking what Lincoln thought about this or what Lincoln would have done about that. Here, for instance, is a letter from a reader, explaining in great detail how Lincoln would

have solved the trust problem. This is one of a kind I regularly receive. To be sure the scheme is the writer's own. Obviously, though perhaps unconsciously, he aims to dignify it by his contention that if Lincoln were alive it is what he would have done. Yet I am quite willing to forgive this rather naïve exploitation.

I am not quite so tolerant toward the habit of bolstering up one's cause by half-quoting or misquoting Lincoln's words. There has been too much of this. There are certain misquotations that appear as regularly as the seasons. Last spring, on a bulletin board at one of our great universities, I found what pretended to be Mr. Lincoln's opinion on Woman Suffrage. It was a quotation which has been proven incorrect at least a dozen times within my memory, and here it was, solemnly and conspicuously placarding the walls of a seat of learning!

It was not what Mr. Lincoln said on a subject or the conjectured course of action he might have followed that can help us much. But it would be priceless to us to get a clear understanding of the temper and the mental attitude in which he faced a problem. I should like to see applied to the trust question to-day the same big, impersonal seriousness

that he gave to the question of the extension of slavery in the years between 1854-60. We are beginning to get our teeth into this trust problem, in very much the same way the country went at the slavery question at that time. And there is the same cry for us to let go. I can no more believe that Lincoln would counsel us to let go now than he did then. It is much more likely he would tell us, as he used to tell the young lawyer who sought his advice on a case, "Go at it like a dog at a root."

He had a staying mind. He knew that you cannot quickly uproot a growth which for years has been allowed to spread, taking on more and more intricate forms and burrowing deeper and deeper into unexpected places. He realized that such a growth cannot be destroyed or corrected by mere lopping off of roots and branches. He knew that you must find its core and destroy that,—a work which calls for time and patience. In speaking of slavery, Lincoln often used an expressive adjective; it was a "durable" question, he said—something which was not to be settled in a day but must be stayed by and followed from phase to phase. If it was right that a problem be fought through, no defeat, no mistake, no state of bitter hysteria brought on by failure to see clearly where things were going, made him hesitate. Do you remember what he told his sorrowing friends after his defeat by Douglas in 1858:

"The fight must go on. The cause of civil liberty must not be surrendered at the end of one or even one hundred defeats.

"I think we have fairly entered upon a durable struggle as to whether this nation is to ultimately become all slave or all free, and though I fall early in the contest, it is nothing if I shall have contributed, in the least degree, to the final rightful result."

To my way of thinking, then, Lincoln would have considered it wise to go ahead, as best we may under the present laws, with our attempt to get an approximate solution of the trust problem. No human wisdom, not even Lincoln's, has ever been able to get to the heart of a great public question with instant and unerring penetration. There must be trials, experiments, blunders, and failures.

We need Lincoln's Temper of Mind

We have before us now a grave question involving the welfare of millions, the useful constancy of trade and transportation, and above all the freedom of opportunity for coming generations. It becomes us to bring to it something of Lincoln's temper, to have something of his splendid faith. We should know that poor blundering man does get on, in spite of injustice and painful mistake, if with good heart he keeps working and struggling.

Lincoln had a way of meeting the crises of his long struggle which would be very useful now, if more of us were willing to forget our personal irritations and discouragements and employ it. It was *casting up accounts to show what had been done*. It gave solidity to his position, a place to stand on, a guaranty of future progress, which as we look back on it we can easily imagine must have been both a great comfort to him and an effective discomfort to his critics. More than once during the war, at times of terrible disaster and discouragement, he presented to despairing friends the gains in the case, in terms of such high and serene faith that he silenced their complaints and rallied them to new efforts.

Might it not be to our advantage to cast up accounts at this juncture? Have we no balance to our credit after this twenty-five or more years' fight to free ourselves from exploitations, to strike off privilege, and restrain the natural greed of man? If our trade does not as yet go always "unvexed to the sea," certainly it runs more freely than it has for fifty years, and the methods for cleaning the channels of the few snags and pirates that remain are clear to us all. We all know that such has been the gain in the control of transportation that it will never be possible in this country to build another Standard Oil Trust—that the club by which that organization bludgeoned the life out of its rivals is broken. The Standard Oil Company was founded on secret rebates;

The Control of Trusts: How Far We Have Got

they were always contrary to the common law, never granted or taken except under cover. We finally have made the penalty for rebating so severe that there is neither fun nor profit in the practice: that is, the railroad can no longer be used by one to the disadvantage of the many, as the Standard Oil Company once used it. That is something.

But you tell me that this same Standard Oil Company no longer needs the railroads as it once did, that it owns the system of transportation, its wonderful spider web of pipes through which it sends its raw product. True—but this spider web of pipes, like that of rails, *is no longer a private system*. It is subject to the same laws and restrictions as railroads, and you and I can send our oil through it on parallel terms and under the same legal protection that we can send our wheat by rail. Nobody is doing it yet? True, but somebody will do it soon. The back of that particular monopoly is broken. It can never again be what it was, nor can it be duplicated. That is something.

I know that many wise people are laughing at the dissolution which the Supreme Court has ordered. Men in Wall Street recall to our mind that in 1892 the State of Ohio ordered the Standard Oil Company of Ohio to disconnect itself from the Standard Oil combination. The trust was dissolved. Holders of Standard Oil stock were supposed to receive fractional shares in each company exactly as to-day. The denominator was slightly different; that is, the parent company was divided into fewer parts—972,500 instead of 983,383. But your one share brought you the same bewilderment of fractional parts as it does to-day. In 1892 you received, let us say, $\frac{1,000,000}{972,500}$ of Atlantic Refining Company stock; to-day you receive $\frac{4,999,996}{983,383}$. Then you received, let us say, $\frac{5,000,000}{972,500}$ of the National Transit Company—to-day it is $\frac{5,000,000}{983,383}$. Although this division was arranged it was never made; it was only *pretended to be made*.

In 1894, when the Attorney-General of New York in a suit brought on this very point, that the dissolution was bogus, Mr. Joseph Choate, Mr. Choate's who was one of the counsel of 100 Shares the company in 1892, said: in the

"I happen to own 100 Standard Oil shares in the Standard Oil Trust Trust, and I have never gone forward and claimed my aliquot share. Why not? Because I would get ten in one company, and ten in another company, and two and three-fifths in another company.

"There is no power that this company can exercise to compel me and other indifferent certificate holders, if you please, to come forward and convert our trust certificates."

But you do not think that evasion and defiance is possible to-day? Not at all. The shares are being divided and *if Mr. Choate still owns those shares he will be obliged to convert them*—that is, a way has been found to force the Standard Oil Company to go through the actual process of converting stock.

But what of it? You say there will be no competition! A clever cartoonist pictures Mr. J. D. Rockefeller seated before a picture-puzzle of thirty-four pieces. The divisions are heavily lined. There are thirty-four pieces, but *they make a picture!* Mr. Rockefeller smiling and winking, says, "Perfectly simple."

But is it so simple for Mr. Rockefeller as the cartoonist thinks? For nearly thirty years these thirty-four pieces have been held to a common business end by the ever-present, ever-powerful hand of 26 Broadway. The Supreme Court orders that hand to loosen its grip. It is too much to believe that 26 Broadway will not try some device to save its power, although apparently obeying the court, but it is a difficult and dangerous task it has before it this time. Can it be done? It will be the more difficult because of the training which the thirty-four companies have received.

Mr. Rockefeller is called the father of combination, but those who know his organization know that no man ever applied the principle of competition more indefatigably than he did *within* the combination. Mr. Rockefeller knew that competition was one of nature's methods; that

it was no more to be destroyed than the method of combination. He used it within and without—in the one place to get the most from his assistants and employees, in the other place to put his competitors out of the way.

Every man in the Standard Oil Company has always been in competition with every other. His advancement has depended upon his results and an account of almost unbelievable detail was kept of the results of the humblest. Moreover, every company was in competition with every other. The artificial boundaries of the Standard Oil districts were fixed exactly as the boundaries of counties and states, and agents were ordered to remain within their districts or suffer penalties, but in spite of orders and punishments one of the

problems of the great organization has always been to keep its subsidiary companies from invading one another's territory. What will happen now, do you think? Will these thirty-four companies trained to competing with one and another, within limits, be able, of their own accord, to stay within the boundaries assigned them? Will they not go more, rather than less, their own course?

And the same is true in the case of the Tobacco Trust. The fetters on legitimate trade which the two great concerns forged by violence and fraud are broken. They will never be welded again. I do not mean that there will be no great combinations. There will be, but they will grow more nearly according to law. The oil business will no longer be claimed openly by the Standard Oil Company, the tobacco business by the Tobacco Trust. The men who would refine and sell oil, who would make and sell tobacco will no longer be openly treated as poachers. And this is something gained.

What we all forget, critics and friends of the procedure which has brought upon us the present crises in the trust question, is that all we are doing is trying out a law devised to meet a situation which we all agree is intolerable. Outrageous practices have been tolerated and grown stronger by toleration. They must be uprooted. The trust decisions under the Sherman Anti-trust law are only great experiments. Nothing else is possible at this juncture. There is no sword to cut our knot. It must be untied by bungling, aching, patient fingers.

And because the work is slow and indecisive, there is tension and irritation. The people at large doubt the efficacy of what has been so far done. The men whom the law finds guilty feel that they are being unjustly dealt with; that they have accomplished great things for this country and its people, and are not receiving fair or considerate treatment. There is also an extended sentiment among other business men that the efforts of Mr. Taft and Mr. Wickersham to enforce the Sherman law are hurting the general prosperity of the country.

But we may as well face the issue and keep on facing it. If the Government were to stop now, the law would again fall into contempt; and the exasperation of the people grow more acute. If we proceed with wisdom and restraint, with forbearance and endurance, the sooner will we reach the stage in which there

**"One Knot
to be Untied
by Bungling
Patient
Fingers"**

**Mr.
Rockefeller's
Skillful Use of
Competition**

will be a dim glimmering of a just solution. It is manifest that a change is impending. If unjustly or selfishly hindered or unduly and unwarrantably hastened, the results will alike be unfortunate for this land.

Would that we had both the patience and the humility that Lincoln showed in experimenting with the Emancipation Proclamation! He knew it was an experiment, like all new policies and statutes. All that he would say for it was that he *hoped* it would bring greater gains than losses. "We are like whalers," he said one day, "who have been long on a chase; we have at last got the harpoon into the monster, but we must now look how we steer, or with one flop of his tail he will send us all into eternity."

There was no insistence that his way was the only or the best way. On the contrary he was ready to resign, he declared, if somebody could do the job better. There was no excited defense of his own policies or actions. On the contrary, as he wrote Greeley in August, 1862, he was ready to "correct errors when shown to be errors," "to adopt new views as fast as they shall appear to be true views." He even reached the height where, alas, few men go, of making a compact with himself in case he was not reelected (as it seemed in August of 1864 that he could not be), to *give his full coöperation to the man who should defeat him*.

Altogether, the greatest thing for us just

now would be some such big conception of the importance of our struggle as that which sustained Lincoln from 1854 to his death. He saw from the beginning that the fight against the extension of slavery was a part of the world's long struggle for civil liberty and personal freedom. So profound was his faith that freedom could not be checked that he could fight with exhaustless patience.

The irritation, the bitterness, the hysteria which fill the air now, are largely due to the lack of a big conception of what is at issue. This is not merely a fight for or against the form of business organization which shall be allowed in this land. It is not a mere effort to clip the wings of the principle of combination. These are but episodes in a great movement to insure the freedom of men to exercise their natural instinct both to compete and combine under no other limitations than those which justice, decency, and equality before the law give. "Human liberty," as our fathers defined and guaranteed it, is at stake in this struggle. There is no attack on business or on any just and proper freedom in business. The present phase is a war against that intent so destructive to business, so out of harmony with our institutions and aspirations, the intent of monopoly. Such an intent is anti-democratic, an oppressive and unnatural growth. Monopoly cannot exist—never has existed—without the help of privilege. Intent to monopolize in this land is an intent to violate the very foundations of the nation, and this we must fight.

THE LITTLE ROAD

BY

CAROLINE COLLINS

The little road winds up the hill,
And up the hill climbed he.
Ah, cruel, cruel little road,
To lure my love from me.

Once, at the top, I saw him stop,
I heard his laugh ring free.
The little road lay smiling there,
He had forgotten me.

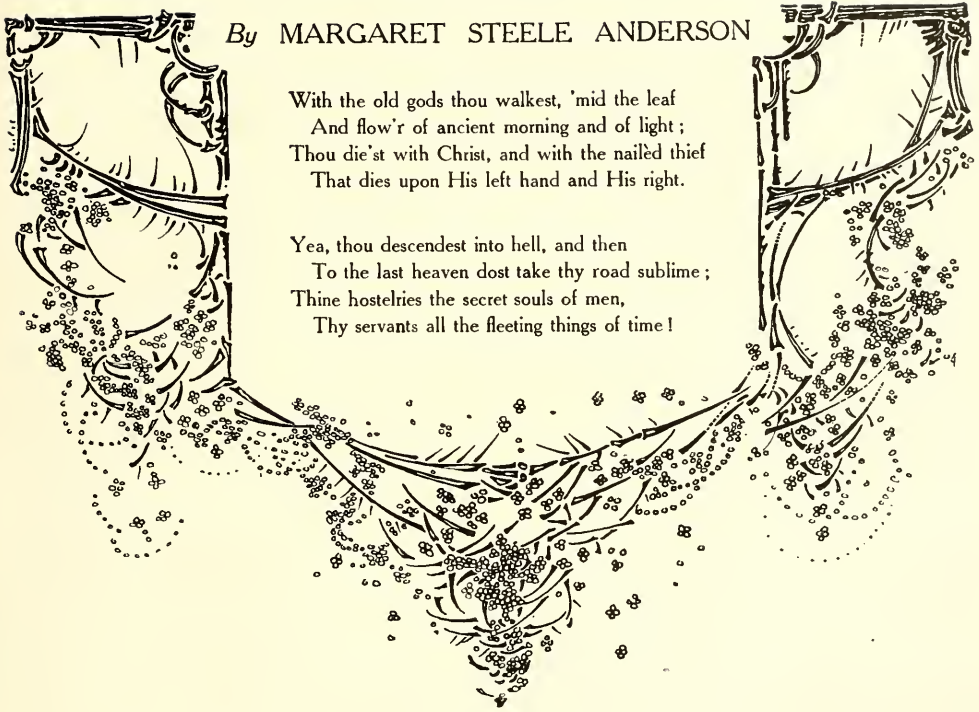
I watched him sink beneath the brink,
Forever gone from me,
For they are wed, the guilty pair,
The little road and he.

Imagination

By MARGARET STEELE ANDERSON

With the old gods thou walkest, 'mid the leaf
And flow'r of ancient morning and of light ;
Thou die'st with Christ, and with the nailed thief
That dies upon His left hand and His right.

Yea, thou descendest into hell, and then
To the last heaven dost take thy road sublime ;
Thine hostelries the secret souls of men,
Thy servants all the fleeting things of time !





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"WHAT AM I THAT THOU SHOULDST ASK THIS OF ME!"

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Father Abraham

Another "He Knew Lincoln" Story

By

IDA M. TARBELL

AUTHOR OF "THE LIFE OF LINCOLN," "THE HISTORY OF THE STANDARD OIL COMPANY," ETC.

WITH ILLUSTRATIONS BY BLENDON CAMPBELL

KIND-HEARTED? Mr. Lincoln *kind-hearted*?

I don't believe a man ever lived who'd rather seen everybody happy and peaceable than Abraham Lincoln. He never could stand it to have people sufferin' or not gettin' what they wanted. Time and time again I've seen him go taggin' up street here in this town after some youngster that was blubberin' because he couldn't have what wasn't good for him. Seemed as if he couldn't rest till that child was smilin' again. You can go all over Springfield and talk to the people who was boys and girls when he lived here and every blamed one will tell you something he did for 'em. Everybody's friend, that's what *he* was. Jest as natural for him to be that way as 'twas for him to eat or drink.

Yes, I suppose bein' like that *did* make the war harder on him. But he had horse sense as well as a big heart, Mr. Lincoln had. He knew you couldn't have war without somebody gettin' hurt. He *expected* sufferin', but he knew 'twas his business not to have any more than was necessary and to take care of what come. And them was two things that wa'n't done like they ought to 'a' been. That was what worried him.

Seemed as if hardly anybody at the start had any idea of how important 'twas to take good care of the boys and keep 'em from gettin' sick or if they did get sick to cure 'em. I remember Leonard Swett was in here one day 'long back in '61 and he says: "Billy, Mr. Lincoln knows more about how the soldiers in the Army of the Potomac cook flapjacks than you do about puttin' up quinine. There ain't a blamed thing they do in that army that he ain't interested in. I went down to camp with him one day and I never see an old hunter in the woods quicker to spot a rabbit's track than he was every little kink about the housekeepin'. When we got back to town he just sat and talked and talked about the way the soldiers was livin', seemed to know all about 'em everyways: where they was short of shoes, where the rations were poor, where they had camp-fever worst; told me how hardtack was made, what a good thing quinine and onions are to have handy,—best cure for diarrhoea, sore feet, homesickness, everything. I never heard anything like it."

Seemed to bother Swett a little that Mr. Lincoln took so much interest in all them little things, but I said: "Don't you worry, Mr. Swett, Mr. Lincoln's got the right idee. An



"AN ARMY THAT DON'T HAVE ITS BELLY AND FEET TAKEN CARE OF
AIN'T GOIN' TO DO MUCH FIGHTIN'"

army that don't have its belly and feet taken care of ain't goin' to do much fightin', and Mr. Lincoln's got sense enough to know it. He knows diarrhoea's a blamed sight more dangerous to the Army of the Potomac than Stonewall Jackson. Trouble so far has been, in *my* judgment, that the people that ought to have been seein' to what the soldiers was eatin' and drinkin' and whether their beds was dry and their bowels movin', was spendin' their time polishin' their buttons and shinin' their boots for parade."

"What I don't see," says Swett, "is how he learned all the things he knows. They ain't the kind of things you'd naturally think a president of the United States would be interestin' himself in."

There 'twas,—same old fool notion that a president ought to sit inside somewhere and think about the Constitution. I used to be that way—always saw a president lookin' like that old picture of Thomas Jefferson up there settin' beside a parlor table holdin' a roll of parchment in his hand, and Leonard Swett was like me a little in spite of his bein' educated.

Learned it! Think of Leonard Swett askin'

that with all *his* chances of bein' with Mr. Lincoln! Learned it just as he had everything by bein' so dead interested. He'd learned it if he hadn't been president at all, if he'd just been loafin' around Washington doin' nuthin'. Greatest hand to take notice of things. I tell you he'd made a great war correspondent. Things he'd 'a' seen! And the way he'd 'a' told 'em! I can just see him now pumpin' everybody that had been to the front. Great man to make you talk, Mr. Lincoln was. I've heard him say himself that most of the education he had he'd got from people who thought they were learnin' from him. He went to school to everybody.

I reckon he learned a lot more from soldiers about how the armies was bein' taken care of than he did from generals. My brother Isaac, who had a place down there addin' up figgers or somethin', used to tell me of seein' Mr. Lincoln stoppin' 'em on the street and out around the White House and talkin' to 'em. Isaac said 'twa'n't becomin' in the President of the United States to be so familiar with common soldiers, he ought to keep among the generals and members of the administration. Isaac



Charles Campbell

"AND IT'S NUTHIN' BUT ONE BIG HOSPITAL, BILLY"

always reckoned *himself* a member of the administration.

"More than that," says Isaac, "it ain't dignified for a president to be always runnin' out after things himself instead of sendin' somebody. He's always goin' over to the telegraph office with messages, and settin' down by the operators talkin' and readin' dispatches and waitin' for answers. One day he came right up to my office to ask me to look up the record of Johnnie Banks, old Aunt Sally Banks' boy, that was goin' to be shot for desertion. Seemed to think I'd been interested because he came from Illinois—came right up there instead of sendin' for me to go to the White House like he ought to, and when I took what I found over to him and he found out Johnnie wasn't but eighteen, he put on his hat and went over himself to the telegraph office, took me along, and sent a message that I saw, sayin', '*I don't want anybody as young as eighteen to be shot.*' And that night he went back and sent another message askin' if they'd received the first—wasn't satisfied till he knew it couldn't happen. There wasn't any reason why he should spend his time that way. He ought to give orders and let other folks see they're carried out. That's what I'd do if I was president."

That riled me. "I reckon there ain't any need to worry about *that*, Isaac," I says. "You won't never be president. Mr. Lincoln's got too many folks around him now that don't do nuthin' but give orders. That's one reason he has to do his own executin'."

But 'twas just like him to go and do it himself. So interested he *had* to see to it. I've heard different ones tell time and time again that whenever he'd pardoned a soldier he couldn't rest till he'd get word back that 'twas all right. Did you ever hear about that Vermont boy in McClellan's army, sentenced to be shot along at the start for sleepin' on his post. 'Twas when they were camped over in Virginia right near Washington. Mr. Lincoln didn't know about it till late and when he heard the story he telegraphed down not to do it. Then he telegraphed askin' if they'd got his orders and when he didn't get an answer what does he do but get in his carriage and drive himself ten miles to camp to see that they didn't do it. Now that's what I call bein' a real president. *That's* executin'.

Well, as I was sayin', *he* understood the importance of a lot of things them young officers and some of the old ones didn't see at all, and he knew where to get the truth about 'em—went right to the soldiers for it. They was just like the folks he was used to, and Mr. Lincoln

was the greatest hand for folks—just plain common folks—you ever saw. He liked 'em, never forgot 'em, just natural nice to 'em.

It used to rile old Judge Davis a lot when they was travelin' the circuit, the way Mr. Lincoln never made no difference between lawyers and common folks. I heard Judge Logan tellin' in here one day about their all bein' in the tavern up to Bloomington one day. In those times there was just one big table for everybody. The lawyers and big bugs always set at one end and the teamsters and farmers at the other. Mr. Lincoln used to like to get down among the workin' folks and get the news. Reckon he got kinda tired hearin' discussin' goin' on all the time. Liked to hear about the crops and politics and folks he knew.

This time he was down among 'em, and Judge Davis, who always wanted Lincoln right under his nose; calls out: "Come up here, Mr. Lincoln; here's where you belong." And Mr. Lincoln, he looked kinda funny at the Judge and he says:

"Got anything better to eat up there, Judge?" And everybody tee-heed.

Feelin' as he did about folks I could see how it would go ag'in the grain for the boys in the army to have a harder time than was necessary. He'd argue that they was doin' the fightin' and ought to have the care. He'd feel a good deal worse about their bein' neglected than he would about the things he knew beforehand he had to stand, like woundin' and killin'. And 'twas just that way so I found out the time I was down to Washington visitin' him.

I told you, didn't I, how I went up to the Soldiers' Home and how we walked out that night and sat and talked till almost mornin'; 'Twas a clear night with lots of stars and Washington looked mighty pretty lyin' there still and white. Mr. Lincoln pointed out the Capitol and the White House and Arlington and the Long Bridge, showin' me the lay of the land.

"And it's nuthin' but one big hospital, Billy," he said after a while. "You wouldn't think, would you, lookin' down on it so peaceful and quiet, that there's 50,000 sick and wounded soldiers there? Only Almighty God knows how many of 'em are dyin' this minute; only Almighty God knows how many are sufferin' so they're prayin' to die. They are comin' to us every day now—have been ever since the Wilderness, 50,000 here and 150,000 scattered over the country. There's a crawlin' line of sick and wounded all the way from here to Petersburg to-night. There's a line from Georgia to Chattanooga—Sherman's men. You can't put your finger on a spot in the



"DON'T MIND ME, BILLY. THE LORD GENERALLY KNOWS
WHAT HE'S ABOUT"

whole North that ain't got a crippled or fever-struck soldier in it. There were days in May, just after the Wilderness, when Mary and I used to drive the carriage along lines of ambulances which stretched from the docks to the hospitals, one, two miles. It was a thing to tear your heart out to see 'em. They brought them from the field just as they picked them up, with horrible, gaping, undressed wounds, blood and dust and powder caked over them—eaten by flies and mosquitoes. They'd been piled like cord wood on flat cars and transports. Sometimes they didn't get a drink until they were distributed here. Often when it was cold they had no blanket, when it was hot they had no shade. That was nearly four months ago, and still they come. Night after night as I drive up here from the White House I pass twenty, thirty, forty ambulances in a row dis-

tributin' the wounded and sick from Grant's army.

"Think what it means! It means that boys like you and me were, not so long ago, have stood up and shot each other down—have trampled over each other and have left each other wounded and bleeding on the ground, in the rain or the heat, nobody to give 'em a drink or to say a kind word. Nothing but darkness and blood and groans and torture. Sometimes I can't believe it's true. Boys from Illinois where I live, shootin' boys from Kentucky where I was born! It's only when I see them comin' in I realize it—boat load after boat load, wagon load after wagon load. It seemed sometimes after Bull Run and Fredericksburg and Chancellorsville if they didn't stop unloadin' 'em I'd go plumb crazy. But still they come, and only God knows when



"BE YOU ABE LINCOLN?"

they'll stop. They say hell's like war, Billy. If 'tis,—I'm glad I ain't Satan."

Of course I tried to cheer him up. I'd been around visitin' the Illinois boys in the hospitals that day and I just lit in and told him how comfortable I'd found 'em and how chipper most of them seemed. "You'd think 'twas fun to be in the hospital to see some of 'em, Mr. Lincoln," I said. "What do you suppose old Tom Blodgett was doin'? Settin' up darnin' his socks. Yes, sir, insisted on doin' it himself. Said them socks had fit all the way from Washington to Richmond. They'd stood by him and he was goin' to stand by them. Goin' to dress their wounds as good as the doctor had his. Never saw anything so funny as that big feller propped up there tryin' to darn like he'd seen his mother do and all the time makin' fun. All the boys around were laffin' at him—called him the sock doctor.

"And things were so clean and white and pretty and the women were runnin' around just like home."

"God bless 'em," he said. "I don't know what we'd 'a' done if it hadn't been for the way the women have taken hold. Come down here willin' to do anything; women that never saw a cut finger before, will stand over a wound so terrible men will faint at the sight of it. I've known of women spendin' whole nights on a battlefield huntin' for somebody they'd lost and stoppin' as they went to give water and take messages. I've known 'em to work steady for three days and nights without a wink of sleep down at the front after a battle, takin' care of the wounded. Here in Washington you can't stop 'em as long as they can see a thing to be done. At home they're supportin' the families and workin' day and night to help us. They give their husbands and their boys and then themselves. God bless the women, Billy. We can't save the Union without 'em.

"It makes a difference to the boys in a hospital havin' 'em. People don't realize how young this army is. Half the wounded here in Washington to-day are *children*—not twenty yet—lots of 'em under eighteen. Children who never went to sleep in their lives before they went into the army without kissin' their mothers good night. You take such a boy as that and let him lie in camp a few months gettin' more and more tired of it and he gets homesick—plain homesick—he wants his mother. Perhaps he don't know what's the matter and he wouldn't admit it if he did. First thing you know he's in the hospital with camp fever, or he gets wounded. I tell you a woman looks good to him.

"It's a queer thing to say, Billy, but I get real

comfort out of the hospitals. When you know what the wounded have been through—how they have laid on the battlefields for hours and hours uncared for, how they've suffered bein' hauled up here, there ain't nuthin' consoles you like knowin' that their wounds have been dressed and that they are clean and fed, and looked after. Then they are so thankful to be here—to have some one to see to 'em. I remember one day a boy who had been all shot up but was gettin' better sayin' to me: 'Mr. Lincoln, I can't sleep nights thinkin' how comfortable I am.' It's so good to find 'em realizin' that everybody cares—the whole country. People come and read to 'em and write letters for 'em and bring 'em things. Why, they have real good times at some of the places. Down to Armory Square Bliss has got a melodeon and they have concerts sometimes, and there are flags up and flowers in the windows. I got some flower seeds last summer for Bliss to plant outside, but they turned out to be lettuce and onions. The boys ate 'em and you ought to heard 'em laugh about my flowers. I tell you it makes me happy when I go around and find the poor fellows smilin' up at me and sayin': 'You're takin' good care of us, Mr. Lincoln,' and maybe crack a joke.

"They take it all so natural, trampin' and fightin' and dyin'. It's a wonderful army—wonderful! You couldn't believe that boys that back home didn't ever have a serious thought in their heads could ever be so dead set as they be about an idee. Think of it! A million men are lookin' up at these stars to-night, a million men ready to die for the Union to-morrow if it's got to be done to save it! I tell you, it shows what's in 'em. They're all the same, young or old—the Union's got to be saved! Of course you'd expect it more of the old ones, and we've got some old ones, older than the law allows, too. 'Tain't only the youngsters who have lied themselves into the service. Only to-day a Congressman was in tellin' me about one of his constituents, said he was over sixty-five and white-haired when he first enlisted. They refused him of course, and I be blamed if the old fellow didn't dye his hair black and change his name, and when they asked him his age, said: 'Rising thirty-five,' and he's been fightin' good for two years and now they'd found him out. The Congressman asked me what he ought to do. I told him if 'twas me I'd keep him in hair dye."

We was still a while and then Mr. Lincoln began talkin', more to himself than to me.

"A million men, a mighty host—and one word of mine would bring the million sleeping

boys to their feet—send them without a word to their guns—they would fall in rank—brigade on brigade, regiment on regiment, corps on corps, a word more and they would march steady, quiet, a million men in step straight ahead, over fields, through forests, across rivers. Nothing could stop them—cannons might tear holes in their ranks, and they would fill them up, a half million might be bled out of them, and a word of mine would bring a half million more to fill their place. Oh, God, my God," he groaned, under his breath, "what am I that Thou shouldst ask this of me! What am I that Thou shouldst trust me so!"

Well, I just dropped my head in my hands—seemed as if I oughten to look at him—and the next thing I know Mr. Lincoln's arm was over my shoulder and he was saying in that smilin' kind of voice he had: "Don't mind me, Billy. The Lord generally knows what He's about and He can get rid of me quick enough if He sees I ain't doin' the job—quicker than the Copperheads can."

Just like him to change so. Didn't want anybody to feel bad. But I never forgot that, and many a time in my sleep I've heard Abraham Lincoln's voice crying out: "Oh, God, my God, what am I that Thou shouldst ask this of me!" and I've groaned to think how often through them five awful years he must have lifted up his face with that look on it and asked the Lord what in the world he was doing that thing for.

"After all, Billy," he went on, "it's surprisin' what a happy army it is. In spite of bein' so dead in earnest and havin' so much trouble of one kind and another, seems sometimes as if you couldn't put 'em anywhere that they wouldn't scare up some fun. Greatest chaps to sing on the march, to cut up capers and play tricks you ever saw. I reckon the army's a little like me, it couldn't do its job if it didn't get a good laugh now and then—sort o' clears up the air when things are lookin' blue. Anyhow the boys are always gettin' themselves into trouble by their pranks. Jokin' fills the guard-house as often as drunkenness or laziness. That and their bein' so sassy. A lot of 'em think they know just as much as the officers do, and I reckon they're right half the time. It takes some time to learn that it ain't good for the service for them to be speakin' their minds too free. At the start they did it pretty often—do now sometimes. Why only just this week Stanton told me about the case of a sergeant, who one day when the commanding officer was relieving his mind by swearing at his men, stepped right out of the ranks and reproved him and said

he was breaking the law of God. Well, they clapped him in the guard-house and now they want to punish him harder—say he ain't penitent—keeps disturbin' the guard-house by prayin' at the top of his voice for that officer. I told Stanton we better not interfere, that there wasn't nothing in the regulations against a man's prayin' for his officers, and it might do some good.

"Yes, it's a funny army. There don't seem to be but one thing that discourages it, and that's not fightin'. Keep 'em still in camp where you'd think they'd be comfortable and they go to pieces every time. It's when they're lyin' still we have the worst camp fever and the most deserters. Keep 'em on the move, let 'em think they're goin' to have a fight and they perk up right off.

"We can't fail with men like that. Make all the mistakes we can, they'll make up for 'em. The hope of this war is in the common soldiers, not in the generals—not in the War Department, not in me. It's the boys. Sometimes it seems to me that nobody sees it quite right. It's in war as it is in life—a whole raft of men work day and night and sweat and die to get in the crops and mine the ore and build the towns and sail the seas. They make the wealth but they get mighty little of it. We ain't got our values of men's work figured out right yet—the value of the man that gives orders and of the man that takes 'em. I hear people talkin' as if the history of a battle was what the generals did. I can't help thinkin' that the history of this war is in the knapsack of the common soldier. He's makin' that history just like the farmers are makin' the wealth. We fellows at the top are only usin' what they make.

"At any rate that's the way I see it, and I've tried hard ever since I've been down here to do all I could for the boys. I know lots of officers think I peek around camp too much, think 'tain't good for discipline. But I've always felt I ought to know how they was livin' and there didn't seem to be no other sure way of findin' out. Officers ain't always good housekeepers, and I kinda felt I'd got to keep my eye on the cupboard.

"I reckon Stanton thinks I've interfered too much, but there's been more'n enough trouble to go around in this war, and the only hope was helpin' where you could. But 'tain't much one can do. I might just as well try to dip all the water out of the Potomac with a teaspoon as to help every soldier that's in trouble.

"Then there's that pardoning business. Every now and then I have to fix it up, with

Stanton or some officer for pardoning so many boys. I suppose it's pretty hard for them not to have all their rules lived up to. They've worked out a lot of laws to govern this army, and I s'pose it's natural enough for 'em to think the most important thing in the world is havin' 'em obeyed. They've got it fixed so the boys do everything accordin' to regulations. They won't even let 'em die of something that ain't on the list—got to die accordin' to the regulations. But by jingo, Billy, I ain't goin' to have boys shot accordin' to no dumb regulations! I ain't goin' to have a butcher's day every Friday in the army if I can help it. It's so what they say about me, that I'm always lookin' for an excuse to pardon somebody. I do it every time I can find a reason. When they're young and when they're green or when they've been worked on by Copperheads or when they've got disgusted lyn' still and come to think we ain't doin' our job—when I see that I ain't goin' to have 'em shot. And then there's my leg cases. I've got a drawerful. They make Holt maddest—says he ain't any use for cowards. Well, generally speakin', I ain't, but if I ain't sure what I'd do if I was standin' in front of a gun, and more'n that as I told Holt one day if Almighty God gives a man a cowardly pair of legs how can he help their running away with him?

"You can't make me believe it's good policy to shoot these soldiers, anyhow. Seems to me one thing we've never taken into account as we ought to is that this is a *volunteer* army. These men came down here to put an end to this rebellion and not to get trained as soldiers. They just dropped the work they was doin' right where it was—never stopped to fix up things to be away long. Why, we've got a little minister at the head of one company that was preachin' when he heard the news of Bull Run. He shut up his Bible, told the congregation what had happened, and said: 'Brethren, I reckon it's time for us to adjourn this meetin' and go home and drill,' and they did it, and now they're down with Grant. When the war's over that man will go back and finish that sermon.

"That's the way with most of 'em. You can't treat such an army like you would one that had been brought up to soljerin' as a business. They'll take discipline enuff to fight, but they don't take any stock in it as a means of earnin' a livin'.

"More'n that they've got their own ideas about politics and military tactics and mighty clear ideas about all of us that are runnin' things. You can't fool 'em on an officer.

They know when one ain't fit to command, and time and time again they've pestered a coward or a braggart or a bully out of the service. An officer who does his job best he can, even if he ain't very smart, just honest and faithful, they'll stand by and help. If he's a big one, a real big man, they can't do enough for him. Take the way they feel about Thomas, the store they set by him. I met a boy on crutches out by the White House the other day and asked him where he got wounded. He told me about the place they held. 'Pretty hot, wasn't it?' I said. 'Yes, but Old Pap put us there and he wouldn't 'a' done it if he hadn't known we could 'a' held it.' No more question 'Old Pap' than they would God Almighty. But if it had been some generals they'd skedadddled.

"They ain't never made any mistake about *me* just because I'm president. A while after Bull Run I met a boy out on the street here on crutches, thin and white, and I stopped to ask him about how he got hurt. Well, Billy, he looked at me hard as nails, and he says: 'Be you Abe Lincoln?' And I said, 'Yes.' 'Well,' he says, 'all I've got to say is you don't know your job. I enlisted glad enough to do my part and I've done it, but you ain't done yourn. You promised to feed me, and I marched three days at the beginning of these troubles without anything to eat but hardtack and two chunks of salt pork—no bread, no coffee—and what I did get wasn't regular. They got us up one mornin' and marched us ten miles without breakfast. Do you call that providin' for an army? And they sent us down to fight the Rebs at Bull Run, and when we was doin' our best and holdin' 'em—I tell you, holdin' 'em—they told us to fall back. I swore I wouldn't—I hadn't come down there for that. They made me—rode me down. I got struck—struck in the back. Struck in the back and they left me there—never came for me, never gave me a drink and I dyin' of thirst. I crawled five miles for water, and I'd be dead and rottin' in Virginia to-day if a teamster hadn't picked me up and brought me to this town and found an old darky to take care of me. You ain't doin' your job, Abe Lincoln, you won't win this war until you learn to take care of the soldiers.'

"I couldn't say a thing. It was true. It's been true all the time. It's true to-day. We ain't takin' care of the soldiers like we ought.

"You don't suppose such men are goin' to accept the best lot of regulations ever made without askin' questions? Not a bit of it. They know when things are right and when they're not. When they see a man who they

know is nothing but a boy or one they know's bein' eat up with homesickness or one whose term is out, and ought to be let go, throwing everything over and desertin', it don't make them any better soldiers to have us shoot him. Makes 'em worse in my judgment, makes 'em think we don't understand. Anyhow, discipline or no discipline, I ain't goin' to have any more of it than I can help. It ain't good common sense.

"You can't run *this* army altogether as if 'twas a machine. It ain't. It's a *people's* army. It offered itself. It has come down here to fight this thing out—just as it would go to the polls. It is greater than its generals, greater than the administration. We are created to care for it and lead it. It is not created for us. Every day the war has lasted I've felt this army growin' in power and determination. I've felt its hand on me, guiding, compelling, threatening, upholding me, felt its distrust and its trust, its blame and its love. I've felt its patience and its sympathy. The greatest comfort I get is when sometimes I feel as if mebbe the army understood what I was tryin' to do whether Greeley did or not. They understood because it's *their* war. Why, we might fail, every one of us, and this war would go on. The army would find its leaders like they say the old Roman armies sometimes did and would finish the fight.

"I tell you, Billy, there ain't nuthin' that's ever happened in the world so far as I know that gives one such faith in the people as this

army and the way it acts. There's been times, I ain't denyin', when I didn't know but the war was goin' to be too much for us, times when I thought that mebbe a republic like this couldn't stand such a strain. It's the kind of government we've got that's bein' tested in this war, government by the people, and it's the People's Army that makes me certain it can't be upset."

I tell you it done me good to see him settin' up straight there talkin' so proud and confident, and as I was watchin' him there popped into my head some words from a song I'd heard the soldiers sing:

We are coming, Father Abraham, three hundred
thousand more—
From Mississippi's winding stream and from New
England's shore.

You have called us and we're coming. By Rich-
mond's bloody tide
To lay us down, for Freedom's sake, our brothers'
bones beside;

Six hundred thousand loyal men and true have gone
before—
We are coming, Father Abraham, three hundred
thousand more.

That was it; I saw it clear. What they called him in that song was right, and somehow the soldiers had found it out. Curious how a lot of people who never saw a man in their lives will come to understand him exactly. That's what happened in the war. They *meant* it when they called him "Father Abraham."



'Of course,' I said as consolingly as I could, 'of course I understand you. Do we not all suffer in the same way, and do we not all carry the same burden? Is not Life itself a spoiled Magic Table that does not work properly? Do we not all receive only those things for which we have hardly any use, and do we not always pray in vain for the gifts we really demand? Are we not just as powerless and helpless as you are, because Life also is not regulated by a motor, or a machine, or a spring? Life, too, is a Wonder and a Marvel, and before the Wonder our reason can do nothing. After we have tried a thousand lists and charts, and used one formula after the other, do we not all come at last to the bitter insight that Life is senseless and without proper rule, and a constant contradiction to all logic and rationality? And in the end, in spite of our disillusionment and disenchantment, and in spite of the constant consciousness of being fooled, we yet have to confess that Life is stronger than we are and more powerful; that we cannot destroy it and cannot thwart it; that it is strange, and wonderful, and eternal.'

I had spoken as quietly as possible, and by-and-by the excitement of the stranger abated. He looked now very old, very tired, very unhappy, and ex-

tremely weary; and after a while he fell sound asleep in his seat. Later, in came his physician, who had been, for a while, in the smoking-car, and began to gather their luggage together.

'A hopeless case,' he said, looking at the sleeping man. 'Fortunately he is harmless. I suppose he has been telling you his Magic-Table story. That is one of his fixed ideas. He is really quite incurable.'

'How sad!' I said, 'and yet his trend of thought is absolutely logical and rational.'

'Well,' said the physician, 'don't you understand that anyone who thinks absolutely logically and rationally is simply bound to become insane; and that only those who are willing to admit some irrationality into their scheme of things can hope to keep sane? It seems a kind of intellectual vaccination. He who is a little insane can keep most of his sense intact; but he who insists on an absolute and merciless saneness quite loses his mind.'

With this mystical and rather un-medical statement, he woke his patient, gripped his bags, nodded to me, and left the train. But the face of the haunted man and his story of the Wonder-Table hovers still like a dark and ominous cloud on the far horizon of my memory.

NEW LIGHT ON LINCOLN'S BOYHOOD

BY ARTHUR E. MORGAN

Atlanta Feb. 1930

I

THE larger part of our information concerning Abraham Lincoln's boyhood is derived from his own brief reference to that period, and from the self-centred statements of his cousin, Dennis Hanks. These, and other historical fragments, have been worked over and presented so repeatedly that sometimes we forget how really meagre are the underlying data.

In the winter of 1909 I came into possession of an entirely new source of information concerning Lincoln's boyhood. In a remote corner of the Ozark Mountains in Arkansas, I found a man whose mother, a cousin of Lincoln, had passed her childhood with him in his father's family, and had preserved a store of family history, tradition, and anecdote concerning those early years. Since that time I have intended to make this information public, but the nomadic and very busy life of a civil engineer has heretofore prevented.

The family of Thomas Lincoln, father of Abraham, while in their Indiana home, consisted of his two children, Abraham and Sarah, and a flock of orphaned, or partly orphaned, children from at least four different families. Among these was a niece, Sophie Hanks, just a month younger than Abraham, who lived in the family of Thomas Lincoln until she was married. The remainder of her life, except for a visit to Indiana, was spent in primitive Ozark Mountain communities, separated from the companions of her childhood. The

records of her recollections of Lincoln's early years and of the family life of Thomas Lincoln are very largely separate from and independent of all other sources. Sophie Hanks died in November, 1895, but her three children, living in different localities in the Ozarks, have retained a part of the information they received from her.

Sophie Hanks's mother, Sarah or Polly Hanks, was a sister of Lincoln's mother. Though she never married, she had six children, all of whom lived to maturity, bearing their mother's name.

The discovery of the family came about in this manner. The most interesting vacation adventures I ever have experienced have resulted from trips into regions unknown to me, and without any specific destination. During the winter of 1908 and 1909, while engaged in planning the reclamation of the 'Sunk Lands' of northeast Arkansas, I spent one of these vacation periods on a short trip of exploration in the Ozarks. These mountains as a whole are monotonous rounded hills covered with scrub timber; but there is one section in northwest Arkansas, of perhaps a thousand square miles, not crossed by any railroad, where one finds cañons with lichen-covered walls, steep mountainsides where cedar, oak, and beech grow with a luxuriance not seen in more northern latitudes, and where the mountain scenery will compare in beauty with anything the eastern states

can offer. I had heard vaguely of the attractions of this region, had once before penetrated a corner of it, and on this occasion set out in that general direction.

The next morning found me on an Iron Mountain train, following the banks of the White River toward the summit of the Ozarks, with a ticket that would pacify the conductor until about noon. Noon came, but, as the rounded, weather-worn mountain-tops seemed to offer small chance for adventure, I continued during the afternoon, paying the fare in cash, a station at a time, hoping for something to turn up. Nothing did turn up, and when, about sunset, I saw a stage awaiting the arrival of the train at the little station of Bergman, I decided to rest my chances for interesting developments with this other mode of travel. The stage was bound for the village of Harrison. That we were still in the land of culture and refinement was evident from an advertisement by the roadside which read, 'When you get to town, take a bath at the Midway Hotel.'

The hotel was not disappointing, and neither was the rangy saddle horse on which I started early next morning for a trip farther into the mountains. We passed rolling hills with their groves and well-kept farms, and the little town of Gaither, a peaceful, sleepy burg at the foot of the mountain; then a long road over the mountain, with a glorious view from the top in the soft gray morning; and finally down into the valley of Buffalo Creek.

That day on Buffalo Creek would have compensated for many a futile vacation adventure. There were sheer lichen-covered walls hundreds of feet high, sweeping in great curves with the bends of the creek; crevices and smaller creek valleys densely grown with cedar and hard woods; and here and there, perched in a cranny of the hills, a log cabin

overflowing with children. I stopped for dinner at one of these. There were the great stone fireplace, the hand-made hickory furniture, hand-woven baskets, and puncheon floors, all a reproduction, I suppose, of a typical English cabin of three hundred years ago; and there were archaic forms of speech which even in Shakespeare's day had disappeared from all but uncultured or primitive communities. After dinner I sat for a time by the fireplace, talking with the father and telling stories to the children, who had never heard of Mother Goose.

During the afternoon the road climbed upward, crossing the creek from side to side, and toward evening the cañon was not so deep. Stopping at one of the cabins, I was informed that at Low Gap I could cross the mountain-range and reach another valley. Not wanting to retrace my path, I left the creek, and was fortunate to reach the gap after nightfall, for a heavy snowstorm came on, covering the trails. The night was spent at a log cabin, where an Irish boy from Chicago was 'holding down a government claim' during his mother's absence. The next forenoon's travel was through another valley or cañon, not so deep, but more picturesque, with many shady cliffs and little waterfalls, finally widening to a flat valley, perhaps a mile wide, occupied by farms. Then, just before noon, came the little town of Jasper, the seat of Newton County, distinguished as the only county in Arkansas which has never been invaded by a railroad.

The village hotel at Jasper evidently was a residence, remodeled to care for guests. These consisted of the village schoolmaster, an occasional timber-cruiser, lawyers and litigants during terms of court, and at intervals a traveling man. Our landlady's husband served as physician — 'practising physic,' he called it — for the village and for a

large surrounding country. The people were so abominably healthy, however, that in a tributary population of perhaps five thousand, there was at that time but one patient, a case of chronic stomach trouble; so the doctor's wife helped out the family revenues by keeping a hotel.

II

It was the 15th of February, 1909, and on the hotel table lay a recent copy of the St. Louis *Globe-Democrat*, with a description of the dinner given the week before at Springfield, Illinois, commemorating the centennial of Lincoln's birth. The doctor apparently noticed my interest in this account, and when conversation had become established, he made a remark which seemed to indicate that he knew something of Lincoln. To my direct question he replied, 'Why, yes, my mother grew up with Abe Linkhorn. When I was a baby Abe held me in his arms and nursed me.' Further questions convinced me that here surely was a man of good intentions.

A snowstorm outside, and the fact that I had already made twenty miles over mountain roads and trails, offered sufficient excuse for postponing the further journey until the next day; so, with the horse cared for, I settled down for an afternoon and evening's visit. As the doctor provided wood for the hotel and helped in the preparation of the meals, our conversation was frequently broken. The schoolmaster, too, interrupted, expressing his scorn for so humble a source of information. Ida Tarbell knew all about Lincoln, he said, and had written it in a *magazine*.

The doctor answered questions willingly, but I found I did not know what to ask. With but superficial knowledge of Lincoln's boyhood and family history, nearly all details were new to me, and the fragments of the latter were

without special significance. When I left next morning, therefore, it was with the promise that I might come again, and I resolved in the meantime to know more about my subject.

A second visit was made in May, at which time the doctor accompanied me by horse and buggy to Limestone Valley, thirty miles farther into the mountains, where we visited his half-sister, Mrs. Nancy Davidson, and her husband. She told more of Lincoln and also allowed me to search through an old wooden chest that had been her mother's. A letter in this chest from Dennis Hanks referred to another of Lincoln's semi-adopted brothers as having moved many years before to Douglas County, Oregon. Correspondence with all the postmasters in Douglas County located this branch of the family near the little town of Riddles. My wife was about to start on a trip through the West, and stopped at Riddles, securing such information as was available from John Hanks, who also, in his boyhood, had known Lincoln. A trip through the Ozark Mountains in Missouri finally located the doctor's half-brother, John Lynch, and his wife, in a little cabin a few miles east of the old town of Iron Mountain. Mr. Lynch was very old, and while he fully substantiated the fact of his mother's early life with Lincoln, his memory was fading and he could add few new facts.

During 1909 and 1910 a search in the Congressional Library at Washington for data concerning Lincoln's boyhood was followed by correspondence with the doctor, and his remembrance was recorded touching many points of interest. Then, in July, 1910, on a third visit, we took a two days' trip by team and buggy up Buffalo Creek. On this occasion a few remaining points were discussed. The doctor's wife is much younger than he, and has a more creative memory and well-developed imag-

inactive powers, capable of filling in any gaps which may occur in memory. The data furnished by her properly belong to a less limited type of narrative, and are not included in this account. I have endeavored fully to recognize the obligation of historical accuracy, and have striven to avoid any unjustified appearance of consistency or precision in the account. All of the information, except as otherwise noted, was furnished by the doctor.

The doctor is a tall, sparsely built man, with stooping shoulders. In wearing a red handkerchief about his neck, instead of a tie, as well as in other features of his dress, he conformed to the customs of the Ozark country. He was born in Dubois County, Indiana, December 26, 1843. In the spring of 1847 he moved from Indiana to St. Francis County, Missouri. Before the Civil War he went to school two or three months each year. During the war schooling was interrupted; but after its close he had two years more of six months each. Then, from 1868 to 1874, he taught school for seven months each year, four months in the public schools and three months in 'subscription schools.' 'While I was teaching school, I was studying medicine at every chance, and in 1875 I went in with Dr. Thompson as full partner in the practice of physic, and have been in active practice ever since.'

Since 1874 he has lived in Jasper, Arkansas, until shortly after I met him, when he moved to Harrison, Arkansas, giving up his practice. As he left Jasper for his new home, he forded Buffalo Creek, and threw his medicine case away into the swift water. For nearly half a century he had fought that mountain stream, winter and summer, in flood and during low water. He told me of wild night-rides over the mountain trails, of his terror-stricken horse pursued by a panther that followed

close by, but apparently did not dare to attack; of making long détours for swollen streams, leading his horse along obscure mountain paths, skirting narrow ledges, or tearing through tangles of undergrowth. Twenty or thirty miles from home these trips would sometimes take him. On reaching his patient, he generally found a primitive log cabin, open to the weather, absolutely lacking in sanitary provisions and lacking also in knowledge of cooking beyond corn-bread and pork and a few other primitive foods. He was doctor, surgeon, nurse, cook, and often housekeeper.

The doctor and his family were independent people, living within their resources and asking odds of no one. The doctor's father, although urged by his wife to vote for Lincoln, refused to do so. John Lynch, the doctor's half-brother, also voted against Lincoln in 1860. He gave as his reason that his father was a Whig, 'and you know a boy is usually what his father is.' He was a soldier in the Civil War, and nearly died there. He was proud that only once did he ever try to profit by his relationship to the President. On that occasion he whipped an officer who had insulted him, and fearing that he would be court-martialed and shot, he made known his relationship.

Such are the sources of our information. The new facts collected about Lincoln's boyhood are not numerous. As important perhaps are the information concerning his father, and an accurate picture of the conditions of family life under which he lived.

III

It is only by comparison with its surroundings that we can get a true idea of the character and the significance of the Lincoln home. The present-day sod-house of the far western Canadian home-

steadier is a self-respecting structure, housing the family and reasonably serving its purpose under primitive conditions. But if we compare it to even a poorly equipped tenement house in New York City, the sod-house, in its dirt and its lack of light, air, and sanitation, seems intolerable. The general conditions in and about the home of Thomas Lincoln have been described with reasonable accuracy, but through implied comparison with different conditions of living, they have been made to appear exceptionally poor and mean. The fact seems to be that Thomas Lincoln in his home life arrived at about the same stage of development as his neighbors. If the boy Abraham had grown up in any neighboring home, his habits of life and his physical surroundings would have been about the same. Modern life has swept away most of this primitive culture, but to-day, in out-of-the-way regions of the Ozarks, are still to be found homes where Thomas Lincoln might drop in and feel at ease.

Commerce, other than neighborhood barter, hardly existed in Thomas Lincoln's environment. The neighborhood was very nearly complete in itself, furnishing its own food, cloth, shoes, and farm-equipment. There being no market for corn, there was little incentive to raise more than could be used at home. This spirit still lingers in out-of-the-way places, where, in response to the question, 'How much corn did you raise this year?' I frequently have received the answer, 'We raised plenty of corn,' or 'All the corn that we need.' The doctor spoke of the gratification in the early days over an extra large crop, its significance being that it would not be necessary to raise so much the following year. With little to buy, and with still less to sell, the environment seemed to furnish small stimulus to commercial ambition.

Many people have asked how it could come to pass that Lincoln, growing up in a mean environment, and lacking culture and education, could become 'the first American,' and interpreter of democracy to all the world. As a primary essential, he was of sound stock, and had great personal capacity. But that was not all. Very generally, American public men before Lincoln had grown up in the environment of slave and free, master and servant, employer and employee, rich and poor, aristocrat and plebeian. How many of them were born and bred aristocrats, trying to interpret democracy to America? But Lincoln grew up in a democracy. The economic equality of his boyhood neighbors would satisfy an advanced social revolutionist to-day. None were rich, and none without food and shelter. If one man worked for another, it was to accumulate a stake, that he might soon become independent. It was not necessary for Abraham Lincoln out of his mind to create a new conception of democracy. He grew up in a democracy, observed it, and appreciated it, and then lived and spoke what was in his heart. As a man, he did his best to do away with the physical limitations of his boyhood environment by the building of roads and by encouraging industry, while at the same time endeavoring to retain equality of opportunity. He did not confuse primitive living with democracy.

The primitive environment of Lincoln's boyhood strongly favored this economic equality. The country was newly settled by vigorous, adventurous men, who had brought little or no property with them. There had not been time for separation of those of greater and less natural ability. There were no immediate traditions of aristocracy or of servitude. The lack of transportation, of markets, and of cities prevented the accumulation of wealth, while free

land, free fuel and building material, and abundance of wild game, prevented poverty from being acute. Everyone had to work for a living, and everyone could get a living by working.

Venison was abundant, but was considered too 'dry' to be palatable, unless cooked with plenty of pork. Potatoes were not a common food, though they were occasionally raised. As Lincoln's neighbors were not aware that they could be gathered and stored for winter use, they were dug from time to time as they were used, until they froze or rotted in the ground. Very few vegetables were known. Wild berries and, after some years, apples and peaches were available during their seasons, but there was no knowledge of canning or preserving by modern methods. Blackberries and peaches were preserved in the alcohol caused by their own fermentation, and sometimes apples were sliced and strung on strings to dry in the sun. Very little wheat was raised, as it had to be cut with a scythe, threshed with a flail, and carried to some small water-power for grinding. Cornmeal was made by grinding on hand burrs at home, and later at the water-mills that were built on small streams all through the country. A few of the most prosperous people kept milk-cows. During the fall, when hogs were fattening on nuts and acorns, pork was abundant. At other seasons there were wild turkey, bear, venison, coon, squirrels, and ground-hogs. Coffee was rare. The doctor's mother used to tell him of 'the first coffee she ever saw. Her and Abe was at Uncle Jimmie Gentry's, and they did n't know what it was.'

Clothes were as simple as the food. As the doctor related, 'Abe, after he was fourteen years old, had a pair of leather pants made from deer-hides. All the shoes they had were made at home from home-dried hides, one pair a year, and they came along about

Christmas. Abe, after he was grown up, had a shirt of home-made linen, dyed with walnut bark.'

In reply to my direct question whether the recorded statements of 'Uncle Tom's' shiftlessness were true, the doctor replied, 'Well, you see, he was like the other people in that country. None of them worked to get ahead. They was n't no market for nothing unless you took it across two or three states. The people raised just what they needed.'

John Hanks in Oregon expressed himself very strongly as to the comparative status of Thomas Lincoln. He held that 'Uncle Tom' was not poor as compared with his neighbors, but that along with them he lived under primitive conditions.

Not only did Thomas Lincoln meet the usual social and commercial standard of success, but in two instances he gave evidence of aspiring to a larger life than his neighborhood afforded. The first case was his effort to bring with him a boat-load of whiskey from Kentucky to Indiana. The doctor related this story substantially as it is given in other sources. 'Uncle Tom went ahead of the family with a boat-load of whiskey. He had several barrels. On the way down Rolling Fork, I believe it was' (on other occasions the doctor called this Roaring Fork and Little Fork), 'his boat upset and he came nigh losing all of his whiskey. He did not lose it all.'

On a later date, after the death of Nancy Hanks Lincoln, and before Thomas Lincoln married a second time, he tried again to break into a larger field of activity. To use the doctor's words, 'Uncle Tom left his trade and thought he would go into the speculatin' business. He made him a flat boat, and bought a load of pork — mostly on time. Pork was cheap them days. The hogs fattened on mast' (nuts and acorns), 'and didn't cost them nothing.

He started down the Patocah, and then down the Ohio. He got way down there somewhere by Devil's Island, and his flat boat upset and he lost everything, and pretty nigh got drowned himself. He did n't have no boat to come back with, and so he came back up the river on foot, all the way. Then he went to work at his trade again, and paid up all his debts.'

The fact that Thomas Lincoln paid his debts after this experience, a labor which required several years, was repeatedly impressed upon me during my various visits with the doctor. The family traditions are colored throughout with a high regard for Thomas Lincoln's character, for his patience, kindness of heart, and honesty, and his finer sensibilities. Frequent reference was made to his consideration in disciplining his children. 'Uncle Tom would not whip Abe or scold him before folks, but he would take him by himself and tend to him after they was gone. People in them days believed that whipping was good for children. Ma said she must have been pretty good, because she never got reproved or scolded very much.'

The doctor outlined Thomas Lincoln's calling in this manner. 'Uncle Tom was a wheelwright. In them days it was a pretty good trade. You see, in them days every family had to have a big spinning-wheel and a little wheel. Uncle Tom made the *little* wheels. In a family where there were several girls they had sometimes three or four wheels.' The doctor's sister gave a similar account, drawing particular attention to the fact that Uncle Tom was a maker of '*little* wheels.'

Perhaps a year after the death of Nancy Hanks Lincoln, Thomas Lincoln made a short trip to Kentucky, and while there married a widow, a Mrs. Johnson. 'Mother said she was his old sweetheart, before he ever saw Nancy

Hanks,' related the doctor. 'When he went back, I guess he had her in view. When he got there she was washing in the yard. He went along just like he was walking by, and leant up against the fence and talked to her. He proposed marriage, and she said, "I owe too much." "How much?" Uncle Tom asked her, and she replied, "Two dollars and a half." Uncle Tom volunteered, "If that's all, I'll pay that"; and the match was made up right there. I've heard mother laughing about that many a time.'

While Mrs. Johnson was lacking in ready money, yet, according to the doctor, 'She was right good for property. She had right smart.' And Uncle Tom brought back, not only a wife, but a wagonload of her furniture. 'She inquired and found out all about Uncle Tom, and how he stood in business.' In describing his possessions, 'Uncle Tom told her all about the bed he had, how it stood so high from the floor on four corner posts, and had a top bent over so; an' he told her all about it, like it was a wonderful bed. And I have heard mother tell about when his new wife saw that bed. She stood there in the doorway and looked and looked at it, and then she laughed. She said everything Uncle Tom had told her was true, but she thought it was some fine bed, and it was only a hickory one he had made himself. An' the fine top was a hickory pole that come up from behind the bed, an' he had bent it over and bored a hole in the wall and put it through the hole. You see, he was a wheelwright, and could do good work at such things.'

'Mother told me many times,' said the doctor, 'about the first house Uncle Tom built when he came to Indiana. It was a three-cornered house, made out of three rows of logs, with a fireplace in one corner.' He lived just through the winter in this shanty. In

talking about it, he called it his 'winter castle.' 'How I come to know what kind of a house Abe Linkhorn lived in,' said the doctor, 'mother and I was coming from Jasper to Limestone Valley one night when we come to a little house this side of Limestone Valley, and she made me drive around it. She said it was just like the house Abe Linkhorn lived in. Uncle Tom built another house afterwards.'

IV

Abe Lincoln's few schooldays were spent at a 'blab school': that is, one in which the children 'read out,' Chinese fashion, at the tops of their voices. During his boyhood nearly all schools in his neighborhood were of that type. Later the silent school competed for public approval. The supporters of the 'blab-school' idea held that it prepared for actual life; that a child who could master his lessons in such a din could think and read without distraction in any other environment. Perhaps the fact that most of these people had no place to read except in a one-room or two-room log cabin, surrounded by a large family, may have added zest to their partisanship.

The doctor's mother, Sophie Hanks, attended school with Lincoln. She remembered that it was a long walk, about three and a half miles, and that going and coming Abe frequently could be heard 'reading out' in the approved manner, so that he was audible at a considerable distance from the path. Dennis Hanks went to school at the same time, though for a shorter period than Abe or Sophie. Sophie Hanks's knowledge of Abe's schooldays was limited to the period in Indiana, under the teachers Swaney and Crawford. During this period his attendance never was regular, and he sometimes would be absent for several days at a time.

According to the doctor's sister, when Abe was small, 'just a slip of a feller,' he was 'to'lable lazy,' and did not like school. The doctor insisted that Abe was not lazy; 'but he was easy-going.' He was a good hand at anything he undertook, 'but he did n't hunt work.'

The doctor had a version of Lincoln's discovery of a grammar. 'A schoolmaster told Linkhorn one day that if he wanted to talk and write correctly he ought to learn grammar; that that was a standard to show him what speech was right and correct. Linkhorn did n't know they was such a thing as a standard of speech for language; and when the schoolmaster told him this, he walked twelve miles to get a Kirkem's grammar, and he kept it right with him till he knew it by heart. They was n't anything in it he did n't know. Kirkem's grammar was putty near a leading grammar in them days. It was a good grammar because it explained the reason for everything.'

The tradition is that Abe got so he could 'beat the teacher' at his lessons; but the doctor remarked, 'I don't reckon he was much of a teacher.' It is also a part of the account that he 'tried the teacher every day.' But if he did not like to go to school, he did like to read. He borrowed every book in the vicinity. *Robinson Crusoe* he knew by heart. 'You know that was an old fable years ago,' added the doctor. Among other books Abe read were one or more ancient histories, a history of the United States, and the *Arabian Nights*.

The usual opinions to the effect that Abraham Lincoln was a sickly child do not find support in the stories handed down by the doctor's mother, who grew up with him. 'He was very firm and straight,' both physically and morally. He 'grew up very early,' and was large for his years. Sophie Hanks evidently was much impressed with Abe's physical ability. 'If they was anyone that

was an expert at any kind of athletics,' related the doctor, 'Abe could do it better. I've heerd mother say many a time that Abe would stand flat on his feet and lean back till his head would touch the floor. I got so I could stand on a trundle bed and lean back till my head touched the bed, but I was always afraid to try it on the floor for fear I would fall and hurt myself. It was mother telling me about Abe Linkhorn that started me at it. One of my play-mates got so he could stand on the flat of his feet and reach backwards and touch the ground.'

So much for the noble example. 'He would stand on a corn-cob and turn enunder it.' I thought to take the opportunity to correct statements which have been written to the effect that Abe Lincoln was fond of cock-fighting; but the reply I got to my inquiry was, 'Cock-fighting was very prevalent in those days, and Abe took considerable interest in it.'

He hunted a great deal. 'I remember mother telling about the first time he killed a turkey,' related the doctor. 'He brought it home and told the people all evening about killing that turkey, and when he went to sleep, he talked in his sleep most of the night about that turkey. The folks deviled him in the morning for talking about the turkey in his sleep.'

He did not use tobacco as a boy, was not profane, and did not drink whiskey 'except as Uncle Tom would have all the children to drink a dram before breakfast for health.' John Hanks, of Douglas County, Oregon, remembered the only time he saw Lincoln touch whiskey. It was at a bee-hunt. Lincoln mixed some honey with whiskey, tasted it, and said, 'Den, that tastes pretty good.' His only recorded illness was an occasional attack of malaria. The nickname, 'honest Abe,' attached to him while he was a boy.

Another commonly accepted belief which the doctor vigorously resented is that which holds Lincoln to have been sober and gloomy. According to the traditions of this family, he was just the reverse — bright, full of life and of fun, and very talkative. 'He was quick to learn, forgot nothing, and always wanted to tell what he knew.' The doctor repeated many times accounts of Abe's weakness for 'putting in' or interrupting a conversation when, in the relation of some incident, the truth would be departed from, or some item of the account which he considered important would be left out. 'And when the company would leave, Uncle Tom would take Abe and talk to him about "putting in" when older people were talking.' This tendency to break into a conversation was mentioned as Abe's outstanding weakness.

He did not like girls' company, but was 'a great fellow to be with the boys.' He was known for good-nature, even temper, and for seldom becoming angry. He would go to all the dances in the country, but would not dance. Off at one side, with the boys gathered around him, he would tell jokes and funny stories, and would relate what he had read. For their further edification he would turn handsprings, stand flat-footed, and lean back until his head would touch the ground (this last item was many times related, and evidently formed a substantial part of the basis of the doctor's admiration for Lincoln), and would perform many other athletic stunts. Sometimes at such dances, 'it would be hard to get enough boys to stand for a set,' because Abe's company was more interesting. At wrestling, 'nobody ever throwed Abe unless he was a heap bigger than him.'

The commonly repeated stories about Lincoln's reading by a fireplace at night are supported by these family accounts. The doctor's sister said, 'I've heerd

mamma tell about how Abe would gather brush of an evening to make a light with of a night to read by. He would lay down with his feet *there* away from the fire and his head *there* by the fire, and he would read a long time.' He was an eager listener. 'Whenever anyone was talking, Abe was right there.' He observed keenly, and never forgot.

The self-reliance so evident in later life was not absent during Lincoln's boyhood, as the following story indicates. It was at the time of Thomas Lincoln's trip down the river after the death of Lincoln's mother, and before Thomas was married the second time.

'When Uncle Tom went away, he left Abe and his sister and my mother there, and left one fat hog in the pen. It was a big, fat hog. The way she said, I guess it would weigh nigh two hundred pounds. He said if they got out of feed, they could go over and get Mr. Greathouse to kill the hog for them. Mr. Greathouse was a neighbor and a little o' kin. When the hog was needed, Abe said they would n't go get Greathouse to kill the hog. He said they would kill it themselves. So Abe went over to Greathouse's when Mr. Greathouse was n't to home, and Mrs. Greathouse let him take the gun. He must have been a little feller, 'cause ma said, when she see him coming, the shot-pouch hung almost to his knee.

'Abe took the gun out to the pen, and pointed it through the rails, — so, — and took aim and shot the hog dead all right. And then he and my mother went into the pen and tried to take the hog out. But they could n't budge it. So they went and got some boards and put them down in the pen, and they had the water already hot, and they took the entrails out, an' cut it up right there in the pen, and carried it out in pieces. And they did a pretty good job.'

John Hanks, the Oregon relative, gave the very confidential information

that 'Lincoln was as much of a infidel as anyone could be. I would n't like to say how much; but he was good and moral.' When I quoted this to the doctor on a later visit, he replied, 'There was a sense in him that he could not narrow himself to the religion of that time. In them days, if a man doubted the Bible being exactly true in everything, and if he did not believe in fire and brimstone, he was called an infidel. Lincoln said he could take some things from all the churches and make a better church than any of them. If Lincoln was an infidel, a good part of the people to-day is infidels, for most people is coming to believe like he did.'

This family's knowledge of Abraham Lincoln fades away where our more complete knowledge of his life begins. Telling his story of how Lincoln grew up in Indiana, the doctor concluded, —

'And then by and by Uncle Tom's other wife died, and he and Abe went away. They went to Sangamon County, Illinois, and Abe drove a pair of steers all the way. We don't know much about Abe's life after he left Indiana, but some of the men Linkhorn knew in Illinois has written things about his early life. And they has made mistakes. Some of the things they say is true and some ain't true.' The doctor recounted sketchily a few items of Lincoln's early days in Illinois. 'And then Abe, he got the post-office over there, an' he got work in the store, and then bymeby they got him into the legislature. One of the first things he done while he was a statesman was when they was a bill up to move the capital from Vandalia to Springfield. The legislatures used to meet then at Vandalia. One day all the friends of Springfield was away, and they was a quorum and the sargent was there and would n't let anybody out. And they was goin' to pass their bill while the friends of Springfield was n't there. And Abe, he went to the win-

dow and hung out and dropped about fourteen feet. And four or five other fellows followed him, and he busted the quorum that way. But the time the people begun to find out what Abe was good for, was when he began to have them talks with Mr. Douglas.'

Several of the places and persons associated with Lincoln's boyhood were more or less familiar to the doctor. Concerning Thomas Lincoln's neighbor, Mr. Gentry, he said, 'My mother lived for a short time with him. He thought a sight of her and Abe. She never had a better friend. She always spoke of him as Uncle Jimmy Gentry. I think he was a distant relative, and was a good liver for that time. It seems to me he kept a little store, but I am not sure. Gentryville took its name from him.'

The Johnson boys, sons of Thomas Lincoln's second wife, did not stand high in the family estimation. Abe found it necessary to restrain his step-

brothers from vulgarity and common coarseness of behavior. In case of dispute, Abe's word was always taken over theirs. When these stepbrothers tried to explain themselves out of a scrape, they frequently were confronted with the remark, 'Wait till Abe comes, and then we will know the truth about it.'

When I asked the doctor about the various reports that Abraham Lincoln was an illegitimate child, he replied, 'Those stories about Abraham Linkhorn being an illegitimate child are untrue. Aunt Nancy and Uncle Tom were married regular. But his mother was an illegitimate child. I have always understood that from what my mother said about it. But my cousin said that his mother told him that our grandmother Hanks and Linkhorn's mother were half-sisters and also cousins. My mother never told me that, but I have often heard her say that we were badly mixed.'

A CAPTAIN IN THE NAVY

BY RALPH R. PERRY

I

SHE was not the biggest transport in the service, but as I went over the side for the first time she looked as big as the Leviathan to me. I had been a sail-boat man during the war, and transports, commanded by sure-enough regular navy captains with four stripes, were out of my ken. So when the officer of the deck told me to go to the executive office 'in the passageway under the bridge,' to give my orders to the

ship's writer, I went in a condition of most painful modesty. I had always known that an ensign did n't amount to much, but I had never realized before how extremely little it was.

There were two doors in 'the passageway under the bridge,' both open. No one was in sight. I hesitated, and went in the one to the right.

As I entered, a tall officer in his shirt-sleeves sprang from an armchair

while I was waiting my turn in the barber's or the dentist's chair. When I have thus been stealing a few minutes to read, I often envied the people who had more time to spare. But when I have observed how many people have oceans of time, but carry no books in their pockets and spend no time reading, I have wondered whether we do not value even our highest opportunities better if we do not have too many of them. Thus I say to myself when,

leaving my automobile at home because I cannot read while I drive it, I take my seat in an unobserved corner of the street-car, and pull from my pocket a copy, or even a fragment, of one of my books.

We should all be grateful for a certain perversity in human nature. In my own case, what doubles the pleasure of reading is the subconscious feeling that I ought, most of the time, to be doing something else.

HOW LINCOLN CAME TO SCHOOL NO. 300

BY WILLIAM O. STODDARD, JR.

*Atlantic
Feb 1942*

It was a solemn occasion.

The benches were hard, and one should sit still and keep the eyes on the blackboard. It was that one had been bad and hence detained after hours.

The virtuous had departed noisily long since, and only the unregenerate remained by way of punishment, in order that they should experience a change of heart and sin no more the sin of violence after the manner of the Irish and the Italian.

Aaron was experiencing no repentance. It was wickedness, no doubt, in the eyes of 'Teacher,' to have pushed Rebecca of the ringlets off her bench on to the floor; but how could he explain that it was done in sheer admiration? He realized the futility of any such explanation and did not make it.

There was, however, one soft luminous spot in the otherwise loathly school-room — Rebecca had been asked to remain also, for she had rebuked Aaron with a good sound slap in his face. To

Aaron, that should have ended the matter to the satisfaction of all concerned; but Miss Clark, ruler of their universe, thought differently.

A blackboard is not in itself a thing of beauty or of interest. To keep one's eyes upon it as long leaden minutes crawl slowly into fives, tens, and fifteens, and then, repeating, drag into other fives and tens, endlessly, is beyond all discipline.

Starting at the lower right-hand corner and traveling the entire frame, noting all inequalities in the oaken border, Aaron's eyes soon finished with the blackboard and sought other torpid entertainment. At length they rested on the portrait of a man which hung over the door — the door through which Miss Clark might at any moment enter. There they met the serene eyes of the Martyred President.

Aaron gazed long and thoughtfully. At length he shifted a quick glance toward Rebecca, and noted that she also

had sought the kindly portrait as a relief from the black Sahara in front of them. The silence had become unbearable.

'He looks on me the most,' said Aaron.

'He should look on you, I don't think, when you stays on the school fer shovin',' retorted Rebecca.

'He sure does look on me the most,' repeated Aaron, in tones persistent, not belligerent — as one merely stating a self-evident fact.

'He looks on you sorrowful fer shovin',' Rebecca exercised her right to change her mind to seize an advantage.

'He looks sorrowful, but it ain't fer shovin' or fer slappin',' continued Aaron thoughtfully.

'He should listen from you, he would laugh the whites.' Rebecca had not forgotten the push.

'He could n't to laugh on me; he is friends.'

'He looks he has got a awful mad on,' continued Rebecca, determined to oppose.

'It ain't a mad he's got, it's a sorrowful for us we stays on the school.'

'He looks somebody should get hit off somebody a smack in the face. Ain't it fierce how black he makes. Und he was boss from America. Sooner he was my teacher, I should make myself a sickness and get excuses by my fadder.'

'I guess you dunno what it is, a president. You should better ask Teacher to learn you our history.'

'You could n't to learn me nothing from President Lincoln, what he makes the Civil War from niggers und from rebels.'

'Nobody could n't to learn you nothing. You needs you should know something. Niggers was working like my fadder tells how *he* was working by Russia — fer nothin'. Stands Lincoln und says, "You're free," und gives 'em jobs und union wages.'

'Sure, you could n't to learn me nothing, und then they fights, my world, how they fight! und Lincoln gets killed off 'em the whites he becomes our ancestor, Teacher says.'

'Und he ain't got no mad, und he did n't want to kill nobody, und he was friends from men what has to work fer nothin'.'

'But he is Krisht!' Rebecca could not concede everything — even to Lincoln.

'Sure! Und what fer a man is that! what gets killed the whites he should get jobs fer niggers. He iss friends from America, und from Russia und —'

The door under the portrait opened, and entered Miss Clark.

'I hope you have been quiet while I have been gone.'

'Yiss ma'am!'

'Teacher, yiss ma'am!'

LINCOLN'S OFFER OF A COMMAND TO GARIBALDI

LIGHT ON A DISPUTED POINT OF HISTORY

BY H. NELSON GAY

GIUSEPPE GARIBALDI was pre-eminently a national hero. In his country's long and stubborn struggle for independence and national unity, his were the stoutest blows that were struck for freedom; with his regiments of devoted volunteers he vindicated Italian honor upon the battle-fields of 1849, 1859, 1860, and 1866, winning in military annals a place among the world's great captains, while history has not hesitated to rank him with the prophet Mazzini, the statesman Cavour, and the honest king Victor Emanuel—the makers of modern Italy. In the days of revolution and of conflict his name was the dread of despotism, as it was the hope of the oppressed; and to-day in the land of his marvelous achievements it justly symbolizes what is most unselfish, most fearless, and most constant in patriotism, and what is noblest in democracy.

But the genius of Garibaldi was more than national; his field of chivalrous action embraced both hemispheres, and the sympathies which the struggle for freedom aroused in his generous heart were universal. His blood was first shed in the cause of liberty upon the waters of the La Plata, his last campaign was that of the army of the Vosges. The independence of Poland, the independence of Hungary, the freedom of the negro slave in the Southern States of the American Union—all these were causes which deeply moved him, if they did not actually secure the succor of his powerful arm. As an American writer declared when it was proposed to erect a monument to Garibaldi in the Capitol at Washington, "He

was the enemy of all tyrants; he hated every form of tyranny, political or intellectual." And it was in honor of Garibaldi in this universal character of liberator of the oppressed, that the Senate of the United States, on August 23, 1888, voted unanimously to place his bust in the east hall of its wing of the Capitol.¹

But there is an unwritten page of American history which bears more eloquent testimony to American admiration of the Italian hero as soldier and as champion of freedom than any commemorative bust or eulogistic discourse.

In the summer of 1861 President Lincoln appealed to Garibaldi to lend the power of his name, his genius, and his sword to the Northern cause, and offered him the command of a Northern army. For reasons too obvious to require detailed explanation, despatches relating to this unusual negotiation between the American government and a foreign general were rigorously excluded from the published "Diplomatic Correspondence" of the United States, while newspaper reporters of the time had been unable to obtain official confirmation of the persistent rumors that were in circulation. To many this appeal for assistance from a European soldier seemed humiliating to the national pride; to have openly admitted then the overtures that were made, would obviously have been to acknowledge the military weakness of the North before the enemy; but to-day there is no longer reason for concealing the facts in regard to the offer. The attitude of our government was frank and loyal. The invitation which evinced its belief in Garibaldi

¹ An account of the inauguration of this bust, together with the address delivered by Senator Evarts on the occasion, may be found in the pam-

phlet, "Inaugurazione del busto di Garibaldi nel campidoglio di Washington, Stati Uniti d'America, 1888." 34 pages.

baldi's sympathy and power to help in its hour of direst need was the finest foreign homage ever paid to the sterling character and military genius of the great Italian.

To understand fully the circumstances under which it was proposed that the command of a Northern army should be tendered to Garibaldi, some introductory words are necessary upon his residence a decade earlier in the United States, and upon the world-wide reputation which his recent achievements in Italy had obtained.

His picturesque and heroic figure had first attracted European attention in the desperate resistance of the Roman Republic of 1849 to the combined efforts of France, Austria, the two Sicilies, and Spain, to restore the moribund government of the Pope. He had beaten the French under the walls of Rome on April 30, and the Neapolitans at Palestrina and Velletri on May 9 and 19. Only on June 30 did the reinforced army of the French Republic succeed in crushing the gallant defense which for two months he had conducted with inadequate volunteer forces mustered in the Eternal City under the banner of Italian independence. Rome had become untenable, but the struggle for liberty was still going on in Venice, and he hoped to carry succor there. In his hardy retreat, with about four thousand followers, he was pursued by the combined armies of the four powers. Badly equipped and without means of subsistence, worn with fatigue, but undaunted, the force was at length obliged to disperse, and Garibaldi, hunted as an outlaw, after a series of hair-breadth escapes, found temporary refuge in Piedmont.

But the government of Victor Emanuel was not then strong enough to defy neighboring despots by harboring him for long. Deported to Tunis, he was rejected by that government at French instigation. Landing at Gibraltar, he was given six days by the English governor in which to leave the place. For six months he found a haven of rest in Mussulman Tangier. Then he decided to proceed to Liverpool and embark for the United States. On

July 30, 1850, the "New York Tribune" contained the following notice:

"The ship *Waterloo* arrived here from Liverpool this morning, bringing the world-renowned Garibaldi, the hero of Montevideo and the defender of Rome. He will be welcomed by those who know him as becomes his chivalrous character and his services in behalf of liberty."

As Garibaldi afterward confessed in his memoirs,¹ his expulsion from Gibraltar "by the representative of England, universal asylum of the oppressed, had wounded him deeply." Of the many acts which exhibited the hatred treasured by European rulers for him as the embodiment of the revolution, this hurt him most. In contrast with it the enthusiastic demonstration of sympathy and affection prepared for him in New York must have been doubly grateful.

A great procession had been planned to escort the general on his arrival from the Battery to the Astor House, the proprietors of which invited him to become their guest. It was expected that Mayor Woodhull would receive him, and that the Common Council would tender him a welcome and the use of the Governor's room.² But Garibaldi, who upon his arrival was suffering from acute rheumatism, upset the program of his admirers by remaining for a few days with friends at Staten Island; then, having received some hints of the proposed public reception, he slipped quietly up to New York, and endeavoring to attract as little attention as possible, drove to the house of other friends.³ The committee of arrangements immediately determined to organize the procession for the following Saturday, the date set for an imposing banquet to be offered him at the Astor House. But the modest Italian would hear nothing of either procession or banquet. In a letter addressed to the committee on August 7 he said:⁴

"No such public exhibition is necessary to assure me of the sympathy of my countrymen, of the American people, and of all true republicans in the misfortunes which I have suffered, and for the cause out of which they have flowed. Though a public manifesta-

¹ Garibaldi, "Memorie autobiografiche," Firenze, 1888, p. 163.

² "New York Tribune." July 26-30, 1850.

³ "New York Tribune." August 5, 1850.

⁴ "New York Tribune." August 8, 1850.

tion of this feeling might yield much gratification to me, an exile from my native land, severed from my children, and mourning the overthrow of my country's freedom by foreign interference, yet, believe me, that I would rather avoid it, and be permitted, quietly and humbly, to become a citizen of this great republic of freemen, to sail under its flag, to engage in business to earn my livelihood, and to await a more favorable opportunity for the redemption of my country from foreign and domestic oppressors."

Upon the receipt of this letter only one course was possible for the committee: to renounce all plans of public demonstration. American friends of liberty could only allow the gallant soldier to remain as he had asked, undisturbed in modest retirement, to toil for his daily bread. He chose the humble work which first offered an independent livelihood. An Italian friend, Antonio Meucci, was setting up a candle factory on Staten Island, and with him Garibaldi found employment for several months, sending his earnings to his distant mother and children. Then, in 1851, when his health seemed fully restored, he entered a commercial enterprise with Francesco Carpenetto, and, as master of a sailing vessel, navigated her to the Southern Hemisphere, and even to the coast of China.¹

Garibaldi never became an American citizen. He filed in due form his declaration of intention to become such, and tried in vain to obtain naturalization before he was legally eligible. Later he declared that he had remained long enough in the country and under the flag to have taken out his papers; more than once he even claimed American citizenship, and after the expedition of Mentána expressed a wish to be taken to Caprera on an American man-of-war. But the final steps requisite to naturalization proved not to have been taken, and the government of the United States could not recognize his claims.²

In 1854 Garibaldi returned to Europe, and in the following year purchased the small rocky island of Caprera, off the

¹Garibaldi, "Memorie autobiografiche," Firenze, 1888, pp. 265-275.

²Letter of Garibaldi to Augusto Vecchi, Nizza, March 9, 1855, published in Garibaldi's "Epistolario," Milano, 1885, Vol. I, pp. 47-48. Unpublished letter of Garibaldi to the American consul at Spezia, William

coast of Sardinia, and settled down quietly to the life of an agriculturist.³ But much as he loved his rural occupations in his new sea-girt home, his thoughts could dwell only upon a single theme—the liberation of his country from the rule of the foreigner and the despot, the unification of Italy. In 1859 he responded with alacrity to the hasty summons of Cavour to Turin, to take command of volunteer forces and to act in conjunction with the allied armies of France and Piedmont; and the brilliant victories of Varese and San Fermo record the efficiency of his coöperation in driving out the Austrian from the plains of Lombardy.

The greatest achievement of his life followed in 1860. On May 5, with a thousand volunteer followers, he sailed secretly from Genoa and raised the standard of revolt in the kingdom of the two Sicilies. The Bourbon tyranny was defended by an army of one hundred thousand, but the people flocked to Garibaldi's banner, and in a campaign of five months, marked by brilliant victories,—Calatiformi, Palermo, Milazzo,—he shut up Francis II upon his tottering throne, in the corner of the kingdom commanded by the fortresses of Capua and Gaeta. The last battle was that of the Volturno. This, like its predecessors, was won to the cry of "Italy and Victor Emanuel." A few days later the honest king of Piedmont arrived with his constitutional army of regulars, to finish off the Bourbon downfall. On October 26, Garibaldi went to meet Victor Emanuel, saluting him as "King of Italy." Then, in the height of his glory, when not only Italy, but the world, was ringing with acclamations of his remarkable exploits, he laid down his command, and on November 9, with a few hundred lire in his pocket, and a bag of seed-beans for his farm, sailed quietly out of the bay of Naples for his island home. He had freed nine million fellow-Italians from one of the worst of modern despotisms; he had presented his sovereign with a

T. Rice, Varignano, November 11, 1867. Unpublished letter of George P. Marsh, American minister in Florence, to Rice, November 14. Unpublished letter of Rice to Marsh, Spezia, November 19.

³Guerzoni, "Garibaldi," Firenze, 1882, Vol. I, pp. 400-410.

kingdom; and he had made possible the ultimate unity of Italy.

At Caprera, in the square, one-story Montevidean house of four rooms, constructed in 1856 by Garibaldi himself, aided by a few friends and one or two master workmen, life was patriarchal in its simplicity. The general always had a changing group of old comrades in arms about him, helping in the farm work, and, particularly after the Sicilian expedition, and acting as his secretaries; for admirers from all parts of the world had begun to overwhelm him with letters. In the winter of 1860-61, Specchi, Vecchi, Stagnetti, Fruscianti, and Carpeneti were at Caprera, a lively group of patriots, devoted to their leader, and impatient for new adventures in the cause of freedom. They talked much of Rome and Venice yet to be won for Italy; of oppression and struggles for liberty in foreign lands; and among them of the antislavery conflict in the United States. In the January number of "The North American Review," 1861, Henry Theodore Tuckerman, who had known Garibaldi in America, had published anonymously an enthusiastic appreciation of the general. Vecchi, who had been requested to thank Tuckerman, wrote a few lines of acknowledgment in his chief's name, but added secretly a letter of his own, in which he spoke of the painful crisis in America, and suggested, as a means of bringing it to a speedy close, that Garibaldi be invited to lend his powerful arm.¹ The idea was Vecchi's own. The general was to be kept in ignorance of the plan, and Tuckerman was to suggest it to him as if uninspired. Vecchi, however, could not keep the affair to himself. His companions, in whom he confided, heartily applauded the idea, which then became their leading topic of conversation. One night at dinner in a round of good-natured chaff the secret leaked out. The eyes of all became fixed upon their leader as they anxiously awaited his judgment. A pause ensued; the whole scene of cruelty and debasement presented by negro slavery seemed to pass rapidly before Garibaldi's eyes. His face lighted up. "I thank you," he said to Vecchi, "for the letter which you have written to

¹ Vecchi, "Garibaldi e Caprera," Napoli, 1862, pp. 52, 67-72.

our friend. North Americans are a proud people, and would receive with bad grace foreign aid that was uninvited. But our undertaking would be a noble one and greater than you suppose. The battle will be brief," he continued, speaking as if the enterprise had already been decided upon; "the enemy has been weakened by his vices, and disarmed by his conscience. From America we shall go on to the Antilles." And the general proceeded to picture wider campaigns in the cause of freedom.

Evidence upon Tuckerman's reply to Vecchi has not yet come to light: but the rumor spread in the United States that Garibaldi had offered his services to the North in our civil conflict; the newspapers reported it; and there appeared early advocates of measures to secure his aid. On June 8, 1861, J. W. Quiggle, American consul to Antwerp, who had met Garibaldi not long before, addressed to him the following letter:²

GENERAL GARIBALDI:

The papers report that you are going to the United States, to join the army of the North in the conflict of my country. If you do, the name of La Fayette will not surpass yours.

There are thousands of Italians and Hungarians who will rush to your ranks, and there are thousands and tens of thousands of American citizens who will glory to be under the command of the "Washington of Italy."

I would thank you to let me know if this is really your intention. If it be I will resign my position here as Consul and join you in the support of a Government formed by such men as Washington, Franklin, Jefferson, and their compatriots, whose names it is not necessary for me to mention to you.

With assurances of my profound regard,

Yours, etc., etc.,

J. W. Quiggle.

Garibaldi replied from Caprera, June 27:

MY DEAR FRIEND:

The news given in the journals that I am going to United States is not exact. I have had, and still have, a great desire to go, but many causes prevent me.

If, however, in writing to your Government, and they believe my service of some use, I would go to America, if I did not find myself occupied in the defence of my country.

²The Quiggle-Garibaldi correspondence has been obtained from the archives of the American Legation in Brussels.

Tell me also, whether this agitation is the emancipation of the negroes or not.

I should be very happy to be your companion in a war in which I would take part by duty as well as sympathy.

I kiss with affection the hand of your lady,
And I am, with gratitude,
Yours,

G. Garibaldi.

It was a straightforward letter. Garibaldi was anxious that there should be no misunderstanding. Italian unity had yet to be consummated; Rome and Venice remained to be won. The opportunity for a forward movement might present itself at any moment, as in May, 1860, and in such an event he must be free to place himself at the head of his volunteers. Americans must realize at the outset that his first duty was to his own country. Furthermore, the single consideration which prompted him to enter our civil struggle was plainly hinted at—the emancipation of the negroes.

Quiggle replied upon the latter issue as best he could with the following letter, dated July 4, at the same time forwarding copies of the entire correspondence to the State Department at Washington:

MY DEAR SIR:

Your letter, dated at Caprera on the 27th ultimo, has reached me; and I beg leave to say, that I have communicated the same (English translation) to the Government at Washington.

It may be that before this letter shall reach you that some terms of peace may have been agreed upon by which our difficulties will be at an end.

You propound the question whether the present war in the United States is to emancipate the negroes from slavery? I say this is not the intention of the Federal Government. But it is to maintain its power and dignity—put down rebellion and insurrection, and restore to the Government her ancient prowess at home and throughout the world.

You have lived in the United States; and you must readily have observed what a dreadful calamity it would be to throw at once upon that country in looseness, four millions of slaves. But if this war be prosecuted with the bitterness with which it has been commenced, I would not be surprised if it result in the extinction of slavery in the United States, no matter what may be the circumstances.

With assurances of distinguished consideration, and sending herewith the salutations of my lady, I am, with profound regard,

Yours, etc.,
J. W. Quiggle.

The correspondence reached Secretary Seward at a critical moment in the fortunes of the North. The disaster of Bull Run, on July 21, which made it evident that the war was to be long and stubbornly contested, destroyed more than one high military reputation. The Government at once decided to invite Garibaldi's aid, and chose Sanford, American minister in Brussels, to go on a special mission to Caprera. On July 27, Seward sent him this despatch:¹

TO HENRY S. SANFORD, Esq.

SIR: I send you a copy of a correspondence which has taken place between Garibaldi and J. W. Quiggle, Esq., late consul of the United States at Antwerp.

I wish you to proceed at once and enter into communication with the distinguished Soldier of Freedom. Say to him that this government believes his services in its present contest for the unity and liberty of the American People, would be exceedingly useful, and that, therefore, they are earnestly desired and invited. Tell him that this government believes he will, if possible, accept this call, because it is too certain that the fall of the American Union, if indeed it were possible, would be a disastrous blow to the cause of Human Freedom equally here, in Europe, and throughout the world.

Tell him that he will receive a Major-General's commission in the army of the United States, with its appointments, with the hearty welcome of the American People.

Tell him that we have abundant resources, and numbers unlimited at our command, and a nation resolved to remain united and free.

General Garibaldi will recognize in me, not merely an organ of the government, but an old and sincere personal friend.

You will submit this correspondence to Mr. Marsh, and he will be expected to act concurrently with you. A copy of this instruction is sent to him.

I am, Sir,
Your obedient servant,
William H. Seward.

Inexact news of the offer leaked out in Washington, and on August 11 the "New York Tribune" contained the fol-

¹ Archives of the American Legation in Brussels. A portion of this letter, with omissions from the text quoted, appears in the Life of William H. Seward by his son, Frederick W. Seward, Vol. II, p. 609.

lowing notice: "Our Washington correspondent states positively that Garibaldi has offered his services to the national government, that the offer was promptly accepted, and the rank of major-general tendered. Should the liberator of Italy revisit this country to take the field for freedom, he would be greeted with an enthusiasm beyond the power of words to express." For over a month the American press discussed the truth of the report. It was denied and reaffirmed, but no official denial or confirmation could be had at Washington.

Upon receipt of Seward's despatch, Sanford called Quiggle to Brussels for a conference, then set out at once for Turin, the Italian capital, where he arrived on August 20. He found in Marsh, the American minister to Italy, an earnest and judicious adviser, who informed him as accurately as was possible of the conditions which prevailed in that kingdom, and particularly of the latest phase of the Roman question. The party of action was hoping for its imminent solution by offensive operations in which Garibaldi would lead the volunteer forces. If such an event were probable, there could be no chance of an acceptance of the American offer. Sanford and Marsh therefore decided "to send in advance a trusty messenger to Caprera with the following confidential letter to the general," to ask "whether he was open to propositions on the subject of Sanford's mission."¹

*Turin, August 20, 1861.*²

GENERAL:

The government of the United States having learned with much pleasure from the correspondence between yourself and the United States consul at Antwerp that you take a lively interest in our affairs, and that if not occupied in the defence of your own country, you might be disposed to take part in the contest for preserving the Unity and Liberty of the American people, and the institutions of Freedom and Self-Government, has directed me to communicate with you and learn if you are at liberty to entertain propositions on the subject.

Should this be the case, I would be glad to have a personal interview with you at such place and time as would be most agreeable

¹ Unpublished despatch of Sanford to Seward, Turin, August 29, 1861, in the archives of the American Legation in Brussels.

² Archives of the American Legation in Brussels.

to you, and as early as your convenience will permit.

I shall await the return of the bearer of this, Giuseppe Artomi, Esq., at Genoa, and to him you can safely entrust your letter of reply.

With sentiments of the highest consideration, I have the honor to be, General,

Your most obedient servant,

H. S. Sanford,

Minister Resident of the United States at Brussels.

Owing to the infrequency of the steamer sailings to the island of Maddalena, in which was the nearest port to Caprera, Artomi, clerk of the American legation at Turin, who carried the letter, was considerably delayed in its delivery, and Garibaldi replied only on the thirty-first:³

MR. MINISTER:

I should be very happy to be able to serve a country for which I have so much affection and of which I am an adoptive citizen,⁴ and if I do not reply affirmatively and immediately to the honorable proposition which your government through your agency has made to me, it is because I do not feel myself entirely free, because of my duties toward Italy.

Nevertheless if His Majesty, Victor Emanuel, believes he has no need of my services, then, provided that the conditions upon which the American government intends to accept me are those which your messenger has verbally indicated to me, you will have me immediately at your disposal.

I am delegating Colonel Trecchi to speak to the King and to give me a reply which will be communicated to you at once.

I am with consideration,

Faithfully yours,

G. Garibaldi.

Garibaldi thought that his proposed departure for the United States might rouse the Italian government to make, or to allow, a forward movement upon Rome, and this was what he most desired when he sent Trecchi to inform Victor Emanuel of the American offer. But of the sincerity of his plans to go to America in case the Italian government expressed no intention of acting vigorously and soon there can be no question; of

³ Translated from the copy of the French original in the archives of the American Legation in Brussels.

⁴ See earlier paragraph upon Garibaldi's alleged American citizenship.

this the alarm shown by those who were in close communication with him, and who were zealous advocates of a Roman movement under his leadership, is sufficient proof.

The exact nature of Garibaldi's letter to the king has never been made known, but it certainly urged immediate action looking to the annexation of Rome. Trecchi, who accompanied Artomi on his return from Caprera, and had a conference with Sanford on September 3, informed the American minister that he had been instructed to state verbally to the king, that if no answer to this letter was returned within twenty-four hours, Garibaldi would leave for the United States.¹ The answer of the king, nevertheless, was delayed until the sixth. In it Garibaldi was kindly told that he was free to go. In other words, the government had no idea of adopting his Roman program, and contemplated no military operations for the acquisition of papal territory that would require his services in the near future. Trecchi communicated the reply to Sanford without delay, and declared to him² "that he saw now no prospect of retaining the general in Italy; the only question to arise would be with regard to the position he was to occupy in our service, which from letters received from one of our consuls³ and the conversation of the messenger, he had thought to be the commander-in-chief of our army." Sanford immediately engaged a private steamer, and left Genoa for Maddalena on the 8th, bearing also the king's reply, which had been intrusted to him by Trecchi. On the evening of the 9th he was received by Garibaldi. The account of this interview may be given in Sanford's own words:⁴

"I found the general still an invalid but able to leave his room, however, to which he had been confined for several months, and had on that day a long conversation with him on the subject of his going to the United States.

He said that the only way in which he could render service, as he ardently desired

¹ Unpublished portion of Sanford's despatch to Seward, Brussels, September 18, 1861, in the archives of the American Legation in Brussels.

² The same.

³ Quiggle.

⁴ Portion of Sanford's despatch to Seward, Brussels, September 18, 1861, in the archives of the American Legation in Brussels.

to do, to the cause of the United States, was as Commander-in-chief of its forces, that he would only go as such, and with the additional contingent power—to be governed by events—of declaring the abolition of slavery—that he would be of little use without the first, and without the second it would appear like a civil war in which the world at large could have little interest or sympathy. I observed to him that the President had no such powers to confer—that I was authorized to communicate with him on the subject of his letter to our consul at Antwerp confidentially, and if found acceptable to offer him a commission of Major-General, which I doubted not would carry with it the command of a large *corps d'armée* to conduct in his own way within certain limits in the prosecution of the war, and informed him of the tenor of your despatch of July 27th. As, however, I found that such position would not be acceptable it would not be in my power to make such proposition. He expressed himself flattered by your appreciation of him and grateful for the friendly sentiments manifested by the President and yourself, but said his mind was made up only to take service in the position already indicated."

Sanford's mission was manifestly hopeless. He saw the general again on the following morning, the 10th, and left at noon for Genoa. Garibaldi demanded what it was impossible to grant. The President, by a provision of our Constitution, is commander-in-chief of the army of the United States. Winfield Scott was at this time lieutenant-general. The rank offered to Garibaldi was high, but it was, after all, subordinate, and both Sanford and Marsh⁵ agreed that Garibaldi was right in refusing it. As a military commander he was accustomed to act on his own plans, and it was questionable whether he would be successful in coöperative action. Furthermore, the emancipation of the slaves, which he demanded the discretionary right of declaring, did not yet form a part of Lincoln's program. And then there still remained the other reason of Rome and Venice. The following is the text of all of Mr. Marsh's letter which is pertinent to the subject:

⁵ Unpublished despatch of Marsh to Seward, Turin, September 14, 1861, in the archives of the American Embassy in Rome, and in the State Department at Washington. The Department permits the printing here of so much of that despatch as is pertinent to the subject.

*Legation of the United States.**Turin, September 14, 1816. [1861.]*

HON. WILLIAM H. SEWARD, Secretary of State.

SIR: Mr. Sanford arrived here from Caprera on the evening of Thursday the 12 instant, and left for Brussels the next morning. He will of course explain to you the causes of his failure to accomplish the object of his mission, and on that subject I need only say that his want of success is not to be ascribed to any error or indiscretion on his part. He has, in my judgment, conducted the whole affair with much prudence, tact and skill, and I am satisfied that the services of General Garibaldi cannot, under present circumstances, be secured, except by the offer of terms which Mr. Sanford was not authorized, and the American government would not be inclined, to propose.

Although, after the correspondence which had taken place between Mr. Quiggle and Garibaldi, the President could not well avoid making some advances to that distinguished soldier, I do not by any means look upon his assumption of a position which precluded all negotiation, and put it out of Mr. Sanford's power to make a proposal at all, as an evil. His constitutional independence of character and action, his long habit of exercising uncontrolled and irresponsible authority, the natural and honorable pride which he cannot but feel in reviewing his own splendid career and vast achievements, and the consciousness that though but a solitary and private individual, he is at this moment in and of himself, one of the great Powers of the world—all these combine to render it difficult if not impossible for him, consistently with due self respect, to accept such military rank and powers as the President can constitutionally and lawfully offer him. . . .

But the opinions which this remarkable man entertains with regard to the character of the contest between the federal government and the insurgent states would constitute an equally insuperable objection, in his mind, to his acceptance of a commission in the American Army, or to his usefulness in it so long as those opinions remain unchanged.

I have been for some months aware that he considers this contest a struggle in which no important political or philanthropic principle is involved, thinks the parties are contending about purely material interests, and holds that neither of them has superior claims upon the sympathies of the European friends of liberty and of progress. Garibaldi has never been ambitious of wielding power or winning laurels in a cause which did not commend itself to him as something more than a question of legal right and governmental interests,

and this the cause of the American government and union, as regarded from his point of view, has thus far failed to do. He, as his friends represent, does not think that the perpetuity and extension of domestic slavery constitute one of the issues of the war, and though I should not be surprised if, in spite of what has passed between him and Mr. Sanford, he should visit America of his own motion, with a view of examining the position of affairs on the spot, yet I do not believe he will take any part in the struggle, unless he is convinced that the government and the people of the North are united in the determination to pursue a policy which shall necessarily result in the abolition of slavery.

The Italian government had refused to pledge itself to an immediate forward movement, but Garibaldi understood well that the nation was awaiting only its opportunity. The radical party was for precipitate action, and it might succeed in forcing the hand of the government at any moment. When Sanford arrived in Caprera the general had not had time to receive news of the great celebration at Naples, of the 7th,¹ the first anniversary of his triumphal entry into that city as liberator. "On to Rome with Garibaldi!" had been there the universal cry; but he knew the pulse of the people, and his intimate friends, who were eager for a Roman expedition, and many of whom had a part in preparing the Neapolitan celebration and similar demonstrations elsewhere, urged upon him the demand of the people, that he should not

¹ The following letter, addressed by Garibaldi's intimate friend Guerzoni to Cadolini, here translated from the unpublished original in the archives of Senator Cadolini, contradicts the above statement. Guerzoni was, however, mistaken. He probably was ignorant of the exact date when Garibaldi refused Sanford. With the means of communication then existing, Garibaldi cannot have had detailed news in Caprera on the ninth of what took place in Naples on the seventh.

Genoa, September 18.

MY DEAR CADOLINI:

You will have already heard that Garibaldi no longer intends to leave. I confirm it to you, having heard the good news from the lips of Miceli and Mignona, just returned from Caprera. He was influenced in his determination by the celebration of the seventh in Naples, and by the thoughts that all his companions would have followed him over the sea. Better so. Let us look after our own affairs; they need it.

Meanwhile I salute you.

Yours,

Guerzoni.

abandon them. The outcry of the press which immediately followed Sanford's conference with Garibaldi reveals influences that were also at work before.

The American minister had succeeded in maintaining much secrecy relative to his mission, but Garibaldi's friends, in their alarm at his proposed departure, talked. On the 9th, the "Italie" of Turin printed, "with every reserve," "the report that Garibaldi had accepted the command of the American Federal army, offered to him by the American minister at Brussels." The entire liberal press broke out at once in a chorus of remonstrance. "What will the country do, what will the press do, what will the government do, in this emergency?" demanded the "Monarchia Nazionale" in its correspondence from Naples, dated the tenth. "The arm of Garibaldi certainly could not serve a nobler cause," declared the "Nazione" of Florence in its issue of September 18, "were it not that the supreme interests of his own country demand his presence here." Hundreds of petitions addressed to the general were quickly circulated, particularly by the radical party, in every section of the country. They were all of the same tenor; one will suffice to indicate their character:¹

TO GENERAL GARIBALDI:

Do not leave for America. The people have faith in you; and you should have faith in the people. Our national unity has not yet been completed. You have laid its most solid foundation; you alone are able to complete the work.

General, do not doubt your mission; and the Italian people will not prove unworthy of you.

Let us not wait, O General, to march on Rome.

The demand of the people was earnest and solemn. With the struggle for freedom but half terminated, how could the popular hero forsake his country? Sanford, in his detailed report of his mission, sent to the State Department from Brussels on September 18, stated that Garibaldi had proposed to keep up a corre-

spondence with him. Seward replied to Sanford on October 11, commending the manner in which he had executed his mission, as "in all respects considerate and proper."² He added: "Should Garibaldi propose to renew the correspondence with you at any future time, in pursuance of the intimation you have received from him, you will promptly communicate to me the views he may express. They will always be considered with the highest respect for his character and the best wishes for his prosperity and fame."

To Quiggle, Garibaldi related his refusal of the commission of major-general in the army of the United States in a brief but sympathetic letter:³

Caprera, 10 September, 1861.

DEAR SIR:

I have seen Mr. Sanford, and I am sorry to be obliged to say that I cannot go at present to the United States. I have no doubt of the triumph of the cause of the Union, and that it will come quickly; but if the war should by evil chance continue in your country, I will overcome all the obstacles which hold me back, and will hasten to come to the defence of that people which is so dear to me.

G. Garibaldi.

A YEAR passed, and the issue of national unity remained undecided in both Italy and America. In the summer of 1862, in the face of the Italian government, the radical party succeeded in initiating its desired movement upon Rome, with Garibaldi at its head. At Aspromonte, however, it was stopped by the Italian troops. Garibaldi had ordered his own men not to fire, but there was some skirmishing, and he was himself severely wounded in the foot, and taken under arrest to Varignano. He had acted in violation of the orders of the government, but had hoped that it would stand by, as in 1860, and allow him to carry out his volunteer campaign, which he believed would win Rome for Italy.

His arrest was made on August 29. On September 1 the American consul in Vienna, Theodore Canisius, without authorization from the American government, opened the archives of the American Legation in Brussels.

¹"La Nuova Europa," Florence, September 20, 1861.

²Unpublished despatch of Seward to Sanford, Washington, October 11, 1861, in the

³Translated from the Italian original given in Guerzoni's "Garibaldi," Firenze, 1882, Vol. II, p. 277.

ment, addressed to him the following letter:¹

GENERAL:

As it has proved impossible for you to accomplish now the great patriotic work which you had undertaken in the interest of your beloved country, I am taking the liberty of addressing to you the present in order to ascertain whether it might not enter into your plans to offer us your valorous arm in the struggle which we are carrying on for the liberty and unity of our great republic.

The conflict which we are sustaining interests not only ourselves, but the whole civilized world.

The honor and enthusiasm with which you would be received in our country, where you have passed a portion of your life, would be immense, and your mission, which would be that of inducing our brave soldiers to fight for the same principle to which you have nobly consecrated all your existence, would accord fully with your views.

I should consider myself most fortunate, General, if I could receive from you a reply.

I have the honor to be, etc.,

Canisius,

Consul of the United States of America.

Garibaldi replied from Varignano on the 14th:

SIR: I am a prisoner and severely wounded: in consequence it is impossible for me to dispose of myself. However, I believe that, if I am set at liberty and if my wounds heal, the favorable opportunity will have arrived in which I shall be able to satisfy my desire to serve the great American Republic, of which I am a citizen, and which to-day combats for universal liberty.

I have the honor, etc.,

G. Garibaldi.

Canisius at once sent a copy of the general's letter to the State Department at Washington, and on September 29, wrote to him as follows:²

Consulate of the U. S. of America at Vienna.

TO GENERAL GARIBALDI, Varignano, Italy:

GENERAL: I thank you in the name of my Government and Country for the letter

¹This letter, together with Garibaldi's reply, was immediately given to the press by Canisius; they were printed by the leading Italian journals, from one of which, the "Opinione," Turin, September 24, 1862, this translation has been made.

²The original of this letter is in the writer's possession, having been presented to him by Garibaldi's son, General Ricciotti Garibaldi.

³Archives of the American Embassy in Rome. The original draft of the letter in the handwriting of Garibaldi's secretary, is in the possession of the

you have addressed to me on the fourteenth day of the month. Both letters, the one I addressed to you, and your answer, have been published by me in order to show to the world that your sympathy, General, is on our side in this mighty struggle.

A copy of your letter was sent by me, immediately after I had received it, to Mr. Seward, Secretary of State, and I can assure you the contents of the letter will produce the greatest enthusiasm throughout all the northern States.

I am, General, your obedient servant,

Theodore Canisius,

U. S. Consul.

Garibaldi's wound proved very serious; in fact nearly three months passed before the doctors succeeded in extracting the bullet. Nevertheless on October 5 he sent Vecchi to Marsh with a letter,³ for the purpose of reopening negotiations on the subject of an American command.

Varignano, 5 October, 1862.

MY DEAR SIR:

I am ill and shall remain so for some months; but I think continually of the disastrous war in America, my second country, to which I would gladly be of some use when recovered. I will go thither with my friends; and we will make an appeal to all the democrats of Europe to join us in fighting this holy battle. But in this appeal it would be necessary to proclaim to them the principle which animates us—the enfranchisement of the slaves, the triumph of universal reason. Please confer with your government on this subject, and communicate to me your ideas in regard to it, through my friend, Col. Vecchi.

Believe me, meanwhile, affectionately yours,

G. Garibaldi.

To this Marsh replied:⁴

(Private)

Legation of the United States,

Turin, Oct. 8, '62.

MY DEAR GENERAL:

I have just received your letter of Oct. 5, 1862, and will lose no time in forwarding it to

writer, having been presented to him by General Ricciotti Garibaldi. In this draft the last sentence of the first paragraph is cast in a distinctly personal form, stating even more forcibly the sole condition on which Garibaldi proposed to go to America—the emancipation of the negro. ("You know, however, my principles. I cannot fight except for the enfranchisement of men, of whatever color, and in whatever land. Nor can I inscribe any other motto upon my banner.")

⁴Archives of the American Embassy in Rome.

my government. If the despatch reaches Liverpool in time for the steamer of Saturday the 11th, it will arrive at Washington about the 25th of the month; if too late for that mail, not before the 1st of November.

I have no doubt that the govt. will reply without unnecessary delay, but I cannot venture to anticipate the character of its answer further than to say that I am sure it will be conceived in a spirit of the highest respect and greatest kindness towards yourself and your brave companions. You and they will in any event be warmly welcomed by the American government and people, and I fervently hope that means may be found to give you all an opportunity of rendering new services and winning new laurels in the cause of liberty and of progress to which the best years of your life have been so nobly devoted.

I have the honor, etc.,

George P. Marsh.

To Gen. Garibaldi, Varignano.

Marsh's despatch of October 8,¹ in which he communicated Garibaldi's offer to the State Department, crossed a despatch of October 9,² addressed to him by Seward, announcing the removal of Canisius from his post for his presumption in having undertaken, without authorization, to reopen negotiations with Garibaldi. At first thought it seems strange that the same Secretary of State who had commended the consul at Antwerp for having opened negotiations with Garibaldi in 1861, should have removed the consul at Vienna for having attempted to reopen the negotiations in 1862. Canisius's letter of September 1, 1862, like that of Quiggle of June 8, 1861, did not profess to be official. But Quiggle had taken pains to keep his correspondence with Garibaldi secret, reporting it only to the State Department, while Canisius had satisfied his vanity by giving his correspondence at once to the press; furthermore, in his letter he had characterized as "a great patriotic work" the expedition for which Garibaldi had been placed under arrest. And it was primarily because of this seeming

affront to the Italian government that Canisius's commission as consul was withdrawn.³

But the reopening of negotiations with Garibaldi was in itself an embarrassment to the American government. The announcement of Lincoln's proclamation of the emancipation of the negroes had removed one of the great obstacles to Garibaldi's espousal of the Northern cause. Aspromonte had destroyed all hope of an immediate advance upon Rome, and had thus removed another obstacle to Garibaldi's departure. But there was no intimation that the obstacle presented by the general's determination to accept no post except that of commander-in-chief had been removed. His wound made present military service impossible; his position as prisoner of the Italian government would render negotiations delicate; his action in violation of his government's orders may not have been perfectly understood in the United States.

Despatch 57, which should have contained Seward's reply to Marsh's communication of Garibaldi's offer, never reached the legation at Turin;⁴ a paragraph in Seward's despatch⁵ of December 26, 1862, was the only official acknowledgment of it which Marsh ever received:

The Secretary of War still retains under consideration the offer of General Garibaldi. It involves some considerations upon which the convenience of that Department must necessarily be consulted. It is a source of high satisfaction to know that the General has been so far relieved of his painful wound as to justify a hope of his rapid convalescence.

On October 22, Marsh notified Garibaldi of Lincoln's emancipation proclamation, declaring in his letter:⁶ "I confidently hope that we shall soon have the aid both of your strong arm and of your immense moral power in the maintenance of our most righteous cause," and on No-

¹ Unpublished despatch of Marsh to Seward, Turin, in the archives of the American Embassy in Rome.

² Unpublished despatch of Seward to Marsh, Washington, in the archives of the American Embassy in Rome.

³ Seward's unpublished despatch to Canisius, Washington, October 10, 1862, in the archives of the American Embassy in Rome. Canisius was restored to his consulate in December, at the request of the Italian government.

⁴ Unpublished despatches of Marsh to Seward, November 28, and December 16, 1862, in the archives of the American Embassy in Rome.

⁵ Unpublished despatch in the archives of the American Embassy in Rome.

⁶ The writer has been able to see the original draft of this letter through the kindness of Miss Caroline Crane and Miss Mary Crane.

ember 28 he wrote to explain and apologize for the delay in transmitting a reply from Washington. Seward left it to the tact and judgment of the American minister at Turin to interpret as he saw fit the future silence of the Department upon this delicate matter. Marsh's later letters to Garibaldi have not come to light, but they were certainly character-

ized, as were these, by perfect courtesy, and exhibited sincere friendship and esteem.

The process of making able American generals in the field was going steadily on in the United States; Garibaldi's convalescence continued but slowly; the hour for profiting in America by the services of the great Italian had passed.



THE SALE OF THE MAMMOTH WESTERN

BY WILL N. HARBEN

Author of "Abner Daniel," "The Georgians," "Ann Boyd," etc.

WITH PICTURES BY H. S. POTTER

AS George Mandel entered the store, and made his way between the long counters to the sitting-room in the rear where the storekeeper and his wife and pretty daughter sat before the wood fire in the wide chimney, the storekeeper stared over his shoulder at him, and then, with an angry exclamation, rose and left the room. He was an enormously fat man, and the planks of the flooring creaked and groaned under his sturdy tread as he strode past dusty barrels and boxes to the front. For a moment he allowed his massive form to fill the doorway as he glared back at the group at the fire, and then, with another snort of fury, he stepped down on the sidewalk and walked on to the village post-office.

"George," was the older woman's greeting to the newcomer, "what have you done to Mr. Sedgewith? Anybody can see he's mad at you."

The young man flushed under the combined upward stare of mother and daughter, and twisted his hands awkwardly one in the other as he leaned over the back of the chair the storekeeper had just vacated.

"I'm afraid I got the old gentleman good and mad at me up at the Court-House Square a while ago," he made slow answer. "That's what I came in to see

him about. I thought I'd make some sort of an effort to show him I meant no harm."

"Why, George, what did you do?" Helen Sedgewith asked, as she leaned forward anxiously, and studied his face with her deep, brown eyes.

"It was just this way," Mandel went on to them both. "You remember the little one-horse circus which got in debt and was forced to disband here a month ago. Well, the sheriff had a debt against the concern for license and one thing and another, and he levied on it, bag and baggage, and the whole thing is to be sold at public outcry this afternoon. The different items are on exhibition at the square. There are six horses, as poor as Job's turkey; three big wagons; the pony and cart the clown rode in; the lion's den (the lion had died before they reached here); the big tent; and a pile of planks which were used for seats. It seemed like the entire town was looking on, and, as Mr. Sedgewith was examining everything carefully, and has the reputation of buying all sorts of odds and ends that no one else would have, the crowd began to poke fun at him. I'm going to make a clean breast of it, Mrs. Sedgewith. I was standing talking to Thad Pelham, and Thad

Ferdinand-Victor-Eugène Delacroix's "Dante and Vergil Crossing the Stygian Lake"

(FRENCH MASTERS)

DELACROIX was born at Charenton-St.-Maurice, in 1799. The picture of "Dante and Vergil Crossing the Stygian Lake" is one of the very earliest of his works. It was painted in a few weeks, when the artist was only about twenty-three years old. In a letter to his friend Soulier, upon its completion, Delacroix writes: "I have been working like a dog on a subject that has taken every instant of my time for the last two months and a half. I have made in this time a picture of considerable size that is going to figure in the Salon. I wanted very much to see myself there, and it is a stroke of fortune that I attempt."

It was exhibited at the Salon of 1822, and concerning it Thiers wrote: "No work could reveal better the advent of a great artist than this picture. The author projects his figures and groups with the ease and boldness of Michael Angelo and the fecundity of Rubens."

It is a large canvas, measuring nearly six feet high by eight feet wide. It was bought by the state on its exhibition, and was hung in the Luxembourg Museum in Paris. It is now to be seen in the Louvre, in Salle VIII of the French School of Paintings.

T. Cole.

"Lincoln in the Telegraph Office"

HOW THE PRESIDENT TAUGHT LITTLE TAD TO SIGNAL AT HIS OFFICE DOOR

IN the Wilderness chapter of Mr. David Homer Bates's book, "Lincoln in the Telegraph Office" (which is an expansion of the papers printed in *THE CENTURY*), reference is made to the fact that the first news of Grant's initial Eastern battle was brought to Lincoln by Henry E. Wing, then a "New York Tribune" correspondent (now the Rev. Henry E. Wing of South Norwalk, Conn.). Since the appearance of the volume he has written to Mr. Bates, as follows, with reference to the chapter, which in the September *CENTURY* was entitled "Lincoln's Family Relations":

"Your 'Lincoln in the Telegraph Office' is one of the most valuable collections of authentic personal incidents in the life of that great man that has ever been published. Some of the chapters relating to public affairs have great historic interest, but the one that pleases me most is the chapter on 'Lincoln's Love for his Children.'

"I witnessed an incident in his family life that made a wonderful impression upon me, and which belongs in the account of Lincoln's relations with the telegraph, because of the use of Morse dots and dashes in a private signal between the father and his favorite child.

"At Lincoln's request, made at my early

morning interview with him on May 7, 1864, when I brought the first authentic news from Grant's Wilderness fight, I always went to see him when I came from the front.

"In the summer of that year I was at the White House late one night, with my field maps spread out on the table, explaining some details of one of Grant's battles, when my attention was distracted by a gentle knocking on the panel of the door, to which the President gave no heed. Then the door-knob was rattled and a childish voice called, 'Unfasten the door.' Lincoln thereupon rose and drew the bolt, and little Tad [then ten years old], in his nightgown, bounced in, jumped upon his father's lap, and threw his arms about his neck.

"The little fellow, I afterward learned, was in the habit, if he awoke in the night, of creeping into his father's bed; but, on this occasion, not finding him, had come over to the office, which was on the same floor.

"Lincoln, with his boy upon his knee, began with patience to teach him to make a certain signal by tapping on the desk with Tad's fist doubled up in the father's big-bony hand.

"There were three quick raps, followed by two slower ones, thus — — — — — and over and over again these dots and dashes were sounded on the desk until Tad made the signal correctly without his father's help.

"It appears that the child had before been taught to make this signal on the office door whenever he wanted to come in, and that no matter how busy Lincoln might be or with whom he was closeted, Tad could thus always gain admission. But on this occasion he had forgotten the signal, and so his father paid no attention to the disturbance until he heard his child's voice."

The Language that "Bewrayed" St. Peter

MRS. AGNES SMITH LEWIS of Cambridge, England, author of "What Language Did Christ Speak," in *THE CENTURY* for December, 1896; and "Hidden Egypt," in September, 1904, writes to us concerning a Biblical lectionary in Palestinian Syriac, a sample leaf of which was given in a postscript to her second article. She and others have now recovered in all a dozen leaves missing from the book in her possession, and with the permission of Dr. Duensing and his publishers, Messrs. Vanderhoeck & Ruprecht, she is now enabled to print all the recovered pages as a supplement to "Studia Sinaitica," No. VI. Mrs. Lewis adds: "Syriac scholars will thus be enabled to study all in one volume an interesting monument of the old Galilean dialect which 'bewrayed' St. Peter, and which was on the lips of the Saviour in His hour of supreme agony."

from the standards. At any rate, the doctrine that things are really getting better, notwithstanding all the exposure of scandals,—that these refer to exceptions and are incidents of moral progress,—is a very cheering and encouraging doctrine, and an excellent “working hypothesis.”

MARS: A NEW PHASE

A NEW phase has been reached in the discussion as to whether or not Mars is inhabited. The observations and photographic records of the Lowell expedition to the Andes, published in the December CENTURY, are corroborative of Professor Percival Lowell's independent observations and records made at Flagstaff, Arizona. The scientific world is to be congratulated on the results of the expedition, the astronomers of Europe having looked to America for the fullest information with regard to the planet; but especial congratulations should be extended to Professor Lowell himself, for these highly interesting results are due to his own enterprise and persistence.

The latest observations at Flagstaff, and those of the expedition to the Andes, give enhanced importance to Professor Lowell's original theories and arguments,

which are to be further developed in forthcoming papers in his series now appearing in THE CENTURY. These derive additional interest from the fact that at Flagstaff, we understand, is the most space-penetrating refractor in the world; and that Mr. Lowell is a mathematician, and his chief arguments are mathematical.

HARD TIMES AND GOOD BOOKS

IT is said that in hard times people buy books for presents, instead of more expensive gifts. The writers and printers and publishers are interested in this tendency. They think that there may be a good deal in it. They hope that people, in especially economizing periods, may not only turn more than ever to the buying of books and magazines for presents, but for reading.

It would not be a bad outcome of hard times if people should learn to spend more of their time in good reading, rather than in the highly expensive amusements and distractions. The habit of reading is not only profitable to those who write, print, and publish, but, if rightly guided, vastly profitable to those who do the reading. Let us all read!



The World's Desire

[By an accident in the make-up a portion of Dr. Burton's poem was omitted from the November number. It is here printed in full.—THE EDITOR.]

BEAUTY is like a star
Shamed in the bold daylight,
But coming out of the far
At the call of the mystic night.

Beauty is like a dream:
We wake, and, lo! it is flown;
If we sleep again, 't would seem,
We may make it our very own.

Beauty is like a flower
In a dusk garden set,
That, reaved away, for an hour
Gives of her odor yet.

Beauty is like a tune
Soft-played in a perfect place,
Where, slowly under the moon,
Walk figures of wondrous grace.

Beauty is like a flame
That, fanned by the breath of men,
Leaps into loud acclaim,
Fitfully falls again.

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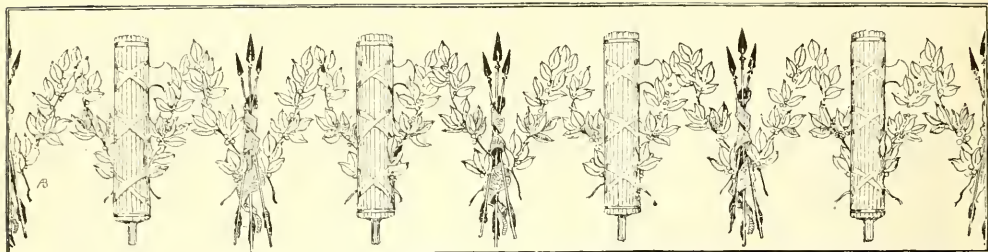
Yea, and they all are as one:
They carry the world's desire,
Out of far mystery spun,
Melody, fragrance, and fire.

Richard Burton.



Drawn by Leon Guipon. Half-tone plate engraved by H. C. Merrill

“GO ON AND FIGHT ME. I 'LL MAKE IT PLAIN YE 'RE NONE OF MINE”



LINCOLN'S VOTE FOR VICE-PRESIDENT

IN THE PHILADELPHIA CONVENTION OF 1856

BY JESSE W. WEIK

IT is now generally agreed that one of Mr. Lincoln's most eloquent and impressive utterances was the speech he delivered at the first Republican State Convention in Illinois, held at Bloomington, May 29, 1856. Through the instrumentality of the late Henry C. Whitney, who was present and heard it, it has been preserved and published, so that its reproduction here is unnecessary. That it was in reality a great effort, and worthy the place assigned it in the annals of campaign oratory, is shown by the estimates of such men as John L. Scripps and Joseph Medill of the editorial staff of the Chicago "Tribune," both of whom were in attendance at the convention. "Never was an audience more completely electrified by human eloquence," wrote Scripps to his paper. "Again and again during its delivery they sprang to their feet and upon the benches and testified by long-continued shouts and the waving of hats how deeply the speaker had wrought upon their minds and hearts. It fused the mass of incongruous elements into perfect homogeneity; and from that day to the present they have worked together in harmonious and fraternal union." Medill's account is equally fervid and noteworthy: "I did make a few paragraphs of what Lincoln said in the first eight or ten minutes," he wrote; "but I became so absorbed in his magnetic oratory I forgot myself and ceased to take

notes, and I joined with the convention in stamping and clapping to the end of his speech. I well remember that after Lincoln sat down, and calm had succeeded the tempest, I waked out of a sort of hypnotic trance and then thought of my report for the 'Tribune.' There was nothing written but an abbreviated introduction."

During the convention Mr. Lincoln was the guest of Judge David Davis. A few minutes after the delivery of his speech, the convention adjourned, whereupon Mr. Lincoln left the hall in company with Mr. Whitney, who likewise was sojourning at the Davis home. "As I passed down-stairs with the crowd," related Whitney, "Jesse K. Dubois, who had been nominated State Auditor, seized me by the arm with a painful grip and made an exclamation close to my ear. Presently Lincoln got disentangled from the applauding crowd, and he and I started off in the direction of Judge Davis's house. As soon as we were out of hearing, Lincoln at once commenced a line of remark upon the extraordinary scene we had just witnessed, and whose prime mover he was, at the same time bending his head down to make our conversation more confidential. In a glow of enthusiasm I said in reply to a question by him:

"'You know my statements about your speeches are not good authority, so I

will tell you what Dubois, who is not so enthusiastic as I am, said to me as we came out of the hall: "Whitney," said he, "that is the greatest speech ever made in Illinois, and puts Lincoln on the track for the Presidency."

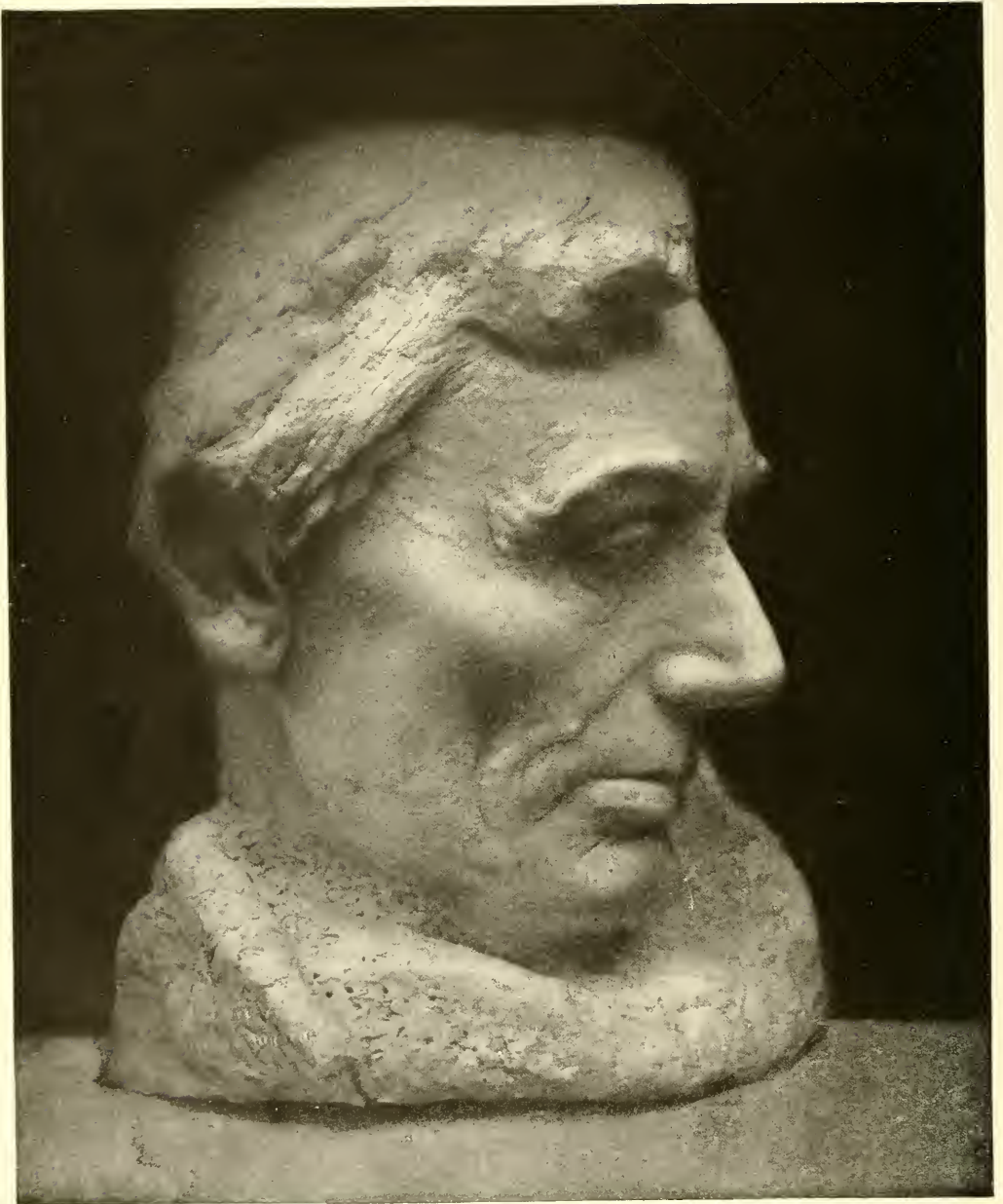
"He walked along for some thirty seconds, perhaps, without saying a word, but with a thoughtful abstracted look; then he straightened up and immediately made a remark about some commonplace subject having no reference to the matter we had been considering. Did he then recognize in this burst of enthusiasm from Dubois the voice of destiny summoning him to the highest responsibility on earth? If so, well for him was it that he did not also see the granite tomb, only nine years' distant, consecrated by more tears than any other since the human race began!"

Twenty days after this incident the delegates to the first National Republican Convention assembled in the city of Philadelphia to nominate candidates for President and Vice-President. Deeply interested as Mr. Lincoln unquestionably was in the growth and success of the newly organized party, the natural presumption would be that he attended the convention. Indeed, Col. A. K. McClure, late editor of the Philadelphia "Times," in his interesting reminiscences of that period, represents him as present on that occasion, even describing how he looked and acted, and the impression his tall, angular figure made on the delegates, many of whom had never seen him before. Unfortunately for the truth of Colonel McClure's narrative, there is abundant evidence to warrant the assertion that Mr. Lincoln was not there. The fact is, realizing that he could or would not be present, and feeling that Illinois should be ably and decently represented, so that, as he expressed it, a conservative man might be nominated for President, he wrote to Senator Lyman Trumbull, then in Washington, urging him to go; and I have before me the latter's answer to Mr. Lincoln's letter, in which he states that up to that time he had hesitated about attending the convention, but, in deference to Mr. Lincoln's wishes, he would set out for Philadelphia on the following day.

The proceedings of that memorable convention, ending in the nomination of General Frémont for President, are so

thoroughly interwoven into the history of our times that it would be a waste of space and time to recount them here. One item alone claims our interest, and that is the vote for Vice-President. It was on the first ballot for this nomination that Mr. Lincoln received one hundred and ten votes, a tribute to his genius and ability which, it is said, afforded him more real gratification than any other which came to him during the years of his political activity; but, whether he accepted it as a recognition of his victory over Douglas in 1854 or as the logical result of his eloquent and stirring appeal at the Bloomington convention, we do not know. People generally credited it to the concerted action and zealous efforts of Judd, Yates, Palmer, Trumbull, and the other leading lights from Illinois who represented that State in the convention; but a careful examination of Mr. Lincoln's correspondence during this period fails to confirm that generally accepted opinion. If indeed such a thing was in contemplation, it was never mentioned by those who naturally would take the initiative in the movement. That Trumbull was somewhat distrustful, if not actually envious, of Lincoln's rapid rise in political esteem we cannot with absolute certainty assert; but that he did not regard him as suitable Presidential timber is plainly evident from his deep interest in Bissell, who had just been nominated for Governor at the Bloomington convention, and of whom he said: "Colonel Bissell is somewhat talked of, and has a great many friends. Everybody speaks well of him. If his name should be brought before the convention, I should be for him." Washburne, Judd, Yates, and Wentworth, if we are to judge by their letters, while not actuated perhaps by like motives, manifested equal indifference and lack of interest. Though apparently all friendly to Lincoln, they evidently did not regard him as of the requisite weight and importance to attract national attention.

If, therefore, the propriety of obtaining from the convention in the form of a complimentary vote the party's appreciation of Mr. Lincoln's strength and achievements did not occur to the coterie of Illinois leaders then present, the question naturally arises, Who first conceived the idea of securing for him the desired



ABRAHAM LINCOLN

CUT IN MARBLE BY GUTZON BORGLUM

This head is of colossal size, and the block was not quite large enough to enable the sculptor to carry out the back of the head to scale.

recognition? Who believed in his star? Who thought him big enough to fill the Presidential office? As over fifty years have elapsed since the convention, and as all the leading participants therein have doubtless passed away, the question might have remained unanswered but for the discovery of a letter written to Mr. Lincoln about this time which I found not long since among the Lincoln papers turned over to me by Mr. Herndon. This document throws the required light on the subject, and we are thereby enabled to determine who first suggested Mr. Lincoln for the Vice-Presidency, as well as who virtually secured the wholesome and significant vote he received in the convention. The man entitled to the credit was William B. Archer of the town of Marshall, Illinois. Mr. Archer had been elected to Congress, but was then awaiting the result of a contest for his seat. Immediately after his return to Washington from Philadelphia, where he attended the convention, he wrote Mr. Lincoln as follows:

Washington, D. C., June 21, 1856.

ABRAHAM LINCOLN,

My dear Sir: I was at the convention — got here last evening and have not had time to write you as I should wish. The House meets and I must be up to see about my case. I have been absent at New York and Philadelphia since the 13th. On being defeated as to Mr. McLean for whom I did my best, I felt badly and at dark after the nomination of Mr. Frémont, I resolved to name you for Vice-President regardless of whom they might name. We went it until 12 P. M.— Mr. Swett, Wilcox and myself. I got Allison of Pennsylvania to name you — did wish ex-Governor Pitner but he rather declined — was for you and did all he could in the short time left. Now you see they were personally committed to Mr. Dayton but had we moved early in the matter — and I would if I had believed McLean would have been defeated — you certainly [would] have had the nomination. This is the view of good men who are judges. If the matter had been named early all Pennsylvania would have voted for you. Ohio and Iowa treated me badly and I'll see them paid off. I think you will pardon me for the move. I had a strong hope and felt disposed to make the effort. Mr. Van Dyke of New Jersey had served with you in Congress. He paid you a high

compliment and at some length. It was well done and I regret that his remarks in full as to yourself were not published. He did you great credit.

We are in for the fight for Frémont and Dayton and conquer and succeed we must. I have but a few moments to write you. Accept my best wishes and prayers for your long life and prosperity.

Yours,

W. B. Archer.

But although, as we have seen, Mr. Lincoln was not in Philadelphia, it is not difficult to account for his presence elsewhere. The truth is that he was in Illinois, diligently engaged in following Judge Davis around the circuit. At the very time of the convention he was attending a special term of the court in Urbana.

Mr. Whitney relates that Judge Davis and the non-resident lawyers were quartered at the leading hostelry of the place. Their slumbers in the early dawn having too often been disturbed by the tones of a vibrant gong summoning them to breakfast, they decided one morning that the offending instrument must be removed or in some way forever silenced. By a majority vote Mr. Lincoln was chosen to carry out the decree. Accordingly, a little earlier than usual before noon that day, he was seen to leave the court-room and hasten to the hotel. Slipping unobserved into the dining-room, he managed to secure the gong, secreted it under his coat, and was in the act of making off with it when Whitney and Judge Davis suddenly appeared on the scene. The former held in his hand a copy of the Chicago "Tribune," which had just reached town, and contained the surprising and gratifying announcement that Mr. Lincoln had received 110 votes for Vice-President at the Philadelphia convention the day before.

"Great business this," chuckled Davis, "for a man who aspires to be Vice-President of the United States!"

Lincoln only smiled. "Davis and I," declared Whitney, "were greatly excited, but Lincoln was listless and indifferent. His only response was:

" 'Surely it ain't me; there 's another great man named Lincoln down in Massachusetts. I reckon it 's him.' "

THE LAST CLASS-SUPPER

BY HERBERT D. WARD

THE hotel throbbed with luxury. It was the hour of dining. Women, awaiting their mates, looked through long, lace curtains into the wintry street, or idly trailed across the lobby. Men appeared with the air of pseudo-domesticity belonging to the hotel class. These joined their wives with a polite abstraction that concentrated suddenly into an attention for which the ladies were not responsible. The gaze of the guests turned to the hotel desk. Over this a large banner of purple and gold proclaimed to the cosmopolitan eye that the University of Harle was in possession that night. Below the banner a white placard read:

CLASS OF '37,

ROOM A.

Now, Room A was the well-known state banquet-hall. One passed through a row of Siena columns to arrive at this room, whose decorations were the pride of the house. Each of these marble shafts was now festooned with the royal colors of the great university. Purple and gold woven into intricate designs stimulated many a curious and jaded eye to interest. Even to those accustomed to magnificence, the profusion of violets and yellow chrysanthemums made the entrance to the banquet-room a bower of wonder. Captivating the eye, in the center of these introductory decorations, swayed a huge streamer of the Harle colors blazoned with the number of the class.

'37! And this was 1907! A class seventy years graduated and gone! Was this a farce or a mistake? Was it one of those midwinter pranks that even the most dignified graduate is willing to play? Or was it a somber message from an almost forgotten era?

Women stared and whispered. Men

looked and said nothing at all. One walked boldly up the deserted corridor, and glanced into the banquet-hall. Set in a blaze of light and color, he saw a horse-shoe table arranged for about sixty guests, each plate bearing an individual card.

The glitter of the glasses, the eagerness of the waiters, the artistic luxury of the scene, informed the intruder that the banquet was not a hoax, but that the fact lacked only the men so fortunate as to be included in this function.

Curiosity now ran afire. Whispers of wonder crept from the lobby throughout the whole floor, until the university banquet became a matter of public attention.

Then the banquet band began to play the familiar college strains that always cause the hearts of old Harle graduates to tighten. Who can hear "Lauriger Horatius" without wondering why the modern undergraduate has cast the old, dignified melodies into oblivion, preferring the rag-time of the concert-halls set to topical words?

By this time gossip, rumor, and expectancy were at their height. Fully half a hundred guests were now gathered, forgetting their own dinners, to see the Class of '37 arrive. The clerks at the desks had refused to answer inquisitive questions.

At half-past seven, Ernest, the head waiter, in his way a person of renown, swept an approving glance over the perfect table and the faultless serving staff. Then his face assumed an expression of repressed anxiety. He threw open the doors, and took his stand in the purple and gold corridor.

"Excuse me!" murmured a polite clerk to the spectators who were blocking the passage. "Will you please make way for the Class of '37?"



ABRAHAM LINCOLN READING LAW IN THE GROCERY STORE AT NEW SALEM, ILLINOIS, OF WHICH HE WAS PART OWNER

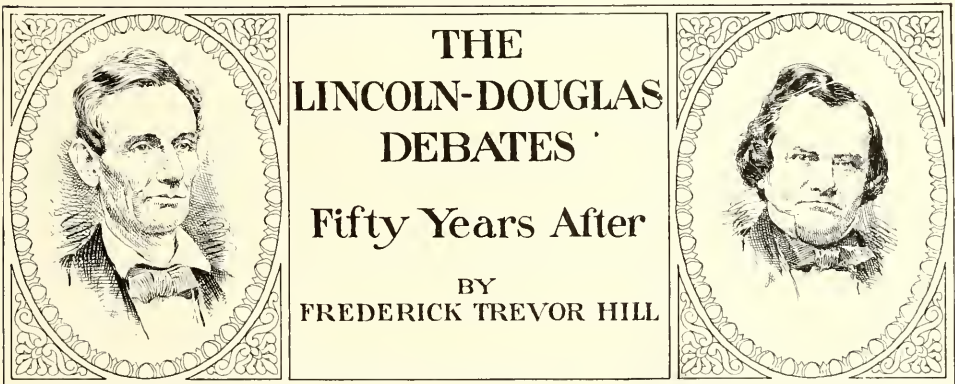
COLOR DRAWING BY BLENDON CAMPBELL

THE CENTURY MAGAZINE

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No. 1



A NEW ACCOUNT OF THE FORENSIC "SEVEN DAYS' BATTLE"

JUST fifty years have passed since Abraham Lincoln and Stephen A. Douglas closed their great forensic contest in Illinois, and to-day a vast body of writing attests its historic importance. Nevertheless, the record is strangely incomplete. There is no complete file of the local newspapers; very few persons are living who remember the distinctive features of the meetings; and the published reminiscences are scattered and chary of detail. Save for the dates of the events, the names of the towns where the combatants met, the text of their speeches, and the general impressions of a few spectators, there is no authoritative data, and those in charge of the recent celebrations of the semicentennial have had no little difficulty in ascertaining the facts.

To preserve the local color of this unique episode in American history, the material essential to a proper visualization of the scenes is assembled in these pages, which are mainly based on the testimony of eye-witnesses and documentary evidence.

LINCOLN had no reason to complain when Douglas elected to open the debate at Ottawa, the county seat of La Salle County. There the Supreme Court—the Illinois court of last resort—held its

sessions twice a year, and before that tribunal Lincoln had displayed qualities that had earned him an enviable reputation throughout the neighborhood. Moreover, Ottawa, then a town of about nine thou-



WASHINGTON PARK, OTTAWA, ILLINOIS
 TABLET MARKING THE SITE OF THE LINCOLN-
 DOUGLAS DEBATE, OTTAWA, ILLINOIS

sand inhabitants, lay in the northern part of the State, only about seventy miles from Chicago, in a region strongly in sympathy with the antislavery movement and certain to accord its champion a friendly reception. Yet it is doubtful if Lincoln regarded this as an advantage. Illinois

was a Democratic State, and his main object in challenging Douglas was to gain the ear of Democratic voters who would not attend Republican meetings and could not otherwise be reached. He therefore probably hoped that "the Little Giant's" admirers would appear in full force, and he was not to be disappointed.

On Friday, August 20, 1858,¹ work was virtually suspended in the outlying districts, and all the local world was in holiday mood. Under clouds of dust and a burning summer sun, straggling pro-

cessions of people on foot, on horseback, in hay-carts, and in canvas-covered wagons, occupied every turnpike and country lane leading to Ottawa, and by nightfall their camp-fires were plainly visible from the town. Despite its political differences, it was a friendly, good-na-

ture crowd that spread itself over the bluffs and rolling prairie. Family groups and neighborhood parties fraternized with one another, hospitality was proffered, provisions were shared, and the coming event was discussed without bitterness or hard feeling of any kind. Thus passed the eve of the momentous duel.

Saturday dawned clear, and before the sun was fairly up, the advance-guard of the audience began to pour into the little town. Ottawa was not without experience in handling holiday crowds, for each

¹The writer's authorities on the Ottawa debate are the New York "Tribune," August 26, 1858; the New York "Evening Post," August 27, 1858; and Mr.

Horace White the representative of the "Chicago Press and Tribune" in 1858, who courteously supplied the writer with many important details.



COLONEL W. H. H. CUSHMAN, MOD-
ERATOR FOR THE DOUGLAS SIDE,
OTTAWA, ILLINOIS



THE HON. JOSEPH O. GLOVER, MOD-
ERATOR OF THE DAY, ALSO MAYOR
OF OTTAWA, ILLINOIS

session of the court made it a market where all the countryside had something to buy or sell or "swap," and fakirs and peddlers did a flourishing business; but never before had it attracted such a swarm of visitors as took possession of it on the morning of August 21, 1858. On the court-house green a rough, undecorated, pine-board platform had been erected, but no seats had been provided for the audience, and the square itself was without sufficient trees to protect them from the sun. Not discouraged by this uninviting prospect, many of the first-comers sat down on the grass in front of the speakers' stand and settled themselves for a long wait rather than lose the advantage of their early start, and others manœvered their carts into favorable positions at the edge of the square, where they formed a sort of improvised gallery.

Meanwhile the throng was steadily increasing, and before noon a long procession of Douglas's admirers, headed by a fine band, started for Buffalo Rock, a short distance from the city, where they met their champion arriving from La Salle and escorted him down the Peru Road to the Geiger House, his advent being announced by a salute from two brass twelve-pounders posted near the center of the

town. Almost at the same moment a train of seventeen cars arrived from Chicago, Joliet, and the surrounding country, and before long a Republican procession was in motion, the rival paraders passing and re-passing each other until they became inextricably mingled. Then the bands, hopelessly wedged in by the crowds, halted and blared defiantly at each other; but al-

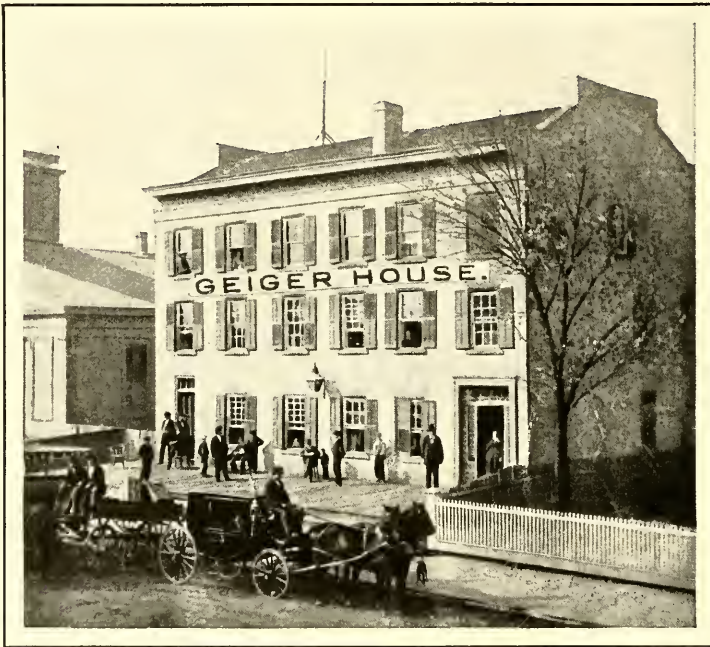


THE HON. ROBERT R. HITT

though the noise was deafening and the confusion almost hopeless, no disorder of any kind occurred.

By this time the vicinity of the courthouse was virtually impassable, and it is conservatively estimated that no fewer than twelve thousand people, almost a tenth of the whole population of Illinois, were in attendance. Meanwhile Lincoln and the congressional candidate, Owen Lovejoy, had taken refuge with the Mayor, Joseph O. Glover, who had offered them the hospitality of his house for the occasion, and the reception committee proceeded to perfect their arrangements. When they arrived at the square, it was discovered

It was half-past two before a great shout announced the arrival of the champions, and in a few moments a small procession, headed by the reception committee, the moderators, and other officials, forced its way through the crowd. At the left of the platform were three or four tables reserved for reporters, and these were soon occupied by Robert R. Hitt, the official reporter for the "Chicago Press and Tribune," and his associate, Horace White; Chester P. Dewey of the New York "Evening Post"; Messrs. Henry Binmore and James B. Sheridan of the "Chicago Times," and Henry Villard of the New York "Staats Zeitung." Behind the table

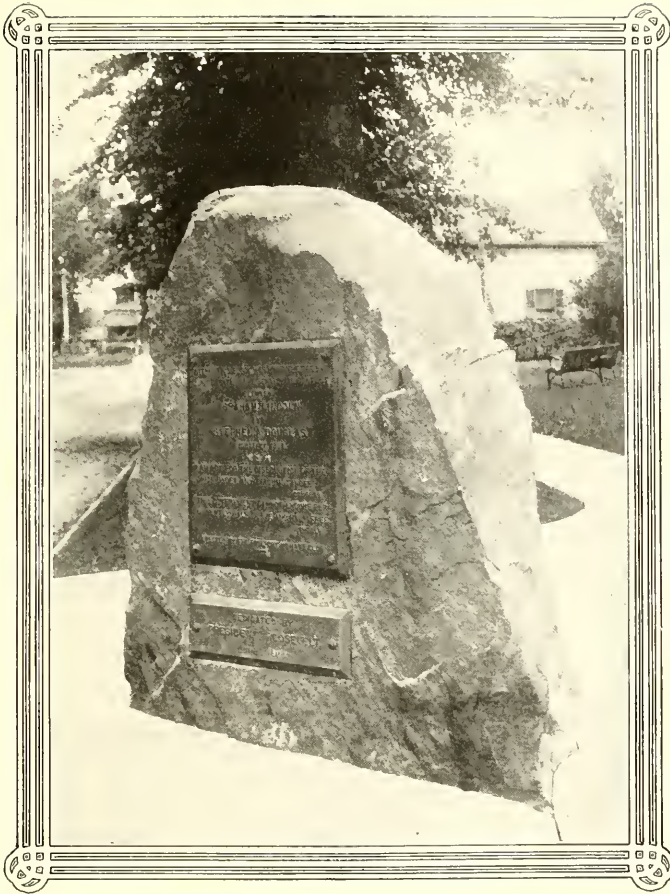


GEIGER HOUSE, OTTAWA, ILLINOIS, WHERE DOUGLAS WAS ENTERTAINED

that some enterprising spectators had taken possession of the speakers' platform, and these intruders were no sooner ejected than others took their places. Finally some youngsters climbed to the roof of the flimsy structure and brought part of it down on the heads of the officials, who thereupon organized an effective force, which dislodged all the invaders and protected the stand from further attack.

placed in the center of the platform sat the two moderators, who also served as timekeepers, one selected from each of the political parties, Colonel W. H. H. Cushman being for Douglas; and on each side of these officials ranged the reception committee and invited guests, who, grouped together on party-lines, were popularly known as Lincoln or Douglas "shouters."¹

¹ This arrangement was substantially maintained at all the joint debates. Mr. Hitt was regarded as acting for Lincoln, and Messrs. Binmore and Sheridan for Douglas. Messrs. White, Dewey, and Villard were not stenographers.



BOULDER ERECTED AT FREEPORT, ILLINOIS, UPON THE LOCATION OF THE LINCOLN-DOUGLAS DEBATE OF AUGUST 27, 1858

The inscription upon the Freeport tablet is as follows:

“WITHIN THIS BLOCK WAS HELD THE SECOND
JOINT DEBATE IN THE SENATORIAL CONTEST

BETWEEN

ABRAHAM LINCOLN

AND

STEPHEN A. DOUGLAS

AUGUST 27, 1858.

* * *

‘I AM NOT FOR THE DISSOLUTION OF THE
UNION UNDER ANY CIRCUMSTANCES.’

—DOUGLAS

‘THIS GOVERNMENT CANNOT ENDURE PER-
MANENTLY HALF-SLAVE AND HALF-FREE.’

—LINCOLN

ERECTED BY THE FREEPORT WOMAN’S CLUB,
1902

DEDICATED BY
PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT,
JUNE 3, 1903.”

There was confidence in every line of Douglas’s clear-cut, clean-shaven face as he stepped to the front of the platform and bowed to the cheering multitude, and when his awkward rival stood beside him, he had no reason to distrust the effect of the inevitable comparison.

No time was lost in initiating the contest. Neither speaker required any introduction, and Douglas began by outlining the rules of the debate. He was to open with a speech of one hour, and close with another of half an hour after Lincoln had replied for an hour and a half, and at the next meeting these conditions were to be reversed. Only a small proportion of the mighty assemblage could possibly hope to hear the speakers, and those in wagons at the outskirts of the crowd, finding themselves at a disadvantage, soon abandoned their positions and edged their way into



Amateur photograph by Allen Ayrault Green

ANNIVERSARY CELEBRATION, KNOX COLLEGE, GALESBURG, ILLINOIS, OCTOBER 7, 1899
 President McKinley speaking; members of his cabinet on his left; on his right Colonel Clark E. Carr.

the throng. Nevertheless, there was very little movement in the audience, and there was virtually no interruption. Once when Douglas sneeringly quoted a part of Lincoln's "House-divided-against-itself" speech, the Republicans burst into applause, which brought an angry response from the unwary orator; and when Lincoln began by reading a document, some one in the crowd shouted, "Put on your specs!" possibly anticipating a smart reply. But Lincoln was in no joking mood. "Yes, sir," he responded gravely: "I am obliged to do so. I am no longer a young man."

Then for an hour and a half he held that mighty audience by the sheer force of his personality and the intense interest of his theme. Now and again there was a burst of cheering, but the speaker made no effort at oratorical effect and employed no device to lighten his argument. Douglas was not yet as serious as his adversary, for he had entered light-heartedly upon the contest, and did not immediately realize the magnitude of the task he had undertaken. From the very start he assumed the of-

fensive and continued his attack, scarcely deigning to notice his opponent's replies, throughout the day. Even when some Republican enthusiasts stormed the platform at the close of that eventful evening and attempted to carry Lincoln off upon their shoulders, he affected to believe that he had so completely exhausted his adversary as to necessitate his removal from the field. One week later he began to take a less jaunty view of the situation.

In 1858 the town of Freeport,¹ in Stephenson County, on the northern border of Illinois, was not much more than a village of four or five thousand inhabitants; but it boasted a court-house and a court-house square; two newspapers, the Republican "Journal" and the Democratic "Bulletin"; an excellent hotel known as the Brewster House; and communication with the outside world by means of the Illinois Central Railroad and the Galena & Chicago Union, now part of the North-Western system. Thus it was a place of no little importance in northern Illinois, and on Friday, August 27, it heard what

¹The writer is indebted to Mr. B. F. Shaw of Dixon, Illinois, and Mr. Smith D. Atkins, Editor of the "Freeport Journal," who attended the debate, for many of the details of this meeting.

was perhaps the most momentous of the debates.

Threatening weather greeted the visitors who arrived on the scene during the morning of that day; but no rain fell, and by noon several thousand persons had assembled from the adjoining counties and from southern Wisconsin. A train of nine cars came through Dixon, Illinois, and another of sixteen cars bore many hundred excursionists from the east over the Galena & Chicago Union. Douglas arrived from Galena on the night of the 26th in a special car, and was met at Freeport by an enthusiastic delegation with an address of welcome, after receiving which he proceeded to the Brewster House in a carriage and four, the pride of the local livery stable, followed by a torchlight procession and a band.

Lincoln arrived the next morning from Dixon and walked to the same hotel, escorted by a procession which included Ex-Congressman John B. Turner, Joseph Medill, Owen Lovejoy, Norman B. Judd,

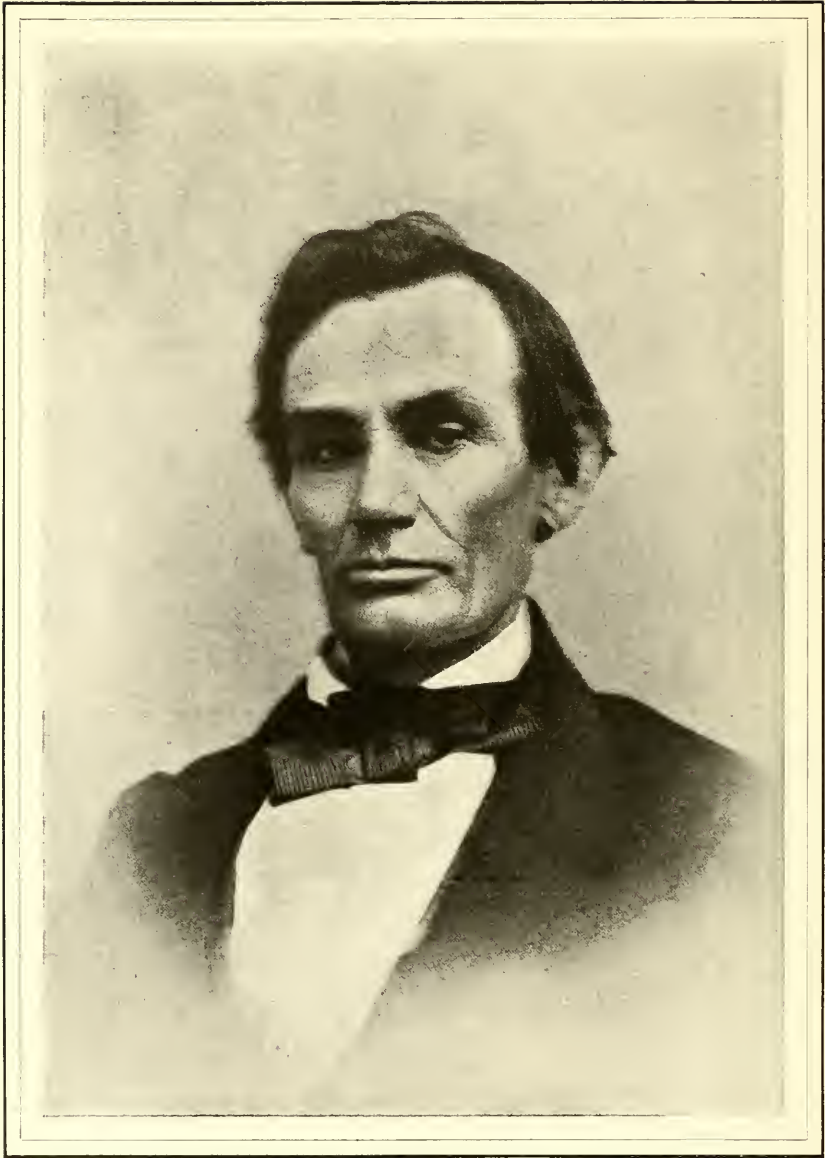
E. B. Washburne, Dr. C. H. Ray, chief editor of the "Tribune," and other well-known Republican leaders. Some of these gentlemen had been in close consultation with him at Dixon, and his tactics during the Ottawa debate had been thoroughly discussed and somewhat severely criticized. He had been entirely too solemn on that occasion, he was told, and it behooved him to redeem himself by amusing the audience, after the fashion of the then celebrated Tom Corwin of Ohio. But Lincoln had declined to accept this suggestion. The issue was too serious to admit of jesting, he declared, and his advisers did not press the point. A much graver difference of opinion developed when the questions which Lincoln proposed to put to Douglas were discussed; and here it was that some of his supporters are said to have prophesied ruin if he insisted on his now famous "second interrogatory," only to be met with the response that if Douglas answered it as they expected, he might win the Illinois senatorship, but he could



Amateur photograph by Allen Ayrault Green

ANNIVERSARY CELEBRATION, KNOX COLLEGE, GALESBURG, ILLINOIS, OCTOBER 7, 1896

The Hon. Robert T. Lincoln speaking; at his right President Finley, chairman of the day; Colonel Clark E. Carr to his right, on the other side of the reading-desk. On this occasion a tablet commemorative of the debate was erected on the other and more public side of the building and was unveiled by Miss Ellen Boyden Finley, daughter of the chairman.



Half-tone plate engraved by H. Davidson

ABRAHAM LINCOLN

From an ambrotype made a few days after the debate at Galesburg, Illinois, October 7, 1858.

never be elected President of the United States.

It was therefore with a foreboding of disaster that the Republican leaders accompanied their candidate to the Brewster House, in the vicinity of which an immense crowd had already assembled. The site chosen for the debate was a large plot of vacant land a little to the north of the hotel, and there a platform similar to that

which had served at Ottawa had been erected; but although an attempt was made to mitigate the crude effect of the rough pine boards by draping the stand with flags, the general surroundings were decidedly less picturesque than those of the first debate. No seats of any sort had been provided, and yet a throng even greater than that at Ottawa gathered long before the appointed time, prepared to

stand during the whole of the three-hour struggle. Douglas arrived on the scene shortly before three o'clock, in the same coach and four which had been placed at his disposal earlier in the day, and his appearance was evidently designed to impress and awe the country folk. Certainly he received a rousing welcome; but the cheers had scarcely ceased before the crowd burst into a shout of laughter, for just at that moment an old-fashioned Conestoga wagon, drawn by six draft-horses, lumbered into view, and on one of the high seats of this clumsy conveyance sat Lincoln, accompanied by half a dozen farmers in their working clothes. The rear nigh horse was guided by a rider with a single rein, and the harness of the rest of the team consisted of old-fashioned wide straps and chain traces. In fact, the burlesque on Douglas's ceremonial coach had been made as complete as possible, and the good-natured roar which greeted it demonstrated its effect.

The Hon. Thomas J. Turner, Republican Moderator, promptly called the meeting to order, and it was a friendly audience to which he introduced his candidate; for Freeport was almost on the northern border of Illinois, where anti-slavery sentiment prevailed even more strongly than at Ottawa. But in this part of the State Lincoln was almost a stranger, and his uncouth appearance and slouchy bearing were not offset by any direct knowledge of his professional attainments. On this occasion, however, he speedily dispelled all doubts of his ability by advancing boldly to the attack. Reminding his auditors that Douglas had seen fit to cross-examine him at their last meeting, he announced that he was prepared to answer the seven questions which had been put to him provided his adversary would reply to questions from him not exceeding the same number. "I give him an opportunity to respond," he announced, and, turning to Douglas, paused for his reply.

In an instant the vast audience was hushed. Even the fakirs and vendors at the outskirts of the crowd ceased plying their trades and strove to catch a glimpse of the platform. It was a dramatic moment, and an unequaled opportunity for

Douglas; but he merely shook his head and smiled. "The judge remains silent," continued Lincoln. "I now say that I will answer his interrogatories whether he answers mine or not."

No more effective challenge was ever uttered, and the audience, quick to recognize its courage and fairness, responded in a fashion that must have disconcerted and nettled Lincoln's cautious adversary. Certainly Douglas was in no amiable mood when he rose to make reply, and the interruptions of the audience speedily worked him into a passion. Again and again he assailed his hearers as "Black Republicans," characterizing their questions as vulgar and blackguard interruptions, shaking his fist in their faces, and defying them as a mob.¹ More than once Mr. Turner, the Republican Moderator, was drawn into the fray by the speaker's aggressive tactics, and the whole meeting was occasionally on the verge of tumult. Lincoln's closing address, however, had a calming effect, and when his time expired, the audience quietly dispersed, to spread the news throughout the countryside that this unknown lawyer was actually outmaneuvering his distinguished adversary and forcing him into the open, beyond reach of cover or possibility of retreat.

Nearly three weeks elapsed before the combatants renewed their struggle, and then the scene of battle was shifted to the extreme south of Illinois, a region known as "Egypt," controlled by the Democracy, but favoring Buchanan rather than Douglas. Here Lincoln had few friends, but there was a great chance for winning them, and he had determined to make the most of his opportunity by carefully preparing for the event.

Jonesboro,² the site selected for this contest, was then a little village of not more than twelve hundred inhabitants. It was situated nearly a mile and a half from the railroad station, which was known as Anna, and the station, said to be as large as the town, was reputedly opposed to it politically, the former being Republican and the latter Democratic. If the station deserved this reputation, however, it was certainly a unique distinction in southern Illinois, for in one of the counties in that

¹ New York "Tribune," September 1, 1858.

² The writer's authorities on this debate are A. S. Tibbets, Esq., Editor of the "Jonesboro Gazette,"

and Dr. D. R. Sanders of Anna, Illinois, and the New York "Evening Post" of September 18 and 20, 1858.

region, Frémont is said to have polled only two votes in 1856, and the anti-slavery movement had not made much headway in the interim. The whole character of the country was essentially different from the prairies of the center and north of the State, and a very much rougher state of civilization prevailed. Jonesboro's accommodations for visitors were confined to one hotel, the Union House, a large but somewhat primitive hostelry, and Mr. Villard's reminiscences are eloquent of the sufferings he endured during his sojourn in the town. The only newspaper was the "Jonesboro Gazette," but as all its files were destroyed during the war, no local account of the debate has been preserved. There is, however, evidence that both Douglas and Lincoln arrived on the scene the day before the debate (Wednesday, September 15, 1858), the latter coming from Edwardsville, and that both of them were entertained at the Union House during their stay.

About a quarter of a mile from the center of the town lay the fair grounds, and here the speakers' platform¹ had been erected, and some attempt made at providing the audience with seats. The accommodations, however, proved wholly inadequate, though not more than fifteen hundred persons attended, and most of them were obliged to stand during the whole afternoon. No processions or demonstrations of any kind preceded the meeting. Douglas drove to the fair grounds in a carriage, accompanied by a few admirers, and Lincoln walked there with a friend.

¹ Still standing, and kept in good repair.

² The writer's information is partially derived from Meiss, Joseph Edmond Curd and Major Daniel Sayer of

On the speakers' platform Lincoln was represented by an old friend, the Rev. David L. Phillips, who afterward became postmaster of Springfield and editor of the "State Journal"; but it is doubtful if the Republican candidate was personally known to half a dozen men in the audience, which regarded his party's doctrines with anything but favor. Indeed, Douglas had taunted his adversary with being

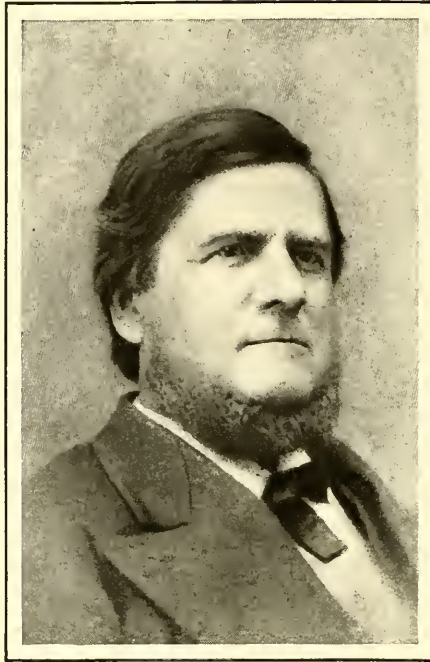
afraid to appear in southern Illinois, and prophesied a sorry experience for him when he was "trotted down to Egypt." This was mere pleasantry, of course, for at the first indication of hostility toward the Republican candidate, his adversary instantly silenced it with a sharp reproof, and the meeting passed off quietly. But Douglas was not in good form during the contest, his speech being poorly delivered, as though he were indifferent as to the effect he produced, while Lincoln, who had come to persuade, devoted his best powers to that end. Even the jeer of being afraid to visit this hotbed of Democracy he turned to his advantage.

"Why, I know this people better than Judge Douglas does!" he exclaimed. "I was raised just a little east of here. I am a part of this people."

Certainly a part of that people was Lincoln's at the close of that autumn day. He had given them food for reflection. He was making the whole country think.

ONLY three days intervened before the rivals met again, and this time they appeared at Charleston,² in Coles County, on Saturday, September 18, 1858. A

Charleston, eye-witnesses of the event; Mr. S. E. Thomas of the same city, and the New York "Evening Post" of September 25, 1858.



THE HON. THOMAS G. FROST, WHO WELCOMED MR. LINCOLN UPON BEHALF OF THE CITIZENS OF GALESBURG UPON HIS ARRIVAL AT THE SANDERSON HOME

bright, cool morning ushered in the day, and the little town was soon astir with preparations for the great event. Coles County lay just outside the Eighth Judicial Circuit, and in that region Lincoln

trip to Charleston, followed by the whole population of Mattoon in wagons. About a mile from his destination he was met by fifty horsemen, who drew up on each side of the road to allow his carriage to pass between their ranks, and then, falling in behind it, escorted him to the town, where he became the guest of Mr. Thomas A. Marshall, who had accepted a nomination for the State senate at his urgent request. Douglas arrived at Mattoon on a special train decorated with flags and banners and popularly supposed to have been supplied by the Illinois Central Railroad in recognition of the states-



THE OLD QUINCY HOUSE

From a drawing made in the fifties. Erected 1838, burned 1883. One of the largest and most widely known hotels in the Middle West in its day. Lincoln and Douglas were both guests at the time of their Quincy debate.

did not lack support. Charleston itself was not on the line of the Illinois Central Railroad, the nearest point on that road being Mattoon, fully twelve miles to the west, and at this station Lincoln arrived the night before the debate after an exhausting journey in a "saloon car,"

which not too luxurious accommodation Mr. H. C. Whitney had, with great difficulty, secured for him. Here he was welcomed by Mr. James Cunningham and one or two other friends, and the next morning started with them on the long



FIFTH STREET, QUINCY, ILLINOIS, LOOKING NORTH FROM MAIN STREET IN 1858. WASHINGTON PARK ON THE LEFT

The cross shows where it is generally conceded that the debaters' stand stood. This point is disputed, but a majority of those living who were present at the debate agree that the stand was in the eastern half of the square, about opposite the court-house.

man's past services to the road¹ and the corporation's "lively sense of favors to come." The probability is, however, that Douglas was charged a good round sum for all his privileges, and his retinue of enthusiastic admirers did not serve to di-

¹ Douglas had been instrumental in obtaining the company's charter.

minish the lavish expenditure which was already depleting his not excessive fortune.¹

No organized procession accompanied either candidate on his way to the fair grounds, where they were to speak, but their respective partizans followed them in large numbers, and as the Republicans moved through Jefferson Street, they passed under a huge banner, the work of a local sign-painter, depicting three or four yoke of oxen attached to an ancient Virginian wagon and driven by Lincoln, gad in hand. This work of art, which bore the legend, "Abe thirty years ago," was a source of much amusement to the supposed original, as was another placard which announced "Edgar County for the Tall Sucker!" Indeed, flags, banners, and placards were to be seen on every side, for the Republicans were beginning to realize the necessity of doing something to meet the electioneering devices upon which Douglas and his party were expending vast sums throughout the State. With this idea they had prepared a double-deck float, decorated with bunting, wreaths, and flowers, and bearing young girls dressed in white and wearing blue velvet caps ornamented with a silver star to represent the several States of the Union, while another young woman, clothed in black and seated apart, personified Kansas. The Democrats, however, were not to be outdone, and the float which they displayed was even more elaborate, and sixty-two symbolic equestrians, half of whom were women, acted as a guard of honor for Douglas when he approached the town.

A large number of benches had been prepared for the audience, but the crowd which surged into the fair grounds as early as one o'clock numbered fully five thousand and far exceeded the accommodations, and again most of the auditors stood while Lincoln and Douglas closed with each other for the fourth time. Not all of those who listened with rapt attention to the earnest speakers, however, were directly concerned in the contest, for the

whole country was beginning to take an interest in it, and a large delegation of men, women, and children had arrived during the morning from Indiana in farm-wagons, carriages, and on horseback, and the number of women in attendance was specially noticeable. Indeed, the pilgrimage of all the countryside to this inaccessible town, miles away from a railroad, was one of the most significant features of this remarkable campaign, and one of those who was present comments upon the "hot, feverish flush" which characterized the interest of the audience.

Lincoln had the opening speech, and again he lost no time in advancing to the attack. In fact, Douglas was now clearly on the defensive, and in this position he was plainly ill at ease.² For once at least his air of confidence and superiority completely disappeared, and his supporters were sorely disappointed at his showing. Truly it began to seem as though it were a case of "Night or Blücher" with him, and the end was still fully six weeks away.

Election day was almost in sight, and the campaign was at its height, before the rivals met again. Meanwhile the Republicans had been gaining confidence and courage, forcing their opponents to fight as they had not fought for years, and both sides strained every nerve to make the joint meeting at Galesburg, scheduled for Thursday, October 7, a memorable event. Galesburg itself began preparing for the fray weeks in advance, for accounts of the other meetings showed that a supreme effort would have to be made to surpass the reception accorded by less important centers, and the citizens rose to the occasion.

The county seat of Knox County, then a town of some five thousand inhabitants, boasted a public square, but the intense interest of the whole community for a radius of fifty miles or more indicated a far greater gathering than had attended any of the preceding debates, and it was therefore determined to hold the meeting

¹ The campaign is said to have cost him \$50,000. Lincoln's expenses were less than \$1000.

² Mr. Isaac N. Arnold states that Douglas paced nervously up and down the platform, watch in hand, while Lincoln was speaking, and the moment his hour expired Douglas exclaimed, with great irritation: "Sit down Lin-

coln! Your time is up. Sit down!" As neither Mr. White nor any of the other reporters confirm this story, however, and as it is not probable that a shrewd politician like Douglas would make such an exhibition of himself, the chances are that no such incident occurred.

on the campus of Knox College.¹ A more fortunate selection of a site could scarcely have been made, for the college grounds extended over sixty acres, well carpeted with grass and shaded by trees, and the main college building, against which the platform was erected, supplied the speakers with a sounding-board. Here for the first time there was a studied attempt to make the surroundings attractive, for the platform was tastefully decorated with flags and adorned with branches of ever-

spent the night with every prospect that the weather would seriously interfere with what promised to be the most notable meeting of the whole campaign. Even the next morning a keen, chilling wind was blowing and the roads were almost impassable with mud; but the rain had ceased, and from every point of the compass streams of people began pouring into the town, overwhelming the Bonney House, where Douglas was stopping, and literally taking possession of the town.



METEORITE PLACED IN WASHINGTON PARK, QUINCY, ILLINOIS,
BY THE QUINCY HISTORICAL SOCIETY TO COMMEM-
ORATE THE LINCOLN-DOUGLAS DEBATE

green, and an effort was made to provide at least sufficient seats for the ladies. In fact, the committee of arrangements apparently provided for every detail save one, but that seemed rather a serious omission in view of the drenching rain which fell on the eve of the contest, for there was no shelter for the speakers or platform guests.

Lincoln arrived in Knoxville from Peoria on the evening of October 6, in the midst of a violent storm, and there he

With the vanguard came bands and uniformed paraders, peddlers, political floats, and banners, straw-riding parties of girls and boys, farmers, farm-hands, local dignitaries,—all sorts and conditions of men, women, and children,—a laughing, good-natured, even hilariously boisterous crowd, bent upon enjoying itself and determined to make the most of its holiday.

Lincoln started from Knoxville early in the day, but not too soon for the enthusi-

¹Through the courtesy of Ray M. Arnold, Esq., of Galesburg, the writer has had the benefit of the recollections of Mr. and Mrs. B. F. Arnold, who were present at the debate. The other authorities are Colonel Clark E. Carr and the Galesburg "Republican Register." A notable celebration of the thirty-eighth anniversary of the

Galesburg debate was held in 1896 under the auspices of President John H. Finley and a memorial tablet erected on the wall of the college building in front of which the platform was erected. At another and later celebration of the same event President McKinley and almost all the members of his cabinet were present.

asts, for behind his carriage trailed a procession nearly a mile and a half long, and near Galesburg he was met by another parade headed by a cavalcade of a hundred men and women, who accompanied him to the corner of Broad and Simmons streets, where he became the guest of the Hon. Henry R. Sanderson, whose house had been selected as the Republican

whose electioneering devices had at first encountered no competition, were now hard pressed to match their rivals, and their banners acclaiming "Douglas the Little Giant" and "The Constitution as it is" were met by others celebrating "Abe the Giant-Killer" and "The Constitution as it ought to be," while similar placards and mottos challenged and answered each other on every side as the rival organizations moved past each other, winding through the streets with defiant shouts and jeers, but no clash save that of the bands.

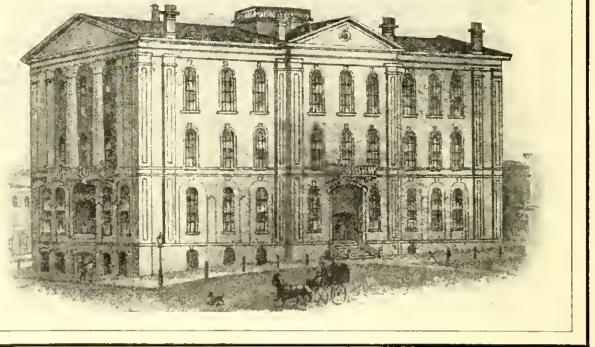
All this time more and more people were pouring into the town, and by half-past two fully fifteen thousand persons were massed on the college campus. Again, as at Ottawa, a line of farm-wagons fringed the outskirts of the crowd; but this time every available tree and roof-top was occupied as well as the space before the platform. There was



LINCOLN HOTEL, FORMERLY FRANKLIN HOUSE, WHERE LINCOLN STOPPED AT THE TIME OF THE DEBATE AT ALTON, ILLINOIS

headquarters. Meanwhile Douglas was holding an impromptu reception at the Bonney House, and after the presentation of a banner and some informal speaking, both parties began marshaling their forces for parades.¹

Thus far there had been little or no effort at any of the joint debates to organize the processions upon military lines or to make any great display of flags or banners. But now the Republicans had formed marching clubs all over the State, generally known as the "Wide-awakes," uniformed with a distinctive cap and cape, and these companies were the feature of the day at Galesburg. The Democrats,



CITY HALL, ALTON, ILLINOIS, AT THE EAST SIDE OF WHICH THE DEBATE TOOK PLACE

no doubt to which candidate the college students adhered, for across the east side of the main building, and directly behind the speakers, they had swung an immense banner announcing "Knox College for Lincoln," and it was under this defiant motto that Douglas began the fifth debate.

Neither speaker any longer cared for

¹ Hon. James Knox was chairman of the day; John T. Barnett was the Democratic marshal; Hon. Thomas G. Frost delivered a speech of welcome to Lincoln; Judge G. C. Lanphere entertained Douglas

applause. Every moment had become precious for attack or defense, and Douglas protested that he desired to be heard rather than cheered. There was now no flippancy or arrogance about the man. He was in deadly earnest, and when aroused, there was no more formidable antagonist in the United States than he. But Douglas was already beginning to devote no little part of his attention to the Buchanan administration, with which he was at war, and this evidence of dissension in the Democratic ranks was not displeasing to Lincoln, who followed up every admission, and never allowed his opponent to recover an inch of ground. Indeed, Lincoln had for some time past realized that he was speaking to a far wider audience than the thousands who strained to hear his voice, and with a clear vision of the final result he answered Douglas with such calmness and confidence that for the first time during the debate he ceased speaking before his time expired.

There was no mistaking the temper of the audience when Douglas made his closing speech. When he charged that Lincoln included the negro in that part of the Declaration which asserts that all men are created equal, the crowd shouted, "We believe it!" When he quoted Lincoln's statement that slavery was a crime, they answered "He 's right!" When he asserted that Lovejoy stood pledged against any more slave States, the response was "Right! So do we!" And when he arraigned his adversary on the same charge, his hearers cheered for Lincoln.

In the absence of an authoritative decision, neither candidate can be said to have been the victor at any of the debates, but all the external evidence is that at Galesburg Lincoln carried the day.

In 1858, Quincy,¹ the terminus of the Chicago, Burlington & Quincy Railroad, was a town of about fourteen thousand inhabitants, and its transportation facilities, both by land and water, made it one of the most important business centers of Illinois. Here it was to be expected that the rival candidates would meet with a

great reception, and the local newspapers published full details of the preparations of both parties in honor of their visit. The Republicans were first in the field, and completed their arrangements by the 11th of October, but the Democrats were only a day behind them, and their program was perhaps the more elaborate.

The debate occurred on Wednesday, October 13, 1858. Lincoln arrived by rail on the evening of the 12th in the company of Carl Schurz, who had accidentally met him on the train, and a reception committee bundled him into a carriage despite his protest that he would rather "foot it to Browning's," meaning O. H. Browning's house, where he was to pass the night. No formal reception was, however, forced upon him, and he was soon left to his own devices at the home of his old friend. Douglas was less fortunate, for he was met at the station by a torchlight procession over half a mile long and escorted with music and cheers to the Democratic headquarters at the Quincy House. Then followed a noisy night, during which the local and visiting political clubs fraternized, celebrated, and planned for the great to-morrow.

Early in the morning the visitors from the outlying districts began to flock into the town, among them a large delegation from Missouri, and by noon it seemed as though the attendance would surpass that at Galesburg. Meanwhile the marching clubs and political organizations were marshaling their forces for the customary parade, and with bands, banners, and symbolical floats, the Democrats passed in front of the Quincy House, where Judge Douglas reviewed them, and he was then escorted to the court-house square, where he made a short address. The Republican procession was perhaps a trifle less imposing, but it marched enthusiastically through the principal streets, headed by a man carrying a long pole on the top of which perched a live raccoon,² the emblem of the Old Whig party. A company of singers serenaded Lincoln, and the paraders finally halted near the speakers' platform at the southeast corner of the square,

¹ The details of this debate are derived from investigations made for the writer by Miss Louise Maertz, Recording Secretary of The Historical Society of Quincy, Illinois; the files of the Quincy "Daily Whig and Republican," the Quincy "Daily Herald" for October,

1858; the reminiscences of Carl Schurz, and the New York "Evening Post" for October 20, 1858.

² The Democrats met this studied compliment to the moribund Whigs by significantly bearing aloft a *dead* raccoon, tied by the tail.

diagonally opposite the court-house. Here a dense mass of spectators was assembled, and such was the crush that the benches provided by a public-spirited citizen for the accommodation of the ladies were overturned and broken, causing a momentary panic. No one was seriously injured, however, and shortly before three the rival candidates found themselves facing a crowd which was variously estimated at from eight to fourteen thousand.

Lincoln opened the debate, and again the first impression made upon the audience was distinctly unfavorable. The splendid carrying quality of his voice, however, enabled him to reach the very outskirts of the crowd and he soon riveted its attention, while Douglas writhed and scowled under his relentless attack. Indeed, Douglas's nerves were fast giving way under the tremendous strain of the campaign; his face had grown puffy, his voice had become so husky that what he said was audible only to those close to the platform, and his whole appearance had decidedly changed for the worse during the last two months. But his courage did not falter, and he returned his adversary's thrusts with almost ferocious zeal, hoarsely denouncing and defying him with all the power of a skilled forensic gladiator, hard pressed and fighting desperately against time. Lincoln fully realized his advantage, and he drove it home when his turn came to close. Yet every word he uttered was addressed to a far wider audience than that in his immediate presence. His aim was to make the people think, and all his personal interest in the campaign was subservient to this end. To quote his own words, the running fight with Douglas had become "the successive acts of a drama enacted not merely in the face of audiences like these, but in the face of the nation and to some extent in the face of the world."¹

The contest upon which Douglas had so light-heartedly entered had now lasted almost four months, and during this time he and Lincoln had each made nearly a hundred speeches and traveled hundreds upon hundreds of miles. The six joint

debates had carried them from the extreme north to the extreme south of the State, across it from the middle east to the western boundary, and twice into the northern center. Now there remained only one more meeting, scheduled for Alton, in Madison County, for Friday, October 15, only two days after the struggle at Quincy, and it must have been with a feeling of relief that the two men found themselves quietly sailing down the Mississippi together on the steamer *City of Louisiana* on the eve of their final combat.²

Alton was not awake when the visitors reached it at daybreak of the fifteenth, and slipping into the little town, they repaired to the Alton House, which had been selected as the Democratic headquarters. After breakfast, Mr. Lincoln retired to the Franklin House,³ where he held a reception to visiting delegates later in the day; but no processions or displays of any sort were attempted, except a parade of the Springfield Cadets, a local military organization, accompanied by the Edwardsville band. Indeed, the citizens of Alton were apparently opposed to partisan demonstrations, for it was agreed by representatives of both parties to exclude all banners, emblems, mottos, and campaign devices from the speakers' platform. It may be, however, that it was the multiplicity of these electioning properties that induced this action on the part of the managers, for there were more banners with strange devices in evidence on this occasion than at any of the previous meetings. "Squat Row," a group of local habitations, proclaimed that it was "For Old Abe and Free Labor," but another placard surpassed this modest announcement by bursting into rhyme with

Free territories and free men,
Free pulpits and preachers,
Free press and free pen,
Free schools and free teachers.

Across one street stretched a banner reading "Illinois born under the Ordinance of 1787. She will maintain its provisions," while others bore such inscrip-

¹ Works (Nicolay and Hay), Vol. I, p. 461.

² The writer's authorities on this debate are W. T. Norton, Esq., of Alton, who witnessed the event; Mr. H. G. McPike, the surviving member of the platform committee at the debate; the files of the Alton "Courier"

for October, 1858, and the New York "Evening Post" for October 20, 1858.

³ This hotel has since been named the Lincoln House in honor of the event.

tions as "Add Madison for Lincoln," "Too late for the milking," "Lincoln not yet trotted out," and other more or less local allusions. Indeed, Alton virtually held a Feast of Banners on that clear Indian summer afternoon when Lincoln and Douglas closed with each other for the seventh and last time.

The speakers addressed the assemblage from a platform erected at the northeast corner of the City Hall, and here a few thousand persons had gathered,¹ many of whom had journeyed from St. Louis on the steamers *Baltimore* and *White Cloud*, which had arrived during the day. On the platform itself sat no fewer than four future aspirants for the Presidency—Lincoln, Douglas, Lyman Trumbull,² and Major-General John M. Palmer, and near them were grouped Norman B. Judd, Henry S. Baker, and Dr. George T. Allen, whose opposition to Lincoln when Trumbull and he were candidates for the Senate probably saved him to the nation. Ex-Governor John Reynolds, Lieutenant-Governor Koerner, and many other notables and local officials were also present at this closing scene of the seven-days' battle, and the representatives of at least six important newspapers reported the proceedings in detail.

Douglas had the opening and closing word, and for the first time during the contest he indulged in no personalities, but devoted himself to argument, inveighing only against the Buchanan administration, which he bitterly attacked, to the delight of his Republican auditors. Indeed, when Lincoln rose to reply, informally heralded by an enthusiastic Democrat, who defiantly shouted, "Now let old Long Legs come out!" he "came

out" with such humorous references to the Democratic feud that the audience, largely composed of Douglas men, was plainly disconcerted, and not a little dismayed. It was only for a moment, however, that Lincoln permitted himself to be diverted from serious discussion of the issues. He had before him a large body of Democratic voters, and to them he addressed himself with unanswerable logic and great tact.

Douglas presented a really pitiable appearance, for he was utterly worn out and evidently at the point of collapse. His voice, which had been in poor condition at Quincy, was now almost gone, and, to quote one of his hearers, "every tone came forth enveloped in an echo. You heard the voice, but caught no meaning." Notwithstanding this, he struggled bravely to hold the attention of his auditors, and his closing words were an appeal for his favorite "Popular Sovereignty" theory, which Lincoln had stripped of its sophistical veneer until, as he said, it had as little substance as the soup which was made by boiling the shadow of a pigeon that had been starved to death.

Thus ended the momentous contest which resulted in an unprecedented Republican vote and a clear popular majority for Lincoln; the election of Douglas to the Senate by the Legislature, where the votes of his adherents, based on an obsolete census, gave them the control; the nomination of Lincoln for the Presidency, and the disruption of the Democratic party. Nor was this all, for as one of the keenest students of our political history has written, "The debate was not a mere episode in American politics. It marked an era."

¹ There is no definite authority as to the number present. The meeting was, however, smaller than any of the others, with the exception of that at Jonesboro.

² It has been stated that Senator Trumbull did not at-

tend any of the joint debates; but the Alton "Courier" records him as present on this occasion. Trumbull was an aspirant for nomination in the Liberal Convention of 1872; Major-General Palmer ran for the Gold Democrats in 1900.

NOTE.—The following editions of the debates have been published: First Debate, Lemuel Towers: Washington, 1858; All Debates, Follet, Foster & Co.: Columbus, Ohio, 1860; Burrows Bros. Co.: Cleveland, Ohio, 1894; O. S. Hubbell & Co.: Cleveland, Ohio, 1895; International Tract Society: Battle Creek, Michigan, 1895; Scott Foresman & Co.: Chicago, Illinois, 1900; Ottawa Debate, Old South Leaflets, no date; Maynard's Classic English Series with notes by E. C. Morris: New York, 1899; Henry Holt & Co.: New York, 1905, with notes by A. L. Bouton. The debates have appeared, besides, in various editions of Lincoln's works.

ROMANTIC GERMANY: DANTZIC

BY ROBERT HAVEN SCHAUFFLER

WITH PICTURES BY ALFRED SCHERRES

A BALTIC fog rolled in from the north as my train rolled in from the south, bringing an ideal hour for the first impressions of a city so full of Northern melancholy, a city so far from the beaten track and so romantic, as Dantzic. Down a street full of gargoyles and strange stone platforms there loomed through the mist a monstrous church, crowned with pinnacles and a huge, blunt tower.

A gate that seemed like the façade of an Italian palace pierced by a triumphal arch opened on a street of fascinating old gables, and beyond them rose a Rathaus with a most exquisite steeple. I passed between tall, slim palaces, through the arches of a water-gate, and came out by the river, to fill my lungs with a sudden draught of ozone and to realize that I was almost in the presence of the Baltic.

Toward the sea swept an unbroken line of romantic architecture, narrow, sharp-gabled houses intermingled with towered water-gates, and, last of all, the profile of the Krahn Thor, or Crane Gate, Dantzic's unique landmark, its stories projecting one beyond another. On the island formed by two arms of the Mottlau the black and white of half-timbered granaries started strongly out of the mist.

The river bristled with romantic shipping; and as I walked along the quay, I caught, between gables, the glow of the lights of the Langemarkt flushing the fog into a rosy cloud the center of which was the steeple of the Rathaus. It was as though beauty had been given an aureole.

I turned a corner, and wandered along the other shore of the island, past a deserted waterway and a strange, crumbling tower called the Milk-can Gate, then back again to the Green Bridge. The darkness had thickened so that one could

no longer distinguish the separate house-fronts, but all the lamps along the shore had their soft auras of mist, and the surface of the water was one delicate shimmer, with strong columns of light at regular intervals, among which the crimson lantern of a passing boat wrought amazing effects.

Where had I known such an evening before? As memory wandered idly about the harbor of Lübeck, the bridges of Nuremberg, the riversides of Würzburg and Breslau, I was flashed in a trice to the "Siren of sea-cities," that

floating film upon the wonder-fraught Ocean of dreams,

and it came to me with a glow of pleasure that this place had from of old been called "The Venice of the North."

This, then, was my introduction to Dantzic, and I never think of it without seeing streets full of high, narrow façades melting one into another, gently curving streets alive with rich reliefs, statues of blurred worthies, and inquisitive gargoyles, the blunt, mighty Church of St. Mary looming above them like a mountain. I can never see the name of Dantzic without beholding a dusky waterway lined with medieval structures and—strange juxtaposition—a jewel of Reformation art with its rosy aureole.

But it is delightful to remember how, on the following morning, the city drew aside her veil and stood revealed in that fresh depth of coloring found only near the misty seas of the North in such places as Lübeck and Amsterdam and Bruges.

Dantzic is as easy to compass as Dresden, for the most interesting and beautiful buildings have crowded themselves about

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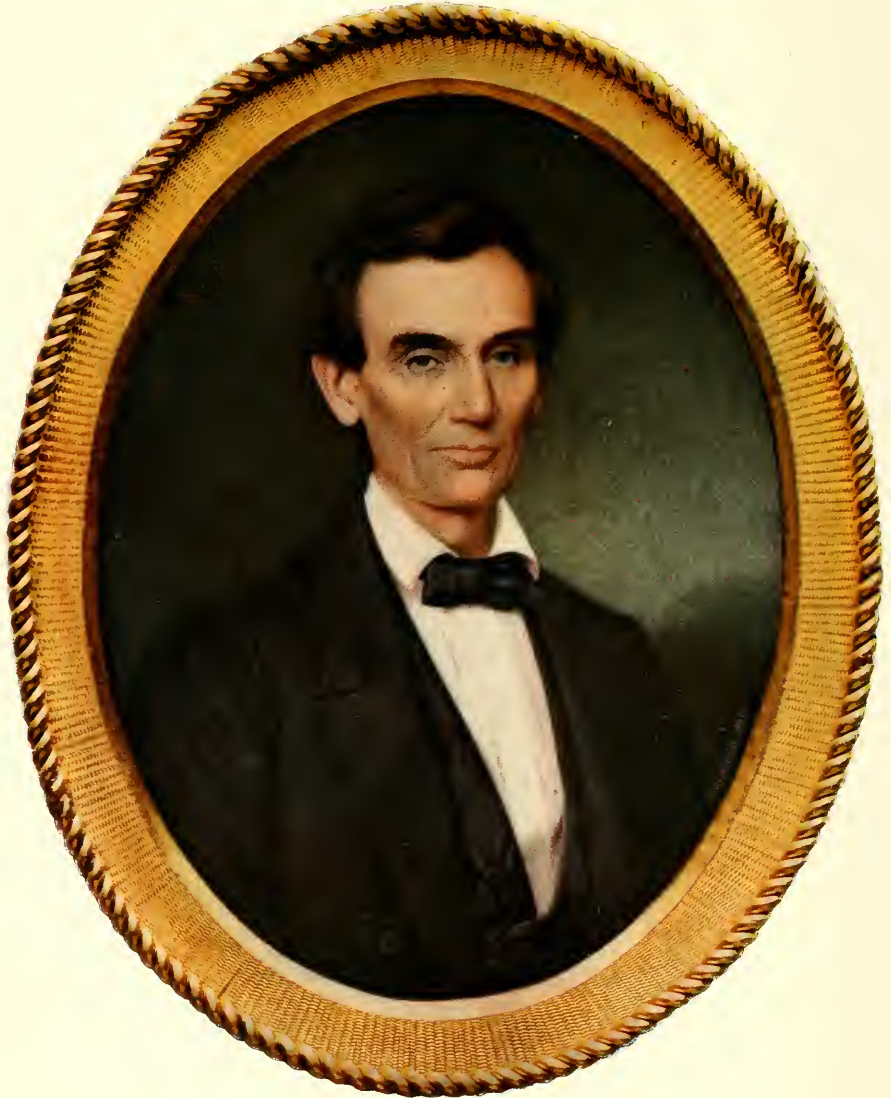
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Clear and glowing and
wholesome as a crystal
winter day is the skin that
HAND SAPOLIO
makes beautiful * * * * *

**FOR TOILET
AND BATH**



ABRAHAM LINCOLN

Miniature (size of the original) painted on ivory from life at Springfield, Illinois, in 1860, by John Henry Brown, at the request of Judge John M. Read, of Philadelphia.
From the original owned by the Hon. Robert T. Lincoln.

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LINCOLN THE LEADER¹

BY RICHARD WATSON GILDER

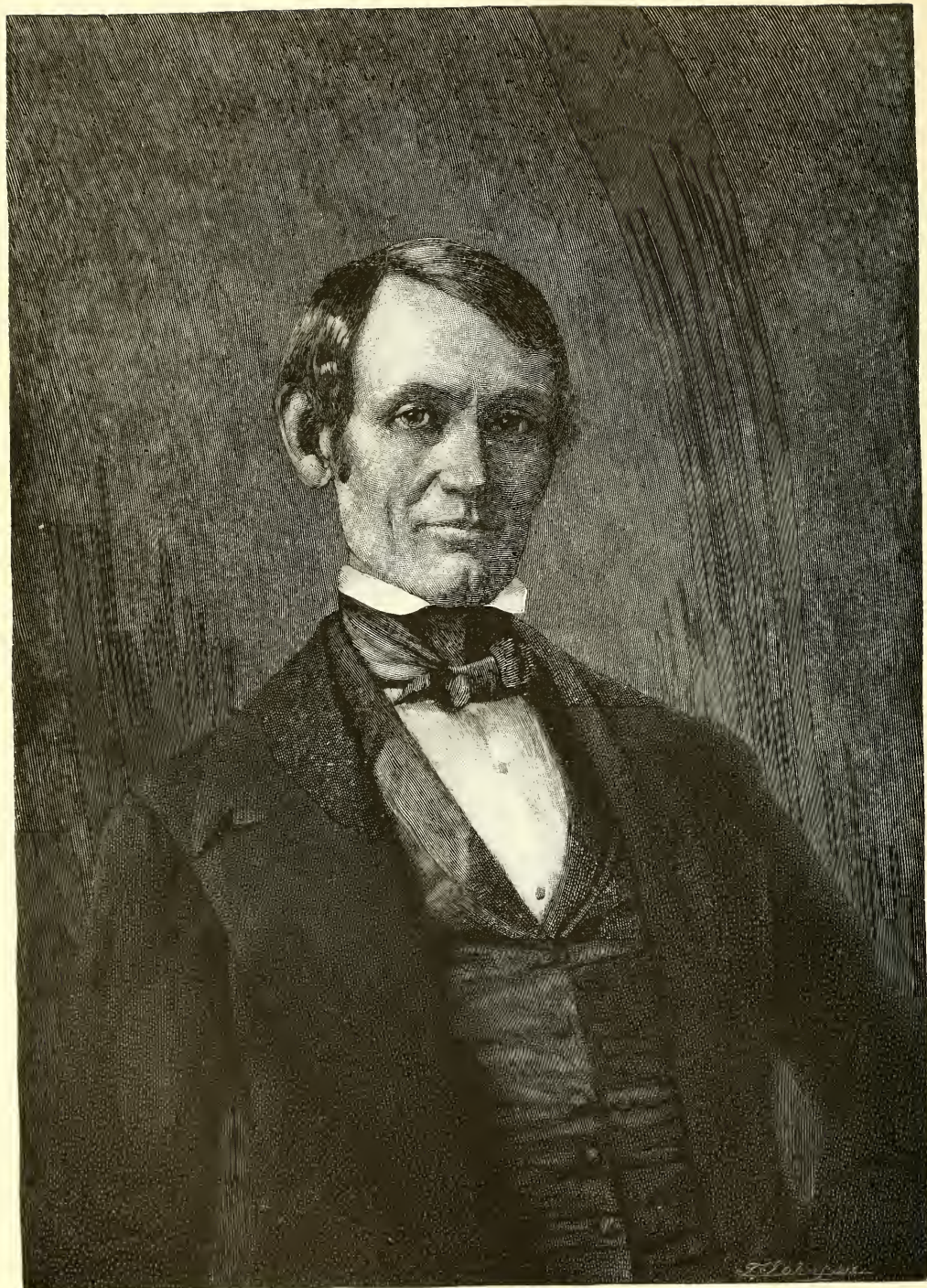
"GREATER AND GREATER"

IT was not many years after the Civil War that I first came to New York. There I met, with youth's curiosity and admiration for genius, among other literary lights of the day, Edmund Clarence Stedman, who had struck out that dynamic lyric on Ossawatimic Brown, prophetic of the war; who had addressed to the President the demand for a captain,—"Abraham Lincoln, give us a man!"—a demand which it took Lincoln so long and through so many disappointments to satisfy; and who had written the ringing sonnet on the assassination, in which Lincoln is described as "the whitest soul a nation knew"; Bayard Taylor, who had been of special service to Lincoln at the important court of St. Petersburg; Richard Grant White, who had interpreted the Union cause in his "New Gospel of Peace," and had gathered the war-songs into a unique volume; Richard Henry Stoddard, who had written an eloquent ode on the death of Lincoln; Dr. J. G. Holland, who had written a life of the President, the first of any moment to be put

forth after his death; Noah Brooks, who had been close to Lincoln in Washington; Bret Harte, author, among other famous pieces, of certain memorable lyrics of the war; George William Curtis, who had taken part in both the conventions that nominated Lincoln, and officially notified him of his second nomination; and, a seldom and picturesque revisitor of his beloved Manhattan, Walt Whitman, who had written "Captain, My Captain," and the passionate chant on the death of the President, "When Lilacs Last in the Dooryard Bloomed." A majestic figure of the time was the poet Bryant, who had presided on the occasion of Lincoln's Cooper Union Speech, when each had been greatly impressed by the other, Lincoln saying "It was worth the journey to the East merely to meet such a man," and Bryant becoming, soon after, one of Lincoln's chief supporters for the Presidential nomination.

A certain young journalist and author in the literary group greatly attracted me. I remember writing to him in those days a boyish, enthusiastic letter enrolling him in the company of "good fellows"—the

¹Read before the Minnesota Commandery of the Loyal Legion, at Minneapolis, February 12, 1907.



From a daguerreotype owned by Robert T. Lincoln. Engraved on wood by Thomas Johnson. See "Open Letters"

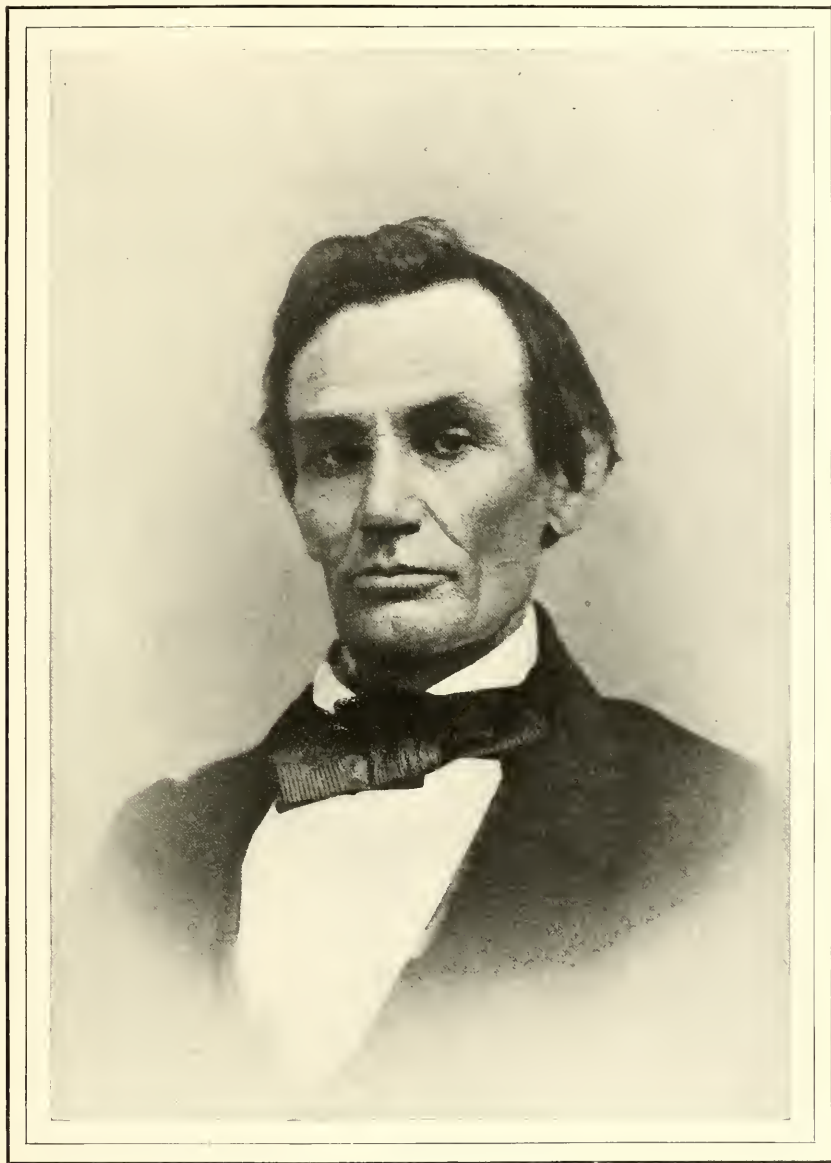
LINCOLN AS LAWYER

Mr. Robert T. Lincoln is of the opinion that this portrait was taken between December, 1847, and March, 1849, during his father's one term in Congress.

good-hearted, the art-loving, the genial. There was a special fascination about him. He had a quiet, intense sense of humor; a wit that was genial, though it

your writing about him, does he seem to you larger or less?"

To this,—and I remember the seriousness of his manner,—John Hay answered:



Half-tone plate engraved by H. Davidson

ABRAHAM LINCOLN

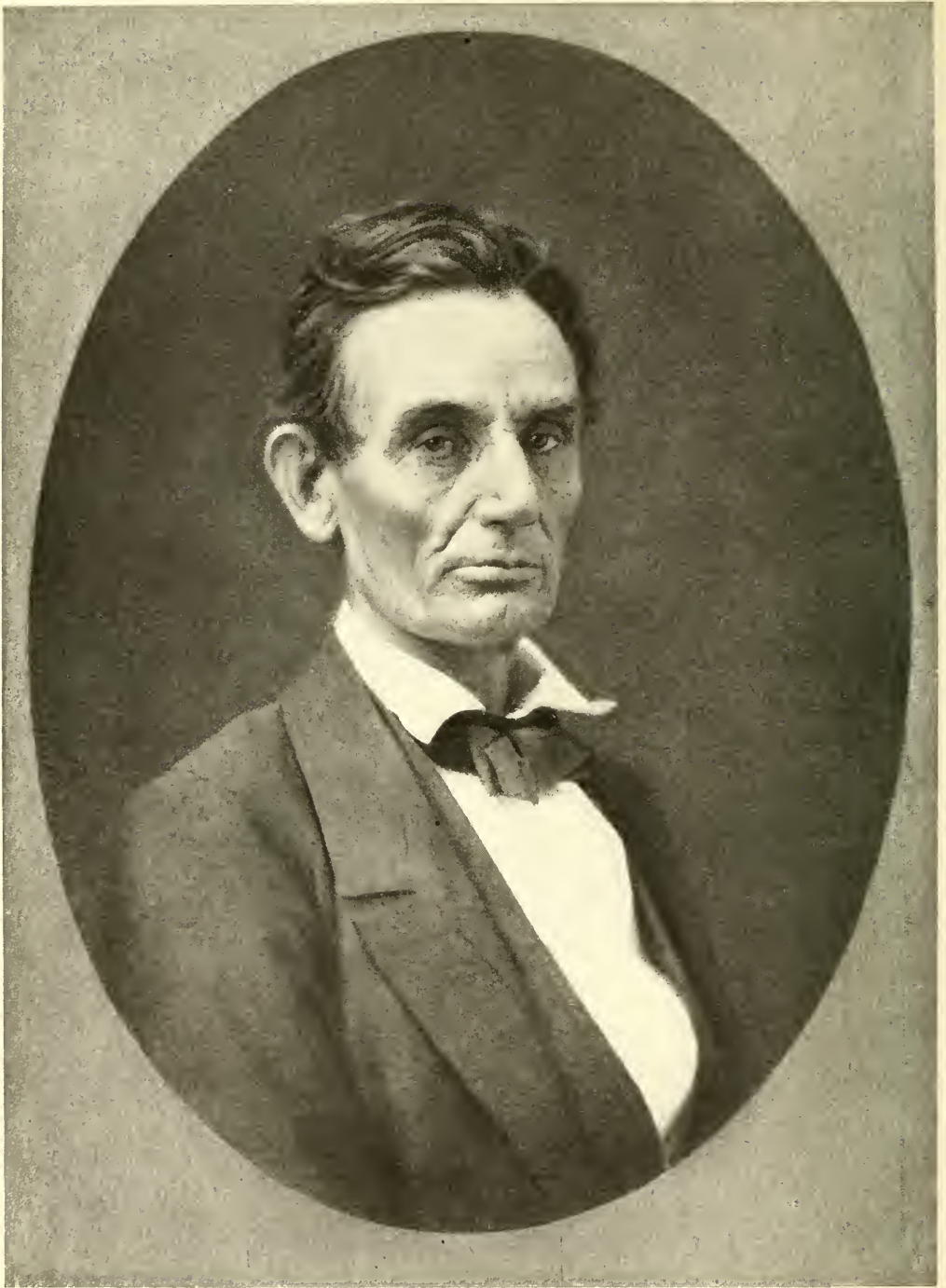
From an ambrotype made a few days after the debate at Galesburg, Illinois, October 7, 1858.

could be stinging; and a piquant poise and reticence. He was as self-confident as he was courteous and modest.

To him I said one day, "Colonel, as you continue your study of Lincoln, and

"As I go on with the work, to me Lincoln grows greater and greater."

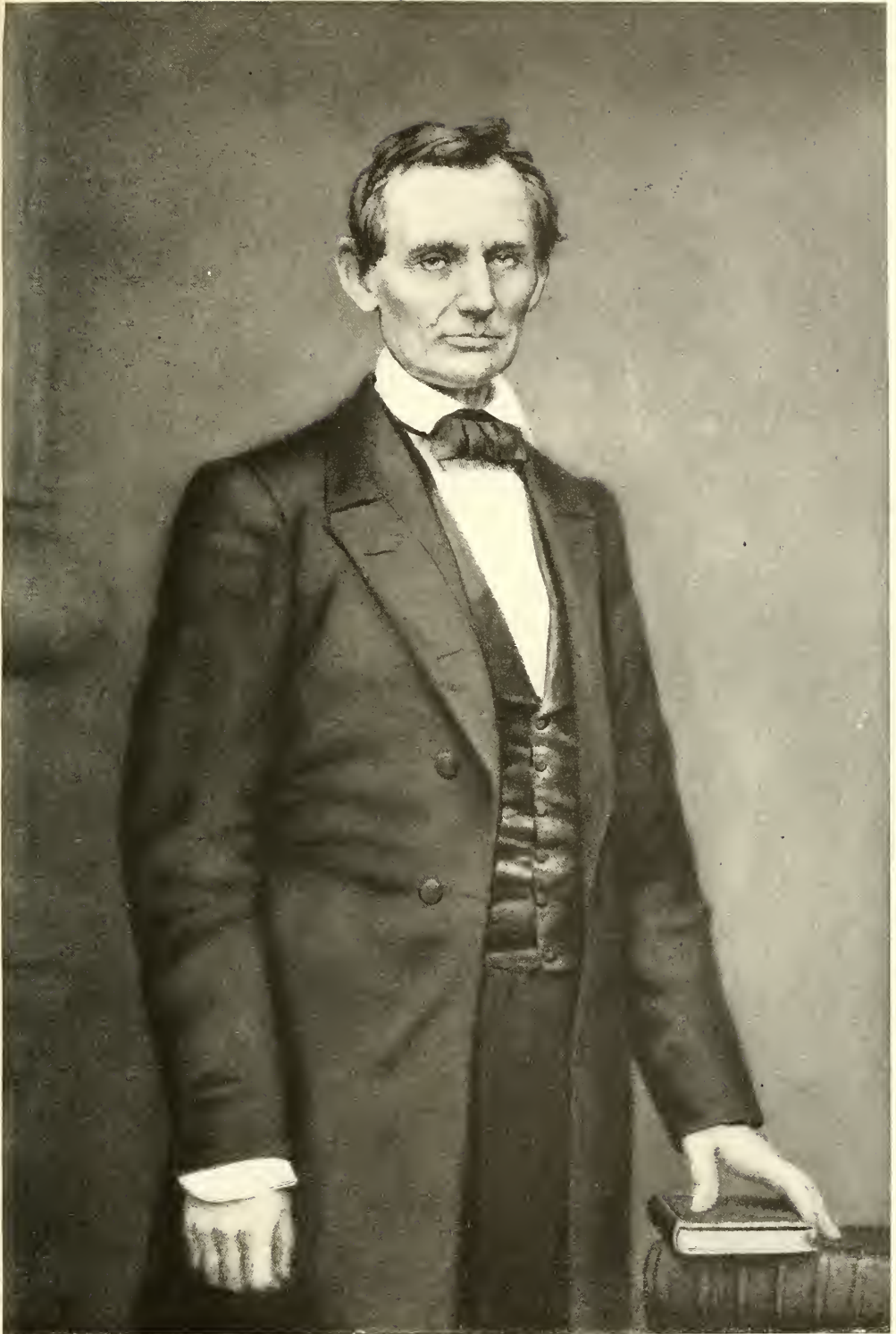
Since then, as the historical students and the people of his country and of the world have studied and better known his



Half-tone plate engraved by H. C. Merrill. See "Open Letters"

ABRAHAM LINCOLN

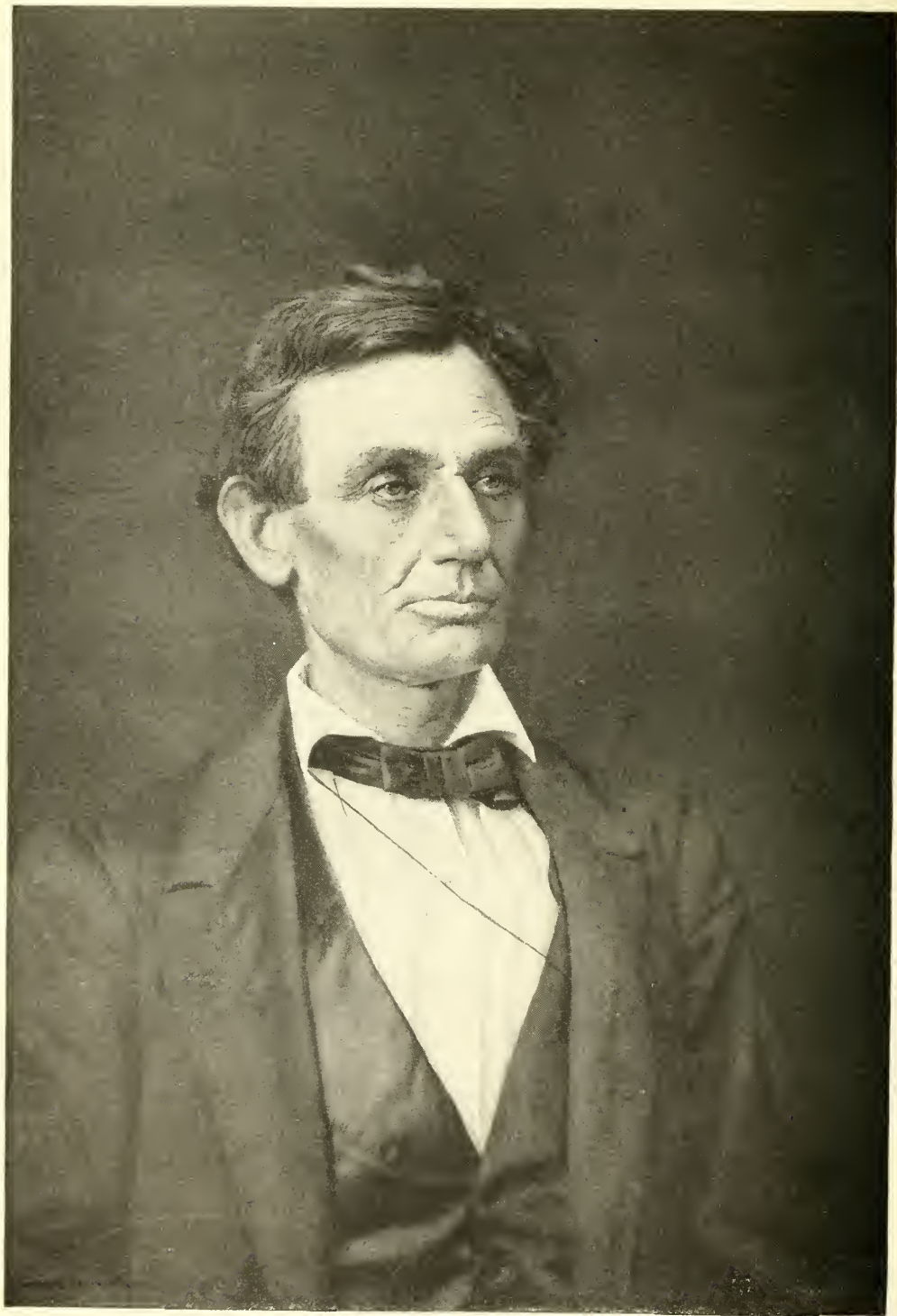
From a photograph owned by William Lloyd Garrison, made by Fassett of Chicago in October, 1859.



From an enlargement of the Brady negative in the collection of Robert Coster. Half-tone plate engraved by H. C. Merrill

ABRAHAM LINCOLN

This photograph was taken just after Lincoln's Cooper Institute speech, February 27, 1860, and is called the "Cooper Institute portrait."



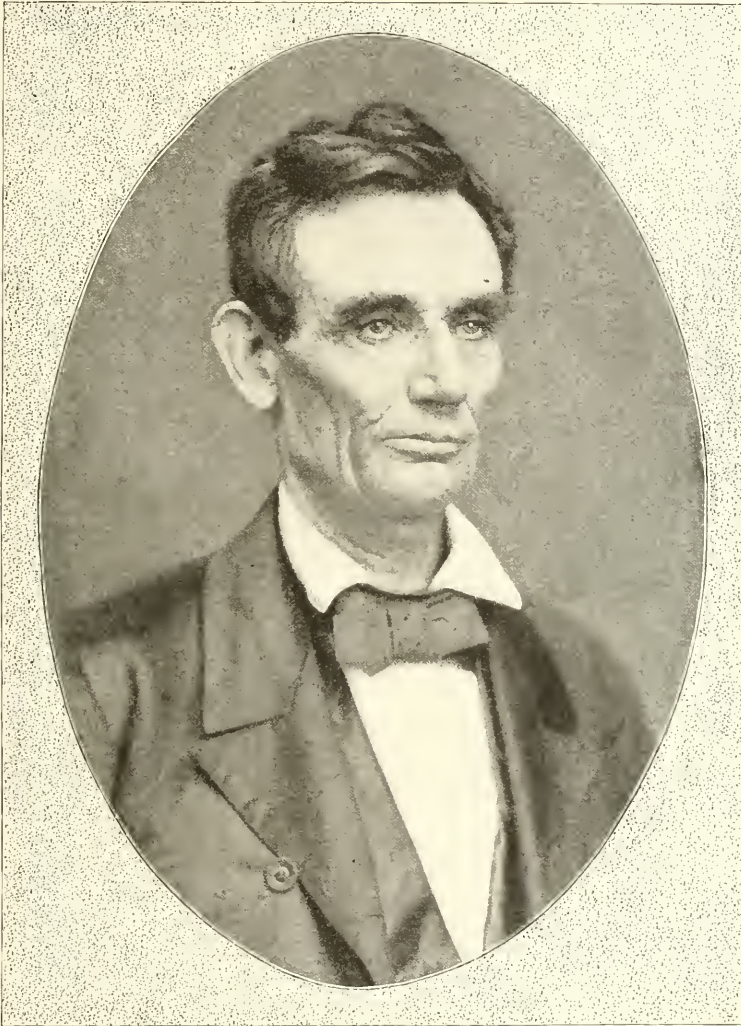
Copyright, 1894, by George B. Ayres. Half-tone plate engraved by H. C. Merrill

ABRAHAM LINCOLN, CANDIDATE FOR THE PRESIDENCY

From a negative taken at Springfield, Illinois, in June, 1860, immediately after his nomination.

commanding personality, Abraham Lincoln has grown greater and greater in the estimation of mankind. Very greatly, indeed, has the writing of John Hay himself, and of the elder devoted co-biographer, John G. Nicolay, helped in this better

living day. A man of light and leading in our Southern States told me lately that to him Lincoln was one of the three most interesting personalities in all history, one of the others being no less than "the man of Galilee."



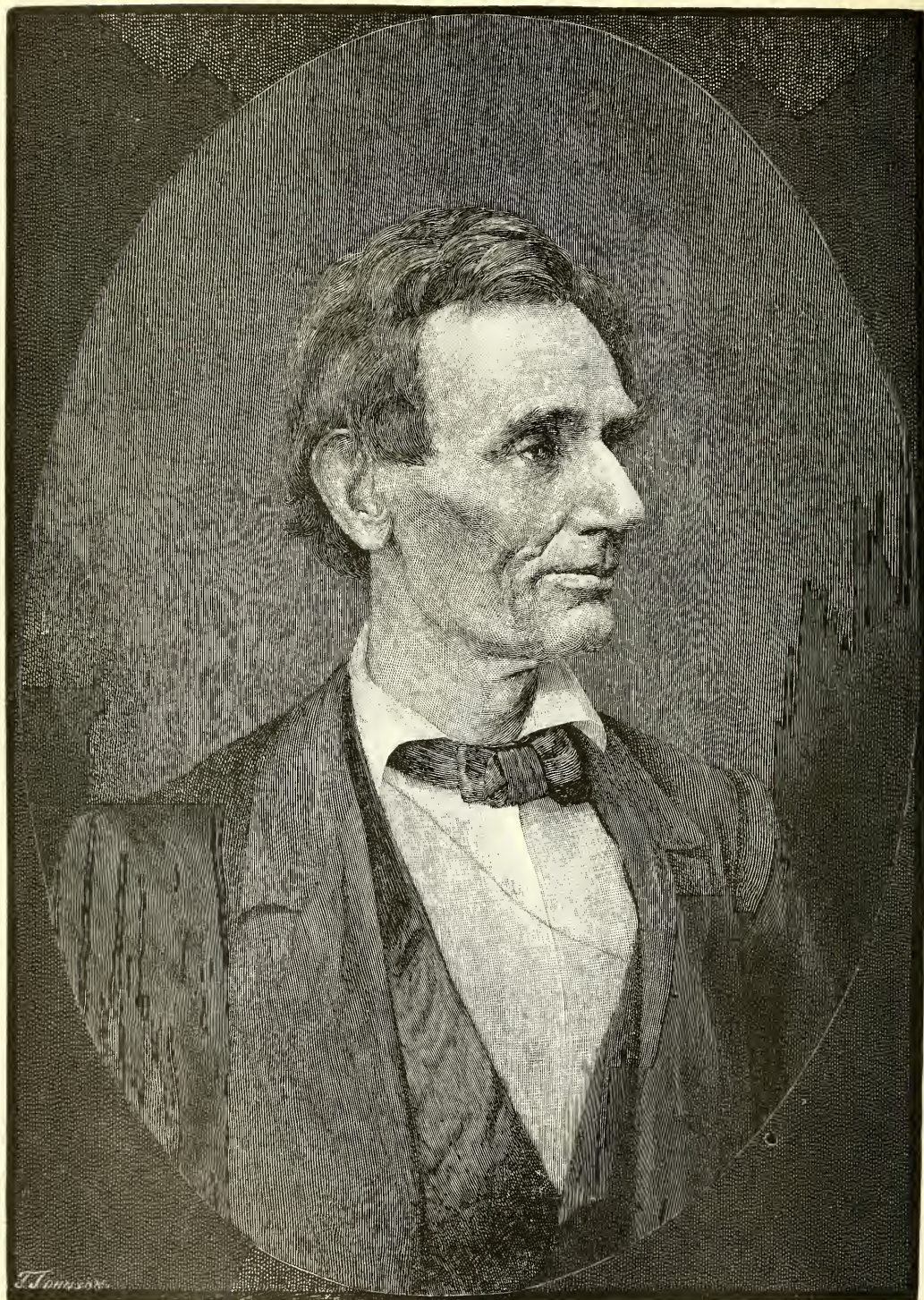
From a photograph owned by R. W. Gilder. Halftone plate engraved by H. Davidson

ABRAHAM LINCOLN

understanding. Lincoln's praises are multiplied in all lands by statesmen, historians, orators, poets. Added to the common admiring regard in which he is held, one constantly comes upon a peculiar interest in him, an absorbing affection for him on the part of all sorts of people, some of whom were his contemporaries, and some children during his life, or born since his

POWER OF EXPRESSION AN ELEMENT OF SUCCESSFUL LEADERSHIP

It is natural that a writer should be specially attracted to Lincoln by a study of his recorded utterances; in other words, by an interest in his literary style. Too young to appreciate what may be called the artistic quality of his speeches



Engraved by Thomas Johnson from the original negative. Copyright, 1881, by George B. Ayres

ABRAHAM LINCOLN

This photograph was made by Hesler in Chicago, about 1860.

and writings at the time of their delivery, it was after the war that I awoke to a full appreciation of Lincoln's power of expression—a power which was one of the main elements of his strength as a leader.

It is not strange that an unusual faculty of expression should be found to belong to those who have risen to leadership among men. This expressiveness may be of various kinds. Lincoln and Gladstone having been contemporaries, born in the same year, and each rising to the highest leadership in the two great English-speaking nations, it is natural that they should be compared as to their use of language spoken and written. Gladstone's elaborate and persuasive eloquence, his manifold learning and well-stored memory, the copiousness of his diction, and the dignity, as well as the fire and energy of his forensic appeals—these were among the wonders of a good part of the last century. But lately, on separate occasions, I asked of two of Gladstone's most eminent parliamentary supporters and admirers, without contradiction, and, indeed, with full agreement on the part of both, whether it was not one of the miracles of genius that notwithstanding Gladstone had enjoyed all that culture could accomplish,—by means of university training, and familiarity with the art and literature of the ancient and modern world, and long training and leadership in public life,—he had not left a single masterpiece of English, hardly one great phrase that clings to the memory of men; while Lincoln, without any educational advantages whatever, growing up in the backwoods, with scarcely a dozen books of value at his command, and ignorant of the literature and art of modern Europe, as of ancient times, had acquired a style of higher distinction than that of Gladstone, and had bequeathed more than one masterpiece to the literature of the English tongue.

Lincoln's style in speech and writing is the same sort of miracle that gave us the consummate art of Shakspeare, the uncolleged actor; of Burns, the plowman; and of Keats, the apothecary's apprentice, son of a livery-stableman. It is not easy to analyze a miracle, but in discussing the leadership of Lincoln it is interesting to find certain qualities in his literary style

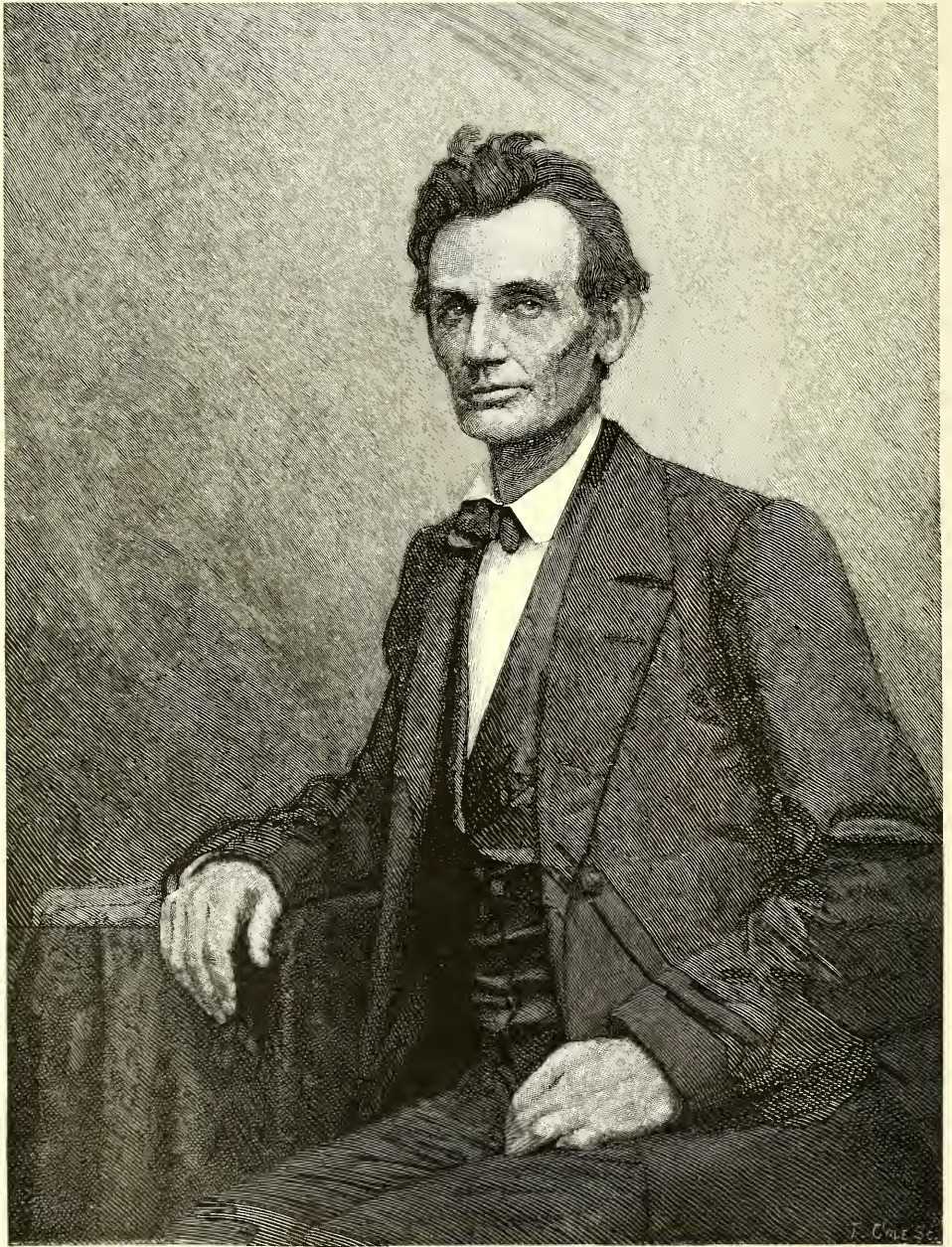
that are traits of his character, and thus elements of his leadership.

Notwithstanding that the country has been ransacked for every record of his public speech, and every scrap of paper to which he put pen, there has been found from him absolutely nothing discreditable, and little that can be criticized in the way of expression. Without the aid of any teacher, he early learned to be moderate and reasonable in statement, so that on the part even of the obscure young politician there is a complete absence of that kind of public speech which is described in a passage he loved to quote, where it is said of the orator that "he mounted the rostrum, threw back his head, shined his eyes, and left the consequences to God."

LINCOLN'S SENSE OF HUMOR

LINCOLN's relish for a phrase like this recalls his extraordinary sense of humor. Probably no great historical figure in the realm of action ever had Lincoln's intense humorousness, combined with so keen and racy a wit. Lincoln's laugh was something amazing. His face, in repose, well-balanced and commanding, with the grimace of laughter is said to have become a surprising thing. Many anecdotes relate the boisterousness of his appreciation of a humorous situation or story. Hay tells of his cheery laugh, which filled the Blue Room with infectious good nature. "Homeric laughter," Hay says it sometimes was; adding this genial touch, that it was "dull pleasure" to Lincoln "to laugh alone." Some visitors at the White House were filled with wonder at the quick transition from unbridled mirth to pathetic seriousness. What wonder that "the boisterous laughter became less frequent year by year, the eye grew veiled by constant meditation on momentous subjects; the air of reserve and detachment from his surroundings increased," and, as Hay says, and his pictures and the two contrasting life-masks show, he rapidly grew old.

Lincoln's sense of humor, which flavored now and then his speeches and writings, and constantly his conversation, went along with a homely wit which frequently brought to his argument quaint and convincing illustration. His sense of humor



Engraved on wood by Timothy Cole

ABRAHAM LINCOLN

From an ambrotype taken May 19, 1860, the day after his nomination for President.

was, indeed, a real assistance in his leadership, having many uses: it relieved the strain of his strenuous labors; it helped to attach the masses to his personality; and it assisted him out of many difficulties. We did not fully know till lately that he himself so keenly appreciated the part that story-telling played in his career. Colonel Burt reports a strange interview with Lincoln at the Soldiers' Home at a time of keen anxiety and when a person present had rudely demanded one of his "good stories." "I believe," said Lincoln, turning away from the challenger, "I have the popular reputation of being a story-teller, but I do not deserve the name in its general sense; for it is not the story itself, but its purpose, or effect, that interests me. I often avoid a long and useless discussion by others or a laborious explanation on my own part by a short story that illustrates my point of view. So, too, the sharpness of a refusal or the edge of a rebuke may be blunted by an appropriate story, so as to save wounded feeling and yet serve the purpose. No, I am not simply a story-teller, but story-telling as an emollient saves me much friction and distress."

TRAITS OF LINCOLN'S STYLE

THE most striking characteristic of Lincoln's style may be found in the record from the beginning. Candor was a trait of the man, and not less of his verbal manner. His natural honesty of character, his desire to make his meaning clear,—literally to *demonstrate* what he believed to be the truth with mathematical precision,—this gave his expression both attractiveness and force. The simplicity of his nature, his lack of self-consciousness and vanity, tended to simplicity and directness of diction. An eminent lawyer has said,—perhaps with exaggeration,—that without the massive reasoning of Webster, or the resplendent rhetoric of Burke, Lincoln exceeded them both in his faculty of statement. His style was affected, too, by the personal traits of consideration for those of a contrary mind, his toleration, and large human sympathy.

But Lincoln's style might have had all these qualities, and yet not have carried as it did. Beyond these traits comes the miracle—the cadence of his prose, and its traits of pathos and of imagination. Lin-

coln's prose, at its height, and when his spirit was stirred by aspiration and resolve, affects the soul like noble music. Indeed, there may be found in all his great utterances a strain which is like the leading motive—the *Leit-motif*—in musical drama; a strain of mingled pathos, heroism, and resolution. That is the strain in the two inaugurals, in the "Gettysburg Address," and in his letter of consolation to a bereaved mother, which moves the hearts of generation after generation.

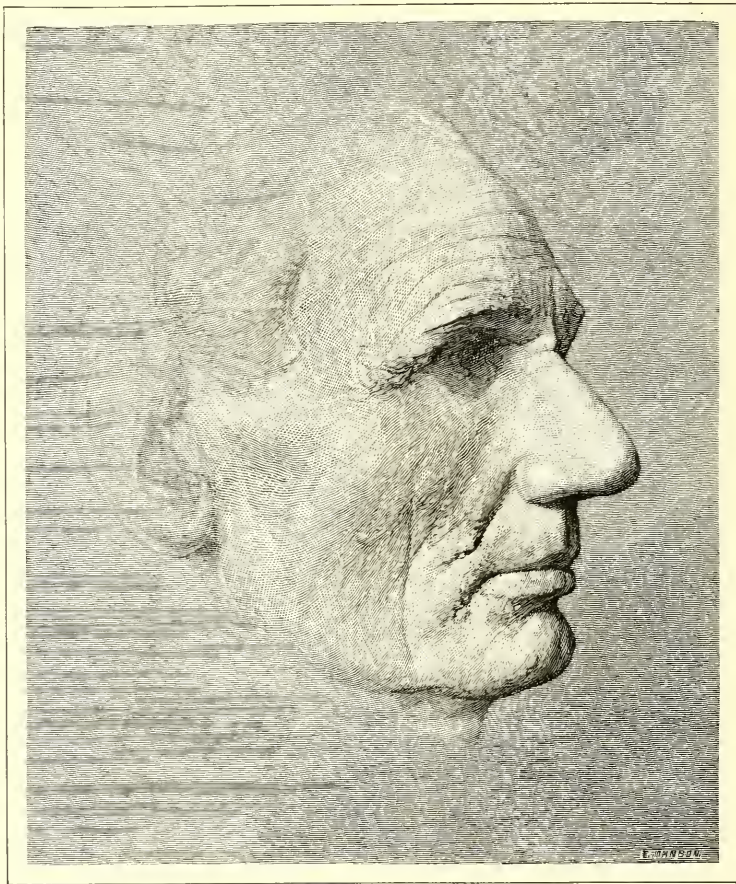
Lincoln's power of expression was evidently one of the most effective elements of his leadership. The sympathy and toleration which made his writings and speeches so persuasive assisted his leadership not only in convincing his listeners, and in endearing him, the leader, to individuals and the masses, but helped him as a statesman to take large and humane views, and to adopt measures in keeping with such views. To that sympathy and that toleration a reunited country is under constant obligation not merely for the result of a successfully conducted war,—successful in the true interests of both antagonists,—but for the continuing possibility of good feeling between the sections. To think that in the preparatory political struggle and during the four years of the hideous conflict, Abraham Lincoln, though his spirit was strained almost beyond human endurance by the harassments of his position; though misunderstood and foully calumniated by public antagonists, and thwarted and plotted against by some of his own apparent supporters, uttered not one word of violence or rancor,—not a phrase which, after the cessation of hostilities, might return to embitter the defeated combatants, or be resented by their descendants!

HIS TOLERANCE AND SYMPATHY

THIS extraordinary forbearance of the President's has often been spoken of as an amiable trait of the man; but do we fully realize the value to the nation of this trait, and the worth of its example in public leadership? After so tremendous a conflict, the world abroad wonders at the quickness of the return to sympathetic relations—to closer relations than ever—between the sections so lately at war. But we of the country know that the obstacles

to true union after the war were not so much the events of the war,—though some of them naturally enough left a trail of bitter resentment,—as events succeeding the conflict of years, in that period of experimental reconstruction, when things were done in the name of the dominant powers

A striking illustration of his sympathy for the people of the Confederate States was his attempt, earnest and ineffectual, in the last days of hostilities, two months before his death, to convert his own cabinet to his generous and long-cherished scheme of compensated emancipation.



Engraved on wood by Thomas Johnson

LIFE-MASK OF ABRAHAM LINCOLN

This mask was made in Chicago in April, 1860, a month before the nomination for President, by Leonard W. Volk, who described "The Lincoln Life-Mask and How it was Made," in this magazine for December, 1881.

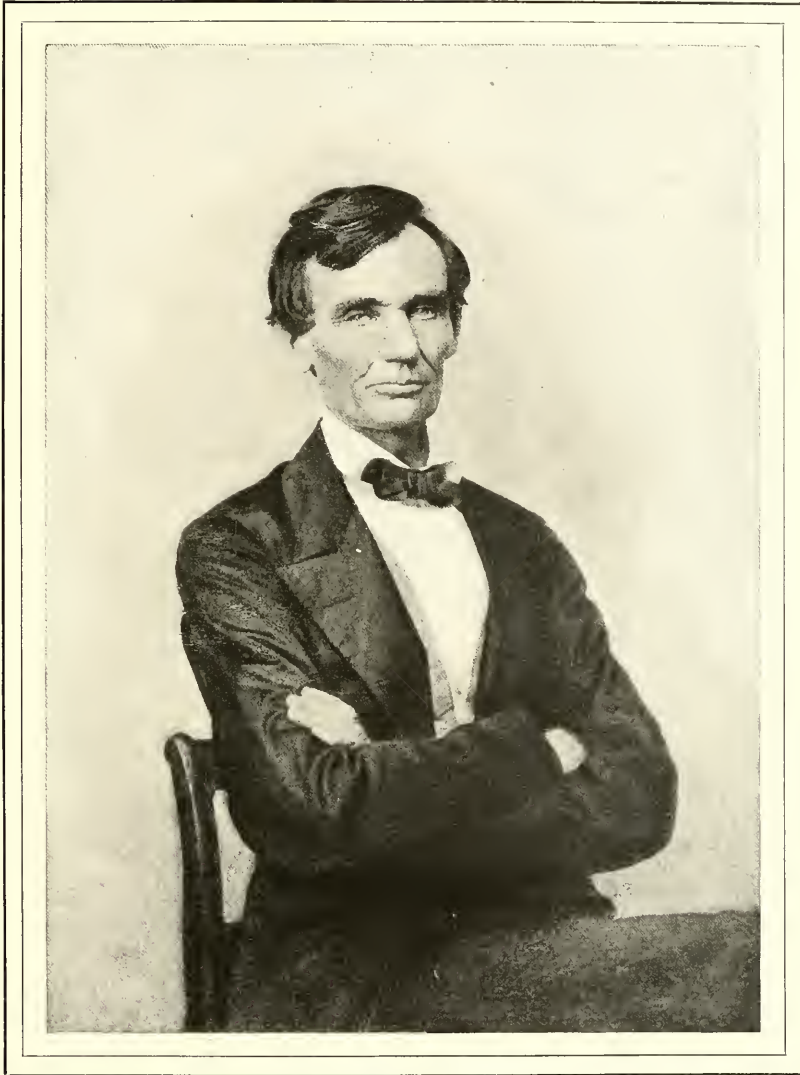
which the South has found it hard to forget, and the North ardently wishes could be blotted from all remembrance. Lincoln's attitude toward the South, when fully comprehended, helped to obliterate the acid stains of the reconstruction period. In other words, we are to-day a truly united country not only because Lincoln conducted the war to a successful issue; but because of his wise and tolerant and sympathetic leadership during that war.

That he failed pathetically to carry through this plan, upon which his heart was set, illustrates, also, the fact that uninterrupted success is not necessary to the fame of the great figures of history. Lincoln's failure to win support for this humane policy deeply grieved him, but the misadventure is not held against him in the estimate of his greatness. On the contrary, the fact that he made the attempts counts in his favor, and to-day especially

endears him to multitudes of his countrymen, and is one of the very bonds that hold the country together.

But Lincoln's sympathy and tolerance, his forgiveness, his distaste for personal contention, his lack of resentment, his

among his nominal supporters whose zeal led them into positions of open or concealed antagonism. The opposition to him in his own party was much more intense than is generally known to the present generation.



Half-tone plate engraved by H. Davidson

ABRAHAM LINCOLN IN 1860

From an ambrotype owned by Major William H. Lambert, which is one of the two ambrotypes made at the request of J. Henry Brown as guides to that artist in the painting of the miniature which is the color frontispiece of this number of *THE CENTURY*.

great heart, were shown not only in his attitude toward those whom,—for their own good, as he believed,—he unrelentingly opposed with all the forces at his command; but also toward his political opponents in the North, and toward those

HIS MANAGEMENT OF DIVERSE PERSONALITIES

As to his masterly management of the personalities whose followers he placated and whose peculiarities and diverse abili-



Wyatt Eaton 1877

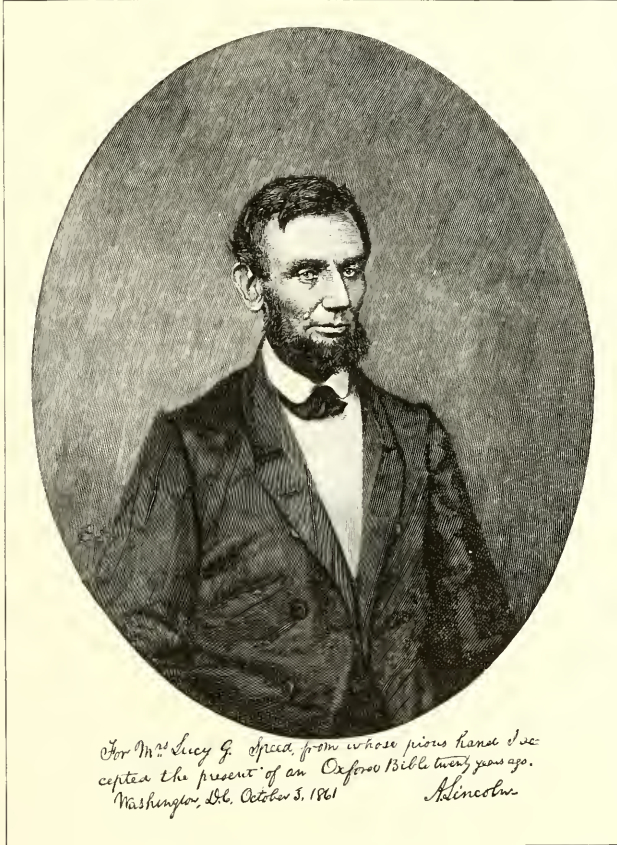
T. COLE. Sc.

ABRAHAM LINCOLN

A pen portrait made by Wyatt Eaton, from photographs, for THE CENTURY
MAGAZINE in 1877. Engraved on wood by Timothy Cole.

ties he skilfully utilized for the common cause, this part of his leadership is illustrated by a hundred stories either true in fact or typically true. Here came into play his sense of humor, his insight into motive and character, in a word, his tact, along with that tolerance and that sympathy of which I have spoken as affecting

Lincoln's leadership of the irascible and faithful Stanton was a simpler matter; here the President's inexhaustible patience and his abounding sense of humor were both required to save the situation, though looking back on the relations of these strong and utterly divergent personalities, one feels that the sense of humor was per-



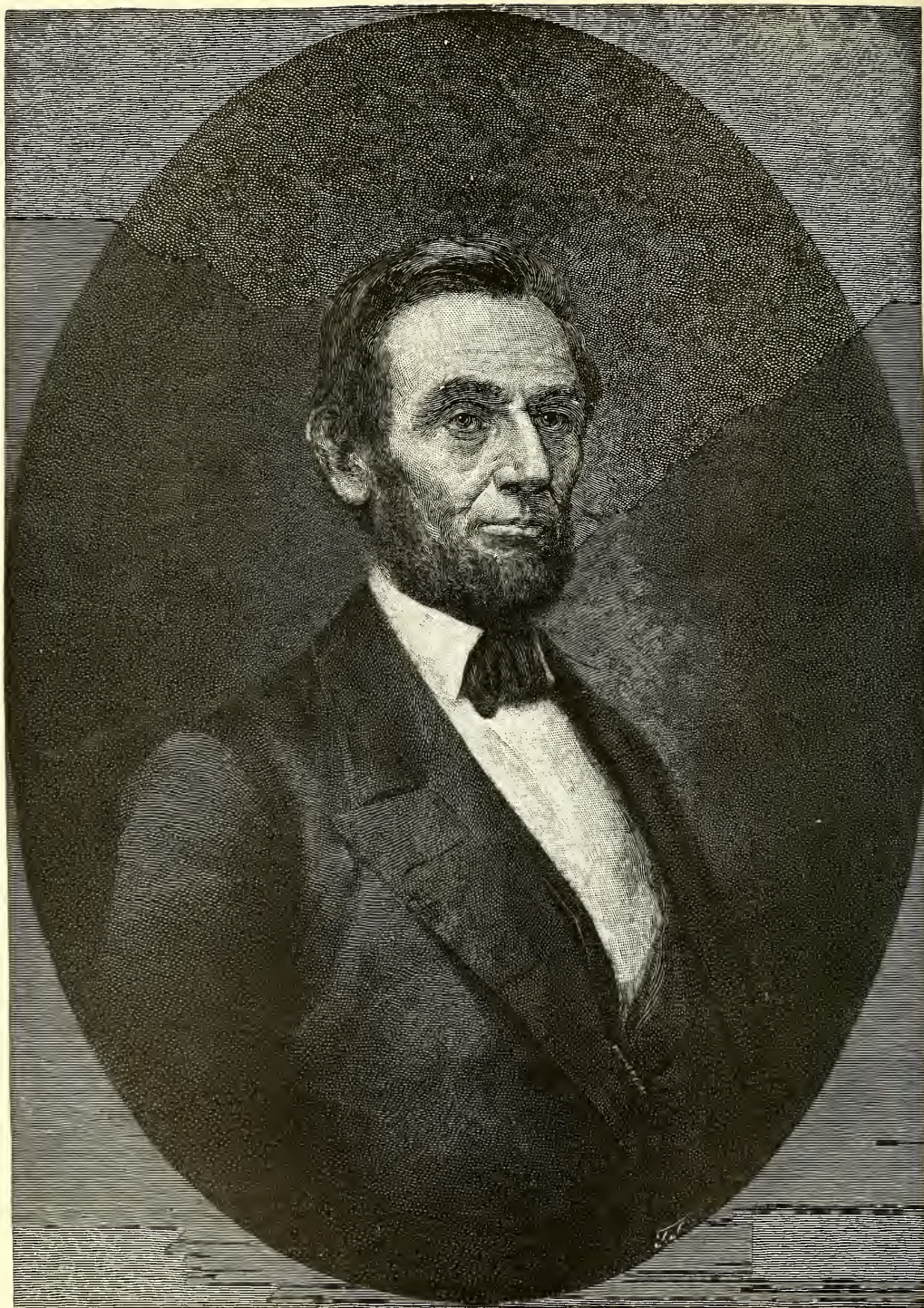
ABRAHAM LINCOLN

From a photograph with autograph which the President sent to Mrs. Lucy G. Speed in October, 1861.

his habit of oral and written expression. That he could manage to hold so long together four such individualities as his own, Seward's, Stanton's, and Chase's, proves a genius of leadership truly exceptional. It is now known, as it was not till Nicolay and Hay revealed the fact, how Seward learned to respect and loyally acquiesce in the leadership of one whom he at first not unnaturally expected to lead.

haps the saving grace. As for Chase, and his convinced and enthusiastic following, it was inevitable that some such rallying-ground should exist, in a time of stress, for those who, as in the case of Chase himself, were temperamentally unsympathetic with the personality and methods of Lincoln. But Lincoln's leadership did not fail him here, as the story of the second nomination and election abundantly testifies.¹

¹ His most perplexing and unfortunate entanglement was with Cameron, the inner history of which episode is not fully known.



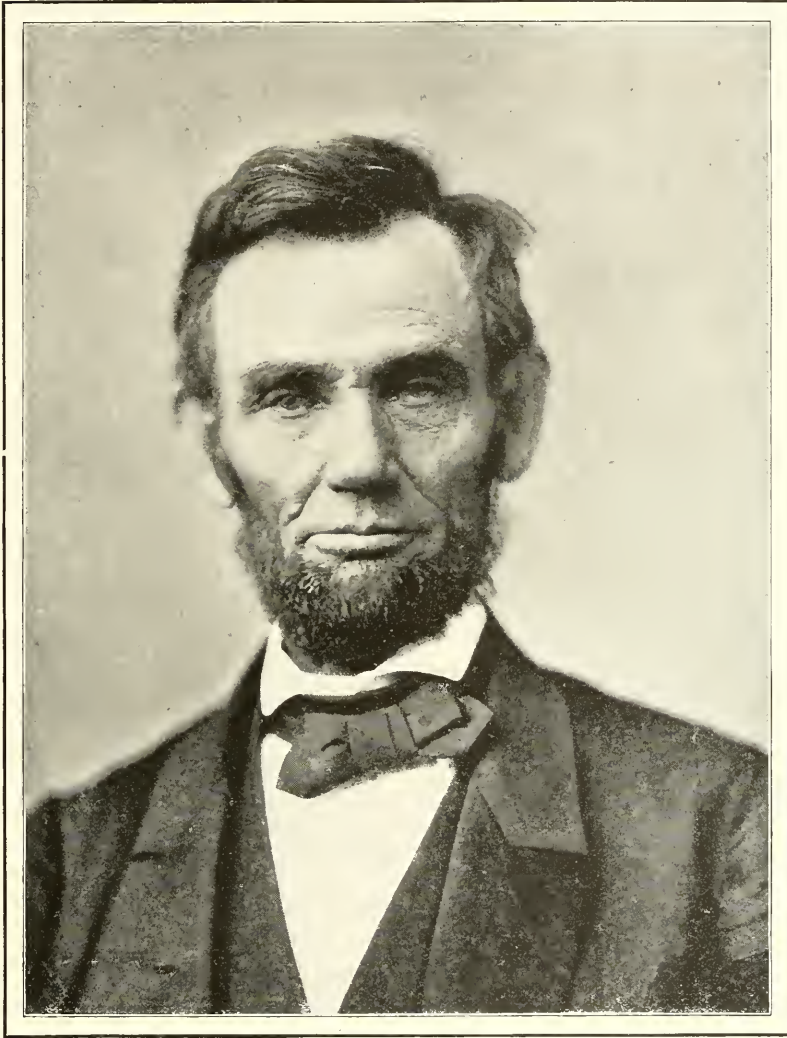
Engraved on wood by Thomas Johnson

*Abraham Lincoln - January 26, 1861
Springfield, Ill.*

OTHER TRAITS OF LINCOLN'S
LEADERSHIP

LET it not be omitted in the enumeration of the elements of Lincoln's leader-

and experience" should "show a modification or change to be proper," and that in every case and exigency his best discretion would be exercised "according to circumstances actually existing." Lincoln, like



Copyright, 1891, by M. P. Rice

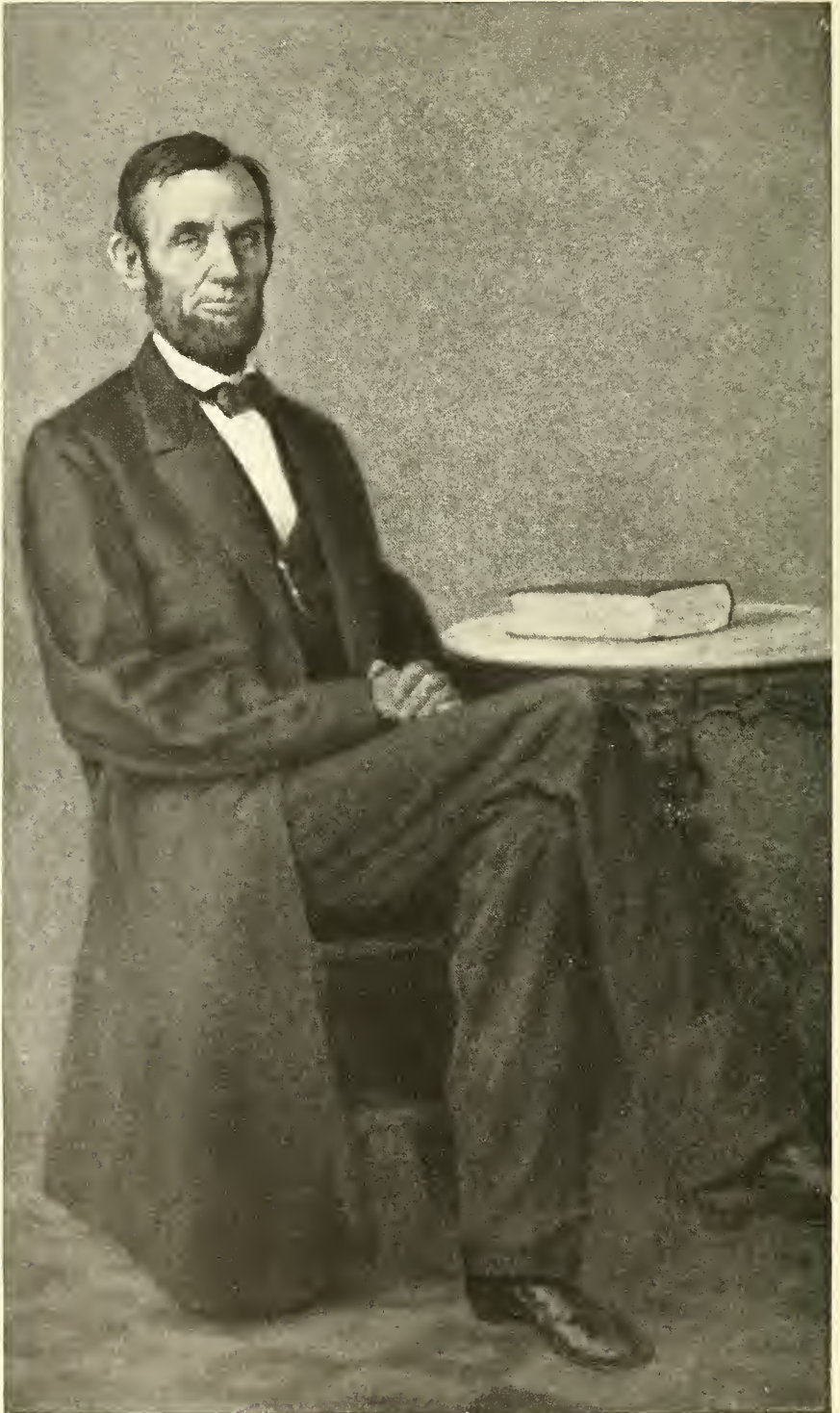
ABRAHAM LINCOLN

From an original, unretouched negative made in 1864, at the time the President commissioned Ulysses S. Grant Lieutenant-General and Commander of all the Armies of the Union. It is stated that this negative, with one of General U. S. Grant, was made in commemoration of that event.

ship that he did not disdain to learn from experience. In his first Inaugural, while stating the policy of the Administration with regard to acts of violence against the authority of the United States, he definitely announced that the course indicated would be followed "unless current events

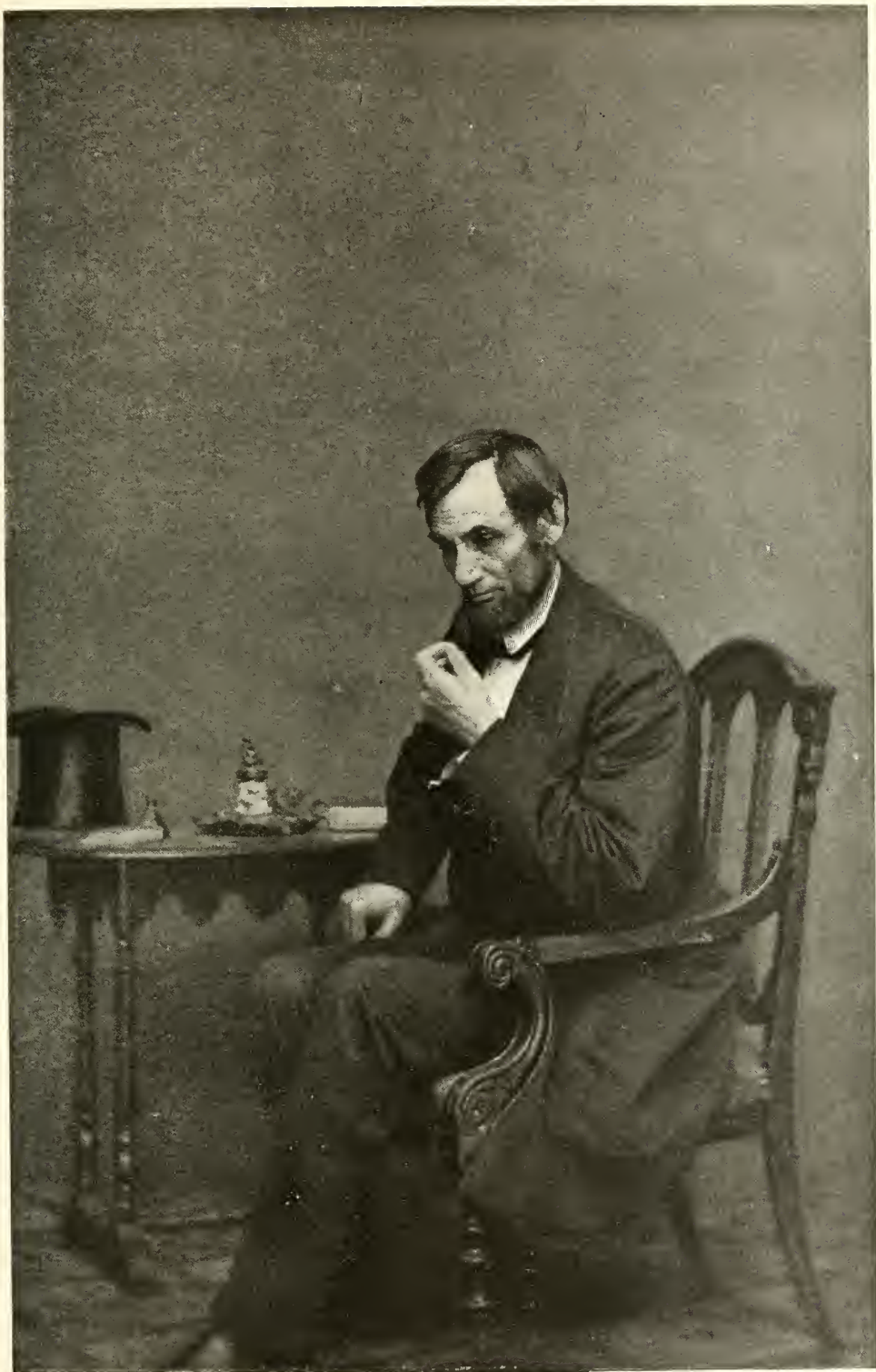
other great leaders and administrators, would rather be right than be consistent. His was a consistency of principle rather than of program. His aim was justice, and if he could not reach it by one path, he would push on by another.

Special features of his leadership were



Drawn by George T. Tobin from a Gardner photograph in the collection of Robert Coster
Half-tone plate engraved by H. Davidson

ABRAHAM LINCOLN IN WAR TIME



From a photograph by Brady in the collection of Robert Coster. Half-tone plate engraved by H. Davidson

ABRAHAM LINCOLN



From a photograph by Brady. Engraved on wood by R. G. Tietze

LINCOLN AND HIS SON "TAD"

Lincoln's youngest son, Thomas, familiarly called "Tad," was born April 4, 1853, and died in Chicago, July 15, 1871.

two acquired skills and two acquired knowledges: the skill and knowledge of the long-practiced lawyer, which helped him immeasurably in his executive decisions, as Frederick Trevor Hill has clearly pointed out; and his quickly and almost instinctively acquired skill and knowledge of military strategy. His letters to generals in the field are those of a master of strategy who should use the symbolism of Æsop and the irony of Socrates.

An intensely important feature of Lincoln's leadership would be omitted if nothing were said of the effect upon his thought and conduct of his belief in and conscious communion with an almighty, mysterious, and beneficent Power, concerning itself not less with human affairs than with the march of seasons and the sweep of constellations. The deity was to him an ever-present, ever-regnant influence. There was nothing of theology or dogmatism in his religious opinions; but he lived in the spirit. The strange silence of the Almighty Sovereign perplexed him; and he sought with passionate eagerness to read the decrees of Providence in the unfoldings of events, sometimes taking definite action in accordance with his interpretation of divine indications. And always the belief in God was to him a challenge to singleness of purpose: to the All Pure he lifted clean hands and a pure heart.

Lincoln the Leader possessed sterner and higher traits than those to which I first called attention. He had the lofty qualities of spiritual insight, of moral conviction, of solemn resolution, of undying courage, of complete devotion, and of faith and hope unfailing. He saw deeply, he felt intensely, he spoke at times with the voice of a poet-prophet.

Fate—or is it some world spirit of comedy—plays strange pranks with human affairs now and then, and nothing more singular ever happened in history, or was invented in romance, than the giving of imperial powers, the destiny of a race, the leadership of a nation, the keys of life and death, to a sad-eyed, laughter-loving, story-telling, shrewd, unlettered, great-hearted frontiersman,—the one great humorist among the rulers of earth.

Leader always he was, from the day when he, a youth, commanded a grotesque company of motleys in an Indian frontier

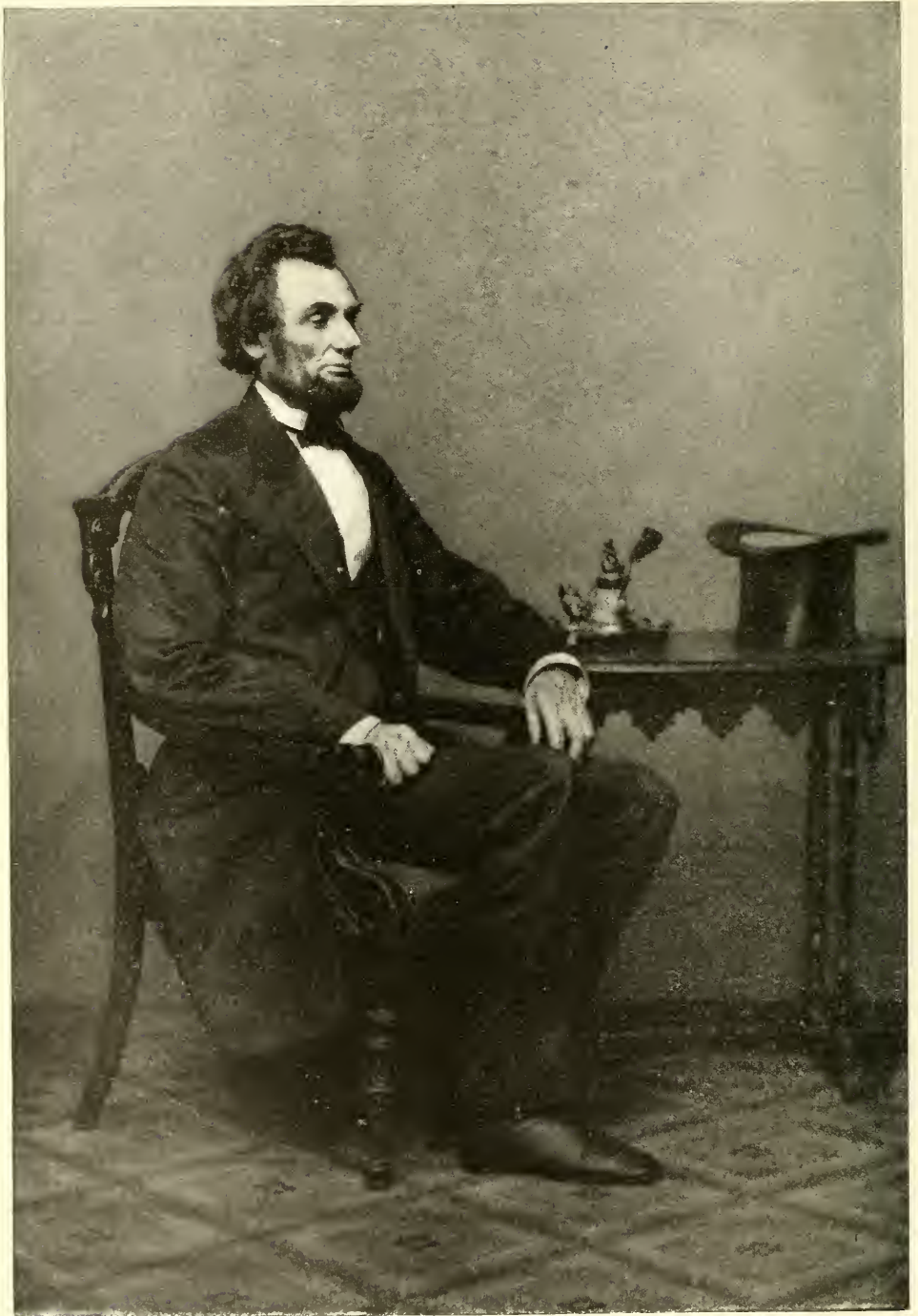
campaign, to the time when at Washington he led public opinion in a field as wide as the world; controlled the movements of fleets and armies; and held in his strong hands the lives of hundreds of thousands of men.

That inordinately tall countryman, with a shawl thrown over his gaunt figure, crossing alone the little park between the White House and the War Department, if appealed to by some distressed private soldier or citizen could order justice done by a written sentence as surely as could any Asiatic autocrat by issued edict. While often yielding to the dictates of his pitying heart in individual cases, and showing constantly almost abnormal patience, those who mistook his charity for weakness were liable to sudden enlightenment. The fact was only lately published that Colonel Hay once saw the long-suffering Lincoln take an office-seeker by the coat-collar, carry him bodily to the door, and throw him in a helpless heap outside.

And here is the wonder; this merciful man, daily saving the lives of deserters so as not to increase a melancholy list of widows and orphans; this tender-souled, agonizing, consecrated leader, looking out upon armies encamped and a suffering people, was as stern as fate in demanding that battle should be made, and war, with all its horrors, resolutely continued, till right should be accomplished and eternal justice done. Here is the true leader, as gentle and affectionate as any woman and as averse to violence, yet able to meet with unflinching spirit the unwelcome duty of sword-bearer!

THE GREAT TEST OF LINCOLN'S LEADERSHIP

THE great test of Lincoln's leadership came in his dealing with the fundamental question of slavery as related to the compact of the States, the perpetuity of the Union, the very existence of the nation. The important part of his political career before the war had to do with this complex question. This double problem made the war itself, and was dominant throughout its course. As he called it, the "perplexing compound—Union and slavery," had become indeed a "question not of two sides merely, but of at least four sides," even among those who were for the



From a Brady photograph. Half-tone plate engraved by H. Davidson

ABRAHAM LINCOLN IN WAR TIME



From the portrait by Healy. Owned by Robert T. Lincoln. Half-tone plate engraved by H. Davidson

ABRAHAM LINCOLN

This portrait was painted probably about 1871, from sketches made at City Point early in 1865, just before the close of the War.

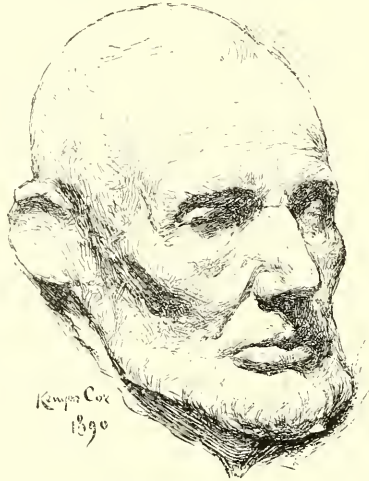
Union, saying nothing of those who were against it.

"There were," he said, "those who were for the Union with, but not without slavery,—those for it without, but not with; those for it with or without, but who preferred it with; and those for it with or without, but who preferred it without." Here was the maze through which he must needs find his way; these were the conditions from which he was to work out salvation for the nation, with the profound conviction that whether slavery was or was not immediately extinguished, its death-warrant was already signed. Lincoln's view of slavery was, from the first, not unlike Washington's and that of other founders of the Republic. His attitude was unyielding as to principle. He looked upon the institution as intrinsically evil; inimical to the interests of free labor; anomalous, and impossible of perpetuity, in a politically free community; something to be thwarted, diminished, and ultimately made to cease by just, constitutional, and reasonable means. He satisfied the extremists on neither side of the great debate; for while he would never compromise as to principle, he was too profoundly the statesman to refuse to compromise as to details of time and method.

Lincoln the Leader in dealing with the chief perplexity of the situation,—this complex question of slavery and the Union,—was helped by his own intensely human make-up. The average traits of mankind were in him strongly developed. He was in close touch with his kind; he sympathized with men on the plane of humanity, and regarded them in the spirit of philosophy. He was called a great

joker; but Lincoln's "seeing" of "the joke" meant a good deal more than with ordinary minds; it meant, frequently enough, that he saw through pretension and falsity. And the jokes that he told often had the wisdom of the ancient parables.

Lincoln's democracy was a matter more of instinct than of reason. He comprehended human motives, human prejudices, littlenesses, and nobilities. It was he who once described honest statesmanship as the employment of individual meannesses for the public good. Acquainted with humanity, he knew how to bear with its infirmities, and he moved toward his inflexible purpose, over what to others would have been heart-breaking obstacles, with a long-suffering patience that had in it something of the divine.



Drawn by Kenyon Cox from a copy of the mask made by Clark Mills in February, 1865

LIFE-MASK OF ABRAHAM LINCOLN

The original mask was owned by the late John Hay, who in an article on "Life in the White House in the Time of Lincoln" (printed in this magazine for November, 1890), after characterizing the mask on page 490, as "a face full of life, of energy, of vivid aspiration," said by way of contrast: "The other is so sad and peaceful in its infinite repose that the famous sculptor Saint-Gaudens insisted, when he first saw it, that it was a death-mask." He continues: "A look as of one on whom sorrow and care had done their worst without victory is on all the features; the whole expression is of unspeakable sadness and all-sufficing strength. Yet the peace is not the dreadful peace of death; it is the peace that passeth understanding."

A STATESMAN WITH THE HEART OF A PROPHET

As memoir after memoir of the war time has come to light, his countrymen year by year have been better able to obtain a knowledge of the workings of Lincoln's mind, and the marvelous skill and wisdom of his leadership during his Presidency. That which his chief biographers long ago declared of him we now more certainly know to be the truth; namely, that, "with the fire of a reformer and a martyr in his heart, he yet proceeded by the ways of cautious and practical statecraft."

Descended upon him from the North delegations of abolitionists to tell him that unless he at once freed the slaves his administration would be shorn of moral support, and the war would end in failure and disgrace. Hastened to the White House from the Border States

their governors and congressional representatives to warn him that, if he touched slavery, they could not keep their constituencies on the side of the Union; and the Border States, he knew, held the balance of power. Hurried back from Spain, Carl Schurz,—that gallant figure, a contribution of the best of the Old World to the service of the New in its hour of need,—hurried Carl Schurz from his post at the Spanish court to inform the President that, according to his belief, there would be great danger of the recognition of the Confederacy unless there were prompt military success, or some proof that the war would destroy slavery; while other warnings from over the sea were to the effect that if the President should stir up the slaves against their masters, the sympathy of European friends of the North would be justly forfeited.

Through all this divergence of counsel Lincoln watched, waited, prayed, and incessantly worked toward the end which his own intellect, his own heart approved. It was, as we have said, a highly important element of his leadership that he had had the training of a lawyer, by a practice of many years and many kinds. His knowledge of men had thus been greatly increased; while his grasp of legal principles was of vast help when his talents and experience were enlisted in a mighty cause. It was no petty construction of legal obligation that made him strenuous as to the literal fulfilment of his oath to execute faithfully the office of President, and preserve, protect, and defend the Constitution of the United States. He found no constitutional authority to emancipate the slaves except as a military necessity, and he steadfastly refused to free the slaves till with an honest mind he could declare that the necessity had arisen, knowing, then, also, that the time had at last arrived when public opinion would sustain his action.

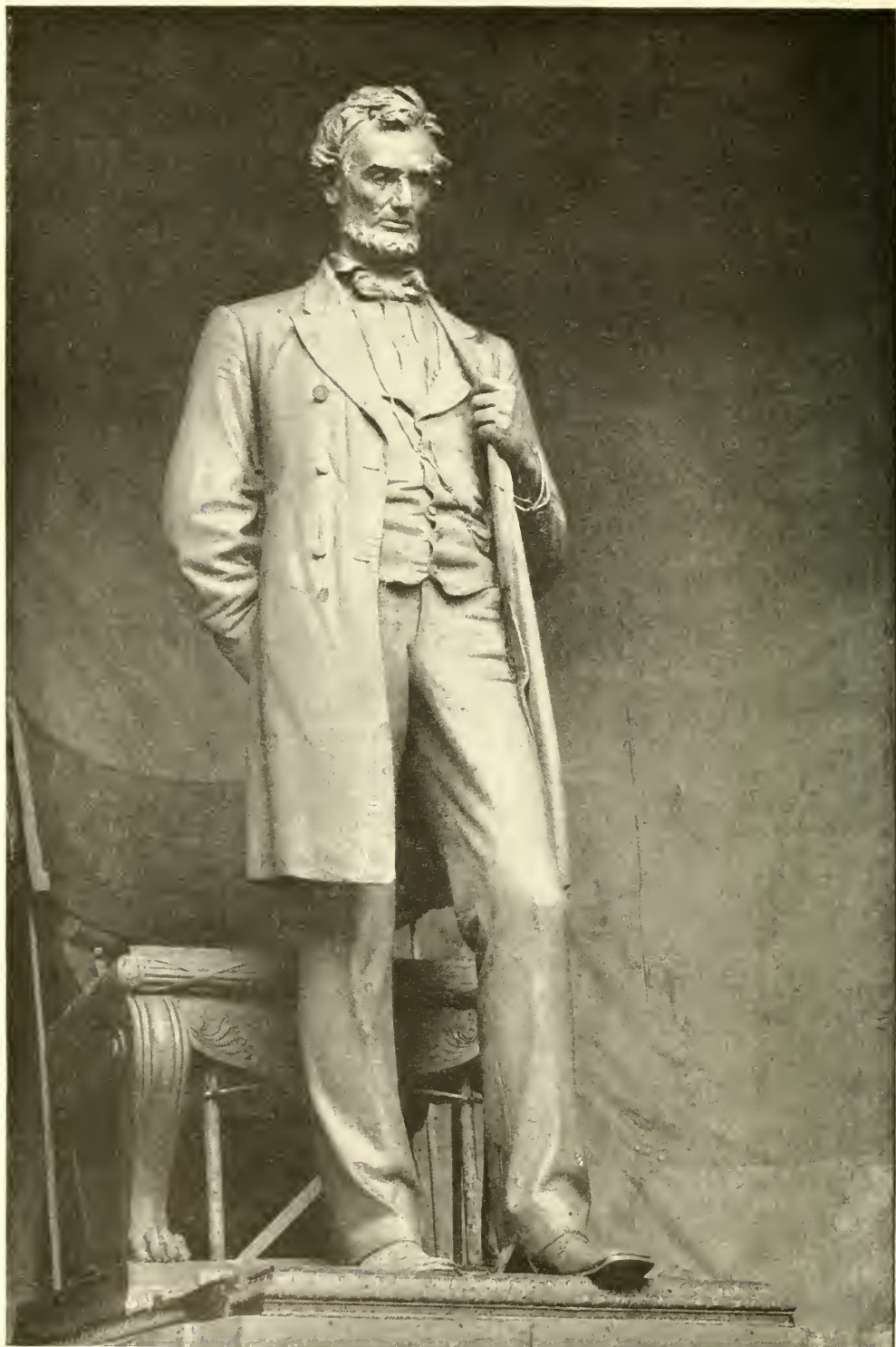
In his famous letter to Greeley in 1862, he stated his position and explained his policy with absolute lucidity. "If I could save the Union without freeing any slave, I would do it; and if I could save it by freeing all the slaves, I would do it; and if I could save it by freeing some and leaving others alone I would also do that."

Like statements were made to others in formal and informal utterances, and he explained to impatient critics and counselors that the condition of public opinion would not justify the course they demanded.

But the deep lesson of his leadership lies in the fact that while year after year he carefully studied public opinion,—that supreme element in all matters of government and all the affairs of men,—he studied it not to yield to it as his master, but in order so to act in respect to it as to accomplish his own well-considered purpose; to act upon it; to bring it powerfully to the help of his cherished plans; in a word to lead it, and to lead it right.

And what is true leadership of the people? Is it to be carried away by a popular wave; to avoid opposing it, not in order to circumvent it,—to save one's strength for its later direction,—but solely and selfishly to avoid being submerged by it? Is it to change when it changes, in order to retain place and the semblance of power? Is he truly a leader who listens to "the sacred voice of the people," in order to learn which way to leap? Not thus Lincoln. His was not the leadership that, in order to be popular, changes its mind, but a leadership that changes the minds of others. He kept "near the people,"—he kept his "ear to the ground,"—through his sympathy with human beings and his interest in them, in order to learn the moods of many minds, and gradually to lead thought and action in the line of his own profound convictions. Lincoln respected public opinion,—he declared that "public opinion in this country is everything,"¹—but he was not opinion's trembling slave. He understood human prejudices, limitations, the effects of heredity and environment; but he never considered a wrong public opinion final. Not unknown to mankind is the statesmanship that resists public opinion when it disapproves of it—resists till the waves beat threateningly, and then turns with the tide. This is the statesmanship of Pontius Pilate—that hesitant and tragic figure who stands before the eyes of all mankind washing ineffectually his guilty hands, while he releases Barabbas and sends the Christ to Calvary.

¹In his Columbus speech, September 16, 1859.



SAINT-GAUDENS'S STATUE OF ABRAHAM LINCOLN, IN LINCOLN PARK, CHICAGO

"DON'T SPARE ME"

No book praising Lincoln has lately been issued which has brought to me a clearer idea of his method with public opinion, as well as his wisdom and his self-sacrificing devotion, than one by a man whose life was a romance of devotion to ideals,—a Southern-born abolitionist,—who did not hesitate to dispraise the President. He was opposed to war, and held that "no drop of blood would have been shed if the President," at the beginning, "had proclaimed freedom for every slave." Yet even he would have protected the centers to which the slaves would flee, as if that itself would not have been an open invitation to war! In 1862, he, the Rev. Moncure D. Conway, went to the White House with the Rev. W. H. Channing to urge personally upon the President the emancipation of the slaves. Pathetic was the sweet reasonableness of the President in explaining to these good and insistent men, as he had so often done to men of like scruples and beliefs, not only his own great desire for emancipation, preferably with compensation, but the fact that perhaps they did not know so well as he the temper of the entire public. He showed them that those who were working in the antislavery movement would naturally come in contact with men of like mind, and might easily overestimate the number of those who held similar views. He gave it as his observation that the great masses of the people at that time cared comparatively little about the Negro. And at the end of the interview he said,—can we not hear him say it?—"We shall need all the antislavery feeling in the country, and more; you can go home and try to bring the people to your views; and you may say anything you like about me, if that will help. Don't spare me."

Do we seize all the bearings of his strange situation: He who is known now as the Great Emancipator set before him as the one indispensable aim not the immediate freedom of the slave, but the immediate salvation of the Union,—the integrity of the nation,—though when the time came for emancipation to assist Union, how joyfully and confidently he put forth emancipation! With what courage, and in the face of what heavy risks! In

many thoughtful minds the fact that Lincoln's policy was the Union first, and abolition next, remains his highest title to world-wide fame—that his saving of the nation is the gigantic feat that lifts him to the companionship of the most momentous characters of universal history. "This Union," says John Coleman Adams, "is the consummation of all the struggles of all men toward a state of universal peace. It is the life and aspiration of the world organized into a nation." The threat to undo the Union was a "peril to mankind." That Lincoln instinctively felt this, and strained every nerve to the supreme task of preserving the nation, and this with success, gives him rank among the greatest. That he did this, and destroyed slavery also, proves his genius and doubly crowns his stupendous accomplishment.

He did all this, so far as we may attribute to any single person the guidance of affairs so tremendous,—though in this case the personal preponderance is exceptionally evident,—he did all this, and he assumed no virtue for having done it; not a thought of vanity or undue exultation ever crossed his candid mind. To a lesser nature the temptation would have been great as, at the last, success followed success, remembering the reproaches he had so long silently borne, and, most trying of all, the suspicion and spiritual scorn,—the look from above downward,—of those who, working for the same ends, regarded him as less sensitive morally and less faithful to that cause to which he had dedicated every energy of his soul.

It is pleasant to know that this kindly, much-burdened, and harassed ruler had at least for a few days before his taking-off the satisfactions of full success. He who knew more than any other the awful dangers—as Godkin said while Lincoln still was living—was perhaps the only man in the North who had "never wavered, or doubted, or abated one jot of heart or hope." He had "been always calm, confident, determined; the very type and embodiment of the national will, the true and fit representative of the people in its noblest mood"; the ideal "leader of a democracy." Said lately one who knew him, and who confesses that it has taken years of reflection and retrospective consideration to become convinced

that in the matter of the proclamation as a war measure, Lincoln was right and he was wrong—"Through the ages to come the history of the Union and freedom under the Union will hold up to the admiration of mankind, as the greatest saving influence in our greatest danger, the character, the firmness, the homely sayings, the freedom from passion, the singular common-sense, the almost divine charity, of Abraham Lincoln."¹

LINCOLN'S LEADERSHIP AS A STANDARD

IN these times of new conditions, new advantages, and new dangers, in every community of our country, and in the national field, the cry to-day is for leaders. Nor are we without them; some long-known and well-beloved; some just emerging into prominence, and being tried by the first tests of responsibility. Some are leaders in the best sense, and to some we may be inclined to apply the name not of leaders, but of misleaders. It would be absurd to be looking now here, now there for "another Lincoln," for a reincarnation of that rich and most individual personality. We shall not see again that extraordinary combination of sympathetic qualities with the sterner virtues, such rare gifts and abilities, such sense of humor, such mixture of buoyancy of spirit with moods of gloom, such tendency toward contemplation, and such power of action, all united in one character. It would be unfortunate, moreover, to judge present-day executives and leaders by comparing their opinions and acts in detail with those which were characteristic of entirely different men and conditions. We are living in a very different world from that of the middle of the nineteenth century. For one thing, the relation of public men to the merit system in public office is not that of the days of the Civil War, and many questions are now pressing which were only faintly imagined forty or fifty years ago.

But nothing has outworn the fundamental principles of Lincoln's leadership. We have the right to demand in our leaders equal sincerity, disinterestedness, and devotion. We have a right to point, as a perpetual standard, to his moderation; to his conscientious consideration of all inter-

ests and views; to his wise and patient tolerance and open-mindedness; to his freedom from rancor, and avoidance of personal contention; to his moral courage; to his sense of justice; to his essential democracy. We may well ask of our leaders that they should imitate his manly attitude toward public opinion; that they should disdain to poison its sources by violent and unproved assertions, and by the forced uses of our modern enginery of publicity. We may well insist that they should not meanly follow, nor falsely and selfishly mold the sentiment of voters; but direct aright and to no ignoble ends the opinions and the suffrages of the people. We have a right to resent leadership based either upon conscienceless advocacy of supposedly popular programs, or, still more shameless, upon the wholesale use of money. It is our duty to warn against the spurious leadership that deals in indiscriminate denunciation, awakens a feeling of class, and of class hatred, forgets the bonds of a common citizenship, spreads distrust and despicability of the nation, and sows the very seeds of anarchy and assassination. We have a right to scout the demagogues who take the name of Lincoln upon their lips, and in their lives, and in their parody of leadership, set at nought every principle of his nature.

Our needs, our conditions, are different, but the principles of justice and of human liberty are the same, now and forever. In the recurring and necessary readjustment of laws and methods in the related realms of industry, of economics, and of government, let us demand the respect for rights, the acknowledgment of mutual duties, the striving for justice, the understanding of humanity, and the love of fellow-men which make Lincoln's leadership, like the leadership of Washington, the standard of a patriotism broader than the confines of commonwealths, and fit for emulation and guidance throughout all the centuries of earth.

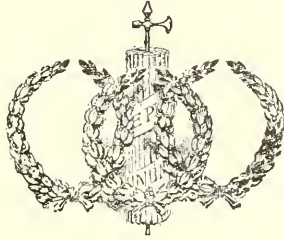
A NIGHT OF 1865

LET me close with the memory of a night of the spring of the year 1865, in the time of the blooming of lilacs, as says the wonderful poem. I was waiting in Philadelphia for Lincoln's funeral train

¹George H. Yeaman.

to start, as it was my duty to accompany it to Newark. I had and have little desire to look upon faces from which the light of life is departed; but suddenly it came upon me that I had never seen the great president, and must not let go by this last opportunity to behold at least the deserted temple of a lofty soul. To my grief I found it was too late; the police had drawn their line across the path in front of Independence Hall. But my earnest desire prevailed, and I was the last to pass in by the window and behold, in a sudden dazzle of lights and flowers, the still features of that face we all now know so well. Then I went my way into the night and walked

alone northward to the distant station. Soon I heard behind me the wailing music of the funeral dirge. The procession approached—the funeral train moved out beneath the stars. Never shall I forget the groups of weeping men and women at the little towns through which we slowly passed, and the stricken faces of the thousands who, in the cities, stood like mourners at the funeral of a beloved father. Thus, as came the dawn and the full day, through grieving States was borne the body of the beloved chieftain, while the luminous spirit and example of Lincoln the Leader of the People went forth into all the earth along the pathway of eternal fame.



NANCY HANKS

BY HARRIET MONROE

PRAIRIE child,
Brief as dew,
What winds of wonder
Nourished you?

Rolling plains
Of billowy green,
Far horizons,
Blue, serene;

Lofty skies
The slow clouds climb,
Where burning stars
Beat out the time.

These, and the dreams
Of fathers bold,
Baffled longings,
Hopes untold,

Gave to you
A heart of fire,
Love like deep waters,
Brave desire.

Ah, when youth's rapture
Went out in pain,
And all seemed over,
Was all in vain?

O soul obscure,
Whose wings life bound,
And soft death folded
Under the ground;

Wilding lady,
Still and true,
Who gave us Lincoln
And never knew;

To you at last
Our praise, our tears,
Love and a song
Through the nation's years!

Mother of Lincoln,
Our tears, our praise;
A battle-flag
And the victor's bays!

QUEEN VICTORIA AS SEEN BY AN AMERICAN

BEING THE LETTERS OF MRS. SALLIE COLES STEVENSON, WIFE
OF THE AMERICAN MINISTER IN LONDON, 1836-41

ARRANGED BY WILLIAM L. ROYALL

ANOTHER DINNER AT BUCKINGHAM
PALACE

[Letter of December 6, 1837]

I WROTE you¹ a slight description of a dinner soon after her little Majesty's accession to the throne. This [other dinner described below] very much resembled it, differing only in being larger and more splendid, and the Queen seemed more at her ease.

"We passed up the same grand staircase, lined with liveried servants, who bowed and signed the way (no one is announced at the Queen's dinners), through the same magnificent suite of apartments, to the grand drawing-room, where we stood like soldiers on duty. My republican pride a little revolted at this act, I thought, of supererogation, and I proposed to the ladies of the diplomatique corps that we should sit until the entrance of the Queen. Accordingly we took possession of a sofa, and the peeresses soon followed so comfortable an example; but it was really amusing to see the alacrity with which we all resumed our feet when the mirrored doors flew open to admit Her Majesty with all her attendants. Among them was the beautiful and magnificent Duchess of Sutherland. After passing around the circle, and giving her tiny fingers to be pressed by the ladies, a gentleman-in-waiting (the Marquis of Headfort) whispered the Count Pozzo di Borgo that he was to be the honored person (as ambassador, he ranked all the

others). At the same moment a powdered gentleman announced dinner. The band struck up, and we followed after, the foreign ministers' ladies taking precedence of every one but royalty. I was led by Baron Guensloff and seated nearly opposite the Queen, the Baron only between the Duchess of Sutherland and myself. I determined to take a more particular look at everything than I had done before; but when I raised my eyes to look upon all this royal magnificence, the thought occurred to me: 'If I gaze about, they will say, "Look at that wild American, how she is staring at every thing! I dare say she fancies herself in one of the enchanted castles of the Arabian Nights."' So with Indian-like caution I only cast furtive glances around, and endeavoured to bear myself as though it was all as familiar to me as my every-day comforts. In consequence of this prudent determination, I cannot tell you much more than I did before. The room was large, lofty, and so brilliantly lighted that the rich gilding and gorgeous decorations of the ceiling and wall were as distinct as they could have been by daylight. Opposite to me hung two full lengths of George the III & IV in royal robes, and over the table were suspended three golden chandeliers, with twenty-four wax lights in each, and on the table there were ten or twelve candelabra holding 5, 7, & 9 lights in each. There were vases of beautiful flowers, supported by figures of such graceful forms as we may have supposed Pheidias could

¹ See THE CENTURY of last month.

Great Hall, 1860



ABRAHAM LINCOLN READING LAW IN THE GROCERY STORE AT NEW SALEM, ILLINOIS, OF WHICH HE WAS PART OWNER

COLOR DRAWING BY BLENDON CAMPBELL

LINCOLN AT THE HELM

AS DESCRIBED AT THE TIME
BY JOHN HAY

THROUGH the courtesy of Mrs. Hay we are enabled to give the following delightful glimpse of President Lincoln in the mid course of his Presidency. This description of the President at the helm is from the pen of his younger private secretary, John Hay, afterward the great Secretary of State of the United States, and it occurs in a familiar letter to the devoted Nicolay, the senior private secretary. This letter not only indicates the maturity of mind and the personal charm which induced Lincoln to take so young a man into his executive family, but hints, also, at the humor and other literary traits which afterward gave Hay his fame as a writer.

A more sympathetic summary and historically correct description and estimate of the great, good President than this off-hand letter of the young Hay was never penned. It is Lincoln in action, and close at hand, but it is also Lincoln as he is seen by all the world in the perspective of nearly half a century.—THE EDITOR.

JOHN HAY'S LETTER

EXECUTIVE MANSION

WASHINGTON, August 7, 1863.

My dear Nico

This town is as dismal now as a defaced tombstone. Everybody has gone. The Tycoon is in fine whack. I have rarely seen him more serene and busy. He is managing this war, the draft, foreign relations, and planning a reconstruction of the Union, all at once. I never knew with what tyrannous authority he rules the Cabinet, till now. The most important things he decides and there is no cavil. I am growing more and more firmly convinced that the good of the country absolutely demands that he should be kept where he is till this thing is over. There is no man in the country so wise, so gentle and so firm. I believe the hand of God placed him where he is.

They are working against him like beavers, though, H— and that crowd, but don't seem to make anything by it. I believe the people know what they want and unless politics have gained in power and lost in principle they will have it.

J. H.

·DRAWN·FROM·THE·CAST·
·BY·J·ALDEN·WEIR·1866·



·CAST·FROM·THE·RIGHT·HAND·OF·
·ABRAHAM·LINCOLN·MADE·BY·
·LEONARD·W·VOLK·1860·

T. COLLINS & Co.

A LINCOLN CORRESPONDENCE

TWENTY-TWO LETTERS OF HISTORICAL INTEREST HERE
PUBLISHED FOR THE FIRST TIME

WITH INTRODUCTION AND NOTES
BY WILLIAM H. LAMBERT

Major Lambert is the owner of the original letters.

THESE letters of Abraham Lincoln are of interest not alone for their authorship, but also because they evidence the foresight, sagacity, honesty, and subordination of self to the cause of party or of country, characteristics which were dominant throughout his career and were eminently conspicuous during his Presidency.

Lyman Trumbull, to whom these letters were written, was, during the period covered by them, United States Senator from Illinois, his colleague in the Senate being Stephen A. Douglas. Trumbull was a native of Connecticut, born October 12, 1813. He had first gone to Georgia, where he taught school and studied law, subsequently removing to Illinois. While still a young man he became identified with public affairs in that State. He was successively a member of the legislature, Secretary of State, Judge of the Supreme Court, and in 1854 was elected representative in Congress.

Though a Democrat in politics, like many others of his party throughout the North he was strongly opposed to the repeal of the Missouri Compromise, which was involved in the bill for the Territorial organization of Kansas and Nebraska, proposed and advocated by Senator Douglas, through whose efforts and influence it was enacted. So great was the defection in the Democratic party in the North because of the passage of the bill that in 1854, the year of its enactment, the opposition, comprising the "Free Soilers," the Whigs in greater part, and the "Anti-Nebraska" Democrats, triumphed over the

regular Democracy in the fall elections. In Illinois for the first time since the organization of the Democratic party it lost control of the legislature, and opportunity was given for the defeat of General James Shields, who sought reelection to the United States Senate at the expiration of his term in 1855.

The "Anti-Nebraska" majority in the joint session of the legislature was very small, and none of the constituent parties alone held control, but the Whigs were greatly preponderant, and they hoped and sought the election of their candidate, Abraham Lincoln. Lyman Trumbull was the candidate favored by the Anti-Nebraska Democrats, who numbered only five. On the first ballot Lincoln received 45 votes, Shields 41, Trumbull 5, and there were 8 scattering votes; in succeeding ballots Lincoln's vote fell to 15, Trumbull's rose to 35, and Shields having been withdrawn, Governor Matteson, who was substituted, received 47. The original supporters of Trumbull persistently declined to vote for Lincoln or for any Whig; the fifteen Whigs "would never desert Lincoln except by his direction." Perceiving the probability that protraction of the struggle would result in the election of Matteson, Lincoln decided upon action which is best described in his own language, quoted from his letter written February 9, 1855, to the Hon. E. B. Washburne, a member of Congress from Illinois. "So I determined to strike at once, and accordingly advised my remaining friends to go for him [Trumbull], which they did, and elected him on the tenth bal-

lot. Such is the way the thing was done. I think you would have done the same under the circumstances, though Judge Davis [subsequently Associate Justice of the Supreme Court of the United States, and still later Senator from Illinois], who came down this morning, declares he never would have consented to the forty-seven men being controlled by the five. I regret my defeat moderately, but I am not nervous about it . . . and his [Matteson's] defeat now gives me more pleasure than my own gives me pain. On the whole, it is perhaps as well for our general cause that Trumbull is elected. The Nebraska men confess that they hate it worse than anything that could have happened. It is a great consolation to see them worse whipped than I am."

After events fully justified Lincoln's surmise, and even more. It was better that Trumbull was elected, for if Lincoln had been, it is not probable that he would have been chosen for the Presidency in 1860. His friends, however, were sorely disappointed by his defeat, and long cherished resentment and distrust of Trumbull, and of Judd, Cook, Palmer, Baker, and Allen, the five men whose adherence to Trumbull compelled his election. Lincoln was not animated by such feelings, and these men became his staunch friends and supporters, and were active in the formation of the Republican party, in which the several Anti-Nebraska factions were united. Norman B. Judd as Chairman of the Republican State Committee of Illinois was most effective in his advocacy of Lincoln's nomination for the Presidency. John M. Palmer achieved high distinction during the war of 1861-65, in which he attained the rank of major-general and the command of the 14th Army Corps. Later he was elected Governor of his State and United States Senator; and by his acceptance of the nomination as a candidate for the Presidency in 1896, he showed the same devotion to principle that led him to quit his party in 1854, when its action was repugnant to his sense of right.

On the 16th of June, 1858, the Republican State Convention unanimously named Lincoln as "the first and only choice of the Republicans of Illinois for the United States Senate as the successor of Stephen A. Douglas," who was seeking reelection;

and in the fall of that year occurred the memorable debates between the opposing candidates. Though Lincoln had the majority of the popular vote in the ensuing election, Douglas controlled the legislature and was reelected, a result due mainly to the system of apportionment of the legislative districts against which Lincoln frequently protested, and the rectification of which he considered of the utmost importance.

This second defeat of Lincoln's aspiration for the senatorship led his friends to doubt the loyalty of Trumbull and his supporters, who had been Democrats, and to look forward to the expiration of his senatorial term with intent to elect Lincoln in his stead. With this doubt and this purpose Lincoln had no sympathy, and he gave Trumbull assurance of his belief that the senator and his friends had heartily supported Lincoln in the recent contest, and further that he desired Trumbull's reelection, warning him, however, of the danger of affording Lincoln's friends any additional ground for suspicion of Trumbull's devotion to their leader.

The complications and controversies that resulted from the legislation for Kansas and the conduct of affairs there, led to antagonism between Senator Douglas and President Buchanan; Northern sympathy was largely with Douglas, and many Republicans outside of Illinois were disposed to favor his reelection to the Senate as an effectual rebuke to the administration. Among these was Horace Greeley, editor of the "New York Tribune," whose approval of Douglas aroused Lincoln's indignation. The plausible doctrine of "Popular Sovereignty" advocated by Douglas won the favor of many who had hitherto opposed him; but Lincoln saw the fallacy of the scheme and during the memorable debates denounced it vigorously, and in the Republican platform of 1860 the doctrine was declared "a deception and a fraud." In theory "Popular Sovereignty" claimed for the people of the Territories the same rights regarding slavery that were possessed by the States, while virtually, under the principles enunciated in the Dred Scott decision, the people could not exclude slavery.

Beyond a few notes the following letters (including two from Trumbull to Lincoln) require no further explanation.

"Springfield, June 7, 1856

"HON. LYMAN TRUMBULL

"My dear Sir: The news of Buchanan's nomination came yesterday; and a good many Whigs, of conservative feelings, and slight pro-slavery proclivities, withal, are inclining to go for him, and will do it, unless the Anti-Nebraska nomination shall be such as to divert them—The man to effect that object is Judge McLean; and his nomination would save every Whig, except such as have already gone over hook and line, as Singleton, Morrison, Constable, & others—J. T. Stuart, Anthony Thornton, James M. Davis (the old settler) and others like them, will heartily go for McLean,¹ but will every one go for Buchanan, as against Chase, Banks, Seward, Blair or Frémont—I think they would stand Blair or Frémont for Vice-President—but not more—

"Now there is a grave question to be considered. Nine tenths of the Anti-Nebraska votes have to come from old Whigs—In setting stakes, is it safe to totally disregard them? Can we possibly win, if we do so? So far they have been disregarded—I need not point out the instances—

"I think I may trust you to believe I do not say this on my own personal account—I am *in*, and shall go for any one nominated unless he be 'platformed' expressly, or impliedly, on some ground which I may think wrong—Since the nomination of Bissell² we are in good trim in Illinois, save at the point I have indicated—If we can save pretty nearly all the Whigs, we shall elect him, I think, by a very large majority—

"I address this to you, because your influence in the Anti-Nebraska nomination will be greater than that of any other Illinoisian [sic]—

"Let this be confidential,

"Yours very truly

"A. Lincoln."

"Springfield, Aug. 11. 1856

"HON: L. TRUMBULL:

"My dear Sir: I have just returned from speaking at Paris and Grandview in Edgar County—& Charleston and Shelby-

ville, in Coles and Shelby counties—Our whole trouble along there has been & is Fillmoreism—It loosened considerably during the week, not under my preaching, but under the election returns from Mo. Ky. Ark. & N. C. I think we shall ultimately get all the Fillmore men, who are really anti-slavery extension—the rest will probably go to Buchanan where they rightfully belong; if they do not, so much the better for us—The great difficulty with anti-slavery extension Fillmore men, is that they suppose Fillmore as good as Frémont on that question; and it is a delicate point to argue them out of it, they are so ready to think you are *abusing* Mr. Fillmore—

"Mr. Conkling showed me a letter of yours, from which I infer you will not be in Ills. till 11th Sept—

"But for that I was going to write you to make appointments at Paris, Charleston, Shelbyville, Hillsboro, &c—immediately after the adjournment—They were tolerably well satisfied with my work along there; but they believe with me, that you can touch some points that I can not; and they are very anxious to have you do it—

"Yours as ever

"A. Lincoln."

"Chicago, Nov. 30. 1857.

"HON: LYMAN TRUMBULL.

"Dear Sir: Herewith you find duplicates of a notice which I wish to be served upon the Miss. French, or now Mrs. Gray, who married the late Franklin C. Gray—You understand what person I mean—Please hand her one copy, and note on the other that you have done so, the date of service, and your signature & return it to me at Springfield—

"What think you of the probable 'rumpus' among the Democracy over the Kansas Constitution? I think the Republicans should stand clear of it—In their view both the President and Douglas are wrong; and they should not espouse the cause of either, because they may consider the other a little the farther wrong of the two—From what I am told here, Douglas tried, before leaving, to draw off some Republicans on this dodge,

¹ Judge John McLean, Associate Justice of the Supreme Court of the United States. With Justice Curtis he dissented from the majority of the court in the Dred Scott decision.

² William H. Bissell, Colonel 2d Illinois Regiment in the War with Mexico, member of Congress, Governor 1857–60.

and even succeeded in making some impression on one or two—

“Yours very truly,
“A. Lincoln—”

“Springfield, Dec. 18. 1857

“HON: L. TRUMBULL:

“Dear Sir: Yours of the 7th telling me that Mrs. Gray is in Washington, reached [me] last night—

“Herewith I return the notices which I will thank you to serve and return as before requested—

“This notice is not required by law; and I am giving it merely because I think fairness requires it—

“Nearly all the Democrats here stick to Douglas; but they are hobbling along with the idea that there is no split between him and Buchanan—Accordingly they indulge the most extravagant eulogies on B., & his message; and insist that he has not indorsed the Lecompton Constitution—

“I wish not to tax your time; but when you return the notice, I shall be glad to have your general view of the then present aspect of affairs—

“Yours very truly
“A. Lincoln”

“Bloomington, Dec. 28. 1857—

“HON. LYMAN TRUMBULL.

“Dear Sir: What does the ‘New York Tribune’ mean by its constant eulogising, and admiring, and magnifying Douglas? Does it, in this, speak the sentiments of the Republicans at Washington? Have they concluded that the Republican cause, generally, can be best promoted by sacrificing us here in Illinois? If so we would like to know it soon; it will save us a great deal of labor to surrender at once—

“As yet I have heard of no Republican here going over to Douglas; but if the ‘Tribune’ continues to din his praises into the ears of its five or ten thousand Republican readers in Illinois, it is more than can be hoped that all will stand firm—

“I am not complaining—I only wish a fair understanding— Please write me at Springfield—

“Your Obt Servt.
“A. Lincoln—”

“Springfield, June 23, 1858

“HON. LYMAN TRUMBULL

“My dear Sir: Your letter of the 16th reached me only yesterday— We had already seen, by telegraph, a report of Douglas’ general onslaught upon every body but himself— I have this morning seen the ‘Washington Union,’ in which I think the Judge is rather worsted in regard to that onslaught—

“In relation to the charge of an alliance between the Republicans and Buchanan men in this State, if being rather pleased to see a division in the ranks of the Democracy, and not doing anything to prevent it, be such alliance, then there is such alliance—at least that is true of me—But if it be intended to charge that there is any alliance by which there is to be any concession of principle on either side, or furnishing of the sinews, or partition of offices, or swopping of votes, to any extent; or the doing of anything, great or small, on the one side, for a consideration, express or implied, on the other, no such thing is true so far as I know or believe—

“Before this reaches you, you will have seen the proceedings of our Republican State Convention— It was really a grand affair, and was, in all respects, all that our friends could desire—

“The resolution in effect nominating me for Senator I suppose was passed more for the object of closing down upon this everlasting croaking about Wentworth¹ than anything else—

“The signs look reasonably well— Our State ticket, I think, will be elected without much difficulty— But, with the advantages they have of us, we shall be very hard run to carry the Legislature—

“We shall greet your return home with great pleasure—

“Yours very truly
“A. Lincoln.”

“Springfield, Jany 29. 1859

“HON: L. TRUMBULL

“Dear Sir: I have just received your late speech, in pamphlet form, sent me by yourself— I had seen, and read it, before, in a newspaper; and I really think it is a capital one—

“When you can find leisure, write me

¹ Wentworth familiarly known as “Long John” because of his height—six feet, seven inches. Journalist, member of Congress 1843-51, 1853-55, 1865-67; Mayor of Chicago in 1857, and again in 1860.

your present impressions of Douglas' movements— Our friends here from different parts of the State, in and out of the Legislature, are united, resolute, and determined; and I think it is almost certain that we shall be far better organized for 1860 than ever before—

“We shall get no just apportionment; and the best we can do, (if we can even do that) is to prevent one being made worse than the present—

“Yours as ever

“A. Lincoln—”

Washington, Jany. 28, 1859.

HON. A. LINCOLN,

My Dear Sir, I have been shown the copy of an article said to have been prepared by Col. John Wentworth for publication in the “Chicago Journal,” the object of which evidently is to stir up bad feeling between Republicans who were formerly Whigs & those who were Democrats, & more especially to create prejudice against myself & the Democratic portion of the party— The article is an insidious one & well calculated to do mischief with those who do not understand facts as well as you & I do— It contains a number of statements utterly false but mixed up with others which are true & so colored as to give an entirely wrong impression to the uninformed reader— The article professes to be a justification by Charles Wilson, Esq. for having nominated you as a candidate for Senator in the Republican Convention, but this is a mere pretense to get at something else— It seems that Wilson refused to publish the article, but the substance of it will probably be published in some way by its author—

I hope you have seen it, if not I will furnish you a copy. It is a despicably mean thing and just such an act as it would take a man of Wentworth [sic] reputed character to be guilty of— I never had much to do with Wentworth & really know personally but little about him, but it is right that friends like you & I should not permit any person whatever his motive to stir up unfounded suspicions & bad feelings between our friends, & to prevent it effectually it is only necessary that we see they are not imposed upon by designing mischief making persons. It needs no assurance from me, to satisfy you of the entire good faith with which Messrs. Judd, Cook, & others as well as myself who are assailed in this article worked for your

success in the late canvass— I am so constituted as to be incapable of practicing disguise & deceit if I would & now write you with that frankness & candor which is so characteristic of your course towards everybody.

The Democracy here are very much demoralized & broken down. They are attempting to get up a new issue on the Cuba question. What think you of that matter? Of course we Republicans can never consent to putting thirty millions in the hands of Buchanan in the present state of things, but can our opponents gain anything by the attempt which they will make to put themselves for & us against the acquisition of Cuba— I am inclined not to place myself against Cuba under any & all contingencies, but against this foolish, & unjust attempt to acquire her at this time— Douglas looks badly & is not the big man in the Senate he was two years ago— The Fitch¹ matter I think has damaged him with the shoulder hitters & [rowdies?] ² his chief supporters—

Truly yours

L. Trumbull.

“Springfield, Feb. 3, 1859

HON. L. TRUMBULL

“My dear Sir: Yours of the 29th is received— The article mentioned by you, prepared for the ‘Chicago Journal,’ I have not seen; nor do I wish to see it, though I heard of it a month, or more, ago— Any effort to put enmity between you and me, is as idle as the wind— I do not for a moment doubt that you, Judd, Cook, Palmer, and the Republicans generally, coming from the old Democratic ranks, were as sincerely anxious for my success in the late contest, as I myself, and the old Whig Republicans were— And I beg to assure you, beyond all possible cavil, that you can scarcely be more anxious to be sustained two years hence than I am that you shall be so sustained— I can not conceive it possible for me to be a rival of yours, or to take sides against you in favor of any rival— Nor do I think there is much danger of the old Democratic and Whig elements of our party breaking into opposing factions— They certainly shall not, if I can prevent it.

“I do not perceive that there is any feeling here about Cuba; and so I think, you can safely venture to act upon your

¹ Graham N. Fitch, Senator from Indiana, a Democrat opposed to Douglas.

² Uncertain as to this word.

own judgment upon any phase of it which may be presented—

"The H. R.¹ passed an apportionment bill yesterday—slightly better for [us] than the present in the Senate districts; but perfectly outrageous in the H. R. districts— It can be defeated without any revolutionary movement, unless the session be prolonged.

"Yours as ever

"A. Lincoln"

"Springfield, Nov. 28, 1859

"HON. L. TRUMBULL.

"My dear Sir: Yours of the 23rd is received— I agree with you entirely about the contemplated election of Forney²— Nothing could be more short-sighted than to place so strong a man as Forney in position to keep Douglas on foot— I know nothing of Forney personally; but I would put no man in position to help our enemies in the point of our hardest strain—

"There is nothing new here— I have written merely to give my view about this Forney business.

"Yours as ever

"A. Lincoln"

"Springfield, Dec. 25, 1859

"HON. LYMAN TRUMBULL

"Dear Sir: About the 15th by direction of Mr. Judd, I sent a letter and inclosures to him, addressed to your care; and I have not yet learned whether he received it—

"I have carefully read your speech; and I judge that, by the interruptions, it came out a much better speech than you expected to make when you began— It really is an excellent one, many of the points being most admirably made—

"I was in the inside of the Post-Office last evening when a mail came bringing a considerable number of your documents; and the Post-Master said to me 'These will be put in the boxes, and half will never be called for; If Trumbull would send them to me I would distribute a hundred to where he will get ten distributed this way'—

¹ House of Representatives of the Illinois legislature.

² John W. Forney strenuously supported Douglas in his opposition to the Kansas policy of President Buchanan, was clerk of the National House of Representatives in 1851-55, and again in 1859. He became an ardent

"I said, 'shall I write this to Trumbull?'— He replied 'If you choose you may'— I believe he was sincere; but you will judge of that for yourself—

"Yours as ever

"A. Lincoln"

"Springfield, Mar. 16, 1860

"HON: L. TRUMBULL

"My dear Sir: When I first saw by the despatches that Douglas had run from the Senate while you were speaking I did not quite understand it; but seeing by the report that you were cramming down his throat that infernal stereotyped lie of his about 'negro equality' the thing became plain—

"Another matter— Our friend Delahay³ wants to be one of the Senators from Kansas— Certainly it is not for outsiders to obtrude their interference— Delahay has suffered a great deal in our cause, and been very faithful to it, as I understand— He writes me that some of the members of the Kansas Legislature have written you in a way that your simple answer might help him— I wish you would consider whether you can not assist him that far, without impropriety— I know it is a delicate matter; and I do not wish to press you beyond your own judgment—

"Yours as ever

"A. Lincoln—"

"Chicago, March 26, 1860

"HON: L. TRUMBULL

"My dear Sir: They are having a desperate struggle in Connecticut⁴; and it would both please, and help our friends there, if you could be with them in the last days of the fight— Having been there, I know they are proud of you as a son of their own soil, and would be moved to greater exertion by your presence among them—

"Can you not go? Telegraph them, and go right along— The fiendish attempt now being made upon Connecticut, must not be allowed to succeed,

"Yours as ever

"A. Lincoln"

Republican and was Secretary of the Senate in 1861-68.

³ Mark W. Delahay, later United States District Judge.

⁴ After his speech at the Cooper Institute, February 27, 1860, Lincoln spent several days in Connecticut.

Springfield, Ills. April 7, 1860

HON: L. TRUMBULL

"My dear Sir: Reaching home from Chicago, where I have been engaged two weeks in the trial of a lawsuit, I found your letter of March 26th.

"Of course you can do no better for Delahay than you promise— I am trying to keep out of the contest among our friends for the Gubernatorial nomination; but from what I hear, the result is in considerable doubt—

"We have just had a clear party victory in our City election; and our friends are more encouraged, and our enemies more cowed by it, than by anything since the organization of the Republican party— Last year we carried the city; but we did it, not by our own strength, but by an open feud among our enemies— This year their feud was healed; and we beat them fairly by main strength—

"I can scarcely give an opinion as to what effect a nomination of Judge McLean, by the Union Convention,¹ would have— I do not believe he would accept it; and if he did, that fact alone, I think, would shut him out of the Chicago Convention— If he were ten years younger he would be our best candidate—

"Yours as ever

"A. Lincoln"

Washington April 24, 1860.

HON. A. LINCOLN,

My Dear Sir, I am going to write you candidly & frankly my impressions in regard to the Presidency, for such I know is the way you would desire me to speak, & I shall hope in return to be put fully in possession of your views— First in regard to yourself—

My impression is as between you & Gov. Seward, if the contest should assume that shape, that he would most likely succeed— I will not go into calculation to show this, but I have talked it over with friends here & that seems to be the impression even of those who do not want Seward nominated— When urging your claims, I am almost always met with the saying— "if you are going to nominate a man of that stamp why not take Seward?" There seems to be a disposition in the public-mind to associate you together, from the fact, I suppose, that you have both

given expression to a similar sentiment in regard to the ultimate extinction of slavery—

It matters not whether there is any foundation for this or not, I am not arguing the matter, but simply stating what others say—

Second— Can Seward be elected if nominated? The impression here is among all except his warm friends that he can not— The delegations from Conn. & R. I. say he would lose both States, & so far as I know those from N. J., Pa., except Cameron, & Indiana express the same opinion in regard to their States, & I must confess the letters I am daily receiving from Central & South Ill. lead me to doubt if he could carry our State—

We shall certainly run a great risk if he is the nominee— Under such circumstances it seems to me clear that he should not be nominated—

3— The next question is can his nomination be prevented & if so how— The impression here is that Judge McLean is probably the only man who could succeed as against Seward. After Cameron he seems to be the choice of Pa. & I suppose Ohio would support him after Chase— Would our State go for him in the convention after you, & if nominated could he carry Ill.? There seems to be a good deal of feeling for Bates in Central & South Illinois; would the same men go for McLean if nominated? Of course you know McLean's age, infirmities & the objections which would be raised to him—

Bates, I do not think could get the nomination as against Seward— The Germans are opposed to him— Neither Pa., N. J. or Ohio could be carried for him entire as against Seward, nor do I suppose Ill. could, nor do I mean to say that these States would certainly go for McLean in such a contingency, but am giving impressions here—

Now I wish you to understand that I am for you first & foremost, want our State to send not only delegates instructed in your favor, but your friends who will stand by & nominate you if possible, never faltering unless you yourself shall so advise; but we are engaged in a great contest which ought not to be put to hazard from personal considerations in any quarter—

Of course Mr. McLean can only be taken up as a compromise Candidate— He would

¹ Held on May 9 and 10, 1860, nominated John Bell for the Presidency on the second ballot. Judge McLean received 21 votes on the first ballot.

have no votes to start with— From what I have written you will readily see, that I am inclined to favor this McLean movement, which is daily gaining strength & even now looks formidable; but I want to know your views— I have talked with my Republican colleagues, & they all agree that we may ultimately have to take McLean & that it would be very hazardous to take Seward.

My impression is that [if] McLean were nominated [he] would be elected— Pa. some of the members here say, would be sure for him by Fifty thousand, & carrying that State would doubtless elect him— I think there are half a dozen men whom we could elect, if they were nominated, but I do not see how their nomination is to be brought about.

[Not signed, but in Lyman Trumbull's autograph.]

"Springfield, April 29, 1860

"HON: L. TRUMBULL:

"*My dear Sir:* Yours of the 24th was duly received; and I have postponed answering it, hoping by the result at Charleston, to know who is to lead our adversaries, before writing—But Charleston hangs fire, and I wait no longer¹—

"As you request, I will be entirely frank— The taste *is* in my mouth a little; and this, no doubt, disqualifies me, to some extent, to form correct opinions. You may confidently rely, however, that by no advice or consent of mine, shall my pretensions be pressed to the point of endangering our common cause—

"Now, as to my opinions about the chances of others in Illinois—I think neither Seward² nor Bates³ can carry Illinois if Douglas shall be on the track; and that either of them can, if he shall not be— I rather think McLean could carry it with D. on or off—in other words, I think McLean is stronger in Illinois, taking all sections of it, than either S. or B; and I think S. the weakest of the three. I hear no objection to Mr. McLean, except his age⁴; but that objection seems to occur to every one; and it is possible it might leave him no stronger than the others— By the way,

¹ The National Democratic Convention met at Charleston, April 23, 1860, and adjourned May 3 to meet at Baltimore, June 18, having made no nominations. A large number of the delegates from the Southern States, having previously withdrawn, organized a convention that adjourned to meet at Richmond on June 11.

if we should nominate him, how would we save to ourselves the chance of filling his vacancy in the Court? Have him hold on up to the moment of his inauguration? Would that course be no draw-back upon us in the canvass?

"Recurring to Illinois, we want something here quite as much as, and which is harder to get than, the electoral vote—the Legislature— And it is exactly in this point that Seward's nomination would be hard upon us. Suppose he should gain us a thousand votes in Winnebago, it would not compensate for the loss of fifty in Edgar—

"A word now for your own special benefit— You better write no letters which can possibly be distorted into opposition, or quasi opposition to me— There are men on the constant watch for such things out of which to prejudice my peculiar friends against you—

"While I have no more suspicion of you than I have of my best friend living, I am kept in a constant struggle against suggestions of this sort— I have hesitated some to write this paragraph, lest you should suspect I do it for my own benefit, and not for yours; but on reflection I conclude you will not suspect me—

"Let no eye but your own see this—not that there is anything wrong, or even ungenerous, in it; but it would be misconstrued—

"Your friend as ever

"A. Lincoln"

PRIVATE

"Springfield, May 1, 1860

"HON: L. TRUMBULL

"*Dear Sir:* In my last letter to you I believe I said I thought Mr. Seward would be weaker in Illinois than Mr. Bates— I write this to qualify the opinion so far as to say I think S. weaker than B. in our close Legislative districts; but probably not weaker taking the whole State over—

"We now understand that Douglas

² William Henry Seward, Senator from New York, Lincoln's strongest opponent for the Presidential nomination, and later his Secretary of State.

³ Edward Bates of Missouri, appointed Attorney-General by Lincoln.

⁴ Judge McLean was then in his seventy-sixth year.

will be nominated to-day by what is left of the Charleston Convention—

“All parties here dislike it— Republicans and Danites,¹ that he should be nominated at all; and Doug. Dem’s that he should not be nominated by an undivided Convention—

“Yours as ever

“*A. Lincoln*”

“*Springfield, May 26, 1860*

HON. L. TRUMBULL:

“*My dear Sir:* I have received three letters from you since the nomination,² for all which I sincerely thank you— As you say, if we can not get our State up now, I do not see when we can—

“The nominations start well here, and everywhere else, so far as I have heard— We may have a back-set yet— Give my respects to the Republican Senators; and especially to Mr. Hamlin, Mr. Seward, Gen. Cameron, and Mr. Wade— Also to your good wife—

“Write again; and do not write so short letters as I do—

“Your friend, as ever

“*A. Lincoln*”

“*Springfield, Ills. May 31, 1860*

HON. L. TRUMBULL

“*My dear Sir:* Yours of the 28th, inclosing that which I have carefully read, and now return, is received— Please say to Mr. Hamlin that my letter of acceptance is already written and forwarded to Mr. Ashmun,³ at Springfield, Mass; that I would send him, Mr. Hamlin, a copy, only that Mr. Ashmun, when here, sought and obtained a promise from me that I would furnish a copy to no one; that the letter is very short, and, I think, conflicts with none of Mr. Morey’s suggestions, except that it may be published by Mr. Ashmun before the Baltimore Convention. Perhaps it would be best for Mr. Hamlin and yourself not to communicate the fact that the letter of acceptance is already written— I am glad to learn the

¹ Danites, a secret association of Mormons pledged to obey the dictates of their church; the name was popularly applied in Illinois to the faction of Administration Democrats who opposed Douglas.

² Lincoln was nominated for President at Chicago, May 18, 1860, and Hannibal Hamlin of Maine for Vice-President.

Philadelphia meeting had force enough to not be spoiled by the storm— I look with great interest for your letters now.

“Your friend as ever,

“*A. Lincoln*”

“*Springfield, Ills. June 5, 1860*

HON. L. TRUMBULL

“*My dear Sir:* Yours of May 31, inclosing Judge Read’s letter,⁴ is received—

“I see by the papers this morning, that Mr. Fillmore⁵ refuses to go with us. What do the New-Yorkers at Washington think of this? Gov. Reeder was here last evening direct from Pennsylvania— He is entirely confident of that State, and of the general result— I do not remember to have heard Gen. Cameron’s opinion of Penn— Weed⁶ was here, and saw me; but he showed no signs whatever of the intriguer— He asked for nothing; and said N. Y. is safe, without condition.

“Remembering that Peter denied his Lord with an oath, after most solemnly protesting that he never would, I will not swear I will make no committals; but I do think I will not—

“Write me often— I look with great interest for your letters now.

“Yours as ever,

“*A. Lincoln*”

The following autographic document begins with a memorandum in Lyman Trumbull’s handwriting, which we italicize to distinguish it from the remainder, which is in Lincoln’s handwriting:

“*Furnished by Mr. Lincoln & copied into my remarks to be made at the celebration at Springfield, Ill. Nov. 20, 1860*”

“I have labored in, and for, the Republican organization with entire confidence that whenever it shall be in power, each and all of the States will be left in as complete control of their own affairs respectively, and at as perfect liberty to choose, and employ, their own means of protecting property, and preserving peace and

³ George Ashmun of Massachusetts, Chairman of the Republican National Convention.

⁴ Judge Read of the Supreme Court of Pennsylvania.

⁵ Millard Fillmore the former President. Candidate for the Presidency in 1856 against Buchanan and Frémont.

⁶ Thurlow Weed, the New York journalist and politician, the staunch friend and supporter of Seward.

order within their respective limits, as they have ever been under any administration— Those who have voted for Mr. Lincoln, have expected, and still expect this; and they would not have voted for him had they expected otherwise— I regard it as extremely fortunate for the peace of the whole country, that this point, upon which the Republicans have been so long, and so persistently misrepresented, is now to be brought to a practical test, and placed beyond the possibility of doubt— Disunionists *per se*, are now in hot haste to get out of the Union, precisely because they perceive they can not, much longer, maintain apprehension among the Southern people that their homes, and firesides, and lives, are to be endangered by the action of the Federal Government— With such 'Now, or never' is the maxim—

"I am rather glad of this military preparation in the South— It will enable the people the more easily to suppress any uprisings there, which their misrepresentations of purposes may have encouraged—"

PRIVATE, & CONFIDENTIAL

"Springfield, Ills. Dec. 10. 1860

"HON. L. TRUMBULL.

"My dear Sir. Let there be no compromise on the question of extending slavery— If there be, all our labor is lost, and, ere long, must be done again— The dangerous ground— that into which some of our friends have a hankering to run—is Pop. Sov— Have none of it— Stand firm. The tug has to come, & better now than any time hereafter¹—

"Yours as ever

"A. Lincoln."

¹ Lincoln was elected November 6, 1860. Threats of secession of Southern States were rife, the people throughout the Northern and in many of the Southern States were anxiously striving to check the secession-movement, offers of compromise were urged, many public meetings were held which favored liberal concessions. Reaction seemed to be setting in, and many who had helped to elect Lincoln seemed to repent; but whoever else was shaken, he was not.

² Benjamin F. Wade, Senator from Ohio, later pre-

CONFIDENTIAL

"Springfield, Ills. Dec. 17. 1860

"HON. LYMAN TRUMBULL

"My dear Sir: Yours inclosing Mr. Wade's² letter, which I herewith return, is received—

"If any of our friends do prove false, and fix up a compromise on the territorial question, I am for fighting again—that is all— It is but repetition for me to say I am for an honest enforcement of the Constitution—fugitive slave clause included—

"Mr. Gilmer³ of N. C. wrote me; and I answered confidentially, inclosing my letter to Gov. Corwin, to be delivered or not, as he might deem prudent— I now inclose you a copy of it—"

[The signature has been cut off—probably for an autograph-seeker]

"Springfield, Ills. Dec. 24, 1860

"HON. LYMAN TRUMBULL

"My dear Sir I expect to be able to offer Mr. Blair⁴ a place in the cabinet; but I can not, as yet, be committed on the matter, to any extent whatever—

"Despatches have come here two days in succession, that the Forts in South Carolina will be surrendered by the order, or consent at least, of the President⁵—

"I can scarcely believe this; but if it prove true, I will, if our friends at Washington concur, announce publicly at once that they are to be retaken after the inauguration— This will give the Union Men a rallying cry, and preparation will proceed somewhat on their side, as well as on the other—

"Yours as ever

"A. Lincoln."

siding officer of the Senate after Johnson's accession to the Presidency.

³ John A. Gilmer, member of Congress from North Carolina, had been Whig candidate for Governor, but was defeated. He was suggested for Lincoln's cabinet.

⁴ Montgomery Blair, subsequently Postmaster-General.

⁵ South Carolina passed its ordinance of secession, December 20, 1860.



THE MENACE OF AËRIAL WARFARE

ALL GREAT NATIONS ARE PREPARING FOR IT—GREAT BRITAIN AS EXPOSED AS ANY OTHER COUNTRY TO SUCH ATTACK—THE UNITED STATES MUST PREPARE FOR AËRIAL DEFENSE—PROBABLE INCIDENTS OF AËRIAL ATTACK, AND CONFLICTS IN THE SKY

BY HENRY B. HERSEY¹

Inspector, United States Weather Bureau

WHEN, a few weeks ago, Sir Hiram Maxim, in a lecture which he delivered before the Society of Arts in London, arraigned the British nation for its lack of interest in the possibilities of aërial warfare, he made the cold shivers run up and down the British spine, and it is safe to say that our transatlantic cousins have been doing a lot of thinking about it since. At first some of the military and naval authorities were inclined to make light of Sir Hiram's warnings, but in view of his eminence as an inventor and scientist, one not given to wild imaginings, but a practical, hard-headed, logical thinker and analyst, they must admit the threatening attitude, if not the gravity, of the situation. Isolated by seas from all foes, their shipping protected in all quarters of the globe by the frowning *Dreadnaughts* of a navy whose strength, according to plan, must exceed that of the combined navies of any two possible enemies, they have felt a sense of security. But now a new danger in war arises against which they are not prepared. These silent cruisers of the air, hovering like vultures over cities, harbors, and fortifications, dealing, with hawk-like swiftness, death and destruction, and then disappearing as suddenly, only to strike some other unexpected point, are most certainly a menace which must be taken into account.

England alone of all the great Euro-

pean powers has done but little experimentation with aërial war-craft. Yet she is of all nations the most threatened by the recent inventions and improvements in aërial work, because she has depended largely for security on her splendid isolation, protected by her powerful navy. Now she realizes that this isolation cannot be maintained against aërial attack by any present means of defense, and that such defense must be prepared in the form of a fleet of air-cruisers.

Great Britain's situation gives point to the question of the possibilities of aërial attack on this country in case of war, and of what should be done that we may be properly prepared to meet such attack. Our needs are not so pressing as those of England because we have no such powerful neighbors near enough for aërial expeditions to be started out from their own countries as a base of operations.

Still, in any future war two general plans of attack will be open to our antagonists. Bases of operations could be established in Canada or Mexico, either by agreement or force, from which aërial fleets could be operated; also aërial sorties could be made from ships fitted up specially for the purpose. With a suitable base established in the vicinity of Montreal, attacks by dirigible balloons of the Zeppelin type could be made on Boston, or New York, or the inland cities of the

¹ Major Hersey's voyages by balloon across the English Channel and in the St. Louis balloon contest are described in his illustrated paper "Experiences in the Sky," printed in *THE CENTURY* for March, 1908. See also Edmund

Clarence Stedman's paper on aërial navigation as a menace to British supremacy, "The Prince of the Power of the Air," in *THE CENTURY* for May, 1908.—THE EDITOR.

nearby States. From bases in Canada located along the Great Lakes, Buffalo, Detroit, Chicago, Milwaukee, and Duluth could be reached, while British Columbia would afford a good point from which Seattle and Portland could be threatened. Such attacks are not visionary, but actually could be made with a reasonable chance of success with dirigible balloons now in the hands of some of the European nations.

And if not used for independent attack, war-balloons would become formidable additions to an army invading this country from Canada or Mexico. They would not only act as scouts, securing complete information of the location and movements of the defending armies, but could join in an attack, especially on fortifications, by dropping aerial torpedoes inside lines of defense, exploding magazines, and dealing death in all directions among the defenders. The moral effect of such an attack during a battle would be tremendous and hard to overcome.

To much the same effect, attacks might be made from aeronautic ships accompanying battle fleets. These ships are now being added to all the principal European navies except the British. Germany has two converted aeronautic transports, and another large one is being built specially for this work. This one is so planned that the masts, smokestacks, and other upper works, will not interfere with the inflation of large dirigible balloons or the launching into the air of aeroplanes. It will be fitted with the finest apparatus for producing hydrogen gas rapidly, also with a special arrangement for the storage of an enormous quantity of hydrogen compressed in steel cylinders. These will be connected with pipes running to the deck, so that by turning stop-cocks the gas may flow into the balloon for inflation as rapidly as wished, without disturbing the storage-cylinders. There will be special facilities for storing aeroplanes, and arrangements for assembling them quickly on deck for flight; also complete workshops for repairs and alterations; and, still more important, there will be magazines for storing special aerial torpedoes. This ship will have great speed and will be protected like an armored cruiser.

The Germans have been doing a great amount of experimental work in connec-

tion with aerial torpedoes recently. Trials have been made of many different patterns with various kinds of high explosives, dropping them from balloons at different heights at prearranged targets below. They are of course not giving the world the benefit of the experience they have acquired, but the accuracy with which they were able to place the torpedoes on these targets, and the effect of the explosions were such that they have taken up aerial work with renewed energy. The French navy has two converted aeronautic transports and the Italians one. These three nations are the only ones in Europe who are prepared at present to make aerial work an important feature of their navies, but as the indirect result of their enterprise it will be only a comparatively short time before all important navies of other countries are equipped for this work.

Japan has recently placed orders for two ships, one in an English shipyard and the other with a German firm. With genuine Oriental wisdom she has placed the veil of secrecy around these orders, and what they are to be used for can only be guessed, but it has been known for some time in the aeronautic world that Japan, true to her custom in recent years to learn everything new and hold all she finds good, has been anxious to take up aerial work in a thorough and serious manner.

Now, let us consider for a moment the possibilities of an attack on New York city by a war-fleet superior in strength to any which we would have available for defense at the time. It would then be necessary to rely largely on land defenses. If the attacking fleet were accompanied by thoroughly equipped aeronautic transports, dirigibles might be inflated and sent in over our fortifications, dropping torpedoes into them from the sky at the same time that the fleet would be making the attack from the water. Due notice having been given of bombardment, these same dirigibles might sail over the skyscrapers of New York, dropping bombs or torpedoes into the very light-shafts of the proud structures, and wrecking them completely. If the dirigibles should be disabled by shots from the land and destroyed or captured, we should thereby inflict on the enemy a loss of perhaps five men, and possibly a hundred thousand dollars—a loss trivial

as compared with the damage done by one explosive dropped from the sky. What is true of New York applies with greater force to San Francisco or Seattle.

All these possibilities are based partly on the supposition that this country would not be prepared for serious aërial warfare. If, however, we were as well prepared as we ought to be within the next few years, the probabilities would be different. At the approach of a hostile fleet, our air-cruisers would be on the alert. Every move of the enemy would be reported, and, as night drew on, our air-craft would hover near, and under cover of darkness make a sudden attack, dropping torpedoes on their ships, perhaps down the smokestacks into the very vitals of the ship, destroying it instantly. Or, if both sides were equipped for aërial battle, the ships of the air might meet in the sky for the death-struggle—and a battle royal it would be. Each would be armed with light guns carrying a bullet or shell which would explode on striking even the silk of the gas-bag and throw fire in all directions. This would ignite the gas in the balloon, causing a terrific explosion and sending the wreckage and crew hurtling through space back to mother-earth, which always receives calmly the wrecks we give her.

So far I have spoken only of the work of dirigible balloons, generally referred to as air-ships, but the simple spherical balloon is of great value for use on naval vessels. It can be inflated and sent to a height of five hundred or a thousand feet as a captive balloon from a ship, with one or two officers in the basket. From this altitude a splendid lookout can be maintained, and being equipped with telephones, any information secured can be promptly communicated to the commander of the fleet. If our fleet at Santiago had been provided with such a balloon and the necessary equipment, it could easily have determined whether the Spanish fleet was in the harbor during that trying period of uncertainty preceding the land operations of the Santiago campaign.

Within the last year another great invention has entered the field of aërial achievement. I refer to the aëroplane, which has attracted the attention of the world by its mechanical flight. Henry Farman, an English resident of Paris, was the first to demonstrate publicly its suc-

cess; but since then our own Wright brothers of Ohio, who had been able to preserve a degree of secrecy in regard to a long series of experiments, have so far eclipsed the work of all others in this line that they are in a class by themselves. The European governments have promptly taken up this invention. Russia and France through their agents have secured the rights to the patents of the Wright brothers for their respective war departments. How extensive the field is for aëroplanes in military work cannot be determined now, for it must be remembered that their operators are at present only fledglings, mostly standing on the edge of the nest, while a few of the venturesome ones are essaying short flights to strengthen their young pinions, others recovering from the sore bruises of falls, and others lying still in death. But, undaunted, the little band will continue to win success, flight by flight, until the conquest of the air is complete.

Judging from the present outlook, it seems that the field of the aëroplane in military work will be distinct from that of the dirigible balloon. It will not be able to carry great weight, like the dirigible, but it will be much swifter. Being smaller and more compact and requiring no gas-making apparatus, it will be more easily transported. A single supply-ship could carry a whole fleet of them, and they could be quickly put in action. They will probably become the cavalry of the aërial army, while the heavier and more formidable dirigibles will constitute a combination of infantry and artillery.

This country has been backward in aërial work simply because the people have not realized how important a part it will play in the warfare of the future. The European nations appreciate this and are putting forth their greatest efforts to get the best equipment possible and thoroughly to train a large corps of men in the work. Already France and Germany have very respectable fleets of aërial cruisers and are actively training men in the work of handling them. England, Russia, and Italy are all working on the problem. They all realize that in the wars of the future an army or navy not equipped for aërial work will be badly handicapped, if not at the mercy of an enemy having a strong corps of trained men well equipped

with modern air-ships. It is not a work that can be taken up when the occasion arises, for it is of a technical nature and can be acquired only by experience.

The Signal Corps, under General James Allen, has charge of this work for our army, and the progress made has been remarkable, considering the small amount of funds available. It is, however, only the beginning. Ample funds should be provided for the construction of at least two large air-cruisers suitable for training-ships. On these, men could be trained thoroughly in the practical work of dropping torpedoes and manœvering the ship. Some experimental work should be done in the construction of special torpedoes or bombs for use in this work. Different types of large rifles or small cannon with special sights should be devised and thoroughly tried out, with a view to becoming expert in hitting balloons or air-ships in the sky.

The organization of aeronautic corps or detachments in the National Guard should be encouraged, and when such an organization from any State is shown to be ready for active work, regular officers should be detailed temporarily to give them the necessary instructions. At the annual manœuvres where the regulars and the National Guard are brought together for instruction, demonstrations of the working of dirigible and spherical balloons should be provided for, and members of the National Guard should be instructed in handling them. Portable gas-making outfits should be supplied and the men trained in their use. Balloon clubs in different cities should be invited to coöperate, and the names of members becoming

expert in the work should be enrolled on a list of those available for duty as officers in case of war.

For the present the work could be managed to good advantage by the Signal Corps, as it is now being done; but after a few years it would probably be better to have a separate corps devoted entirely to aerial work. We have the best material in the world for the organization of an aerial force, and at present lack only the necessary funds and authority from Congress. To be unprepared is to invite aggression, which may force us into a war costing blood and money beyond estimate. Our navy to-day is proving itself to be one of the greatest peacemakers in the world.

Through the long ages past and gone, man has climbed up slowly step by step from out the dark caverns which formed his home and lair, from which he prowled forth to prey on his weaker neighbors of the animal kingdom. Slowly step by step under patriarch, feudal baron, dukes, and kings, he has advanced in national organization until now he owes allegiance not to his ruler, but to his country. Just so surely will he continue to climb, but always slowly, until he owes allegiance to all his brothers over the earth, and not until then will there be an end of war. But that desired amity is in the distant future. We must be patient and wait for the development that will come to us slowly as it has in the past. As a nation we have only feelings of good-will and friendship toward all our neighbors. We wish for peace; but, as nations exist to-day, to ensure that peace we must be prepared to wage a victorious war, if it be forced upon us.



DANGERS OF THE EMMANUEL MOVEMENT

REASONS WHY IT SHOULD NOT BE GENERALLY ADOPTED

BY JAMES M. BUCKLEY, LL.D.

Editor of "The Christian Advocate"

IN 1874, Houghton, Mifflin and Co. published a small work of mine entitled "Supposed Miracles." Long before that date I had been studying "animal magnetism," one of several names for the same thing, and anti-medicine faith-cure societies, under various religious titles, as well as cures attributed to Spiritist, "healing mediums." Later I investigated the Simpson anti-medicine faith-healing cult, followed the rise, decline, and fall of the spectacular Dowie, and have critically watched Christian Science from its birth to a vigorous womanhood. The results of these investigations have been published at intervals in THE CENTURY.

From force of habit and because of the intrinsic interest of the subject, I have carefully followed the Emmanuel Movement. The Rev. Elwood Worcester, D.D., Ph.D., Rector of Emmanuel Protestant Episcopal Church of Boston, Mass., is an accomplished man and a devout clergyman, a student of psychology and sometime teacher of this science in Lehigh University. He differs from all Christian healers who dispense with the use of medicines, yet believes that functional neuroses and psychoses in a large majority of cases are amenable to psychic or spiritual influences. With him are associated physicians who determine whether applicants need medical or mental care. The treatment of hysteria, neurasthenia, etc., is by what is called psychotherapeutics, which ponderous term signifies the treatment of disease by the influence of the mind over the body.

It is claimed that Emmanuel Church is

maintaining a clinic similar to any medical clinic in a free hospital, but one in which work is limited to certain types of functional nervous disorders. Isidor A. Coriat, M.D., emphatically states that only certain functional diseases are amenable to psychotherapy, and that such maladies as epilepsy or paralysis-agitans cannot be benefited by it. "No patient is taken who needs exclusive treatment by physical means, or in whom physical treatment would predominate over the psychical." "Neither are organic diseases taken for treatment by suggestion." "A patient once rejected by the examining physician is never afterward under any circumstances accepted; nor is any patient who applies at the clinic for examination, who is at the same time under treatment by an outside physician, unless that physician gives his absolute consent and approval. From time to time after the treatment begins the patient is sent back to the neurologist for re-examination."

A few months since a volume was published by Dr. Worcester, in collaboration with his clerical assistant, Samuel McComb, D.D., and Isidor H. Coriat, M.D., "Religion and Medicine," the sub-title of which is "The Moral Control of Nervous Diseases." Each contributor is responsible for his own production, and an index specifies the writers of the different chapters.

The keynote of the following examination and discussion is the joint and separate relations of the movement to the Christian churches and the medical profession.

The Emmanuel Movement originated

in a truly philanthropic attempt to treat indigent consumptives without removing them from their own homes. Joseph H. Pratt, M.D., superintended the medical work, and the clergyman added "discipline, friendship, encouragement, and hope." This effort proving successful, late in 1906 Dr. Worcester resolved to begin a similar mission among the nervously and morally diseased. A preliminary meeting was held at which the distinguished physician James J. Putnam presided and delivered the first address. Dr. Putnam has since withdrawn his approbation, and, in a communication to the "Boston Herald," says: "When Dr. Worcester originally consulted me, just two years ago, I was much interested in the plan. I did not then realize what the outcome was to be. I have never undertaken to contradict his statement of the good accomplished, nor do I now. I assert simply that I have long since become convinced of the validity of the general arguments against the plan, which even at the outset appeared so strongly to many of my friends."

In the introduction to "Religion and Medicine," Dr. Worcester speaks of Christian Science as "this despicable superstition." He declares that his "Movement" has no relation to Christian Science either by way of protest or imitation. "We have taken our stand fairly and squarely on the religion of Christ, as that religion is revealed in the New Testament, and is interpreted by modern scholarship, and we have combined with this the power of genuine science."

The discussion of the "Subconscious Mind" is interesting, but a large part of it is but distantly related to psychotherapy. Not until the eighth and last section is the physiological operation of the sub-conscious mind brought under consideration. By that action many changes, physical and mental, are wrought; some, in the regular automatic processes of the body and others in their normal action, affecting the brain. So much speculation is indulged in in the discussion of this subject that the following sentence is to be commended: "Further speculation as to its nature [the subconscious mind] and its relation to consciousness would lead us too far from our purpose."

"Suggestion" naturally follows, and its acknowledged power is emphasized to the

full capacity of a remarkable vocabulary. The medical profession may learn of Dr. Worcester that "The plain truth is, moral maladies require moral treatment; physicians apprehend this, and usually abstain from administering medicines in cases where they are likely to do no good. The difficulty is that on account of their ignorance of psychological methods few physicians feel themselves competent to undertake such treatment."

A long list of physicians, from Benjamin Rush (who credited his predecessors with being his preceptors in the line of moral and mental treatment) to the thoroughly equipped physicians of the present, shows that a minority only feel themselves incompetent to treat the body through the mind, by advice and suggestion, when these would be more valuable than medicine, or would increase the efficacy of medicine or surgery. Emmanuel's rector characterizes the medical profession of this country as follows: "One reason why American physicians are so slow to avail themselves of psychical influence in combating disease, is that they have been educated in a too narrowly materialistic school of science which assumes that only material objects possess reality and which thinks that the mind can safely be ignored." This characterization is best left to both professional and lay intelligence. Strange passages occur in this chapter such as:

Sometimes the patient can carry his recovery to a certain point, but he cannot advance beyond it. The cure tarries and he becomes discouraged. Then the coöperation of another personality is needed and with this help the recovery is completed. I believe this was what Christ had in mind when he said: "If two of you shall agree on earth as touching anything that they shall ask, it shall be done for them by my Father which is in Heaven." At all events I have seen some startling illustrations of the truth of this word.

Special attention is given to "Hypnotism," which, under a score of names, has been employed for more than a hundred years in treating disease. It is here defined as "an intense form of artificial abstraction (absent-mindedness) brought on by suggestion." Its actual therapeutic value is magnified by nearly all who ex-

plot it. In the discussion of hypnotism and suggestion, this work throws its influence in favor of the proposition that there is no danger that criminal acts may be compelled. A certain school of scientists has declared that "subjects of the best character have been and ordinarily can be led in speech and act to commit grave offenses." These men have carried this hypothesis much too far; others, reacting, have denied what has occasionally occurred. With apparent acquiescence, Dr. Worcester quotes Bramwell: "When the act demanded is contrary to the moral sense it is usually refused by the normal subject, and invariably by the hypnotized one." This is generally the case, but *not* always, and it is not *invariably* refused in the hypnotized. Only enthusiasts dare affirm a negative, where personality, under domination by an idea injected from without, is concerned. As well might one declare that in somnambulism no act has ever been committed which, had the perpetrator been awake, would have been a crime. There are operators in this city who have recoiled from their own experiments on beholding the subject preparing to commit a crime at their instigation. Yet we find this:

I do assert with distinctness and confidence that no virtuous man or woman will accept a suggestion which is repugnant to his or her moral nature. On the contrary, what we observe in hypnosis is an elevation of the moral faculties, greater refinement of feeling, a higher sense of truth and honor, often a delicacy of mind which the waking subject does not possess. In my opinion the reason for this is that the subconscious mind, which I believe is the most active in suggestion, is *purser and freer from evil than our waking consciousness.*

The history of dreams does not confirm the opinion twice herein uttered. To use hypnotism "when indicated" is as legitimate as it is to use an anesthetic; both, however, are treacherous. To affirm, as does this work, that, "whether sleeping or waking, the subject would *absolutely reject* any suggestion of the operator *contrary to his normal moral sense,*" is unscientific and most dangerous. In this discussion there is a mixture of science and pseudo-science perplexing to one who has

digested the divergent theories and tested them in practice.

Turning at this point from Dr. Worcester to Dr. McComb, we find that he defines "auto-suggestion" as "a roundabout way of getting the will to work" and that "the blessed path which auto-suggestion takes is that of the removal of inhibition or checks on the authority of the will. Here is to be found the secret of that new sense of power which has come into so many lives to-day through the medium of Christian Science, Faith Healing, Metaphysical Healing, the Raja Yoga of Indian Theosophy, and other forms of mental gymnastics." It was not so much *auto-suggestion*, but plain suggestion, and very authoritative, which introduced the "new sense of power." Dr. McComb, in illustrating the power of auto-suggestion, says:

The fanatic, whether in politics or in theology is the bond-slave of his self-suggestion: the whole universe is for him concentrated into a single red-hot spot . . . his consciousness is narrowed to this point and for him everything else is not. The heresy hunter, the dietetic "crank" who would reconstruct the order of human life on the basis of "predigested" cereals, the temperance or teetotal faddist who believes that the utter abolition of alcohol would mean the dawn of millennial glory—these familiar figures in English and American life are all intelligible in the light of the psychological principle which we are now discussing.

Yet nearly all were started in the way in which they go by suggestion *from without.*

But it appears to be easy to attribute results either to suggestion or auto-suggestion, for Dr. McComb declares that "*at bottom suggestion and auto-suggestion are the same.*"

Having made this statement, he defines "auto-suggestion" "as a self-imposed narrowing of the field of consciousness to one idea by holding a given thought in the mental focus to the exclusion of all other thoughts."

After careful readings of this interesting volume, I suggest that there is abundant evidence that the projectors of the Emmanuel Movement are in imminent danger, by oft-repeated auto-suggestion, "of

holding a given thought in the mental focus *to the exclusion of all other thoughts.*"

This movement is not a feasible adjunct to the local church, the activities of which are already such as to demand the entire energy and resources of the pastor. In the discussion of the causes of nervousness Dr. Worcester says:

Clergymen, if they are rectors or ministers of great and highly organized parishes, must be leaders of thought, organizers, financiers, scholars, able preachers. In other words, they must labor in constantly recurring tasks and duties, which are always the same and yet must always be done differently. Addressing the same audience week by week, they must not repeat themselves. Speaking on the oldest theme known to man, they must be able to make it ever fresh and new. Their working week consists of seven days, and their working day, if they are really interested in their work, ends at midnight or when they are too weary to write, to speak, to think, or to act any longer, and then they go to bed with the sad consciousness of having left many tasks undone.

This marshaling of the clergyman's duties would seem to show that few men could add to them the complex and exhausting duties of another profession without, in some measure, diminishing the efficiency of the former. To attempt to carry on a work of physical healing would entail neglect of important interests, or reduce the pastor to a condition requiring treatment at some other clinic. The existence in any neighborhood of such an institution would probably be a means of proselyting, and of disquieting the members of churches of the same denomination. Moreover, few would be competent by experience, study, or natural gift to superintend such a work. Dr. Worcester further writes:

This is not a task which every shepherd is qualified to perform. It requires careful observation of temperament, capacity and idiosyncrasy which will tax the resources of the most gifted man. This study of conscience, this analysis of life's experience in order to discover the cause of the present disturbance, and to trace its history, requires time, sympathy, and some psychological acuteness.

Dr. Coriat is more definite in a recent letter to the "Boston Herald":

The chief criticism of the movement has been launched against the fear of its spread to other churches. This criticism is a valid one, for no greater harm could be done than to place such an important and delicate weapon as that of psychotherapeutics in the hands of untrained and unqualified men.

A danger ever imminent can only be hinted at. To determine the cause of functional neurosis, hysteria, or neurasthenia, the minister must probe the inmost soul of the sufferer, the outer and the inner life. Such intimate conversations and revelations are perilous for the pastor who sustains manifold relations to his congregation; especially as we are told that the recovery of the normal state is generally slow, requiring numerous interviews.

The most fatal wound which can be inflicted upon a minister's reputation is scandal; such a system as I am considering might give rise to it justly or unjustly, especially as many ills such as melancholia, hysteria, and neurasthenia result from domestic infelicities. The healing of moral and mental diseases by mental and emotional means is dangerously absorbing, and in not a few temperaments would inflate the self-consciousness of the pastors who practice as amateurs in psychotherapy to a degree not so liable to affect professional physicians. Another undesirable result is that ministerial control will engender in a large part of the community a feeling that there is something "uncanny" in a man who exerts such power.

The true function of the clergyman is to teach the ethical and spiritual doctrines of Christianity, and as an under shepherd, to visit the flock committed to his care. In the discharge of this duty he should maintain an individual acquaintance with members of the congregation, listen to whatever they communicate, and by counsel assist them. He should be accessible to all, sympathize in sorrow and in joy, and help them bear their burdens. Scrupulous attention should be given the poor and the sick, and the clergyman should be in such relation to reputable physicians and surgeons as to direct those who require advice: he must also have the

entrée to hospitals. His prayers and communings in the sick-room will sink into the depths of the mental and moral nature of the sufferer, cheering, comforting, strengthening, and reinforce every effort to cure or mitigate his malady, inspiring him with hope of recovery or of immortality. All else the pastor should leave to the physician.

The authors of "Religion and Medicine" endeavor to connect their method of suggestion and hypnotism with the works of Christ and the effects of the prayers of the Apostles. The Emmanuel Church Year Book for 1907 contains the following:

There can be no question that Christ healed, not by drugs, or any material agency, but by powers closely allied to, if not inclusive of, those which we may employ to cure functional disorders—consequent always, and not otherwise, upon a positive exercise of faith. We cannot do all the things that Jesus did; but we may, and should, do some of the things he did; and we should enlarge the field of our work with the increase of our faith and our scientific knowledge, because the command of the Master to heal was no less strenuous than the command to preach. But when to-day, with our own eyes, we see so many of these scenes reenacted, so many of the same diseases cured by means of faith and the authoritative word, . . . the writer ventures to say that within five years contemporary evidence will be offered which will change the attitude of the educated world on the subject of Christ's acts of healing.

The New Testament declares that the blind received their sight, the lame walked, the lepers were cleansed, the deaf heard, and the dead were raised up. The "withered hand was instantly" made whole. With reference to the healing of the lepers, Dr. Worcester speaks of the fact that in those times two forms of leprosy were known, the curable and the incurable. Having by various means minimized the miracle working of Christ and the Apostles, the discussion closes as follows:

Armed with the resources of modern science, and more especially of modern psychological science, inspired with the enthusiasm of humanity which is the grand legacy bequeathed her by the Founder of our Faith, the Church of to-day should be able to outdo the wonders of the Apostolic and post-Apostolic age, and in a new and grander sense to win the world to him who came to take its infirmities and to bear its sicknesses.

Is this amazing utterance the fruit of an intense faith or a fevered imagination?

For the Christian Church to found and foster hospitals is unquestionably commendable, but the diagnosis, treatment, and prognosis should be left to those who have made this their life study and profession: to them belongs psychotherapy as well as medicine and surgery. For the church to provide chaplains for institutions and give them every facility is also rational. To attach hospitals to individual churches under rectoral or pastoral superintendence is of doubtful expediency. To provide physicians or attempt to treat patients personally would invade the sphere of an indispensable profession, and encourage an irregular movement in other departments of medicine.

A large proportion of the best physicians and surgeons of Boston and vicinity sympathize substantially with the view announced by Dr. Putnam. They believe that it places "the medical and clerical professions in a false light," that "it raises false hopes," that it "interferes with the relations between physicians and their patients," and that "it encourages haste and superficiality in the consideration of a serious problem."

For Dr. Worcester, his motives, his ardor, his indefatigable labors, I have nothing but admiration. But the foregoing facts and considerations, and others for which there is not room here, compel me to believe that for parishes or congregations to sustain a clinic as a part of their regular work presided over by the pastor, would be detrimental both to the church and the medical profession.





TOPICS OF THE TIME

FREE ART AND THE FARMER'S DAUGHTER

IT was a fortunate thought of President Roosevelt's to institute a Commission on Country Life, and it is devoutly to be hoped that as a part of its labors it will try to inform the rest of the world how our agricultural population has been able to keep prosperous during the recent financial depression. To the "submerged tenth" this will be a matter of indifference, for that disconsolate fraction is always submerged and is quite as accustomed to drowning as are eels to skinning; but to an additional "submerged half," those who live on fixed wages or salaries,—who find that the advance in income does not keep pace with the increase in the expense of living,—it would be of great service to know how the prosperous farmer "does it."

But it is, perhaps, not the prosperity, so much as the happiness, of the farmer which is under consideration, and which it is hoped by the inquiry to promote; and this being the case, we venture to suggest that there is danger of confining the investigation too closely to his material welfare,—concerning which he may be presumed to be fairly alert,—and of not considering sufficiently the higher, the more ideal influences which make for his happiness, but which are too readily assumed to be beyond his reach.

To plump our idea squarely at the reader, we think it neither ridiculous, far-fetched, nor premature to suggest that however favorable the farmer's happiness may be affected by the abolition of, say, the fatuous tariff on lumber, he is much more likely, ultimately, and as a class, to be made happy by the abolition of the more fatuous tariff on art. "It is to laugh," says the pessimist and he sees visions of Leonardo da Vinci and Rembrandt at the Cross Roads grocery, and the fitness of things strikes him as lamentably awry. But why should not the farmer—or, let us say, the farmer's daugh-

ter—have a chance at the fine things as well as the fat things of the world? The gospel is for the unconverted. Art is, among others, for the strangers to art. If those who once knew nothing of art had always been excluded from our museums, how many a great name would have been lacking in the list of artists and connoisseurs. We venture to say that nine out of ten of the American collectors of assured taste became such by accident rather than heredity, by the simple process of seeing good pictures,—seeing many and seeing them frequently,—and then by trusting to their own judgment. There is no other road to taste, in spite of Whistler's amusing pronouncement that, "If seeing pictures makes taste, then the policeman in the National Gallery must be the best judge of art," a saying which ought to go into the text-books of logic as an example of false reasoning. Whistler's own taste was formed, like that of all other great artists, by his opportunity to see great art.

Now, it is a question of no little importance to the country as well as to the farmer's daughter how she shall see the best art. Without doubt there are certain fabrics out of which silk purses cannot be made; but also it is of record that great artists have come out of most unpromising conditions. In the small towns of Europe, the art in the churches has been the inspiration of many an unlettered stripling who went to pray and remained to paint. These churches brought art to the people in a way, and on a plane of excellence, of which we have no parallel here. We make the farmer's daughter welcome to our museums of art in St. Louis, Chicago, Buffalo, Philadelphia, Washington, New York, Boston, and other cities, and now that her father is prosperous, he is quite able to give her the advantage of a bit of travel to see some of this sort of beauty for herself, thus ministering to that ambition the lack of which is the most distressing element in a farming community.

In laying broad and deep the foundations of national greatness, we must think with our imagination. Those who would help the farmer can do much to bring happiness to many an apparently immovable country family by encouraging the multiplication of art-museums nearer the people. Influences should be set going that will benefit the country a hundred years from now as it grows up to their use. The divisions between urban, suburban, and country society are rapidly being obliterated by the trolley and by cheap literature. There is no reason why Alabama or Mississippi or Arkansas or Wyoming should not some day have as much culture in art as Massachusetts has to-day, and, absurd as it now seems, the time may come when the Oklahoma school of landscape will take rank with that of Barbison. For the seeds of art are blowing on every wind, finding here and there apparently fortuitous but hospitable lodging. In one generation art shows itself in a dim, blind, vague longing for beauty; in the next it may develop into taste, and in the third into genius. What is needed is first the seed, and then the sun and the rain, and, always, freedom of opportunity.

And here a more direct word to the members of Congress who represent what are called rural constituencies. That you should vote against free art, on whatever ground, is to delay the day when your State shall take its place in the front rank of opportunity. Think with your imagination, and do not reject the hand of comradeship held out to your people—who, being most removed from art, are most in need of it. Do not cut off your nose to spite some one else's face. Trust those who know the needs of the country in art, as you did the same classes of people in the matter of international copyright in 1891. The legislation of that day helped to make a settled profession out of a casual pursuit. Free art, by creating better opportunities for the popular spread of plastic beauty, will increase the area of taste which is necessary to sustain art as a profession. Freedom of opportunity will give us more beauty and thus will add to our happiness as a people. International copyright was necessary to remove a clog on American letters, and American artists, educators, and connoisseurs beg you not for an artificial advantage over foreigners, but to remove a barrier to the best development of their work. Free art is free air!



Portraits of Lincoln in "The Century"

A FEW of the twenty-two Lincoln portraits (including the two life-masks and the two Saint-Gaudens statues) printed in this number of *THE CENTURY* have known associations of historical interest apart from the time and place of origin.

The genesis of the miniature by J. Henry Brown (which is the color frontispiece of the number) is given in a letter from John G. Nicolay to an intimate friend, dated "Springfield, Aug. 26, 1860," about three months after Lincoln's first nomination, as follows:

"Did you ever see a real, pretty miniature? I do not mean an ambrotype, daguerreotype, or photograph, but a regular miniature painted on ivory. Well, a Philadelphia artist (Brown, his name is) has just been painting one of Mr. Lincoln, which is both

very pretty and very truthful—decidedly the best picture of him that I have seen. It is about twice as large as a common quarter-size daguerreotype or ambrotype, but so well executed that when magnified to life size one cannot discover any defects or brush marks on it at all. I wish you could see it. It gives something of an idea of what a painter—I mean a real artist—can do. It has been painted for Judge Read of Philadelphia, who has become so disgusted with the horrible caricatures of Mr. Lincoln which he has seen, that he went to the expense of sending this artist all the way out here to paint him this picture, which will probably cost him some \$300—the price of the painting alone being \$175. I had a long talk with the artist today. He says that the impression prevails East, that Mr. Lincoln is very ugly—an im-

pression which the published pictures of him of course all confirm. Read, however, had an idea that it could hardly be so—but was bound to have a good-looking picture, and therefore instructed the artist to make it good-looking whether the original would justify it or not. The artist says he came out with a good deal of foreboding that he would have difficulty in making a picture under these conditions. He says he was very happy when on seeing him he found that he was not at all such a man as had been represented, and that instead of making a *picture* he would only have to make a *portrait* to satisfy Judge Read. He will go back home as agreeably disappointed in Mr. Lincoln's manners, refinement, and general characteristics, as in his personal appearance."

In the following letter, a month later, the artist comments as follows on the engraved copy of the miniature, which obviously was to be circulated for a campaign purpose:

Phil^a Friday Sept 28, 1860

JOHN G. NICOLAY, Esq.

My dear Sir: I presume you are wondering why you have not yet seen or heard anything of the steel engraving from my picture of Mr. Lincoln.

Mr. Sartain promised to have it completed within two weeks after the picture was placed in his hands, which was on last Monday three weeks ago.

Two days ago the first proof was placed in my hands for criticism. I suggested some alterations which have been made. To-day I will again examine it with care, and if necessary will have such further corrections made as my judgment may suggest. In accordance with my promise to you I will not allow any copies to be issued until they meet my approbation.

Judge Read is in a nervous condition at Sartain's delay. He thinks the engraving good, and wanted some copies yesterday, but as I am *judge* in this case, I would not consent.

As soon as the plate is ready for printing from, which I think will be tomorrow or on Monday next, copies will be sent to you without delay.

Please make my compliments to Mr. and Mrs. Lincoln.

I am dear sir, your friend & servant,

J. Henry Brown.

P. S. Mr. Lincoln's friends here are in high spirits and full of hope.

Major William H. Lambert, the owner of the ambrotype reproduced on page 491, which was taken as a guide to the artist in painting the miniature, writing under date of Philadelphia, September 9, 1908, says: "The miniature was copied by Sartain in a mezzotint extensively sold during the campaign. After the election and Lincoln's growth of a beard, the whiskers were superimposed on the same plate and prints therefrom sold."

LINCOLN AS LAWYER

THE portrait on page 480 is one of the most agreeable of the early portraits of Lincoln, and is here shown in an admirable woodcut by

the late Thomas Johnson. From a letter from the Hon. Robert T. Lincoln, dated November 21, 1896, we quote the following reference to the original: "The proofs mentioned in your favor of the 18th inst. have come, and I am very much pleased with the work of your artist. I regret that I cannot give you any positive information as to the date of the original daguerreotype, and there is probably no one living who can do so. I was born in 1843, and can only say that I remember it as being in my father's house as far back as I can remember anything there. My own mere guess is that it was made either in St. Louis or Washington City during my father's term in Congress—which practically began in December, 1847, and ended in March, 1849. I mention St. Louis because I think it was in those days an important stage in the journey to the Capitol."

THE PHOTOGRAPH TAKEN IN 1859

THE history of this remarkable portrait is described as follows by Mr. Francis J. Garrison, brother of Mr. William Lloyd Garrison, the owner of the copy of the photograph reproduced on page 482:

"The history of the picture is as follows: During the presidential campaign of 1860, Mr. Charles Sprague, the banker-poet of Boston, saw this photograph in a small shop on Washington Street in this city, and was so struck by it that he purchased it. Years later he gave it to a lady (the sister of his son's wife) who in turn gave it to my brother. The latter did not think much of it until one day my brother, the late W. P. Garrison, saw it, and at once became enthusiastic over it, telling my brother William that he possessed a prize. When Carl Schurz's little essay on Lincoln was first published, a small photograph reproduction of it was made for that book. Then Gustav Kruell engraved it on wood for 'Harper's Magazine,' and when that appeared, it was seen by Hesler, a Chicago photographer, who thereupon remembered that he had in his possession a negative of Lincoln taken by him in 1860 and long stored away and forgotten. He brought this to light, and it is the remarkable portrait of Lincoln which Nicolay & Hay chose as the best of all and used as the frontispiece of their 'Life of Lincoln' [reproduced here on page 486]. Later we were informed by Mr. Herbert W. Fay, of DeKalb, Ill., who has a large collection of Lincoln portraits, that my brother's photograph was made by S. M. Fassett, of Chicago, in October, 1859, and that the negative was lost in the great Chicago fire of 1871. Mr. Fay has a print which is either from the same negative or from one taken at the same sitting. Rajon, the French etcher, based his portrait of Lincoln on this

photograph, but changed the face very materially. Kruell made a strong wood-engraving of it, in line with his portraits of Grant, Sherman, Webster, Darwin, etc. A. W. Elson has published a life-size photogravure head from it, and a photogravure reproduction of it has lately been made for Alonzo Rothschild's "Lincoln, Master of Men." I am bound to say that there is something in the original photograph (which itself shows signs of having been slightly retouched) which none of the reproductions have caught. Mr. Holman's photograph of it is excellent, but even that I found on comparison not so satisfying as the original, which is smaller than this print."

THE HEALY PORTRAIT

In connection with the Healy portrait owned by Robert T. Lincoln, and reproduced on page 501, it is interesting to know that

another Healy portrait is owned by the Hon. William D. Washburne of Minnesota, who in a letter dated July 23, 1908, writes:

"The portrait to which you refer is not a 'replica' of the portrait of Lincoln, in the possession of his son, Robert Lincoln. This portrait of mine was made from sketches made of Lincoln at City Point, just before the close of the War. I cannot recall exactly the time when it was painted, but I should say, earlier than 1871. This portrait was ordered by my brother, E. B. Washburne for him and myself, which we had intended to place in a library at our old home in Maine, but which was never done, and later I purchased of his heirs his interest in the portrait. This is about all I know of the transaction. Mr. Robert Lincoln, when he saw my portrait of his father in 1896, said that the two are almost exactly alike, and imagined they were painted from the same general sketches that were made at City Point."



A Song of the Sea-Folk

GO, sail your tanks! Who was it spanned the seas,

Logged them and sounded them, gave you course and chart?

Hudson, Cook, Franklin—have ye men like these?

Lord! Ye can follow. Leading was our part!

Load in your cargoes; take them where ye like;

We've taught the fear of God and law of man
To black, brown, yellow—taught with shell and pike.

Your flag flies safe where our flag led the van.

Get up your anchors, trim your yards and go;

But when the capstan's manned or sail is furled,

Whose songs d'ye sing? The gray-backed billows know

Our English chanteys right around the world.

Then launch your ships, and take the open seas.

Man! There's the struggle that no folk avoids

By coddling coastwise laws and subsidies—
Ship to ship, mark ye! how d'ye class at Lloyd's?

Charles Buxton Going.



Drawn by J. R. Shaver

INTERMITTENT MEMORY

CUSTOMER: Please, Mister, I can't remember what Ma sent me for, but you can give me two cents' worth o' peppermint candy, 'cause she said I could keep the change.

Quality Hill

QUALITY HILL! It looked down on the town
 With a tinge of contempt, a suspicion of frown;
 And why should it not, if you 'll please to declare,
 With the atmosphere such a superior air,
 And the earth to be trod, any hour in the day,
 Of a texture more fine than mere common-place clay?

Quality Hill! As you clambered the slope,
 With each step of ascent (to make use of a trope)
 An attar pervasive, by some subtle stealth,
 Began to steal out from the roses of Wealth;
 And wherever you fared, you beheld on each side
 A presence arrayed in the trappings of Pride.

Quality Hill! There the blood it ran blue;
 There was more than one crest; there were quarterings, too.
 Yet small quarter they gave to the stranger that came,
 Those who bowed before Fashion, that debonair dame,
 Unless the new-comer crept into the fold
 Through the magical sign of the Goddess of Gold!

Quality Hill! There was satin and silk
 For "my lady," and laces as snowy as milk;
 There was poise, there was pose; there was plenty of art,
 But who dare assert that beneath it was heart?
 And envy and malice? But, stay! Could aught ill
 (God's grace!) have a place upon Quality Hill?

Quality Hill! Lo, it flourishes still!
 And who can deny that forever it will?
 A blending of breeding with puff and with plume;
 A strange sort of mixture of rock and mushroom.
 Some amble, some scramble, (some gamble!) to fill
 The motley and medley of Quality Hill.

Clinton Scollard.

The Wireless Age

OUR history, in moving on,
 Has turned another page
 Upon the top of which we note
 The words, A Wireless Age.

The farmer's wildest cattle will
 Securely graze inside
 The new barbed-wireless fences which
 Some genius will provide.

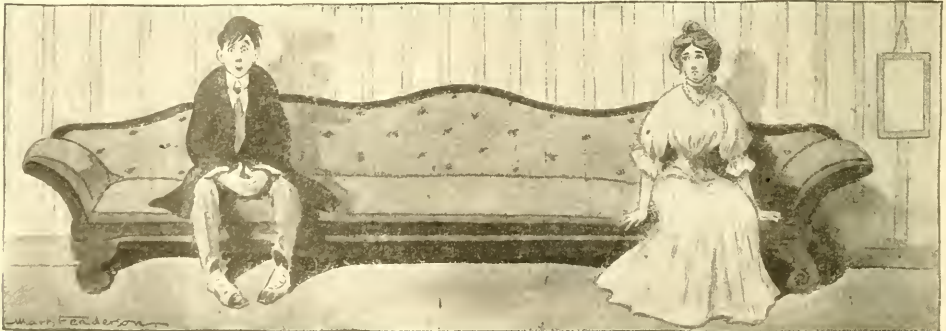
The fowls, unhampered by the sight
 Of firm, unyielding guard,
 Most happily will strut within
 A chicken-wireless yard.

Our pet canary-bird will sing
 More sweetly, I 'll engage,
 And cheerfully will hop about
 Within a wireless cage.

Then, in our windows, to debar
 Mosquitos gaunt and lean,
 And flies, and other insects, too,
 We 'll have a wireless screen.

And, best of all, we ought to find,
 Before this page is full,
 That when it comes to pulling wires,
 There 'll be no wires to pull.

Blanche Elizabeth Wade.



Drawn by Mark Fenderson

AN IDYL OF ST. VALENTINE'S DAY



CHARACTERISTIC ANECDOTES OF LINCOLN

FROM UNPUBLISHED NOTES OF HIS PRIVATE
SECRETARY, JOHN G. NICOLAY

BY HELEN NICOLAY

THE great bulk of my father's notes and memoranda about Lincoln were of course used in the biography written in collaboration with John Hay. There are, however, others that he meant to print in a volume called "Personal Traits of Abraham Lincoln." But he was unfortunately not able even to begin the work. In what follows I have grouped together some of these notes which have a special personal interest.

LINCOLN'S CHOICE OF A PRIVATE SECRETARY

I BEGIN with a memorandum which shows how my father came to be Mr. Lincoln's private secretary.

"From the spring of 1857 to 1860 I was a clerk in the office of the Hon. O. M. Hatch, Secretary of State of Illinois, who in that capacity occupied a large and well-appointed room in the old State House at Springfield. The State Library, of which the Secretary had charge, was in an adjoining room, also large and commodious, which by common consent was used by all political parties when assembled at State conventions, or during sessions of the legislature, as a political caucus-room, the entrance to it being through the Secretary's main office. This office of the Secretary of State was therefore in effect the State political headquarters, and a frequent

rendezvous for prominent Illinois politicians, more especially for those of the Republican party, to which Mr. Hatch belonged. Mr. Lincoln was of course a frequent visitor, and, when he came, was always the center of an animated and interested group. It was during the years mentioned that I made his acquaintance. All the election records were kept by the Secretary of State, and I, being Mr. Hatch's principal clerk, had frequent occasion to show Mr. Lincoln, who was an assiduous student of election-tables, the latest returns or the completed record-books.

"As soon as the Chicago Convention was ended, I was filled with an ambitious desire to write a campaign biography of the Republican candidate for President, and was greatly disappointed and chagrined to learn that that honor had already been promised to a young Ohioan, then little known, but now famous in American literature,—William D. Howells,—who performed his task much more worthily than I could have done.

"My compensation soon came. Only a day or two later Mr. Lincoln appointed me his private secretary, without any solicitation on my part, or, so far as I know, of any one else, and, I presume, simply on account of the acquaintance formed as above stated."

He does not go on to relate how the knowledge that he was chosen for this

close personal office came to him—how Mr. Hatch, seeing that something was amiss, questioned him, and found out his disappointment, and then, laying his hand kindly on the young man's arm, changed the disappointment to joy by saying, "Never mind, Nicolay; you are to be private secretary." But I have heard him tell of it, his voice softening and his eyes aglow with the happiness that came to him in that far-off hour.

LINCOLN'S MELANCHOLY

MR. LINCOLN'S sadness was not a foreboding of personal disaster, but a deep recurring melancholy that came upon him in moments of quiet; and, after he entered the Presidency, a sense of the almost crushing responsibility that lay upon him. To make life possible under this leaden weight, he had his inextinguishable sense of humor and his kindly genuine interest in the people about him. He really liked men, and with them he was as other men are, cordial, direct, and hearty. "His manner," my father says, "was in no wise exceptional or peculiar. His moods varied with time and circumstance, as do those of ordinary men. He was always natural and simple, took note of commonplace matters, as they happened, in a commonplace way, his humor bubbling out frequently unless some serious topic happened to be under discussion."

LINCOLN AND RELENTLESS FATE

It is not the fashion in these days to dwell on the pagan idea of fate—an enveloping, encompassing atmosphere of doom from which man can no more escape than he can from the air about him. Yet if there is one man in history whose story vies with the heroes and martyrs of Greek drama in emphasizing this idea, it is Abraham Lincoln. A shadow hung over him from childhood. It darkened and lightened and darkened again, but never left him. His innate cheerfulness and common sense strove constantly against it, his brilliant wit pierced it repeatedly; but it could not be dispelled. After a time it ceased to be a mere personal fate, and became the foreboding of a nation's tragedy. This was in 1860.

¹ The Rev. Albert Hall, pastor of the Second Presbyterian Church of Springfield, Illinois.

Five years later its fulfilment plunged the world in gloom.

An entry in my father's note-book, dated Springfield, October 18, 1860, runs as follows: "Among the many things said in a general way to Mr. Lincoln by his visitors, there is nearly always an expressed hope that he will not be so unfortunate as were Harrison and Taylor, to be killed off by the cares of the Presidency, or, as is sometimes hinted, by foul means. It is astonishing how the popular sympathy for Mr. Lincoln draws fearful forebodings from these two examples, which, after all, were only a natural coincidence. Not only do visitors mention the matter, but a great many letters have been written to Mr. Lincoln on the subject."

The sinister fate, all undreamed of, was yet felt, and the feeling found expression in sayings and doings of the people, as popular feelings will. It was not merely in letters and historical parallels that their unconscious forebodings found expression. A homely and naïve instance is given in a little scene observed by an eye-witness¹ as he sat in the Governor's room at the State House, where Lincoln received his visitors during that campaign summer. "One day several weeks ago," this man wrote, "two country boys came along the dark passage that leads to his room. One of them looked in at the door, and then called to his fellow behind, saying, 'Come on; he is here.' The boys entered, and he spoke to them. Immediately one of them said that it was reported in their neighborhood that he [Mr. Lincoln] had been poisoned, and their father had sent them to see if the report was true. 'And,' said the boy, with all earnestness, 'dad says you must look out, and eat nothing only what your old woman cooks; and mother says so, too.'"

The candidate sent them away with a smile and a reassuring word, for though his destiny might envelop him like a gloomy mantle, he was far too unselfconscious and simple-minded to imagine that fate had any special concern with him.

The two country boys passed on, and Lincoln turned to greet the next comer, and the next, and the next, of all those who visited the Governor's room that long summer. He was keenly interested in them as men, or friends, or political

allies, or opponents—had a smile for one, a story or an earnest word for another, a hearty hand-clasp for each, and never a thought of the grim personal destiny that set him apart from them all.

Old neighbors who trusted him, political friends who admired him, men bent on questioning or cajoling him, doubters who came from a distance to see for themselves what manner of Western mountebank a freak of popular favor had made candidate of the great Republican party, passed before him, and each instinctively felt the kindness and honesty that shone from his deeply furrowed face—that wonderfully expressive face of his, mirthful, shrewd, melancholy, suffused with emotion by turns, homely in its rugged uncompromising outlines, almost divinely beautiful in the tenderness of expression it could assume, ineffably sad in the look it habitually wore in repose. It was like nothing in nature so much as a grand mountain range on which the mystery of the illuminating sun works its transformations. The neighbors knew it of old, and loved it, though they would probably have called it ugly. The new-comers marveled at it, but soon forgot to question whether it were handsome or not, it so expressed the man, with his reserves of strength and power that gave his gentler qualities their force.

The gay repartee, the quick crossing of wits, the hand-claps, the earnest words, went on, and behind them loomed the shadow—a dread of what the future had in store not for himself, but for his country, now in the hands of men incapable, if not disloyal, and drifting toward great peril.

My father made note of Lincoln's "quick changes from gaiety, story-telling, and laughter to sadness and earnestness when the door closed on his departing visitors"—how "he would sometimes sit for an hour in complete silence, his eyes almost shut, the inner man apparently as far from him as if the form in his chair were a petrified image." No wonder, in view of what came to pass, that, as the door closed, the jest and smile died from his lips, and a sadness like that of night settled upon him.

"Lincoln's prevailing mood in later years," he says again, "was one of meditation. Unless engaged in conversation,

the external world was a thing of minor interest. Not that he was what is called absent-minded. He did not forget the spectacles on his nose, and his eye and ear lost no sound or movement about him when he sat writing in his office, or among the people he passed on a sidewalk. But while he noted external incidents, they remained secondary, subservient; his mind was ever busy in reflection, and his soul absent in the wide realms of thought."

PERILOUS DAYS BEFORE THE STORM

THE election came, with its triumph, and its added care. The shadow drew a long step nearer. On him rested the responsibility of rescuing the country when he became President. But by the fourth of March what would be left to save?

One of the notes gives a vivid picture of a scene enacted in Buchanan's presence in those troublous days, as told to Mr. Lincoln in the very room where it occurred, by one who strove to prevent the wrong Buchanan's weakness caused, and afterward labored heroically with Lincoln to right it. The President and the Secretary of War were talking about the surrender of Fort Donelson, of which news had just come.

"'What a pity Floyd escaped!' some one suggested.

"'I am sorry he got away,' said Stanton. 'I want to catch and hang him!' Continuing, he said: 'The last time I saw Floyd he was in this room, lying on the sofa which then stood between the windows yonder. I remember it well. It was on the night of the nineteenth of last December. We had had high words, and almost come to blows in our discussion over Fort Sumter. Thompson was here. Thompson was a plausible talker, and, as a last resort, having been driven from every other argument, advocated the evacuation of the fort on the plea of generosity. South Carolina was but a small State, with a sparse white population. We were a great and powerful people and a strong and vigorous government. We could afford to say to South Carolina, "See, we will withdraw our garrison as an evidence that we mean you no harm."

"'I said to him, "Mr. President [Buchanan], the proposal to be generous implies that the government is strong, and that we as the public servants have the

confidence of the people. I think that is a mistake. No administration has ever suffered the loss of public confidence and support as this has done. Only the other day it was announced that a million dollars had been stolen from Mr. Thompson's department. The bonds were found to have been taken from the vault where they should have been kept, and the notes of Mr. Floyd were substituted for them. Now, all I have to say is that no administration, much less this one, can afford to lose a million of money and a fort in the same week."

"Floyd lay there and never opened his mouth. The next morning he sent in his resignation, and he never came into the room again."

Perilous days truly! And Lincoln, though elected to be the next President, was as unable to prevent the wrongs as though he were a child unborn. Until the fourth of March should come, he had no power, and could only stand by and see the shameful work go on.

Then followed the journey to Washington, with its cheering thousands flocking about him and shouting themselves hoarse in his honor, and at the end a menace so threatening to his bodily safety that men whose opinion he could not disregard insisted that he should enter the nation's capital by stealth. After that the inauguration pageant, stately and imposing, a climax of honor for the man who had risen with no help but his own sterling worth from the lowest place to the highest in the nation's gift; and, as he entered the White House, the shadow came and rested beside him, never to withdraw. Again my father's notes, brief as they are, give a picture in Lincoln's own words of what he felt, and the problem that confronted him on the threshold of his new office.

"Washington, July 3, 1861. This evening the President, in conversation with Mr. O. H. Browning, to whom he had just read his message, not yet completed, said:

"Browning, of all the trials I have had since I came here, none begin to compare with those I had between the inauguration and the fall of Fort Sumter. They were so great that, could I have anticipated them, I would not have believed it possible to survive them.

"The first thing that was handed to me after I entered this room, when I came from the inauguration, was the letter from Major Anderson, saying that their provisions would be exhausted before an expedition could be sent to their relief."

LINCOLN AND THE OFFICE-SEEKERS

BESIDES the great and crowning anxiety, there were countless lesser ones—the harassment of beginning the new administration, the uncertainty as to whom he could trust at this time when ordinary standards were set aside and men professed loyalty and worked treason. Not the least of his problems was hearing and answering and withstanding the throngs of office-seekers who pressed upon him with claims of promised places, demands for favors, and services of all sorts. "I am looking forward with a good deal of eagerness," my father wrote, "to when I shall have time to read and write my letters in peace, and without being haunted continually by some one who 'wants to see the President for only five minutes.' At present this request meets me from almost every man, woman, and child I see, whether by day or night, in the house, or on the street."

"I shall go to Washington, if at all, an unpledged man," Mr. Lincoln had told the friend who looked on at his interview with the boys. Then, as the latter gave him his hand to take leave, he held it and added: "Mr. Hale, I have read my Bible some, though not half as much as I ought, and I have always regarded Peter as sincere when he said he would never deny his Master. Yet he did deny him. Now, I think I shall keep my word and maintain the stand I have taken; but, then, I must remember that I am liable to infirmity, and may fall." The same humility that prompted this, and the thankful pressure of the still-clasped hand with which he answered Mr. Hale's, "May He who kept Peter in the right after the terrible experience of his fall, keep you firm and faithful without any such experience!" led him, now that he was President, to see and listen patiently to them all, no matter how absurd the request or how insistent the demand. His kindness, his sense of humor, and his self-control led him to meet the avalanche with serenity.

"But," my father says, "while Lincoln's manner was one of almost unflinching good-humor and quiet tolerance of even discourtesy toward himself, there were occasions when he gave indications that there was a limit even to his patience. In the early days of his first term, when the rush of office-seekers was at its height, there came a delegation to urge some California appointments which were earnestly opposed by Colonel E. D. Baker, then United States Senator from Oregon. The delegation had for its spokesman an ex-Californian who was a violent enemy of Baker, who both in the verbal interview and in the papers he presented made coarse and criminal accusations against Colonel Baker's integrity and honor. Now, the President and Baker had been intimate personal friends and political associates in their early years at Springfield, and Lincoln therefore knew the accusations to be groundless. He intimated as much to the accuser, but the latter persisted with all the more vehemence. Mr. Lincoln heard him through in silence, and when he had finished, handed him back his papers; but the latter refused them saying: 'I wish you to keep them, Mr. President. They are yours.'

"'Mine to do with as I please?' said Lincoln.

"'Yes,' was the reply.

"The President stepped to the fireplace and thrust the papers between the blazing brands, and as the room was lighted up with the fresh flame, he dismissed the interviewers with a stern look and a simple 'Good morning, gentlemen.'"

HOW LINCOLN SHOULDERED HIS RESPONSIBILITY

OF his days as President, after the shadow took on the lurid gloom of war, of the endless disappointments, the few, far-scattered gleams of joy, the strain of keeping up the courage and spirit of a whole nation during the weary days and months and years when victory lagged and malice and faint-heartedness took counsel against him, who can write with sufficient feeling? His gaunt face assumed other and still deeper lines, his shoulders seemed to bear the weight of the whole struggle, his heart the burden of all the sorrows brought about by the long and dreadful

war. People criticized him for all he did and all he left undone, for following this policy or not pursuing that. He went on day by day, listening to all, yielding to none, guided only by his own uncompromising conscience. Just here another of the fragmentary notes comes in—a memorandum of a conversation with Senator Lot M. Morrill of Maine long after Mr. Lincoln's death. Senator Morrill had been Governor when Lincoln was nominated. He accepted him then as the lesser political evil, but he came to regard him at his true worth.

"'I remember,' he said, 'that I went into his office one day.

"'Well, Governor,' Mr. Lincoln asked jestingly, 'who has been abusing me in the Senate to-day?'

"'I replied, 'Mr. President, I hope not any of us abuse you knowingly or wilfully.'

"'Oh, well,' said he, 'I don't mean that,—personally you are all very kind,—but I know we don't all agree as to what this administration should do and how it ought to be done.' And then our talk branched off on the general situation. Finally he said with great impressiveness: 'I don't know but that God has created some one man great enough to comprehend the whole of this stupendous crisis and transaction from end to end, and endowed him with sufficient wisdom to manage and direct it. I confess I do not fully understand and foresee it all. But I am placed here where I am obliged to the best of my poor ability to deal with it. And that being the case, I can only go just as fast as I can see how to go.'

"'That,' continued Mr. Morrill, 'was the way he saw this thing—as a stupendous movement, which he watched, and upon which he acted as he might best do when in his judgment the opportune moment came. I was satisfied he comprehended it as thoroughly as any man living could do. He saw that it was an immense affair, that in his dealings with it he must be backed by immense forces; and to this end it was his policy to hold the nation true to the general aim, to disregard petty deviations and delays. He saw the progress we made from time to time in its larger and more important aspects and relations. He moderated, guided, controled, or pushed ahead as he

saw his opportunity. He was, in short, the great balance-wheel that kept the ship true to its course.'"

Of Lincoln the man in those same days it is even harder to write—of the grief that came to him in the death of his son, the weariness of soul and body, the tender-heartedness that made him adopt other people's sorrows as his own. For him holding the Ship of State true to her course was not following cast-iron precedent in matters small or great: it was following the Golden Rule, and that other divine injunction that he who would be great among his fellow-men must serve them.

It was this that made him pore over the endless court-martials, and pardon every soldier if the evidence made it possible, despite the War Secretary's choleric declaration that such leniency was ruining the army. One of the notes shows that it was in labors of this kind that Lincoln spent the morning after his triumphant reelection to the Presidency. The shadow was too deep to let him dwell upon his own success.

ONE SON RETURNED TO A PLEADING MOTHER

THE conviction that he was President, not to be hedged about with ceremony, but to serve the people, made him feel that he must be freely accessible to them. So no matter how dark the shadow that lay across his threshold, or how heavy the burden of care, his door was almost daily opened between certain hours, and all who would might enter and speak with him. This brings me to perhaps the most interesting of all the notes—that of a conversation with the Hon. James Speed, one of Mr. Lincoln's oldest friends, in which he told of a happening in the Executive Office during one of my father's infrequent absences.

"It is extremely difficult," said Mr. Speed, 'to portray adequately the exquisite pathos of Mr. Lincoln's character as manifested in his action from time to time. There was, for instance, the incident of granting a discharge to the woman's sons.

"Is that all?" he asked of Edward, the usher, after the usual multitude of daily visitors had entered and presented their requests, petitions, or grievances.

"There is one poor woman there yet, Mr. President," replied Edward. "She has been here for several days, and has been crying and taking on, and has n't got a chance to come in yet."

"Let her in," said Mr. Lincoln.

"The woman came in and told her story. It was just after the battle of Gettysburg. She had a husband and three sons in the army, and she was left alone to fight the hard battle of life. At first her husband had regularly sent her a part of his pay, and she had managed to live. But gradually he had yielded to the temptations of camp-life, and no more remittances came. Her boys had become scattered among the various armies, and she was without help. Would not the President discharge one of them, that he might come home to her?

"While the pathetic recital was going on, the President stood before the fireplace, his hands crossed behind his back, and his head bent in earnest thought. When the woman ended and waited a moment for his reply, his lips opened, and he spoke, not indeed as if he were replying to what she had said, but rather as if he were in abstracted and unconscious self-communion.

"I have two, and you have none."

"That was all he said. Then he walked across to his writing-table at which he habitually sat, and, taking a blank card, wrote upon it an order for the son's discharge; and upon another paper he wrote out in great detail where she should present it, to what department, at what office, and to what official, giving her such direction that she might personally follow the red-tape labyrinth.

"A few days later, at a similar close of the general reception for the day, Edward said, "That woman, Mr. President, is here again, and still crying."

"Let her in," said Lincoln. "What can be the matter now?"

"Once more he stood in the same place before the fireplace, and for the second time heard her story. The President's card had been like a magic passport to her. It had opened forbidden doors, and softened the sternness of official countenances. By its help she had found headquarters, camp, regiment, and company. But instead of giving a mother's embrace to a lost son restored, she had arrived only

in time to follow him to the grave: The battle at Gettysburg, his wounds, his death at the hospital—the story came in eloquent fragments through her ill-stifled sobs. And now would not the President give her the next one of her boys?

“Once more Mr. Lincoln responded with sententious curttness, as if talking to himself, “I have two, and you have none,” sharp and rather stern, the compression of his lips marking the struggle between official duty and human sympathy. Then he again walked to his little writing-table and took up his pen to write for the second time an order which would give the pleading woman one of her remaining boys. And the woman, as if moved by a filial impulse she could not restrain, moved after him and stood by him at the table as he wrote, and with the fond familiarity of a mother placed her hand upon the President’s head and smoothed his wandering and tangled hair. Human grief and human sympathy had overleaped all the barriers of formality, and the ruler of a great nation was truly the servant, friend, and protector of this humble woman, clothed for the moment with a paramount claim of loyal sacrifice. The order was written and signed; the President rose and thrust it into her hand with a choking ejaculation, “There!” and hurried from the room, followed so long as he could hear by the thanks and blessings of an overjoyed mother’s heart. The spoken words of the scene were few and commonplace, but a volume could not describe the deep, suppressed emotion or the simple, pathetic eloquence of the act.”

So in works of wisdom and kindness his life went on to the end, when the sun was darkened for millions of his fellow-men; but for him fate was fulfilled, and the shadow was lifted. As he lay in the sleep of death, the sadness had departed from his face; only the benignity remained.

THE PILLARS OF LINCOLN’S FAME

ONE more note of my father’s I must give in closing—a summary in his own handwriting, made when writing had become well-nigh impossible for him, of what his dearest friend and greatest hero achieved and died for.

“LINCOLN’S ACHIEVEMENTS.

“Turned his defeat for the Senate into a success for the Presidency.

“Took into the cabinet his rivals, and made them his ministers and servants.

“Conquered the Rebellion.

“Liberated the slaves.

“Outwitted all the intrigues against him in cabinet and camp.

“Gave his implacable rival the Chief-Justiceship.

“Disarmed all criticism by shouldering all faults.

“Consolidated his party and increased his majorities.

“Held the people to their great task.

“Made the strongest argument for peace, and the best defense of war.

“Gave in his Springfield Prayer, his Gettysburg Address, and his Second Inaugural the most pathetic and eloquent utterances of his time.

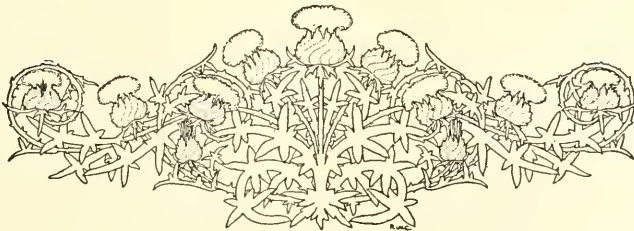
“Forcible in speech and faultless in logic, he enriched the language with new thoughts, new definitions, new maxims, new parables, and new proverbs.

“Was a true type and exemplar of his country, his race, and his government.

“Wore honor without pride, and wielded power without oppression.

“Lived like a peasant by necessity of birth and fortune, reigned like a monarch by right representative instincts, native intellect, the wisdom of humility, and love of his fellow-men.

“Died a martyr, and was wept by the civilized world.”



ence too unpleasant to hold me, luckily, I'm not tied down. I'm free."

"The delightful independence of riches! The grandeur and detachment of your point of view!" he spoke in a flare of excited bitterness. "What you have said is equivalent to saying that your friends of Florence are a matter of complete indifference to you!"

"I love my friends of Florence, and you know it, Gerald Fane! And I don't believe they'd ever turn against me, no matter what trouble I'd made for myself at that confounded *veglione*. But it's astonishing to me, dear boy, how ready you are to get mad at me. When you know me so well, too. You ought to be ashamed."

"I am, dear. It's my temper that's bad. And you're so kind," he meekly subsided. "May I count upon you at least to leave entirely to me the matter of exculpating Antonia to General Costanzi and De Brézé?"

"Oh, very well, if you think best."

(To be continued)

"Will you promise solemnly to be silent on the whole matter?"

"All right, I promise."

"Good night!" he said. "I dare n't look at my watch. I'm afraid I've kept you shockingly late."

THE night, when Gerald went out into it, was quieter and drier. The streets were altogether empty. He had quite forgotten having felt ill earlier in the evening. A thing he did remember, as he took out the large iron key to the door of home, was that after all Helen Aurora's telling him her story, he did not know how she came to be Mrs. Hawthorne. There must have been a second marriage. The second husband, whoever he was, had clearly not been important, and he was dead, for Mrs. Foss had told him explicitly that Aurora was a real, and not what is called in America a grass, widow. From this second husband it must have been that she derived her wealth.

Lincoln and Peter Cartwright

By J. B. MERWIN

ABRAHAM LINCOLN had a dramatic and amusing clash with Peter Cartwright, the pioneer Methodist minister, that has escaped the thoroughgoing rakes of the biographers, who have not missed much of anything worth narrating. Lincoln told the story to me one day at his office in Springfield. I think his enjoyment in the telling was a little heightened by the fact that I was an ordained Congregational minister and that he had bested one of the cloth.

In the various biographies of Lincoln very little is told of his congressional campaign in 1846, when the Democrats ran Peter Cartwright against him. Cartwright, who enjoyed great popularity, had beaten Lincoln in 1832 when Lincoln was a candidate on the Whig ticket for the Illinois legislature. That was the only time he was ever defeated for an

elective office. When the Whigs nominated Lincoln for Congress in 1846 in the Springfield district, the Democrats, hoping to repeat their triumph of 1832, chose Peter Cartwright as their nominee. One of the issues of this campaign was religious orthodoxy. Lincoln was looked upon with suspicion because he would not subscribe to creeds. The Democrats thought they could beat him by injecting the religious issue. What Lincoln told me of the campaign warrants the assumption that there was nothing dull about it. Joshua F. Speed, Lincoln's friend, took a keen interest in Lincoln's fight and went about with him to various points in the district. Lincoln appointed a meeting for Cartwright's home town.

"Abe," said Speed, "you'd better stay away from there. That town is a Cartwright town. Cartwright's friends will

take it as an affront if you go there to speak."

"I've got as many friends there as Cartwright has," replied Lincoln, "and I'm going out there to talk to them."

As soon as the Lincoln afternoon meeting was advertised, Cartwright, not to be overshadowed, advertised a religious revival meeting for the same evening. Lincoln's meeting was very largely attended. Lincoln mixed with the people in characteristic fashion, and made a winning impression with his address.

"Speed," said he to his friend, "I want to hear what Dominie Cartwright has got to say to-night. I think he'll light into me. I'm going to stay over to the meeting to-night."

"Don't do it," cautioned Speed. "The old preacher is a fighter. Your presence at his revival meeting, after what he has said about your lack of religious regularity, will make it seem as if you were looking for trouble. Stay away from the meeting."

But Lincoln was determined to attend, and go he did. He sat in a rear seat, and probably his presence cast a depression over the meeting. Cartwright spoke powerfully along evangelistic lines, warning the unregenerate of their danger. Finally he gave the invitation about as follows:

"All who desire to lead a new life, to give their hearts to God, and go to heaven, will stand."

A sprinkling of men, women, and children rose. After they were seated the preacher went on:

"All who do not wish to go to hell will stand."

All the audience responded to this invitation with the exception of Lincoln. Whereupon every one expected something would happen; and it did.

"Sit down," said the preacher.

"I observe," he continued when all was again still, "that many responded to the first invitation to give their hearts to God and go to heaven. And I further observe that all of you save one indicated that you did not desire to go to hell. The sole exception," continued the preacher, his voice growing more impressive, "is Mr. Lincoln, who did not respond to either invitation. May I inquire of you, Mr. Lincoln," said Cartwright, with great earnestness and in a loud voice, "*where you are going?*"

The tall form of Lincoln rose to its full height, and he replied:

"I came here as a respectful listener. I did not know that I was to be singled out by Brother Cartwright. I believe in treating religious matters with due solemnity. I admit that the questions propounded by Brother Cartwright are of great importance. I did not feel called upon to answer as the rest of you did. Brother Cartwright asks me directly where I am going? I desire to reply with equal directness: *I am going to Congress.*"

The reply was so unexpected that it upset the meeting. The people did not know whether to laugh or not. They held in as long as they could, and then Lincoln's admirers burst out in hearty laughter, very much to the chagrin of Cartwright, who soon dismissed the meeting. The popular verdict among the people was that Cartwright had exceeded the proprieties in directly addressing Lincoln, and that Lincoln, as he almost invariably did, turned the tables on his adversary.

In connection with this congressional campaign, Lincoln told me that the only money expenditure he made in that canvass was twenty-five cents for the care of his horse while he attended the Cartwright meeting.



Carroll & Co. 1894



Abraham Lincoln

By William H. Taft



IT seems to me, as I study the life of Lincoln, that in his development and the position to which he attained there is more inspiration for heroism and usefulness to the country than in the life of any other one man in history. He had his weaknesses, like others. His education was faulty. But by a certain sort of intellectual discipline, by self-education, he clarified his methods of thought and expression so that he was able to meet every problem presented by a solution as simple as it was effective. The responsibility which he had to assume when he came to the presidency was awful to contemplate, and the proverbial sadness of his features it is easy to understand. The criticism and abuse to which he was subjected in the crises of the Civil War one is ashamed to review as a matter of history. And yet it is of the utmost value in the encouragement of others that they may not be borne down by the weight of hostile and persistent criticism.

Mr. Lincoln's biographer and partner, Judge Herndon, raises a question as to whether love made up a part of Lincoln's nature. He suggests that his consideration and charity resulted rather from his sense of justice. I don't know that such a discussion is profitable. Certain it is that we have never had in public life a man whose sense of duty was stronger, whose bearing toward those with whom he came in contact, whether his friends or political opponents, was characterized by a greater sense of fairness. And we have never had in public life a man who took upon himself uncomplainingly the woes of the nation and suffered in his soul from the weight of them as he did, nor in all our history a man who had such a mixture of far-sightedness, of understanding of the people, of common sense, of high sense of duty, of power of inexorable logic, and of confidence in the goodness of God in working out a righteous result as had this great product of the soil of our country.

One cannot read of Abraham Lincoln without loving him. One cannot think of his struggles, of his life and its tragic end, without weeping. One cannot study his efforts, his conscience, his heroism, his patriotism, and the burdens of bitter attack and calumny under which he suffered, and think of the place he now occupies in the history of this country, without a moral inspiration of the most stirring and intense character.

rived in Washington ten days before—to be exact, the morning of the 23d of February. It was a Saturday. That same afternoon he came to the Capitol escorted by Mr. Seward, and being on the floor of the House at the time—the rules were not so strict then as now, and having the freedom of the reporters' gallery, and being personally acquainted with most of the representatives, I often went or was called there—I saw him for the first time and was, indeed, presented to him.

"You are not a member?" said he kindly, observing my extreme youth.

"No, sir," I answered, "I only hope to be."

He said, "I hope you will not be disappointed," and passed on.

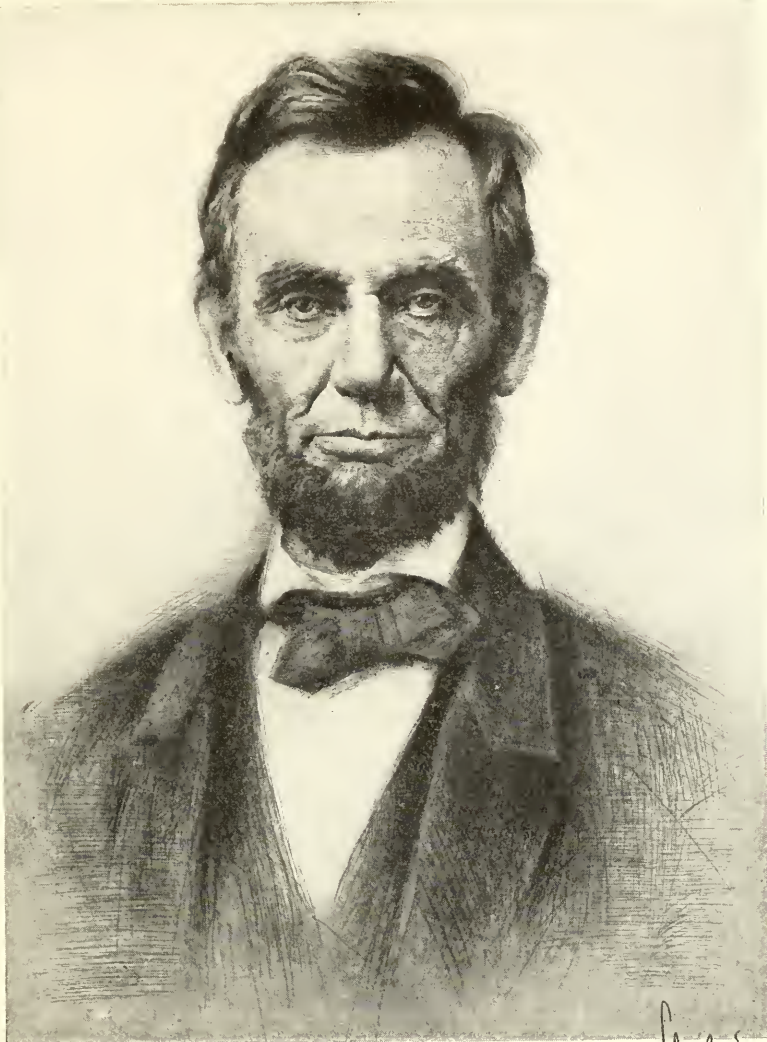
Early in the morning of the 4th of March I found thrust into the keyhole of my bedroom door a slip of paper which read, "For inaugural address see Col. Ward H. Lamon." Who was "Col. Ward H. Lamon"? I had never heard of him. The city was crowded with strangers. To find one of them was to look for a needle in a haystack. I went straight to Willard's Hotel. As I passed through the big corridor on the second floor I saw, through a half-opened door, Mr. Lincoln himself, pacing to and fro, apparently reading a manuscript. I went straight in. He was alone, and as he turned and saw me he extended his hand, called my name, and said, "What can I do for you?" I told him my errand and dilemma, showing him the brief memorandum. "Why," said he, "you have come to the right shop; Lamon is in the next room. I will introduce you to him, and he will fix you all right." No sooner said than done, and, supplied with the press copy of the inaugural address, I gratefully and gleefully took my leave.

Two hours later I found myself in the Senate Chamber, witnessing the oath of office administered to Vice-President-elect Hannibal Hamlin, and listening to his brief speech. Then I followed the cortège through the long passageway and across the rotunda to the east portico, where a special wooden platform had been erected, keeping close to Mr. Lincoln. He was tall and ungainly, wearing a black suit, a black tie beneath a turn-down collar, and a black silk hat. He carried a gold- or silver-headed walking-cane. As we came out into the open and upon the temporary stand, where there was a table upon which were a Bible, a pitcher, and a glass of water, he drew from his breast pocket the manuscript I had seen him reading at the hotel, laid it before

him, placing the cane upon it as a paper-weight, removed from their leathern case his steel-rimmed spectacles, and raised his hand—he was exceedingly deliberate and composed—to remove his hat. As he did so I lifted my hand to receive it, but Judge Douglas, who stood at my side, reached over my arm, took the hat, and held it during the delivery of the inaugural address, which followed.

Lincoln's self-possession was perfect. Dignity itself could not have been more unexcited. His voice was a little high pitched, but resonant, quite reaching the outer fringes of the vast crowd in front; his expression was serious to the point of gravity, not a scintillation of humor. Notwithstanding the campaign pictures of Lincoln, I was prepared to expect much. Judge Douglas had said to me, upon his return to Washington after the famous campaign of 1858 for the Illinois senatorship from which the Little Giant had come off victor, "He is the greatest debater I have ever met, either here or anywhere else."

It is only true to say that he delivered that inaugural address as though he had been delivering inaugural addresses all his life. To me it meant war. As the crowd upon the portico dispersed back into the Capitol I was wedged in between John Bell, of Tennessee, and Reverdy Johnson, of Maryland. Each took me by the arm, and we sat down upon a bench just inside the rotunda. They were very optimistic. No, there would be no war, no fight; all the troubles would be tided over; the country still was safe. I was a boy, just one and twenty. They were the two ablest and most renowned of the surviving Whig leaders of the school of Clay and Webster, one of them just defeated for President in the preceding election. Their talk marveled me greatly, for to my mind there seemed no escape from the armed collision of the sections, secession being already accomplished and a Confederate government actually established. There is in youth a prophetic instinct which grows duller with advancing years. As I look behind me I not only bear this in mind, illustrated by the talk of those two veteran statesmen that day in the rotunda of the Capitol at Washington, but I feel it and realize it, so that I am much less confident, with a lifetime of experience to guide me, than I was when buoyed up by the ignorance and bravery, but also the inspiration, of youth, the problems ahead read plain and clear as out of an open book.



*From an etching by Otto F. Schneider
Copyright, 1906, by Charles Barnore, New York*

Abraham Lincoln

II

DURING the next three months I saw and heard Mr. Lincoln often in public, and on several occasions was thrown with him in private companies. He looked the picture of health. Serenity, however, not levity, was the prevailing mood with him. To me he seemed a wholly resolute man. There was in his habitual kindness a most unflinching and very firm note. I do not believe that at any turning he hoped for a reconciliation between the

leaders of the North and the South, who were already stripped for a fight. He had carefully measured the forces of combat, and made up his mind both as to his duty and the situation.

On either side it was a play for time and advantage. The signal-gun was at length fired by the South in Charleston Harbor. Promptly upon the attack upon Sumter came the call for troops from the White House. Extremism was destined to have its way. At last it had won. Blood was sprinkled in the faces of the people. Abraham Lincoln and Jeffer-

son Davis were perhaps the only men who thoroughly understood what was about to happen.

It will be remembered that Mr. Lincoln was but fifty-two years of age. His practical knowledge of national affairs had been limited to a single term in Congress. His nomination and election to the presidency were regarded as accidental; he as an untutored, a very homely and awkward, child of fortune. Seward and Chase, Fessenden and Trumbull, Simon Cameron and Zachariah Chandler were, each in his way, the accepted authorities of the time. There was not a member of his cabinet who did not consider himself a bigger man than his master. Even so keen an observer as Seward wholly missed the dominating features of the chief he had reluctantly come to serve until he got his answer in that queer letter of the 1st of April, 1861, which, as by a flash of lightning, revealed the truth and brought him to his intellectual knees, never to rise again. Somehow, I had a great impression of Mr. Lincoln from the first, and during the four succeeding years of war, though serving on the opposite side, this never left me.

Toward the preparation of an address upon Abraham Lincoln, desired in 1895 by the Lincoln Union of Chicago, though I thought I understood his life and character very well, it seemed prudent to gather whatever I might of a biographic description. There could

not have been fewer than half a thousand volumes and pamphlets. These were replete with contradictions and discrepancies. Even the epoch-making work of Nicolay and Hay was imperfect through lack of data discovered after it had gone to press. The "call" for a complete life seemed as urgent as it was apparent, and in 1896, believing that my exit from daily newspaper work would be final, I went to Geneva in Switzerland, where my children were at school, to obtain leisure and repose for the composition of such a volume or volumes. Subsequent events quite diverted me from my purpose, but I penetrated the subject at that time far enough to be struck by the mass of inconsistencies staring me in the face, and the need for a connected story separating the tangled web of fact and falsehood and partly at least removing the incongruities of prejudice and partyism.

Nothing, for example, has been more misrepresented and misconceived than Lincoln's pedigree and birth. Some confusion was originally made by his own mistake touching the marriage of his father and mother, which had not been celebrated in Hardin County, but in Washington County, Kentucky, the absence of any marriage papers in the court-house at Elizabethtown, the county-seat of Hardin County, leading to the notion that there had never been any marriage at all. It is easy to conceive how such a discrepancy might occasion any amount and all sorts of campaign lying,



EARLY HOME OF LINCOLN, ELIZABETHTOWN, KENTUCKY
His father built this cabin and moved into it when Abraham was an infant. Here the family lived till the removal to Indiana when the boy was seven years of age

these distorted accounts winning popular belief among the ignorant and inflamed. Lincoln himself died without knowing that he was born not only in honest wedlock, but of an ancestry upon both sides of which he had no reason to be ashamed.

The name of Lincoln came from excellent sources, and was borne by good people. The Lincolns were among those who overcrowded Norwich jail in England because "they would not accept the ritual prepared for them by the bishop"; who pelted the tax-collector with stones, and finally, in order to "rid themselves of an odious government," bravely sailed out of Yarmouth Harbor in 1636, crossed the ocean, and founded the colony of Hingham, in Massachusetts. Descendants of these landowners, wheelwrights, and ironmongers migrated southward into New Jersey, Pennsylvania, Virginia, and at last into Kentucky. The Abraham Lincoln who was fifth in descent from Samuel Lincoln, of Hingham, and who had become owner of considerable tracts of land in Kentucky, fell by the bullet of a lurking Indian in the sight of his three boys, Mordecai, Joseph, and Thomas, the latter a six-year-old lad who was saved by the timely crack of the rifle in the hands of his elder brother, to become the father of the future President.

Thomas Lincoln was not the irresponsible ne'er-do-well that most of the biographers of Lincoln have represented him. A fairer estimate has yet to be made. Nor was the Hanks family so obscure as used to be thought.

For a long time a cloud hung over the name of Nancy Hanks, the mother of Abraham Lincoln. Persistent investigation has, however, brought about a vindication in every way complete. We owe this largely to the researches of three women, Mrs. Hobart Vawter, Mrs. Caroline Hanks Hitchcock, and Miss Ida M. Tarbell.

Mrs. Vawter's grandmother was Sarah Mitchell, of Kentucky, a second cousin to Nancy Hanks. She it was who discovered the marriage bond of Thomas Lincoln and the marriage record of Jesse Head, the Methodist minister who officiated at the marriage of Thomas Lincoln and Nancy Hanks, the 12th of June, 1806. Mrs. Hitchcock took upon herself the task of tracing the genealogy of the Hanks family thus throwing a flood of light upon the maternal ancestry of Abraham Lincoln, and consequently upon the foundations of his character and genius.

It is related that two brothers of the name of Hanks received "the commoners' rights in Malmsbury" for service rendered in defeating the Danes, and we are told that the name of Athelstan, grandson of Al-

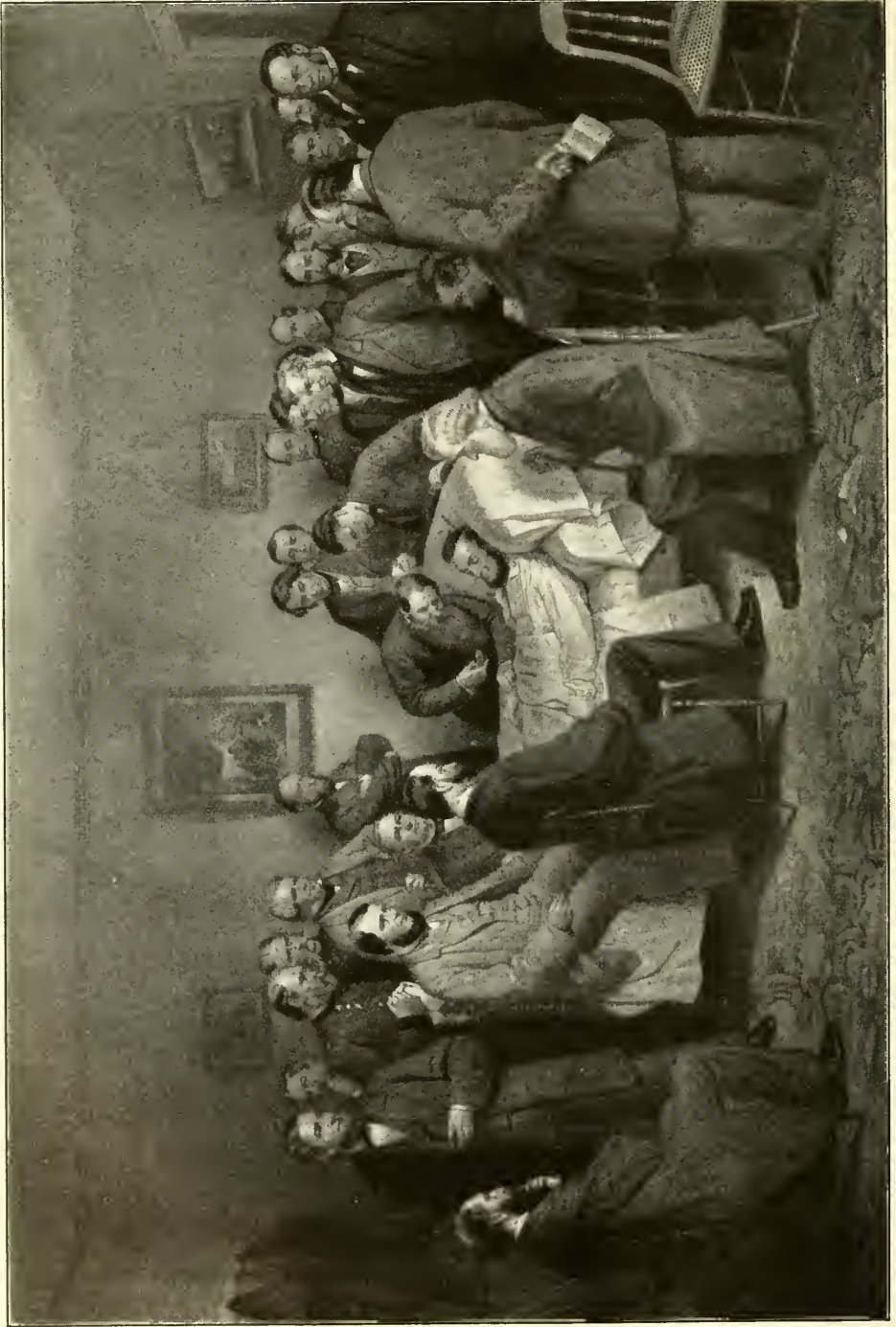
fred, was on the deed. Thomas Hanks, a descendant, who was a soldier under Cromwell, had a grandson who came to America in 1699. This Benjamin Hanks became the father of twelve children, the third of whom was William, born February 11, 1704; William migrated to Pennsylvania, and his son, John Hanks, married Sarah, a daughter of Cadwallader Evans and Sarah Morris. The record reads, "John Hanks, yeoman, Sarah



By courtesy of Pearson's Magazine

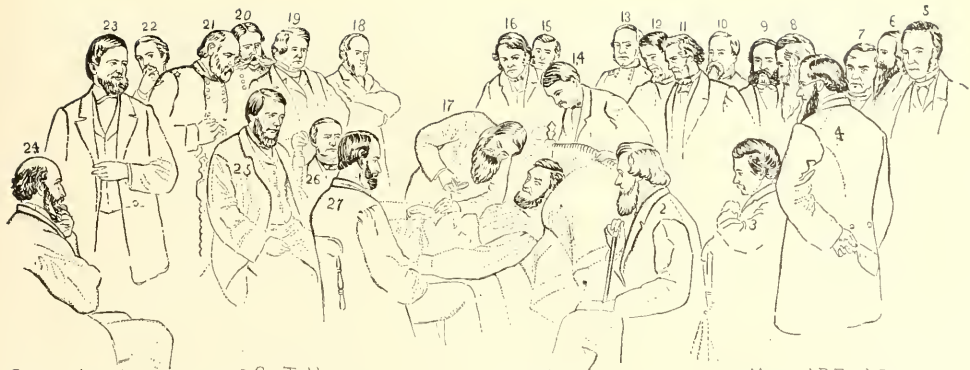
JUDGE STEPHEN A. DOUGLAS

Lincoln's opponent in the famous debates on the problems of slavery, which led to the foundation of Lincoln's national reputation



From the painting by A. H. Ritchie, in possession of G. W. H. Ritchie, Esq.

THE DEATH OF ABRAHAM LINCOLN



- | | | | |
|---------------------------------------|---|--|---|
| 1 President Lincoln | 8 Gen Todd | 15 D'Leale | 22 Mounsel B Field Esq |
| 2 Hon Cideon Welles Sec'y of the Navy | 9 Rufus Andrews Esq | 16 Hon Charles Sumner | 23 Hon Schuyler Colfax |
| 3 John Hay Esq Private Sec | 10 Hon W T O'Leary Ass. Sec'y of the Interior | 17 D'Cieme Ass Surg Gen | 24 Hon James Speed Att' Gen |
| 4 Hon E M Stanton Sec'y of War | 11 Hon W Demison Post Master Genl | 18 Gov Farwell of Wis | 25 D' R K Stone |
| 5 Rev D'Cutley | 12 Judge D K Catler | 19 Hon J P Usher Sec'y of the Interior | 26 Hon H M Cullough Sec'y of the Treas' |
| 6 Gen Farnsworth MC from Ill | 13 Maj Gen Halleck | 20 Maj Gen Augur | 27 Surg Gen Barnes |
| 7 Cav Ogilby of Ill | 14 Capl' Robert Lincoln | 21 Maj Gen Meigs | |

KEY TO "THE DEATH OF ABRAHAM LINCOLN"

Evans, spinster." A grandchild of this union was Joseph Hanks, who was borne southwestward upon the tide of emigration, headed by Daniel Boone. Joseph Hanks crossed the mountains with his family of eight children, horses, herds of cattle, and household goods. He had bought one hundred and fifty acres of land near Elizabethtown, Kentucky. The youngest of the eight children was little Nancy, who was five years of age when they left the Valley of Virginia. After four years of home-making in the wilderness, Joseph came to his death. His will, dated January 9, 1793, probated May 14, 1793, has been discovered, and a facsimile appears in Mrs. Hitchcock's book. This document settles once and forever the legitimacy of the parentage of Nancy Hanks.

The mother survived the father but a few months, and the orphaned Nancy, then nine years old, found a home with her uncle and aunt, Mr. and Mrs. Richard Berry, near Springfield, Kentucky, Mrs. Berry being her mother's sister. Here she lived, a happy and industrious girl, until she was twenty-three years of age, when Thomas Lincoln, who had learned his carpenter's trade of one of her uncles, married her on June 12, 1806. The whole official record is still in existence. The marriage bond, to the extent of fifty pounds, required by the laws of Kentucky at that time, signed by Thomas Lincoln and Richard Berry, was duly recorded seven days before. The wedding was celebrated as became prosperous country folk. The uncle and aunt gave

an "infare," to which the neighbors were bidden. Dr. Christopher Columbus Graham, of Louisville, who died in 1885 (he was the father-in-law of the late Governor Bramlette and of ex-United States Senator Blackburn, now governor of Panama), wrote at my request his remembrances of that festival and testified to this before a notary in the ninety-eighth year of his age. He said:

"I know Nancy Hanks to have been virtuous, respectable, and of good parentage, and I knew Jesse Head, Methodist preacher of Springfield, who performed the ceremony. The house in which the ceremony was performed was a large one for those days. Jesse Head was a noted man—able to own slaves, but did not on principle. At the festival there was bear-meat, venison, wild turkey, duck, and a sheep that two families barbecued over the coals of wood burned in a pit and covered with green boughs to keep the juices in."

The traditions of the neighborhood tell us that Nancy's disposition and habits were considered a dowry. She was an adept at spinning flax, and at spinning-parties, to which ladies brought their wheels, she generally bore away the palm, "her spools yielding the longest and finest thread."

She was above the average in education. She became a great reader, absorbed Aesop's Fables, loved the Bible and the hymn-book, possessed a sweet voice, and was fond of singing hymns. Old people remembered her as having a "gentle and trusting nature." A grandson of Joseph, Nancy's brother, once

*I do hereby certify that by Authority of License
 Issued from the Clerks Office of Washington Co I
 have solemnized the rites of Matrimony between
 Thomas Lincoln and Nancy Hanks, June
 12th 1806 at D. agreeable to the rites and ceremonies
 of the Methodist Episcopal Church witness
 my hand*

Leffe H. ed D. & M. C.

By courtesy of Doubleday, Page & Co.

MARRIAGE CERTIFICATE OF THOMAS LINCOLN AND NANCY HANKS

said to Joshua F. Speed, from whom it came to me:

"My grandfather always spoke of his angel sister Nancy with emotion. She taught him to read. He often told us children stories of their life together."

The first child of Thomas and Nancy Lincoln was a daughter, Sarah. Three years after marriage arrived the boy, Abraham. Another son, named Thomas, was born; he lived but a few months, though long enough indelibly and tenderly to touch the heart of the elder brother. Before the Lincolns started to seek a new home in Indiana he remembered his mother taking him and his sister by the hand, walking across the hills, and sitting down and weeping over the grave of the little babe she was to leave behind forever.

The last recorded words of Nancy Lincoln were words of cheer. A few days before her death she went to visit a sick neighbor. This neighbor was most despondent. She thought she would not live long. Said Mrs. Lincoln: "Oh, you will live longer than I. Cheer up." And so it proved. The dread milk-sickness stalked abroad, smiting equally human beings and cattle. Uncle Thomas and Aunt Betsy Sparrow both died within a few days of each other. Soon the frail but heroic mother was taken to bed. "She struggled on day by day, but on the seventh day she died," says the brief account. There was not a physician within thirty-five miles; no minister within a hundred miles. Placing her hand on the head of the little boy, nine years old, "I am going away from you, Abraham," she said, "and I 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."

Thomas Lincoln sawed the boards with his whip-saw from the trees he felled, and with his own hands made the coffins for the Sparrows and for his wife.

Pitiable story; one can scarce read it with dry eyes, but it lifts the veil forever from the cruel mystery which so long clouded the memory of Nancy Hanks. I here dwell upon it and give the details, because it ought to be known to every American who would have the truth of history fulfilled.

III

THE war of sections, inevitable to the conflict of systems but long delayed by the compromises of patriotism, did two things which surpass in importance and value all other things: it confirmed the Federal Union as a nation and it brought the American people to the fruition of their manhood. Before that war we were a huddle of petty sovereignties held together by a rope of sand; we were as a community of children playing at government. Hamilton felt it, Marshall feared it, Clay ignored it, Webster evaded it. Their passionate clinging to the Constitution and the flag, bond and symbol of an imperfect if not tentative compact, confessed it. They were the intellectual progenitors of Abraham Lincoln. He became the incarnation of the brain and soul of the Union. "My paramount object," said he, "is to save the Union, and not either to save or destroy slavery. If I could save the Union without freeing any slave, I would do it; if I could save it by freeing all the slaves, I would do it; and if I could do it by freeing some and leaving others alone, I would do that."

In the sense of security which his travail

and martyrdom achieved for us we are apt to forget that it was not a localized labor system but institutional freedom which was at stake; that African slavery was the merest relic of a semi-barbarism shared in the beginning by all the people, but at length driven by certain laws of nature and trade into a corner, where it was making a stubborn but futile stand; that the real issue was free government, made possible by the Declaration of Independence and the Constitution of the United States, and inseparable from the maintenance of the Union. If the Union failed, freedom failed.

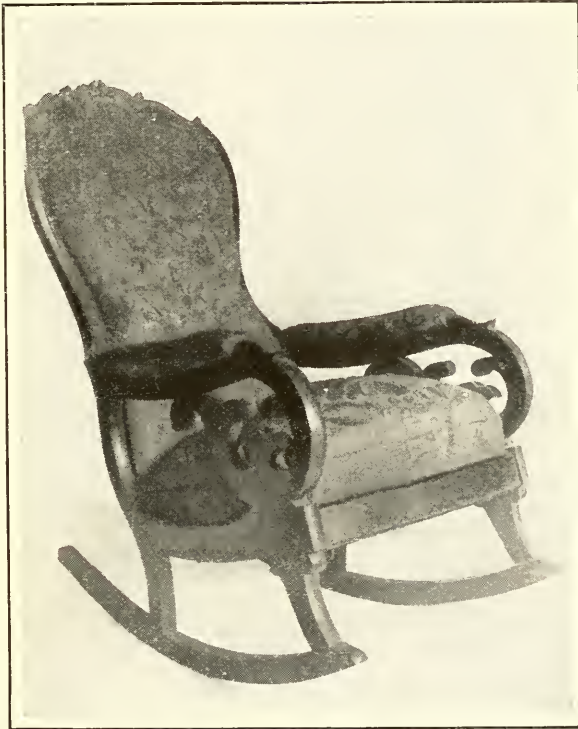
The trend of modern thought was definitely set against human slavery; but outside the American Union the idea of human freedom had gone no farther than limited monarchy. Though he came to awaken the wildest passions of the time, the negro was but an incident—never a principal—to the final death-grapple between the North and the South.

No man of his time understood this so perfectly, embodied it so adequately, as Abraham Lincoln. The primitive abolitionists saw only one side of the shield, the original secessionists only the other side. Lincoln saw both sides. His political philosophy was expounded in four elaborate speeches: one delivered at Peoria, Illinois, the 16th of October, 1854; one at Springfield, Illinois, the 16th of June, 1858; one at Columbus, Ohio, the 16th of September, 1859; and one at Cooper Institute, in New York city, the 27th of February, 1860. Of course he made many speeches and very good speeches, but these four, progressive in character, contain the sum and sub-

stance of his creed touching the organic character of the government and at the same time express his personal and party view of contemporary affairs. They show him to have been an old-line Whig of the school of Henry Clay, with strong emancipation leanings; a thorough anti-slavery man, but never an extremist or an abolitionist. To the last he bowed to the line thus laid down.

It is essential to a complete understanding of Mr. Lincoln's relation to the time and of

his place in the history of the country that the student peruse closely those four speeches: they underlie all that passed in the famous debate with Douglas, all that their author said and did after he succeeded to the presidency. They will always stand as masterpieces of popular oratory. The debate with Douglas, however—assuredly the most extraordinary intellectual spectacle in the annals of our party warfare—best tells the story and crystallizes it. Lincoln entered the canvass un-



CHAIR IN WHICH LINCOLN WAS SITTING WHEN HE WAS SHOT

known outside of the state of Illinois. He ended it renowned from one end of the land to the other.

Judge Douglas was himself unsurpassed as a ready debater, but in that campaign, from first to last, he was at a serious disadvantage. His bark rode an ebbing tide, Lincoln's a flowing tide. African slavery had become the single issue now; and, as I have said, the trend of modern thought was against slavery. The Democrats seemed hopelessly divided. The Little Giant had to face a triangular opposition embracing the Republicans, the Administration, or Buchanan, Democrats, and a rem-

nant of the old Whigs, who fancied that their party was still alive and might hold some kind of a balance of power. Judge Douglas called the combination the "allied army," and declared that he would deal with it "just as the Russians dealt with the allies at Sebastopol; that is, the Russians did not stop to inquire, when they fired a broadside, whether it hit an Englishman, a Frenchman, or a Turk." It was something more than a witticism when Mr. Lincoln rejoined, "In that case, I beg he will indulge us while we suggest to him that those allies took Sebastopol."

He followed this center-shot with volley after volley, of exposition so clear, of reasoning so close, of illustration so homely and sharp, and, at times, of humor so incisive, that, though he lost his election—though the allies did not then take Sebastopol—his defeat counted for more than Douglas's victory, for it made him the logical and successful candidate for President of the United States two years later.

What could be more captivating to an outdoor audience than Lincoln's description "of the two persons who stand before the people as candidates for the Senate," to quote his prefatory words? "Judge Douglas," he said, "is of world-wide renown. All the anxious politicians of his party . . . have been looking upon him as certainly . . . to be President of the United States. They have seen in his round, jolly, fruitful face post-offices, land-offices, marshalships, and cabinet appointments, chargeships, and foreign missions bursting and spreading out in wonderful exuberance, ready to be laid hold of by their greedy hands. And as they have been gazing upon this attractive picture so long they cannot, in the little distraction that has taken place in the party, bring themselves to give up the charming hope; but with greedier anxiety they rush about him, sustain him and give him marches, triumphal entries and receptions, beyond what in the days of his highest prosperity they could have brought about in his favor. On the contrary, nobody has ever expected me to be President. In my poor, lean, lank face nobody has ever seen that any cabbages were sprouting."

As the debate advanced, these cheery tones deepened into harsher notes; crimination and recrimination followed; the gladiators were strung to their utmost tension. They became dreadfully in earnest. Personal collision was narrowly avoided. I have recently gone over the entire debate, and with a feeling I

can only describe as most contemplative, most melancholy.

I knew Judge Douglas well; I admired, respected, loved him. I shall never forget the day he quitted Washington to go to his home in Illinois to return no more. We sat down together in a doorway. "What are you going to do?" said he. "Judge Douglas," I answered, "we have both fought to save the Union; you in your great way and I in my small way; and we have lost. I am going to my home in the mountains of Tennessee, where I have a few books, and there I mean to stay." Tears were in his eyes, and his voice trembled like a woman's. He was then a dying man. He had burned the candle at both ends; an eager, ardent, hard-working, pleasure-loving man; and though not yet fifty the candle was burned out. His infirmities were no greater than those of Mr. Clay; not to be mentioned with those of Mr. Webster. But he lived in more exacting times. The old-style party organ, with its mock heroics and its dull respectability, its beggarly array of empty news columns and cheap advertising, had been succeeded by that unsparing, telltale scandal-monger, *Modern Journalism*, with its myriad of hands and eyes, its vast retinue of detectives, and its quick transit over flashing wires, annihilating time and space. Too fierce a light beat upon the private life of public men, and Douglas suffered from this, as Clay and Webster, Silas Wright and Franklin Pierce had not suffered.

The presidential bee was in his bonnet, certainly; but its buzzing there was not noisier than in the bonnets of many other great Americans who have been dazzled by the presidential mirage. His plans and schemes came to naught. He died at the moment when the death of those plans and schemes was made more palpable and impressive by the roar of cannon proclaiming the reality of the "irrepressible conflict" he had refused to foresee and had struggled to avert. His lifelong rival was at the head of affairs. No one has found occasion to come to the rescue of his fame. No party interest has been identified with his memory. But when the truth of history is written, it will be told that, no less than Webster and Clay, he, too, was a patriotic man, who loved his country and tried to save the Union. He tried to save the Union, even as Webster and Clay had tried to save it, by compromises and expedients. It was too late. That string was played out. Where they had succeeded he failed; but, for the nobility of

his intention, the amplitude of his resources, the splendor of his combat, he merits all that any leader of a losing cause ever gained in the regard of posterity; and posterity will not deny him the title of statesman.

In those famous debates it was Titan against Titan; and, perusing them after the lapse of forty years, the philosophic and impartial critic will conclude which got the better of it, Lincoln or Douglas, much according to his sympathy with the one or the other. If Douglas had lived he would have become as Lincoln's right hand. Already, when he died, Lincoln was beginning to look to him and to lean upon him. Four years later they were joined together again on fame's eternal camping-ground, each followed to the grave by a mourning people.

IV

As I have said, Abraham Lincoln was an old-line Whig of the school of Henry Clay, with strong free-soil opinions, never an extremist or an abolitionist. He was what they used to call in those old days "a Conscience Whig." He stood in awe of the Constitution and his oath of office. Hating slavery, he recognized its legal existence and its rights under the compact of the organic law. He wanted gradually to extinguish it, not to despoil those who held it as a property interest. He was so faithful to these principles that he approached emancipation not only with anxious deliberation, but with many misgivings. He issued his final proclamation as a military necessity; and even then, so fair

was his nature, he was meditating some kind of restitution.

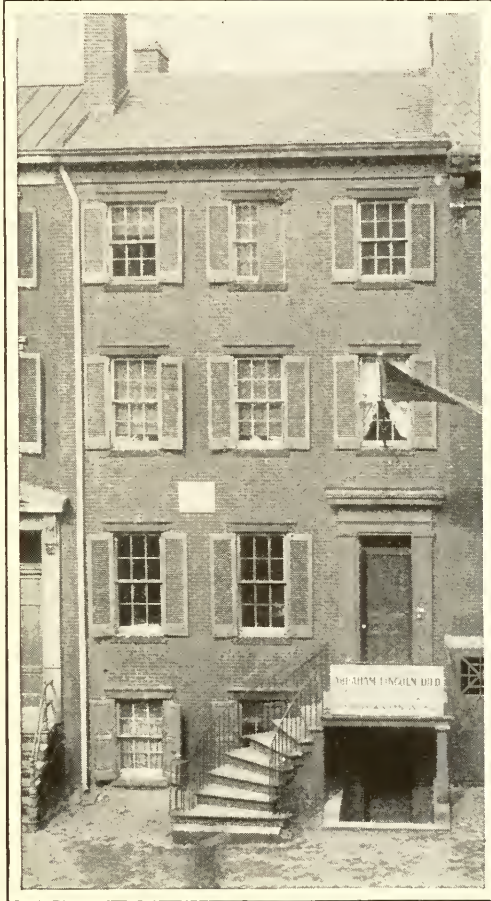
Thus it came about that he was the one man in public life who could have taken the helm of affairs in 1861 handicapped by none of the resentments growing out of the anti-slavery battle. While Seward, Chase, Sumner, and the rest had been engaged in hand-to-hand combat with the Southern leaders at Washington, Lincoln, a philosopher and a statesman, had been observing the course of events from afar, and, like a philosopher and a statesman, his mind was irradiated and sweetened by the sense of humor. Throughout the contention that preceded the war, amid the passions inevitable to the war itself, not one bitter, proscriptive word escaped his lips or fell from his pen, while there was hardly a day that he was not projecting his great personality between some Southern man or woman and danger.

Under date of February 2, 1848, from the hall of the House of Representatives at Washington, when he was serving as a member of Congress, he wrote this short note to Herndon, his law partner at Springfield:

DEAR WILLIAM: I take up my pen to tell you that Mr. Stephens, of Georgia, a little, slim, pale-faced, consumptive man, with a voice like Logan's [that was Stephen T., not John A.] has just concluded the very best speech of an hour's length I ever heard. My old, withered, dry eyes [he was then not quite thirty-seven years of age] are full of tears yet.

Thereafter he had a great opinion of Alexander H. Stephens and a high regard for him.

After that famous Hampton Roads conference, when the Confederate commissioners,



HOUSE, 516 TENTH STREET, N. W., WASHINGTON, IN WHICH LINCOLN DIED

Vice-President Stephens, Campbell, and Hunter, had traversed the field of official routine with Mr. Lincoln and Mr. Seward, Lincoln took the "slim, pale-faced, consumptive man" aside and, pointing to a sheet of paper he held in his hand, said, "Stephens, let me write 'Union' at the top of that page, and you may write below it whatever else you please."

In the preceding conversation he had intimated that payment for the slaves was not outside a possible agreement for reunion and peace. He based the suggestion upon a plan he already had in hand to appropriate four hundred million dollars for that purpose.

Many foolish and overzealous persons put themselves to the pains of challenging this statement when it was first made by me many years ago. It admits of no possible denial. Mr. Lincoln took with him to Fortress Monroe two documents that still exist in his own handwriting; one of them a joint resolution to be passed by the two houses of Congress appropriating the four hundred millions, the other a proclamation to be issued by himself when the joint resolution had been enacted. These formed no part of the discussion at Hampton Roads, because Mr. Stephens told Mr. Lincoln they were limited to treating upon the basis of the recognition of the Confederacy. "In that case, Stephens," said Lincoln sadly, "I am guiltless of every drop of blood that may be shed from this onward." Thus in point of fact the conference died before it was actually born. But Mr. Lincoln was so filled with the idea that next day, when he had returned to Washington, he submitted his two documents to the members of the cabinet. Excepting Mr. Seward, they could not agree with him. He said: "Why, gentlemen, how long is the war going to last? It is not going to end this side of a hundred days, is it? It is costing us four millions a day. There are the four hundred millions, not counting the loss of life and property in the meantime. But you are all against me, and I will not press the matter upon you."

I have not at any time cited this indisputable fact of history to attack, or even to criticize, the policy of the Confederate government, but simply to illustrate the wise magnanimity and the far-reaching sense of justice which distinguished the character of Abraham Lincoln.

V

TRAGEDY herself hung over the humble pallet—for cradle he had none—on which the

baby Lincoln lay, nestled with him in his mother's arms, followed him to the little grave in the wildwood, and attended him to the fall of the curtain in the brilliantly lighted theater at the national capital. "Now he is with the ages," said Stanton in the gray dawn of the winter day as the stertorous breathing ceased and the great heart was stilled forever. His life had been an epic in homespun; his death, like that of Cæsar, beggars the arts and resources of Melpomene of the mimic scene.

"Within the narrow compass of that stage-box that night," says John Hay, "were five human beings: the most illustrious of modern heroes crowned with the most stupendous victory of modern times; his beloved wife, proud and happy; two betrothed lovers with all the promise of felicity that youth, social position, and wealth could give them; and a young actor, handsome as Endymion upon Latmus, the idol of his little world. The glitter of fame, happiness and ease was upon the entire group; but in an instant everything was to be changed with the blinding swiftness of enchantment. Quick death was to come on the central figure of that company. . . . Over all the rest the blackest fates hovered menacingly; fates from which a mother might pray that kindly death would save her children in their infancy. One was to wander with the stain of murder on his soul, with the curses of a world upon his name, with a price set upon his head, in frightful physical pain, till he died a dog's death in a burning barn. The stricken wife was to pass the rest of her days in melancholy and madness; of those two young lovers, one was to slay the other, and then end his life a raving maniac!"

Had Lincoln lived? In that event it is quite certain that there would have been no era of reconstruction, with its repressive agencies and oppressive legislation. If Lincoln had lived there would have been wanting to the extremism of the time the bloody cue of his taking off to mount the steeds and spur the flanks of vengeance. For Lincoln entertained, with respect to the rehabilitation of the Union, the single wish that the Southern states—to use his familiar phraseology—"should come back home and behave themselves," and if he had lived he would have made this wish effectual as he made everything effectual to which he seriously addressed himself.

His was the genius of common sense. Of admirable intellectual aplomb, he sprang from a Virginia pedigree and was born in Kentucky. He knew all about the South, its insti-

tutions, its traditions, and its peculiarities. "If slavery be not wrong," he said, "nothing is wrong," but he also said, and reiterated it time and again: "I have no prejudice against the Southern people. They are just what we would be in their situation. If slavery did not now exist among them they would not introduce it. If it did now exist among us we would not instantly give it up."

His idea of paying the South for the slaves did not by any means originate with the proposal he was prepared to make at Fort Monroe. It had been all along in his mind. He believed the North equally guilty with the South for the existence of slavery. He clearly understood that the irrepressible conflict was a conflict of systems, not merely a sectional and partisan quarrel. He was a considerate man, abhorring proscription. He wanted to leave the South no right to claim that the North, finding slave-labor unremunerative, had sold its negroes to the South and then turned about and by force of arms confiscated what it had unloaded at a profit. He recognized slavery as property. In his message to Congress of December, 1862, he proposed payment for the slaves, elaborating a scheme in detail and urging it with copious and cogent argument. "The people of the South," said he, addressing a war Congress at that moment in the throes of bloody strife with the South, "are not more responsible for the original introduction of this property than are the people of the North, and, when it is remembered how unhesitatingly we all use cotton and sugar and share the profits of dealing in them, it may not be quite safe to say that the South has been more responsible than the North for its continuance."

This is the language not only of justice, but of far-reaching statesmanship.

VI

SOMETHING more than two hundred and sixty years ago there arrived at the front of affairs in England one Cromwell. In the midst of monarchy he made a republic. It had no progenitor. It left no heirs at law. It was succeeded, as it had been preceded, by a line of sovereigns. But from the Commonwealth of Cromwell date the confirmation and the consolidation of the principles of liberty wrung by the barons from John, their

unwilling king. From the Commonwealth of Cromwell date the grandeur and the power of the English fabric, the enlightened and progressive conservatism of the English Constitution, the sturdy independence of the English people. Why such cost of blood and treasure for an interval of freedom so equivocal and brief puzzled the wisest men and remained for centuries a mystery, though it is plain enough now and was long ago conceded, so that at last—dire rebel though he was—the name of Cromwell, held in execration through two hundred years, has a place in the history of the English-speaking races along with the names of William the Conqueror and Richard of the Lion Heart.

That which it took England two centuries to realize we in America have demonstrated within a single generation. Northerner or Southerner, none of us need fear that the future will fail to vindicate our integrity. When those are gone that fought the good fight, and philosophy comes to strike the balance-sheet, it will be shown that the makers of the Constitution left the relation of the states to the federal government and of the federal government to the states open to a double construction. It will be told how the mistaken notion that slave-labor was requisite to the profitable cultivation of sugar, rice, and cotton raised a paramount property interest in the Southern section of the Union, while in the Northern section, responding to the impulse of modern thought and the outer movements of mankind, there arose a great moral sentiment against slavery. The conflict thus established, gradually but surely sectionalizing party lines, was wrought to its bitter and bloody conclusion at Appomattox.


The battle was long though unequal. Let us believe that it was needful to make us a nation. Let us look upon it as into a mirror, seeing not the desolation of the past, but the radiance of the present; and in the heroes of the New North and the New South who contested in generous rivalry up the fire-swept steep of El Caney and side by side reemblazoned the national character in the waters about Corregidor Island and under the walls of Cavite, let us behold hostages for the Old North and the Old South blent together in a Union that reckons not of the four points of the compass, having long ago flung its geography into the sea.



The Grand Orchestra in America

THE SYMPHONIC CONCERT IS COMING TO BE A DISTINGUISHING FEATURE OF AMERICAN CITY LIFE. WE PROMISE VERY SOON TO LEAD THE WHOLE WORLD IN THIS DEPARTMENT OF ART

By Charles Edward Russell



IN Boston last winter a lady of the highest consideration was entertaining one from the pathless wilds of Chicago, a friend and visitor. In the course of which experience Mrs. Backbay one night took Mrs. Dearborn out to the far-famed temple of musical art that shines in Huntington Avenue.

"This must be a great treat to you," observed Mrs. Backbay graciously, in the intermission.

"What must be?" asked Chicago, looking wonderingly about her.

"Why, this—this opportunity to hear a great orchestra—and you so much interested in music."

"Well, I don't know," said Mrs. Dearborn meditatively. "I've been hearing as great an orchestra as this twenty-six weeks in the year for seventeen years, so it isn't a rare treat, anyway."

"Where?" said Boston, with cultured eyebrows arched.


"Chicago," said Mrs. Dearborn sweetly.

"Ah!" said Boston, who plainly thought her Chicago friend was inventing monstrous untruths. So would have thought almost any Bostonian; so would have thought almost any New Yorker or other resident of the East. And yet she was not; she was but stating with

due modesty a simple if somewhat astonishing fact.

The truth is that while humbly we have accepted and dutifully we have repeated the good old formula that in America there is no art and no art feeling and no sympathy nor anything else worth talking about, in

one, and that a very important, department of art we have been making such strides and doing such wonderful things that we promise shortly to lead the world therein. No doubt, as we have been so often and so pleasantly assured, we are children and barbarians and villagers about other things, but when we come to orchestral music there is an indubitable record of solid achievement of a nature to give detractors pause and none the less notable because we never refer to it. And this remains perfectly true and a basis whereon to challenge the world's scrutiny whether we consider the extent of public interest aroused, the extent of public support, or the frequency of public performance.



As observe: In the city of New York, counting the two opera-house orchestras (which give classical program concerts every Sunday night), there are nine grand orchestras of the symphony grade. That is a larger number of such orchestras than can be found in any other city in the world. Even omitting the opera-house orchestras and limiting the inquiry to the independent orchestras that give regular seasons of symphonic concerts, the numerical supremacy of New York remains unquestionable. Mr. Damrosch's New York Symphony, the Philharmonic, the Russian Symphony, the People's Symphony, the Volpé Symphony, and two others, play each its regular season every year. This is really an extraordinary showing. It deserves more attention than it has received.

As soon as we pass from the metropolis, or

Lincoln and Booth

A CHRONICLE OF THEIR LAST DAYS

By Clara E. Laughlin

Illustrations from Photographs

HE was brilliantly beautiful, very talented, very successful, very much sought after. Although barely twenty-six years old, he had an income from his profession (that of actor) of about twenty thousand dollars a year. He was tall and full of slender grace; his features were classic in their perfectness; his big black eyes were teasing, tender, laughing, bewitching; a crown of slightly curling jet-black hair was worn pushed boyishly back from a brow of rare intellectual and physical beauty. He was elegant in his dress, blithe and winsome in his manner. Indeed, he was only too winsome—too easy to love and too hard to scold, too quick to charm and too charming to be judged. He was generous and kind, affectionate and gay. His name was John Wilkes Booth, brother of Edwin Booth, the tragedian.

At first, John contented himself with a stupendous scheme. It was a plan to seize the President of the United States, hurry him out of Washington, down through intensely disloyal counties of Maryland to the Potomac, ferry him across into Virginia, and carry him to Richmond, there to turn him over to the Confederate authorities to be held on their own terms—either the termination of the war, or the exchange of one President for all Southern prisoners held by the North. But this scheme fell through—and John evolved another.

Thursday, April 13, 1865, General Grant, who had gone modestly from Appomattox to City Point, arrived in Washington and was greeted tumultuously. That night the city was *en fête*.

Nobody knows where Booth was that evening, or that night. He was not at the National Hotel after Thursday noon, so far as anyone knows. During the afternoon he dropped in at Grover's Theater and asked Manager Hess if he were going to invite the President to the play the following night when the fall of Sumter would be celebrated. After that we

have no trace of him until about noon on Friday. He was never again seen by anyone about the National Hotel, a fact which disposes of the widely current story of his throwing his key on the counter about eight o'clock Friday night and announcing that there was to be "some good acting at Ford's" that evening.

At noon on Friday, however, he sauntered up to Ford's Theater, on Tenth Street between E and F Streets, where he frequently got mail. There was one long letter for Booth that morning, and he smiled repeatedly as he sat on the steps reading it. When he had finished, some one said teasingly—John was an excellent subject to tease, quick with his retorts but always good-natured—"Your friends, Lincoln and Grant, are coming to the theater to-night, John, and we're fixin' to have Lee sit with them."

"Lee would never do that," John replied, with spirit. "He would never let himself be paraded, like a conquered Roman, by his captors."

Then he got up, thoughtfully, and walked away.

Meanwhile, that same morning, President Lincoln went to the War Office to hunt through the telegraph files, and while he was there something was said about his going to the theater that evening. Stanton characterized the intention as "crazy," and in his blunt, grim way inveighed against it with all his might. But the President, who had never listened willingly to such cautionings, contending that to die once were far better than to die a thousand deaths through fear, felt sure that there could not now be any cause to be afraid. It had never seemed likely to Lincoln that any enemy could desire his death, since that would only leave his power in the hands of another; and of all those to whom any share of it might fall, he knew that none had half his mercy for the South. That Washington and, indeed, the whole North, not to mention the

South, was full of his enemies he had every reason to believe. He is even said by some to have been convinced that he would be assassinated. Others say he believed in a foreboding that he should die in the hour of his greatest triumph. If that apprehension were true, it is quite compatible, nevertheless, with his dislike of being constantly guarded. For he was a fatalist, he believed that what was to be, must be. "If it is to be done," he argued, "it is impossible to prevent it." So he went about his business quietly and endured only when he must the futile guardianship of a special policeman.

The Grants were to have accompanied the President and Mrs. Lincoln to the theater that night, but they had to leave for Philadelphia and in their stead Mrs. Lincoln invited Miss Clara Harris, daughter of Senator Ira Harris of New York, and her fiancé, Major Henry Rathbone.

In the early afternoon, the President and Mrs. Lincoln went for a long drive out in the direction of the Soldiers' Home. He talked to Mrs. Lincoln of what they would do when his term of office was over and they could take up a quiet life again. "We have saved some money," he said, "and ought to be able to save some more. And with that and what I can earn from my law practice we can settle down in Springfield or Chicago, and live cozily to a green old age."

After dinner, Speaker Colfax called again and brought with him Mr. Ashmun of Massachusetts. These gentlemen were shown into one of the parlors and talked briefly with the President. While they were there the card of Senator Stewart of Nevada was brought in. The Senator had taken a friend, Judge Searles, to call on the President, and in about five minutes the usher came back with a card from Mr. Lincoln, who had written:

I am engaged to go to the theater with Mrs. Lincoln. It is the kind of an engagement I never break. Come with your friend to-morrow at ten and I shall be glad to see you.

A. LINCOLN.

At the door of Captain Robert T. Lincoln's room, which was over the entrance, the President had stopped as he went downstairs and said: "We're going to the theater, Bob, don't you want to go?" But Captain Robert had not slept in a bed for nearly two weeks and he said that if his father did not mind he would rather stay at home and "turn in early." His father did not mind at all, and they parted with cheery "Good nights."

Mr. Ashmun was disappointed at the short time he had with the President, and Mr. Lincoln urged him to come back in the morning. "Come as early as nine, if you will," he said. And lest there be any difficulty about getting admittance an hour before the official day began, the President stopped at the door as he was going to his carriage, picked up a card and wrote on it:

Allow Mr. Ashmun and friends to come in at nine A.M. to-morrow.

A. LINCOLN.

This he gave Mr. Ashmun as he bade him good night, and in a minute the carriage drove rapidly away. The young sweethearts were in festive mood at the evening's prospect, and the President responded to it with much happiness in their care-free company. The play of the evening was Tom Taylor's eccentric comedy "Our American Cousin."

THE MOVEMENTS OF BOOTH

Some time during the lunch hour, vaguely described by everybody as "about noon," Booth went to Pumphrey's stable on C Street, back of the National Hotel, and hired a horse, for which he said he would call at four-thirty. Booth got his horse and put it up in his stable in the alley back of Ford's Theater. Between that time (probably about five) and eight o'clock in the evening we have no absolute knowledge of John Booth's movements, but he may have been in the auditorium of Ford's Theater for a while—possibly between five-thirty and six, when most of the theater employees would be at their early dinner. It was about three o'clock when the decorations of Lincoln's state box at the theater were completed, and the auditorium lapsed again into that ghostly stillness of the theater in daytime—the shadowy reaches of it full of phantom forms, the intense silence of it loud with echoes of dead eloquence. Then into the draped and decorated box stole a man! God knows who the man was—no one else does know.

He stooped down and "sighted" for the elevation of a tall man's head above the top of the rocker, and on a line with that elevation he cut in the door behind the chair a hole big enough to admit the passage of a bullet; the hole was apparently bored with a small gimlet, then cut clean with a sharp penknife. This was, presumably, in event of the assassin getting into the passageway behind the boxes and finding the doors to the boxes locked for

the distinguished occupants' safety. It was, however, an unnecessary preparation, for the lock on box 8 (in which was the President's chair) had been burst on the 7th of March when some late comers found their seats occupied.

Another thing the man did was to set one end of a bar of wood three feet six inches long against the outer door, and cut to fit the other end of it a mortise in the plaster of the passageway. There was no lock on the outer door, and this brace must be the assassin's sole protection against interference from the house until his deed was done and his leap accomplished. The passageway was a small blind alley such as is usually found leading to theater boxes. The reason the assassin would have to leap to the stage to flee was because the only other escape from the passageway was back through the crowd in the balcony.

Edward Spangler, the stage carpenter, was suspected of this preparation, but the job looked less like a carpenter's than like the

work of some one who had no kit of tools. There was a gimlet found in Booth's trunk at the National next day, but he was not at the National after this work was done *IF* it was done Friday afternoon. It may possibly have been done earlier when the abduction plan was uppermost and Ford's Theater was considered a likely place from which to make the seizure. No one knows; but the hole in the door was said to look as if very recently done, and the probability is that Booth himself did the work that afternoon between five and six o'clock.

THE PRESIDENT ENTERS

The play was well under way when the Presidential party got to the theater. The

scene on the stage as they entered represented the after-dinner hour in an English country house. The drawing-room was full of voluminously crinolined ladies whose *ennui* had just been relieved by the arrival of the gentlemen from their postprandials in the dining room. Miss Keene, as *Florence Trenchard*, was trying to explain a joke to the dull *Dundreary*. "Can't you see it?" she asked. No; he couldn't. "You can't see it?" No. There was a slight commotion as she spoke, and as *Dundreary* assured her for the second time that he couldn't "see it," she looked up and saw the Presidential party entering the state box. "Well, everybody can see *that*," she said, quickly improvising and looking meaningfully at the Chief Executive as she made a sweeping courtesy. Then the orchestra struck up "Hail to the Chief," the audience cheered and cheered, and for several moments the play was at a standstill, while Mr. Lincoln bowed and smiled his appreciation of the ovation.

When the party sat down, Mrs. Lincoln was on the President's right, Miss Harris next to her on *her* right; and nearest to the stage, sitting on the end of the sofa, was young Major Rathbone.

During the next two hours the President moved from his seat but once, and that was to rise and put on his overcoat. The night was warm; no one else seemed to feel any chill, but something that did not strike the bared shoulders of the ladies in the box, made the tall, gaunt man in black broadcloth shiver.

Between nine-thirty and ten o'clock, John Booth appeared at the stage door leading his horse, and said: "Tell Spangler to come to the door and hold my horse."



ABRAHAM LINCOLN.

From a photograph made shortly before his assassination.

Spangler went to the stage door and explained to Mr. Booth that he could not hold his horse. "Tell Peanut John to come here and hold this horse," Spangler called. "I haven't time." "Peanuts" objected that he had his door to attend to, but Spangler said it would be all right, and if there was anything wrong about it to lay the blame on him. "Peanuts" had a bench in the alley by the door, and as he sat there on guard he held the bridle rein of Mr. Booth's horse.

BOTH IN A JOKING MOOD

Now, Booth knew perfectly the situation of the play in progress; knew that in the second scene of the third act there was a brief time when only *Asa Trenchard* was on the stage and few of the other players were in the wings, awaiting cues. This was his time to strike, and it occurred about twenty minutes past ten.

After the curtain went up on the third act, Booth stepped to the front door of the theater where Buckingham, the doorkeeper—his attention being directed for the moment to something in the house—had placed his right arm as a barrier across the doorway so that none might pass without his knowledge. Some one came up behind him, took two fingers of that hand and shook them, and Buckingham turned to look. It was John Booth, smiling his boyish smile. "You don't want a ticket from me, do you?" he asked jocularly. And Buckingham smiled back at him and said he "guessed not." Booth went into the house, looked around, and came out almost immediately. When he returned to the door Buckingham was talking to some out-of-town acquaintances who were in the audience, and when the young tragedian passed him, the doorkeeper halted him and introduced his acquaintances, to whom, even in that awful hour, John made some genial remarks.

He seems to have hovered about the door, nervously, for a quarter of an hour or more. Once he asked Buckingham the time; once he asked for a chew of tobacco and was accommodated. About ten minutes past ten he went into the restaurant south of the theater and took a drink of whisky, came quickly out, passed Buckingham at the door, humming a tune as he went, ascended the stairs to the dress circle and walked down along the south wall of the theater close to the entrance of the President's box. There was no sentry at the door. No one was there. John Parker, who had gone to the theater as the

President's guard, had left his post at the door to the passageway, and gone to a seat in the dress circle, whence he could better see the play. Booth had no one to elude; no one to make pretext to; his movements were entirely unchallenged. The play waxed funnier and funnier, more and more absorbing. Every eye in the house was fixed otherwise than on that door—every eye but John Booth's.

On the stage, there was a tart dialogue going on between *Asa Trenchard* and a designing old woman, *Mrs. Mountchessington*, who presently flounced off with a taunt about *Asa's* unaccustomedness to society.

"Society, eh?" said *Asa*, looking after her. "Well, I guess I know enough to turn you inside out, you darned old sockdolaging man-trap!"

Shouts of laughter greeted this characteristic defense of "Our American Cousin," and while they were rolling across the footlights there mingled with them a sharper sound—a pistol report. Booth had stepped into the passageway, dropped the bar of wood in place to hold the door against ingress, entered the box and, shouting "*Sic semper tyrannis*," fired a Derringer pistol a few inches from the President's head. For a second or two the audience thought the shooting was behind the scenes, a part of the play; not an eye turned toward the State box where Major Rathbone was grappling with the assassin. Booth had dropped his pistol when it was fired and drawn a large knife with which he slashed Major Rathbone, striking for his breast but gashing instead the left arm which the Major thrust up to parry the blow. Notwithstanding his wound, the Major grabbed at the assassin as he was preparing to leap from the box to the stage fourteen feet below, but he was unable to hold him. All this happened in far fewer seconds than it takes to tell it, and, almost before anyone could realize that there was something wrong, Booth had jumped and fallen, his right leg doubled under him, was instantly up again and running across the front of the stage. Almost simultaneously Mrs. Lincoln's heartrending cry rang out and Major Rathbone shouted: "Catch that man!" But for a paralyzed moment, no one stirred.

ASSASSIN ESCAPES FROM THE THEATER

Impeded in his jump—which ordinarily would have been nothing to one of his athletic training—by Rathbone's clutch, Booth had caught his spur in the Treasury flag, gashed the frame of Washington's picture hanging

there, and broken the small bone of his left leg in the heavy fall. But he was down scarcely a moment, and before anyone in the house or on the stage could realize what he had done, he had reached the "prompt" entrance and was running through the cleared passage leading to the stage door.

Some of the spectators, when they got to thinking about it afterwards, felt sure Booth stopped in the center-front of the stage, brandished his dagger and yelled, "The South is Avenged!" Some thought he shouted "*Sic semper*" as he struck the stage; some that he shouted it as he ran. He crossed the stage some feet in front of Harry Hawk (*Asa Trenchard*), ran between Miss Keene and W. J. Ferguson standing in the passage near the prompt entrance, rushed past Withers, the orchestra leader, who was on his way to the stairs close by the back door, and as Withers stood stock-still in his way, Booth struck at him with the knife, knocking him down, made a rush for the door, and was gone.

Joseph B. Stewart, who sat in the front row on the right-hand side of the orchestra almost directly under the President's box, was the first man on the stage. He rushed after the fleeing assassin, shouting, "Stop that man!" But before anyone seemed to have sense to think of pursuit, the clattering of hoofs on the stone-paved alley had died away, and John Wilkes Booth was swallowed up in the night.

LINCOLN UNCONSCIOUS TO THE LAST

Meanwhile, in that upper box, the tall, gaunt man in the rocking chair had not changed his position, the smile he wore over *Asa's* last sally had not even given place to a look of pain—so lightning-quick had unconsciousness come. The head was bent slightly forward, the eyes were closed; Mrs. Lincoln had clutched his arm, but had not moved from her seat; neither had Miss Harris. At the barred door to the passageway many persons were frantically pounding, and Major Rathbone, staggering to the door, found the bar, removed it, and of those seeking admittance allowed several who represented themselves to be surgeons to come in. Another surgeon was lifted up into the box from the stage, and almost as soon as any to reach the scene of the tragedy was Miss Keene, who took the President's head into her lap.

There was a slight delay in locating the wound; some looked for it in the breast and tore open the President's shirt. Dr. Charles Taft, who had been lifted into the box,

located the wound behind the left ear, and countermanded the order just given for the President's carriage. The ride over the then cobble-paved streets of Washington was not to be thought of, and Dr. Taft directed that instead, the nearest bed be sought. He lifted the President's head and, others helping with the rest of the long, inert body, a shutter was impressed for service as a litter, and the horror-stricken little procession went along the upper lobby toward the stairs. They took the body across Tenth Street to the house of William Peterson, a tailor. At the end of the front hall was a long, narrow bedroom the tenant of which, a young soldier named Willie Clark, was not in. On the neat, though small, bed in that room the President was laid—cornerwise, as only that way could his great length be accommodated—and messengers were sent in every direction, for Captain Robert Lincoln, for the members of the Cabinet, for the Surgeon General, for the President's private physician, Dr. Stone, for his pastor, Dr. Gurley of the New York Avenue Presbyterian Church.

Through the house, above the soft footfalls of those ministering to the dying, above the hushed tones of Stanton and Dana, above the sobbing of Mrs. Lincoln, sounded the incessant moaning, the stertorous breathing of the President. He was entirely unconscious; not the faintest glimmer of understanding had come to him since the bullet plowed its way through his brain.



JOHN WILKES BOOTH.
The assassin of President Lincoln.

At a quarter before two Mrs. Lincoln went into the little room. The President was quiet then—the moaning, the struggling motion of the long arms, were over. She stayed until ten minutes after two, when she returned to her sofa in the parlor. At three o'clock she went in again for a few moments. At three-thirty-five Dr. Gurley knelt by the bedside and prayed. At six o'clock the pulse began to fall. At six-thirty the labored breathing was heard again. At seven the physicians announced signs of immediate dissolution, and at seven-twenty-two the faint pulse ceased, the last breath fluttered from between the parted lips, and Stanton's voice broke the unbearable stillness, saying: "Now he belongs to the ages."

At nine o'clock the body of the President was placed in a temporary coffin, wrapped in an American flag, and borne by six soldiers to a hearse. Then, very quietly, with only a tiny escort, moving through Tenth to I Street, the return to the White House was made. A spring rain had been falling since early morning, and the gay bunting that were so soon to be replaced with the trappings of woe, wore a bedraggled look as the hero of peace went past.

BOOTH'S ESCAPE

When Booth left the alley behind Ford's Theater, he fled to the Navy Yard bridge over the eastern branch of the Potomac. He got past the sentry by saying he had waited for moonrise before beginning his ride home. Ten minutes later Davy Herold, Booth's accomplice, and possibly one of the original conspirators to abduct Lincoln, crossed the bridge, and caught up with the assassin. Booth, it must be remembered, had broken in his fall to the stage the fibula, or small bone, of his left leg, and was suffering the most excruciating torture as he rode, the splintered bone tearing into the flesh at every move. At the top of Good Hope Hill Booth and Herold turned to the right into the road to Surrattsville, Maryland, thirteen miles southeast of Washington. Some miles farther on they came to a physician's house, where the injured leg was set and the refugees were innocently given shelter. Dr. Samuel Mudd, who performed this office, was afterwards sentenced for life to the Dry Tortugas, a barren fortified island off the Florida coast.

The next day the two men rode away, although Booth was hobbling painfully. They made for the house of a Colonel Samuel Cox, known as a strong Southern sympathizer. The Colonel, however, had heard of the

assassination and refused to take in the strangers. This forced them to seek shelter in a gully on the Cox farm. There they were found by Cox on Sunday—Easter Sunday—morning. Booth immediately disclosed his identity and threw himself upon the older man's mercy.

ASSASSIN EXPECTED TO BE PRAISED

Cox's reprehension of Booth's awful deed was the first shock the mad, misguided young murderer had, his first bitter taste of the world's malediction in the stead of that grateful praise he had so confidently expected. Colonel Cox agreed, nevertheless, to give them the protection he had promised and he conducted them to a pine thicket about a mile and a half from his home. Returning to the house, he sent a white farm hand to Huckleberry Farm to fetch Thomas A. Jones, his foster-brother, to care for Booth. Colonel Cox directed him to the thicket and told him to give a certain whistle as a signal so he might reach the men without being shot. Herold came out of the dense pines, on hearing the whistle, and conducted Jones to where Booth lay on the ground wrapped in blankets, his face drawn with great pain. Booth asked Jones a great many questions as to what people thought of the assassination, and appeared, Jones thought, to be proud of what he had done.

"I at the time," Jones afterwards admitted, "thought he had done a great act; but great God! I soon saw that it was the worst blow ever struck for the South."

It was while Booth lay there and knew the surrounding country to be full of soldiers searching for him, that he made two entries in his little red leather-bound diary which he carried in an inner pocket and in the back of which he had the photographs of half a dozen pretty girls. He dated the first entry "April 13, 14, Friday the Ides," writing that date around the words "*te amo*," evidently of long previous inscription at some happier time when he was practicing love messages in Latin. This first entry reads:

Until to-day nothing was ever thought of sacrificing to our country's wrongs. For six months we had worked to capture. But our cause being almost lost, something decisive and great must be done. But its failure was owing to others who did not strike for their country with a heart. I struck boldly, and not as the papers say. I walked with a firm step through a thousand of his friends; was stopped, but pushed on. A colonel was at his side. I shouted *sic semper* before I fired. In jumping, broke my leg. I passed all his pickets. Rode sixty miles (*sic!*) that

night, with the bone of my leg tearing the flesh at every jump.

I can never repent it, though we hated to kill. Our country owed all her troubles to him, and God simply made me the instrument of his punishment.

The country is not what it was. This forced Union is not what I have loved. I care not what becomes of me. I have no desire to outlive my country. This night (before the deed) I wrote a long article and left it for one of the editors of the *National Intelligencer*, in which I fully set forth our reasons for proceeding. He or the gov'n—

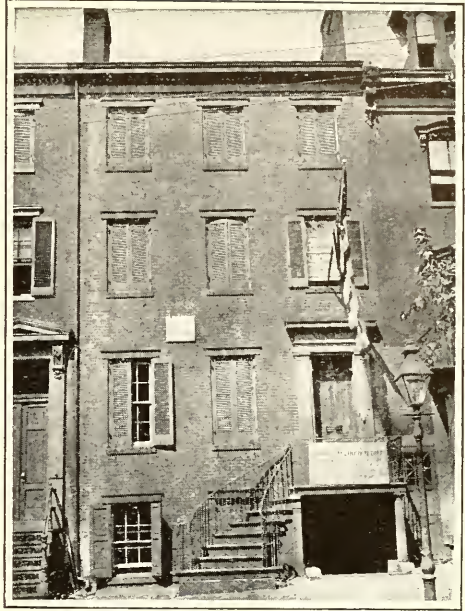
Here, either from weakness or perhaps with a sudden alarm, the diary abruptly breaks. And there is but one more entry, dated "Friday 21."

EXTRACTS FROM BOOTH'S DIARY

Fourteen hundred cavalymen were assembled around Port Tobacco, Maryland, and ordered to search the swamps for him; but no trace could be found. The following Friday Jones, however, overheard information which made him decide that the fugitives must be moved. Nothing could be done until after dark, and it was doubtless while waiting for this cover of the moonless night that Booth made the second and last entry in his diary. From the first sentence of this it would seem that on Thursday night Booth and Herold must have made a desperate and unadvised attempt to get away. The entry reads:

Friday. 21—After being hunted like a dog through swamps and woods, and last night being chased by gunboats till I was forced to return, wet, cold, and starving, with every man's hand against me, I am here in despair. And why? For doing what Brutus was honored for—what made William Tell a hero, and yet I, for striking down an even greater tyrant than they ever knew, am looked upon as a common cutthroat. My act was purer than either of theirs. One hoped to be great himself, and the other had not only his country's, but his own, wrongs to avenge. I hoped for no gain; I knew no private wrong. I struck for my country, and her alone. A people ground beneath this tyranny prayed for this end, and yet now see the cold hands they extend to me! God cannot pardon me if I have done wrong; yet I cannot see any wrong, except in serving a degenerate people. The little, the very little, I left behind to clear my name, the Government will not allow to be printed. So ends all! For my country I have given up all that makes life sweet and holy—to-night misfortune upon my family, and am sure there is no pardon for me in the heavens, since man condemns me so. I have only heard of what has been done (except what I did myself), and it fills me with horror. God, try and forgive me and bless my mother. To-night I will once more try the river, with the intention to cross; though I have a greater desire and almost a mind to return to Washington, and in a measure clear my name, which I feel I can do.

I do not repent the blow I struck. I may before my God, but not to man. I think I have done well,



HOUSE IN WHICH LINCOLN DIED.

though I am abandoned, with the curse of Cain upon me, when, if the world knew my heart, that one blow would have made me great, though I did desire no greatness. To-night I try once more to escape these bloodhounds. Who, who, can read his fate! God's will be done. I have too great a soul to die like a criminal. Oh! may He spare me that, and let me die bravely. I bless the entire world. I have never hated or wronged anyone. This last was not a wrong, unless God deems it so, and it is with Him to damn or bless me. And for this brave boy, Herold, here with me, who often prays (yes, before and since) with a true sincere heart, was it a crime in him? If so, why can he pray the same? I do not wish to shed a drop of blood, but I must fight the course. 'Tis all that's left me.

When the darkness permitted, Jones went to the thicket and, with Herold's help, lifted Booth to his (Jones's) horse. Then, Herold leading the horse and Jones walking a little in advance to show the way and to scout, they proceeded to Huckleberry Farm, which was about three quarters of a mile from the Potomac. From Huckleberry Farm they reached the river, pushed out in a flat-bottomed boat, and for two days cruised among the neighboring creeks, crossing to the Virginia shore on Saturday night. Sunday they stayed in the cabin of a negro named William Lucas. Monday morning early he took them in a wagon to Port Conway on the Rappahannock, where they arrived at nine-thirty. Herold asked William Rollins, the ferryman, about getting across the river and was told he would have to wait a little while, until the tide rose.

While he and Booth were waiting, three Confederate officers rode up to the ferry. They were Captain William M. Jett, Lieutenant A. R. Bainbridge, and Lieutenant Ruggles. Herold turned to Jett—they were all sitting down now in front of Rollins's house—touched him on the shoulder and, saying he wanted to speak to him, led him over to the wharf where he entreated Jett to take his "brother" and him South.

BEFRIENDED BY CONFEDERATES

Jett answered: "I cannot go with any man that I don't know anything about." And Herold, after a moment's thought, whispered, in great agitation: "We are the assassins of the President." Jett was confounded beyond the power of reply. He saw Ruggles at the river watering his horse and called him to the wharf. There was a consultation in which Booth presently joined, hobbling down from the house; and the upshot of it was that when the tide rose they crossed together, Booth riding Ruggles's horse.

The five men went along the road toward Bowling Green and about three miles on the way came to the comfortable farmhouse of a Mr. Garrett, who consented, on solicitation, to shelter a wounded Confederate for a day or two.

It was about three o'clock Monday afternoon when Jett—although he did not know Mr. Garrett—undertook the introduction to him of "John William Boyd" and asked Mr. Garrett to care for "Boyd" until Wednesday morning, at which time his companions would call for him. About four o'clock—shortly after Booth had been taken into the Garrett home—twenty-nine pursuers under Colonel E. J. Conger embarked on the steamer *John S. Ide* and sailed down to Belle Plain, the nearest landing to Fredericksburg, arriving at ten o'clock. From Belle Plain they galloped across country, riding all night and all day Tuesday. At three o'clock Tuesday afternoon they arrived at the Port Conway Ferry, found Rollins, showed him photographs of Booth and Herold, and learned from him that the men wanted had been ferried across the Rappahannock by him just about twenty-four hours before. Rollins said they had started for Bowling Green, in company with three Confederate officers. He was arrested and taken as guide, the river was ferried again, and about sundown the posse galloped past Garrett's, where Booth and the family were seated on the porch. Herold was there, too.

When Booth saw the troops go by, he and Herold retired precipitately to a thicket behind the barn, not venturing thence until summoned to supper. Asked why they feared the Federal troops now that the war was over, Booth said they had been "in a little brush over in Maryland" and thought best to lie low for a few days.

The Garretts suspected their guests. When bedtime came, Booth manifested strong reluctance to going upstairs, and on insisting he would rather sleep anywhere else, even in a barn, was conducted to a large tobacco house. Jack Garrett believed this sleeping in a barn was a ruse; that the strange men would get up in the night and steal their horses. So he locked them into the tobacco house and gave the key to a Miss Holloway, who boarded with the Garretts. And he and his brother went to a shed near the tobacco house, whence they could keep watch of their suspicious visitors.

It was after eleven o'clock that night when the soldiers Booth had seen passing Garrett's before sundown reached Bowling Green, surrounded the little tavern, and arrested Jett, who was in bed. Conger demanded to know where the two men Jett had crossed the ferry with were now, and Jett, very much frightened, told Conger where they were and offered to go as guide and show the way.

CAUGHT ON THE GARRETT FARM

At two in the morning the squad of thirty surrounded Garrett's farmhouse, and a lieutenant named Baker rapped loudly at the kitchen door. Presently the elder Garrett came to the door, in his night-clothes, and was roughly seized by Baker, who clutched the old man's throat with one hand and with the other held a pistol to his head. When Mr. Garrett could speak, he said the men were gone. Just then Jack Garrett appeared from the shed, and urged upon his father, whom Conger was threatening to hang, the need of telling the truth in the matter. A guard was left to watch the father and the rest of the posse, led by Jack Garrett, approached the tobacco house. The soldiers were stationed around the building—which was only about one hundred feet from the residence—at a distance of ten yards, with four of them at the padlocked door. The key was brought from the house, and while they were waiting for it a rustling noise could be heard within the tobacco house.

Baker spoke to the men inside, saying he

would send in one of the young Garretts to demand their surrender. To this youth he ordered them to deliver their arms; after which they were to come out and give themselves up.

OFFERS TO FIGHT HIS PURSUERS

Accordingly, the trembling Garrett boy was sent within, and soon returned reporting that Booth had cursed him for a betrayer and "reached down into the hay behind him" as if for a weapon, whereupon Garrett waited not on the order of his going, but went at once. Then Baker called into them that if they did not come out in five minutes he would fire the tobacco house. To which Booth replied in a ringing voice: "Who are you? what do you want? whom do you want?"

"We want you," said Baker, "and we know who you are; give up your arms and come out."

"Let us have a little time to consider," urged Booth; and this was granted.

Ten minutes went by in hushed stillness, awaiting the least sound from within. Fifteen minutes. And from within the tobacco house, not a sound. At length, the ringing voice again:

"Who are you and what do you want?"

And from Baker the reply: "We want you; we want to take you prisoners."

"Captain," said the clear voice, every tone of which was distinguishable on the gallery, a hundred feet away, "I know you to be a brave man, and I believe you to be honorable. I am a cripple: I have got but one leg. If you will withdraw your men in line one hundred yards from the door, I will come out and fight you."

Baker replied that he had not come to fight, but to capture; to which Booth said: "If you will take your men fifty yards from the door, I'll come out and fight you. Give me a chance for my life!"

Later, he offered to fight all the men singly: and when Baker again refused, the word came back: "Well, my brave boys, prepare a stretcher for me."

Some one close to the tobacco house heard Booth say to his companion: "You damned coward, will you leave me now? Go! Go! I would not have you stay with me."

Booth then came to the door and announced: "There's a man in here who wants to come out."

"Very well," said Baker, "let him hand his arms out and come."

Thereupon Herold came to the door and said: "Let me out."

"Hand out your arms," ordered Baker. "You carried a carbine and you must hand it out."

"The arms are mine," called Booth, "and I have got them. Upon the word and honor of a gentleman, this man has none. And I declare before my Maker that he is innocent of any crime whatever."

Herold was then ordered to put out his hands, they were manacled, and he was quickly dragged out, the door slammed behind him, and the easy prisoner hurried to a remote corner of the yard with a couple of cavalymen to guard him. Immediately Herold was secured, Conger went around to the corner of the tobacco house, pulled a whisp of hay through a crack, set fire to it and stuck it back. The hay was very dry and blazed almost instantly. Booth turned, when he heard it crackling, and seemed to be looking to see if he could put it out. Then, as if convinced that he could not, he started toward the door. At that moment a shot rang out. Boston Corbett, a trooper of the Sixteenth New York, had lost his head, disobeyed orders, and fired through a crack with deadly aim.

BOOTH WAS SHOT BY MISTAKE

"He has shot himself!" was the instant thought of everyone. Conger rushed into the barn and found Baker already there and raising Booth up. They discovered a wound in the neck, close to the back of the head, from which the blood was pouring freely. Out onto the grass beneath the locust trees they dragged him, and there they left him for dead while they went to see if the fire could not be put out. It could not, and Conger left it and returned to Booth, whose eyes and lips were moving as if he wanted to speak. He was carried to the gallery, Miss Holloway fetched a pillow for his head and dipped a rag in brandy and water to moisten his lips. Presently he was able to articulate, and Conger bent over him to hear what he might say.

"Tell mother—I die—for my—country," he gasped; "I did—what I thought—was—best."

Conger then searched the dying man's pockets and took all they contained—the diary, a knife, a pipe, a little file, a pocket compass smeared with candle drippings, a bill of exchange bought in Montreal in October, etc. Booth whispered pleadingly: "Kill me, kill me."

"We don't want to kill you," Conger assured him, "we want you to get well."

Conger then left, telling Baker that if Booth was not dead in an hour "to send over to Belle Plain for a surgeon from one of the gunships; if he died, to get the best conveyance he could and bring him on." Conger was in mad haste to get to Secretary Stanton and tell him that the reward of \$75,000 had been earned. He reached Washington at 5 P.M., and with Chief Baker went at once to Mr. Stanton to tell him the news. They thought to excite the grim War Minister for once, but they were mistaken. He took the announcement quite stolidly.

BOOTH'S LAST WORDS

Corbett fired about 3.15 A.M., that Wednesday, the 26th day of April. Booth lingered until half-past five; conscious to the last he must have been, said the doctors who knew the nature of the wound, and suffering the most excruciating agony a human being can know.

Toward the end, as the dawn was breaking into brilliant day, he indicated by a look, a feeble motion, that he wanted his paralyzed arms raised so he could see his hands. This was done, and he said, very faintly, as he looked at them: "Useless—useless!" Those were his last words.

They took the body to Belle Plain, where the *Ide* lay; the *Ide* arrived at Alexandria at twenty minutes to eleven that night.

A tug was there, by Secretary Stanton's orders, to meet the *Ide*; on it were Conger and Chief L. C. Baker of the Secret Service, and to it were transferred the body of Booth and the person of Herold. At a quarter to two in the morning the tug came alongside the monitor *Montauk*, anchored off the Navy Yard; and Herold was put in double irons and placed in the hold, while the body of Booth was, on Baker's orders, kept on deck under a guard.

It was about two o'clock in the afternoon when the body having been fully identified, photographed, and officially attested dead, left the ironclad. Then Chief Baker put the body into a rowboat, and the boat was rowed down the eastern branch and up the main stream of the Potomac, which bounds Washington on the south. At the foot of Four and One-Half Street, on the river, was the Arsenal inclosure. The party in the small boat steered for the Arsenal wharf, and there, at about four

o'clock, the body of Booth was landed and laid on the wharf in charge of a sentry.

During the night it was carried into one of the cellar storerooms of the old penitentiary, some bricks were removed from the floor, a grave was dug, the body was put into a gun box and covered with a blanket, the earth and then the bricks were hastily replaced, and the room was locked, the key being taken to Mr. Stanton by Major Eckert. That was where John Booth lay while rumors of his incineration, his burial at sea, his dismemberment, filled the air.

Four years later, in February, 1869, when President Johnson's permission was secured by the Booth family, Mr. Harvey, a Washington undertaker, drove out to the Arsenal grounds one afternoon and returned with the gun box containing John's remains.

The establishment of Harvey & Marr was on F Street near Tenth; and after dark on that winter afternoon the little company waiting tensely, in the back shop, heard the sound of hoofs and wheels on the cobble-paved alley, and some one said, "There they are!" and in a moment the wagon was backed into the stable. John Booth's body had come back, after nearly four years, to be confined at a spot not a stone's throw from where his flight began.

The gun box was set on trestles, in the stable, and a lantern was called for; this was the light by which the cover was pried off the box, the gray army blankets lifted, and the remains disclosed. In the next room sat the great Hamlet, his brother Edwin, waiting.

FATE OF ASSASSIN'S ACCOMPLICES

The identification being satisfactory—aided by the dentist who had filled John Booth's teeth—the body, in a new casket, was sent to Baltimore that night and the following day interred in the family plot at Greenmount, where it lies beneath thick ivy under the east face of the monument reared to Junius Brutus Booth by his son Edwin in 1858.

The fate of all connected with Booth was severe in the extreme: Dr. Mudd, Arnold, and O'Laughlin were sentenced for life at the Dry Tortugas, and Spangler for six years. Mrs. Suratt, Atzerodt, Davy Herold, and Lewis Payne (who tried to assassinate Seward) were simultaneously hanged until dead from the same scaffold in the prison yard at Washington.

The Lincoln - Douglas Debate, Galesburg, Illinois, October 7th, 1858

As Recalled by E. S. WILLCOX

The place was Galesburg, that notorious Abolition town of Illinois, and the great day had come, a day looked forward to for months, big with fate it seemed and as it afterwards proved.

It was Thursday the 7th of October, 1858, and on this day two famous gladiators were to meet on the grounds of Knox college and grapple in the presence of thousands with the question not yet openly announced, but there all the same like a ghost ready to rise—the question of negro slavery.

The one was Stephen A. Douglas known everywhere as the Little Giant, the foremost leader of his party in his day—a man of remarkable ability and of untarnished reputation, the other was Abraham Lincoln, not yet so well known and doomed to go down to defeat in this campaign, only to begin again, two years later, in storm and tempest, the slow ascent to the topmost pinnacle of immortal fame.

It had rained heavily the day before but on Thursday there was no rain; it was a cold chilly day with a

raw Northwest wind blowing, yet early in the morning they began thronging in from all the surrounding country, on horseback, in carriages, in farm wagons and on foot and the whole town turned out to meet and join them. There had never been such a gathering in Galesburg and there never was again until at the semi-centennial of this same event last fall.

At about 10 o'clock Mr. Douglas came in on the train from Monmouth with a large delegation of Douglas and Lincoln men from the west. At 12 o'clock the Lincoln men turned out up Main street with a seemingly endless procession of men and women on horseback, in carriages and on foot to welcome Mr. Lincoln coming in with a like following from Knoxville on the East. The two processions met and united at the junction of Main street and the Knoxville road about a mile east of the public square.

It was a sight never to be forgotten. I was standing near the old First Church on Broad street when they came, a mile long, slowly marching down Main street into the public

square, ladies on horseback leading, the band playing, banners flying and the air filled with shouting. At last appeared on horseback Henry R. Sanderson our first city mayor—a fine looking, handsome young man—and by his side rode Lincoln, not handsome but tall and I thought, not exactly at his ease with his long legs almost reaching the ground. It was comical, if I must say it now, and I laughed and hurrahed with the rest, but it was Lincoln, our own Abraham Lincoln, and it was the only time I ever saw him. It remains a picture of priceless value in my memory to-day.

The speeches were delivered from a platform at the East end of the main building of Knox college and the audience, variously estimated at from 10,000 to 20,000 filled the college grounds, their friends cheering each speaker in turn.

I cannot say that I was an impartial listener for my sympathies were, of course, with Lincoln as was the case with a large majority of those present, yet Douglas, it must be confessed, deserved our pity. It was a

losing fight there for him in that Abolition town and he knew it, he felt it. He labored hard, he frothed at the mouth when excited, he was evidently exhausted. But nothing could disturb the calm, deliberate equanimity of Lincoln. He was not the ardent Abolitionist we Galesburg people were, he was a trained lawyer and kept carefully within the bounds of the law and the constitution in all he said, yet now we know he was slowly but surely advancing with the inexorable march of events along the safe path that led up, five years later, to the Emancipation Proclamation of January 1, 1863.

This Lincoln-Douglas debate in Galesburg was a great historical event. How infinitely more would it have thrilled our souls if we who were present that day could have looked forward through the next seven years and seen, with prophetic eyes, the election of Lincoln as president with Douglas standing by his side at the inauguration, the long years of fratricidal war that followed, the patient, long suffering, almost divine wisdom of that heroic soul and then the awful end, the assassination!

the recently completed Orenburg-Tashkent line, the traveler could avoid the short passage of the Caspian Sea and, journeying by way of Moscow, Samara, Orenburg, Tashkent, Samarkand, Bokhara, and Kushk, could reach India without having to alight from his carriage between the Gare du Nord in Paris and the Victoria Station in Bombay. But in spite of the Persian *entente*, that day seems far away; for it is still a tradition in the Indian office that the line to Quetta shall go no farther north, and that any extension of Russian railways into Afghanistan shall be tantamount to a declaration of war.

That one of the above mentioned lines will be built, built soon, built at any cost and in spite of any opposition, there can be no doubt. My recent visit to Russia and Central Asia convinced me of that. The situation has developed into a railway-building race between the Tzar and the Kaiser, with England secretly putting obstructions in the way of both. The Kaiser, it must be remembered, stands possessed *de jure* of the right of which the Tzar is hurrying to become possessed *de facto*, namely, the right to build a railway connecting the present European system with the Farther East. Russia's fear is intense, therefore, that Germany will come to some agreement with England whereby she can push her Bagdad Railway to completion, and thus create direct transit between Europe and India before Russia herself is in a position to prevent it or to complete a railway of her own.

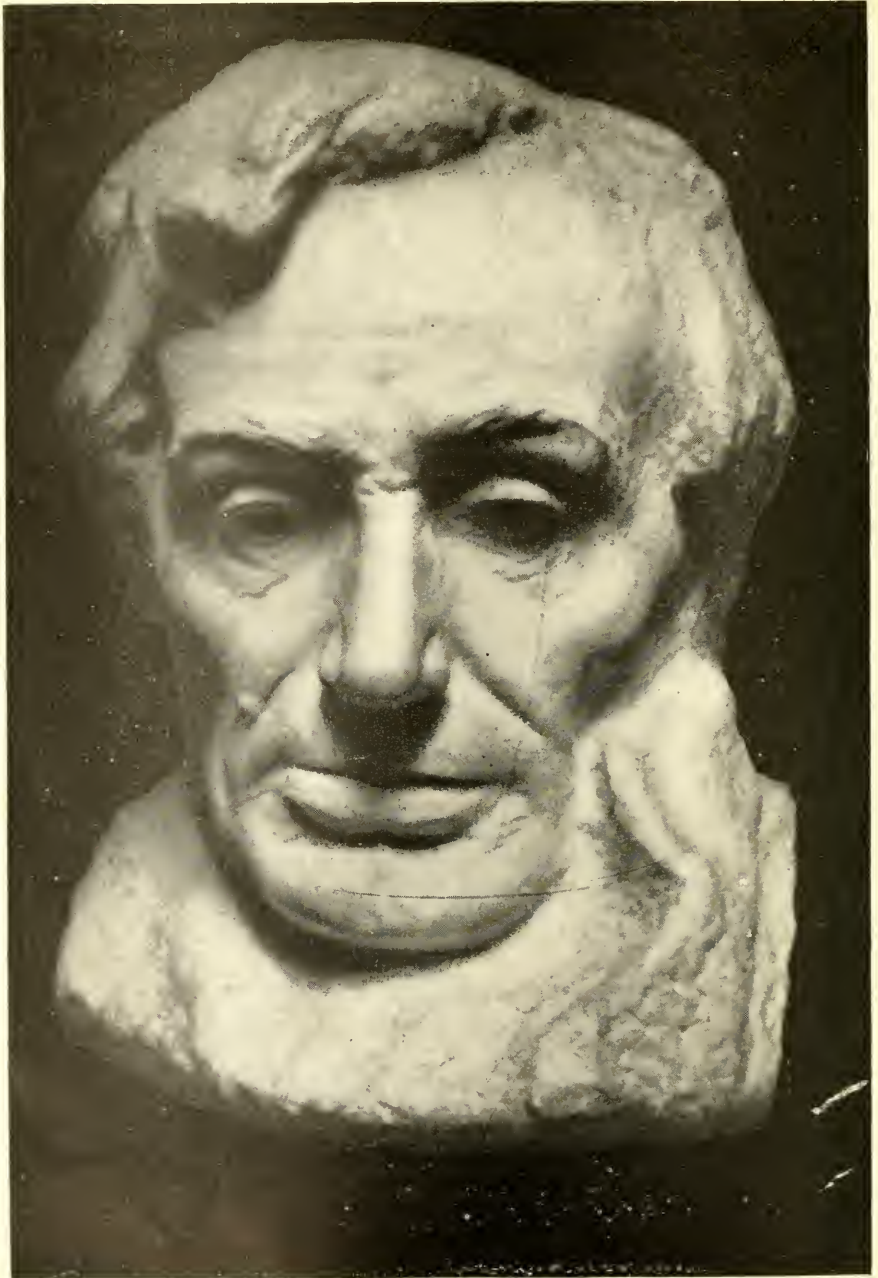
If Russia wins—and I think she will—she will be as independent of the Dardanelles and the Suez Canal as if

they did not exist; when her manufacturing institutions are developed, as they must be, sooner or later, she can undersell England in her own colonies; and, by thus building the greatest of all trunk lines, she can open up the sparsely settled sections of her own land to unexampled development and prosperity. No longer, then, will British bottoms be the chief carrying medium between Europe and the East.

Should the Persian route be chosen, a Russian fleet will lie at anchor in a Russian harbor within two days' steam of Bombay, and Russian soldiers, riding in Russian trucks running on Russian rails, can be thrown southward in overwhelming numbers to hold this gateway to the warm water for the Tzar.

But I like to think that the day will come in the not far distant future when Russia and England, forgetting their suspicions and their jealousies, will refuse to allow an uncivilized *régime*, be it Persian or Afghan, to stand in the way of one of those great advances of intercommunication which are the chief signs and promoters of civilization. The most interesting feature of the project, when all is said and done, will be the binding together, with bonds of steel, of Europe and Asia, of Calais and Calcutta, of Brussels and Bombay. A few years more and we shall be standing beside the Indian Mail in the Gare du Nord in Paris and shall climb into our carriage, with but a week's journey before us, instead of the fortnight the steamers used to take by the Suez Canal, as the conductor shouts “*All aboard! All aboard for Bombay!*”





Photograph by Alvin Langdon Coburn

A PORTRAIT BUST OF LINCOLN. MODELED AFTER EXHAUSTIVE, CONSCIENTIOUS STUDIES AND MEASUREMENTS. BY GUTZON BORGLUM.

Handwritten note: *Lincoln's Day, Feb. 1913*

THE BEAUTY OF LINCOLN

By GUTZON BORGLUM

CARLYLE once said to Holman Hunt: "I'm only a poor man, but I would give one third of what I possess for a veritable, contemporaneous representation of Jesus Christ. Had those carvers of marble chiseled a faithful statue of the Son of Man, as he called himself, and shown us what manner of man he was like, what his height, what his build, and what the features of his sorrow-marked face were, I for one would have thanked the sculptor with all the gratitude of my heart for that portrait, as one of the most precious heirlooms of the ages."

Remarkable as it may seem, were it not for photography and one life mask, this, with equal truth, might be said of a man who, as the ages run, has hardly gone from among us.

Lincoln, one of the greatest of observers, was himself the least truly observed. God had built him in the back-yard of the nation, and there, wrapped in homely guise, had preserved and matured his pure humanity. He was heard, but seems rarely, if ever, to have been truly seen. The reports we have of him do not satisfy, do not justify themselves, are inconsistent. The Eastern, Old-World eye could not read beyond the queer hat, bad tailoring, and boots you could not now give away—and he was so long he fairly had to stoop to look the little world in the face.

Never have bad tailoring and homely, deferential manner so completely hidden seer, jester, master of men, as did these simple accouterments this first great gift of the West. The world ever reads simple, deferential manner—true evidence of innate refinement—as weakness, timidity, and indecision, just as it reads strength in noise, and power in abuse. It is said of sound that volume will start a tear more quickly than quality of tone. But it is surprising that professional observers, artists and writers alike, have drawn and redrawn an untrue picture of this man. Out of the hundreds of Lincoln's pictures few are reliable, even as records of fact; and the hundreds of copyrighted lives of him, in their personal

description, are largely reiterated popular opinion and hearsay.

A great portrait—and I do not mean the modern masterpieces of technique, that factor which has practically wrecked modern portraiture through vanity on the part of the public, and blatant insincerity in painter, sculptor, and author—a great portrait is always full of compelling presence, more even than is at all times seen in the original; for a great portrait depicts great moments, and carries the life record of the whole man. It is, therefore, not sufficient to draw a mask. If this were enough, the lifeless, bloodless state-paper to which Washington has been reduced would be a great portrait. The Father of his Country, as a human possibility, has been edited out of existence. Even the faithful but placid mask by Houdon leaves us utterly uninterested. There is nothing left that convention could eliminate—and this is about all we have of the man Washington.

The mask is not enough for Lincoln. Prudish Colonial vanity and icied Puritanism have melted away, and I would the state-paper to which the Father of his Country has been reduced, and the jackknife sketch our righteous forebears whittled of the savior of this land, had passed with them. Acres of misdrawn caricatures, however, have not sufficed to hide *his* acts; *his* writings, some photographs, or an occasional note sketched, thank God, without deliberate intent—through these Lincoln lives, lives as a comfort and a reality, an example, a living inspiration to every mother and every son in America.

No mask will satisfy *us*; *we* want to see what we care for; *we* want to feel the private conscience that became public conduct. With his coming, the West has steadily rolled back the East, and of his ways the world has many. The silk hat, the tall figure, the swing, the language and manner have become American, and now we understand and love this man because he was wholly one of us and made true democracy a living fact.

Official Washington was shocked by his

address. Men who could have given us master pictures of a master man remained unconvinced until he had passed. The great portrait was never drawn, and now it is too late; we must wade through mountains of material, and by some strange divination find in fragments the real man, and patiently, lovingly, yet justly, piece them together.

Nor is it strange that this first product of the West should confound Old-World-trained eyes. They were blind to the real man; they ever read him by official and Continental standards. His free, easy stride, not Indian but Western—developed in the open road, where men, with bent head, study the unbroken trail—was misnamed. His deference and native, Middle-West directness led the superficial observer into making those caricatures by which the public knows him best.

It was speculation of this kind that gradually led me to a careful analysis of Lincoln the man. I felt that the *accepted* portraits of him did not justify his record. His life, his labors, his writings made me feel some gross injustice had been done him in the blind, careless use of such phrases as *ungainly, uncouth, vulgar, rude*, which were commonly applied to him by his contemporaries. These popular descriptions did not fit the master of polished Douglas, nor the man whose "intellectual arrogance" academic Sumner resented.

I did not believe there ever was a grotesque Lincoln. I did not believe the man who could whip his way to the head of a band of ruffians, reason his way to the head of a town meeting, inspire and fire a nation, win and hold the hearts of millions, was gawky—or even awkward.

No, Lincoln was not an awkward man. He was long of limb, and, as is the method of long-limbed men, he moved his arms from his shoulders, his legs from his hips; and this gives rise in the mind of the observer to a sense of awkwardness, because the whole body always takes up part of the labor, producing an appearance of effort not perceived in people of medium height. It is not generally known that this is the true way to ease and grace, and that so all natural human beings move—and so moved the Greeks.

I believed the healthy, powerful youth and frontiersman, the lover, lawyer of spotless record, legislator, victor over the artful Douglas, the man thrice candidate for President, had been falsely drawn. I believed, if properly seen and truly read, the compelling

and enduring greatness of the man would be found written in his actions, in his figure, in his deportment, in his face, and that some of this compelling greatness might be put into marble.

In order to do this, I read all, or nearly all, he had written, his own description of himself, the few immediate records of his coming and going. I then took the life mask, learned it by heart, measured it in every possible way—for it is infallible—then returned to the habits of mind which his writings showed; and I came to the conclusion that five or six of the photographs indicated the real man.

Fortunately, Lincoln was wholly without personal vanity and could be as remote, as naïve, as alone in the presence of the camera, as though he were a sentinel on the field of Gettysburg; and we have three or four photographs which are great human documents, for they give the mood of the man, and show the features arrested in mental action.

I found, however, that I must get behind his acts, must nestle into his viewpoint, following him not as a reporter but as one with himself. Lincoln's interest to the true reporter, the true artist, lies in his continual, *unconscious* reiteration of great human traits. He was primarily natural—he would not hold discourse with any one until he had literally stripped him of all pretense, official or social. He was wholly without vanity and brooked none of it. Had Apollo called upon him, there is no doubt he would have compelled him to listen to a story of quaint human foibles—perchance designedly—before settling the affairs of some new world. In other words, he possessed, in a most remarkable way, traits that will make him the subject of the most inspired art, long after Napoleon is but a name.

There is another point that cannot be too much insisted upon if one will draw this great plainsman truly. You must get into *his own* story—follow him closely through his first years—and, forgetting nothing, you will find nothing to forgive. Slight not his love for Ann Rutledge, nor his conduct following her death, which sounds the highest note of a heart's cry. Then if you wish to conjure up the man, move quickly to the most serious cabinet meeting of the century, opened with a reading from Artemus Ward, and watch him continue it, fulfilling his compact with himself, with God, freeing four millions of slaves. This scene admits of the greatest possible distortion; it might have been grotesque; it was godlike. Is there any other

character in history who could repeat it? This extraordinary act sent to their beds his cabinet with impressions never to be forgotten.

Then watch him as he listens to the pleadings of a widow for her son. You will see his lower lip make an attempt at firmness, curl tightly under the strong upper line, then release the tension, tremble a little awkwardly; you see his mouth open a trifle, close, his head move slightly, his shoulders seem to move forward; you feel his inclination to lift all the length of his arms, just as a bird might as it begins to fly; there has been hardly any movement—but enough. He has answered with his whole being, and all that's human understands. A sympathizing statesman, protesting that Lincoln ought not to be bothered with such things, is waved aside with the answer, "These are the things that make it possible for me to go on."

Whether Lincoln sat or stood, his was the ease of movement of a figure controlled by direct and natural development, without a hint of consciousness. There are but two possible explanations of this—either he was a consummate artist and appreciated the power of absolute directness, or else he was by nature wholly unconscious. His ease was that of a man of power.

He sat in chairs a little too low for him. Of course, chairs were not made for him—nothing in this democratic country of ours is made for anybody in particular; everything is made for everybody. And so Lincoln seemed when he sat down to sink farther than was quite easy or graceful, and that left his knees pushing unnaturally high. Again, when rising, he would grab both knees as if to help himself; he would lean forward to find the center of his equilibrium—a movement we all go through; but in dear old Abe, because he was a little out of scale with his smaller companions, they called it awkward.

His walk was free, and he moved with a long, but rather slow, swinging stride; he looked down as he walked, like a man picking his way carefully over a newly harrowed field, lifting his feet quite clear of the soft ground. It was this movement that gave the long fold in the thigh part of his trousers, straining the garment—an effect often commented upon.

His arms hung free, and he carried his hand open. Any one wearing an eight and a half glove could take his hand easily in his. His hands were not disproportionately large; but the cut of his sleeve was generous, as of

his period, and in the swinging use of his arms so much of his wrists came through that they seemed large. In his early life hard labor had developed the palms of his hands, and the thick muscle part of his thumb was full and strong; but this shrank later to the thumb of the literary man, and, strangely, considering his early life, he carried it closely into his hand, as becomes the habit, or is the nature, of literary men.

He was erect. He did not stoop at the shoulders, as nearly everybody states. There are no wrinkles in his coat, forward, between the lapel and the shoulder, nor is there a corresponding strain in the back, to show the garment's yield to the stooping tenant. On the contrary, there is evidence of an erectness, definite and purposeful.

And here I want to register a statement that Abraham Lincoln was a man of action. It takes most human beings from three to five generations to get within speaking distance of the circle this man raised himself to and commanded, in a short lifetime, without the shoulders of predatory interests to creep upon; and many of his photographs show to me a spirit hunting and hunted as by some soul-stirring motive. His neck does not *rest* on his shoulders. It rises from them with an erectness, an alertness, as of one alarmed, that is unique.

In 1861, he tried to raise a beard—through the suggestion of a little girl that by doing so he might look "less ugly." For a year and a half he was quite undetermined how to cut that beard. He trimmed it short, then shaved it low, then cropped it quite close. Not until 1863 does he seem to have become quite used to it. About 1862 he began definitely to change the parting of his hair from the right side to the left. And though he did this chiefly with his fingers, he seems to have acted with a definite purpose, for it caused a radical change in his appearance, and he persisted in it.

His face was large in its simple masses. Nature seems to have intended him to be ten or twelve feet in height, and as he failed to grow to that, the free skin settled back to fit the natural man. His head was normal in size; his forehead high, regular, and classical in shape. He was wide through the temples; his brow projected like a cliff. The hollow of the eye was large and deep, and the eye seemed to lie in a kind of ravine; it would hardly have been perceptible if you had passed your hand over the ball. His cheek

bones were not high; they seemed high because of the careworn flesh that shrank sharply beneath. Below this, again, the face lost the splendid regularity of the upper part. The nose yielded to the constant activity of the right side of his face, and was drawn in that direction. The line of the mouth ran up toward the right side. This becomes very perceptible if one looks at any of his good, full-face portraits.

His eyebrows were very strong, and hung out over his face like the huge cornice of a mountain bungalow. They were bushy and moved freely, and developed a set of wrinkles similar to those seen in the face of Homer. There was a large wrinkle that descended from the lower and outer part of the eye almost straight into the hollow of the cheek line, and became very strong when he laughed; in severity, this would straighten out like a guy rope.

His mouth was not coarse nor heavy. His upper lip was as regular as can be—bearing a little to the right; but his lower lip was drawn toward the right side at least half an inch—and some irregularity of his teeth and the way his jaws came together forced the lower lip out, giving the exaggerated line we see.

I discovered by carefully tracing individual expressions, tendencies to expression, wrinkles, and other developments of his face, the habits of the separate features. Little can be determined about a man by the structure of his nose, nor can his character be fixed because he has a small eye or a full one, high cheek bones or practically none, a full mouth or a small one. But the use he makes of those features, and the record that use makes daily upon the features and the whole face, can be read as easily as the headlines of a New York paper. And so I found that the storm center of Lincoln's face was about his right eye. He would peer out at you for an instant with this right eye half closed; then would follow that uplift of his head and the receptive expression that was so generally misread as bewilderment, hesitancy, and indecision.

The mirth center was also in the right eye. The eye always gives the first evidence of humor in a merry soul; and Lincoln, I believe, had naturally a merry soul. But sadness changed this, and I found evidence that he smiled very, very often with his mouth alone when his nature took no part in it. It

was the saddest feature that he had, and yet about the right corner there always lingered a little memory of a smile.

The left eye was open, noncommittal, dreamy. The brow seemed ever to question, and all this side of the face seemed primitive, unfinished. The expression was sad, undetermined, and I believe he knew this and that it explains why he managed so often to get the photographer to the right side of him. This right side was as cautious as Cassius, and in profile remarkably like that of Keats. The profile from the left was pure Middle-West plainsman. All expressions of pleasure, when they reached this side of his face, seemed to lose their merriment, and the habitual lowering of the line of the mouth on this side accentuated the sadness. Expressions on his face seemed to begin about the left upper brow, travel across to the right eye, down the right side, and stop at the upper lip, or lose themselves over the rest of his face.

Briefly—the right side of this wonderful face is the key to his life. Here you will find the record of his development, the centuries-old marks of his maturity. All the man grew to seemed engraved on this side. It guards his plan—watches the world, and shows no more of his light than his wisdom deems wise. The left side is immature, plain—and physically not impressive. It is long, drawn, and indecisive; and this brow is anxious, ever slightly elevated and concerned.

You will find written on his face literally all the complexity of his great nature—a nature seeing at once the humor and the pathos of each situation as it presents itself to him. You see half smile, half sadness; half anger, half forgiveness; half determination, half pause; a mixture of expression that drew accurately the middle course he would follow—read wrongly by both sides. We see a dual nature struggling with a dual problem, delivering a single result.

He was more deeply rooted in the home principles that are keeping us together than any man who was ever asked to make his heartbeat national—the first great human return from the West—too great to become president, except by the extraordinary combination of circumstances then existing.

It is yet to be shown in bronze or marble, as Carlyle said of Christ, what manner of man he was—his majesty, his simplicity, his humanity.

Reminiscences of Abraham Lincoln

By Gen. James Grant Wilson

[The following memorial address was delivered on Lincoln's birthday, February 12, before the New York Genealogical and Biographical Society, for a report of which we are indebted to its president, Mr. Clarence W. Bowen. The principal address was made by General Wilson; and the other speakers who had intimate interviews with President Lincoln were Henry Clews, banker, whose firm had close relations with Secretary Chase in providing funds for carrying on the war, and who told of Lincoln's career, and his mastery even over Secretary Stanton; also Col. Albert B. Chandler, Mr. D. H. Bates and Mr. Charles A. Tinker, whose service in the telegraph office of the War Department allowed them to see a great deal of the President in both his serious and his jovial moods.

—EDITOR.]

It was my great privilege first to talk face to face with Abraham Lincoln in the month of October, 1858. I was visiting one of my father's friends, an Illinois judge, and he said to me one morning, "Would you like to go and see Mr. Lincoln?" I said, "Very much, Judge." At that time he was attracting the attention of the whole country by that series of famous debates with Stephen A. Douglas. The prize for which they were striving was a seat in the United States Senate. Douglas was re-elected, but Lincoln passed on to the highest place, in my judgment, that any man can occupy in this world, the Presidency of these United States.

We found Mr. Lincoln occupying a shabby, little, unkempt office, over a grocery shop. His face was rugged, his hair untidy, his arms and limbs seemed to me the longest that I had ever seen, with huge hands and feet, obviously giving little thought to the question of clothes, a sad expression on his countenance, with sad brown eyes, but at the relation of a good story by himself or another, his face would light up, his eyes would sparkle until he was positively hapsdome.

Something was said about his first ancestor. He said, "Well, my young friend, my first ancestor that I know anything about was one Tom Lincoln, who came over in 1634 and settled at a place, Hingham—or perhaps it was 'Hang him'; which was it, Judge?" From that we passed on to the subject of the wildcat currency which was current in the West some eighty years ago.

Mr. Lincoln said he was going down the Mississippi River on a steamboat when the pilot announced

to the captain that they were out of wood. The captain said, "Well, put into the first wood pile." As the flat-bottomed boat was run up on the mud shore the captain hailed a man that he saw walking around, as to the price of the wood. "Have you wood?" "Yes." "For cash?" "Yes." "Take wildcat currency?" "Yes." "Well, how will you take it?" And back came the answer clear and distinct, "Cord for cord."

The judge mentioned that I had been telling him some curious stories that I had heard from Mr. Custis, the adopted son of Washington, whom I had recently visited. Mr. Custis stated that Washington was the strongest man of his time, and in the favorite amusement of that period, which was as popular among young men as football has been with us in the past ten years, he had never been thrown, altho he had tried conclusions with some professional wrestlers.

"Well," said Mr. Lincoln, "do you know that that is exactly my record? I have been against a good many men, and I never saw but one fellow that I couldn't throw on his back, and that was one chap, a big fellow named Jack Armstrong, strong as a Russian bear, whom I couldn't get down. But let me tell you, I took particularly good care to see he did not get me down."

The mention of Washington probably suggested to Mr. Lincoln another incident, which I shall endeavor to relate as nearly as possible in his own language.

"You know, judge, I am one of the trustees of the lunatic asylum, and I went there last week to attend a meeting of the trustees, and on

walking thru a long, chilly, drafty hall I wore my hat to protect myself against a cold, and about half way thru the hall I was rather startled by a little lunatic dashing out from a side door and drawing himself up in front of me, and throwing out his chest like a very dignified man, he said, 'Sir, how dare you presume to wear your hat in the presence of Christopher Columbus?' I took off my hat and said, 'I beg your pardon, Mr. Columbus,' and went on to the meeting. Returning half an hour later, the same little lunatic started out as I was going thru the hall, out of the same door; he drew himself up as before, but with a more haughty expression, and said, 'Sir, how dare you presume to wear your hat in the presence of General Washington?'

Lincoln took off his hat and said, 'I beg your pardon, General Washington, but, my friend, it seems to me—I have a pretty good memory—it seems to me you told me half an hour ago you were Christopher Columbus.' 'That is perfectly correct, sir, but that was by another mother.'

Many years passed. I was in the Mississippi Valley with General Grant, and one day I received news that my younger brother had been mortally wounded in the battle of Fredericksburg. I went to the general with the news and told him I should like to have a furlough to go to Washington and see my brother in the Georgetown Hospital for officers, Georgetown being a part of Washington as Harlem is a part of New York. I called at the White House. When the President saw me he said, 'Well, Colonel, what brings you to Washington?' I told him. 'Well,' he said, 'come in this afternoon at four o'clock, and we will walk right to the hospital and see the young captain.'

I went at four o'clock. I found him buttonholed by a Buffalo member of Congress whom I happened to know, who was pressing with great earnestness and excessive vigor the claims of some of his constituents for some certain office. When he saw me he looked at me as much as to say, 'I

wish you would take yourself out of here till I get thru.' But Lincoln caught a look at that expression and said, 'It's all right, John; turn on your oratory.' So the member of Congress resumed, but finally came to an end, as all things must, and when he was finished the President, looking at him very quizzically, first on one side of his face and then on the other, remarked, 'John, how close you do shave!' The result of that was that we all left in the best of spirits, and parted at the gate of the White House, the member of Congress going his way and we going to the hospital.

I said, 'Mr. President, is that the manner in which you manage the politicians?' 'Well, Colonel,' he replied, 'you must not think you have got all the strategy in the army; we have to have a little bit for Washington.'

And that was his strategy. He did not argue with his people, but made some droll remark of that character, or told some funny story, and so he evaded the discussions with these people on the claims of their constituents. That is the way he talked to the politicians.

A few days later the President and his Secretary of State, Mr. Seward, accompanied by a young officer, were taken in an ambulance drawn by four mules, to a spot across the long bridge over to the Virginia side of the Potomac, to attend an army review; the review of a corps. Down to and across the bridge all went very well, but on the Virginia side the roads were kept very badly, were of clay, and deep ruts were plentiful, and the driver had great difficulty with his mules, and the more difficulty he had the more angry he became, until finally he lost his temper and took to swearing, which became rather unpleasant. The President leaned over and said, in his sweet voice, 'Driver, my friend,' and the driver turned around. The President said to him, 'Are you an Episcopalian?' The driver said, 'Why, no. I ain't much of anything, Mr. President. If I go

to church at all I generally go to the Methodists." "Excuse me," said the President, "I thought you must be an Episcopalian, for you swear just like Seward, and he is a church warden."

Some of Mr. Seward's friends thought they noted a little less profanity on his part than previously. Of course, that is what the President intended. He was hitting Seward over the driver's head.

And here I might remark, as being a very strange circumstance, almost inconceivable, that, growing up in that wild, rough community of Southern Illinois as he did, where the habit of profanity was almost universal, where the habit of drinking was almost universal, and where the use of tobacco was almost universal, the President never used oaths, he never drank and he never chewed tobacco. I think that is a rather remarkable circumstance. A few days later I encountered my brother-in-law one day in the street, Senator Dixon, of Connecticut, and he said, "Will you come to lunch with us today?" I said, "Is there anything particular to offer?" "Why, yes," he said, "I have a constituent from Connecticut who is six feet ten inches tall, the tallest man I ever saw outside of a show, and you know how interested the President is in any one taller than himself." I thought there would be no doubt of that. Well, we met, and for the only time in his life, or in the hundred times that I saw him, the President was flabbergasted—if I may use the expression—by

the sight of this man looking down on him by six inches, so that he really could not find any language at first. Finally his face was overspread by that lovely smile of his—I think the most beautiful smile I ever saw on any man's face, and his eyes gleamed with fun as he said to this gentleman, "My friend, will you permit me to ask you a question?" "Why certainly, Mr. President." "Do you know when your feet get cold?"

I had the great good fortune to hear the second inaugural address, which is one of the gems of the language. Emerson said he thought it was likely to outlive anything now in print in the English language. As it may interest you, I will give you as closely as I can in his own tones the splendid lines:

Fondly do we hope, fervently do we pray,
that this mighty scourge of war may
speedily pass away. Yet, if God wills that
it continue until all the wealth piled up by
the bondmen's two hundred and fifty years
of unrequited toil shall be sunk, and until
every drop of blood drawn by the lash shall
be paid by another drawn with the sword;
yet as was said three thousand years ago,
so must it still be said, that "the ways of
the Lord are true and righteous altogether."

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
with the work that we are in to bind up
the nation's woes, to care for him who has
borne the burden of the battle and for his
widow and his orphans; to do all which
shall achieve and cherish a just and lasting
peace among ourselves and with all
nations.

New York City.

Four Score and Fifteen

By Caroline Fletcher Dole

DIMNESS of sight, and dimness of sound,
And the whitening almond tree,
Closing of doors to the streets around,
But the soul is alert and free!

Yes, the soul is alert and free,
And wanders to friends away.
Do they ever think of me,
Still here in the fettering clay?

I shall lay it down;—what then?
Shall the soul, alert and free,
Join the beloved, who have been
With God,—where I fain would be?

RECOLLECTIONS OF ABRAHAM LINCOLN AND THE CIVIL WAR

HAMILTON BUSBEY

WHEN the Hungarian patriot, Kossuth, came to the United States in the latter part of December, 1851, he found a responsive soul in William T. Coggshell, at one time editor of the *Ohio State Journal*, but who died of fever when United States Minister to Ecuador. Mr. Coggshell toured the country with Kossuth and introduced him in Kentucky to James F. Robinson, a slave-holder, who was proud of his Revolutionary ancestors, and in Illinois to Abraham Lincoln, who was made to feel by his conditions of birth and boyhood in Kentucky, that all men are not equal in opportunity at the threshold of life. Change of environment added to the stature of Lincoln. North of the Ohio River there was more freedom for him than in the State of his nativity, and he became the standard bearer of those who were opposed to the domination of slavery. He was moved to action by the same liberty-loving spirit which lifted Kossuth above his fellow men. Attempts to disrupt the Union after he had been elected President of the United States, saddened Lincoln, but did not undermine his courage. At a reception given to him by Governor Dennison of Ohio, the bright-eyed young daughter of Mr. Coggshell attracted his attention, and taking her by the hand he stooped and kissed her on the left cheek. The child blushed and asked:

“Mr. President, what shall you do when you get to Washington?”

Placing his hand on the head of the girl he slowly and pathetically said:

“What shall I do? Ask God. He knows best. But you, little one, can say when you grow up, that Abraham Lincoln bent half way to meet you.”

The South American fever which proved fatal to William T. Coggshell, ended the life of his brilliant daughter; but the mother of the girl, a slender, gray-haired, dignified woman, is still with us, and it was from her that I recently heard the story.

When the Southern States began to secede and it looked as if the Republic of Washington and Jefferson was doomed, James F. Robinson, listening to the call of fellow citizens, left his law office, his banking interests and his stock farm at Georgetown, to become Governor of Kentucky. The fact that he had worn ruffled shirts when Lincoln was wearing cheap hickory shirts, made him more acceptable to powerful factions than a radical from the mountain districts, and he preserved to the Stars and Stripes the autonomy of the State.

The only daughter of Robinson, a woman of rare beauty and tact, presided over the executive mansion at Frankfort, and checked to a marked degree development of the spirit of bitterness. The Governor had the respect of leading Kentuckians who wore the Gray and the Blue, and used his persuasive powers upon both. His daughter made more than one urgent plea to the military authorities for the pardon of young men, mere boys, fired by Southern enthusiasm, who were captured in Confederate uniforms and lodged in Federal prisons.

Recently, in Washington, I stood with uncovered head in the unpretentious room in which Abraham Lincoln died, and brushed the dust and cobwebs from the tablets of memory. I was eighteen years old when Lincoln and Douglas canvassed Illinois for the senatorship of that State, and the speeches which commanded the attention of the nation profoundly impressed me.

In my uncle's house at Tuscola I met an industrious lawyer whose fame now covers two hemispheres,—the Hon. Joseph G. Cannon, Speaker of the House of Representatives. Although not born in the breezy West, he adapted himself to the customs of the country, and his strong face and direct speech commanded respect. The rapid rise of Illinois to power and greatness in the sisterhood of States was due to the sterling virtues of men like Mr. Cannon. Abraham Lincoln had been nominated by his party for President of the United States, and the enthusiasm of the plain people swept Illinois like a prairie fire. I remember a drive of thirty odd miles to hear one of the Lincoln supporters, Owen Lovejoy, speak. The bed of the farm wagon was thickly strewn with hay and straw, and I went to sleep with the stars blinking at the moon. The dreams of youth were optimistic and the fragrance of flowers came to us with

the breeze, which heralded the crimson glow of morning. In the throng which heard the speaking there were hundreds who had driven more miles across the prairie than we had done, and they remained for the torchlight procession. It was a wonderful campaign, and it is not strange that the figure of Abraham Lincoln towered high in youthful imagination.

The ballots of November were counted, and Lincoln succeeded James Buchanan as the sixteenth President of the United States. The result was a bitter disappointment to the slave-holding States and the land was convulsed with strife. The issue as to whether one flag or two flags should float over the territory embraced in the government founded by Washington and his compatriots was long in doubt, and on more than one field I saw the smoke and heard the roar of battle. There were days and months and years of anxiety and blood-letting, and the timid who watched from afar the strife which paralyzed industry, made desolate the homes of peace and plenty, and turned sweet valleys and romantic hillsides into cemeteries, asked if it was not a fearful price to pay for an advance step in civilization.

The fortitude and hopeful patience of Lincoln in dark hours compelled admiration, and his words in his 1858 debate with Douglas were recalled: "I believe this Government cannot 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 it will cease to be divided. It will become all one thing or 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 the 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." A year after these words had been spoken, the John Brown tragedy at Harper's Ferry took place, and twelve months after the execution of Brown, December 20th, 1860, South Carolina declared its secession from the Union. President Lincoln and Vice-President Hamlin were inaugurated March 4th, 1861, and wise men hesitated to predict the end. With Georgia, Mississippi, Florida, Louisiana and Texas rapidly following the lead of South Carolina, there was grave cause for anxiety. The hesitating border States, Virginia, Kentucky and Missouri, became the camping ground

of hostile armies and suffered most from the very beginning of civil war.

As Kentucky was the birthplace of Lincoln and the home of relatives of his wife, he was particularly anxious to silence, as far as possible, opposition to his administration in that commonwealth. Through the influence of Robert J. Breckenridge, and James F. Robinson, who succeeded McGoffin as Governor at Frankfort, Kentucky was saved to the Union, but her gallant sons were conspicuous in both armies.

Soon after the fall of Fort Sumter, General William T. Sherman expressed the opinion that the war would prove something more than a three months' picnic, and Northern radicals bitterly assailed him. He was even denounced as crazy, but Governor Robinson and Mr. Prentice, of the *Louisville Journal*, vigorously protested against his removal. General Sherman was so grateful to Mr. Prentice for his journalistic support that he always made it easy for a representative of the *Journal* to obtain information for publication. I was a member of the *Journal* staff in later years of the war, and was the medium through which the information was conveyed to the type-setters. In the performance of my duties I had ready access to such officers as General W. T. Sherman, General D. C. Buell, General John A. Logan, General George H. Thomas, General John M. Palmer and General Stanley.

The people of the State of South Carolina in convention assembled December 20th, 1860, reasserted their objection to "the election of a man to the high office of President of the United States whose opinions and purposes are hostile to slavery," and, "appealing to the Supreme Judge of the world for the rectitude of our intentions, have solemnly declared that the Union heretofore existing between this State and the other States of North America, is dissolved, and that the State of South Carolina has resumed her position among the nations of the world, as a separate and independent State." This solemn declaration met with applause in the South and was received with grim determination in the North. The voice of Alexander H. Stephens rang clear before the legislature of Georgia and awoke responsive echoes in millions of hearts. "The President of the United States is no emperor, no dictator—he is clothed with no abso-

lute power. He can do nothing unless he is backed by power in Congress. The House of Representatives is largely in a majority against him. . . . Is this the time, then, to apprehend that Mr. Lincoln, with this large majority in the House against him, can carry out any of his unconstitutional principles in that body? . . . Why, then, I say, should we disrupt the ties of this Union when his hands are tied—when he can do nothing against us?" President Lincoln in his inaugural address attempted to allay the fears of the slaveholding section: "Apprehension seems to exist among the people of the Southern States, that, by the accession of a republican administration, their property and their peace and personal security are to be endangered. There has never been any reasonable cause for such apprehension. Indeed, the most ample evidence to the contrary has all the while existed and been open to their inspection. It is found in nearly all the published speeches of him who now addresses you."

I was young and sanguine at the time, and I could not see how the pathetic closing words could fall on deaf ears: "You can have no conflict without being yourselves the aggressors. You have no oath registered in heaven to destroy the Government, while I shall have the most solemn one to preserve, protect and defend it. I am loth to close. We are not enemies, but friends. We must not be enemies. Though passion may have strained, it must not break, our bonds of affection. The mystic cords of memory, stretching from every battlefield and patriot-grave to every living heart and hearthstone all over the broad land, will yet swell the chorus of the Union, when again touched, as surely they will be, by the better angels of our nature."

The North uprose in response to Lincoln's call to arms in April, 1861, and for four years the conflict raged. Valor was displayed on both sides, and tears were shed upon myriads of graves. Only those who lived at the front can properly estimate the ruin wrought. The severest possible strain was put upon the manhood and the womanhood of the country. March 4th, 1865, President Lincoln delivered his second inaugural address, and the storm had then spent its force. Andrew Johnson had succeeded to the Vice-President's chair, and he represented the strong Union sentiment of the mountain districts of Tennessee. An end had been put to drafting and recruit-

ing for the Federal army and to the purchase of munitions of war, and reconstruction was the subject of profound thought. The President was kindly disposed to the vanquished, and his life was never more valuable to the people at large.

Often I had to wait for late dispatches, and the time from 9:30 to 11 P. M. was spent in one of the theatres. Louisville was then a general headquarters, a big camp of wonderful activity, and the theatres did a rushing business. John Wilkes Booth, a striking personality of twenty-six years, played a short engagement, and I saw him in every act, little dreaming that in a comparatively brief spell he would fill an important part in the great drama of the century. I also formed at Louisville the acquaintance of Edwin Adams, and he was playing with Laura Keane in Ford's Theatre, Washington, the night that President Lincoln received his death wound. It was the 14th of April, 1865, and having had a strenuous day, I had gone to bed earlier than usual. A room had been fitted up for me in the office of the *Journal* so that I could promptly respond to any emergency call during the night. I was roused from a deep slumber by the foreman of the composing room, who stood over me with blanched face. It was midnight and I was informed that confused reports from Washington were to the effect that the President and all of his Cabinet had been murdered. Orders were sent to the press room to hold the forms for the latest information. Scores of dispatches were brought to me and I edited them at a little table in the composing room. It was after three o'clock in the morning when threads were untangled and woven into a coherent story.

The rabid zeal of John Wilkes Booth to help the Southern people deeply injured them. Among the members of his fanatical coterie were Lewis Powell, George Atzerodt, David E. Herold, Samuel Arnold, Michael O'Laughlin and John H. Surratt. At noon on Friday, April 14th, Booth was informed that President Lincoln would occupy a box at Ford's Theatre that night, and he quickly planned for the assassination of Lincoln, Vice-President Johnson, and Secretary of State Seward. It is an old story of how Booth obtained access to the President's box, fired the fatal shot and then made a sensational escape. The President was carried to the little house opposite the theatre, 516 Tenth Street, N. W., and at twenty-two minutes past

seven o'clock on Saturday morning, April 15th, he drew his last breath.

On the day after the assassination, Andrew Johnson took the oath as President of the United States, and to one of the delegation that waited upon him he said: "I know it is easy, gentlemen, for anyone who is so disposed to acquire a reputation for clemency and mercy. But the public good imperatively requires a just discrimination in the exercise of these qualities."

Andrew Johnson was as variable in temperament as George D. Prentice claimed him to be, and his administration was sadly disappointing to many of his best friends.

The declaration of Secretary of War Stanton, when the heart of Lincoln ceased to beat,—“Now he belongs to the ages,”—has been verified by the lapse of time. The greatness of the man is recognized even by those who wore the Confederate gray.

At nine o'clock on Saturday morning, April 15th, the body of Mr. Lincoln was taken to the White House, where it remained until the 19th, and then was exposed to public view in the Capitol. On the 21st the journey to the tomb in Springfield, Illinois, commenced.

Mr. Prentice said that he would like to have me represent the *Journal* at Springfield, and on the advice of Mr. Osborne I went to Frankfort and conferred with Governor Bramlette. After a short talk the Governor went to his desk and handed me a commission to represent the State of Kentucky at the funeral of Abraham Lincoln. It was an unsought honor and I greatly appreciated it. Lincoln was born in a cabin in Kentucky, and an adopted Kentuckian from Ohio was sent by the State of Kentucky to pay a final tribute to the remains of the murdered President. I know of no other Kentuckian who held a like commission.

General John M. Palmer, who was a close friend of Lincoln, was in command of the post at Louisville, and he gave me warm letters of commendation to his friends and the friends of Lincoln in Springfield. My reception in the Capital of Illinois was all that could be desired, and as I was there in advance of the funeral, I picked up plenty of gossip.

One of the stories was that Mrs. Lincoln had threatened to bury her husband elsewhere than in Springfield unless the plans were

changed so as to make a double tomb. She wanted to sleep through the ages by the side of the martyr and to catch the reflected glow of his fame. It was a natural wish, but there was objection to it, and the strife threatened to mar the solemnity of the funeral pageant. The demand was conceded and the wife and husband rest side by side in Oak Ridge Cemetery.

I shall never forget the hours that I stood as a guard of honor over the casket, or the reverence of the host which filed past the face of the dead. My youthful imagination was stirred and I stretched forth my hands hoping to imprison a sunbeam from the shores of immortality. It was May 4th when the remains of the distinguished dead were placed in the receiving vault, and when I recall the imposing ceremony, I feel that it sometimes is worth while to bear the troubles of a nation and to suffer martyrdom.

The words which President Lincoln spoke at Gettysburg in November, 1863, often ring in my ears: "We are met on a great battlefield 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 cannot dedicate—we cannot 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 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 dedicated here 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." The words will live as long as the Republic endures.

The great tragedy of April 14th left President Lincoln's family rather poorly provided for. Mrs. Lincoln, embittered by her sudden removal from the White House, the atmosphere of which was pleasant to her, took the radical step of putting personal effects on

exhibition in New York and announcing that they were for sale. The loyal friends of the dead President were startled by this proceeding. The sad, careworn face of Abraham Lincoln was not wholly due to perplexing questions of State. In 1866, a book, *Behind the Scenes*, was published, and it produced a sensation. It was from the pen of Elizabeth Keckley, a bright-eyed, thin-lipped, regular-featured colored woman, who in the early part of the war was the confidential maid of Mrs. Jefferson Davis in Richmond, and in the closing years of strife was the confidential maid of Mrs. Lincoln in Washington. She had taken advantage of her position in each family to preserve personal letters on social and other topics in Government circles, and the extracts given from the letters excited public curiosity and created a large sale for the book. I saw the letters and know that they were genuine. It is difficult to say what would have happened had they fallen into the hands of a modern muckraker.

Mary Todd, who was brought up in the aristocratic atmosphere of Lexington, Kentucky, would never have become the wife of Lincoln had both remained in the State in which they were born. Social barriers were too strong for that. The poor boy of the cabin could not have found an opportunity to meet on equal terms the girl reared in a home of culture with slaves to wait upon her. But change of environment opened the door of opportunity, and there was a marriage in which the fires of affection often burned low. The first love of Abraham Lincoln, as is generally known, was buried in the grave of Ann Rutledge. I gained the impression from my frequent talks with General John M. Palmer that President Lincoln was more anxious to preserve Kentucky to the Union than any other of the border States, for the reason that it was the birthplace of himself and of the mother of his children.

One had to live in debatable territory to understand thoroughly the emotional fluctuations of those strenuous times.

Lincoln As I Knew Him

BY WILLIAM H. CROOK (HIS BODY-GUARD)

COMPILED AND WRITTEN DOWN BY MARGARITA SPALDING GERRY

IT was in November, 1864, that four police officers were detailed by Mr. William B. Webb, who was then chief of police in the District of Columbia, to be a special guard for President Lincoln. They were to act on instructions from headquarters, and were also to be subject to any orders the President might give. The men were Elphonso Dunn, John Parker, Alexander Smith, and Thomas Pendel. All but Thomas Pendel have since died. They reported immediately to the White House. Not long after the appointment a vacancy in the position of doorkeeper occurred, and the place was given to Pendel. On the 4th of January I was sent to the White House to act as the fourth guard.

There was rotation in the service, although the hours were not invariable. The general plan was this: Two men were on duty from eight in the morning to four in the afternoon. These officers guarded the approach to the President in his office or elsewhere in the building, accompanied him on any walks he might take—in general, stood between him and possible danger. At four another man went on duty and remained until midnight, or later if Mr. Lincoln had gone outside the White House and had not returned by that time. At twelve the second night-guard went on duty, and remained until he was relieved, at eight in the morning. The night-guards were expected to protect the President on his expeditions to and from the War Department or while he was at any place of amusement, and to patrol the corridor outside his room while he slept. We were all armed with revolvers.

The reasons why the friends of Mr. Lincoln insisted on this precaution were almost as evident then as they became later. Marshal Ward Lamon and Secretary Stanton had been begging him, it

is said, since 1862 not to go abroad without protection of some kind. Mr. Lamon has said himself that he was especially fearful of the President's showing himself at the theatre. He considered that a public place of amusement offered an opportunity for assassination even more favorable than Mr. Lincoln's solitary walks or the occasional drive or horseback ride he took to the Soldiers' Home. Mr. Stanton is known to have been angered by a lack of caution which, on the part of a man so indispensable to the welfare of the nation as its President, he regarded as foolhardiness. For the President had always been inclined, in his interest in the thing that absorbed him, to forget that he was vulnerable. Every one remembers how, when he was watching Early's threatened attack on the fortifications north of Washington, he exposed himself recklessly to chance bullets. He hated being on his guard, and the fact that it was necessary to distrust his fellow Americans saddened him. He refused to be guarded as long as it was possible for a sane man to persist.

But toward the end of 1864 so much pressure was brought to bear on him, particularly by Marshal Lamon and Secretary Stanton, that he finally yielded. He had admitted to Ward Lamon before this that he knew there was danger from a Pole named Garowski, who had been seen skulking about the White House grounds. He told Lamon of a shot that had barely missed him one day when he was riding to the Soldiers' Home. Conspiracies to abduct or assassinate the President were constantly being rumored. At first he contended that if any one wanted to murder him no precaution would avail. Finally, although he was always more or less of this opinion, the President gave way to the anxieties of

those near to him. He consented to the guard of police officers and, on longer journeys, to a cavalry guard.

There were many reasons why this fact was not known at the time and has not been generally understood since. In the first place, the President's bravery—rashness some called it—was so universally recognized, he had refused for so long to take any precautions, that people were not looking for him to change. In the second place, both from his own feelings and as a matter of policy, he did not want it blazoned over the country that it had been found necessary to guard the life of the President of the United States from assassination. It was not wise—especially at this critical time—to admit so great a lack of confidence in the people. He was sensitive about it, too. It hurt him to admit it. But realizing that he had been chosen to save the country from threatened destruction, he forced himself, during the last months of his life, to be somewhat more cautious. When he had yielded, however, because of all these reasons he wished as little show as possible of precaution. We wore citizen's clothes; there was no mention of the appointment in the papers or in official records; we walked with him, not behind him. The President was simple in his manners; he was in the habit of talking freely with any one who wished to speak to him. So it happened that a passer-by had no way of knowing that the man in plain clothes who walked by Mr. Lincoln's side was any other than the friend, office-seeker, petitioner, adviser, who helped to fill up every minute of the President's waking time.

I was very much surprised when the order came to report to the President for duty and naturally elated. It was one Monday morning. I had never been inside the White House. I had seen Mr. Lincoln and regarded him vaguely as a great man, but had never spoken to him. The first few days I was getting my bearings and accustoming myself to the new duties. On the 9th I was put on night duty, covering the first part of the night. And so it happened that I was on guard at the first evening reception of the year, on the 9th of January. I knew the White House very well by this time—

that is, the state apartments of the first floor and the President's office in the southeast corner up-stairs. The spectacle awed me at first. I had never seen anything like it before. The reception, or "levee," as the name was then, was crowded. It was generally considered a brilliant affair. I know it dazzled me.

The President and Mrs. Lincoln stood in the octagon Blue Room, near the western door. I was in the main entrance just outside, near where the broad flight of steps used to go up to the second floor. The guests entered the northern door, left their wraps in the cloak-rooms which had been constructed in the corridor, assembled in the Red Room, made their way to the Blue Room, where they were received. Then they progressed, greeting friends in the crowd, through the Green Room to the great East Room, where they remained. On the right of the President was Mr. John G. Nicolay, one of the two secretaries; on his left Deputy-Marshal Phillips. Commissioner French presented the guests to Mrs. Lincoln. I suppose I could hardly be expected to remember what the ladies wore. But my wife saw in the paper the next day that Mrs. Lincoln wore white silk trimmed with black lace. She had a wreath of white flowers in her hair and wore a necklace of pearls. I suppose the costume, hoop-skirts and all, would look ugly to me to-day. But we all thought Mrs. Lincoln looked handsome. To my mind she was a pretty woman, small and plump, with a round baby face and bright black eyes. Senator Sumner was present and Senator Chase with a party. That reminds me of what was to me the most exciting moment of the reception.

My orders were to allow no one who wore wraps of any kind to pass into the Blue Room. The reason for this is not hard to find. Precautions were being redoubled, and this was one of them. It would be the easiest thing in the world for a would-be assassin to smuggle weapons in under the voluminous cloaks then worn. It had been announced that guests were expected to leave their wraps in one of the rooms appointed for them. I had been instructed to make absolutely no exceptions. The newspaper the next day said, "The rule of decorum

relating to wraps was very generally observed." They didn't know about my little experience.

Several guests had attempted to enter still wearing their cloaks. But no one resisted the order when it was made known. Finally a very handsome young woman came in who asked for Senator Chase's party. She wore a wrap that completely hid her dress. She could have brought in a whole arsenal of weapons under its folds. I told her that she could not enter until she left her cloak in the cloak-room. She became angry.

"Do you know who I am?" she demanded, haughtily. I was rather nervous, for it was my first experience saying "Must not!" to White House guests. But I managed to say I did not know who she was.

"I am Mrs. Senator Sprague," she announced, as if that were final. I had heard of Kate Chase Sprague, of course, as had every one else in Washington, and of her father's ambition and her own brilliant career. But I tried to be courageous, and told her as politely as I could what my orders were and why they were given. When she saw the reason of the restriction she took off her cloak and went in to meet her friends quite graciously.

By this time most of the guests had arrived, so I had an opportunity to look about me. It was all bright and gay. For this evening at least there was no sign of the gloom that was pretty general throughout the city.

The people who crowded the rooms were in keeping with their brilliant character. The men were marked by a shade of extravagance in the cut and material of their evening clothes. There were many army officers in full uniform among the guests. The women looked like gorgeous flowers in their swaying buoyed-out skirts. They were gayly dressed, as a rule, with the off-shoulder style of low-necked gown; they all wore wreaths of flowers in their hair. The general effect of the scene was brilliant.

About eleven the President with Mrs. Dennison, the wife of the new Postmaster-General, on his arm, followed by Mrs. Lincoln escorted by Senator Morgan, entered the East Room. They talked for a few minutes with their

guests and then retired—Mrs. Lincoln to her own room and the President to the library up-stairs. The levee was supposed to be over at eleven, but some people remained until nearly twelve. After they had all left, Mr. Lincoln wrapped himself in the rough gray shawl he usually wore out-of-doors, put on his tall beaver hat, and slipped out of the White House through the basement. According to my orders I followed him, and was alone with President Lincoln for the first time.

We crossed the garden, which lay where the executive offices are now. Mr. Lincoln was bent on his nightly visit to Secretary Stanton at the War Department. I stole a glance up at him, at the homely face rising so far above me. The strength of it is not lessened in my memory by what would seem to me now the grotesque setting of rough shawl and silk hat. He looked to me just like his picture, but gentler. I will confess that I was nervous when I accompanied him that first time. I hope it was not from any fear for myself. I seemed to realize suddenly that there was only myself between this man and possible danger. The feeling wore off in time, though it was apt to come back at any moment of special responsibility, as, for instance, on the entrance into Richmond—but I mustn't get ahead of my story.

That night, as I said, I was a little nervous. The President noticed it. He seemed to know how I felt, too. I had fallen into line behind him, but he motioned me to walk by his side. He began to talk to me in a kindly way, as though I were a bashful boy whom he wanted to put at his ease, instead of a man appointed to guard him. In part, of course, his motive must have been the dislike of seeming to be guarded, of which I have spoken. But his manner was due to the intuitive sympathy with every one, of which I afterward saw so many instances. It was shown particularly toward those who were subordinate to him. The statesmen who came to consult him, those who had it in their power to influence the policy of the party which had chosen him, never had the consideration from Mr. Lincoln that he gave the humblest of those who served him.

A few strides of the President's long

legs—a few more of mine—brought us to the old-fashioned turnstile that divided the White House grounds from the enclosure of the War Department. Mr. Lincoln talked, in his slow soft voice, chiefly about the reception through which he had just gone.

“I am glad it is over,” he said.

I ventured to ask if he was tired.

“Yes, it does tire me to shake hands with so many people,” he answered. “Especially now when there is so much other work to do. And most of the guests come out of mere curiosity.”

With these words and the half-sigh which followed we entered the east door of the War Department. In those days that was a small, mean, two-story building, just in front of the Navy Department. We went immediately to Mr. Stanton's office, which was on the second floor, on the north front, and overlooked Pennsylvania Avenue and the White House. There, at the door, I waited for him until his conference with Secretary Stanton was over. Then I accompanied him back to the White House. From the moment Mr. Lincoln spoke to me so kindly I felt at home in my new duties. I never lost the feeling which came then that while the President was so great, he was my friend. The White House never awed me again.

For the next three weeks, while I was on duty the first half of the night, I went to the War Department with Mr. Lincoln every evening. He usually talked to me. Several times the topic was the one my presence naturally suggested—the possibility of an attempt being made on his life. Later on I will speak of this more in detail. One time while he was talking he reached out and took my hand, and I walked on for a few paces with my hand in his warm, kind grasp. We always took the same route because there was less chance of being observed than if we went by the big north entrance. There was no telegraph station in the White House, so the President had to go to Secretary Stanton's office to get the latest news from the front. Since there was practical advantage in going himself, as he could be more free from interruption there when he remained to discuss matters of policy—if the news of the night necessitated

any action—it would never have occurred to Mr. Lincoln to regard his own personal dignity and wait for his Secretary to come to him. I had opportunity to observe the difference in the attitude of Secretary Stanton's employees from ours toward the President. The great War Secretary was a martinet for discipline. And none of the clerks wanted to be around when there was bad news from the front. He always seemed to me a very bitter, cruel man. Still, there is no doubt that he was a great man. His own subordinates, though they might be afraid of his irascible temper, admired him and were loyal.

Beginning with the 1st of February, I was on duty the second half of the night, from twelve to eight in the morning. Often I had to wait for the President to return from the War Department; even when he came back comparatively early it was midnight before he got to bed. His bedroom was a small chamber in the southwest corner of the house. Mrs. Lincoln's was a larger room adjoining it. Mr. Lincoln always said, “Good night, Crook,” when he passed me on his way to his room, but gave no instructions for my guidance. He was not interrupted after he retired unless there were important telegrams. Even when awakened suddenly from a deep sleep—which is the most searching test of one's temper that I know—he was never ruffled, but received the message and the messenger kindly. No employee of the White House ever saw the President moved beyond his usual controlled calm. When the first of these interruptions occurred and I had to enter the President's room, I looked around me with a good deal of interest. The place the President slept in was a noteworthy spot to me. It was handsomely furnished; the bedstead, bureau, and washstand were of heavy mahogany, the bureau and wash-stand with marble tops; the chairs were of rosewood. Like all the other chambers, it was covered with a carpet.

All night I walked up and down the long corridor which, running east and west, divided the second story of the White House in half. Usually the household, with the exception of Mr. Lincoln, was asleep when I began my watch. Oc-

asionally, however, something kept them up, and I saw them go to their rooms. I learned very soon who slept behind each door that I passed in my patrol. Somehow one feels acquainted with people when one is the only one, besides the door-keeper, awake in a great house and is responsible for the safety of them all. As I said before, the corridor divided the private apartments of the White House into two long rows, one facing south, the other north. Beginning at the west was the President's room, Mrs. Lincoln's just east of it and communicating. Then followed a guest-room, which communicated with Mrs. Lincoln's. Next to this was the library, just over the Blue Room, and, like it, an octagon in shape; this was used as the family sitting-room. In Mr. Lincoln's time a private passage-way ran through the reception-room adjoining the library to the President's office beyond. By this the President could have access during his long working-day to his own apartments without being seen by the strangers who always filled the reception-room. The small room in the southeast corner was the office of Mr. Lincoln's secretaries—Mr. Hay and Mr. Nicolay. On the other side of the corridor Mr. Nicolay, when he slept in the White House, had the chamber at the eastern end. Next to his was the state guest-room, which, unlike any other room in the house, possessed a large four-poster bed with a tester and rich canopy. Between this and Taddie's room—Taddie was the only child at the White House at this time—three smaller rooms and a bath-room intervened. The boy was just opposite his father.

When in my patrol I came near to the door of the President's room I could hear his deep breathing. Sometimes, after a day of unusual anxiety, I have heard him moan in his sleep. It gave me a curious sensation. While the expression of Mr. Lincoln's face was always sad when he was quiet, it gave one the assurance of calm. He never seemed to doubt the wisdom of an action when he had once decided on it. And so when he was in a way defenceless in his sleep it made me feel the pity that would have been almost an impertinence when he was awake. I would stand there and listen until a sort of panic stole over me.

If he felt the weight of things so heavily, how much worse the situation of the country must be than any of us realized! At last I would walk softly away, feeling as if I had been listening at a keyhole.

On the 15th of February I went on day duty. During that time I necessarily saw more of the every-day life of the President and his family. Everything was much simpler than it is now. More of the family life was open to the scrutiny of the people about. I remember very well one incident which would have been impossible at any time since. I was sent for by the President, who was in his own room. In response to my knock he called out, "Come in!" I entered. To my great surprise I saw that he was struggling with a needle and thread. He was sewing a button on his trousers. "All right," he said, looking at me with a twinkle in his eye. "Just wait until I repair damages."

Mr. Lincoln, as I saw him every morning, in the carpet slippers he wore in the house and the black clothes no tailor could make really fit his gaunt bony frame, was a homely enough figure. The routine of his life was simple, too; it would have seemed a treadmill to most of us. He was an early riser; when I came on duty, at eight in the morning, he was often already dressed and reading in the library. There was a big table near the centre of the room; there I have seen him reading many times. And the book? We have all heard of the President's fondness for Shakespeare, how he infuriated Secretary Stanton by reading *Hamlet* while they were waiting for returns from Gettysburg; we know, too, how he kept cabinet meetings waiting while he read them the latest of Petroleum V. Nasby's witticisms. It was the Bible which I saw him reading while most of the household still slept.

Mr. and Mrs. Lincoln breakfasted at nine. Mr. Lincoln was a hearty eater. He never lost his taste for the things a growing farmer's boy would like. He was particularly fond of bacon. Plentiful and wholesome food was one of the means by which he kept up his strength, which was taxed almost beyond endurance in those days. Even hostile newspapers commented angrily on the

strain to which the President was subjected, and prophesied that he would collapse unless some of the pressure of business was removed. But in spite of his gauntness he was a man of great physical endurance. Every inch of his six feet four inches was seasoned and tempered force.

He needed all of it. For from half past nine, when he came into his office, until twelve, when he went to bed, his work went on, almost without cessation. He had very little outdoor life. An occasional drive with Mrs. Lincoln in the afternoon, a more occasional horseback ride, a few moments to fill his lungs with outside air while he walked the few paces to the War Department, was the sum of it. Mrs. Lincoln was anxious that he should have some recreation. I have carried messages to him for her when he was lingering in his office, held by some business. One beautiful afternoon she sent for him so many times that she became impatient and told me to tell him that he must come. He got up with an expression of great submission and said,

"I guess I would better go."

The friends who were with him teased him a little about Mrs. Lincoln's show of authority.

"If you knew how little harm it does me," he said, "and how much good it does her, you wouldn't wonder that I am meek." And he went out laughing.

The White House and its surroundings during war-time had much the appearance of a Southern plantation—straggling and easy-going. On the east side of the house beyond the extension—since removed—which corresponded to the conservatory on the west, was a row of out-houses, a carriage-house and a woodshed among them. Back and east were the kitchen-garden, and the stable where the President's two horses were kept. South of the house was a short stretch of lawn bounded by a high iron fence. Still beyond was rough undergrowth and marsh to the river. In front and to the west was a garden, divided from the rest of the grounds by tall fences. It was a real country garden, with peach-trees and strawberry-vines as well as flowers. It was winter, of course, when I was there, but the people about the house

told me that Mrs. Lincoln used to pick the strawberries for the table herself.

I saw a good deal of Mrs. Lincoln while I was on day duty. Very few who were not about the house realized how exacting were the duties of her position. She was, of course, much absorbed by social duties, which presented difficulties no other President's wife has had to contend against. The house was filled, the receptions were crowded, with all sorts of people, of all varieties of political conviction, who felt, according to the temper of the time, that they had a perfect right to take up the President's time with their discourse and to demand of Mrs. Lincoln social consideration. Nor could there be discrimination used at the state dinner-parties; any man who was bearing a part in the events of the day must be invited—and his women folks. Jim Lane, rough old Kansas fighter, dined beside Salmon P. Chase with his patrician instincts. The White House has never, during my forty years' service, been so entirely given over to the public as during Mr. Lincoln's administration. The times were too anxious to make of social affairs anything more than an aid to more serious matters. It was necessary, of course; but it made it difficult for a first-lady-in-the-land with any preferences or prejudices not to make enemies on every hand.

Mrs. Lincoln had to give some time to household affairs. Everything was comparatively simple at that time; there were fewer servants than have been considered necessary since. The first duty of Mrs. Lincoln's day was a consultation with the steward, whose name was Stackpole. The cook was an old-time negro woman. A good deal of domestic supervision was necessary with the mistress of the house. For state dinners the regular staff was entirely inadequate; a French caterer was called in, who furnished everything, including waiters. It fell to Mrs. Lincoln to choose the set of china which the White House needed at this stage. It was, in my opinion, the handsomest that has ever been used there. In the centre was an eagle surrounded by clouds; the rim was a solid band of maroon. The coloring was soft and pretty, and the design patriotic. The President's wife found time, too, to in-

investigate cases of need that were brought to her attention, and to help. I know of such cases. She was kind to all the employees of the White House. I think she was very generally liked.

Robert Lincoln was an officer on General Grant's staff, and was in Washington only at inauguration time and for a few days at the time of his father's death. But he was a manly, genial young fellow, and we all liked him. Taddie—he was christened Thomas—was the pet of the whole household. He was ten years old at the time. I wish I could show what a capital little fellow he was. I think I will have to take a few minutes to talk of Taddie.

Since the death of the older boy, Willie, which almost broke his father's heart, Mr. Lincoln had kept Tad with him almost constantly. When he had a few minutes to spare he would make a child of himself to play with the boy. We all liked to see the President romp up and down the corridors with Tad, playing horse, turn and turn about, or blind man's buff. Mr. Lincoln was such a sad-looking man usually, it seemed good to have him happy. And he was happy when he was playing with the boy. I am sure the times when he was really resting were when he was galloping around with Tad on his great shoulders. And when the President was too busy to play with him, Tad would play quietly, near as he could get, making a man of himself to be company to his father. That was the sort of a little fellow he was.

He was a tender-hearted boy. Of course all sorts of people found it out and tried to get at the President through him. Mr. Lincoln was criticised sometimes for being too lenient when the boy begged for some one he had been asked to help. But I don't believe mercy was a bad thing to be overdone in those days. Tad's loving heart was just the same thing that made the President suffer so when he had to be severe. The boy was like his father; he looked like him. But with Tad there was no realization of anything else to confuse him. And when Mr. Lincoln was what some people called too indulgent he was just listening to what I believe was the greatest thing in him—his great human heart. And I

don't believe that anything but good ever came of it, either.

I remember one poor woman who came to the White House to get her husband out of prison. She found Taddie in the corridor and told him that her boys and girls were cold and starving because their father was shut up and couldn't work for them. Poor little Taddie couldn't wait a minute. He ran to his father and begged him to have the man set free. The President was busy with some important papers and told him, rather absent-mindedly, that he would look into the case as soon as he had time. But Tad was thinking of the woman, and he clung to his father's knees and begged until the President had to listen, and, listening, became interested. So, after all, Taddie could run back to tell the woman that her husband would be set at liberty. I wish you could have seen the child's face. The woman blessed him and cried, and Taddie cried, and I am not sure that my own eyes were above suspicion.

Tad had a great many friends among the men who were about the White House in various capacities. I myself have a letter from him written from Chicago in July, 1865, a few months after the family had left the White House. It was written for Tad by Mrs. Lincoln, and the business part of it—I had asked if there would be a good opening for me in Chicago—was her own, of course. But the rest is all Taddie:

NEAR CHICAGO *July 1865.*

MY DEAR FRIEND,—I received your letter two weeks since and circumstances prevented an earlier reply. If you come out to Chicago, I expect you can do as well here as anywhere else. We will be very glad to have you live here, for I consider you one of my best friends. You could get a pass, perhaps, from the War Department and come out here and have a try at least. Your board would not cost you more than in Washington—you will know best about it. A gentleman who does business in the city wants a clerk, he lives out here and goes in every day. He says he must write a good hand and not be very slow. Tell us how Charlie is coming on and Dana Pendel—none of them ever write. Tell us about the New people in the house. All news will interest us.

Your friend truly

TADDIE.

"Charlie" was Charles Forbes, an Irishman. He was the footman and one

of Tad's friends. "Dana" Pendel was Thomas Pendel, the doorkeeper, of whom Taddie was also very fond.

James Haliday was another friend. He was a carpenter who worked about the place, and was directed by the President to put up a stage and arrange things for theatrical performances in the little room just over the entrance. That was when Tad was stage-struck and found it necessary to endow a theatre of his own. Perry Kelly—a boy of about Tad's age, whose father was a tinner on Pennsylvania Avenue between Seventeenth and Eighteenth streets—was the only other actor, and the audience was composed chiefly of the employees of the place.

Haliday, who is living now in Boston, was also a member of Tad's military company. Like all other boys of those exciting times, Tad had the military fever. But he was allowed to gratify it in a way not open to other boys. The Secretary of War gave him a lieutenant's commission and an order on the arsenal for twenty-five guns; a pretty uniform was made for him. The guns were kept in the basement in a room opening off of the furnace-room, and the Lieutenant had his headquarters in a little place opposite the laundry. He not only drilled his company outside and marched them through the house, but he kept them on guard duty at night to relieve the "buck-tails," as the military guard of the White House was familiarly called. The first night of this military despotism Haliday, who had been appointed a sergeant, appeared before his superior. He saluted and said,

"Mr. Lieutenant, I would like to have a pass this evening." The lieutenant acknowledged the salute and replied,

"All right; I will give the sergeant a pass." He scribbled something on a piece of paper and handed it to him. The other members of the company were kept up until ten o'clock that night on guard duty. The next day Haliday, knowing what he had escaped, again sought Lieutenant Tad in his basement headquarters. Taking off his hat, he asked for a pass. But the lieutenant "got mad."

"What kind of a soldier are you? You want a pass every evening!" he said.

"All right, Mr. Lieutenant." Haliday was meek enough now. "I will be on duty to-night."

In about an hour Tad sent his sergeant to the National Theatre and left word with another underling that when Haliday returned he was to be given his pass, after all. That night the rest of the company was kept on duty until one o'clock. But that was somewhat too strenuous. Either there was mutiny or the commander-in-chief interfered, for that was the last night they were on duty outside.

Tad's taste of command in military matters was so pleasing that he began to enlarge his field of operations. Haliday, aided by the gardener, was about to take up the carpet in the Congressional, or state, dining-room. The long table made it somewhat difficult, and they were debating about which end to attack it from, when Tad appeared. He surveyed the field.

"Jim," he said to Haliday, "I have a favor to ask of you. Jim, grant it," he coaxed.

Jim of course said "Yes," as every one had a way of doing—and yet it wasn't because it was the President's son.

"Now, Jim," he said, taking an attitude of command, "you work with the other man. I will boss the job." And Haliday, talking about it, asserts to this day: "He told us just how to go about it. And there was no one could engineer it better than he did." Haliday tells, too, that Tad often borrowed money of him when some poor man asked him for help and the boy had nothing in his pockets. "And he always paid me back. He never forgot it."

Taddie could never speak very plainly. He had his own language; the names that he gave some of us we like to remember to-day. The President was "papa-day," which meant "papa dear." Tom Pendel was "Tom Pen," and I was "Took." But for all his baby tongue he had a man's heart and in some things a man's mind. I believe he was the best companion Mr. Lincoln ever had, one who always understood him and whom he always understood.

Additional records of these recollections will appear in later issues of this Magazine.

Lincoln's Last Day

NEW FACTS NOW TOLD FOR THE FIRST TIME

BY WILLIAM H. CROOK (HIS PERSONAL BODY-GUARD)

COMPILED AND WRITTEN DOWN BY MARGARITA SPALDING GERRY

AS March 31, 1865, drew near, the President (then at City Point, Virginia) knew that Grant was to make a general attack upon Petersburg, and grew depressed. The fact that his own son was with Grant was one source of anxiety. But the knowledge of the loss of life that must follow hung about him until he could think of nothing else. On the 31st there was, of course, no news. Most of the first day of April Mr. Lincoln spent in the telegraph-office, receiving telegrams and sending them on to Washington. Toward evening he came back to the *River Queen*, on which we had sailed from Washington to City Point.

There his anxiety became more intense. There had been a slight reverse during the day; he feared that the struggle might be prolonged. We could hear the cannon as they pounded away at Drury's Bluff up the river. We knew that not many miles away Grant was pouring fire into Lee's forces about Petersburg.

It grew dark. Then we could see the flash of the cannon. Mr. Lincoln would not go to his room. Almost all night he walked up and down the deck, pausing now and then to listen or to look out into the darkness to see if he could see anything. I have never seen such suffering in the face of any man as was in his that night.

On the morning of April 2d a message came from General Grant asking the President to come to his headquarters, some miles distant from City Point and near Petersburg. It was on Sunday. We rode out to the entrenchments, close to the battle-ground. Mr. Lincoln watched the life-and-death struggle for some time, and then returned to City Point. In the evening he received a despatch from

General Grant telling him that he had pushed Lee to his last lines about Petersburg. The news made the President happy. He said to Captain Penrose that the end of the war was now in sight. He could go to bed and sleep now. I remember how cheerful was his "Good night, Crook."

On Monday, the 3d, a message came to the President that Petersburg was in possession of the Federal army, and that General Grant was waiting there to see him. We mounted and rode over the battle-field to Petersburg. As we rode through Fort Hell and Fort Damnation—as the men had named the outposts of the two armies which faced each other, not far apart—many of the dead and dying were still on the ground. I can still see one man with a bullet-hole through his forehead and another with both arms shot away. As we rode, the President's face settled into its old lines of sadness.

At the end of fifteen miles we reached Petersburg, and were met by Captain Robert Lincoln of General Grant's staff, who, with some other officers, escorted us to General Grant. We found him and the rest of his staff sitting on the piazza of a white frame house. Grant did not look like one's idea of a conquering hero. He didn't appear exultant, and he was as quiet as he had ever been. The meeting between Grant and Lincoln was cordial; the President was almost affectionate. While they were talking I took the opportunity to stroll through Petersburg. It seemed deserted, but I met a few of the inhabitants. They said they were glad that the Union army had taken possession; they were half starved. They certainly looked so. The tobacco warehouses were on fire, and boys were carrying away tobacco to sell to the soldiers.

I bought a five-pound bale of smoking-tobacco for twenty-five cents. Just before we started back a little girl came up with a bunch of wild flowers for the President. He thanked the child for them kindly, and we rode away. Soon after we got back to City Point news came of the evacuation of Richmond.

In the midst of the rejoicing some Confederate prisoners were brought aboard transports at the dock near us. The President hung over the rail and watched them. They were in a pitiable condition, ragged and thin; they looked half starved. When they were on board they took out of their knapsacks the last rations that had been issued to them before capture. There was nothing but bread, which looked as if it had been mixed with tar. When they cut it we could see how hard it was and heavy; it was more like cheese than bread.

"Poor fellows!" Mr. Lincoln said. "It's a hard lot. Poor fellows—"

I looked up. His face was pitying and sorrowful. All the happiness had gone.

On the 4th of April, Admiral Porter asked the President to go to Richmond with him. At first the President did not want to go. He knew it was foolhardy. And he had no wish to see the spectacle of the Confederacy's humiliation. It has been generally believed that it was Mr. Lincoln's own idea, and he has been blamed for rashness because of it. I understand that when Mr. Stanton, who was a vehement man, heard that the expedition had started, he was so alarmed that he was angry against the President. "That fool!" he exclaimed. Mr. Lincoln knew perfectly well how dangerous the trip was, and, as I said, at first he did not want to go, realizing that he had no right to risk his life unnecessarily. But he was convinced by Admiral Porter's arguments. Admiral Porter thought that the President ought to be in Richmond as soon after the surrender as possible. In that way he could gather up the reins of government most readily and give an impression of confidence in the South that would be helpful in the reorganization of the government. Mr. Lincoln immediately saw the wisdom of this position and went forward, calmly accepting the possibility of death.

Mrs. Lincoln, by this time, had gone

back to Washington. Mr. Lincoln, Taddie and I went up the James River on the *River Queen* to meet Admiral Porter's fleet. Taddie went down immediately to inspect the engine and talk with his friends the sailors; the President remained on deck. Near where Mr. Lincoln sat was a large bowl of apples on a table; there must have been at least half a peck. The President reached forward for one.

"These must have been put here for us," he said. "I guess I will sample them." We both began to pare and eat. Before we reached the Admiral's flagship every apple had disappeared—and the parings too. When the last one was gone the President said with a smile, "I guess I have cleaned that fellow out."

When we had met Admiral Porter's fleet the question of the best way to get to Richmond had to be decided. While some effort had been made to fish the torpedoes and other obstructions out of the water, but little headway had been made. The river was full of wreckage of all sorts, and torpedoes were floating everywhere. The plan had been to sail to Richmond in Admiral Porter's flag-ship *Malvern*, escorted by the *Bat*, and with the *Columbus* for the horses. But it was soon evident that it would not be possible to get so large a boat through at Drury's Bluff, where the naturally narrow and rapid channel was made impassable by a boat which had missed the channel and gone aground. It was determined to abandon the *Malvern* for the captain's gig, manned by twelve sailors. When the party, consisting of President Lincoln, Admiral Porter, Captain Penrose, Taddie and myself, were seated, a little tug, the *Bat*, which the President had used for his trips about City Point, came alongside and took us in tow. There were a number of marines on board the tug. We were kept at a safe distance from the tug by means of a long hawser, so that if she struck a torpedo and was blown up, the President and his party would be safe. Even with this precaution the trip was exciting enough. On either side dead horses, broken ordnance, wrecked boats, floated near our boat, and we passed so close to torpedoes that we could have put out our hands and touched them. We were dragged over one wreck which

was so near the surface that it could be clearly seen.

Beyond Drury's Bluff, at a point where a bridge spans the water, the tug was sent back to help a steamboat which had stuck fast across the stream. It seems that it was the *Allison*, a captured Confederate vessel, and Admiral Farragut, who had taken it, was on board. The marines, of course, went with the tug. In the attempt to help the larger boat the tug was grounded. Then we went on with no other motive-power than the oars in the arms of the twelve sailors.

The shore for some distance before we reached Richmond was black with negroes. They had heard that President Lincoln was on his way—they had some sort of an underground telegraph, I am sure. They were wild with excitement and yelling like so many wild men: "Dar comes Massa Linkum, de Sabier ob de lan'—we is so glad to see him!" We landed at the Rocketts, over a hundred yards back of Libbey Prison. By the time we were on shore hundreds of black hands were outstretched to the President, and he shook some of them and thanked the darkies for their welcome. While we stood still a few minutes before beginning our walk through the city, we saw some soldiers not far away "initiating" some negroes by tossing them on a blanket. When they came down they were supposed to be transformed into Yankees. The darkies yelled lustily during the process, and came down livid under their black skins. But they were all eager for the ordeal. The President laughed boyishly—I heard him afterward telling some one about the funny sight.

We formed in line. Six sailors were in advance and six in the rear. They were armed with short carbines. Mr. Lincoln was in the centre, with Admiral Porter and Captain Penrose on the right and I on the left, holding Taddie by the hand. I was armed with a Colt's revolver. We looked more like prisoners than anything else as we walked up the streets of Richmond not thirty-six hours after the Confederates had evacuated.

At first, except the blacks, there were not many people on the streets. But soon we were walking through streets that were alive with spectators. Wherever it was possible for a human being to find a foot-

hold there was some man or woman or boy straining his eyes after the President. Every window was crowded with heads. Men were hanging from tree-boxes and telegraph-poles. But it was a silent crowd. There was something oppressive in those thousands of watchers without a sound, either of welcome or hatred. I think we would have welcomed a yell of defiance. I stole a look sideways at Mr. Lincoln. His face was set. It had the calm in it that comes over the face of a brave man when he is ready for whatever may come. In all Richmond the only sign of welcome I saw, after we left the negroes at the landing-place and until we reached our own men, was from a young lady who was on a sort of bridge that connected the Spottswood House with another hotel across the street. She had an American flag over her shoulders.

We had not gone far when the blinds of a second-story window of a house on our left were partly opened, and a man dressed in gray pointed something that looked like a gun directly at the President. I dropped Tad's hand and stepped in front of Mr. Lincoln. Later the President explained it otherwise. But we were all so aware of the danger of his entrance into Richmond right on the heels of the army, with such bitterness of feeling on the part of the Confederates, the streets swarming with disorderly characters, that our nerves were not steady. It seems to me nothing short of miraculous that some attempt on his life was not made. It is to the everlasting glory of the South that he was permitted to come and go in peace.

We were glad when we reached General Weitzel's headquarters in the abandoned Davis mansion and were at last among friends. Every one relaxed in the generous welcome of the General and his staff. The President congratulated General Weitzel and a jubilation followed.

The Jefferson Davis home was a large house of gray stucco, with a garden at the back. It was a fine place, though everything looked dilapidated after the long siege. It was still completely furnished, and there was an old negro house-servant in charge. He told me that Mrs. Davis had ordered him to have the house in good condition for the Yankees.

"I am going out into the world a

wanderer without a home," she had said when she bade him good-by.

I was glad to know that he was to have everything "in good condition," for I was thirsty after so much excitement, and surely his orders must have included something to drink. I put the question to him. He said,

"Yes, indeed, boss, there is some fine old whiskey in the cellar."

In a few minutes he produced a long, black bottle. The bottle was passed around. When it came back it was empty. Every one had taken a pull except the President, who never touched anything of the sort.

An officer's ambulance was brought to the door, and President Lincoln, Admiral Porter, General Weitzel with some of his staff, Captain Penrose, and Taddie took their seats. There was no room for me.

"Where is the place for Crook?" Mr. Lincoln asked. "I want him to go with me." Then they provided me with a saddle-horse, and I rode by the side on which Mr. Lincoln sat. We went through the city. Everywhere were signs of war, hundreds of homes had been fired, in some places buildings were still burning. It was with difficulty that we could get along, the crowd was so great. We passed Libbey Prison. The only place that we entered was the Capitol. We were shown the room that had been occupied by Davis and his cabinet. The furniture was completely wrecked; the coverings of desks and chairs had been stripped off by relie-hunters, and the chairs were hacked to pieces.

The ambulance took us back to the wharf. Admiral Porter's flag-ship *Malvern* had by this time made her way up the river, and we boarded her. It was with a decided feeling of relief that we saw the President safe on board.

We did not start back until the next morning, so there was time for several rumors of designs against the President's life to get abroad. But although he saw many visitors, there was no attempt against him. Nothing worse happened than the interview with Mr. Duff Green.

Duff Green was a conspicuous figure at the time. He was a newspaper man, an ardent rebel. He always carried with him a huge staff, as tall as he was himself—and he was a tall man. Admiral Porter

published an account of the interview in the *New York Tribune* of January, 1885, which was not altogether accurate. What really happened was this:

As Mr. Green approached him, the President held out his hand. Mr. Green refused to take it, saying, "I did not come to shake hands." Mr. Lincoln then sat down; so did Mr. Green. There were present at the time General Weitzel, Admiral Porter, one or two others, and myself. Mr. Green began to abuse Mr. Lincoln for the part he had taken in the struggle between the North and the South. His last words were:

"I do not know how God and your conscience will let you sleep at night after being guilty of the notorious crime of setting the niggers free."

The President listened to his diatribe without the slightest show of emotion. He said nothing. There was nothing in his face to show that he was angry. When Mr. Green had exhausted himself, he said,

"I would like, sir, to go to my friends."

The President turned to General Weitzel and said, "General, please give Mr. Green a pass to go to his friends." Mr. Green was set ashore and was seen no more.

That night Taddie and I were fast asleep, when I was startled into wakefulness. Something tall and white and ghostly stood by my berth. For a moment I trembled. When I was fairly awake I saw that it was Mr. Lincoln in his long white nightgown. He had come in to see if Taddie was all right. He stopped to talk a few minutes.

He referred to Mr. Duff Green: "The old man is pretty angry, but I guess he will get over it." Then he said, "Good night and a good night's rest, Crook." and he went back to his stateroom.

Our return trip to City Point was in the *Malvern*, and quiet enough in comparison with the approach to Richmond. When we reached the "Dutch Gap Canal," which was one of the engineering features of the day, the President wanted to go through it. Admiral Porter lowered a boat, and in it we passed through the canal to the James below. The canal cuts off a long loop of the river. We had to wait some time for the *Malvern* to go round.

Mrs. Lincoln had returned to City Point with a party which included Senator Sumner and Senator and Mrs. Harlan. They made a visit to Richmond, accompanied by Captain Penrose, while the President remained at City Point, the guest of Admiral Porter, until the 8th. Then, having heard of the injury to Secretary Seward when he was thrown from his carriage in a runaway accident, he felt that he must go back to Washington. He had intended to remain until Lee surrendered.

We reached home Sunday evening, the 9th. The President's carriage met us at the wharf. There Mr. Lincoln parted from Captain Penrose; he took the captain by the hand and thanked him for the manner in which he had performed his duty. Then he started for the White House.

The streets were alive with people, all very much excited. There were bonfires everywhere. We were all curious to know what had happened. Tad was so excited he couldn't keep still. We halted the carriage and asked a bystander,

"What has happened?"

He looked at us in amazement, not recognizing Mr. Lincoln:

"Why, where have you been? Lee has surrendered."

There is one point which is not understood, I think, about the President's trip to City Point and Richmond. I would like to tell here what my experience has made me believe. The expedition has been spoken of almost as if it were a pleasure trip. Some one says of it, "It was the first recreation the President had known." Of course in one sense this was true. He did get away from the routine of office work. He had pleasant associations with General Grant and General Sherman and enjoyed genial talks in the open over the camp-fire. But to give the impression that it was a sort of holiday excursion is a mistake. It was a matter of executive duty, and a very trying and saddening duty in many of its features. The President's suspense during the days when he knew the battle of Petersburg was imminent, his agony when the thunder of the cannon told him that men were being cut down like grass, his sight of the poor torn bodies of the

dead and dying on the field of Petersburg, his painful sympathy with the forlorn rebel prisoners, the revelation of the devastation of a noble people in ruined Richmond—these things may have been compensated for by his exultation when he first knew the long struggle was over. But I think not. These things wore new furrows in his face. Mr. Lincoln never looked sadder in his life than when he walked through the streets of Richmond and knew it saved to the Union, and himself victorious.

Although I reported early at the White House on the morning after our return from City Point, I found the President already at his desk. He was looking over his mail, but as I came in he looked up and said pleasantly:

"Good morning, Crook. How do you feel?"

I answered: "First rate, Mr. President. How are you?"

"I am well, but rather tired," he said.

Then I noticed that he did look tired. His worn face made me understand, more clearly than I had done before, what a strain the experiences at Petersburg and Richmond had been. Now that the excitement was over, the reaction allowed it to be seen.

I was on duty near the President all that day. We settled back into the usual routine. It seemed odd to go on as if nothing had happened; the trip had been such a great event. It was a particularly busy day. Correspondence had been held for Mr. Lincoln's attention during the seventeen days of absence; besides that, his office was thronged with visitors. Some of them had come to congratulate him on the successful outcome of the war; others had come to advise him what course to pursue toward the conquered Confederacy; still others wanted appointments. One gentleman, who was bold enough to ask aloud what everybody was asking privately, said,

"Mr. President, what will you do with Jeff Davis when he is caught?"

Mr. Lincoln sat up straight and crossed his legs, as he always did when he was going to tell a story.

"Gentlemen," he said, "that reminds me"—at the familiar words every one settled back and waited for the story—

"that reminds me of an incident which occurred in a little town in Illinois where I once practised law. One morning I was on my way to the office, when I saw a boy standing on the street corner crying. I felt sorry for the woe-begone little fellow. So I stopped and questioned him as to the cause of his griefs. He looked into my face, the tears running down his cheeks, and said, 'Mister, do you see that coon?'—pointing to a very poor specimen of the coon family which glared at us from the end of the string. 'Well, sir, that coon has given me a heap of trouble. He has nearly gnawed the string in two—I just wish he would finish it. Then I could go home and say he had got away.'"

Everybody laughed. They all knew quite well what the President would like to do with Jeff Davis—when Jeff Davis was caught.

Later in the morning a great crowd came marching into the White House grounds. Every man was cheering and a band was playing patriotic airs. The workmen at the Navy-Yard had started the procession, and by the time it had reached us it was over two thousand strong. Of course they called for the President, and he stepped to the window to see his guests. When the cheering had subsided he spoke to them very kindly and good-naturedly, begging that they would not ask him for a serious speech.

"I am going to make a formal address this evening," he said, "and if I dribble it out to you now, my speech to-night will be spoiled." Then, with his humorous smile, he spoke to the band:

"I think it would be a good plan for you to play 'Dixie.' I always thought that it was the most beautiful of our songs. I have submitted the question of its ownership to the Attorney-General, and he has given it as his legal opinion that we have fairly earned the right to have it back." As the opening bars of "Dixie" burst out, Mr. Lincoln disappeared from the window. The crowd went off in high good humor, marching to the infectious rhythm of the hard-won tune.

On the afternoon of the same day, about six o'clock, a deputation of fifteen men called. Mr. Lincoln met them in the corridor just after they had entered

the main door. They were presented to the President, and then the gentleman who had introduced them made a speech. It was a very pretty speech, full of loyal sentiments and praise for the man who had safely guided the country through the great crisis. Mr. Lincoln listened to them pleasantly. Then a picture was put into his hands. When he saw his own rugged features facing him from an elaborate silver frame a smile broadened his face.

"Gentlemen," he said, "I thank you for this token of your esteem. You did your best. It wasn't your fault that the frame is so much more rare than the picture."

On the evening of the 11th the President made the speech which he had promised the day before. Had we only known it, this was to be his last public utterance. The whole city was brilliantly illuminated that night. The public buildings were decorated and, from the Capitol to the Treasury, the whole length of Pennsylvania Avenue bore witness, with flags and lights, to the joy everybody felt because the war was over. Streaming up Pennsylvania Avenue, which was the one great thoroughfare then, the only paved street, and from every other quarter of the city, came the people. In spite of the unpleasant drizzle which fell the whole evening and the mud through which every one had to wade, a great crowd cheered Mr. Lincoln when he appeared at an upper window. From another window Mrs. Lincoln bowed to the people and was greeted enthusiastically. The President immediately began his speech, which had been in preparation ever since his return from City Point. The care which he had taken to express himself accurately was shown from the fact that the whole address was written out. Inside, little Tad was running around the room while "papa-day" was speaking. As the President let the sheets of manuscript fall, Taddie gathered them up and begged his father to let them go faster.

The President spoke with reverence of the cause for thanksgiving that the long struggle was over. He passed rapidly to that question which he knew the whole nation was debating—the future policy

toward the South. In discussing his already much-debated "Louisiana Policy" he expressed the two great principles which were embodied in it: the mass of the Southern people should be restored to their citizenship as soon as it was evident that they desired it; punishment, *if punishment there be*, should fall upon those who had been proved to be chiefly instrumental in leading the South into rebellion. These principles were reiterated by Senator Harlan, the Secretary of the Interior to be, who spoke after the President; they were reiterated, of course, by the President's desire. During President Andrew Johnson's long struggle with a bitter Northern Congress, I have often recalled the simplicity and kindness of Abraham Lincoln's theory.

During the next three days—as, in fact, since the fall of Richmond—Washington was a little delirious. Everybody was celebrating. The kind of celebration depended on the kind of person. It was merely a question of whether the intoxication was mental or physical. Every day there was a stream of callers who came to congratulate the President, to tell how loyal they had been, and how they had always been sure he would be victorious. There were serenades; there were deputations of leading citizens; on the evening of the 13th there was another illumination. The city became disorderly with the men who were celebrating too hilariously. Those about the President lost somewhat of the feeling, usually present, that his life was not safe. It did not seem possible that, now that the war was over and the government—glad to follow General Grant's splendid initiative—had been so magnanimous in its treatment of General Lee, after President Lincoln had offered himself a target for Southern bullets in the streets of Richmond and had come out unscathed, there could be danger. For my part, I had drawn a full breath of relief after we got out of Richmond and had forgotten to be anxious since.

Because of the general joyousness, I was surprised when, late on the afternoon of the 14th, I accompanied Mr. Lincoln on a hurried visit to the War Department, I found that the President was more depressed than I had ever

seen him and his step unusually slow. Afterward Mrs. Lincoln told me that when he drove with her to the Soldiers' Home earlier in the afternoon he had been extremely cheerful, even buoyant. She said that he had talked of the calm future that was in store for them, of the ease which they had never known, when, his term over, they would go back to their home in Illinois. He longed, a little wistfully, for that time to come with its promise of peace. The depression I noticed may have been due to one of the sudden changes of mood to which I have been told the President was subject. I had heard of the transitions from almost wild spirits to abject melancholy which marked him. I had never seen anything of the sort, and had concluded that all this must have belonged to his earlier days. In the time when I knew him his mood, when there was no outside sorrow to disturb him, was one of settled calm. I wondered at him that day and felt uneasy.

In crossing over to the War Department we passed some drunken men. Possibly their violence suggested the thought to the President. After we had passed them, Mr. Lincoln said to me:

"Crook, do you know, I believe there are men who want to take my life?" Then, after a pause, he said, half to himself, "And I have no doubt they will do it."

The conviction with which he spoke dismayed me. I wanted to protest, but his tone had been so calm and sure that I found myself saying instead, "Why do you think so, Mr. President?"

"Other men have been assassinated." was his reply, still in that manner of stating something to himself.

All I could say was, "I hope you are mistaken, Mr. President."

We walked a few paces in silence. Then he said, in a more ordinary tone:

"I have perfect confidence in those who are around me, in every one of you men. I know no one could do it and escape alive. But if it is to be done, it is impossible to prevent it."

By this time we were at the War Department, and he went in to his conference with Secretary Stanton. It was shorter than usual that evening. Mr. Lincoln was belated. When Mrs. Lin-

coln and he came home from their drive he had found friends awaiting him. He had slipped away from dinner, and there were more people waiting to talk to him when he got back. He came out of the Secretary's office in a short time. Then I saw that every trace of the depression, or perhaps I should say intense seriousness, which had surprised me before had vanished. He talked to me as usual. He said that Mrs. Lincoln and he, with a party, were going to the theatre to see *Our American Cousin*.

"It has been advertised that we will be there," he said, "and I cannot disappoint the people. Otherwise I would not go. I do not want to go."

I remember particularly that he said this, because it surprised me. The President's love for the theatre was well known. He went often when it was announced that he would be there; but more often he would slip away, alone or with Tad, get into the theatre, unobserved if he could, watch the play from the back of the house for a short time, and then go back to his work. Mr. Buckingham, the doorkeeper of Ford's Theatre, used to say that he went in just to "take a laugh." So it seemed unusual to hear him say he did not want to go. When we had reached the White House and he had climbed the steps he turned and stood there a moment before he went in. Then he said,

"Good-by, Crook."

It startled me. As far as I remember he had never said anything but "Good night, Crook," before. Of course it is possible that I may be mistaken. In looking back, every word that he said has significance. But I remember distinctly the shock of surprise and the impression, at the time, that he had never said it before.

By this time I felt queer and sad. I hated to leave him. But he had gone in, so I turned away and started on my walk home. I lived in a little house on "Rodbird's Hill." It was a long distance from the White House—it would be about on First Street now in the middle of the block between L and M streets. The whole tract from there to North Capitol Street belonged either to my father-in-law or to his family. He was an old retired sea-captain named

Rodbird; he had the hull of his last sailing-vessel set up in his front yard.

The feeling of sadness with which I left the President lasted a long time, but after a while—I was young and healthy, I was going home to my wife and baby, and, the man who followed me on duty having been late for some reason, it was long past my usual dinner-time, and I was hungry. By the time I had had my dinner I was sleepy, so I went to bed early. I did not hear until early in the morning that the President had been shot. It seems incredible now, but it was so.

My first thought was—If I had been on duty at the theatre, I would be dead now. My next was to wonder whether Parker, who had gone to the theatre with the President, was dead. Then I remembered what the President had said the evening before. Then I went to the house on Tenth Street where they had taken him.

They would not let me in. The little room where he lay was crowded with the men who had been associated with the President during the war. They were gathered around the bed watching, while, long after the great spirit had flown, life, little by little, loosened its hold on the long, gaunt body. Among them, I knew, were men who had contended with him during his life or who had laughed. Charles Sumner stood at the very head of the bed. I know that it was to him that Robert Lincoln, who was only a boy for all his shoulder-straps, turned in the long strain of watching. And on Charles Sumner's shoulder the son sobbed out his grief. But the room was full, and they would not let me in.

After the President had died they took him back to the White House. It was to the guest-room with its old four-poster bed that they carried him. I was in the room while the men prepared his body to be seen by his people when they came to take their leave. It was hard for me to be there. It seemed fitting that the body should be there, where he had never been in life. I am glad that his own room could be left to the memory of his living presence.

The days during which the President lay in state before they took him away for his long progress over the country

he had saved were even more distressing than grief would have made them. Mrs. Lincoln was almost frantic with suffering. Some women spiritualists in some way gained access to her. They poured into her ears pretended messages from her dead husband. Mrs. Lincoln was so weakened that she had not force enough to resist the cruel cheat. These women nearly crazed her. Mr. Robert Lincoln, who had to take his place now as the head of the family, finally ordered them out of the house.

After the President's remains were taken from the White House, the family began preparations for leaving, but they were delayed a month by Mrs. Lincoln's illness. The shock of her husband's death had brought about a nervous disorder. Her physician, Dr. Stone, refused to allow her to be moved until she was somewhat restored. During the whole of the time while she was shut up in her room Mrs. Gideon Welles, the wife of the Secretary of the Navy, was in almost daily attendance upon her. Mrs. Welles was Mrs. Lincoln's friend, of all the women in official position, and she did much with her kindly ministrations to restore the President's widow to her normal condition. It was not until the 23d of May, at six o'clock, that Mrs. Lincoln finally left for Chicago.

Captain Robert Lincoln accompanied her, and a colored woman, a seamstress, in whom she had great confidence, went with the party to act as Mrs. Lincoln's maid. They asked me to go with them to do what I could to help. But no one could do much for Mrs. Lincoln. During most of the fifty-four hours that we were on the way she was in a daze; it seemed almost a stupor. She hardly spoke. No one could get near enough to her grief to comfort her. But I could be of some use to Taddie. Being a child, he had been able to cry away some of his grief, and he could be distracted with the sights out of the car window. There was an observation-car at the end of our coach. Taddie and I spent a good deal of time there, looking at the scenes flying past. He began to ask questions.

It had been expected that Mrs. Lincoln would go back to her old home in

Illinois. But she did not seem to be able to make up her mind to go there. She remained for some time in Chicago at the old Palmer House.

I went to a friend who had gone to Chicago to live from Washington and remained with him for the week I was in the city. I went to the hotel every day. Mrs. Lincoln I rarely saw. Taddie I took out for a walk almost every day and tried to interest him in the sights we saw. But he was a sad little fellow and mourned for his father.

At last I went back to Washington and to the White House. President Johnson had established his offices there when I got back.

Now that I have told the story of my three months' association with Abraham Lincoln, there are two things of which I feel that I must speak. The first question relates to the circumstances of the assassination of President Lincoln. It has never been made public before.

I have often wondered why the negligence of the guard who accompanied the President to the theatre on the night of the 14th has never been divulged. So far as I know, it was never even investigated by the police department. Yet, had he done his duty, I believe President Lincoln might not have been murdered by Booth. The man was John Parker. He was a native of the District, and had volunteered, as I believe each of the other guards had done, in response to the President's first call for troops from the District. He is dead now and, as far as I have been able to discover, all of his family. So it is no unkindness to speak of the costly mistake he made.

It was the custom for the guard who accompanied the President to the theatre to remain in the little passageway outside the box—that passageway through which Booth entered. Mr. Buckingham, who was the doorkeeper at Ford's Theatre, remembers that a chair was placed there for the guard on the evening of the 14th. Whether Parker occupied it at all I do not know—Mr. Buckingham is of the impression that he did. If he did, he left it almost immediately; for he confessed to me the next day that he went to a seat at the front of the first gallery so that he could

see the play. The door of the President's box was shut; probably Mr. Lincoln never knew that the guard had left his post.

Mr. Buckingham tells that Booth was in and out of the house five times before he finally shot the President. Each time he looked about the theatre in a restless, excited manner. I think there can be no doubt that he was studying the scene of his intended crime, and that he observed that Parker, whom he must have been watching, was not at his post. To me it is very probable that the fact that there was no one on guard may have determined the time of his attack. Booth had found it necessary to stimulate himself with whiskey in order to reach the proper pitch of fanaticism. Had he found a man at the door of the President's box armed with a Colt's revolver, his alcohol courage might have evaporated.

However that may be, Parker's absence had much to do with the success of Booth's purpose. The assassin was armed with a dagger and a pistol. The story used to be that the dagger was intended for General Grant when the President had been despatched. That is absurd. While it had been announced that General and Mrs. Grant would be in the box, Booth, during one of his five visits of inspection, had certainly had an opportunity to observe that the General was absent. The dagger, which was noiseless, was intended for any one who might intercept him before he could fire. The pistol, which was noisy and would arouse pursuit, was for the President. As it happened, since the attack was a complete surprise, Major Rathbone, who, the President having been shot, attempted to prevent Booth's escape, received the dagger in his arm.

Had Parker been at his post at the back of the box—Booth still being determined to make the attempt that night—he would have been stabbed, probably killed. The noise of the struggle—Parker could surely have managed to make some outcry—would have given the alarm. Major Rathbone was a brave man, and the President was a brave man and of enormous muscular strength. It would have been an easy thing for the two men to have disarmed Booth, who

was not a man of great physical strength. It was the suddenness of his attack on the President that made it so devilishly successful. It makes me feel rather bitter when I remember that the President had said, just a few hours before, that he knew he could trust all his guards. And then to think that in that one moment of test one of us should have utterly failed him! Parker knew that he had failed in duty. He looked like a convicted criminal the next day. He was never the same man afterward.

The other fact that I think people should know has been stated before in the President's own words: President Lincoln believed that it was probable he would be assassinated.

The conversation that I had with him on the 14th was not the only one we had on that same subject. Any one can see how natural it was that the matter should have come up between us—my very presence beside him was a reminder that there was danger of assassination. In his general kindness he wanted to talk about the thing that constituted my own particular occupation. He often spoke of the possibility of an attempt being made on his life. With the exception of that last time, however, he never treated it very seriously. He merely expressed the general idea that, I afterwards learned, he had expressed to Marshal Lamon and other men: if any one was willing to give his own life in the attempt to murder the President, it would be impossible to prevent him.

On that last evening he went further. He said with conviction that he believed that the men who wanted to take his life would do it. As far as I know, I am the only person to whom President Lincoln made such a statement. He may possibly have spoken about it to the other guards, but I never heard of it, and I am sure that had he done so I would have known of it.

More than this, I believe that he had some vague sort of a warning that the attempt would be made on the night of the 14th. I know that this is an extraordinary statement to make, and that it is late in the day to make it. I have been waiting for just the proper opportunity to say this thing; I did not care to talk idly about it. I would like

to give my reasons for feeling as I do. The chain of circumstances is at least an interesting thing to consider.

It is a matter of record that on the morning of the 14th, at a cabinet meeting, the President spoke of the recurrence the night before of a dream which, he said, had always forerun something of moment in his life. In the dream a ship under full sail bore down upon him. At the time he spoke of it he felt that some good fortune was on its way to him. He was serene, even joyous, over it. Later in the day, while he was driving with his wife, his mind still seemed to be dwelling on the question of the future. It was their future together of which he spoke. He was almost impatient that his term should be over. He seemed eager for rest and peace. When I accompanied him to the War Department, he had become depressed and spoke of his belief that he would be assassinated. When we returned to the White House, he said that he did not want to go to the theatre that evening, but that he must go so as not to disappoint the people. In connection with this it is to be remembered that he was extremely fond of the theatre, and that the bill that evening, *Our American Cousin*, was a very popular one. When he was about to enter the White House he said "Good-by," as I never remember to have heard him say before when I was leaving for the night.

These things have a curious interest. President Lincoln was a man of entire sanity. But no one has ever sounded the spring of spiritual insight from which his nature was fed. To me it all means that he had, with his waking on that day, a strong prescience of coming change. As the day wore on, the feeling darkened into an impression of coming evil. The suggestion of the crude violence we witnessed on the street pointed to the direction from which that evil should come. He was human; he shrank from it. But he had what some men call fatalism; others, devotion to duty; still others, religious faith. Therefore he went open-eyed to the place where he met, at last, the blind fanatic. And in that meeting the President, who had dealt out justice with a tender heart, who had groaned in spirit over fallen Richmond, fell.

More and more, people who have heard that I was with Mr. Lincoln come to me asking,

"What was he like?"

These last years, when, at a Lincoln birthday celebration or some other memorial gathering, they ask for a few words from the man who used to be Abraham Lincoln's guard, the younger people look at me as if I were some strange spectacle—a man who lived by Lincoln's side. It has made me feel as if the time had come when I ought to tell the world the little that I know about him. Soon there will be nothing of him but the things that have been written.

Yet, when I try to say what sort of a man he seemed to me, I fail. I have no words. All I can do is to give little snatches of reminiscences—I cannot picture the man. I can say:

He is the only man I ever knew the foundation of whose spirit was love. That love made him suffer. I saw him look at the ragged, hungry prisoners at City Point, I saw him ride over the battlefield at Petersburg, the man with the hole in his forehead and the man with both arms shot away lying accusing before his eyes. I saw him enter into Richmond, walking between lanes of silent men and women who had lost their battle. I remember his face. . . . And yet my memory of him is not of an unhappy man. I hear so much to-day about the President's melancholy. It is true no man could suffer more. But he was very easily amused. I have never seen a man who enjoyed more anything pleasant or funny that came his way. I think the balance between pain and pleasure was fairly struck, and in the last months when I knew him he was in love with life because he found it possible to do so much. . . . I never saw evidence of faltering. I do not believe any one ever did. From the moment he, who was all pity, pledged himself to war, he kept straight on.

I can follow Secretary John Hay and say: He was the greatest man I have ever known—or shall ever know.

That ought to be enough to say, and yet—nothing so merely of words seems to express him. Something that he did tells so much more.

I remember one afternoon, not long

before the President was shot, we were on our way to the War Department, when we passed a ragged, dirty man in army clothes, lounging just outside the White House enclosure. He had evidently been waiting to see the President, for he jumped up and went toward him with his story. He had been wounded, was just out of the hospital—he looked forlorn enough. There was something he wanted the President to do; he had papers with him. Mr. Lincoln was in a hurry, but he put out his hands for the papers. Then he sat down on the curbstone, the man beside him, and examined them. When he had satisfied himself about the matter, he smiled at the anxious fellow, reassuringly, and told him to come back the next day. Then he would arrange the matter for him. A thing like that says more than any man could express. If I could only

make people see him as I did—see how simple he was with every one; how he could talk with a child so that the child could understand and smile up at him; how you would never know, from his manner to the plainest or poorest or meanest, that there was the least difference between that man and himself; how, from that man to the greatest, and all degrees between, the President could meet every man square on the plane where he stood and speak to him, man to man, from that plane—if I could do that, I would feel that I had told something of what he was. For no one to whom he spoke with his perfect simplicity ever presumed to answer him familiarly, and I never saw him stand beside any man—and I saw him with the greatest men of the day—that I did not feel there again President Lincoln was supreme. If I had only words to tell what he seemed to me!

Exultation

BY MARY EASTWOOD KNEVELS

THE day an invitation is
 To bathe myself in blue,
 To cleave as with a swimmer's arms
 The radiancy through.

What lies beyond, what lies behind,
 What stretches every side?
 The wind is growing populous,
 The air is deified.

Things touch me, now the blue's alive,
 I feel the whirl of wings,
 And little clouds go flying by
 On pilgrim wanderings.

I drink the very color where
 The West has filled his cup;
 The dizzy stars look down at me,
 The staring world looks up.

A vagabond in scarlet rags,
 A lost leaf in the air,
 A reckless, eager, joyous thing
 The wind blows everywhere.

"your Captain Barry shall have his bride-to-be within the hour!"

"What are you going to do?" she asked, frightened for the first time. Without answering he turned and strode rapidly away.

Within fifteen minutes there came the end. More and more slowly the *Saracen's* paddle-wheels turned, then stopped, and gradually the ship lost way. A boat had been cleared and lowered till its gunwale was level with the bulwark rail; two lines of sailors stood ready at the falls. Every man aboard except those in the stoke-hold and engine-room, at the wheel or in the crow's-nest, was gathered within a close, silent group at the waiting boat. Broad day had now come; the sun was not yet up, but the sky was glowing with warm light and the edges of a low-hung cluster of woolly clouds were turning to the hue of sulphur. The sea was lagoon-like, covered with swiftly changing, gorgeously tinted reflections of the gorgeously tinted, swiftly changing sky; never have I seen the sea so still, not a stir from beneath, not a rippling from above. Astern, the three smoke pillars rose taller, blacker; they seemed to spring forward and draw closer with terrifying speed. Not even the *Punxsutawney* had yet come close enough to have us within range. I fancy they must have been exulting on board the Yankee ships—believing the *Saracen* to have broken down.

My uncle Cameron and Selfridge, and between them Anne Mackeel, came forward, followed by the old negress and several sailors carrying the bags. No one spoke a word. Anne Mackeel's face was white to the very lips, and in her step an occasional falter as of fear not quite entirely mastered; but her splendid eyes were blazing, and she carried her head high. Involuntarily I let my gaze shift from that beautiful, treacherous face to "Yankee" Powell's. He was oblivious to everything but her. In his face, his gesture, his eyes—telltale to even me—there was but one expression: hunger.

It was Selfridge who helped Anne Mackeel into the boat. "It will be but half an hour," he was saying, compassionately, soothingly, as to a little child, "only half an hour before you will be picked up. There is no danger, not a

particle." My uncle stood with his hands clasped behind his back—cold, pitiless, implacable. If he said a word of farewell, it had been spoken before they reached the boat. He stepped forward when Anne was seated, and said to the old negress: "You may either go or stay." The black woman looked at him as might an animal; then she spat upon the deck between his feet and, without a word, clambered clumsily into the boat. The luggage was tumbled in. At a motion from Lunn two seamen sprang forward to man the tackles; Horace Powell roughly shouldered one of them aside and took his place in the boat's bow.

The sun shot up out of the sea and gilded all things a thin, ruddy gold. The group of sailors stood absolutely silent, watching with awed faces. My uncle looked on, seemingly least concerned of any of us. "Lower away!" cried Lunn, sharply, and as the boat dropped below the bulwarks we all, as one man, surged forward and hung over, looking down into it. The man at the stern tackle cast it loose and came climbing swiftly up hand over hand. "Yankee" Powell stood for a moment in the gently rocking boat staring up into the row of faces that stared silently down into his. "Two women—in a little, open boat!" he sneered. In a sudden fury he dashed the block and tackle against the *Saracen's* side, and with an oar shoved off. Then he sat down on the thwart opposite Anne Mackeel, and began slowly to row toward the onrushing *Punxsutawney*. As long as I could distinguish his features he never took his eyes from Anne Mackeel's face.

The paddle-wheels began their drumming again, faster, faster. My uncle Cameron Wye gravely paced aft, still with his hands behind his back. I watched him, but dared not follow. He did not so much as glance astern at the little boat, but descended into his cabin. But there—so I like to think, although I shall never know—alone behind his bolted door, I fancy him kneeling on the locker at the stern port, watching, watching, with his great telescope, till the gray fog came like a wall between them and shut her forever from his sight.

Lincoln's Alma Mater

BY ELEANOR ATKINSON

W. A. ...
May 1913

IN the destiny of a great man must be found not only the measure of his original gifts, but the measure of his preparation for his tasks. But we give up the vision of the superman with reluctance, and because we arrive more readily at what a man's disciplined powers may be over the main-traveled road, we instinctively look for the hall-mark in matters of education. The unblazed trail of the self-taught man is difficult to follow; but for one who makes the attempt to retrace it there are rewards—inspiring discoveries of unsuspected powers of the human mind to select what it needs, and to nourish itself and grow on the unconsidered.

Before the age of twenty-two Lincoln spent many months ferrying at the mouth of Anderson Creek, and he made two voyages to New Orleans. The great water highway then swarmed with leisurely traffic. Equipped and opinionated men from the East and South were on every boat, and every river settlement had its quota of the educated. Clay and Jackson were magnets who drew many eminent men to their retreats. The Marquis de Lafayette slept at the Hermitage in 1825, and opened the ball in the tavern at Kaskaskia, Illinois. The newspapers that circulated in southern Indiana were printed in Cincinnati and Louisville, flourishing cities of twenty and ten thousand people by 1830. From that date the *Louisville Journal* was edited by the brilliant journalist and Clay's biographer, George D. Prentice. There was nothing of national or sectional importance that was not reported and commented upon in the Western press, and public sentiment responded quickly to the current happening.

Published accounts of the opening of the Erie Canal in 1825, and of the projected extension of the National Road to the Mississippi, set the region north of the Ohio ablaze with hope of conquering its distances, plunged it into public ex-

travagance, and made a sharp cleavage in parties on the question of Federal aid for internal improvements. In 1826 an impetus was given to educational progress by the establishment of Robert Owen's colony at New Harmony, Indiana. The principle that maintenance of free schools is the duty of the state was proclaimed from the Wabash. It is a mistake, however, to suppose that this idea was new in the West.

Settlers who were ambitious for their children were from the first attracted to the old Northwest Territory because public land had been set aside for the support of public schools. For quite fifty years these lands produced little or no revenue, but for this the people refused to wait. District schools were kept open, intermittently, by subscription; academies sprang up in the larger towns; educated missionaries importuned the East for money and university-trained men to build up denominational colleges. In 1825 Illinois placed a local-option school-tax law on its statutes. It began to be suspected that pedagogy was a science. The theories of Pestalozzi were tried out in the shops and fields of New Harmony. Cincinnati had a teachers' college, and that city very early became an important publishing center for school-books and standard and religious works. In 1826 Cincinnati printed and distributed about one hundred and fifty thousand copies of common-school texts. With the publication of McGuffey's readers in 1835, and Ray's arithmetic a little later, the West began to originate its own text-books, and to improve on those that had been supplied from the East.

A scarcity of school-books in central Illinois in the early thirties has been assumed from the circumstance of Lincoln's having walked six miles to get a copy of Kirkham's grammar from a German farmer. It proves only his poverty. Any text in use could have been bought at the store of William Manning in

Springfield. In December, 1831, this merchant advertised in one of the earliest numbers of the *Sangamo Journal*—"a large assortment of the most approved school-books, among which are the following." Four spellers were listed by title, two readers and a speaker, Murray's grammar, Walker's dictionary, five geographies and an atlas, a United States history and a compendium of ancient and modern history, an arithmetic, an algebra, a work on penmanship, a Latin grammar, and *Hall's Lectures on School-keeping*. The phrase "among which" carries the implication that this was only a partial list.

New Salem had a good school-house and a resident schoolmaster of unusual attainments and teaching ability, an indication that the town had ambition and resources above the necessities of living. And central Illinois had three higher institutions of learning—Illinois College, at Jacksonville, twenty-five miles south of New Salem; McKendree College, at Lebanon; and Shurtleff College, at Upper Alton. All three are flourishing to-day, and they had their alumni among Lincoln's contemporaries. Illinois College opened in the fall of 1830 as a full-fledged college, with Dr. Edward Beecher for its president, and a faculty of four graduates from the Divinity School at Yale. No allowances were made for the pioneer youth's supposed lack of advantages. The entrance requirements and the four years' work in the classic languages, mathematics, and philosophy were practically identical with those of Yale at that day.

But as there was little money in that region, all these infant institutions were obliged to smooth the financial path to learning. That Lincoln never considered the possibility of working his way through college seems less likely than that he made deliberate choice of another line of study. At any rate, with three colleges at his door, seeking students and anxious to make things not too hard for ambitious young men, we find Lincoln living in the precarious ways of a self-supporting student, but busying himself with the same materials he had used in Indiana—delving in a few good books, reading newspapers, waylaying men, and "practising polemics." The original

mind is pre-eminently selective. But had not Lincoln's interests and powers been brought to more abundant sources of the kinds of knowledge he needed, it would be difficult indeed to account for his transformation from the farm-laborer and river-boatman of 1831 to the lawyer, public speaker, and political leader of 1836.

Lincoln had never lived in a town, and it is very certain that he had had no such neighbors and friends as he found in New Salem. Settled in 1825, the place was abandoned in 1840. With "never more than three hundred people," as Lincoln said, it was the voting precinct and the trading-place for farmers over a radius of several miles. Besides a saw and grist mill, an eight-room tavern, four stores, and half a dozen crafts shops, the town had two preachers, two doctors, a schoolmaster, a postmaster, and a justice of the peace. Typical of a region where East and South met, Massachusetts and North Carolina, Indiana, Kentucky, and Tennessee had all contributed to its population. Mentor Graham was of Scotch origin; Jack Kelso, who loaned the British poets to Lincoln, Irish; Henry Onstot, the cooper, bears a German name, and Dr. Francis Regnier a French one. The permanent business men of the place were able and energetic. When a steam-mill was set up two miles down the river, opening wider opportunities, they migrated in a body, and they became the leading merchants, physicians, church-building ministers, and factory-owners of Petersburg, the county-seat of Menard, in the '40's and '50's. William G. Greene, Lincoln's closest friend in New Salem, worked his way through two years of college in Jacksonville, and became a local financier in railroad-building days. David Rutledge was admitted to the bar.

Even without direct testimony to the fact, it might have been surmised that such a village, in that day and place, would have had a literary and debating society in which to give Lincoln an opportunity to satisfy his passion and cultivate his talent for thinking on his feet. Oratory had been a cult in America from the time of Patrick Henry. In Webster, Clay, and Calhoun was found the expression of national genius at a time when imaginative literature had only

made a beginning in Bryant, Irving, Cooper, and Poe. But the dawn of letters was hailed by the lyceum movement that swept the country, after 1825, with an ambitious programme for self-improvement—lectures on literature, history, science, and political economy; cultivation of the arts of conversation and debate; the founding of libraries, natural-history museums, and historical societies; and the encouragement, by the purchase of apparatus, of scientific observation and experiments. Lincoln read a remarkable paper on "The Preservation of Our Political Institutions" before the Young Men's Lyceum of Springfield in 1837. As the star debater of the little group that met once a week in the public room of the Rutledge tavern, he had an appreciative audience, and it was there that his fitness for public service is said to have been first remarked.

Of books, besides school-texts—and he "tackled another science" when he had completed the study of grammar—Lincoln found in New Salem Shakespeare, Burns, Rollin, Gibbon, Volney, and Voltaire, and the Statutes of Illinois. Blackstone was dropped at his feet from an emigrant's wagon. Arnold states that he had considerable knowledge of physics and mechanics; Dr. Browne, that he was versed in the natural sciences; William G. Greene is quoted as saying, rather loosely, that Lincoln learned "a hundred other things." His knowledge in any field then cultivated need have been limited only by his time and interests. Books were there, and it is not on record that Lincoln was ever refused the loan of books. Of Mr. Greene's texts in Greek, Latin, and mathematics he seems to have made no use, but among the junior and senior year texts of Richard Yates, who was graduated from Illinois College in 1835, were all the works of Paley, Butler's *Analogy*, a natural philosophy, probably Olmsted's that was used in Yale; an intellectual philosophy, probably Enfield's abridgment of Brucker's *Critical History of Philosophy*; a work on astronomy, one on logic, Blair's rhetoric, and the political economy of Jean Jacques Say. And Illinois College had a reference library of fifteen hundred volumes.

This list is given, not to prove what

further books Lincoln read, but what were accessible to him. If Richard Yates loaned his college texts to Lincoln, the fact has not been recorded. Lincoln seems never to have been in Jacksonville before he was admitted to the bar, although he walked nearly as far to borrow law-books in Springfield. We do not know how much use he made of the private library of belles-lettres of Edward D. Baker in Springfield. Lincoln himself says that he had not read Plutarch's Lives before 1860, although he knew its interest and value. One must conclude that, contrary to popular opinion in the region, everything printed that came to his mill was not grist to Lincoln. But this fact presents him in a new aspect. He did not take only such an education as he could get, wresting it from scant materials, but from ample resources he took what he needed for his definite purposes. He took an elective course in the university of life. We have no quarrel with his results, and the explanation of them must be sought in the materials he is known to have used.

Of newspapers Lincoln was less a reader than a student. He read every paper that, as postmaster, passed through his hands. In her *Domestic Manners in America* (1832) Mrs. Trollope testified to the universal reading and the serious character of the newspapers that circulated in the West: "The American newspaper is more or less of a magazine. . . . The lawyer between briefs may pick up a comparison of Scott and Bulwer, and the pig-sticker and wood-cutter may make some pretense to polite learning. The best writers seem to find no more dignified way in which to employ their talents than in editing the newspapers and periodicals with which the country is flooded." An Englishwoman of the upper class, Mrs. Trollope was not in sympathy with an educated "peasantry." But what she said was true of both East and West. The best writers could not make a living by devotion to the muse. Had not Bryant found a berth on the New York *Evening Post* or some other paper or periodical, he must have sought employment less agreeable to him and less serviceable to his generation. Such men as Prentice in Louisville, Lovejoy in St. Louis and Alton, and John Howard

Bryant in Princeton (Illinois), wrote leaders that widened the intellectual horizon and elevated the taste of the pioneer. The editorial office was one of influence and dignity everywhere, and the equipment and personality of the editor were far more marked elements of success than they are to-day. Judge James Hall forsook the bench to edit the Illinois *Intelligencer* in Vandalia, long the most influential paper in the state, and to conduct *The Illinois Monthly Magazine*. Modeled on the *New England Magazine* and the British reviews, with some features of the American *Journal of Science*, it was filled from them, in part, by the use of a competent pair of shears, but largely by an indefatigable and talented editorial pen. Such a periodical was a surprising thing to find in the little fiat capital in the woods of Illinois in the early '30's.

For the purposes of this inquiry examination was made of files of the Vandalia *Intelligencer*, the *Sangamo Journal*, the St. Louis *Times*, and the Edwardsville *Advocate* of the fourth decade, but Lincoln also had the Louisville *Journal* in New Salem, and New York, Boston, and Cincinnati newspapers circulated in the region. The home paper followed the pioneer who could afford it. Western papers were patterned after those of the East, and from the number of credited items the editors seem to have had extensive exchange lists, as indeed they must have had in order to get out papers at all, with their limited means and their remoteness from the sources of news.

In appearance and contents these papers were all much alike. Set solidly in wide columns, usually in agate type, with single-line heads, and with no display advertisements; and with no space required for the retailing of crimes, scandals, or local gossip, a good deal of news and comment was packed into their four pages. The proceedings of Congress and an account of a state convention in Kentucky were given first place in *The Intelligencer* for January 28, 1832. Had there been a speech of Webster, Clay, or Calhoun to report, that would have had precedence. At times political news crowded everything else out. It was, of course, colored by partisanship, but every shade of opinion was

to be found in the many papers that circulated in the West. Second place in this issue was given to an admirably written sketch of Stephen Girard, who had died a month before. An editorial on the English Reform Bill was credited to an Eastern exchange. A half-column was given to the difficulties and problems of the new Spanish-American republics. Local news dealt with public improvement and National Road meetings, and a call to form a state lyceum. The editorials were on the elevation of Judge Taney to the Supreme Court bench, the National Road, the lyceum movement, and an epidemic of influenza.

At a time when Congress was not in session—October 7, 1831—the newspaper more nearly approached the magazine, with fiction, literary essays, and book reviews. In *The Intelligencer*, for example, three columns were given to a variety of foreign news, and one to report of outbreaks among the slaves. Such matters as poems by Byron and Mrs. Hemans and descriptive bits from Irving and Scott were used by Western papers for fillers, often without credit, for rights of property in letters had scant recognition. Lincoln's indifference to American writers of the period could not have been due to entire ignorance of them, for the press made much of them, and he came to know John Howard Bryant well in 1836. He may not, however, always have known the authorship of verses and prose extracts. The poem "Oh, why should the spirit of mortal be proud?" was printed anonymously in a Western paper. Much of the verse of the time was marked by this tone of elevated gloom—inspired, no doubt, by the success of "Thanatopsis." Newspapers and periodicals were deadly serious, often dull and pompous, never amusing. A joke in one of them was as rare as a blue moon. Lincoln's quick sense of the comic does not appear to have been characteristic of his day and place.

As one goes through a file of one of these papers the large interests of the time emerge and fix the attention. Education, transportation, and the development and marketing of resources, engaged the energies of the nation. The very early and intelligent attention paid to foreign news is surprising, and may well

account for Lincoln's grasp of international complications in the Civil War period. The pioneer mind was as eager and wistful as Lincoln's own. Incredible sacrifices were made in the clearings to educate the children, and the nation has reaped the harvest of these countless, unnoted sowings ever since.

Reports of serious disorders that grew out of slavery were printed in every issue of every paper in the West thirty years before the war, but seldom were they commented upon. Few, apparently, felt the alarm that Lincoln felt, or, feeling it, had the courage to sound a note of warning.

To find men in that region on whom these disquieting reports were making the same impression as on Lincoln one would, paradoxically, have had to go to the colleges. Presidents, faculties, and students were reading the newspapers, and they were, as certain politicians complained, "preachers meddling in politics." As a matter of fact, the preachers had never been able to avoid meddling in politics. Some of them had been in Illinois since territorial days, incessantly on horseback, reaching the remotest settlement and loneliest cabin at regular intervals. In 1821 the Rev. John M. Peck, Baptist missionary and agent for the American Bible Society, wrote the first gazetteer of Illinois from his own knowledge of the country. Finding many things to be done, such as opening schools, peddling good books from saddle-bags, and securing better laws, and no one else to attend to these matters, the early preachers came into intimate touch with the religious, educational, social, and political life of the people.

Dr. Edward Beecher and his "Yale Band," faculty and trustees, were newcomers in the West, but the views and courage of the Beecher family were well known, and Illinois College was commonly looked upon as a nest of abolitionism. William H. Herndon was only one of a number of young men who were removed from such pernicious influences, usually "after the damage was done." McKendree College was less definitely involved in the antislavery agitation, but the growth of all three institutions was retarded for years. The bogey of church and state was raised, and there was or-

ganized opposition to giving these colleges charters under which they could do effective educational work. No man could be in politics in Illinois at that time without ranging himself as for or against the colleges. For a decade they were obliged to have their representatives in Vandalia every time the legislature met, to fight for charters.

Lincoln could not easily have missed meeting Professor Jonathan B. Turner, of underground-railway fame, in the summer of 1833, for this inspiring teacher of English literature and rhetoric in Jacksonville, and early advocate of manual training, spent his vacation riding over the country and speaking in school-houses on improved methods for district schools. Other instructors he met in Vandalia in 1835. He was always in favor of granting liberal powers to the colleges. In 1839 he put through a special bill for McKendree, very likely at the request of the Rev. Peter Cartwright, one of McKendree's founders and trustees. This picturesque pulpit orator lived near New Salem, served the district for three terms in the state assembly, and was Lincoln's successful rival in the election of 1832. Despite much evidence to the contrary, the idea persists that Elder Cartwright was only an illiterate evangelist with a gift for eloquence. Educated in an academy in Kentucky, a man of comprehensive mind, an omnivorous reader and a keen observer, he had but two objects in life—to save souls and to promote education. He was proud of having placed ten thousand dollars' worth of good books in pioneer cabins. Wholly disinterested, he stopped work on a seminary he was building and turned all his resources into McKendree when his conference decided to support that venture; and not in the least bigoted, for all his zeal, he insisted that McKendree should be non-sectarian. He held to the opinion that a four years' wrestle with Greek roots was the best apprenticeship to the trade of wrestling with either the world or the devil. He made a business of tutoring his young circuit-riders in the effective use of the voice and in the arts of persuasion. Lincoln was welcome to this instruction, and a young man who aspired to be a public speaker would have

been well advised to listen to Elder Cartwright in the pulpit or on the stump at every opportunity.

In the Blackhawk War Lincoln came in contact with a number of men of conventional education, and one of striking personality and conspicuous position. A true Jeffersonian Democrat, Governor John Reynolds shared the food and the camp-fire of the volunteers he commanded. An alumnus of Knoxville College, Tennessee, he could read books in four languages, write racy in one, and talk in three—English, French, and the vernacular. In the arena of politics, where he had been for twenty years, he was an encyclopedia of information on questions, personalities, and practices in Illinois.

Governor Reynolds may very well have confirmed Lincoln's ambition to go to Vandalia. He could also have heard much that was convincing on this point from W. L. D. Ewing, for whom he voted for United States Senator two years later; from Major Stuart, of Springfield, who encouraged him to study law; and from Sidney Breese, who was already of the permanent nucleus of able men in the state capital. Any of these men could have told Lincoln that at one time or another nearly every man in the state who was worth knowing could be seen in Vandalia.

In that winter was held the third of a long series of educational conventions in Illinois that were remarkable for the number of distinguished men, who were not educators, who took part in them. In this one John J. Hardin and Lincoln sat as delegates, and Douglas acted as secretary. Governor Joseph Duncan, who had framed the local-option school-tax law of ten years before, no doubt gave to it what time could be spared from other duties. So also did Judge Lockwood of the Supreme Court bench, one of the founders of Illinois College. Ewing, the new Senator, was there, and Thomas Ford, a future Governor, and the man who was chosen by the Historical Society to write the first history of the state "before all the early actors had passed from the stage." Colonel Pierre Ménard, who had had a hand in every public undertaking since coming

out to Kaskaskia from Canada in 1790, still kept in touch with affairs.

Lincoln could have come to know all of the hundred or so of men who were in Vandalia on public or private business, in the assembly, in the Supreme-Courtroom, in the office of *The Intelligencer*, which was a sort of gentlemen's club, and in Governor Duncan's hospitable library. The little town of eight hundred people afforded no amusements. Diversion was found in discussion and in attending lyceum lectures. On Sundays the little churches, the school-house, and every available public room were crowded by audiences who listened eagerly to a score of preachers of learning and eloquence. Younger than most of this group, Lincoln was in no way distinguished by his early poverty or his struggles for an education. There were then few favored sons of fortune in the West.

These were the standards by which Lincoln measured himself, the helps by which he lessened his own deficiencies. Two years later a thousand men, strangers to the place and to one another, surged through the streets of the little capital and clamored for local and personal advantage. Most of these new men were lawyers from Chicago and the northern counties, an aggressive breed, but the lawyers and law students who were already in the country were not submerged by them. Lockwood, Breese, Hardin, Yates, Ewing, Stuart, Logan, Baker, Butler, Lincoln, and Douglas forged to the front. Indeed, Stephen T. Logan, who came to Springfield in 1833, and who directed Lincoln's law studies, remained at the head of the Illinois bar for two decades. Ten years older than Lincoln, a man of university training in Kentucky, he was one of the few lawyers in the West who never entered politics. Such was Lincoln's second law partner. His first was John T. Stuart, who came from a university in the blue grass of Kentucky and a law-office experience in Richmond, Virginia. Lincoln's other early friends in Springfield—Butler, Baker, Speed, Herndon, and Edwards—are well known. By 1840 the stage was crowded with men of whom the nation knew little, with the exception of Douglas, before 1860, and much thereafter.

A Hostage to Virtue

BY OLIVIA HOWARD DUNBAR

IT was George Minturn, a truthful man as well as a sophisticated observer, who used to comment on the crudity of our usual moral analyses by telling the story of Jared Verry. On Minturn's own admission, no other human being ever saw the thing as he did; yet to those of us who knew him his interpretation is by no means on that account less valid. But it has startled me often to reflect that had our friend, with those delicate faculties of his, failed to apprehend his astonishing discovery, it would have been as though old Verry had never existed: to reflect, also, that there may be many such deceptive characters, their secret interest securely masked by an apparent commonplaceness, whose dramas, played in airy pantomime to blind audiences, remain forever unperceived. Wherever he went, for that matter, vague dramatic clouds, meaningless to dull eyes, seemed to await the prompt precipitation of Minturn's finer vision. But if he found dramas everywhere, it was the case that he literally saw, rather than loosely imagined them. His vision was as direct and strong as it was delicate and subtle. He was no careless spinner of unconsidered yarns.

Early in June, some dozen years or more ago, as he has often told the story, Minturn betook himself to the old town of Croye with the idea of straightening out the genealogy of the Flemings. A remote grandmother of his had been, as I remember, a Deborah Fleming, and it seemed to him that if his irreproachable family history still contained a few incomplete pages, a clansman with leisure and dilettante tastes could not do better than fill in their lines. It was with no thought of being detained beyond a week or so that he put up at the bleak little inn, for he surmised that the material he sought lay more or less frankly strewn upon the pleasant surface of the place. He did, indeed, meet a certain degree of

prompt success in extracting flavorless facts from brown, crumpled pages, before somebody told him that ampler versions of the town's earlier history were to be found in certain volumes in the possession of Jared Verry, the local bookseller. The garrulous recommendation—Minturn, it must be confessed, encouraged garrulity—further set forth that Verry was a pleasant old fellow, and that he stood high in town and church councils. Minturn smiled. He had, of course, a bored certainty of the type of smug, bewhiskered deacon he should encounter.

Indifferently, therefore, he strolled toward the bookshop the next day at noon—a silent noon of deep, unmitigated heat. Like some tropic city, the valley town was sleeping away its midday leisure. Coming suddenly upon Verry's shabby sign, Minturn pressed a loose latch and went inside. The cool, musty darkness was scarcely a relief from the sun; Minturn felt that it blindfolded him, compressed his throat. As no one came forward, he slipped into a chair, exhausted. But a moment later he realized that, after all, the shop was not unguarded. The ground-glass door leading to an inner office was ajar, and from this smaller room came voices—a petulant child's voice and another that had a smooth, controlled, ageless quality. The talk was desultory, or seemed to be, for the words were not distinguishable; but suddenly it was interrupted by laughter—laughter that in a flash roused Minturn from his stupor. It was the voice of a mirth that seemed to belong to a different, earlier world—a world that had no pity in it, and no tears. No mere curiosity, but a positive agitation, led him to cross the room quickly and knock at the glass door. As he opened it, a slender, elderly man, with disordered hair and a scanty, pointed beard, sat holding on his lap a pouting, restive child. The alarm that for a moment had beset the

Lincoln and Some Union Generals

From the UNPUBLISHED DIARIES of JOHN HAY

Compiled and Edited by William Roscoe Thayer



WHEN Abraham Lincoln went to Washington in 1861, to be inaugurated as President, he took with him as secretaries two young men from Springfield, Illinois—John G. Nicolay and John Hay. The latter had graduated at Brown University three years before with a reputation for literary talents. He had a quick observation, an alert and curious mind, and a winning nature. His sense of humor was keen, and he showed, even at the age of twenty-two, poise and reasonableness which stood by him through life.

For four years John Hay was Lincoln's daily companion. He lived in the White House. He not only helped Nicolay to conduct the official correspondence, but he shared the President's confidences. For amusement, when the rush of his work did not prevent him, he kept a diary, and this diary is the most intimate record—a series of snap-shots—of Abraham Lincoln that posterity can ever have. It contains Lincoln's words jotted down at the moment; his opinions on men and events confided freely to his young secretary; his oddities and humorous characteristics as well as his noble qualities, sketched by a sympathetic hand.

In the following paper I have assembled from John Hay's diary what Lincoln thought at the time of several of the Union generals during the Civil War, and I have added here and there Hay's own views, because we may take it for granted that he told them to the President and so contributed to the stock of evidence on which Lincoln based his decisions.

Among Hay's many memoranda on generals, battles, and military gossip none are so important and none so interesting as those on McClellan.

From July 26, 1861, the day when,

at the President's summons, McClellan reached Washington, he was the topic of conversation to which everybody turned. He immediately took charge of organizing into a fighting army the volunteers who were pouring into the capital at the rate of a regiment a day. For that work he possessed uncommon ability, to which was added the knowledge gained from his West Point training, from experience in the regular service, and from inspection of the European armies. He not only knew what was to be done, but he had the art of persuading everybody that he was the only man who could do it. His self-esteem, by nature abnormally developed, swelled at last into an elephantiasis of the ego. But among the hesitations, perplexities, and gropings of the summer of 1861 the value of McClellan's self-assurance was quite as great as that of his technical competence. The Army of the Potomac, molded under his direction, felt for him an enthusiasm bordering on infatuation and proof against the disillusion of subsequent defeats.

Truth to tell, from the day he came to Washington McClellan was in danger of being smothered by adulation. The North, frantic for a general to avenge its defeats and to put down secession, believed that in him it had the man. It imputed to him qualities he never possessed; it magnified his undoubted points of excellence; it sought for happy parallels and propitious signs to confirm its confidence. Napoleon was short of stature, so was "Little Mac"; Napoleon was young and self-reliant, so was "Little Mac"; what could be more logical than to continue the parallel until it led to a Marengo and an Austerlitz for "Little Mac"? McClellan was a Democrat; and this enhanced his importance, because it advertised to the world that the Northern Democrats would stand by the Union.

President Lincoln welcomed McClellan

lan's coming, and, besides giving him every aid in forming the army, deferred to his plans and methods. Hay, who had a young man's impatience at too obtrusive conceit, was present at many of their interviews, and seems very early to have doubted "Little Mac's" omniscience.

On October 22, 1861, Hay writes that the President and the General talked over the death of Colonel Baker at Leesburg.

McClellan says: "There is many a good fellow that wears the shoulder-straps going under the sod before the thing is over. There is no loss too great to be repaired. If I should get knocked on the head, Mr. President, you will put another man immediately in my shoes." "I want you to take care of yourself," said the President. McClellan seemed very hopeful and confident—thought he had the enemy, if in force or not. During this evening's conversation [Hay adds] it became painfully evident that he had no plan nor the slightest idea of what Stone¹ was about.

In those early days the President used to call informally at McClellan's office to inquire how the work was going or to make suggestions. At one of these casual calls, on October 10th, McClellan said:

"I think we shall have our arrangements made for a strong reconnoissance about Monday, to feel the strength of the army. I intend to be careful and to do as well as possible. Don't let them hurry me is all I ask." "You shall have your own way in the matter, I assure you," said the President, and went home.

That refrain, "Don't let them hurry me!" was to be the burden of McClellan's talk and despatches throughout his service.

A few days later, traversing Senator B. F. Wade's opinion that an unsuccessful battle was preferable to delay, since a defeat could easily be repaired by the swarming recruits, McClellan declared that he "would rather have a few recruits after a victory than a good many after a defeat." Lincoln regretted the popular impatience, but held that it ought to be reckoned with.

¹ Brigadier-General Charles P. Stone. The battle of Ball's Bluff was fought on the preceding day, October 21, 1861.

"At the same time, General," he said, "you must not fight till you are ready." "I have everything at stake," said the General; "if I fail, I will not see you again or anybody." "I have a notion to go out with you, and stand or fall with the battle," Lincoln replied.

On November 1st McClellan succeeded Gen. Winfield Scott in command of the army. The President, in thanking him, said:

"I should be perfectly satisfied if I thought that this vast increase of responsibility would not embarrass you." "It is a great relief, sir! I feel as if several tons were taken from my shoulders to-day. I am now in contact with you and the Secretary. I am not embarrassed by intervention." "Well," says the President, "draw on me for all the sense I have, and all the information. In addition to your present command, the supreme command of the army will entail a vast labor upon you." "I can do it all," McClellan said, quietly.

Hay evidently felt that this sublime self-assertion spoke for itself. On November 11th he notes that McClellan promises to "feel" the rebels on the next day—the first of many such promises. His entry for November 13th reads:

I wish here to record what I consider a portent of evil to come. The President, Governor Seward, and I went over to McClellan's home to-night. The servant at the door said the General was at the wedding of Col. Wheaton at Gen'l Buell's and would soon return. We went in, and after we had waited about an hour McClellan came in, and without paying particular attention to the porter, who told him the President was waiting to see him, went up-stairs, passing the door of the room where the President and Secretary of State were seated. They waited about half an hour, and sent once more a servant to tell the General they were there; and the answer came that the General had gone to bed.

I merely record this unparalleled insolence of epaulettes without comment. It is the first indication I have yet seen of the threatened supremacy of the military authorities. Coming home I spoke to the President about the matter, but he seemed not to have noticed it specially, saying it was better at this time not to be making points of etiquette and personal dignity.

At the end of the following January,

Hay records that the President "stopped going to McClellan's, and sent for the General to come to him." In March, Lincoln decided to relieve McClellan of his position as General-in-Chief, but to allow him to retain command of the Army of the Potomac, and thus to give "him an opportunity to retrieve his errors." At the Cabinet council at which the President announced this purpose all the members present heartily concurred in wishing that McClellan might be got rid of altogether.

Seward [Hay says] spoke very bitterly of the imbecility which had characterized the General's operations on the Potomac.

Here follow extracts from Hay's brief notes to Nicolay, absent from Washington, to whom he wrote as confidentially as in his diary:

March 31, 1862,—Little Mac sails to-day for down-river. He was in last night to see Tycoon¹. He was much more pleasant and social in manner than formerly. He seems to be anxious for the good opinion of everyone.

Thursday morning [April 3d],—McClellan is in danger, not in front, but in rear. The President is making up his mind to give him a peremptory order to march. It is disgraceful to think how the little squad at Yorktown keeps him at bay.

Friday, April 4, 1862,—McClellan is at last in motion. He is now moving on Richmond. The secret is very well kept. Nobody out of the Cabinet knows it in town.

April 9, 1862,—Glorious news comes borne on every wind but the South Wind. While Pope is crossing the turbid and broad torrent of the Mississippi in the blaze of the enemy's fire, and Grant is fighting the overwhelming legions of Buckner at Pittsburg, the Little Napoleon sits trembling before the handful of men at Yorktown, afraid either to fight or run. Stanton feels devilish about it. He would like to remove him, if he thought it would do.

At last the time came when even Lincoln's patience was exhausted. After McClellan's long series of blunders on the Peninsula he was superseded by Pope, who at the end of August, 1862, prepared to strike the Confederate army.

On August 30th, when Jackson and Longstreet were thrashing Pope at Bull Run, Hay rode into Washington from the Soldiers' Home with Lincoln.

¹One of Hay's nicknames for President Lincoln.

We talked [he says] about the state of things by Bull Run, and Pope's prospect. The President was very outspoken in regard to McClellan's present conduct. He said that really it seemed to him that McClellan wanted Pope defeated. He mentioned to me a despatch of McClellan's in which he proposed, as one plan of action, to "leave Pope to get out of his own scrape and devote ourselves to securing Washington." He also spoke of McClellan's dreadful panic in the matter of Chain Bridge, which he had ordered blown up the night before, but which order had been countermanded; and also of his incomprehensible interference with Franklin's corps, which he recalled once, and then, when they had been sent ahead by Halleck's order, begged permission to recall them again; and only desisted after Halleck's sharp injunction to push them ahead until they whipped something or got whipped themselves. The President seemed to think him a little crazy. Envy, jealousy, and spite are probably a better explanation of his present conduct. He is constantly sending despatches to the President and Halleck asking what is his real position and command. He acts as chief alarmist and grand marplot of the army.

Halleck, on the contrary, the President said, had no prejudices. [He] "is wholly for the service. He does not care who succeeds or who fails, so the service is benefited."

Later in the day we were in Halleck's room. Halleck was at dinner, and Stanton came in while we were waiting for him, and carried us off to dinner. A pleasant little dinner and a pretty wife as white and cold and motionless as marble, whose rare smiles seemed to pain her. Stanton was loud about the McClellan business. He was unqualifiedly severe upon McClellan. He said that after these battles there should be one court-martial, if never any more. He said that nothing but foul play could lose us this battle, and that it rested with McClellan and his friends. Stanton seemed to believe very strongly in Pope. So did the President, for that matter.

How unanimously the Cabinet distrusted McClellan appears further in this bit of conversation which Hay had with Seward on September 5, 1862.

"Mr. Hay," said the Secretary of State, "what is the use of growing old? You learn something of men and things, but never until too late to use it. I have only just now found out what military jealousy is. . . . The other

day I went down to Alexandria and found General McClellan's army landing. I considered our armies united, virtually, and thought them invincible. I went home, and the first news I received was that each had been attacked, and each, in effect, beaten. It never had occurred to me that any jealousy could prevent these generals from acting for their common fame and the welfare of the country."

I said it never would have seemed possible to me that one American general should write of another to the President, suggesting that "Pope should be allowed to get out of his own scrape his own way."

He answered: "I don't see why you should have expected it. You are not old. I should have known it." He said this gloomily and sadly.

Nevertheless, after Pope's defeat at the second battle of Bull Run the President concluded that McClellan must be restored to the command of the Army of the Potomac.

"He has acted badly in this matter [the President admitted to Hay], but we must use what tools we have. There is no man in the army who can man these fortifications and lick these troops of ours into shape half as well as he." I spoke of the general feeling against McClellan as evinced by the President's mail. He rejoined: "Unquestionably he has acted badly toward Pope. He wanted him to fail. That is unpardonable. But he is too useful just now to sacrifice." At another time he said: "If he can't fight himself, he excels in making others ready to fight."

So "Little Mac" once more led the Army of the Potomac; not for long, however, because after his virtual failure at Antietam (September 17, 1862) and his allowing Stuart to ride round the Army of the Potomac and raid Chambersburg, popular clamor demanded his dismissal. And Lincoln, the long-suffering, convinced that the time had come, relieved him.

Two years later McClellan was the Democratic nominee for President. On September 25, 1864, Hay records that a letter had just come from Nicolay, who was in New York, stating that Thurlow Weed, the dominant Republican leader in New York State, with whom Nicolay was to confer, had gone to Canada. When Hay showed the President the letter he said: "I think I know where

Mr. Weed has gone. I think he has gone to Vermont, not Canada. I will tell you what he is trying to do. I have not as yet told anybody."

And then Lincoln proceeded to unfold the following story of a remarkable intrigue:

"Some time ago the Governor of Vermont came to me 'on business of importance,' he said. I fixed an hour and he came. His name is Smith. He is, though you would not think it, a cousin of Baldy Smith.¹ Baldy is large, blond, florid. The Governor is a little, dark sort of man. This is the story he told me, giving Gen'l Baldy Smith as his authority:

"When Gen'l McClellan was here at Washington [in 1862] B. Smith was very intimate with him. They had been together at West Point, and friends. McClellan had asked for promotion for Baldy from the President, and got it. They were close and confidential friends. When they went down to the Peninsula their same intimate relations continued, the General talking freely with Smith about all his plans and prospects, until one day Fernando Wood and one other [Democratic] politician from New York appeared in camp and passed some days with McClellan.

"From the day this took place Smith saw, or thought he saw, that McClellan was treating him with unusual coolness and reserve. After a little while he mentioned this to McClellan, who, after some talk, told Baldy he had something to show him. He told him that these people who had recently visited him had been urging him to stand as an opposition candidate for President; that he had thought the thing over and had concluded to accept their propositions, and had written them a letter (which he had not yet sent) giving his idea of the proper way of conducting the war, so as to conciliate and impress the people of the South with the idea that our armies were intended merely to execute the laws and protect their property, etc., and pledging himself to conduct the war in that inefficient, conciliatory style.

"This letter he read to Baldy, who, after the reading was finished, said earnestly: 'General, do you not see that looks like treason, and that it will ruin you and all of us?' After some further talk the General destroyed the letter in Baldy's presence, and thanked him heartily for his frank and friendly counsel. After this he was again taken into the intimate confidence of McClellan.

"Immediately after the battle of Antietam, Wood and his familiar came again

¹Gen. William F. Smith, the eminent Union commander.

and saw the General, and again Baldy saw an immediate estrangement on the part of McClellan. He seemed to be anxious to get his intimate friends out of the way and to avoid opportunities of private conversation with them. Baldy he particularly kept employed on reconnoissances and such work. One night Smith was returning from some duty he had been performing, and, seeing a light in McClellan's tent, he went in to report. He reported and was about to withdraw when the General requested him to remain. After every one was gone he told him those men had been there again and had renewed their proposition about the Presidency: that this time he had agreed to their proposition, and had written them a letter acceding to their terms and pledging himself to carry on the war in the sense already indicated. This letter he read then and there to Baldy Smith.

"Immediately thereafter B. Smith applied to be transferred from that army. At very nearly the same time other prominent men asked the same—Franklin, Burnside, and others.

"Now that letter must be in the possession of F. Wood, and it will not be impossible to get it. Mr. Weed has, I think, gone to Vermont to see the Smiths about it."

Hay continues:

I was very much surprised at the story and expressed my surprise. I said I had always thought that McClellan's fault was a constitutional weakness and timidity, which prevented him from active and timely exertion, instead of any such deep-laid scheme of treachery and ambition.

The President replied: "After the battle of Antietam I went up to the field to try to get him to move, and came back thinking he would move at once. But when I got home he began to argue why he ought not to move. I peremptorily ordered him to advance. It was nineteen days before he put a man over the river. It was nine days longer before he got his army across, and then he stopped again, delaying on little pretexts of wanting this and that. I began to fear he was playing false—that he did not want to hurt the enemy. I saw how he could intercept the enemy on the way to Richmond. I determined to make that the test. If he let them get away I would remove him. He did so, and I relieved him. I dismissed Major K. for his silly, treasonable talk because I feared it was staff talk, and I wanted an example. The letter of Buell furnishes another evidence in support of that theory. And the story you have heard Neill tell about [Governor Horatio] Seymour's first visit to McClellan all tallies with this story."

The last reference to McClellan in this diary occurs on November 11, 1864, at the first meeting of the Cabinet after Lincoln's overwhelming re-election. The President brought out a sealed paper, which he had asked his Cabinet to indorse on August 23d, and when Hay opened it they found it contained a brief memorandum in which Lincoln stated that, as it was extremely probable that he could not be re-elected, he intended "so to co-operate with the President-elect as to save the Union between the election and the inauguration."

"I resolved," he now told his Cabinet, "in case of the election of Gen'l McClellan, . . . that I would see him and talk matters over with him. I would say, 'General, the election has demonstrated that you are stronger, have more influence with the American people than I. Now let us together—you with your influence, and I with all the executive power of the government—try to save the country. You raise as many troops as you possibly can for this final trial, and I will devote all my energy to assisting and finishing the war.'"

Seward said: "And the General would answer you, 'Yes, yes'; and the next day, when you saw him again and pressed those views upon him, he would say, 'Yes, yes'; and so on for ever, and would have done nothing at all."

"At least," added Lincoln, "I should have done my duty and have stood clear before my own conscience."

With that characteristic expression the record closes—a record which reveals Lincoln as invincibly patient, fair, and considerate toward even the general who caused him and the upholders of the Union so many poignant disappointments.

General Hooker was another commander toward whom his contemporaries and posterity have had their reserves. Since the military history of the war has come to be studied dispassionately, Chancellorsville has risen into front rank among the critical battles, and, as Hooker commanded at Chancellorsville and was beaten, his reputation has, logically, suffered in proportion to the growing significance attached to that defeat.

Hay, however, evidently liked Hooker—"Fighting Joe"—of whose talks he made several notes. On September 9,

1863, he dined with Wise, where he met Hooker, Butterfield, and Fox.

Hooker was in fine flow. . . . He says he was forced to ask to be relieved by repeated acts which proved that he was not to be allowed to manage his army as he thought best, but that it was to be manœvered from Washington. He instanced Maryland Heights, whose garrison he was forbidden to touch, yet which was ordered to be evacuated by the very mail which brought his (Hooker's) relief. And other such many.

At dinner he spoke of our army. He says: It was the finest on the planet. He would like to see it fighting with foreigners. . . . It was far superior to the Southern army in everything but one. It had more valor, more strength, more endurance, more spirit; the Rebels are only superior in vigor of attack. The reason of this is that, in the first place, our army came down here capable of everything but ignorant of everything. It fell into evil hands—the hands of a baby, who knew something of drill, little of organization, and nothing of the *morale* of the army. It was fashioned by the congenial spirit of this man into a mass of languid inertness, destitute of either dash or cohesion. The Prince de Joinville, by far the finest mind I ever met with in the army, was struck by this singular and, as he said, inexplicable contrast between the character of American soldiers as integers and in mass. The one active, independent, alert, enterprising; the other indolent, easy, wasteful, and slothful. It is not in the least singular. You find a ready explanation in the character of its original general.

Hooker drank very little, not more than the rest, who were all abstemious, yet what little he drank made his cheek hot and red and his eye brighter. I can easily understand how the stories of his drunkenness have grown, if so little affects him as I have seen. He was looking very well to-night. A tall and statuesque form—grand fighting head and grizzled russet hair—red, florid cheeks and bright-blue eyes, forming a strong contrast with Butterfield, who sat opposite—a small, stout, compact man, with a closely chiseled Greek face and heavy black mustaches, like Eugène Beauharnais. Both very handsome and very different.

September 10th,—I dined to-night at Willard's. . . . Speaking of Lee [Hooker] expressed himself slightly of Lee's abilities. He says he was never much respected in the army. In Mexico he was surpassed by all his lieutenants. In the cavalry he was held in no esteem. He was regarded very highly by General Scott. He was a courtier, and readily recommended himself by his insinuating manner to the General [Scott], whose

petulant and arrogant temper had driven of late years all officers of spirit and self-respect away from him.

The strength of the Rebel army rests on the broad shoulders of Longstreet. He is the brain of Lee, as Stonewall Jackson was his right arm. Before every battle he had been advised with. After every battle Lee may be found in his tent. He is a weak man and little of a soldier. He naturally rests on Longstreet, who is a soldier born.

When we recall that only four months earlier Hooker, having been beaten at Chancellorsville, boasted of successfully withdrawing his army across the river from Lee's army, which was not pursuing, we shall find more humor in his depreciation of Lee than he intended. From the frankness with which Hooker and the others talked to Hay we may be justified in suspecting that they thought they might through him reach the President. Lincoln, who never failed to give a man credit for his good qualities, remarked to Hay, "Whenever trouble arises I can always rely on Hooker's magnanimity."

Still another commander of the Army of the Potomac—General George G. Meade—comes in for some pertinent criticism in John Hay's record. One generation remembers Meade as the resolute captain who, although appointed only three days before, checked the invasion of the Confederate armies in the three-days battle of Gettysburg. Contemporaries, however, while rejoicing in the victory, felt the bitterest chagrin that it failed to crush the rebellion. It is chiefly to this that Hay's notes refer.

News traveled with desperate slowness to those kept in suspense at the White House during this crisis. The battle of Gettysburg ended at dark on July 3, 1863; and yet for more than a week following, doubt and hope alternated in Lincoln's mind as to whether the Union general, Meade, would complete his victory by destroying Lee's army. On Saturday, July 11, 1863, Hay writes:

The President seemed in specially good humor to-day, as he had pretty good evidence that the enemy were still on the north side of the Potomac, and Meade had announced his intention of attacking them

in the morning. The President seemed very happy in the prospect of a brilliant success.

Sunday, 12th July,—Rained all the afternoon. Have not yet heard of Meade's expected attack.

Monday, 13th,—The President begins to grow anxious and impatient about Meade's silence. I thought and told him there was nothing to prevent the enemy from getting away by the Falling Waters if they were not vigorously attacked. . . . Nothing can save them if Meade does his duty. I doubt him. He is an engineer.

14th July,—This morning the President seemed depressed by Meade's despatches of last night. They were so cautiously and almost timidly worded—talking about reconnoitering to find the enemy's weak places, and other such. . . . About noon came the despatches stating that our worst fears were true. The enemy had gotten away unhurt. The President was deeply grieved. "We had them within our grasp," he said; "we had only to stretch forth our hands and they were ours. And nothing I could say or do could make the army move."

Several days ago he sent a despatch to Meade which must have cut like a scourge, but Meade returned so reasonable and earnest reply that the President concluded he knew best what he was doing, and was reconciled to the apparent inaction, which he hoped was merely apparent.

Every day he has watched the progress of the army with agonizing impatience, hope struggling with fear. He has never been easy in his own mind about General Meade since Meade's General Order in which he called on his troops to drive the invader from our soil. The President says: "This is a dreadful reminiscence of McClellan. The same spirit that moved McClellan to claim a great victory because Pennsylvania and Maryland were safe. The hearts of ten million people sank within them when McClellan raised that shout last fall. Will our generals never get that idea out of their heads? The whole country is our soil."

15th July,—Robert Lincoln says the President is silently but deeply grieved about the escape of Lee. He said: "If I had gone up there I could have whipped them myself." [And Hay adds] I know he had that idea.

To picture Lincoln commanding at Gettysburg and crushing Lee's army, and with it the rebellion, in the most significant battle of the nineteenth century, dazzles the imagination. More than one of the Union generals regarded Lincoln as possessing unusual qualifica-

tions as a commander: but could he have compassed that?

On July 16th

Gen'l Wadsworth came in. He said in answer to Abe's question, "Why did Lee escape?" "Because nobody stopped him," rather gruffly. Wadsworth says that at a council of war of corps commanders, held on Sunday, the 12th, . . . on the question of fight or no fight, the weight of authority was against fighting. French, Sedgwick, Slocum, and Sykes strenuously opposed a fight. Meade was in favor of it. So was Warren, who did most of the talking on that side, and Pleasonton was very eager for it, as also was Wadsworth himself. The non-fighters thought, or seemed to think, that if we did not attack, the enemy would, and even Meade, though he was in for action, had no idea that the enemy intended to get away at once. Howard had little to say on the subject.

Meade was in favor of attacking in three columns of 20,000 men each. Wadsworth was in favor of doing as Stonewall Jackson did at Chancellorsville—double up the left, and drive them down on Williamsport. I do not question that either plan would have succeeded. Wadsworth said to Hunter, who sat beside him: "General, there are a good many officers of the regular army who have not yet entirely lost the West Point idea of Southern superiority. That sometimes accounts for an otherwise unaccountable slowness of attack."

19 July, Sunday,—The President was in very good humor; . . . in the afternoon he and I were talking about the position at Williamsport the other day. He said: "Our army held the war in the hollow of their hand, and they would not close it." Again he said: "We had gone all through the labor of tilling and planting an enormous crop, and when it was ripe we did not harvest it!" Still he added, "I am very, very grateful to Meade for the great service he did at Gettysburg."

How characteristic is this last sentence of Lincoln's indefectible sense of justice!

Quite naturally, the spectacular figure of Benjamin F. Butler, the politico-military self-seeker whose acrobatic performances edified the American public during more than forty years, appears and reappears in Hay's journal. Having secured a commission as brigadier-general, he led the Eighth Massachusetts to Washington.

On being stopped by the mob in Baltimore at the outset of the war, he lost no time in making his presence known. On April 25, 1861, Hay writes: "General Butler has sent an imploring request to the President to be allowed to bag the whole nest of traitorous Maryland legislators and bring them in triumph here. This the Tycoon, wishing to observe every comity, even with a recusant State, forbade."

A few months later, on November 8th, Hay copies into his diary "a cheeky letter just received" by the President. It reads as follows:

MY DEAR SIR,—Gen'l Wool has resigned. Gen'l Frémont must. Gen'l Scott has retired.

I have an ambition, and I trust a laudable one, to be Major-General of the United States Army.

Has anybody done more to deserve it? No one will do more. May I rely upon you, as you may have confidence in me, to take this matter into consideration?

I will not disgrace the position. I may fail in its duties.

Truly yrs.,

BENJ. F. BUTLER.

The President.

P. S.—I have made the same suggestion to others of my friends.

Though Butler was not the first of the political warriors with whom the President had to deal, he was surpassed by none in the persistence with which he pushed his personal claims. In January, 1864, Hay was sent by the President to South Carolina and Florida to administer the oath of allegiance to loyal Southerners. There he fell in with Butler.

In the dusk of the evening [he writes from Point Lookout] Gen'l Butler came clattering into the room, where Marston and I were sitting, followed by a couple of aides. We had some hasty talk about business: he told me how he was administering the oath at Norfolk; how popular it was growing; children cried for it. . . .

After drinking cider we went down to the *Hudson City*, the General's flagship. His wife, niece, and excessively pretty daughter . . . were there at tea. . . . At night, after the ladies had gone off to bed—they all said *retired*, but I suppose it meant the same thing in the end—we began to talk about some

queer matters. Butler had some odd stories about physical sympathies . . . and showed a singular acquaintance with Biblical studies. . . .

At Baltimore we took a special car and came home. I sat with the General all the way and talked with him about many matters: Richmond and its long immunity. He says he can take an army within thirty miles of Richmond without any trouble; from that point the enemy can either be forced to fight in the open field south of the city or submit to be starved into surrender. . . .

He gave me some very dramatic incidents of his second action in Fortress Monroe, smoking out adventurers and confidence-men, testing his detectives, and matters of that sort. He makes more business in that sleepy little Department than any one would have dreamed was in it.

Butler soon had his opportunity, but instead of taking Richmond he allowed himself, to quote General Grant's indelible phrase, to be "bottled up," thereby rendering his army useless.

Lincoln's estimate of Butler appears in this entry in Hay's diary of May 21, 1864:

Butler is turning out much as I thought he would; perfectly useless and incapable for campaigning. . . . I said to the President to-day that I thought Butler was the only man in the army in whom power would be dangerous. McClellan was too timid and vacillating to usurp; Grant was too sound and cool-headed and unselfish; Banks also; Frémont would be dangerous if he had more ability and energy. "Yes," says the American,¹ "he is like Jim Jett's brother. Jim used to say that his brother was the d—dest scoundrel that ever lived, but in the infinite mercy of Providence he was also the d—dest fool."

I close with a quotation in a very different key about a very different commander. On May 9, 1864, Hay reports:

Received to-day the first despatches from Grant [in the Wilderness]. The President thinks very highly of what Grant has done. He was talking about it to-day with me and said: How near we have been to this thing before, and failed! I believe if any other general had been at the head of that army, it would have now been on this side of the Rapidan. It is the dogged pertinacity of Grant that wins.

¹ Another of Hay's familiar names for Lincoln.

slowly drew herself up on one arm and extended her thin hand.

"What — what's that you've got?" she demanded, and her voice was shaking.

For an instant the Commodore stood motionless; then he came up to the head of the sofa and carefully laid his burden down beside her.

"It's Maria Emma," he said very gently. "I — I thought it would make you — glad."

The Captain's wife looked down at the doll by her side. She touched it once with trembling fingers.

"Glad!"

"She — she was head nurse in the detention-camp. Her — her — mother wouldn't let her ever leave it. I — I didn't think any one would want her. I went and got her the night — you were taken sick. I found the blue hair-ribbon *she* had worn. I took that, too, — I really and truly didn't mean to steal, — and I tied it around her as a sash. You'll see it's a reef-knot; I don't know much about bows! But I've been very careful of her. I've kept her in my shoe-box all through the days, *very* carefully done up in newspaper, and — and —" The Commodore broke off. Did honor require this, too? Would *this* make the Captain's wife glad?

"And I've — I've kissed her — every night."

It was over. The Commodore had returned what was not really his, but he looked down on Maria Emma yearningly. This was good-by.

The Captain's wife sat up suddenly, trembling with sobs. She gathered Maria Emma

to her breast and bent her streaming face above her.

The Commodore rushed blindly, frightened, from the room, straight into the arms of the Captain, who had stood unnoticed just beyond the doorway.

"I never meant to make her cry, sir, oh — indeed, I never meant to!" Something choked the Commodore. "I only wanted to help — to make her glad again. Will — will she — die?"

The Captain put him down, a strange light breaking over his troubled face.

"No, son, *no*; she will live!"

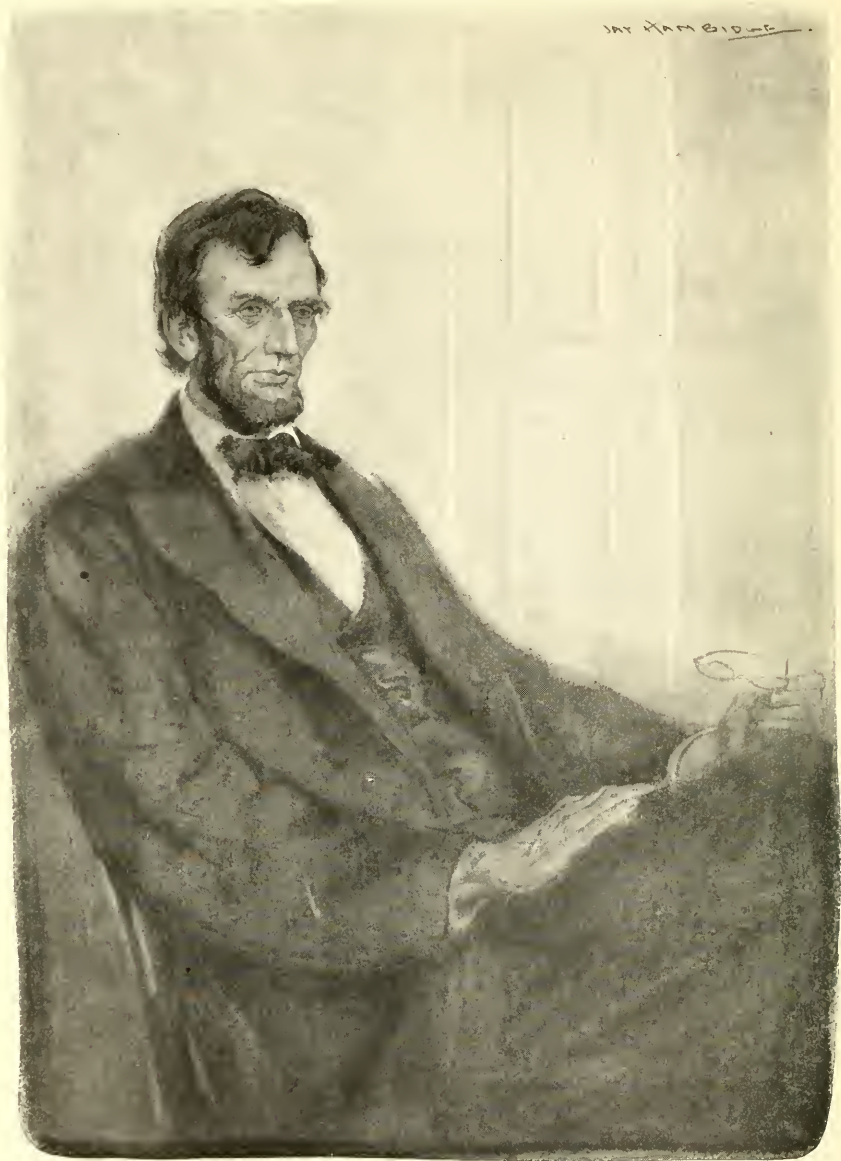
Then he slipped in and closed the door.

The Commodore groped his way out. He tried to go softly and make no noise with his creaking shoes. He stood very quiet on the top step of the gallery. A mist crept up from the broad expanse of water and mingled with the mist of twilight and enveloped all things as with a faint, soft veil. A lizard crept slowly along the broad leaves of a palm. It was the only moving thing that he could see. The Captain said that she would live. He did not understand; he only knew that he felt very lonely. He could not bring himself to look at

the big magnolia-tree or the live-oak, but he strained his eyes up to the evening sky that hung gray and still above him. The sky was so big, the whole world was so big, and he was just a little boy, after all — for the first time dimly feeling the mystery of the Infinite.

Then very quietly he went down the steps.





"HE SEEMED TO BE GAZING AT SOMETHING A THOUSAND
MILES AWAY"

ABRAHAM LINCOLN'S RUM SWEAT

A VIGOROUS REMEDY THAT HELPED HIM DURING
HIS PRESIDENTIAL CAMPAIGN

BY

GEORGE P. FLOYD

"I have not suffered by the South; I have suffered with the South. Their pain has been my pain; their loss has been my loss. What they have gained I have gained."



FIRST met Mr. Lincoln at Springfield, Illinois, in February, 1856. He was then practising law with W. H. Herndon; "Lincoln & Herndon" was the firm-name. Their office was in a small room in the second story of an old frame building on Sangamon Street. The floor was bare; the furniture consisted of two small desks, a little table, a few old chairs, and a long wooden bench. I remember that large pictures of Washington and Andrew Jackson hung on the wall. Books and papers were scattered about.

Mr. Lincoln wore a long, old-fashioned frock-coat and a tall "plug" hat; his breeches hardly reached to his ankles. He had on blue socks, an old-fashioned high dicky, and what was called in those days a "stock." Mr. Lincoln was made up of head, hands, feet, and length, yet it required but a very few words with him to dispel any unfavorable impression of him that might have been formed. His kind, gentle voice and manner would draw any one to him.

I had leased the Quincy House, at Quincy, Illinois. The property was owned by a widow, Mrs. Enos, who lived at Springfield. I employed Mr. Lincoln to execute the lease for me. He sent the lease to me at Quincy, but said nothing about the pay for his services. Thinking twenty-five dollars would be about right, I sent him that amount. In a few days I received a letter from Mr. Lincoln, of which the following is a copy:

SPRINGFIELD, ILLINOIS,
February 21, 1856.

MR. GEORGE P. FLOYD,
Quincy, Illinois.

Dear Sir:—I have just received yours of 16th, with check on Flagg & Savage for twenty-

five dollars. You must think I am a high-priced man. You are too liberal with your money.

Fifteen dollars is enough for the job. I send you a receipt for fifteen dollars, and return to you a ten-dollar bill.

Yours truly,

A. LINCOLN.

Lincoln's Dangerous Breakdown during the Debates with Douglas

During the summer of 1858 Abraham Lincoln and Stephen A. Douglas stumped the State of Illinois in joint debate. The first meeting was at Clinton, August 20. From there they went to Jonesboro, Charleston, Galesburg, Quincy, and ended at Alton, October 28. While Mr. Lincoln was always temperate in all things, the "little giant" Douglas generally carried a comfortable load of the "juice of corn." On October 15 they reached Quincy, where an immense crowd assembled to listen to the debates. While Judge Douglas was very eloquent, fascinating, and rhetorical, Mr. Lincoln was neither rhetorical, graceful, nor brilliant, and used very little gesticulation. But in a little time the crowd was unconsciously and irresistibly drawn by the clearness and closeness of his argument. His fairness and candor were very noticeable. He ridiculed nothing, burlesqued nothing, misrepresented nothing. Instead of distorting the views held by Judge Douglas, he very modestly and courteously inquired into their soundness. He was too kind for bitterness and too great for vituperation.

The strain on body and mind had begun to tell on Mr. Lincoln. After he had finished his speech, he almost collapsed from sheer fatigue. He was taken by friends to his rooms in the hotel, which I was then keeping. They

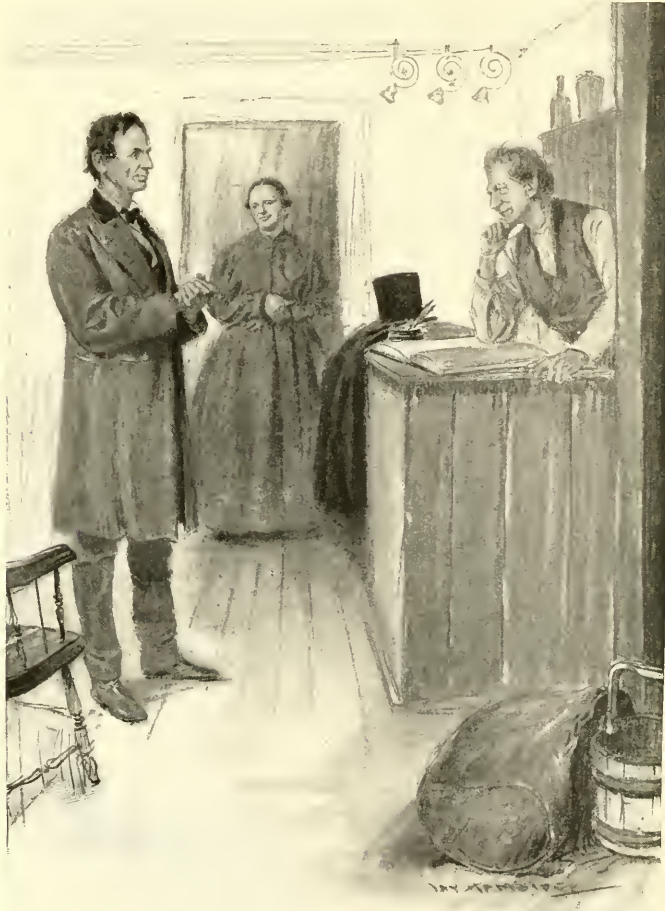
laid him on a lounge in his room, and Mr. Lincoln remarked: "I tell you, I'm mighty nigh petered out; I reckon I'll have to quit and give up the race."

*How Mrs. Floyd's Rum Sweat Saved
the Campaign*

My wife stood watching him. She was a great

go ahead. Any port in a storm, and, I tell you, I am mighty near overboard."

The treatment was administered as directed by my wife. A pan of New England rum was placed under a cane-seated chair. The patient was stripped, seated in the chair, and covered all over with blankets. Then the rum was set afire. The fumes or vapor of the rum caused



“WHY, I AM FEELING LIKE A TWO-YEAR-OLD”

believer in old-school remedies, and suggested that Mr. Lincoln be treated to a “rum sweat.”

“Rum sweat!” said Mr. Lincoln. “Why, I never drank a drop of liquor in my life.”

“You don’t have to drink the rum,” replied my wife. “It’s an external treatment.”

“Well,” said Mr. Lincoln, “if you think it will do me any good, just crack your whip and

profuse perspiration, after which the patient was put to bed, covered with woolen blankets, and given a decoction of hot ginger tea. The sweating continued.

The next morning, to our surprise, Mr. Lincoln made his appearance bright and early. We asked how he was feeling. “Why,” said he, “I am feeling like a two-year-old. I can



"ABRAHAM LINCOLN'S RUM SWEAT"

jump a five-rail fence right now, I swanny! I've heard of folks drinking liquor, and rubbing their bodies with the bottle for ailments, but I never yet heard of driving the stuff through the pores of the hide to get a man full. If Mrs. Floyd would only join us in this campaign and prescribe for me, I think we could beat out Judge Douglas slick and clean."

Civil War Days

Abraham Lincoln never forgot a favor. Seven years rolled by before I met him again. In 1861 I was in business in Montgomery, Alabama. In February of that year the Confederate government met there and remained until it was removed to Richmond, Virginia.

Although I was a slaveholder before and during the war, I was not imbued with the spirit of secession, and fortunately I was exempt from military duties, for I had mail and other contracts with the Confederate government.

During the Civil War the people in the Confederate States, hemmed in as they were through the blockade by land and sea, were obliged to depend on their own resources. They had no factories of any kind, no foundries, no powder-mills, tanneries, or cotton-mills. They had

worlds of cotton, but no means of manufacturing it. The extremes to which the Southern population was forced during the war, the sufferings, deprivations, and sacrifices they endured, have never been half told. Yet all the while they were surrounded by millions upon millions of wealth which they were unable to

utilize. Bales of cotton innumerable were stored away in every nook and corner of the Confederacy. It was estimated that during 1864 there was cotton enough in the Confederacy, if it were sold at the market price then ruling in the North, to pay one half of the whole war debt

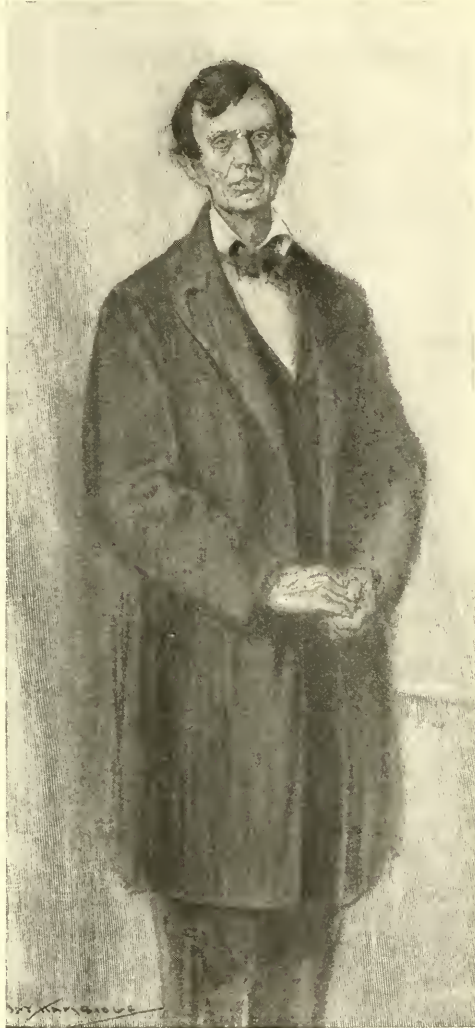
of the North. From the commencement of hostilities the Confederate government imposed a war tax on all the cotton raised in the Confederacy. This percentage of the crop, pressed into bales marked "C. S. A.," was stored in warehouses throughout the Confederacy.

To President Lincoln for Protection

When the Federals captured cotton, it was sold at auction, and the proceeds were deposited in the United States Treasury, subject to the decision of the Court of Claims. In December, 1864, about forty thousand bales were captured by General Sherman at Savannah, Georgia, and sent to New York to be sold at auction. The proceeds of this sale, amounting to many millions of dollars, went into the United States Treasury. There is to-day in the treasury a large deposit representing the proceeds of cotton captured during the war, which has never been successfully claimed.

In December, 1864, I concluded to leave the Confederate States. I left Montgomery, Alabama, December 15, going from Charleston, South Carolina, to Nassau on the blockade-runner *Arrow*, thence to New York on a regular steamer.

Since I left a considerable amount of perishable property in the South, I was anxious to



"I HAVE NOT SUFFERED BY THE SOUTH," HE SAID; 'I HAVE SUFFERED WITH THE SOUTH'"

get protection papers from the Federal government, to save it when the Federals should capture Montgomery. Armed with letters of recommendation from Governor John A. Andrew of Massachusetts, Governor Joe Gilmore of New Hampshire, and a very strong personal letter from General Ben Prentiss (whom, together with his staff, I had befriended while they were prisoners of war in Selma, Alabama, in 1863), I proceeded to Washington. At that time, on account of the hundreds seeking interviews, it was very difficult to get an audience with Mr. Lincoln.

Lincoln at his Desk in the White House

After five or six days' waiting I succeeded in reaching him. It so happened that I was the last visitor before the closing hour of business. When I entered his rooms, he was sitting in his office chair with his long legs resting on the desk. His feet were incased in old-fashioned carpet-slippers. His face as it looked at that time I shall never forget. He "looked like death." His pale, haggard features, furrowed with wrinkles, his sunken eyes and care-worn face, made me hesitate to trouble him.

For a few moments he did not move a muscle, and seemed to be gazing at something a thousand miles away. At last, taking up my card and without changing his position, he said in a very kindly voice, "Well, my friend, what can I do for you?"

"Mr. President," I replied, "you look too tired and care-worn to do anything for anybody. I hate to trouble you."

"Oh, I'm all right," he replied. "What can I do for you?"

I laid my papers before him. He commenced reading them. He had read but a few lines of General Prentiss' letter, when he jumped up, grasped my hand, and said: "Why, I have seen you before, sir; I remember you very well. I believe your wife saved my life when I was at Quincy in 1858. Yes, and I have taken that 'rum sweat' that she prescribed for me many times, and I have prescribed it for some of my friends. It has always been a dead shot." And quickly, as if the keeper of the lighthouse had lighted the beacon-light, the cloud lifted from his face, his eyes snapped, and his thoughts seemed to hark back to the bygone days of 1858.

The President's Tea which Became a Cabinet Meeting

"You must come up and take tea with us to-night," said he. "I want to talk with you about matters and things in the South. Ben

Prentiss tells me that you are well posted about things down there."

I accepted his invitation, and, before we got through with the confab, it proved to be quite a cabinet meeting. We were joined by Mr. Fessenden, then Secretary of the Treasury, O. H. Browning, Secretary of the Interior, and Edwin M. Stanton, Secretary of War.

My mail and other contracts with the Confederate government during the war had enabled me to keep behind the scenes and observe some of the workings and tricks of the misguided officials who sailed the water-logged Confederate craft into rough and ragged rocks, to shipwreck and destruction.

The Plan to Save Confederate Cotton

I was enabled to give Mr. Lincoln some information of which he had never dreamed in regard to the Confederacy. Before I left Montgomery, in December, I had procured a list of all the cotton in eight warehouses in the city, and a list of many of its claimants. In the eight warehouses were stored one hundred and twenty-eight thousand bales of cotton, subject to the order of the various claimants. Twenty-three thousand bales of that cotton were the property of the Confederate States government and marked "C. S. A." The balance, one hundred and five thousand bales, belonged to different persons, fifteen hundred bales of it being my own. At that time cotton was selling in New York and New Orleans at about eighty cents a pound. If the twenty-three thousand bales of Confederate cotton could be captured or saved, it would be worth — eleven and a half million pounds at eighty cents — \$9,200,000, which would go into the United States Treasury as confiscated property. The balance, one hundred and five thousand bales, fifty-two and a half million pounds, would have sold for \$42,000,000. I laid a plan before Mr. Lincoln and Secretary Fessenden to save the cotton in Montgomery. They both favored my plan and at once proceeded to give me every facility to prosecute it successfully. My idea appealed especially to Mr. Lincoln, who had always been in favor of drawing all the cotton out of the Confederacy.

The Confederacy Like Bill Sikes' Dog

The President was forever illustrating his theories by telling some funny story, as he did in this case. Said Mr. Lincoln: "The Confederacy is like Bill Sikes' dog. Old Bill Sikes had a yaller dog, a worthless cur. His strong holt was to run out and bark at passers-by, and scare horses and children. The boys in the neighborhood decided to

have some fun with the no-account canine brute. They procured a small stick of giant-powder, inserted a cap and fuse in it, wrapped a piece of meat around it, lit the fuse, laid the little joker on the sidewalk, whistled, and climbed the fence to see the fun. Out comes the dog with his usual 'wow, wow!' He scented the meat and bolted the bundle. In a few seconds there was a terrible explosion. Dog-meat was flying in all directions. Out comes Sikes from the house, bareheaded. 'What in hell's up?' yelled old Bill. 'Why, the dog's up,' cried the boys on the fence. While old Bill was gazing around in wonderment, something dropped at his feet. He picked it up, and found it was his dog's tail. While looking sorrowfully at the appendage of his departed canine friend, he exclaimed, 'Well, I'll be damned if I think old Tige'll amount to much after this as a dog.' And," said Mr. Lincoln, "so it would be with the Confederacy. Take all their cotton away from them, and it wouldn't amount to shucks. It would fry all the fat out of them."

"I have Suffered with the South"

Mr. Lincoln's feelings toward the South during the war were more of sympathy than of hostility.

"I have not suffered by the South," he said; "I have suffered with the South. Their pain has been my pain; their loss has been my loss. What they have gained I have gained."

I was appointed agent at Montgomery to take charge of all the cotton that was captured when the city fell into the possession of the Federals. With proper credentials, I left Washington for Montgomery March 21. Reaching Mobile April 2, I at once started across country on horseback, overtaking General A. J. Smith's troops about seventy-five miles south of Selma, on their way to capture Montgomery. I made arrangements to have the advance-guard of his army surround the warehouses as soon as they entered the city, to protect the cotton from fire and pillage. Pushing on, I reached Montgomery two days

ahead of the Federals. The city was then in command of the Confederate General Beaufort.

The Confederates had decided to evacuate the city without a fight. A number of gentlemen, who owned a large portion of the cotton stored in the warehouses, formed a deputation to wait upon General Beaufort. I joined them, and we used every argument to persuade the general to leave the warehouses intact when the city was evacuated, offering to account to him for the net proceeds of two thousand bales of cotton. The general was at first in favor of complying with our request.

The Burning of the Cotton

Everything looked favorable to our plan for saving the cotton. Then, all at once, General Beaufort began to "crawlfish." The fact was, the general had been taking what was known in Confederate parlance as "pine-top," which had unbalanced his craft and changed his course of sailing. He became as stubborn as a mule. We couldn't budge him an inch.

At twelve o'clock that night he ordered the torch applied to every cotton warehouse. In spite of all we could do, the eight warehouses, containing one hundred and twenty-eight thousand bales of cotton, worth \$51,-200,000 in good money, went up in smoke, without a cent of insurance, doing no one a particle of good. In many cases the cotton was all that the owners had saved out of the wreckage of the war. Men who had always lived in affluence, and who had never known what want was, were reduced to abject poverty by that cruel, uncalled-for, wanton act.

Mr. Lincoln's wife was Miss Mary Todd of Kentucky. Her brother, Thomas Todd, lived in Alabama during the war. In April, 1865, while I was at Montgomery, Alabama, I received a personal letter from Mr. Lincoln requesting me to attend to a little matter concerning Mrs. Lincoln and her brother, which I did. That letter was dated at Washington, D. C., April 10, 1865. Four days later Lincoln was assassinated.

AN AUDIENCE WITH ABRAHAM LINCOLN

BY T. B. BANCROFT

W. D. ...
July 1864

IT was at the time when the Army of the Potomac, under McClellan, was lying at Yorktown, that my friend John conceived the idea of visiting his son, who was a private in the 3d Pennsylvania Cavalry and in camp on the Peninsula. John was a modest man and felt timid about the difficulties that he might encounter in getting permission to visit McClellan's camp; and in his perplexity he asked me to go with him. To this I finally consented, and by consenting I was brought for the space of an hour face to face with the immortal President.

At that time almost every county in the North had its provost marshal and his guard. They looked up deserters and attended to bounty jumpers, enlistments, etc., and, thinking it might be a good thing to have, I got from our marshal a certificate, stating that John and I were good, loyal citizens and entitled to all the rights and privileges of such. Armed with this document, we set out for Washington, where we arrived on the evening of the same day.

The following morning we called at the War Department, were allowed to state our case briefly, and were very expeditiously thrust out again, with an overwhelming conviction that nothing short of our own enlistment would enable us to see the boy, or get anywhere near the Army of the Potomac.

As we left the War Department and walked down the street, we were very near deciding to take the next train for home, when it occurred to us to go to the White House and lay the case before the President. This was a common custom, and, although we were not aware of it at the time, Mr. Lincoln had set apart an hour or two twice each week for meeting the public, and this day happened to be one of those selected by him. Sometimes people spent weeks in Washington before they were able to put their cases before him, but, as will be seen, we were more fortunate.

To the White House we went, passed the single sentry on guard at the front entrance, and going in, proceeded to the "Blue Room,"

where we sat down among some fifty others, all bent on similar missions. After about half an hour, a colored servant came down the stairs and announced that the President was ready to receive, whereupon the whole crowd rushed tumultuously upstairs and crowded into the little office, filling every available seat. The crowd behind pushed John and myself forward and forced us up against the railing protecting the desk, behind which and within three feet of us, sat Abraham Lincoln. For more than an hour I stood there and studied his face and listened to the conversations between him and the petitioners who came to offer their cases for his patient hearing and final decision. The railing at which I stood ran almost across the room, with a gate at one end, through which the applicants were admitted, one at a time. Mr. Lincoln sat at the back end of the enclosure, and his secretary at the end nearest the gate. Between them stood a chair in which the applicant sat while his case was under consideration. Except for the guard at the front door, I had seen no evidence of any special care being taken for the President's protection, and it seemed to me that it would be easy for any one to get in with the throng, assassinate him while presenting papers to him, and escape in the confusion. The latter part of this narrative will show how greatly I was in error as to the measures taken for his safety.

The President had just come from a cabinet meeting and looked worn and wearied. His hair stood up all over his head as though he had been running his hands through it, and in this respect he looked not unlike the pictures of Andrew Jackson that we often see — homely of face, large-boned, angular, and loosely put together. His appearance almost justified the gibes and jeers with which his enemies were accustomed to describe him — all but his eyes; here his soul looked forth, — clear, calm, and honest, yet piercing and searching; not to be deceived, yet practising no guile.

There was a manhood in his look
No murderer could kill.

Cover the lower part of his face, and the expression of the upper part was one of pathetic sadness — then you saw the burden and the care that were laid upon him; reverse the process and look upon the lower half of his face, and the expression was humorous and kindly. He sat in his chair loungingly, giving no evidence of his unusual height; a pair of short-shanked gold spectacles sat low down upon his nose, the shanks catching his temples, and he could easily look over them if he so desired. As I came up to the railing in front of him, he was reading a paper that had just been presented to him by a man who sat in the chair opposite him and who seemed, by his restlessness and his unsteady eyes, to be of a nervous disposition, or under great excitement.

Mr. Lincoln, still holding the paper up and without movement of any kind, paused and, raising his eyes, looked for a long time at this man's face and seemed to be looking down into his very soul. Then, resuming his reading for a few moments, he again paused and cast the same piercing look upon his visitor.

Suddenly, without warning, he dropped the paper and stretching out his long arm he pointed his finger directly in the face of his vis-à-vis and said, "What's the matter with you?"

The man stammered and finally replied, "Nothing."

"Yes, there is," said Lincoln. "You can't look me in the face! You have not looked me in the face since you sat there! Even now you are looking out that window and cannot look me in the eye!"

Then, flinging the paper in the man's lap, he cried, "Take it back! There is something wrong about this! I will have nothing to do with it!" — and the discomfited individual retired. I have often regretted that I was unable to discover the nature of this case.

Next came before him a young man whose brother had been in the army and had been taken prisoner, but had managed to escape. Instead of going to the first proper officer he met and reporting himself for duty, he went to his home in the North, and there was arrested by the provost guard and sent back to his regiment, where he was tried for desertion, found guilty, and sentenced to death.

His brother, seeking his pardon, had been to the War Department without effect and came to the President as a last resource. Mr. Lincoln took his papers (which consisted of statements and suggestions endorsed by many adjutants and officers, from his corps commander down to his captain), read the whole mass over slowly, then, taking up the last one and reading from the endorsements on the back, said

slowly, "Hm — hm — hm — 'Approved and respectfully forwarded with the suggestion that if the said J. L. will re-enlist for three years or during the war, a pardon be granted. — Signed, Gen'l A——, John Doe, Adjutant.'

"I don't know but what I agree with General A——, and if the young man will re-enlist for three years or during the war, I will pardon him."

To this the brother very promptly agreed, whereupon Mr. Lincoln (who had been sunk down in his big chair up to this time) began to rise, and as I looked, he went up and up and up until I began to think he would reach the ceiling; but presently he bent over and reached to a pigeon-hole in the desk before him, took out a card, wrote upon it, and signing it "A. Lincoln," gave it to the brother, saying, "Take that to the War Department, and I guess it will be all right"; and, with his brother's pardon assured him, the young man, smiling all over, left the room.

The next comer was an Irishman of perhaps sixty years, who was employed as night watchman in Washington, and on account of his health desired to get a position as day watchman in the Treasury. Unfortunately, he had nothing in writing to show, and Mr. Lincoln had said that he would not listen to verbal petitions, but must have something in the nature of a brief that he could read, and thus become conversant with the main points in the matter presented to him.

As he seated himself, Mr. Lincoln turned to him and said, "My friend, what can I do for you?"

"Well, your Excellency, I am a night watchman at Mr. Gardner's in the city, and I do be sick all the time, and I think 'tis the night work that doesn't agree with me, and I was thinking if your Excellency could give me a job in the Treasury —"

"Stop! Stop!" cried Lincoln. "Have you any brief to show me?"

"Fwat's that?" said Michael.

"Give me something I can read," said Lincoln. "Have you nothing in writing to show me?"

"Sir," says Michael, diving into his breast pocket and bringing up two worn and torn envelopes whose thickness showed no lack of reading matter, "I have two letters from me byes in the army," at the same time thrusting them into the President's hands.

Lincoln looked at them, but did not venture to open them, and forced them back upon the reluctant Michael, saying, "Tut, tut, I haven't time to read a book." Michael returned to the

charge and with many "Your Excellency's" pressed his case so fluently and so rapidly that the President found no chance whatever to take part in the conversation for some time, until Michael, from want of breath or argument, paused.

Then Lincoln, "My friend, I don't know you, nor do I know that I ever saw you. I cannot put you in the Treasury without some reference. Suppose that I should put you there and you should prove to be a thief and should steal the money——"

"Sir," interrupted the indignant Michael, "I'm an honest man."

"I believe you are," said Lincoln, "but I know nothing about you. Do you not know some one in the city that I also know and who can speak for you?"

"Well, your Excellency, I know Mr. Graham, beyont on C Street, and Mr. Brown and Mr. Jones and Mr. Robinson and Mr. Swayne, the sculptor, and ——"

"Stop!" cried Lincoln, "I know Mr. Swayne, and if you will bring me a letter from him, stating what he knows about you, I will see what can be done for you."

Exit Michael, trying to get his boys' letters back again into the pocket they came from.

And now a boy in army blue takes the vacant chair and handing his papers to Mr. Lincoln sits silently waiting their perusal. Having read the packet, the President turns to him and says, "And you want to be a captain?"

Boy — "Yes, sir."

LINCOLN — "And what do you want to be captain of? Have you got a company?"

Boy — "No, sir, but my officers told me that I could get a captain's commission if I were to present my case to you."

LINCOLN — "My boy,—excuse my calling you a boy,—how old are you?"

Boy — "Sixteen."

LINCOLN — "Yes, you are a boy, and from what your officers say of you, a worthy boy and a good soldier, but commissions as captains are generally given by the governors of the States."

Boy — "My officers said *you* could give me a commission."

LINCOLN — "And so I could, but to be a captain you should have a company or something to be captain of. You know a man is not a husband until he gets a wife — neither is a woman a wife until she gets a husband. I might give you a commission as captain and send you back to the Army of the Potomac, where you would have nothing to be captain of, and you would be like a loose horse down there with noth-

ing to do and no one having any use for you."

At this point the boy who had come to Washington full of hope, finding his castle toppling about his head, broke down, and his eyes filled with tears. Whereupon Mr. Lincoln, putting his hand affectionately upon his shoulder and patting him while he spoke, said, "My son, go back to the army, continue to do your duty as you find it to do, and, with the zeal you have hitherto shown, you will not have to ask for promotion, it will seek *you*. I may say that had we more like you in the army, my hopes of the successful outcome of this war would be far stronger than they are at present. Shake hands with me, and go back the little man and brave soldier that you came."

And now came the writer's turn; and, remembering the tribulations of Michael, I pulled out my provost marshal's certificate and presented it as an introduction. Mr. Lincoln read it and handing it back to me said, "And what can I do for you?"

I told him of our desire to go through to the Army of the Potomac, and he asked, "Have you applied to the War Department?" and being answered affirmatively, he replied, "Well, I must refuse you for the same reason that the War Department did. If we were to allow all to go through that wish to do so, we would not have boats enough to carry them. They would get down there and be in the way, and" (looking me over) "I judge by your appearance you know what it means to have people in the way." At this somewhat equivocal dismissal, I shook his hand and went out.

Ruminating on the annoyance that came to him from people who, like myself, took up his time mainly for the opportunity of seeing him, and reflecting that his kindly heart prompted him, in addition to his other burdens, to devote two hours twice a week to listening to the common people, who could thus reach him without influence, I marveled at the simple greatness of the man, and the kindly, gentle patience with which he listened to each one, always smoothing over a refusal that his duty imposed upon him, or, by advice or counsel, mitigating the blow that he had to deal. I passed the sentinel at the door, and when next I saw Lincoln, it was as he lay dead in his coffin under the dome of the Cradle of Liberty, Independence Hall in Philadelphia.

On leaving the White House, my friend John went to our hotel, while I walked over to the Long Bridge, intending to go out upon it for the view up and down the river; but as I approached it, a sentry stepped out and, halting me, asked for my pass allowing me to go

across the bridge. When I told him that I had no pass, he blocked my way, and refused to let me go any farther.

Next morning we went to the depot to take the train home. I bought my ticket, and was hastening to the cars, when I was stopped by a man whom, from his appearance, I took to be a well-to-do farmer. He asked if I lived in the city.

I replied "Yes," but recollecting that I was in Washington and not in Philadelphia, I amended my answer by substituting "No." He then asked me my name, which I gave him, and went on to inquire what my business was. At this question, I took umbrage, and retorted, "What business of *yours* is it what *my* business is?" Upon which he turned up the lapel of his coat and exposed the badge of a government detective.

Like Crockett's coon, I came down and told him to ask his questions and ask them quickly, so that I might not miss my train. He soon got through, and when I was satisfied that I was

all right (my provost marshal's certificate came in nicely here), I asked him why he had stopped me. He said, "You and a companion came to Washington the day before yesterday. You both stopped at the National Hotel, and yesterday you were at the War Department, endeavoring to get through to the Army of the Potomac; being refused there, you went to the White House and tried to get Mr. Lincoln to pass you through; being unsuccessful with him, you were next found trying to cross the Long Bridge ——"

Here I interrupted him by asking what he took me for, to which he replied, "I took you for a blockade runner."

I managed to catch the train by running for it, and once seated, with the great dome of the Capitol fast receding from view, I bethought me that, after all, a single sentry at the door of the White House was perhaps sufficient for the protection of the President, and that possibly all who attended the semi-weekly public receptions were not suppliants by any means.

THE ORIGIN OF LIFE ON THIS PLANET

HOW THE HYPOTHESIS OF PANSPERMY ACCOUNTS FOR IT

BY

WALDEMAR KAEMPFERT

SOMEWHERE in the vast depths of space, wheeling about a sun so ineffably distant that its light touches the earth only after the lapse of millenniums, imagine a planet that has at last reached a stage in its age-long development when its outer gaseous casing has chilled into a crust, and when that cool crust has gathered to itself oceans of water and a great sea of air, — in a word, a planet that has so far ripened that, given a single living reproductive unit, it will cease to be a revolving, inert, spherical mass, and blossom forth a green, living world. Millions of years ago, how many we cannot even roughly determine, our earth must have been such a planet — a world hungering for life. Whence came the primeval living unit that changed its aspect and fulfilled its destiny? Clearly, either that unit must have been spontaneously generated by some occult process from the earth's own lifeless self, or it

must have bridged the shoreless gulf that separates the earth from some neighboring and living world.

If there is one theory abhorred by the modern biologist above all others, it is that of the spontaneous generation of life. Lord Kelvin, perhaps the greatest physicist of his time, laid it down as an immutable law that lifeless matter cannot be transformed into living matter without the aid of a living substance, and to that authoritative dictum every follower of Darwin will cheerfully assent. Yet, hardly a year passes but some biological enthusiast announces that he has at last discovered the secret of spontaneous generation. Not so long ago, when the bewildering phenomena of radium were the chief topic of scientific discussion, Dr. Burke asserted that radium had the wonderful property of imbuing gelatine solutions with life. Sir William Ramsay, the brilliant English chemist, promptly demolished the claim

and placed the discovery where it properly belonged — in the domain of chemistry. More recently a French scientist, Stephane Leduc, produced what he called artificial cells and plants by means of a solution of cane sugar, copper sulphate, and potassium ferrocyanide. But his miniature "plants" are no more like actual plants than paper flowers are like real flowers.

If spontaneous generation is impossible, the primal unit from which all terrestrial life evolved must have journeyed hither from some other world — an alternative conception which seems more like a poetic rhapsody than a sober scientific reflection. It is as old as mankind, this notion of the transmission of life from star to star, but it has remained for a very distinguished Swedish physicist, Professor Svante Arrhenius, to place "panspermy" — the name with which he has christened the alternative theory — upon the sure footing of a satisfactory physical and mathematical exposition.

The First Germ Carried Billions of Miles by Light-Pressure

Given the primal unit of living matter that is to be transplanted to a waiting globe, what propelling machinery is sufficiently powerful to wrench it from the clutch of planetary gravitation and convey it through the infinite wastes of the universe? Assuming that the hypothetical unit were propelled from the earth at a speed of sixty miles an hour (the speed of an express train), it would reach Mars only after sixty-seven years, and Alpha Centauri, the nearest fixed star, in 42,920 million years. Evidently a motive force more efficient than that of a steam locomotive must be provided, a force not only able to break the relentless grip of gravitation, but also able to impart to the living unit a velocity so great that the unit may not die of old age before arriving at its goal. That terrific, overwhelming force Arrhenius has found in the pressure of light.

To the man who has not closely followed the wonderful investigations that have been made by the physicist of late years, and who knows little of the newer conceptions of matter and energy, the assertion that a moonbeam, a luminous nothing, a shaft of diaphanous immateriality, actually presses upon the waters and the fields of the earth with a force that is calculable, must seem superbly fantastic. Yet a Russian, Lebedev, and two Americans, Nichols and Hull, have carefully measured the light pressure exerted on this earth and have ascertained, not only that it is appreciable, but that

on the entire terrestrial surface it amounts to the respectable total of seventy-five thousand tons.

To Arrhenius we owe the theoretical explanation of the cosmical effect of radiation pressure. He has taught us not to expect startling results when light impinges on very large bodies. No one has ever seen an elephant lifted off his feet and tossed into space by mere light. But when we calculate the impact of light on exceedingly small masses, and the relation between light pressure and weight (gravitational pull), the mechanical possibilities of a shimmering ray become stupendous. Pressure acts superficially; it is proportional in amount to the surface upon which it is applied. On the other hand, weight or gravitation affects the entire mass. That distinction is most important, as we shall see if we take a concrete example.

How Light May Move a Cannon Ball

Consider the case of a cannon ball weighing one thousand pounds. Divide that ball into ten balls of one hundred pounds each. The total weight still remains the same; but the surface of the ten balls is greater than the surface of the original ball. In other words, a greater area is presented to the pressure of light. If this process of subdivision be continued until many little balls no larger than buckshot are produced, an enormous superficial area is obtained. Yet the total weight still remains the same. While the gravitational pull on the entire mass of little balls remains proportionally unchanged, the effect of radiation pressure is proportionally increased. Arrhenius has computed that by minute subdivision a point is finally reached where the balls obtained are so small that the light pressure exactly counterbalances the pull of gravitation. In other words, the globules obtained will remain suspended wherever they may happen to be placed — pulled by solar gravitation and pushed by light with equal strength in opposite directions, perfectly balanced in the great scales of cosmic forces.

A painstaking German mathematician named Schwarzschild has applied his mathematical calipers to these globules and has found that if the pressure of sunlight is to overcome the gravitational pull of the sun so as to thrust the globules into space, they must be invisibly small. Figures beyond a certain point convey so little to the mind that only with some trepidation may we set down the exceeding littleness of these particles. Laid side by side, 62,976,000,000 measure an inch. In a vessel of exactly one cubic inch capacity, approximately 7,700,000,000,000 such particles can be

packed. Perhaps their staggering number will be more comprehensible when it is stated that if these seven odd trillions of particles are allowed to escape at the rate of one thousand a second from their cubic-inch confinement, over two centuries will elapse before the last particle is released.

At the outset Arrhenius was naturally constrained to cast about for a living germ small enough to meet Schwarzschild's exacting requirements. The minutest bacteria thus far discovered have a diameter of 0.000011808 inch. Compared with the 0.000062976 inch demanded by Schwarzschild, this is positively gigantic. But Arrhenius argues plausibly, and bacteriologists reinforce him in his argument, that our search is limited by our instruments. Each improvement of the microscope has revealed new organisms previously unsuspected. If we had means of magnifying the bacterial forms of life to a visible size, we should in all probability discover microbes sufficiently minute for the requirements of Arrhenius.

Arrhenius Solves the Puzzle of Zodiacal Light

It happens that the pressure of light is exerted with most force, not at the surface of a planet, but in the upper and rarer regions of its atmosphere. There the zodiacal light, which we see occasionally painted as a faint glow on the western horizon during a clear winter or spring evening, is an ever-present phenomenon. Long an astronomical puzzle, it remained for Arrhenius to reveal the secret of its origin. Astronomers now agree with him that the luster is caused by corpuscular dust incessantly projected from the sun by the pressure of light. Each corpuscle is charged with negative electricity which is imparted to the earth's atmosphere. Every schoolboy knows that two charges of positive or two charges of negative electricity repel each other. After the earth's atmosphere has been negatively electrified up to a certain point, it will repel the current of light-driven, negatively-charged solar dust or corpuscles. As a result, the solar dust is turned aside and sweeps past the earth. That stream of luminous dust shot from the sun by the pressure of solar radiance is the zodiacal light. Each of the negatively-charged corpuscles constituting this effulgent stream has the marvelous property of collecting various atoms after the stream has rushed past the earth. Should any corpuscles be thus freighted, they will exceed the critical size prescribed by Schwarzschild. Accordingly, solar gravitation once more becomes effective, and the laden corpuscles are jerked back to the sun with a

constantly increasing swiftness. The luminous stream which thus drifts back to its source manifest to us in that part of the zodiacal light which astronomers call by the German name "Gegenschein" (counter-glow) and which is often seen in the tropics. If a man could static himself on the moon, the earth would appear to him as a marvelously beautiful planet with two long, dazzling streamers, the one directed away from the sun, the other toward the sun.

Because the stream of light from the sun is deflected by the electrified atmosphere of the planet, radiation pressure is least effective on the surface of the planet. Evidently it is necessary to elevate the microscopic germ to the upper regions of the air where it may be ejected into space. How is the germ to reach the pearly river of zodiacal light that flows unceasingly past us? Simply by the action of an upwardly moving air-current. Every balloonist can testify to the efficacy of that vehicle, and a minute germ would surely present no irresistible obstacle to elevation. Once in the tenuous electrified regions of the upper atmosphere, sixty miles above the planetary surface in the case of the earth, the germ becomes itself negatively electrified and is repelled either into the swift current of solar corpuscles rushing away from the sun and constituting the zodiacal light, or into the current of heavier particles speeding toward the sun, in the "Gegenschein." In either case its translation into the abysmal interstellar regions will be startlingly swift.

The Time-Tables of Interstellar Travel

If it is plunged in the torrent of zodiacal light, the infinitesimal wanderer is cast away from the sun toward the outer planets. At a speed of several thousand miles a minute, it pierces space. In twenty breathless days it is flashed to the orbit of Mars — in eighty to that of Jupiter; in fourteen months to the remote orbit of Neptune, 2,800,000,000 miles from the sun. Eventually flung out far beyond the confines of our solar system, a weary journey of 9,000 years will bring it to Alpha Centauri, the central luminary of the nearest solar system, a star so remote that we see it, not with its present radiance, but with the light that it shed when Egypt was young and Rome was but seven nameless, uninhabited hills on the banks of the Tiber.

If, instead of entering the stream of zodiacal light, the germ should enter the "Gegenschein" flowing toward the sun, it is not improbable that it may collide with one of the laden corpuscles which gravitation is pulling back to its solar source. In that case the corpuscle be-

comes a luminous chariot in which the germ rides swiftly toward the inner planets (Venus and Mercury), with a chance of alighting on their surfaces. On Venus the germ may possibly find a habitable resting place. On Mercury it must perish because that planet always turns the same face toward the sun. Starting from rest from the chilled and perhaps living satellite of Neptune (for Neptune as well as Uranus, Saturn, and Jupiter has hardly cooled sufficiently to sustain life) such a corpuscle would be pulled by the sun to the orbit of Uranus in twenty-one years, and to the orbit of Mercury in twenty-nine years. If it began its flight on Mars, it would be drawn to the earth in eighty-four days. From the earth to Venus it would speed in forty days.

Germs Might Survive for Centuries in the Cold of Liquid Hydrogen

The times of transmission from planet to planet in our solar system, measured as they are by days and at the most by months, are sufficiently short for the maintenance of a germ's vitality. A flight of years and centuries, however, must give us pause. Yet, such is the tenacity of life in the lower forms that even the awful chasm that yawns between the earth and Alpha Centauri may be bridged and the germ still live. The reasons are simple and forcible. Interstellar space is airless, absolutely dry, and bitterly cold, — all conditions which would seem fatal to a living creature's continued existence, but which Arrhenius considers positively helpful to his cause. At the orbit of Neptune, the temperature of interplanetary space has been estimated at 364 degrees below the Fahrenheit zero. Beyond that orbit the cold is still more intense. What living chance has a microbe against that more than glacial fridity? Incredible as it may seem, the spores of some bacteria survived the fearful cold of liquid hydrogen (412 degrees below the Fahrenheit zero) in certain experiments conducted at the Jenner Institute in London. Still more striking were the tests of Professor Macfayden. For six months he kept microorganisms at the temperature of liquid air (338 degrees Fahrenheit); yet they lived. Such experiments have been conducted for still longer periods; always with the same result.

The diminution and ultimate loss of germinative power is certainly due to slow chemical changes. Arrest these changes, and life should be maintained almost indefinitely. Increase your heat, and you accelerate chemical processes. Witness the activity of hothouse plants and the dank luxury of tropical vegetation. A rise in temperature of 50 degrees Fahrenheit

means an increase in functional activity of from 1 to 2.5. In the lower organisms, at least, intense cold, therefore wards off death, acts as a preservative, and accordingly renders possible even flights of millenniums in duration. Similarly, the absolute dryness that prevails in the airless spaces of the universe proves an advantage. Schroeder, a well-known bacteriologist, has proved that two algæ containing much water, *Pleurococcus*, which grows on trees, and *Scenedesmus*, which lives in water, are not killed by being kept for twenty and sixteen weeks, respectively, in as dry a condition as modern chemical ingenuity can devise. These, moreover, are vegetative organisms. Spores, seeds, and bacteria will survive much longer desiccation.

It may be urged that the germ will lose its water by evaporation and thus perish. The intense cold will prevent that. Arrhenius has calculated that at 364 degrees below the Fahrenheit zero a spore will lose no more water in 3,000,000 years than in a single day at 50 degrees Fahrenheit. Light kills many bacteria, but kills them because it causes oxidation through the medium of the surrounding air. Interplanetary space is airless, for which reason oxidation can hardly occur. Moreover, the intensity of the sun's light at Neptune is nine hundred times less than on the earth, and half way on the road to Alpha Centauri twenty million times less than on the earth. Light in space is innocuous.

The Sowing of the First Seed on a Living Planet

Whether it reaches a living world either by the propulsive force manifested in zodiacal light, or by the drag of solar gravitation manifested in the "Gegenschein," the germ must still survive the frictional effect of a planet's atmosphere. Rub two sticks of wood together, and they will smoke, and even burn, with the frictional heat. A large body moving swiftly through the atmosphere would be similarly consumed by heat. A fiery death at the close of a journey of a thousand years would be tragically inept. Arrhenius has reassuringly declared that even if checked in the first second of its fall so that much heat would be developed, the temperature of the germ would not be raised more than 212 degrees Fahrenheit above the surrounding atmosphere, because of the small mass involved. Many bacteria withstand more violent heat for more protracted periods than a second. Arrested in the atmosphere, the germ slides down gently on some downwardly flowing current of air, to fertilize an anticipating world, and to become the infinitesimal, invis-

ble ancestor of all that may there be brought forth.

Even as of the billions of pollen grains that may be wafted by the wind over the meadows of the earth only one may germinate and flourish into a tree, so of the incalculable germs with which each living world prodigally sows the unfathomable depths of space, only a single spore may swim into the embrace of a fallow world.

The impressive conclusion to be drawn from this beautiful conception of the transmission of life from star to star is that of the unity of all living creatures. Granted that the universe is studded with planets in all stages of evolution, from gaseous incandescence to ripe and dying spheres, organic life must be as eternal as matter and energy. Somewhere a world is always waiting for a primal, living unit. Life has ever existed and will ever exist. Whence sprang

that first germ which fertilized the first cold planet, we shall never know. We have long since abandoned all search for the origin of energy; so must we abandon the hopeless task of tracing to its source the river of universal life. Finally, the theory of panspermy links in the bonds of Darwinian evolution the organic life of the entire universe. All living organisms, wherever they may be found, are built up of the same cells and composed of the same chemical elements. Worlds are so nicely attuned to one another that the very harmony of their constitution will prevent a positive experimental proof of panspermy; for even should some master-mind devise some way of releasing the minute organisms which a living planet flings far into space, never shall we know whence they came, so exactly similar must they be to our terrestrial forms.

EDITORIAL

“NAVAL INCREDIBILITIES”

THE article in this number by Mr. George Kibbe Turner entitled “Our Navy on the Land” is one of a series published by this magazine in the last year, showing conditions past and present in the United States Navy, which would appear incredible, if they were not proved absolutely true by testimony that is indisputable. It is worth while to recapitulate the most remarkable of these conditions in a plain statement, which might well be given the title “Naval Incredibilities.”

It seems incredible that the management of a navy should build war-ships, arm them with great rifled guns, and then not only fail to train any one to shoot them, but consistently block the men who wished to do so. That this was the fact until reform was forced is proved by the official records of the shooting of the navy now and ten years ago, and by the documents in official files resisting any practical attempt to improve gunnery.

It seems incredible that a navy should so plan battle-ships that the most important armor plate protecting them would be practically under water when these ships went to sea to fight an enemy. That this is the fact concerning our present fleet is shown by the records of the General Board of the Navy and by two separate measurements of the vessels of the fleet during the past year.

It seems incredible that the principal guns of battle-ships should be so placed that, in

case of accident, burning powder would fall directly down into a chamber for handling powder connected by open doors with the main magazines of the ship. That this is the fact in our battle-ships now afloat is shown by three separate accidents in which it happened.

It seems incredible that a large percentage of the guns of a seagoing battle-ship should be so low that they could not be used in weather ordinarily encountered at sea. That this is a fact was shown by Admiral Evans' official reports covering the cruise of our fleet about South America.

It seems incredible that the shore establishment to repair, supply, and take care of our fleet of ships should be larger and cost much more to maintain than the fleet itself. That this is the fact is shown by any annual statement of the Paymaster of the Navy.

Finally, it seems incredible that a great national department of the government should be so organized that it not only allows all these unnatural and absurd conditions to grow, but actually fights to have them continued.

The series of incredible mistakes in our navy will be finally stopped by one means only: the recognition that a navy is a military body, and its organization as such. So long as it is managed by a political system, and operated by an outworn bureaucracy, as it is now, they will continue.

"I hain't grubbed none since last week, kid," he said plaintively. "I've plumb forgot what way to work my jaws. D'ye think ye could show me how?"

"I hain't had no breakfast either," replied the boy simply.

As they were going into the unroofed, one-room hotel, the Doughgie came running up.

"Still drink-shy," he called out humorously. "Has Sally's angel-child reformed his dear paw?" Then, drawing Dick aside, he whispered: "Ye told me once 'bout a man named Bill — ye remember — that red-haired bad-man with a busted nose. There's a big feller down to the pig, branded right — a cross-bar from his eye clean to his jaw. Calls hisself Frank Wheeler, but I guess he's yer man Bill, all right."

Dick turned quietly to the boy and put a quarter in his hand.

"Here, kiddie, you go feed in the hotel. Eat good. I'll come later," he said. His eyes were shining. "Thank you kindly, Doughgie, for bringing me them glad tidings. I've waited — lemme see — eleven years for that son-of-a-gun. Sometimes I dreamed that I was a-shakin' his hand. If I'd come on him real sudden-like, the joy might ha' hurt me some."

"He's a bad man, Richard." The Doughgie was more sober. "Ye know why he's kept away from this here country. I seen a gun in his hind-pocket, an' he'll use it, all right, too. Lemme take a share in yer welcome to the stranger."

"Thanks, Doughgie," replied Dick graciously. "But this is my round-up. Lope around in ten minutes and watch me slaughter."

He walked off leisurely down the street — a notable figure, broad-shouldered, slender-hipped, with long muscles that played and knotted as he moved. His back was very straight, and he smiled fearlessly at the world — "a strong man rejoicing to run a race."

At the blind pig a man was idling alone by the bar. Dick sauntered up beside him.

"Have a drink," he said with cordial Western abruptness. The fellow nodded sullenly and muttered "Here's to friends" into his glass.

As he drank, Dick looked at the blue eyes, the familiar sandy hair, and the crushed nose — and he knew his man.

"Say," he said, and shot his arm around the fellow's waist. The big man started back, and Dick's hand jerked free holding a revolver. This he held pointed carelessly at the great, hairy chest showing black against the open V of the shirt. With the other hand he swept his glass to the floor.

"Say, you, I don't drink with no hog. I'm

Dick — Dick the kid at the Quarter-Circle Q Ranch — Richard Deming. You're my friend Bill, that mauled and bullied and near broke me. Bill, I'm goin' to lick you."

He opened the revolver, snapped the cartridges out, and dropped it on the floor beside them. Bill's eyes shifted about the room.

And then came chaos; the shack trembled; the flimsy bar crashed over on the bartender with a tinkle of broken glass. The joyous Doughgie was swept from his feet as he entered, and crawled away bleeding from a chance blow. The fight boiled around and around the room. Suddenly Bill wrenched himself free and jumped through the door. Before he had gone ten strides Dick was on his back and had borne him down. The fine dust of the road flew up in a haze at the shock. In its midst arms and legs were whirling; from it came grunts and gurgles — once the harsh rasp of some one choking. The entire population of the town left their labors and ran in to see. The Doughgie, coming out, mingled among them, revolver in hand to insure fair play. Ten — twenty minutes they peered into the angry center of the fight. Slowly, with fitful spurts, it quieted, and a wandering breeze cleared the dust away. Dick was on top, his legs locked about Bill's writhing body. One arm, swinging like a sledgehammer, beat the upturned face. Bill, with a final effort, turned himself over to the protecting earth. Dick clung to him and ground the helpless head into the dust. At last the Doughgie, in fear lest Dick kill his man, pulled him off and to his feet. Dick staggered a moment, his eyes on the motionless body.

"I wouldn't ha' missed that for several," he said quietly. "Take me home." Leaning on his friend's shoulder, he walked through the lane of the awe-struck crowd. A disheveled woman cursed horribly after him.

"Whew," said the crowd at last, breaking a long, respectful silence. "What the — of a fight."

Dick washed at the stable pump. "The last licks I put in fer the boy," he said. "Say, Doughgie, we got to rustle that kid out of these works." The boy was waiting for him by the hotel; the whirlpool of the fight had not drawn him with the others into its center.

"You hurt yourself?" he inquired. The Doughgie burst into blasphemous rejoicing. "I just thought I'd wait till you came," the boy continued shyly. "You said you hadn't grubbed, 'n' I thinks p'r'aps you wouldn't mind my setting next you."

"You sure will — now an' continuous," cried Dick. "Here, Doughgie, lemme make you acquainted with the Kid."

A PORTRAIT PAINTER'S REMINISCENCES OF LINCOLN

BY

ALBAN JASPER CONANT

IT was the end of August, 1860, when the Honorable William MacPherson said to me: "You'd better jump on a train and go paint this man Lincoln." MacPherson was the chief pioneer promoter of early St. Louis. He founded Bellefontaine Cemetery, Forest Park, and organized the Missouri-Pacific Railroad, of which he was the first president. He seemed able to get unlimited capital for his enterprises from Morgan, Drexel & Co. of New York.

The Prince of Wales and his suite were to visit St. Louis in October, and the opening of the Agricultural and Mechanical Association Fair had been fixed for that time. To forestall Chicago, we had just originated the "Western" Academy of Art. I was its secretary, and we were to hold an exhibit in connection with the Fair. MacPherson said it would be a good thing for me to hang a portrait of the new leader of the new Republican party. He knew Lincoln and approved of him, was himself a strong Unionist, and, I imagine, was not un mindful of the campaign value of such a portrait in St. Louis at that time. I was in the habit of doing what MacPherson said in those days, for whenever he told people that they ought to sit to me, they sat. So I packed up my gear and went.

Nevertheless, I disapproved heartily of the whole undertaking. I was a youngster then, scarce "come to forty year," and Lincoln meant less to me than did Bryan to Gold Democrats in 1896. I came from a slave State, I was of that strong faction in the North that thought Seward should have had the nomination, and I anticipated a disagreeable task, which I was anxious to get over as quickly as possible.

Arrived at Springfield, Illinois, I repaired with all speed to the old abandoned State House where Lincoln had his headquarters during the campaign. The room that he rented was perhaps sixty feet long by about twenty-five wide, and as I entered I caught my first sight of him standing by a table at the farther

end. He was surrounded by men with whom he was talking interestedly.

I took a seat against the wall, rather more than half way down the room. As I waited, surprise grew upon me. My notion of his features had been gained solely from the unskilful work of the photographers of the period, in which harsh lighting and inflexible pose served to accentuate the deep, repellent lines of his face, giving it an expression easily mistaken for coarseness that well accorded with the prevalent disparagement of his character. But as he talked animatedly, I saw a totally different countenance, and I admitted to myself that his frequent smile was peculiarly attractive. I determined to secure that expression for my portrait.

Across the room a young man was also waiting. From his appearance and manner, I immediately concluded that he was of my ilk and bent on the same errand. While I was undergoing vexation at the prospect of his adding to the difficulty of my obtaining the sittings I desired, Mr. Lincoln approached, and I handed him the introductions and strong recommendations with which MacPherson had armed me. Lincoln read them carefully. "No," he said gravely, shaking his head; "it is impossible for me to give any more sittings."

As I urged upon him the important purpose for which the portrait was sought, and the distance I had come to secure it, the young man I had noticed approached and stood near us. He interrupted Lincoln, who began to deny me again, saying: "Mr. Lincoln, you can give him my sitting for to-morrow. My stay in Springfield is unlimited, and I can arrange for sittings later, to suit your convenience. I should be very glad to facilitate this gentleman's work in that way."

Such professional magnanimity evidently appealed to Lincoln, and he agreed to sit to us together if that would do. So it was settled, and I thanked Mr. Lincoln and the young man. He was George Wright from New Haven, and but for him I should probably have gone

away without the portrait, and cherishing a personal resentment against Lincoln, in addition to the popular prejudice in which I shared.

Long before ten the next morning, we were both on hand at the State House. I set up my easel in the middle of the room and placed a chair for Mr. Lincoln about ten feet away. He was seated at the table, writing, and at the same time dictating to Mr. Nicolay, his secretary. He leaned his head on his left hand and kept running the fingers through his long, unkempt hair. I fumed inwardly, impatient to get on with my work.

Promptly on the hour, Lincoln rose, came over, and without a word threw his angular form into the chair, crossing his legs and settling back with a sigh, as though to a disagreeable ordeal. Immediately his countenance relapsed into impenetrable abstraction; the hard, sinister lines deepened into an expression of utter melancholy, almost despair. The cold sweat started all over me as I contemplated the difficulty of inducing the animation I had observed the day before.

Something had to be done, and I began by asking permission to arrange his hair, which stood out like an oven-broom. He nodded, and with my fingers I brushed it back, disclosing the splendid lines of the forehead. At least that was something, I thought, as I backed away. But it was not enough. All the other features seemed to me hopeless, as I stood there. His ill repute in my section flooded into my mind: his common origin — born of Kentucky "poor white trash"; his plebeian pursuits, his coarse tastes and low associates. He seemed to me, indeed, the story-telling, whisky-drinking, whisky-selling country grocer who they said had been exalted to the exclusion of the astute Seward.

So, as I sat down again before my easel, I made some flippant remark calculated to appeal to the vulgarian. It was then I got my first hint of the innate dignity of the man. He made some monosyllabic reply, and there came over his face the most marvelously complex expression I have ever seen — a mingling of instant shrewd apprehension of the whole attitude of mind back of my remark, pained disappointment at my misunderstanding of him, and patient tolerance of it.

In a flash, I saw I had made a mistake, though not till long afterward did I realize how gross a one. To cover my embarrassment I began at once to question him about the debates with Douglas, which had been fully published in the St. Louis papers.

"In all my life," he said, "I never engaged in any enterprise with such reluctance and

grave apprehension as in that contest. Douglas was the idol of his party, and justly so, for he was a man of great ability. He was reckless in many of his statements, but 'Judge Douglas said so' clinched the argument and ended the controversy. I soon found that my simple denial carried no weight against the imperious and emphatic style of his oratory. Night after night Douglas reiterated that while I was in Congress I had voted against the Mexican War and against all recognition of the gallant conduct of those who had imperiled their lives in it. I knew it was useless to reply till I could adduce such proof as would settle the question forever.

"One night I saw near the platform a Democrat, a personal friend of both of us, who was in Congress when I was. Douglas had the opening speech, and when in my reply I came to the oft-repeated statements about the Mexican War, I told the audience that when I came to Congress the war was all over; therefore I could not have voted against it; and furthermore, that on every resolution of votes of swords and thanks to the officers and soldiers, I voted in the affirmative, except on one occasion when the question was so shrewdly worded that if the Whigs voted for it they would be made to indorse the war. Then I voted no, until Mr. Ashmun of Massachusetts added this amendment: 'In a war unjustifiably begun by the President.' Then I voted in the affirmative. 'And,' I added, 'I refer you for proof to the congressional record.' And turning to my Democratic colleague, I said: 'Here is Ficlín, who was in Congress when I was; he will confirm what I have said.'

"He seemed rather reluctant to come, but he was within reach of my long arm, and I took him by the collar and helped him along a little. Finally he said: 'Although I am opposed to Mr. Lincoln in politics, I must say that what he has told you concerning his votes on the Mexican War question is true.' Douglas never said Mexican War again during the whole campaign."

I remember this particularly, because it impressed me even at the time with that remarkable trait of his — the patient waiting, biding his time, no matter how strong the pressure to hasten his decision or precipitate his action. I realized it more fully later. His reply to the open letter of Greeley in the *Tribune* of August 20, 1862, accusing him of conciliating proslavery sentiment, is a fine example of it. His course regarding the Emancipation Proclamation is another. Carpenter painted a picture of the Cabinet consulting about the Proclamation. But a member of that Cabinet told me

they knew nothing of his purpose till he suddenly presented at a meeting a draft of the document for their verbal criticism only.

But this, and the other traits he disclosed during the week or more I stayed in Springfield, I was in no attitude of mind to appreciate. At that first sitting my efforts were only temporarily successful in diverting his mind from the sense of present responsibility, obsessed with which he relapsed into the melancholy I desired to avert. I remember how vexed I was at the interruptions of visitors, who were constantly coming in. Though they roused him to some degree of animation, they invariably spoiled his pose, so that I could not work.

One from Alabama, a fine figure of the Southern gentleman, approached with a quick, assured step, introduced himself, and evidently requested that the interview be private, for they soon retired to the other end of the room. The visitor leaned forward in his chair talking earnestly to Lincoln, who reclined easily, stroking his chin, his legs crossed. To the evident anxiety of the other man was added an expression of extreme dissatisfaction when he left, half an hour later. He had, I judged, come to interrogate Lincoln as to what would be the policy of the Government if he were elected. I could hear nothing that was said, but Lincoln chatted with him pleasantly, smiled often, and evidently told some story, his visitor chafing the while at the exclusion of serious discussion. As I watched, Lincoln's manner impressed me as too full of levity, sadly lacking in a sense of the responsibility of his position; and I said to myself: "Is this the man I must vote for to guide the country in these feverish times—one who trifles with great personalities and issues and dismisses both with a joke?"

I wish I could remember all the visitors and all that Lincoln said at those sittings. But, like many another youngster then, I had no conception of the importance of the events in which I participated. It seemed all in the day's work to me.

At the second sitting, in desperation, I placed a long bench just behind me, and requested that all visitors occupy it. The plan served to keep Lincoln in pose and helped to bring to his face some of the animation I desired. When the string of visitors failed, I knew I must keep his mind from brooding on the present if I would avert his abstracted look, and I soon found that leading him to talk of his past life was the best expedient. He was quite willing to tell of it and even to discuss frankly the unfounded rumors concerning him, many of which I ventured to mention.

I alluded to the accusation that he had been engaged in the whisky trade. "When I was in the grocery business at New Salem," he said, "money was scarce, and I was obliged to receive in exchange all kinds of produce. When enough had accumulated, I loaded it on a flat-boat, took it to New Orleans, and traded it off for supplies. On one of these trips a neighbor of mine asked me to take along three barrels of whisky with my freight, and sell them for him. This I did, and that was the only whisky transaction of my life."

There are people, even now, who are at pains to challenge that statement, but, when Mr. Lincoln made it to me, he also said: "When I went into the grocery business, I had a partner for a while, but I soon found that he absorbed all the profits and there was nothing left for me; so I had to get out and go it alone."

He referred to the firm of Berry & Lincoln. Whatever its dealings in whisky during his connection with it, they were beyond his personal control. It was a mere paper partnership in which his dissent could have had no weight, for he was utterly impecunious at the time.

I remember he told me how, on one of his flat-boat trips, a man asked to be ferried out to a steamboat he was anxious to intercept. Lincoln accommodated him. "As he was about to climb aboard," said Lincoln, "he shook hands with me, and left in my palm a silver half-dollar. I remember with what astonishment I looked at the size of the gift."

He told me, too, how for half a dollar he bought a barrel of odds and ends from a migrating farmer who asked him to take it to lighten his wagon on the heavy roads. After stowing it away for some time, Lincoln came upon it, and found that the only thing of value in it was a copy of Blackstone's Commentaries. He described how much it interested him, and I recall vividly the wide, sweeping gesture and high pitch of enthusiasm in his voice as he concluded:

"I fairly devoured every sentence."

It was no secret that he was perennially out of funds for a long time after that. Major John T. Stuart, who encouraged him to study law and first took him into partnership, told me in 1870, when I painted his portrait, that when Lincoln was with him, in 1837, the firm kept no books, but that all the fees were brought in and immediately divided among the three members.

"How much are you worth now?" I asked Mr. Lincoln, when he was telling me of his early struggles. "Well," he replied, "I pay taxes on \$15,000, but I'm not worth \$20,000." That was all he had been able to accumulate

during twenty-three years of law practice, not to mention three terms in the Illinois legislature and one in Congress.

It was necessary to live on into the twentieth century to measure the significance of this and the other things Lincoln told me about himself. My chief concern in the conversations then was to study his features, and I did so with an anxious intensity I have never devoted to a sitter before or since. I have alluded to the noble symmetry of his brow, which instantly revealed itself to my eye; but it was not till years afterward that I saw some measure of the mentality back of it.

His features were the most puzzling that could well be imagined. His bushy, overhanging brows caused a famous sculptor to speak of his rather deep-set eyes as "dark." But close observation revealed them a heavenly blue, and when they were animated, their expression was most captivating. Never was a countenance so flexible as his, nor capable of such changes of expression. The secret lay in his sensitive muscular control of the mouth. That sensitive mouth of his was the index of the mellow human sympathy of his disposition. He was acutely alive to distress in any form, and the cry of a child, particularly, would arrest his attention, no matter what he was engaged upon. Several times, when we were alone together, both working busily, I saw him stop and call to him, for a jocose remark and a handshake, some barefoot boy who had stolen softly up the stairs and was gazing around the half-open door in awe at the famous candidate.

Two incidents on the day of my departure have indelibly impressed me with his almost feminine sympathy.

When I announced the completion of my work, Lincoln came over and, looking at the portrait, said: "You're not going till this evening? I would like Mrs. Lincoln to see that. If you will let it remain here, I will bring her at three o'clock."

They came promptly, bringing several gentlemen and the irrepressible "Tad," after whom trailed a little comrade he called "Jim." Tad was everywhere at once, being repeatedly recaptured by his mother, and waiting but for a favorable diversion to be off again. I noticed with what interested pride Lincoln's eyes followed him about the room.

I uncovered the canvas for Mrs. Lincoln. "That is excellent," she said; "that is the way he looks when he has his friends about him. I hope he will look like that after the first of November."

While we were discussing the likeness, Tad

had again escaped, and had found George Wright's unfinished portrait against the wall. Turning it partly around and peering under the cover, he called out: "Come here, Jim; here's another 'Old Abe.'" Shocked at the child's impropriety before such dignitaries as the Secretary and Auditor of the State, I affected not to hear it. But Lincoln laughed outright and said in a loud aside: "Did you hear that, Conant? He got that on the street, I suppose."

Later in the day I called to say good-by, accompanied by my little daughter of twelve, whom I had brought on the journey to keep me company at the hotel. Mr. Lincoln followed us to the door, said good-by to her, and, as she passed out, gently detained me, asking with unaffected feeling: "Is her mother living?" I answered that she was. "I am so glad to know it," he said; "somehow I had got the idea that she was orphaned, and I was afraid to ask her about her mother lest I might hurt her feelings."

That was the last I saw of him till nearly a year later, when we were all in the midst of the great struggle, and all much more than a year older. Attorney-General Edward Bates had asked me to come to Washington to paint his portrait for the Cabinet series. I had the freedom of his house, and one day he invited me to come with him to see the President. We passed the long line of callers, many of whom had been waiting for days, and, as was the custom with Cabinet officers, we were admitted unannounced.

Lincoln jumped up from his desk and greeted Judge Bates. Then, turning quickly, he extended his hand to me, saying: "I can never forget you. You told me one of the best stories I ever heard." Then to the Judge: "Did you know I am indebted to this man for that 'slow horse story'?" "Mr. President," was the somewhat curt reply, "you tell so many stories that it must be difficult to remember the origin of all of them." When we were without again, Judge Bates said to me: "He tells too many stories — disgusting sometimes."

I had read in the papers how, on his memorable journey to Washington to the inauguration, he began a rear-platform speech at Buffalo or Cleveland, I forget which. In the midst of it he had launched upon the "slow horse story," but before the point was reached, the train pulled out. I had thought then how ridiculous and undignified a figure this storytelling habit made of him.

Some weeks after I saw him in the White House, he, with numerous officials, was at the

Navy Yard where Captain Dahlgren was about to test a new breech-loading gun. Lincoln, in the midst of a group, was greeting those whom he recognized. When he looked in my direction, I raised my hat with the rest. Presently he looked at me again, and, stretching out his long arm, grasped my hand, saying: "I am glad to see you. I shall never forget you." Then to the group: "I am indebted to my friend here for one of the best stories I ever heard." Whereupon a stately gentleman, immaculately dressed, said in measured tones: "Mr. President, if the story was so fine, suppose you give it to us while we are waiting." Lincoln began it, but before the point was reached, the gun boomed out and silenced him.

I had had abundant exemplification of his story-telling ability in Springfield, and had told him the "slow horse story," one day, in an effort to rouse him from his abstraction.

Yankee wit was mentioned at one of the sittings and Lincoln had said: "That is something I always admired and coveted." Some one said: "Why, you certainly have the credit of possessing it in large measure." "No," said Lincoln, "not the genuine. I don't remember that I ever got credit for it but once." Then he told how, hurrying once through a courtroom, he was ordered by the judge to defend a prisoner accused of assault and battery. A witness was just testifying that the complainant had been fought all over a field. "On cross-examination," said Lincoln, "I asked him, 'How large was that field—twenty acres?' 'No,' he replied. 'Ten acres?' 'No.' 'Were there two acres?' I persisted. 'Yes, just about two,' he agreed. 'And you saw him fight this man all over the field?' pointing to the prisoner. 'Yes, sir.' 'Well, sir,' I said, 'did you ever see a fight before that turned out so little to the acre?' The witness admitted with a grin that he had not, the judge smiled, and the jury snickered. So, saying that as this crop was so poor it did not seem worth further cultivation, I submitted the case. Some of my friends said it was Yankee wit, but that was the only time I ever got credit for it. I wish I had it."

I could not but recognize the wit in the stories he told, but I saw in them for a long time no more than the deplorable clinging of a habit acquired from being reared on the farm with the "hired help." I did not see till later that it was the striking touch of human nature in each, often emphasized by gross absurdity, which after all to his mind lifted them above the level of vulgarity. His own perceptive faculties were so keen and inclusive that he

took in whole situations at a glance. He saw them in pictures, and in that calm self-possession of his, from which he was never betrayed into an unfortunate expression, he used his stories to answer those who would be so answered—"for without a parable spake he not unto them."

Something of this I began to see that winter in Washington. No one who did not live there at the time could realize how utterly the Capital and the affairs of the nation were at sixes and sevens. I think those who observed Lincoln then will admit that his greatness shone out from the clamor of those first two years more vividly than in the comparative equilibrium of the latter half of the war.

It was a sickly winter. I lost my own two boys during it. And Lincoln buried his son Willie, and ever after there was a new quality in his demeanor—something approaching awe. I sat in the fifth pew behind him every Sunday at Dr. Gurley's church, and I saw him on many occasions, marking the change in him.

But the sight of him that contrasted most sharply with what I had seen in Springfield, and yet confirmed it all, was on the day he reviewed Colonel Baker's crack California regiment. Baker was a personal friend of the President. He came marching proudly down to the White House, with his fourteen hundred "returned Californians," most of whom were to meet death with their leader not many days later at Ball's Bluff. There were two bands, one leading, the other bringing up the rear.

Just before Baker reached the steps, Lincoln came out rather hurriedly and walked to the end of a buttress. I was within six feet of him. He wore a somewhat baggy business suit, his hair was disordered, and out of one coat pocket a handkerchief or some white document protruded as if hastily stuffed there.

Lincoln stood perfectly still, statuesque, with the old abstraction I knew so well, gazing into vacancy, seeing nothing.

As the soldiers countermarched, the two bands came together, each playing a different tune, creating a ridiculous discord. I can see Colonel Baker now, in his splendid uniform, wheeling his horse in amongst the musicians and striking at their instruments with the flat of his sword, till finally he made them comprehend that he wished them to cease. Then he rode up to the President and saluted, beginning a profuse apology for the "horrible blundering in the music."

"It didn't disturb me in the least," said Lincoln.

MRS. ABRAHAM LINCOLN AND HER FRIENDS

BY WILLIS STEELL

WHEN Mrs. Lincoln went to Washington to become mistress of the White House, she was not a stranger in the capital. Ten years before, she had lived there inconspicuously as the wife of an obscure Representative from a remote Western State, as Illinois then was; and that taste of the excitement, intrigues, extravagance, and dangers of Washington life, although it lasted for only a single term of her husband's service as Congressman, proved delightful enough to unsettle and unfit her for a narrow existence. She afterward saw Springfield with the critical eye of a worldling, and her dream was of a return to the nation's capital, clothed with power to reward magnanimously the few who had given her social recognition, and to repay in kind the neglect of others. The horizon of her social observation had widened immensely, and her ambition soared to no less extensive bounds.

There is no testimony to show that she realized the signs of the times, or measured the significance of events otherwise than by the meager standard of her personal wishes and ambitions. She assumed her lofty place unperturbed and unconcerned. There had been an exciting and rancor-breeding campaign, it is true; but other campaigns as rancorous and eventful had passed with no untoward happening; nor could she see that in the Presidency of her husband there would be more than the usual activity of politics. That a cloud of war hung black over the nation she had no discernment to perceive. Had she seen that this shadow would never leave her, although the storm might break at last and pass away, she would have crossed the threshold of the White House with trembling limbs.

As it was, she entered there proudly, as one who had labored zealously and who deserved the prize when it fell into her eager hands.

During her early years in Washington, Mrs. Lincoln had been painfully conscious of her inexperience, and had sought knowledge of the world with a thirsty soul. It was not pleasant to return to the narrow round of life in Springfield; but what she could not gain there from people she sought in books. Never doubting that she would one day return to the capital in a position of greater influence, she prepared herself to sustain it with the materials that lay near by.

From her great husband she could learn little—a child he was, and a child he would remain, in superficial social wisdom; but from his political colleagues, from the statesmen and lawyers who occasionally sat at her dinner-table, she thought she could learn much. She spared them no questions which would add to her store of knowledge regarding the circles and the cliques of the capital; and as well as she could, in her unhappy exile, she prepared to conquer them. Her mind was remarkably receptive; and the results of the catechism to which she subjected her Eastern guests satisfied her that a strong personality—or at least an unusual one—was required in any woman who should attempt to weld together the mixed and contradictory elements of Washington society. So far her deduction was correct, and she went no further. She did not realize that the elements of this society were already in course of disintegration.

At length the moment came when her ambition received its crown. She was the first lady in the land. Without nervous-

ness and without fear she prepared to enjoy her preeminence.

THE SOCIAL SUPREMACY OF THE SOUTH

In Washington, at that epoch and for many years previous to it, the women of the South had enacted the social laws. With their natural and acquired graces, with their inherited taste and ability in social affairs, it was natural that the reins should have fallen to them. They represented the aristocracy of the United States at the time; but they were kind-hearted aristocrats, for the most part, who smiled good-naturedly at the awkward and perplexed attempts of the women from the North and West—"Mrs. Senator This," "Mrs. Congressman That"—to thread the mazes of the social labyrinth. Like all aristocrats, however, they were chary of admitting such outsiders to their inner circle, and they chafed at the thought that one of these, by a turn of the political wheel, had been raised above them.

In this Southern set Mrs. Lincoln should have known that she could be welcomed only of necessity. She should have comprehended that their smiles were merely those of courtesy, that their sympathy was forced. Most of these women found it expedient to court the new mistress of the White House; but few of them really liked her, and from their covert unfriendliness arose the prejudice which spread over the entire country and followed the widow of the martyred President to her grave.

If the Southern women of the capital whispered behind their fans that Mrs. Lincoln was *gauche* and ordinary, the women of the North criticized her for what they termed her lack of seriousness, her volatile tendencies, her extravagance in dress; and they condemned her for her preference, very early shown, for the beautiful Southern maids and matrons. Between these two hostile camps Mrs. Lincoln set up her republican court. Her task of keeping them well affected toward her proved hardly less difficult than the vast and awe-inspiring work of her husband. Considering her temperament, and the slight experience which she brought to her task, it is strange that she attained even a measure of success.

Among the ladies of the Cabinet, Mrs. Lincoln found no help. With one or two exceptions, they were strangers to Washington, and their spirits were weighed down by the impending peril of the nation. Their duties of receiving and attending social functions were performed awkwardly and timidly. None of them was attracted to the President's wife, and she made her first mistake when she ignored them.

CASTING about for intimates who could always be drawn upon when it was essential for a group of ladies, in the old-time phrase, to "grace the White House," Mrs. Lincoln selected as her informal ladies-in-waiting certain women whom she had heard praised for their brilliancy and courted for their beauty. Several of these were not politically attached to the administration; nearly all of them, if not Southern by birth, had strong Southern affiliations.

MRS. CRITTENDEN AND MRS. DOUGLAS

Prominent among them was Mrs. John J. Crittenden, a beautiful Kentucky woman, married to a man who had served several terms in the United States Senate, and who had been Governor of his State and Attorney-General under Presidents Harrison and Fillmore. Senator Crittenden was a prominent "war Democrat," and after the outbreak of hostilities he gave warm and eloquent support to the cause of the Union. His daughter, Mrs. Chapman Coleman, was a graceful and accomplished woman. Coming from a border State, the Crittenden family showed a striking instance of that division of sentiment which characterized the people of their section. One of Senator Crittenden's sons, Thomas L. Crittenden, volunteered for service in the Federal army, winning the rank of major-general at Shiloh. Another son, General George B. Crittenden, held an important command in the armies of the Confederacy, and more than once these brothers faced each other on the field of battle.

Another notable figure in this Southern circle was Myra Clark Gaines, the widow of a Virginian soldier, General Edmund P. Gaines. Mrs. Gaines was then prosecuting the historic series of lawsuits by which she sought to establish her title to the property that had belonged to her



MRS. STEPHEN A. DOUGLAS, SENATOR DOUGLAS'S SECOND WIFE (MISS ADELE CUTTS, OF WASHINGTON)



MRS. ABRAHAM LINCOLN
*From a photograph taken in 1861,
shortly after she became Mistress
of the White House*



MRS. JOHN E. ALLEN, ONE OF MRS. LINCOLN'S CLOSE PERSONAL FRIENDS, WHO LATER BECAME AN ACTRESS



MRS. GEORGE B. McCLELLAN, WHO WAS A DAUGHTER OF SECRETARY OF STATE MARCY, AND WHOSE SON IS NOW MAYOR OF NEW YORK



MYRA CLARK GAINES, FAMOUS AS THE CLAIMANT OF A VAST ESTATE IN NEW ORLEANS



MRS. ULYSSES S. GRANT—A WAR-TIME PORTRAIT OF THE WIFE OF GENERAL GRANT



MISS KATE CHASE, DAUGHTER OF CHIEF JUSTICE CHASE, AND A PROMINENT FIGURE IN THE WHITE HOUSE CIRCLE



ISABELLA HINCKLEY (MME. SUSINI), A CELEBRATED AMERICAN SINGER WHO WAS A FRIEND OF MRS. LINCOLN

father, Daniel Clark, of New Orleans. Most of this she later succeeded in recovering—though more to the advantage of her lawyers than of herself.

For a time, Mrs. Lincoln turned to the wife of Stephen A. Douglas, her husband's old rival, and begged her to lend her charming presence to the White House. Mrs. Douglas—who had been Miss Adèle Cutts, a Washington belle, before she became the Little Giant's second wife—was willing to grace Mrs. Lincoln's court, and for two or three months she was a prominent figure at the Presidential receptions. To the women of the Republican party this gave offense, without conciliating the opposition circles.

In this choice, as in every other, Mrs. Lincoln was moved by her impulses. These began to sway her with the changefulness of fever. She made "dear friends," and kept them for a week; then she ceased sending them cards to semi-public receptions. The impression became confirmed in Washington that Mrs. Lincoln was "erratic," when in reality she was simply puzzled.

While General McClellan commanded the Army of the Potomac, his wife, who had been Miss Ellen Marcy, a daughter of the famous Secretary of State under President Pierce, was a conspicuous figure at Mrs. Lincoln's receptions; as were Mrs. Maunsel B. Field, of New York, and also Mrs. John E. Allen, whose face, it is said, was made "for any part she was expected to play," and who did actually go upon the stage in after years.

These were a few of the women who "received" with Mrs. Lincoln at her request, and who were always welcomed at the White House during the early part of President Lincoln's first term of office. They were chosen as a matter of personal preference, and not as a matter of policy. Hence, very naturally, their intimacy with Mrs. Lincoln excited much jealousy among the Senators' wives and the ladies of the Cabinet.

THE CLOUD OF CIVIL WAR

Mrs. Lincoln's social position was peculiarly trying because of the gloom which hung over the nation by reason of the Civil War. It seemed almost heartless to give brilliant entertainments while hundreds of thousands of men were

struggling in battle and suffering the rigors of cold and hunger at the front. Dance-music only recalled the groans of those who lay writhing in agony upon the cots of the military hospitals. Yet, if the mistress of the White House gave no entertainments, she was sure to be criticized, and the very fact might have intensified a feeling, both in this country and abroad, that the national cause was doomed. The most elaborate function given at the White House was held on the night of February 5, 1862, admission being only by invitation. Apropos of this, Mr. Lincoln remarked in his Western way:

"I don't fancy this pass business."

The President and his wife received in the East Room. Major Poore, in his volume of reminiscences, describes her costume as a white satin dress cut *décolleté*, and trimmed with black-lace flounces, which were looped up with knots of ribbon. She wore a rather remarkable head-dress of flowers. The other principal apartments of the White House—the Red, Green, and Blue Rooms—were thrown open, and were decorated with rare flowers, while music was provided by the Marine Band in the corridor. Mrs. Lincoln's eldest son, Robert Lincoln—whom some humorist of that day nicknamed "The Prince of Rails"—assisted in receiving. A really brilliant company was gathered, including the members of the diplomatic corps with their wives and daughters, Senators, justices of the Supreme Court, and Cabinet officers. From the army came Generals McClellan and Frémont, and the two French royal princes, the Comte de Paris and the Duc de Chartres, who were then nominally attached to McClellan's staff.

As a social entertainment, the affair was a success; yet it brought great censure upon both the President and Mrs. Lincoln. The details were much exaggerated. A rimester in Philadelphia wrote a scurrilous poem entitled "The Queen Must Dance." Others compared this reception to the ball given by the Duchess of Richmond at Brussels on the night before the battle of Waterloo. As a matter of fact, there was no dancing; and the criticism might perhaps have been less harsh had the fact been generally known that the President's two younger

children had been taken ill after the cards were issued, and that for two nights before the reception Mrs. Lincoln had watched with them, sleepless and anxious. Indeed, it was less than two weeks afterward that young Willie Lincoln died.

MRS. LINCOLN AND KATE CHASE

About this time, a young girl scarcely out of her teens won the honors from all her would-be rivals. This was Miss Kate Chase, daughter of the Secretary of the Treasury, Salmon P. Chase, afterward Chief Justice of the United States. Mrs. Lincoln, true to the instinct that prompted her to have beautiful and vivacious associates about her, quickly formed a friendship with this young girl, and advanced her to what might be called the post of "first lady-in-waiting." In this, however, she made no mistake, for Miss Chase had the diplomatic instinct fully developed. As soon as she felt assured of the strength of her position, she delicately began to direct the President's wife in a way likely to gain for her some of the social prestige for which Mrs. Lincoln longed. Miss Chase warned her of the mistake she was making in constantly choosing a few women on whom to bestow her favor, and advised her to vary her attendants with every succeeding function. For a short period Mrs. Lincoln followed this prudent counsel, with the result that during the next two years of her reign, despite the increasing troubles of the state, the White House functions were on the whole more successful than before.

There could hardly have been in Washington two natures more dissimilar than Mary Lincoln and Kate Chase, and their union was bound to be short-lived. While it endured, Mrs. Lincoln tasted some of the sweets of popularity so grateful to her palate. When it dissolved, her unpopularity grew apace.

Mrs. Lincoln's characteristics were quick excitability and restlessness; her manner was too animated, her laugh too frequent. Miss Chase talked fluently and gracefully, yet always with perfect calm. She was a born woman of the world, with an air of sincerity which added to her charm; and this charm was exercised on women as well as men. None of her portraits, beautiful as they

were, did her entire justice. Her complexion was of a delicate fairness, her fine features seeming to be modeled from beautifully tinted *bisque*. Her eyes, bright, soft, and sweet, were of an exquisite blue, and her hair had the wonderful color of a corn-tassel in the sunlight. Her teeth were perfect, her figure was remarkably graceful, and the poets of that day—and, indeed, those of a much later day—sang the turn of her exquisite throat and the regal carriage of her head. To the day of her death, which was recent, despite cares and sorrows, this woman preserved much of her remarkable attractiveness.

From her teens, Miss Chase had been initiated into political knowledge, for which her calm and thoughtful nature well fitted her. She was ambitious for her father; and six months before the campaign of 1864, when she foresaw that neither party would nominate him for President, she turned her energy to the formation of plans and intrigues to obtain for him the nomination in 1868. His acceptance of the Chief Justiceship tendered by Lincoln disappointed her deeply.

In politics Mrs. Lincoln's influence might have been injurious had her husband ever permitted her to have her way. But he was not the man to yield his judgment, even though it was his wife who urged him; and when Kate Chase understood, as soon she did, that however great might be her ascendancy over Mrs. Lincoln, she could not reach the President in this way, the young woman tired of the burden which she had voluntarily assumed, and no longer served as an assistant at the White House functions. Besides, her brilliant marriage with Governor William Sprague, of Rhode Island, which turned out so unhappily, was at this time being arranged.

BEFORE THE FINAL TRAGEDY

For a period of several months there was no "favorite" at the White House. A new election was impending, and the gaieties which Mrs. Lincoln insisted on arranging at fitful intervals were in truth political meetings, where the Southern women, less by one half than they had been, felt sadly out of place. Mrs. Fessenden, who had been Miss Ellen Deer-

ing, of Portland, Maine, made a delightful impression on such members of the "court" as remained constant; but her nature was averse to frivolity, and she appeared at the Presidential receptions only when urged by Mrs. Lincoln. Later, the President's wife was to find in this woman a strong spirit on which she could lean, but this was shortly before the tragedy that ended at one blow her reign and her earthly happiness.

During her four years in the White House, Mrs. Lincoln's love of the theater, always strong, rose to a passion. She began to cultivate the acquaintance of actresses and singers who visited Washington, and to honor them with invitations to the Executive Mansion. Among these were Laura Keene, Isabella Hinckley (Mme. Susini), Mrs. John Wood, and Mrs. John Hoey. With Miss Keene and Mrs. Hoey she remained on terms of intimacy for several years. Their visits to Washington were occasional only, and thus the friction so apt, unfortunately, to arise between Mrs. Lincoln and the women she saw every day, was avoided in their case.

Miss Keene, whose real name was Mary Moss, was an actress of great melodramatic talent, and she was destined to be associated with Mrs. Lincoln in a very painful way. Two years before Mr. Lincoln's inauguration, she had made a great success in the part of *Mary Trenchard*

in Tom Taylor's famous comedy, "Our American Cousin"; and it was while the President and his wife were watching her in that same play, at Ford's Theater, on the fateful Good Friday of 1865, that Lincoln was shot down.

Before this awful and final tragedy, the life of Mrs. Lincoln had become utterly monotonous and wearisome. At first all had been delightful. She had conquered, as she thought, the haughty prejudices of the highest Washington society. She had half compelled it to accept the favorites she selected, and to make them its reigning belles. With the increasing knowledge of her husband's power to command respect and love, she felt more and more sure of her position. She no longer begged for the countenance of any clique or circle of women. Those whom she singled out were fortunate; those whom she refused to recognize remained outside the pale.

Yet, although it seemed to her that she had accomplished all she aimed at—to rule Washington, to "make" its society, and to give laws of dress to it, nevertheless, she felt dissatisfied. Her reign had yielded only Dead Sea fruit—with ashes to choke her throat. Weariness was her portion. The "court" she set up had turned into a mocking bubble, shining in iridescent colors only in her imagination; created from sordid materials, and wholly empty.

LINCOLN'S BIRTHDAY

A DAY of joy, a holiday;
 A day in festal colors dressed
 To honor one who knew not play,
 Nor ever tasted rest!

Oh, man of sorrows and of tears,
 Would we could bring to you
 Back through the pathway of the years
 One touch of comfort true!

Would that your eyes might penetrate
 The shadows in between,
 Through all the clouds of war and hate,
 And mists that intervene,

Into the hearts of all the throng
 Of living men to find
 Your name and fame the first among
 The treasures of mankind!

John Kendrick Bangs

HAZING—ITS ANCIENT ORIGIN AND MODERN DEVELOPMENT

BY HARRY THURSTON PECK

WHAT is meant by hazing? Ninety-nine persons out of a hundred, if asked the question, will say something like this:

"Oh, hazing is just a kind of 'rough house' practised by college boys. Freshmen—at West Point they call them plebes—are made to do queer things, and sometimes they get hurt. Brutal? Yes, hazing is very often brutal; but it is merely one way of working off young men's animal spirits, of which they have too much. It is only limited and local."

Of course, the hazing of which we hear most is the hazing which takes place in colleges, and which long took place at the United States Military Academy. Mr. Julian Hawthorne wrote for this magazine, a few years ago, a very interesting account of the hazing, giving specific details of the really savage and inhuman cruelty which passes under this name at many of our so-called higher institutions of learning. Traditionally, a freshman has always been fair game for the sophomores. Sometimes they merely make him seem ridiculous. They put him under a pump, or duck him in a fountain. They compel him to eat soap, or to stand upon a table and improvise songs, or to scan the propositions of Euclid. If he has a sense of humor, and does not "flare up," but takes this sort of thing in good part, he is not often troubled for very long. Presently, he in turn becomes a sophomore, and is privileged to practise upon incoming freshmen the same tricks that were played on him.

THE CRUELITIES OF HAZING

Unfortunately, however, hazing in colleges is often very far from being so harmless a thing as has just been described. In any gathering of men,

whether young or old, there are certain to be some who, in their heart of hearts, are bullies with a natural tendency to cruelty, and they give vent to this most evil of passions under the guise of merely "breaking in a freshman." The ingenuity which they bring to the task would be admirable if it were devoted to some other purpose.

There is, for instance, the story of the freshman who was taken out at night, and who, after being blindfolded, was led to a railway track and strapped down tightly to the rails. There he was left. Before long he felt the throbbing and quivering of an approaching train. Then his strained sense of hearing caught the distant thunder of approaching death. Nearer and nearer it came. The grinding of the wheels was audible, growing every moment louder and more terrific. At last it was fairly upon him; and with a shriek, a roar, and a rocking of the earth, the train passed by. It did not harm the boy, because the clever sophomores had really strapped him to a pair of rails which they themselves had fastened to the ground beside the actual line. When they came back to him, however, and removed the bandage from his eyes, they found him no longer a healthy, light-hearted college boy, but a raving maniac whose eyes rolled in terror, and who was destined henceforth to shriek and gibber in a padded room.

Another ingenious mode of mental torture was devised when a freshman was taken, also at night, and placed in a coffin, the lid of which was then carefully screwed down. The victim felt himself lowered into a deep pit, and shovelfuls of earth fell on the coffin-lid above him. Finally, to his frenzied imagination, he was actually buried be-

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NATIONAL MAGAZINE



The
Living
Lincoln

By those who knew him

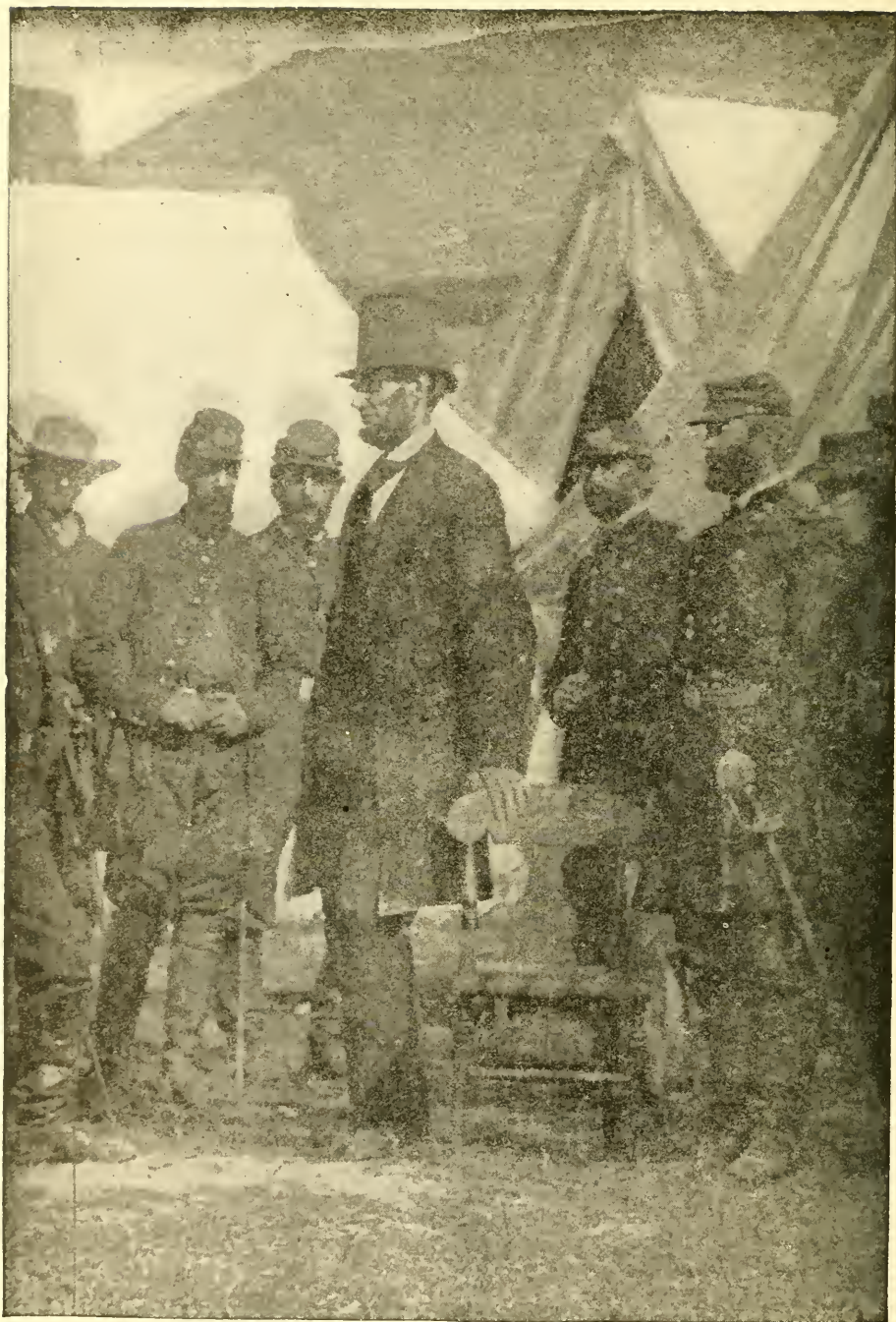
THE CHAPPLE PUBLISHING COMPANY, LTD., BOSTON, U. S. A.

Planets in their courses have marked february — of few days — as the birth-month of two great Americans. A century ago a cradleless infant was born in a log cabin in Kentucky: the child of a lowly frontiersman has taken rank with the high-born Washington.

Lincoln's birthday is now in the thoughts and minds of dwellers in every farm, village, town and city throughout the republic. The day will be observed with exercises in schools, and with municipal and social observances notable and numerous. Singularly vivid in the retrospect of over forty-three years are the memories of Lincoln in Washington, where he bore for his people, and for millions more, burdens such as few men have borne; gained such honor and love as still fewer have received from the hearts of the people, and died a martyr's death, tragic in all its phases as the most terrible of the masterpieces of Greek tragedy, to be mourned by friend and foe and all humanity, his great soul enshrined in the hearts of mankind forever.

J. M. C.





PRESIDENT LINCOLN ON THE BATTLEFIELD OF ANTIETAM

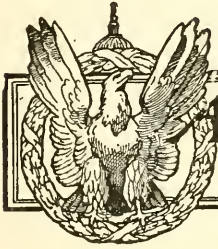
Taken shortly after the great battle. The photograph shows the great height of Lincoln compared with the stalwart officers and men surrounding him.

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Affairs at Washington

By Joe Mitchell Chapple

BY one act of Congress, completed in a few moments, the kinship of the world was proclaimed, and the ideals of Abraham Lincoln glorified and perpetuated by the Union he saved.

It was most appropriate that the Congress of the United States should generously vote \$800,000 for the relief of the sufferers in the Italian earthquake, at a time when preparations were being made for the observance of the centenary of the birth of Abraham Lincoln—a man who always responded gladly to an appeal for help, and who regarded necessity as sufficient reason for prompt assistance, regardless of precedent and tradition. What act of Congress could more strongly emphasize the great-heartedness of Lincoln than this generous response to suffering Italy, almost a half-century after he had passed away! The act may have reached beyond constitutional limits, but it recognized Lincoln's ideal of the kinship of the human race. A thrill went through the house, when

in regular routine the vote announced that the young republic of the West had hastened so generously to the relief of one of the ancient nations of the East, in her dark day of calamity and sorrow.



Abraham Lincoln

It was equally appropriate that the American fleet, engirdling the globe, should pause in its gala voyage and dispatch ships to the aid of stricken Sicily. Instead of going grimly into battle to destroy life, now, in the birth month of one of the world's great commanders of men, the American navy has hastened to offer assistance to those in distress amid the awful devastation of a volcano's sudden overwhelming wrath. This broad interpretation of soldiers' and sailors' duty, taking it for granted that before all other obligations comes the rendering of assistance where needed and the saving of life rather than its destruction, is peculiarly characteristic of the patriot whose birth we celebrate on

February twelfth—a day each year will make more memorable as passing time affords a truer perception of Lincoln's greatness.

IN the Washington of today are many aged men in active life who saw the living Lincoln during the trying and crucial days of the republic, and their memories give us many a jewel to vitalize and immortalize the times of Lincoln and bring him even nearer to our hearts than the great Washington, who stands firmly on his pedestal, a classic, admired through the haze of history. Associated with Lincoln is a humanness and great-heartedness that expresses the nation's ideal of itself exemplified in a great man beloved of the people. How vividly his form



Photo by Clinedinst, Washington

REPRESENTATIVE HENRY D. CLAYTON
From Alabama

seemed to move before me when I heard from the lips of one who was a youth in those stirring times, a description of Lincoln as he used to walk, stooped and saddened, from the White House to the Treasury Department during the darkest days of the war, to obtain reports from the front. With a shawl over his thin shoulders, and his silk hat set far back on his head, he would bend over the telegrapher's desk with great eagerness, his face reflecting the admiration, pity and sorrow which he felt as he heard the little instruments steadily click off the news from the front—a deed of rare heroism which gained the day, or the sacrifice of thousands

of lives for the preservation of the Union.

How tenderly are told the stories of Lincoln's charity and tenderness, as, listening day after day to harrowing details, he looked with sympathy into the faces of the constant throng of visitors at the White House, some bringing curses and some cheer; how he went out on the Avenue to select toys for the Washington little ones, finding a gleam of sunshine in creating childish happiness even amid his own Titanic cares and the dark clouds of Union reverses. The wonder is that he escaped death at that time, for treason was barely concealed even at the national capital, and he went from place to place unattended, or galloped awkwardly to the front to secure news of the conflict. He visited the camps and bivouacs—the scenes which inspired Julia Ward Howe's "Battle Hymn of the Republic"—and the hospitals, cemeteries and forts surrounding Washington, when every day was vibrant with the intense passions and militant factions of that tremendous crisis. These emotional days are very real as one goes about Washington and looks upon the places associated with Lincoln—sites which must ever be hallowed by his memory. The rooms in the White House in which he remained almost a solitary prisoner are revered as a shrine today; the pens and desks, the boots, hat and old shawl—any article he is known to have used—are all treasured mementoes. Long ago sneers at the rough, ungainly form have given place to plaudits, and the statesman, in discussing the anniversary of Lincoln's birth, calls to mind how he held together a Cabinet unchanged longer than any other president, sacrificing his own personal wishes for the welfare of the Union. Recollections of Lincoln seem to bring him closer and closer to the hearts of the people; while other great men soar away to find them place on a pedestal in passionless greatness.

* * *

IT must be gratifying to Postmaster General George von L. Meyer to know that the experiments made with postal savings departments in the Philippines have been successful. The deposits more than doubled in 1908 and the success of the project is now assured. The Philippine experiments will, doubtless, overcome some of the conservative opposition in this country. This

information is clearly given in a report made by Secretary of War Wright, who also called attention to the fact that the revenues for 1908 had increased nearly \$250,000, now reaching a total of \$17,000,000.

The railway construction in Cuba and Panama now aggregates nearly 1,000 miles.

The secretary of war reports that, in the event of war with any first-class power, we should need at least 350,000 more men. As the regular army is limited to 100,000 men, 250,000 troops would have to be drawn from the organized militia. He made an effective plea for a better militia service.

In the report, additional officers for the regular army are asked for; this is essential, for, of 137 companies of coast artillery, only thirteen have the full complement of officers. The work at Panama has made serious inroads on the personnel of the regular army.

In times of peace the absorbing topic in the War Department has been appropriations for rivers and harbors and other public works. It is often difficult to decide what matters properly come under the jurisdiction of the War Department or of the Department of Commerce and Labor, for in the early days, before the Department of Commerce and Labor was organized, the War Department, curiously enough, was concerned with labor problems, and had a general supervision of matters pertaining to industrial activities in peace, as well as fortifications and expenditures in time of war.

* * *

THERE is hardly a topic under the sun on which information may not be obtained at the Capital. While waiting for a Cabinet official with whom I had an appointment, I chanced upon a man just returned from China. In the course of our conversation the price of eggs and the difficulty of keeping them fresh was discussed. I lamented that it was almost impossible to obtain a new-laid egg. He told how, when traveling in China, the American consul called his attention to the fact that the Chinese had centuries ago solved this problem in a more effective way than has ever been done by modern cold storage warehouse systems. It happened that he had had no opportunity to test the Chinese method until he was leaving the country, when he was presented with fresh-laid eggs incased in spherical mud

pies. He brought home these packages along with other souvenirs, and kept them until "fresh" eggs soared to eighty cents a dozen; then he opened his mud pies, and imagine his surprise to find the eggs in first-class condition.

"Later," he said, "I tried the experiment myself: buried my eggs deep in mud and formed it into cakes around them, allowing 'the pie' to dry out. The result was the same—when they were opened they were perfectly fresh."

This summer he laid in a good supply, and is happy in the anticipation of eggs for his breakfast as good as those fresh from the hennery, taken from the nest while her "henship" still cackles.

This valuable information has been brought to the attention of the Agricultural Department, and no doubt a bulletin will be sent out suggesting to farmers the advisability of using this method of storage until such time as the price per dozen for "strictly fresh" eggs rises dollarwards.

* * *

AFTER a long day alone in the great city of New York, especially if it happens to be Sunday evening, what a wave of loneliness sweeps over the stranger crossing the ferry, as he sits or stands amid the groups of happy families, returning from their weekly holiday in the woods. He envies the sturdy workman and his buxom wife and happy children, with their arms full of the berries and colored leaves that the little people love to gather in the fall of the year. What a gloomy time it is for the traveler, just coming from a wearisome trip, as he rushes through New York making engagements for the morrow; it is borne in upon him with unpleasant force that he is indeed far from his loved ones, who are at home spending a happy day together, while *he* takes up his knapsack as the ferry slip cogs clatter and the throng scatters.

* * *

AT the mention of the word statistics most of us at once think of a bare, severe, dusty room covered with cobwebs, with an outlook far from exhilarating; yet, without doubt, the most fascinating work of any bureau is that done in the Department of Statistics by O. P. Austin, a veteran in the service. He has an enthusiasm for figures, and

when he talks conveys the idea that the world and all that is therein can be quite easily brought within the scope of his pencil and paper and long rows of figures.

A new map has been issued by his department, which shows all the railways in the civilized world and also indicates the exact distance between the different places. The evolution and changes that have taken place are shown and the work of the Panama Canal is indicated, presenting the surprising fact



ABRAHAM LINCOLN

Taken direct from a photograph of war times, considered by many to be the best likeness ever made of him with a camera

that the distance between Europe and South America is actually less than between that country and the United States.

Mr. Austin's lectures and his work as a statistician have given him world-wide fame. He is a widely-traveled man, having made a tour of the world, and his lectures are full of thrilling interest. A man who can talk statistics for three-quarters of an hour and hold, without a break, the entire interest of his audience, is certainly unique.

In the Department of Commerce and Labor there is one hopper through which statistics go for collaboration with this bureau. This

is where the world's geography is being changed day by day. This quiet man, with iron-gray hair and soft dark eyes, evidently loves his work and has all the enthusiasm of a school-master in imparting information to those who desire it.

* * *

IN the front room of the Department of Commerce and Labor, Secretary Straus sits at a large flat-topped desk barricaded with papers and reports, with accumulated details, classed and indexed, at hand, with which to inaugurate new plans or expediate the already numerous and varied operations of his department. No member of the Cabinet has ever entered more enthusiastically into his work than Secretary Straus; he has given all that assiduous care to his governmental undertakings which he once bestowed on his own private business.

The functions of the department are administered through twelve different bureaus and divisions. As has been well said in the Secretary's report, it comes into closer touch with human and economic interests in the country than the work of any other department. At set periods the Secretary has a conference with the chiefs of the various bureaus, keeping in personal touch with them all and making the work of the department still more like the conduct of some great business establishment.

Secretary Straus is keenly analytical, and has reached the last analysis in his study and investigation of naturalization and immigration problems. His reports show some startling facts which are also hinted at in his article, as, for instance, the present percentage of foreign-born population, which will be a surprise to many readers. Secretary Straus is a man of broad, liberal ideas, conducting his department in a comprehensive and effective manner, and his article on the Department of Commerce and Labor will be eagerly read.

No other department of our government resembles this one, or so exemplifies the national ideal of developing business and the exploitation of natural products, in short, the multiplication of existing resources to meet the increasing demands of a growing nation; this department is intended for the benefit of all the people, and every citizen should keep in touch with it so as not to lose sight of the splendid work it is doing.

The LIVING LINCOLN



CENTENARY

TRIBUTES



THE centenary of the birth of Abraham Lincoln has brought out a wealth of information concerning this leader of men, the most illustrious native-born American. Every little detail concerning his life and character is eagerly sought from those who actually met him in the flesh.

It is strange how often in desultory conversation scraps of information are obtained that one almost invariably fails to secure in a formal interview, or even when one deliberately sits down to collect reminiscences! The other day I took a stroll with an old friend who lived during those stirring times. He told me of a curious phenomenon that occurred on the Illinois prairies at the time when the great Civil War was impending. He had started on a fourteen-mile walk one pleasant night. There was a "wet moon" promising a change of weather—as the Indians say, there was no horn on which to hang a powder-horn. In that year, 1860, the whole nation was trembling with suspense following the election of Lincoln.

As my friend and his companion walked along, a bright, clear star suddenly shot out from the east and crossed the crescent moon, going through it, apparently, and coming out in the western sky. My friend had

never been of a superstitious turn of mind, but the thought came to him then that this singular phenomenon in the heavens might portend the severing of the Union. For the moment he felt depressed at the possible dismemberment of the Republic. Suddenly, as they still watched the sky, the star turned and

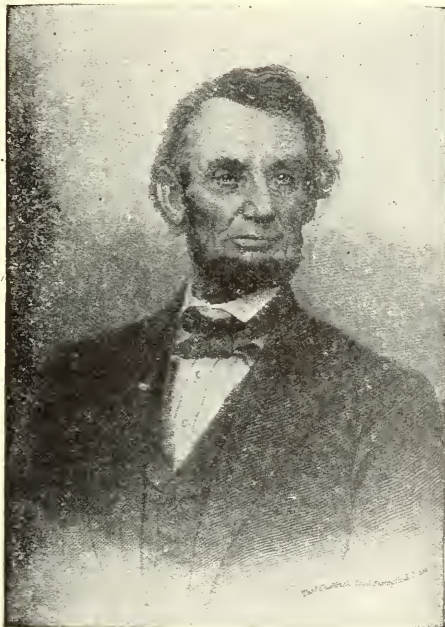
went back through the moon again, from west to east, and as they talked of this remarkable experience it impressed them as presaging that, though the nation might pass through great trials, the Union would be preserved.

The incident was duly recorded and a letter describing it sent to Lincoln; his reply was an expression of lofty courage and high hope in the ultimate result of the struggle, despite the severe criticisms of the time.

* * *

Lincoln was a man of moderation. He was neither an autocrat nor a tyrant.

He was the greatest man of his time, especially approved of God for the work he gave him to do. History abundantly proved his superiority as a leader and establishes his constant reliance upon a higher power for guidance and support. The tendency of this age is to exaggeration, but of Lincoln certainly none have spoken more highly than those who knew him best.—
William McKinley.



A FAVORITE PICTURE OF
PRESIDENT LINCOLN

ON GUARD AT WHITE HOUSE

By GEN. H. S. HUIDEKOPER

MY acquaintance with President Lincoln commenced one September day in 1862, when I had occasion to go to the Soldiers' Home to visit Companies D and K of the 150th P. V., which I had sent a day or two before to that point for duty.

On reaching Washington from Harrisburg on September 6th, 1862, our regiment had been ordered to join McClellan's army, then



THE BIRTHPLACE OF LINCOLN
In Larue, formerly Hardin, County, Kentucky

on its way to Antietam; but after marching some miles northward it had been recalled and ordered to relieve some seasoned troops doing guard-duty at half a dozen places in Washington. As the Soldiers' Home was the summer residence of the President, I had selected two of the largest companies of the regiment for the honorable duty of acting as his personal bodyguard, and by chance, one of those, Company K, was the one I had personally recruited, and, for the few days before I was commissioned lieutenant colonel, had been captain of.

I had just graduated from Harvard College, a beardless boy, medium in height and of slight weight, while my successor as cap-

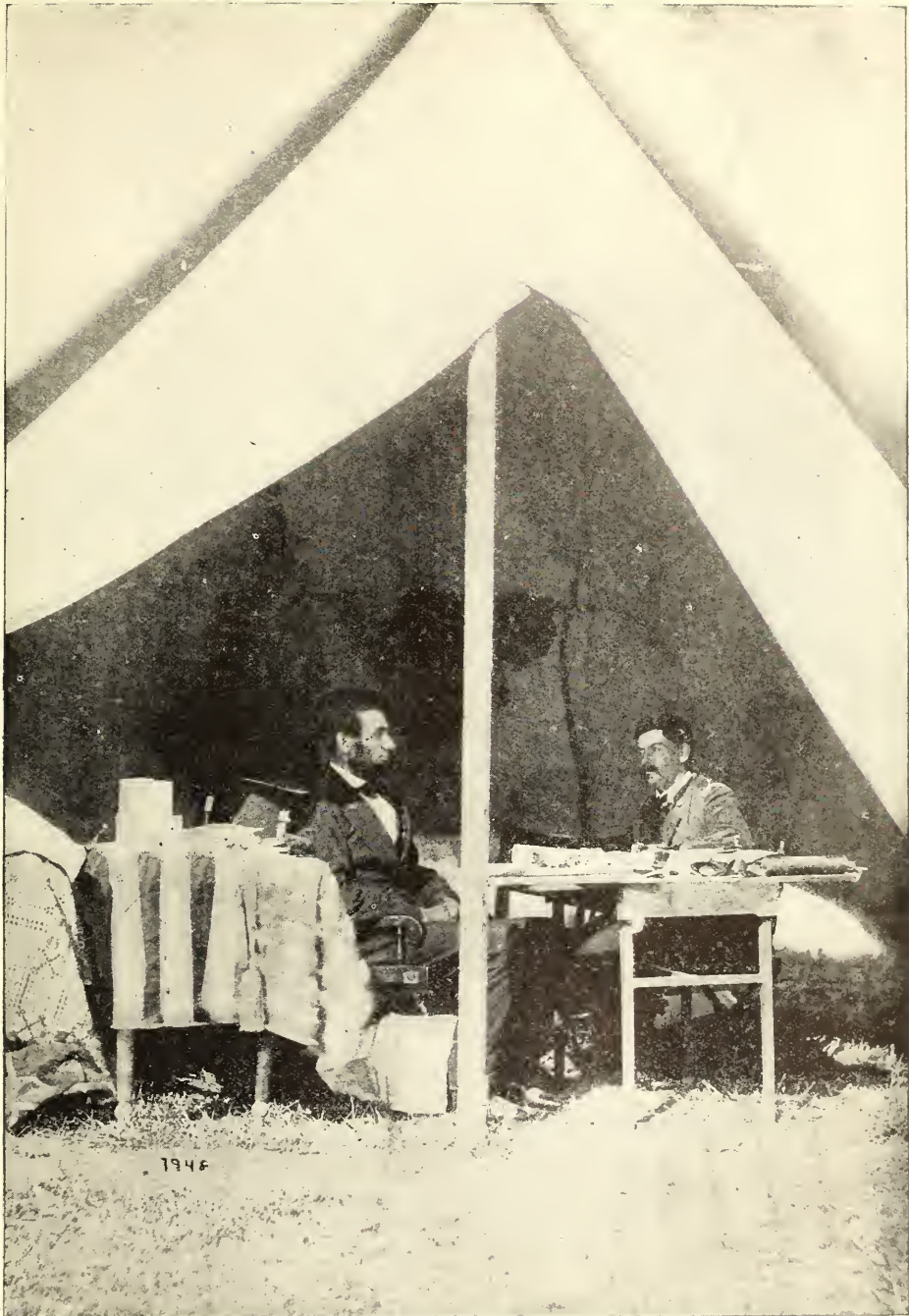
tain, known as "Major" Derickson in the Pennsylvania Militia, in Crawford County politics and in church circles, was taller than I by some inches, was large about the girth, probably weighing just double what I did, and had most pleasing manners.

When I made my first visit to these two companies stationed at the Soldiers' Home, I found that Captain Derickson was already on good terms with Mr. Lincoln, had breakfasted with him two mornings, and had ridden to the White House one morning seated beside the President. Thus he felt free to take me immediately to the President for presentation, more particularly as we saw him seated on his porch not far from the camp. In fact, the captain was then rapidly reaching that degree of intimacy on his part with Mr. Lincoln, which some months later, the latter, while talking with me, had reference to, when with a twinkle in his eye, he said, "The captain and I are getting quite thick."

As we approached, the President, in the most gracious way, came to the steps to welcome us, exclaiming, after my name had been given: "Well, when I saw how big the captain was, I made up my mind that the colonel must weigh over three hundred pounds." Then putting his large hand on my shoulder in an affectionate way, he continued: "The captain has told me of your family and of its Dutch origin, but was not able to answer a question which I asked of him, and maybe you can enlighten me." Bashfully, I answered in some cautious way, and then the President asked wherein the difference lay between an *Amsterdam* Dutchman and any other damn Dutchman.

Company K remained at the Soldiers' Home in summer, and in winter at the White House, immediately in its rear, for almost three years, every man in it becoming known by name to little Tad, whom the company presented with a colonel's uniform with "150th P. V." on the hat; and in this garb I encountered him one day, in the autumn of 1863, in Colonel Hardee's office in the War Department, to have him crack his whip, and say to me, "No, sir, I am colonel of the 150th." The character and deportment of the men of Company K were such that they were liked and humored in every possible way, not only by the President, but by his whole household.

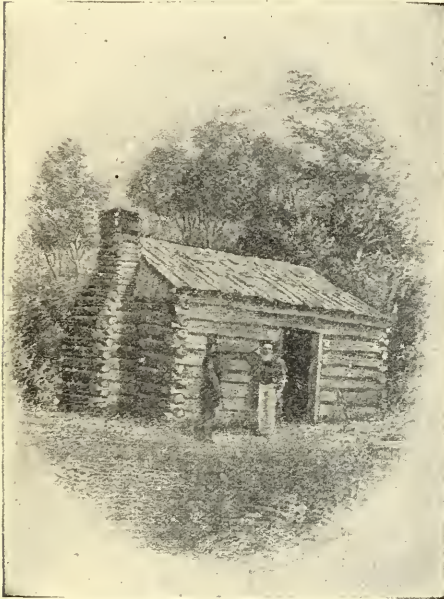
In mid-winter the 150th joined the Army



AN INTERESTING PICTURE, SHOWING PRESIDENT LINCOLN WITH GENERAL GEORGE B. McCLELLAN IN THE LATTER'S QUARTERS

An effort seems to have been made to decorate the setting with the Stars and Stripes, shown on the table at the right of Lincoln

of the Potomac, and from time to time, as I passed through Washington, Mr. Lincoln always received me in the kindest manner, and, on one occasion, with marked consideration. This was after I had been wounded and when I was seeking light duty until such time as I should have sufficiently recovered to return to my regiment in Virginia. I had mentioned the purpose of my visit to Washington and of my having a note from General Doubleday to the War Department, when Mr. Lincoln quickly said, "I will fix that for you," and in a moment handed me a note to



THE LOG CABIN HOME
Which Lincoln built for his father in Illinois

the War Department asking it to "please grant such request as Colonel Huidekoper may make."

In August, 1864, Mr. Lincoln sent for me to consult about recruiting for our army from among the prisoners of war held at Rock Island. I spent the evening of the 31st with him at the Soldiers' Home, and next morning an hour with him in the War Department Building, with the result that he issued, on September 1st, an order authorizing me to recruit from the prison pen such confederates as were willing to enlist in our army. We got there 2,400 well-trained soldiers, who were immediately available

for service, and who were sent, as was understood between Mr. Lincoln and myself upon my urgent recommendation, to the frontier, to relieve a considerable force then confronting the hostile Indians. It was about this matter that Secretary Stanton had his first great difference with the President, but the result showed that the big, kindly heart of Mr. Lincoln, which seemed to always work in harmony with his great brain, was as usual, ready to do just the right thing.

The last time I saw Mr. Lincoln was on April 7th, 1865, very early in the morning, when he, ahead of the clerks, was seated at a desk in a log hut at City Point, which is now in Fairmount Park, Philadelphia, labeled "Grant's Headquarters at City Point." As I was passing, unconscious of his presence, Mr. Lincoln called me, and after a word or two as to my own health, said, his dear face beaming with joy, "Let me give you our latest news," and picking up a paper from the table, read to me a dispatch just received from General Grant, which had little in it except the repetition of a message from General Sheridan, in which Sheridan had advised General Grant of the capture, the day before, of 7,000 men and five generals, including Ewell and Custis Lee, and words to the effect that if the thing be pushed, he thought Lee would surrender, to which Mr. Lincoln, in his characteristic style, laconically replied, "Let the thing be pushed."

After reading me the telegram, Mr. Lincoln added: "The end has almost come," and seven days later it was so, for his pure soul had gone to Heaven, and the great man's cares and efforts in behalf of his beloved country were left behind him, a rich legacy to a broken-hearted people.

* * *

Abraham Lincoln, one of the grandest men this country or the world has ever produced, pure in life and motive, inflexible in his purpose to do right as he understood it, of undaunted courage in carrying out the principles he believed to be true, large-hearted and tender in his sympathies with human suffering—

Bold as a lion and gentle as a child—
He lived to bless the world.
He broke no promise, served no private end,
He gained no title and he lost no friend.

—John B. Gough.

LINCOLN'S RICHMOND VISIT

By BENJAMIN F. MONTGOMERY

WHEN Mr. Lincoln occupied the White House I was a genuine "Johnny Reb., Jr.," a child of sorrow, forever hungry and acquainted with grief. Notwithstanding my circumscribed environment and the rebellious attitude of my ambitious appetite, my daily life was a series of "moving pictures" such as few boys have witnessed, for I stood close to the crimson edge of battle which fringed with fire the rear guard of Lee's crumbling veterans. It was then that I got my first and last sight of Abraham Lincoln. It came like a flash, out of the tumult and tempest of a riotous and smoldering city, and faded like a vision, in a confused perspective of shouting people and ruined houses.

On the morning of the 4th of April, 1865, the day after the entry of the Federal troops of Grant's army into Richmond, Virginia, Mr. Lincoln left Admiral Porter's flagship, the Malvern, at the landing in Rocketts—a suburb of the city—and, in a calm and common-place manner, set out to walk alone up town. When the Admiral was told of this unusual and unmilitary entry of the Commander-in-Chief into a captured capital, filled with so many enemies and beset with dangers on every side, he was probably alarmed. He at once ordered a guard of marines to escort the president, but as Mr. Lincoln had a good start and a long stride he put many "laps" between himself and his body-guard. It is said that he walked alone two miles. When I saw him his escort looked as though they had just overtaken him on a "double time" movement, and he was then some miles from his landing place. He had walked with perfect confidence, unconscious of all danger, freely inquiring of passers-by the way to the house of "Mr. Davis."

One of a crowd of scantily-clad, hungry, but alert and wildly excited boys, I stood at the corner of Main and Fifteenth Streets in Richmond, and amid a struggling, swaying mass of people saw the hollow square of sailors carrying carbines. In the centre of this square, I saw the tall form of a man, clad in a black frock-coat, wearing on his head what seemed to me the queerest looking and the biggest silk hat I had ever seen. He towered far above the people crowding about him. This picture of the tall man, clad in black

and wearing his peculiar hat, and on his face the sad, yet kindly expression, as he watched the frenzied people in their efforts to get near him—some with joy, some—possibly—with hate, in their hearts—is still fresh in my memory. I remember it as a soothing, peaceful influence—a good spirit moving over an angry scene of strife.

In the sober thought of maturer years I recall this strange picture of a victorious leader of a great nation, in time of war, entering the chief city of the conquered, practically unattended, in as simple and unob-



PRESIDENT LINCOLN'S HOME AT
SPRINGFIELD, ILLINOIS

Where he resided at the time of his election to
the Presidency

trusive a manner as the humblest citizen who eagerly waited to see him.

How strangely in contrast with the other great ones of earth, in all their pride, pagantry and "pomp of power," who have marched in triumph at the head of their exulting hosts, into the captured cities of their defeated enemies; how, devoid of all offence or display of power before a fallen people, it gilds the character with greater glory. There was no need of beating drums, flaring trumpets and serried ranks to keep the stately poise of this great soul at its high level, and Lincoln, the plain man, who truly loved the "common people," without fear or exaltation, sought the homes and hearts of his estranged countrymen. With the power of a great

republic at his command and a million armed men to do his bidding, he preferred to enter the gates of a conquered city as a fellow countryman—one with them in their sorrow and defeat, “*with malice toward none and charity for all.*”

* * *

WITH LINCOLN EVERY NIGHT

By MAHLON T. DOLMAN

TO have served as entertainer every night for three years to a man who eight years later was elected President of the United



FORT SUMTER AFTER THE BOMBARDMENT
IN 1861

States, a president who attained prominence, perhaps, second to but one other—this was the experience of Major John L. Bittering, of St. Joseph, Missouri, who met Abraham Lincoln when he was just coming into his fame.

In April, 1852, Major Bittering, who was then a boy of about nineteen years of age, began his life as a newspaper man, on a little journal published in what then was the village of Freeport, Illinois.

News of how a young journalist had dumfounded several of the big politicians of the day at last reached Lincoln, and in June, 1852, he visited the newspaper office in Freeport, and met Major Bittering. A warm friendship sprang up between the two, man and boy.

“Mrs. Lincoln played a good joke on her husband when he was practicing law and journeyed about from court to court on horseback,” says Major Bittering. “Those trips often took several weeks at a time.

“On one of these trips Lincoln was gone for about four weeks. He returned late one night. Stopping his horse, he dismounted at the usual place. He turned to go into the house and then stopped. Although he was a man of temperance he thought he must have been imbibing on the sly some time that day, for before him stood a building he had never seen before. He thought it over for a minute and then went across the street and knocked at a friend’s door. They were in bed, and some one sang out:

“‘Who is it?’

“‘Abe Lincoln,’ was the reply. ‘I’ve been looking for my house. Can you tell me where it is? Guess I must have been lost. I thought it was just across the way. When I went away the building was one story high, and now it is two.’

“It was explained to him that during his absence Mrs. Lincoln had added another story. He laughed and went back to the strange house.”

He used to tell the joke on himself many times, according to the major.

* * *

Another yarn Major Bittering relates is one Abe told concerning why his wife ever married such a homely person as himself. Mrs. Lincoln was introduced by Abe and left in conversation with a friend who remarked on Lincoln’s popularity in the eastern part of Illinois.

“Yes, he’s quite a favorite ’most everywhere,” Mrs. Lincoln said. “You see some day he’s going to be president. If I hadn’t thought so I could never have married him. You can see for yourself he’s not pretty. But doesn’t he look as if he would make a handsome president?”

Major Bittering was a “cub” reporter for some time after meeting Lincoln in Freeport, before he “landed.” When he did, he accepted a position with what is now known as the *St. Louis Globe-Democrat*. Here he became, in the course of time a political writer, and when interest began to be centered about Stephen A. Douglas and Lincoln, who were the opposing candidates for Congress

in Illinois, Bittinger was the man chosen by the *Globe-Democrat* to "cover" the debates.

The trip to the scene of the first joint debate had to be made by steamboat. When Major Bittinger reached the boat, on which he had taken passage, the morning after he had been given the assignment, he found seventeen of the most prominent business men of St. Louis aboard. All of these men were rapidly becoming ardent Lincoln supporters, but none had ever shaken hands with the great "railsplitter."

On arriving at the hotel in Alton, Illinois, it was learned that Lincoln was not in. The clerk said he was expected shortly, though, and the men took seats about the parlor of the hotel.

When Lincoln arrived he looked about and, apparently saw no one whom he knew. Then Major Bittinger arose.

"Why, hello, John!" Lincoln exclaimed, his eyes brightening up at sight of his friend.

"My, but it does me good to see you. Come over where we can talk. I want you to tell me all about yourself, John. Where have you been so long? And why haven't you been over to see me?" continued Lincoln. He had hardly noticed the others in his joy at finding his friend once more.

Major Bittinger introduced the men and many were the tales of his friendship with Lincoln they told on returning to St. Louis.

"Hearing Douglas speak that day we thought it was all up with Lincoln," Major Bittinger declares. "Then we heard Lincoln talk and we knew our fears had been groundless."

That Lincoln was stubborn as a mule when he considered himself in the right, few of his biographers deny. This same spirit is what won him his way in life.

Major Bittinger aptly illustrates this trait of Lincoln's character by telling a story Lincoln had often related to him.

"Lincoln was a lawyer practicing in the Illinois circuits at the time. He and a judge once joked each other about horse trades. The upshot of the matter was that the two agreed to meet at a designated hour the next day to make a trade. The horses up to the hour of the trade were to be unseen. There was to be no withdrawing from the agree-

ment under forfeiture of \$25. A few friends had heard the bet made, and passed the word around. As a result, quite a crowd was on hand to witness the exchange.

"The judge came up first, leading about the worst looking animal he had been able to find. Where he had 'discovered' it no one ever knew. He had not been at the appointed place but a few minutes when Lincoln came up, carrying a wooden saw-horse on his shoulders.

"The crowd which had gathered was hilarious at the sight. This was greatly augmented when Lincoln sat down on his



ANOTHER VIEW OF FORT SUMTER IN RUINS
After the bombardment during the Civil War

saw-horse, critically surveyed the judge's imitation, and exclaimed:

"Well, judge, I must say, this is the first time in my life I ever got the worst of a horse trade."

* * *

A great man, tender of heart, strong of nerve, of boundless patience and broadest sympathy, with no motive apart from his country, he could receive counsel from a child and give counsel to a sage. The simple approached him with ease, and the learned approached him with deference. Take him for all in all, Abraham Lincoln was one of the noblest, wisest and best men I ever knew.—*Fred Douglass*.

THE GRAVE OF LINCOLN

(Written in May, 1865)

By EDNA DEAN PROCTOR

Now must the storied Potomac
 Laurels forever divide;
 Now to the Sangamon fameless
 Give of its century's pride;
 Sangamon, stream of the prairies,
 Placidly westward that flows,
 Far in whose city of silence
 Calm he has sought his repose.
 Over our Washington's river
 Sunrise beams rosy and fair;
 Sunset on Sangamon fairer—
 Father and martyr lies there.

Kings under pyramids slumber,
 Sealed in the Libyan sands;
 Princes in gorgeous cathedrals,
 Decked with the spoil of the lands;
 Kinglier, princelier sleeps he,
 Couched 'mid the prairies serene,
 Only the turf and the willow
 Him and God's heaven between;
 Temple nor column to cumber
 Verdure and bloom of the sod—
 So in the vale by Beth-peor
 Moses was buried of God.

Break into blossom, O prairies,
 Snowy and golden and red!
 Peers of the Palestine lilies
 Heap for your glorious dead!
 Roses as fair as of Sharon,
 Branches as stately as palm,
 Odors as rich as the spices—
 Cassia and aloes and balm—
 Mary the loved and Salome,
 All with a gracious accord,
 Ere the first glow of the morning
 Brought to the tomb of the Lord!

Wind of the west! breathe around him
 Soft as the saddened air's sigh,
 When to the summit of Pisgah
 Moses had journeyed to die;
 Clear as its anthem that floated
 Wide o'er the Moabite plain,
 Low with the wail of the people
 Blending its burdened refrain;
 Rarer, O wind! and diviner—
 Sweet as the breeze that went by,
 When, over Olivet's mountain,
 Jesus was lost in the sky.

Not for thy sheaves nor savannas
 Crown we thee, proud Illinois!
 Here in his grave is thy grandeur;
 Born of his sorrow thy joy.
 Only the tomb by Mount Zion,
 Hewn for the Lord, do we hold
 Dearer than his in thy prairies
 Girdled with harvests of gold!
 Still for the world through the ages
 Wreathing with glory his brow,
 He shall be Liberty's Saviour;
 Freedom's Jerusalem thou!

* * *

AS SEEN BY SOLDIER BOYS

By W. H. BECK

AS to Lincoln, personally, I know but little. I was a soldier boy in the war, and was at a White House reception in 1864. However, this occasion is too dim a memory for me to describe. I saw Abraham Lincoln for the first time in the spring of 1863, when he reviewed Humphrey's Third Division of the Fifth Corps of Hooker's Army, of which my regiment, the One Hundred and Thirty-first Pennsylvania Volunteers, was a part, near Fredericksburg, Virginia. He wore on this occasion a Prince Albert coat and high hat, and rode along the files of soldiers on horseback. His worn, tired look and his whole attitude impressed me painfully—it was as if he took no interest nor delight in the review, but was simply going through his part in a perfunctory way. When next I looked on Lincoln's face he had found peace; his body was in the Capitol at Harrisburg, on its way to Springfield, Illinois. I was then in the United States quartermaster's department at Chambersburg, Pennsylvania, and went, with many thousands, to pay the last respects to the martyred president.

* * *

The true representative of this continent, an entirely public man, father of his country, the pulse of twenty million throbbing in his heart, the thought of their mind articulated by his tongue.—*Ralph Waldo Emerson.*

* * *

Of all the men I ever met he seems to possess more of the elements of greatness, combined with goodness, than any other.—*W. T. Sherman.*

FROM AN OLD FRIEND

By DANIEL W. AYERS

HOW well I remember when Lincoln lived at Petersburg, Illinois, carrying the chain for a surveyor's party and working for seventy-five cents a day. The surveyor's wife told me that she often saw him studying at night, seated on the cellar door, reading Blackstone often until midnight by the light of the moon.

Lincoln always took note of the light and

At the trial the witness swore that he saw the murder committed.

"Might you not be mistaken?" asked Lincoln. "A dim light is deceptive, and it was a dark night."

The witness hastened to reiterate that it was bright moonlight, whereupon Lincoln promptly pulled from among his books an almanac, and said calmly:

"It is not necessary for me to make a plea, for no jury can place any reliance on a witness who will swear that it was a moon-



A WAR-TIME SCENE ON A SOUTHERN PLANTATION—UNDER GUARD OF FEDERAL TROOPS AND "MAMMY"

dark moons, as is shown by an incident which occurred during his early practice of law. A murder was committed in the neighborhood of the village, and the son of the surveyor's wife was arrested on suspicion from the testimony of an "eye witness." In the meantime Lincoln had swung out his shingle as a lawyer, at Springfield, and on this occasion nobly did he prove that the kindness of the surveyor was not forgotten by the student who read Blackstone by the moonlight.

He went to the jail and questioned the young prisoner, who asserted his innocence, and Lincoln took up the case.

light night when the almanac proves that it was the dark of the moon."

A verdict of acquittal was rendered.

During the campaign of 1860 I remember seeing Lincoln in Springfield, walking up the street toward the State House. As he swung open the iron gate and passed through, I went up to him and shook his long bony hand. Two strangers were standing near the gate, and as we walked along one of them said, with a sneer, so that Lincoln could hear it: "Could you conceive of such a man as president of the United States?"

Mr. Lincoln went straight on, looking

One of the oldest friends of Lincoln whom I have met is Daniel W. Ayers of Philadelphia, aged ninety-four years. He was in early manhood a friend of "Abe" Lincoln, has voted for every president since 1836, and was personally acquainted with many of them; but of Lincoln in particular he is never tired of talking.—*Editor.*



A TYPICAL WAR-TIME PHOTOGRAPH
Showing headquarters of a New Hampshire regiment after one of the tragic battles of the Wilderness

neither to the right nor left. He was often sneered at on account of his appearance, and even to his friends he did not look quite right for a president of a great nation. In those days the full measure of his great character was not appreciated, and the shambling, gaunt figure returning to the little home on the corner of Eighth Street was looked upon only as Lincoln. Many of the members of the "wide-awake clubs" in the campaign did not believe that he would be elected, but they reckoned not in the heart-love of the people. He was loved as no public man has been in the history of the nation.

* * *

AT A LINCOLN RECEPTION

By EDNA DEAN PROCTOR

IN one of the darkest periods of the war I was in Washington with my brother, the late John C. Proctor of Illinois, and a party of friends from New York. We had arranged to call upon the President during his reception evening, but that day the city rang with the news of a serious disaster to the Union army; the streets were filled with people talking in excited groups, and all was gloom and foreboding. It seemed doubtful if it was best to make the call, but remembering that Mr. Lincoln, in spite of storm and stress, sought always to meet the social requirements of his high office, we kept our appointment and found him ready to receive visitors.

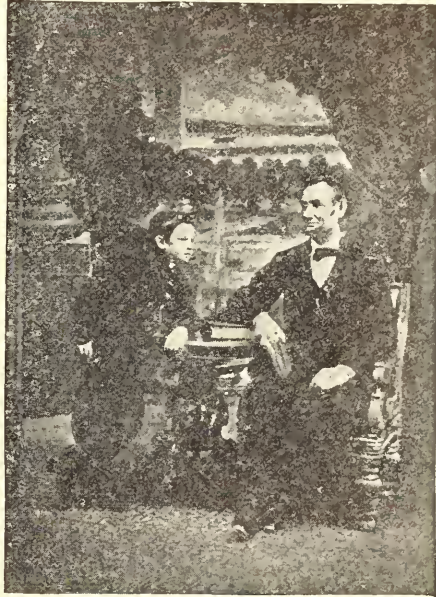
He was in the Red room, and his towering, slightly stooping form as he leaned against the grand piano that faced the door appeared of heroic mold. Speaking with us pleasantly, he made no allusion to the disastrous news, but it was soon evident that, while he stood there with courteous greetings, he was almost oblivious of his surroundings, and that heart and soul were lost in contemplation of the country's peril. It was my first view of him, and I have never forgotten the infinite dignity of his presence that evening and the melancholy, far-off look in his eyes—a dignity and elevation quite beyond and above what any mere manly beauty could give. As I watched him I thought no words could better describe him than these: "A man of sorrows, and acquainted with grief."

There was little conversation, but one of the party remarked, "I hope, Mr. Presi-

dent, you are able to sleep, notwithstanding your heavy burdens."

At that moment General ——, "just from the front," was ushered into the room—a short, stout man in uniform, with a blustering, pompous manner as if he thought the whole army was centered in himself. He heard the remark, and immediately added in a bold, confident tone, "I presume, Mr. President, you sleep as much as the private soldiers on the Rappahannock."

Mr. Lincoln looked down upon him with a loftiness which was almost scorn, and said



A GOOD PHOTOGRAPH OF PRESIDENT LINCOLN

Showing his little son Tad

slowly and distinctly, and with indescribable pathos:

"For that matter, Sir, I would gladly change places with the poorest soldier in the ranks!" and turned away with the far-off look in his eyes.

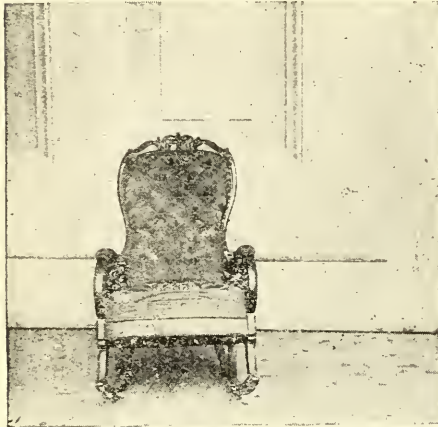
There was silence in the room. Everyone was impressed with the beautiful solemnity of the moment. Even the pompous General felt it, for without a word he retreated and was seen no more.

We soon made our own adieus, but the glimpse we had had of the great President was so sad and tender that the brief interview has remained a treasured memory.

LINCOLN'S PROPOSAL

ABRAMHAM LINCOLN'S offer of marriage was a very curious one, and, singularly, has but recently come to light. Numerous as his biographers have been, and closely as they have gleaned for new facts and materials, it was left for the latest one, Mr. Jesse Welk of Greencastle to discover this unique and characteristic production of Mr. Lincoln's almost untutored mind. The letter is one of several written, presumably, to the lady he afterward married. Addressed to "My dear Mary," it reads as follows:—

You must know that I cannot see you or think of you with entire indifference; and yet



THE CHAIR IN WHICH LINCOLN SAT WHEN ASSASSINATED AT FORD'S THEATER

it may be that you are mistaken in regard to what my real feelings toward you are. If I knew that you were not, I should not trouble you with this letter. Perhaps any other man would know enough without further information, but I consider it my peculiar right to plead ignorance and your bounden duty to allow the plea. I want in all cases to do right, and most particularly so in all cases with women. I want at this particular time more than anything else to do right with you, and if I knew it would be doing right, as I rather suspect it would, to let you alone, I would do it. And for the purpose of making the matter as plain as possible I now say you can drop the subject, dismiss your thoughts— if you ever had any—from me forever, and leave this letter unanswered without calling forth one accusing murmur from me. And

I will even go further and say that if it will add anything to your comfort and peace of mind to do so, it is my sincere wish that you should. Do not understand by this that I wish to cut your acquaintance. I mean no such thing. What I do wish is that our further acquaintance should depend upon yourself. If such further acquaintance would contribute nothing to your happiness, I am sure it would not to mine. If you feel yourself in any degree bound to me, I am now willing to release you, provided you wish it; while, on the other hand, I am willing and even anxious to bind you faster, if I can be convinced that it will in any degree add to your happiness. This, indeed, is the whole question with me. Nothing would make me more miserable than to believe you miserable; nothing more happy than to know you were so. In what I have now said I cannot be misunderstood; and to make myself understood is the only object of this letter. If it suits you best not to answer this, farewell. A long life and a merry one attend you. But if you conclude to write back, speak as plainly as I do. There can be neither harm nor danger in saying to me anything you think, just in the manner you think it.

Your friend, Lincoln.

Probably this is the queerest love letter on record and the most remarkable offer of marriage ever made. It is a love letter without a word of love, and a proposal of marriage that does not propose.

* * *

I have always had the greatest admiration for the amiable, simple and honest traits of Mr. Lincoln's life. I believe that, under the providence of God, he was, next to Washington, the greatest instrument for the preservation of the Union and the integrity of the country; and this was brought about chiefly through his strict and faithful adherence to the Constitution of his country.—*Peter Cooper.*

* * *

No admirer who speaks in his praise must pause to conceal a stain upon his good name. No true man falters in his affection at the remembrance of any mean action or littleness in the life of Lincoln. The purity of his reputation ennobles every incident of his career and gives significance to all the events of his past.—*W. D. Howells.*

A BATTLEFIELD CANE

By W. C. PREDIGO

FROM the War Department comes notice of an interesting relic formerly the property of President Lincoln. Upon the occasion of his memorable visit to Gettysburg the President cut with his own hands a cane, which he afterward presented to his war secretary, Edwin M. Stanton, by whom it was naturally highly prized.

This cane is now in the possession of Mr. Jahncke, president of the Jahncke Navigation Company of New Orleans, who married a granddaughter of Secretary Stanton. It has a gold top with an engraved inscription, which was probably placed on the treasured souvenir by Secretary Stanton, by whose family it has been carefully preserved. As might be expected of anything selected by Lincoln, it is strong and solid, somewhat of "a big stick" in appearance, and promises to survive many more generations of owners.

* * *

ADDRESS AT GETTYSBURG

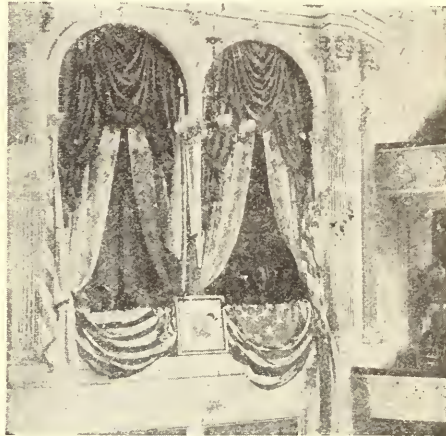
FOURSCORE and seven years ago our fathers brought forth on this continent a new nation, conceived in liberty and dedicated to the proposition that all men are created equal. Now we are engaged in a great civil war, testing whether that nation, or any nation so conceived and so dedicated, can long endure. We are met on a great battlefield 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 cannot dedicate, we cannot consecrate, we cannot hallow this ground. The brave men, living and dead, who struggled here have consecrated it far above our 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 and for the people shall not perish from the earth.—*Address of President Lincoln at Gettysburg, Nov. 19, 1863.*

* * *

TOM TAYLOR'S TRIBUTE

TOM TAYLOR of the *London Punch* wrote the following lines after the death of Lincoln, following close upon the bitter



THE BOX WHICH PRESIDENT LINCOLN OCCUPIED AT THE TIME OF HIS ASSASSINATION

cartoons of the martyred President which he had published:—

"Beside this corpse, which bears for winding sheet

The Stars and Stripes he lived to rear anew;

Between the mourners at his head and feet,
Say, scurrile jester, is there room for you?"

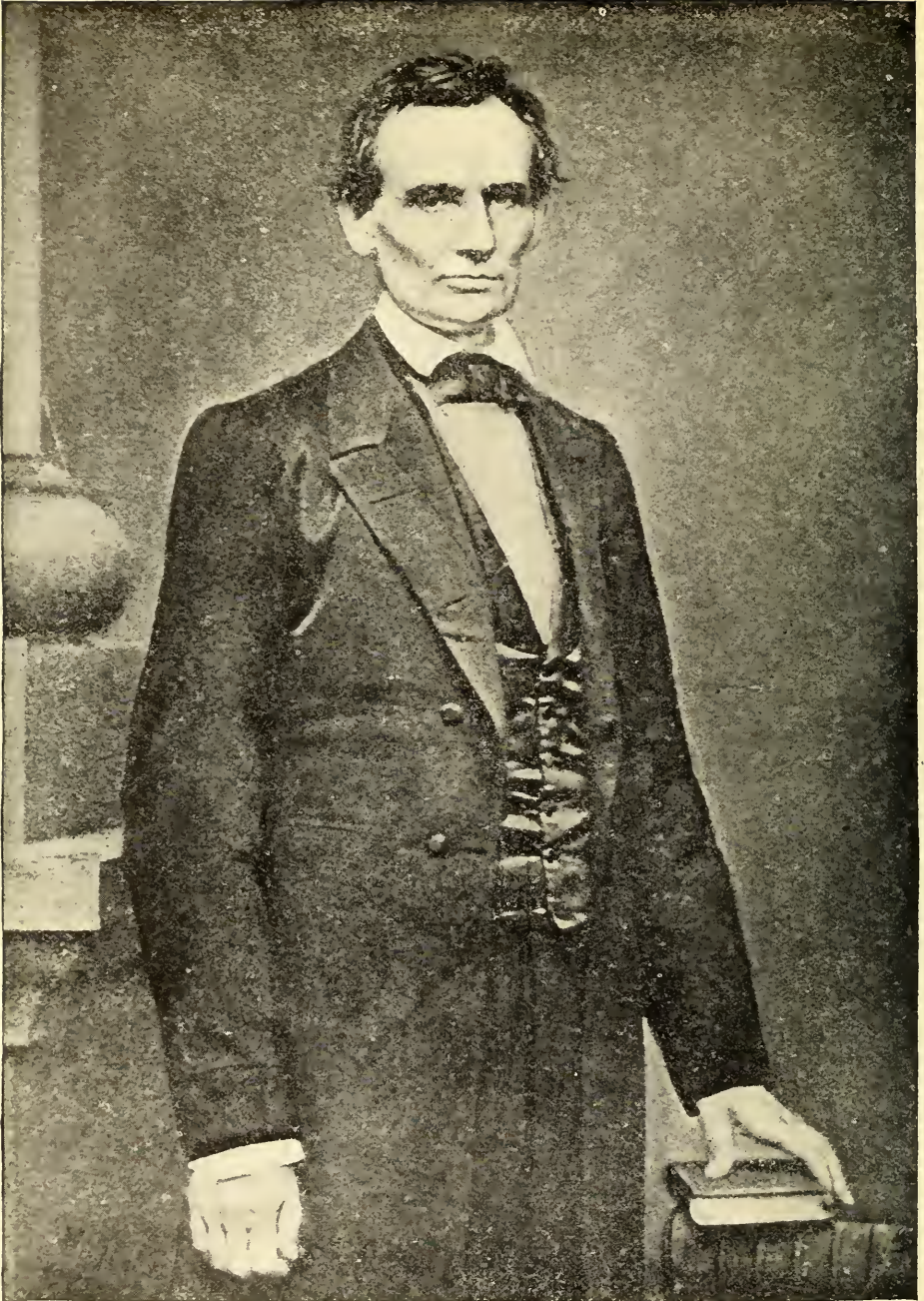
"Yes, he had lived to shame me from my sneer,

To lame my pencil and confute my pen;

To make me own this hind of princes peer,
This rail-splitter a true born king of men."

* * *

He represented the goodness of greatness and the greatness of goodness.—*Phillips Brooks.*



ABRAHAM LINCOLN

From a photograph made by Brady in New York City in the forenoon of the 27th of February, 1860. Lincoln made his great Cooper Institute speech in the evening, and the picture is named after that building. It has been stated that Lincoln often said that this portrait and the speech had much to do in making him President, but no confirmation of this has been found. It is the first standing portrait ever made of Lincoln, and was used for campaign purpose in 1860. It is not known that either the original negative or a copy from it is in existence, though there are several enlarged copies owned by Lincoln collectors. After the election of 1860, the picture passed completely out of sight, its first appearance after that time being in Colonel McClure's "Lincoln and Men of War Times," in 1886. Though one of the most valuable representations of "The First American," and in some respects the best, it has never been ranked by those who have been concerned with Lincoln portraits as one of the dozen chosen great portraits.

TRIBUTES TO LINCOLN.

Abraham Lincoln leaves for America's history and biography, so far, not only its most dramatic reminiscence—he leaves, in my opinion, the greatest, best, most characteristic, artistic and moral personality. * * * Honesty, goodness, shrewdness, conscience,

head, an aureole that will remain and will grow brighter through time, while history lives, and love of country lasts.—*Walt Whitman.*

† As a child, in a dark night, on a rugged way, catches hold of the hand of its father for guidance and support, Lincoln clung fast to the hand of the people, and moved calmly through the gloom.—*George Bancroft.*



THE LINCOLN HOUSE IN TAUNTON

The Taunton Lincoln family tradition concerning Lincoln's grandfather, Abraham, runs like this: Just before the break out of the War of the Revolution, young Abraham had a warm discussion with a royalist neighbor in regard to the political duties of a true son of New England, favoring warmly the idea of independence. Words became hotter as the talk continued, and finally young Abe struck his antagonist. This little affair soon reached the ears of his father, and he, disapproving of such conduct, at once proceeded to give his hot-headed heir an "old-fashioned dressing down." When breakfast was ready the next morning, there was no son to hear the accustomed grace or eat the Johnny-cake. Not until many years after did word come to Taunton that the absent sire of an eventual President had been in Pennsylvania, and gone to Virginia. Somewhere about 1880, it became known that he was eventually killed by an Indian in Kentucky, leaving three sons, one of whom is believed to have been the father of the now universally loved Abraham Lincoln. Near relatives of the Taunton Abraham have lived in Pennsylvania for many years, others in Indiana and Illinois, some of whom served in the Civil War. It is interesting to know that the Lincoln Historical Genealogical Association is one of if not the most active bodies of that kind in the United States, and in their hands the true history of their greatest ancestor is sure to receive its fullest care.

and (a new virtue, unknown to other lands, and hardly yet really known here, but the foundation and the tie of all as the future will grandly develop) UNIONISM in its truest and amplest sense, formed the hard-pan of his character. These he sealed with his life. The tragic splendor of his death, purging, illuminating all, throws round his form, his

I doubt whether man, woman or child, white or black, bond or free, virtuous or vicious, ever accosted, or reached forth a hand to Abraham Lincoln and detected in his countenance or manner, any repugnance or shrinking from the proffered contact, any assumption of superiority or betrayal of disdain.—*Horace Greeley.*

Dead, he speaks to men who now willingly hear what before they refused to listen to. Now his simple and weighty words will be gathered like those of Washington, and your children, and children's children, shall be taught to ponder the simplicity and deep wisdom of utterances which in their time passed in party heat, as idle words. In the midst of this great continent his dust shall rest, a sacred treasure to myriads who shall pilgrim to that shrine to kindle anew their zeal and patriotism. Ye winds, that move over the mighty places of the West, chant his requiem! Ye people, behold a martyr whose blood, as so many articulate words, pleads for fidelity, for law, for liberty.—*Henry Ward Beecher.*

Abraham Lincoln was the genius of common sense. In his daily life he was representative of the American people, and probably the best leader we could have had in the crisis of our National Life. He was a great leader, because to his common sense was added the gift of imagination.—*Charles Dudley Warner.*

Whatever is remembered or whatever lost, we ought never to forget that Abraham Lincoln, one of the mightiest masters of state-craft that history has ever known, was also one of the most devoted and faithful servants of Almighty God who has ever sat in the high places of the world.—*James G. Blaine.*

Lincoln believed in the uplifting influences of free government and that by giving all a chance we could get higher average results for the people than when governments are exclusive and opportunities are limited to the few.—*William McKinley.*

The weary form, that rested not,
Save in a martyr's grave;
The care-worn face that none forgot,
Turned to the kneeling slave.

We rest in peace, where his sad eyes
Saw perils, strife and pain;
His was the awful sacrifice,
And ours the priceless gain.

—*John G. Whittier.*

Lincoln—the statesman, the emancipator, the martyr, whose services to his country will be remembered with those of Washington.—*Cyrus W. Field.*

The most perfect ruler of men the world has ever seen.—*Edwin M. Stanton.*

A man of great ability, pure patriotism, unselfish nature, full of forgiveness to his enemies, bearing malice toward none, he proved to be the man above all others, for the great struggle through which this nation had to pass to place itself among the family of nations. His fame will grow brighter as time passes and his great work is better understood.—*U. S. Grant.*

He was a patriot and a wise man. The fundamental ideas of the American republican system controlled his mind and dictated his action. His wisdom carried the United States safely through the war of secession and abolished slavery. His death was a calamity for the country, but it left his fame without a fault or criticism. — *Charles A. Dana.*

Abraham Lincoln's greatness and worth lay in his simple manhood. So that the excuse we offer for the faults and failings of some great men—"They are only human"—was the very crown of his excellence. He was a whole man, human to the core of his heart.—*Robert Collyer.*

He was one whom responsibility educated, and he showed himself more and more nearly equal to duty as year after year laid on him ever fresh burden. God-given and God-led and sustained, we must ever believe him.—*Wendell Phillips.*

President Lincoln's "Gettysburg Address" has always seemed to me the high-water mark of American oratory. It proves what so many have not discovered, that the highest eloquence is simple.—*Thomas Wentworth Higginson.*

Heroic soul, in homely garb half hid,
Sincere, sagacious, melancholy, quaint;
What he endured, no less than what he did,
Has reared his monument and crowned him saint.
—*J. T. Trowbridge.*

At the feet of Almighty,
Lay this gift sincere;
Of a purpose weighty, and a record clear.
—*Julia Ward Howe.*

The life of President Lincoln was written in imperishable characters in the history of the great American Republic.—*John Bright of England.*

A man of destiny, with character made and moulded by divine power to save a Nation from perdition.—*William H. Seward.*

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THE LINCOLN-DOUGLAS DEBATES AND THEIR APPLICATION TO PRESENT PROBLEMS.

BY HANNIS TAYLOR.

THE editor of the REVIEW has invited me to restate, within narrow limits, the essence of the questions involved in the Lincoln-Douglas debates of 1858, with a view to the application of the basic principle underlying them to present problems. In "the battle of giants," as the debates in question are generally called, two immortal tribunitian orators spoke really the last words in the bitter and prolonged contestation over slavery that culminated in the Civil War. No effort should now be made to revive the echoes of those last words, without some reference to the history of the conflict out of which they grew. Negro slavery, which originated in Africa, spreading to Spain before the discovery of America, and to America soon after, made its appearance on this continent the year before the "Mayflower" brought the Pilgrims to Plymouth Rock, when a Dutch ship landed twenty African slaves at Jamestown. In 1626, the Dutch West India Company began importing slaves into Manhattan, and by 1637 there were slaves in New England. A Royal African Company with the Duke of York, afterwards James II, as its President, was formed to monopolize the slave trade, which monarchs and ministries furthered to the utmost of their power.

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Despite the fact that the Crown forced the institution upon Virginia, that great Commonwealth had, prior to 1700, a smaller proportion of slave population than some of the Northern colonies. While before the Revolution all the colonies held negro slaves, at the close of the eighteenth century there was a strong anti-slavery feeling even in Virginia and North Carolina. Only in South Carolina and Georgia was slavery then looked upon with favor, owing, no doubt, to the fact that those States were mostly given to the cultivation of rice and indigo, which seemed to make slave labor indispensable. A sudden transformation took place, however, in 1783, when Whitney, a Connecticut school-master living in Georgia, invented the cotton-gin, whereby a slave, who by the old process could clean but five or six pounds of cotton a day, was enabled to clean 1,000 pounds a day. The cotton export of 189,316 pounds in 1791 had grown to 38,118,041 in 1804. Under such a stimulus, slavery at once ceased to be a passive and innocuous institution. Out of that condition of things grew up a contest between the Free and the Slave States for control of the Government, the South wishing to extend the area of slavery by the admission of new Slave States, the North seeking to confine the institution to the localities in which it already existed, while the abolitionist of the North wished to extinguish it altogether.

The first battle in the seventy years' war over slavery was fought in the Federal Convention of 1787, and the outcome was registered in three of the important compromises of the Constitution. While the Federal Convention was sitting at Philadelphia, the Continental Congress at New York was doing its last and one of its greatest pieces of work in framing the ordinance of 1787 for the organization and government of the public domain known as the Northwest Territory. Through the influence of Jefferson, slavery was prohibited by law in that Territory, while it was permitted in all Territories south of it. All but three of the United States which made the Confederation forbade the importation of slaves; and these three were North Carolina, South Carolina and Georgia. They insisted, while the Constitution was in the making, that the right to import slaves should continue until 1808. The North assented not only to that compromise, but also to the other two embodied in the three-fifths rule for slave representation in Congress and in

the fugitive slave clause. From that time, the opposing forces rested upon their arms under a rule which admitted a Slave State and a Free State by turns, so as to preserve the balance of power in Congress. Thus Vermont was counterbalanced by Kentucky, Tennessee by Ohio, Louisiana by Indiana, Mississippi by Illinois. In the same way, the admission of Alabama, in 1819, should have counterbalanced the admission of Maine in the following year; but, as Missouri was then applying for admission, the Southern members refused to admit Maine until it should be agreed to admit Missouri as a Slave State. After the admission of Louisiana in 1812, that portion of the Purchase north of the thirty-third degree took the name of the Missouri Territory, and within it slavery was unhindered in its growth. When, in 1818, the application of Missouri for admission as a Slave State presented for debate the status of slavery beyond the Mississippi, Jefferson, still alive, wrote: "The Missouri question is the most portentous which has ever threatened the Union. In the gloomiest hour of the Revolutionary War, I never had apprehensions equal to those which I feel from this source." The difficulty was finally adjusted by the famous Missouri Compromise of 1820, in which each section yielded a part of its demands. While Maine and Missouri were admitted into the Union, the latter as a Slave State, both Houses of Congress agreed that slavery should be prohibited forever in all other Territories north of 36° 30', Missouri's southern boundary. Thus the vast bulk of the Louisiana Purchase was dedicated to freedom. And yet, while limits were thus set to the extension of the area of slavery, the view was general that each State was absolutely sovereign over it within its own borders; that responsibility for it and its abuses ended in each State with its own citizens. Such was the real and practical undertone of the doctrine of State Sovereignty in the extreme form in which it was taught by Calhoun, an extreme which culminated at last in the absurdity of Nullification. Meanwhile, quite a contrary view became common in the North, largely through the influence of William Lloyd Garrison, who established in 1831 a weekly paper called "The Liberator," which was devoted to the entire and immediate abolition of African slavery in America. In demanding "immediate and unconditional emancipation," Garrison claimed that the question at issue was a national one; that the whole country, and not the South

only, was guilty in tolerating what he called a curse. Thus was the real issue finally made up.

The "irrepressible conflict," hushed for the moment by the Missouri Compromise, was revived when the proposal was made to annex Texas, capable of division into five Slave States, a question hotly discussed in the Presidential campaign of 1844. Van Buren, who had opposed annexation, was rejected by the Democratic party, and James K. Polk, who favored it, was nominated and elected; and in December, 1845, Texas was annexed by resolution of Congress, with the understanding that it might thereafter be divided into several Slave States. Florida had already been admitted as a Slave State in March of the same year. With the election of Polk, the North and South were finally arrayed in opposition to each other,—the slavery question became the "burning question" from that time down to the appeal to arms. The sequel of the annexation of Texas was the Mexican War, resulting in a vast acquisition of territory which came as an additional victory for slavery, because, as nearly all of it lay south of $36^{\circ} 30'$, it could become, under the terms of the Missouri Compromise, slave soil. A drawback existed, however, in the fact that in the new territory thus acquired slavery had been forbidden by Mexican law. That fact predisposed many who were not in general opposed to slavery against extending the institution thither. As an expression of that feeling David Wilmot, a Pennsylvania Democrat, introduced in the House in 1846 his famous Proviso, applying to any newly acquired territory the provision of the ordinance of 1787, "that neither slavery nor involuntary servitude shall ever exist in any part of said territory, except for crime, whereof the party shall be first duly convicted." While the Wilmot Proviso failed to pass, it called into existence the Free Soil party, formed by the union of anti-slavery Democrats and Whigs with the Abolitionists. When the Whig National Convention met at Philadelphia, June 7, 1848, it nominated Taylor and Fillmore without a platform, after resolutions affirming the Wilmot Proviso as a party principle had been repeatedly voted down. The Democratic National Convention, which had met at Baltimore, in May, after reviving the strict constructionist platform of 1840 and 1844, nominated Cass and Butler. The National Convention of Free-Soilers, which met at Buffalo in August, adopted a platform de-

claring in substance that Congress had no more power to make a slave than to make a king, and that there should be no more Slave States and no more slave Territories. Through the power of the Free-Soilers to draw the Democratic vote from New York, the Presidency passed to Taylor, who, despite the fact that he was a Louisiana slave-holder, was unflinching in his devotion to the Union. In 1846, Iowa was admitted, and in 1848 Wisconsin. Eager as Taylor was to bring California in before the question of slavery in that territory could be discussed in Congress, he urged the people to call a convention and organize a State. That they did in 1849; and, as the bulk of them were from the North, they framed a constitution prohibiting slavery, and applied for admission. In the crisis thus brought about, all eyes turned to the great Compromiser who had taken the country safely through the Missouri crisis of thirty years before. Clay now proposed that California should be admitted as a Free State; that any new States properly formed from Texas should also be admitted; that the Territories of Utah and New Mexico should be organized without the Wilmot Proviso (*i. e.*, that the people of each Territory should be left free to settle the question of slavery for themselves, according to the doctrine of squatter sovereignty); that a more rigid Fugitive-Slave Law should be enacted; and that the slave trade should be abolished in the District of Columbia. In the midst of it all Taylor died, on July 9th, 1850; Fillmore succeeded; and Webster became his Secretary of State. The compromise of 1850 became an accomplished fact, but Webster's support of it, which involved a desertion of the free-soil principles then dominant in New England, led to his overthrow. Massachusetts deserted him, and, when she elected a Senator for the full term, it was Charles Sumner, the representative of the united Democrats and Free-Soilers, who came to the Senate pledged to fight slavery to the death. The outcries that arose from the cruelties incident to the execution of the new and more stringent Fugitive-Slave Law were deepened, as the administration of Fillmore drew to a close, by the appearance of "Uncle Tom's Cabin," whose stirring pathos touched the heart of the world.

Such was the state of the public mind when, in June, 1852, the Democratic Convention that met at Baltimore pledged that party to the observance of the Compromise of 1850; when the

Whig Convention that met in the same place in June endorsed the Compromise and the Fugitive-Slave Law; when the Free-Soil Democratic Convention that met at Pittsburg in August declared slavery to be a sin against God and a crime against man, and denounced the Compromise of 1850 and the two parties that supported it. After the triumph of Pierce and the ruin of the Whigs, the South was at a loss what to do for new slave territory now that the North had a preponderance in the Senate through the admission of California and the rapid growth of the Northwestern States, in which New England ideas had become predominant.

Passing over the attempt to buy Cuba, which failed at Ostend in 1854, we must look next at the scheme to acquire more territory into which to extend slavery in the region lying west of Missouri and Iowa, to the north of $36^{\circ} 30'$, and which, under the Missouri Compromise, was ever to be free soil. The project that contemplated the repeal of that famous compact proved successful, so far as legislation could go, when a bill, introduced in the Senate in December, 1853, to organize the Territory of Nebraska received the support of a sufficient number of Free-State Democrats to make it a success. A week later, a new bill was brought in, known as the Kansas-Nebraska Bill, which divided the region covered by the first into two Territories, one directly west of Missouri, to be called Kansas, and the other, north of this, to be called Nebraska. Thus, two States were to be opened to slavery instead of one, for the new bill distinctly declared that the Missouri Compromise had been swept away by the later Compromise of 1850. The passage of the bill in question was coupled with the contention that, as the population of the Territories had the natural right to decide for themselves the character of their own local institutions, Congress had no authority to vote slavery in or out for them. That idea, known as Squatter Sovereignty, was the invention of Stephen A. Douglas, a Northern Democrat, who proposed thus to lay bare the finest region of country open for settlement as a battleground between the slave-labor and the free-labor systems. When the Kansas-Nebraska question passed from Congress to Illinois in the fall of 1854, Douglas was called upon to defend his claim that the slavery question was forever settled by his invention of "popular sovereignty," which, he said, took it out of Congress

and gave it to the people of the Territories to decide as they pleased.

The time had now arrived when the anti-Nebraska party in Illinois were forced to look around for some champion who could meet "the little giant" in debate. His prowess in that line was admitted by all. In the entire field of American politics, no man equalled Douglas in the strategy and expedients of a palestra encounter of the oratorical kind. If he was lacking in originality and constructive logic, he more than made up for it by his facility in appropriating, by ingenious restatement, the thoughts and formulas of others. It has been said that "he was tireless, ubiquitous, unseizable. It would have been as easy to hold a globule of mercury under the finger's tip as to fasten him to a point he desired to evade." The David now chosen to meet him was Abraham Lincoln, who was born on the 12th day of February, 1809, in the midst of the most unpromising circumstances that ever witnessed the advent of a hero into this world. The years that followed his single term of service in Congress (1847 to 1849) had been for him years of work, study and reflection. While losing nothing of his genial humor, his character was taking on the dignity of a graver manhood. This man, whose sturdy and delicate integrity had won for him already the soubriquet of "Honest Old Abe," had begun to live more and more in the solitude of his office or his study. The inner light of his great mission had begun to burn within him. His principal weapon was direct and unswerving logic; his fairness of statement and generosity of admission had long been proverbial. Disdaining mere quibbles, he pursued lines of concise reasoning to maxims of constitutional law and political morals. His quaint originality, his aptness of phrase, his clearness of definition, his philosophic vision and poetical fervor often culminated in flights of genuine eloquence. When Douglas and Lincoln met, the subtle keenness of the sword of Saladin, that could carve muslin as it floated in the air, was to be contrasted with the temper of the sword of Richard of the Lion Heart that could sever a bar of iron at a blow. In opening a great speech at the State Fair at Springfield on October 3rd, Douglas said: "I will mention that it is understood by some gentlemen that Mr. Lincoln of this city is expected to answer me." Twelve days later, they met again at Peoria, an occasion

made memorable by the fact that, when Lincoln returned home, he wrote out and published his speech. In that model of brevity, directness, exact and lucid historical statement, we find not only the argument of the hour, but the premonition of the broader issues into which the new struggle was soon to expand. The time had come when Douglas was to be told that slavery was not a local but a national question, that any peculiar institution in any locality that affects the welfare of all is the common concern of all. Lincoln's expressions on that subject were the first articulate outcry of the new national spirit, just after the nation awoke to a full sense of its oneness. He said:

"The doctrine of self-government is right.—absolutely and eternally right,—but it has no just application as here attempted. Or perhaps I should rather say that whether it has such just application depends upon whether a negro is not, or is, a man. If he is not a man, in that case he who is a man may, as a matter of self-government, do just what he pleases with him. When the white man governs himself, that is self-government; but when he governs himself and also governs another man, that is more than self-government—this is despotism. . . . Let us readopt the Declaration of Independence, and the practices and policy which harmonize with it. Let North and South—let all Americans—let all lovers of liberty everywhere—join in the great and good work. If we do this, we shall not only have saved the Union, but we shall have so saved it as to make and keep it forever worthy of the saving. We shall have so saved it that the succeeding millions of free, happy people, the world over, shall rise up and call us blessed to the latest generations."

Such was the prelude to the more famous Lincoln-Douglas debates of 1858.

Deep and wide-spread as had been the slavery agitation incident to the repeal of the Missouri Compromise and the consequent civil war in Kansas, an event, entirely unexpected so far as the public at large was concerned, suddenly occurred which doubled its intensity. Two days after Buchanan's inauguration, the Supreme Court of the United States announced its famous decision in the Dred Scott case which originated in the idea that, under our Federal system, a temporary residence in a Free State or Territory could work the emancipation of a slave, under the doctrine laid down by Lord Mansfield in Somersett's case. By the time it reached the court of last resort, it had become so interlaced with pending political problems that, in the words of Mr. Justice Wayne, "the case involves private

rights of value, and constitutional principles of the highest importance, about which there had been such a difference of opinion that the peace and harmony of the country required the settlement of them by judicial decision." In a word, the Supreme Court, composed of nine judges, seven of whom were Democrats and five from Slave States, felt called upon to transfer the question of the legality of slavery in the Territories from the political to the judicial arena. The outcome was embodied in the conclusions that the Missouri Compromise Act was unconstitutional, slaves being private property with which Congress had no right to interfere; that it was the duty of Congress not to prohibit, but to protect, slavery in the Territories; that no slave, or descendant of slaves, could be a citizen of the United States; that, as slaves were not persons, but property, the owner of them could take them into any part of the Union just as he could take any other kind of property. Thus did Douglas's doctrine of Squatter Sovereignty receive its death blow from the judicial arbiter to whom he was pledged to bow. To dissent was to give mortal offence to the South; to concur was to give mortal offence to the North. Thus handicapped, Douglas met his indomitable opponent in the famous debates that occurred in Illinois between July and November, 1858.

In pressing upon Douglas his charge of a political conspiracy to nationalize slavery,—alleging that his "don't-cure" policy was but the convenient stalking-horse under cover of which a new Dred Scott decision would make slavery lawful everywhere,—Lincoln said:

"He says he 'don't care whether it is voted up or down' in the Territories. I do not care myself, in dealing with that expression, whether it is intended to be expressive of his individual sentiments on the subject, or only of the national policy he desires to have established. It is alike valuable for my purpose. Any man can say that who does not see anything wrong in slavery, but no man can logically say it who does see a wrong in it; because no man can logically say he don't care whether a wrong is voted up or voted down. . . . That is the real issue. That is the real issue that will continue in this country when these poor tongues of Judge Douglas and myself shall be silent. It is the eternal struggle between these two principles—right and wrong—throughout the world. They are the two principles that have stood face to face from the beginning of time; and will ever continue to struggle. The one is the common right of humanity and the other is the divine right of kings."

In assailing his popular-sovereignty principle, Lincoln declared it:

"The most arrant Quixotism that was ever enacted before a community. Does he mean to say that he has been devoting his life to securing to the people of the Territories the right to exclude slavery from the Territories? If he means to say so, he means to deceive; because he and every one knows that the decision of the Supreme Court, which he approved and makes especial ground of attack upon me for disapproving, forbids the people of a Territory to exclude slavery. This covers the whole ground from the settlement of the Territory till it reaches the degree of maturity entitling it to form a State constitution."

In the meeting at Freeport, Lincoln put Douglas to the crucial test by calling upon him to answer four carefully prepared questions, the second of which was this: "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?" When Lincoln's friends, while urging him not to put that question, said, "If you do, you can never be Senator," he answered, "Gentlemen, I am killing larger game; if Douglas answers, he can never be President, and the battle of 1860 is worth a hundred of this." When Douglas did answer, he said:

"I answer emphatically, as Mr. Lincoln has heard me answer a hundred times from every stump in Illinois, that in my opinion the people of a Territory can, by lawful means, exclude slavery from their limits, prior to the formation of a State constitution. Mr. Lincoln knew that I had answered that question over and over again. He heard me argue the Nebraska bill on that principle all over the State in 1854, in 1855 and in 1856, and he has no excuse for pretending to be in doubt as to my position on that question. It matters not what way the Supreme Court may hereafter decide as to the abstract question whether slavery may or may not go into a Territory under the Constitution; the people have the lawful means to introduce it or exclude it, as they please, for the reason that slavery cannot exist a day or an hour anywhere unless it is supported by local police regulations. Those police regulations can only be established by the local Legislature, and if the people are opposed to slavery they will elect representatives to that body who will by unfriendly legislation effectually prevent the introduction of it into their midst. If, on the contrary, they are for it, their legislation will favor its extension. Hence, no matter what the decision of the Supreme Court may be on that abstract question, still the right of the people to make a Slave Territory or a Free Territory is perfect and complete under the Nebraska bill."

In reply, Lincoln said:

“The first thing I ask attention to is the fact that Judge Douglas constantly said, before the decision, that whether they could or not was a question for the Supreme Court. But, after the Court has made the decision, he virtually says it is not a question for the Supreme Court, but for the people. . . . I pass to consider the real constitutional obligation. Let me take the gentleman who looks me in the face before me, and let me suppose that he is a member of the Territorial Legislature. The first thing he will do will be to swear that he will support the Constitution of the United States. His neighbor by his side in the Territory has slaves and needs Territorial legislation to enable him to enjoy that constitutional right. Can he withhold the legislation which his neighbor needs for the enjoyment of a right which is fixed in his favor in the Constitution of the United States, which he has sworn to support?”

Lincoln made no mistake as to the effect of Douglas's answer upon his political fortunes,—with the whole South, and with a few prominent politicians of the North, it served to put him outside the pale of party fellowship. As compared with this, his Lecompton revolt had been a venial offence. Soon after the Charleston Convention, Judah P. Benjamin said:

“Sir, it has been with reluctance and sorrow that I have been obliged to pluck down my idol from his place on high, and to refuse to him any more support or confidence as a member of the party. . . . We accuse him for this, to wit: that having bargained with us upon a point upon which we were at issue, that it should be considered a judicial point; that he would abide the decision; that he would act under the decision, and consider it a doctrine of the party; that, having said that to us here in the Senate, he went home, and under the stress of a local election his knees gave way, his whole person trembled. His adversary stood upon principle and was beaten; and lo! he is the candidate of a mighty party for the Presidency of the United States.”

On that subject Lincoln with quaint humor once said:

“All the anxious politicians of his party, or who have been of his party for years past, have been looking upon him as certainly at no distant day to be the President of the United States. They have seen, in his round, jolly, fruitful face, post-offices, land offices, marshalships and cabinet appointments, chargéships and foreign missions, bursting and sprouting out in wonderful exuberance ready to be laid hold of by their greedy hands. On the contrary, nobody has ever expected me to be President. In my poor, lean, lank face, nobody has ever seen that any cabbages were sprouting out. These are the disadvantages, all taken together, that the Republicans labor under. We have to fight this battle upon principle, and principle alone.”

The opposing principles involved in the famous debate of 1858 were so sharply defined that they may be restated within a narrow compass. Against the contention of Douglas that under the doctrine of "popular sovereignty" even a question so grave as human slavery might be localized stood Lincoln's contention that all local questions that affect all are the common concern of all. No serene and impartial student of the Constitution will ever for a moment doubt that the conclusions reached by the Supreme Court in the Dred Scott case were in perfect accord with the compromises of the Constitution as the Fathers had made them. On the other hand, no such student of the history of humanity will ever for a moment doubt that such conclusions were in sharp conflict with what Seward called "the higher law"—that is, the law on the subject of slavery as it had been settled by the consensus of the civilized nations. At the end of the Civil War, "the higher law" triumphed once and forever when the results of the Dred Scott case were wiped out by the adoption of the Thirteenth and Fourteenth Amendments. When we consider the application of the basic principle involved in the famous debate of 1858 to present problems, we should never for a moment forget that Lincoln's contention, that all local questions that affect all are the common concern of all, has become the corner-stone of our new national life. The first application made of that principle by the reunited nation was in the destruction of a peculiar social institution within the Territory of Utah which conflicted with the general principles of our civilization. Until a man can take that principle into his heart in its fulness, he can never be a patriot as Lincoln was a patriot. When destiny called upon him to secure the supreme interests of all by preserving the life of the Union, like a Titan he struggled and triumphed, and like a protomartyr died. In the crisis of the conflict, when the capital of the nation was in danger, he appeared upon the parapet of Fort Stevens, on July 12th, 1864, as one of its defenders. In his account of the incident, General Wright, then commanding in the suburbs of Washington, has said: "I entreated the President not to expose his life to the bullets of the enemy; but he seemed oblivious to his surroundings." As the battle progressed, it became painfully evident that a very handsome residence near by, occupied by Confederate sharpshooters, had to be

destroyed. As it was of considerable value, Mr. Lincoln was consulted, and as commander-in-chief he gave the order for its destruction by shot and shell. There and then, for the first and last time in the history of the Republic, a President of the United States actually exercised authority as commander-in-chief. The document in Lincoln's own handwriting attesting that fact, after being buried for more than forty years in the archives of Congress, was first made public at Fort Stevens on May 30th, 1908, when the writer,—through the kindness of Senator Henry W. Blair, who alone knew of its existence,—was able to read it as a part of his Memorial Day address. Perhaps in the time to come some artist will portray this, the most imposing scene in the life of Lincoln, when, as commander-in-chief of the armies of the United States, he stood in the thick of the fight upon the ramparts of Fort Stevens on that 12th of July, sustaining and directing the defenders of the nation's capital and the nation's life. As time goes on, he will be viewed through the lengthening distance by a grateful posterity in the North and in the South, in the East and in the West, as he stood battling for the life of the Union in the twilight of that fateful day, transfigured on the horizon and touched by the light of its dying glory.

HANNIS TAYLOR.

BANNER MEMORIES.

A POEM FOR ABRAHAM LINCOLN'S BIRTHDAY.

BY NATHAN HASKELL DOLE.

THE lone ship plunges on her trackless way,
Her guide the faithful needle pointing North.
The sleepless watchman, silent, gazes forth
To sight the changes of the night and day.
The immeasurable waste of blue or gray,
Its fluent hills and hollows splashed with foam,
With rainbow-tinted flowers of flashing spray,
Lies cold and solemn 'neath heaven's circling dome.
For hour on hour no bird's wing flecks the sky;
The same monotonous sweep of barren brine
Wearies the homesick voyager's mournful eye
Which yearns to catch some heart-consoling sign.

"A sail! a sail!" rings out the thrilling cry.
Sudden athwart the keen horizon-line
Struggles a dim, indefinite cloud to view,
Half-blending, half-contrasting, with the blue,
But momentarily enlarging, till, at last,
Full-rigged with canvas straining at each mast—
A vision of beauty in wind-cleansed dazzling white—
A deep-hulled ship dawns full in sight,
Rising and dipping on those mountainous seas.
Then, if perchance that ship bears at the height
Of swaying mast-top, wide-spread on the breeze,
The traveller's home flag, faded though it fly,
He feels that he must fall upon his knees
In adoration of its majesty.

It stirs his pulses, fills his eyes with tears,
 Makes him forget his grief and loneliness;
 It wakes the sailors' voices into cheers,
 Has magic power to kindle and to bless!

What is the magic of the flag?
 What influence holds
 Within its graceful folds,
 That, though it be a smoke-grimed rag,
 Faded and frayed and tattered,
 Strife-eager men will die
 To hold it high
 Before the cannon belching shotted fire;
 And, if it drop
 From out the color-sergeant's hands,
 The hero marching next will stop
 Only to seize with death desire
 Its blood-stained staff all shattered,
 And lift it onward for the following bands
 To get fresh courage by?
 How can its alternating stripes
 Of white and red,
 Its star-sown field of azure,
 Unite in one enthusiasm none may measure
 A hundred varying human types—
 Those who have fled
 From Persecution's cruel trial,
 Or who in Freedom's cause their blood have shed,
 Russian and Hebrew, Finn and Persian;
 And those who save, by rigid self-denial,
 The meagre sum to justify desertion
 Of Fatherland's intolerance unpaternal;
 And those who have escaped Conscription's curse,
 Or, what is worse,
 Some bitter internecine War's
 Wild aftermath infernal;
 And those whose ancestors
 Came hither for Religion's sake
 With lofty zeal to make

A Paradise of God
 Within a primitive wilderness untrod?
 What is the magic power
 Which makes its beauty lovelier than a flower?

It is the symbol of a majesty,
 A vast idea, a concept that appeals
 To ignorant and to learned equally,
 To every heart that feels.
 It is the gonfalon of Liberty;
 Its bright escutcheon stands
 To differentiate from other lands
 Our home-land—land where we were born,
 Or new-born, into Freedom's light.
 Its mission is to welcome or to warn—
 To stream across the sky,
 Portentous as a comet,
 That fierce aggression's might
 May read the threat of vengeance from it;
 Or, softly beaming with effulgence bright,
 To feed the imagination of the young
 With hope and fervor for the Right
 And love for every nation, every tongue.
 Its thirteen alternating bars
 Rehearse the legend of a Nation's birth:
 The glorious Red
 Is symbol of the patriotic life-blood shed,
 Whose flower of fame we have inherited;
 The White is Peace, Good-will to Earth;
 The growing constellation
 Of dominating Stars
 Is hieroglyphic
 And typifies the increase of the Nation
 From Lakes to Gulf, Atlantic to Pacific.

I stood within the marble-vaulted hall,
 Where, in tricolored groups assembled,
 The battle banners, bullet-torn,
 With years of service worn,
 Mantled with never-dying glory,

Depicted national history on the wall.
 Those silent testimonials breathed the story
 Of bloody conflict, while the Country trembled.
 The memorable names were scrolled
 Upon each drooping fold—
 Antietam, Chickamauga, Gettysburg—
 Duels by sea and on the streams
 Whose waters into blood were turned,
 Battles above the clouds, where the Symurgh
 Of Oriental dreams
 Spread out his threescore wings,
 And, in deep mourning, yearned
 Above the elemental strife
 Whose gage was a vast Nation's life!

Methought I was a boy again,
 And, standing by the old brick homestead's gate.
 Watched, filing by, the troops of friendly men
 That left the tree-embowered country village,
 The calm and peaceful rustic life,
 The evening's dewy stillness
 And the sweet fields of homely tillage,
 To march away and meet their waiting Fate
 Of death and ghastly wounds and life-long illness.
 I heard the drum-tap and the shrilling fife
 And the gaunt captain's stern commands
 Resounding quick and loud.
 I saw the new flag, sewed by women's hands,
 Waving as yet unsmoke stained, bright and proud!
 Oh! how I mourned because I was a boy
 And could not share that patriotic joy
 Of marching Southward with those death-devoted bands!

Such was the scene in every town and city
 Throughout the universal North:
 Husbands and fathers, lovers, sons and brothers,
 With fond devotion hastening forth,
 While in the desolate homes despairing mothers
 Stripped lint, made bandages with holy pity
 Alike for wounded friend and brave misguided foe.

And wept at each report of War's wide-wasting woe!
 For this, as well as our far-spread dominion,
 The glorious flag is symbol as it floats
 Above each schoolhouse, like the pinion
 Of some great watchful bird
 Whose sweet mellifluous notes
 Within the patriotic heart are heard.

To-day, thank God! that radiant flag again—
 By North and South united
 With faith and lealty voluntary-plighted
 Throughout our marvellously dowered domain—
 Is like a precious jewel treasured
 With love and gratitude unmeasured,
 By countless millions of free, happy men!

Millions have died to shield it and would die!
 Our martyr Lincoln's blood was shed
 Upon the altar that it still might fly
 Unmutilated in our Freedom-breathing sky.
 He was the color-bearer for the dead
 That marched in concentrating columns into fame,
 The heroic souls that kept the sacred flame
 Of heaven-descended Liberty
 With Patriotism's chrysmal oil bright-fed!

Fling forth the banner, then,
 On Lincoln's natal day!
 Recall this simple-hearted Prince of men:
 Tall, gaunt, ungainly,
 Who spoke the frontier speech so eloquently, plainly,
 Whose sane wit kept the balance true
 'Twixt rainbow-hued fallacious hope
 And dark unreasoning despair;
 Whose vivid intuition knew
 The upward-leading, goal-assuring clew
 Through darkness where more learned statesmen grope
 And fall because they have no faith to do and dare!

He was the God-commissioned leader sent
 To guide his people through the Wilderness.

When in the seeming fatal ambush pent,
 His courage bade him, victory-haloed, onward press.
 His heart was firm, his arms were stayed;
 Discouragement in vain assailed;
 Defeat still left him undismayed;
 And thus the long hard passage to the Promised Land,
 In spite of cruel and malicious prophecies
 And traitors' evil offices,
 Was made as his great heart and mind had planned.

Yet, like the earlier Moses, he was not allowed,
 With those he rescued from the foe, to stand
 (With swift temptation to be proud)
 Upon the sacred soil.
 His was the burden and the toil;
 And when the grapes of Eshcol purple-clustering,
 The smiling pastures of the violet hills,
 The fertile plains, the shade-dispersing trees,
 The cooling waters of the sweet fresh rills,
 The fragrance of the blossom-sweeping breeze,
 The sleepy murmur of the honey-storing bees,
 After the desert sand-storms blustering,
 Offered their riches and he might find rest,
 The assassin's weapon smote his friendly breast!

Fling forth the banner, then—
 The star-emblazoned field of blue.
 The waving stripes which once Columbia threw
 Over the tear-drenched death pyre of her martyred Citizen.
 Fling forth the banner trimmed with laurel and with rue!
 O, let the clangorous bell-tones ring
 And all the reverence of the Nation bring
 In honor of the man more royal than the mightiest king.
 O, greet the symbol of our Mother-land,
 Columbia, freedom-dowered,
 In whose great heart the antique virtues all have flowered.
 So opulent, so generous, so grand.

NATHAN HASKELL DOLE.

THE POSITION OF WOMAN.—II.

AN HISTORICAL RETROSPECT.

BY THE DUCHESS OF MARLBOROUGH.

ROME classified her slaves, strangers and citizens on the Greek model, and, until Caracalla made Roman citizenship indiscriminate, the purity of Roman womanhood was as highly cherished and respected as that of the citizen women of Athens. Their position was also very similar in the early part of Roman history. Woman, still regarded as a minor by her male relatives, spent her life in her father's control and then in her husband's. That sternness, often cruelty, were her daily meed is proven by the examples of parental or marital correction applauded in those days. Egnatius, who surprised his wife sipping wine, a prohibited indulgence, beat her to death—an action which in his time gained him praise, and I have no doubt new offers in marriage, as cruelty wields so potent an attraction in the eyes of the weaker sex. Without approving of the chastisement inflicted in this case, we might say that the principle practised by Egnatius might be reinstated with good effect in these days when drunkenness, amongst women, is alleged to be working untold evil in home and on children. It would be a measure for women passed by women, and, remembering the wonderful strides made in temperance reform by a woman mayor in one of our Western States, its passage in a woman's Parliament does not seem improbable.

Then, again, Sulpicius Gallus dismissed or divorced his wife because she appeared in public without a veil; Antistius Vetus got rid of his because he saw her speaking secretly to a freed woman in public, and P. Sempronius Sophus sent his away because she went to the public games without informing him. One cannot help wondering if such stern rectitude on the husband's

information the business methods of the carriers under its jurisdiction, the Commission is not authorized by the law to compel the appearance of witnesses and replies to its questions. The Commission regards this as a defect in the law. It does not ask for power to inquire into the private affairs of individuals; but it specifically states that a railway is not a private enterprise and that the man who controls a railway cannot claim protection over his railway dealings as he would have a right to claim for his private pursuits. The Commission therefore suggests to Congress that "if there is to be any full investigation by the Federal authorities of these financial dealings"—in railway stocks and the like—"some action must be taken by the Congress."



THE MAKING OF LINCOLN

A great man is not only born, but made; and there is no exception to this rule. No one can trace the pedigree of genius, nor determine the circumstances which happily combine to produce it; but the character of the work of a man of genius, its breadth and depth and completeness—the fruitfulness which harvests the full possibilities of genius—depend very largely on conditions; and the man of genius is quite as much dependent on his time and his people, and especially on his education, as the man of average ability. Lincoln was born of the stuff of which men of fiber and force and originality are made. There were three generations of pioneers behind him. There was the direct and unflinching contact, not only with the soil, but with danger in many forms in Virginia, in Kentucky, in Indiana and Illinois, in his immediate background. Abraham Lincoln, the grandfather, sold his Virginia farms for seventeen thousand dollars and bought large tracts of land in Kentucky, and was one morning shot in one of his own clearings by an Indian, and avenged on the ground by his son Mordecai, fourteen years of age, who ran to the cabin, secured a rifle, returned, and shot his father's murderer. Thomas Lincoln, the father of the future President, was a carpenter by trade and a pioneer by instinct. He set up housekeeping in a shed, later

building a log cabin about sixty miles south of Louisville, with one room, and without doors or windows. It was in this rude shelter that Lincoln was born. Another move carried the family to another log cabin at Knob Creek, where there was a little more comfort, but no respite from work in clearing the new farm of underbrush, stumps, and masses of rock. Thomas Lincoln became restive in Kentucky, and in 1816 built himself a raft and floated down two small streams to the Ohio, landed on the Indiana side, and, fifteen miles in the woods, full of wild beasts, built another rude cabin; a half-faced camp with the fourth side open, and a great open fire burning night and day during the winter, when the thermometer sometimes fell many degrees below zero. Lincoln's early childhood was a story of adventure and wandering. His boyhood was spent on the skirmish line of advancing civilization in the backwoods. His later story was one of the most marvelous adventures in life that has been recorded. The ability to do with the bare necessities of living, to make one's tools, to be in solitude and not afraid of it, to work from morning until night without repining, to accept the hardest and rudest conditions with no thought of injustice, to deal with life at first hand with the simplest tools in the hardest ways—this was the disposition that made Lincoln the boy the father of Lincoln the man.

It was this stuff of manhood which furnished in Lincoln the first condition of greatness; and that is, a vigorous personality. Balzac somewhere speaks of great men as "torrents of will;" the incarnation of that force issuing out of themselves which masters conditions, secures freedom, develops power, trains itself, and issues at last in that victorious character which is the supreme achievement of life. Without education, however, Lincoln would never have passed the barriers which fell before him as he advanced to the highest place in the gift of the people and the service of humanity; for nothing great is ever done without education—that is to say, without adequate and in most cases specific preparation. Great things are sometimes done unexpectedly; but in every case there is always an antecedent preparation in the

man or his conditions. Lincoln, Shakespeare, and Burns are often named as exceptions to this rule, and are held before young men and women as examples of that kind of genius which is independent of training. As a matter of fact, all three had, in a very fortunate way, the kind of training which best fitted them to do their work in life. For education is not necessarily a matter of the school, the college, the university. Any preparation, intelligently carried on or instinctively acquired, which trains a man to do supremely well the thing which nature meant him to do is an education. Shakespeare had one kind of education, Burns another, and Lincoln a third. Lincoln rarely attended school; and altogether his formal training was less than a year in time. But from the very beginning he had that passion for knowledge which always makes an educated man. He learned early two secrets of the scholar: careful husbanding of time, and ease of access to the materials of knowledge. He seems always to have had a book within reach, and he seems to have used every spare moment to master that book. On week days his book was in his pocket, and when he ate his simple out-of-door luncheon it was in his hand. At night and Sundays he was always reading; so much so that his father was disturbed, and Lincoln owed it to his stepmother's perception and kindness that he was allowed to have his own way in the matter. His books were few, but they were of the kind with which familiarity becomes education. He had the Bible, a great literature in sixty-six books representing many forms of literary expression and translated into English at the moment when the English language was most fresh and flexible. With this book Lincoln had great familiarity. It had much to do with the simplicity and vigor of his style, and he was always quoting from it with wonderful effectiveness. He had also that very human text-book of life and character, *Æsop's Fables*, from which he drew a store of striking allusions and from which he learned how to illustrate his position by stories of all kinds. He had close at hand that masterpiece of clear narrative, "*Rohinson Crusoe*," and that well of English undefiled, "*Pilgrim's Progress*." The first book he seems to

have owned was Weems's "*Life of Washington*," which made a great impression on him because it brought before him the character and career of a great patriot. One or the other of these books Lincoln would snatch up when he came into the cabin, taking up at the same time a piece of corn bread, and become at once an absorbed student.

With the passion for knowledge which drove him to the reading, as he said, of every book within fifty miles, he combined the passion for expression. He covered with his rude chirography every bit of surface about him that could take writing: bits of paper, flat sides of logs, the wooden shovel when it had been scraped and presented a clean surface. Everything which could take his mark bore that mark, and he was surrounded by a kind of informal registry of thoughts, knowledge, suggestions, illustrations. Years afterward, when he was asked how he had formed his style, he expressed surprise that he had such a thing as style; but he recalled the fact that, as a boy, and for years afterward, whenever he heard a word that he did not understand he put it away in his memory, and when leisure and solitude came he wrestled with it by associating it with other phrases used at the time, digging about it until he arrived, by a process of reasoning, at its meaning, and then substituted for that word the simplest synonym he knew. In this way it became a habit with him to put plain words in place of complex ones, Saxon words in place of Latin derivatives, the vernacular in place of the special dialects of cultivated people. There could not have been a more skillfully devised training than this which he imposed upon himself.

It was, moreover, a talking age. There were very few books, comparatively few newspapers, still fewer magazines penetrated the remote country in which Lincoln lived. Great questions were in the air. Douglas, Clay, Webster, Calhoun, and Jackson were great names, and the country was full of men who entertained for one or another a passionate admiration. At every corner of the roads, in every country store, tavern, law office, or church, men were talking with eagerness, passion, and no small native intelligence. From his earliest young manhood Lincoln had this

passion for talking; and wherever he was, a discussion was always going on. Men were eager to listen to him. Uncouth as he was, his mind already showed remarkable penetration, and his talk had vivacity, humor, and ample illustration. He was known far and wide as an irresistible storyteller. From the very beginning he seems to have escaped the oratorical disease of his time, and there is hardly a trace of the crude highfalutin which was characteristic of the speech of many of his contemporaries. He was simple, direct, wonderfully clear and wonderfully persuasive, abounding in maxims, figures of speech, telling illustration. To his earlier reading he had added an intimate knowledge of Burns and Shakespeare; many of the most striking passages he knew by heart. His love of Hood and Holmes came later. The story of his study of the old book containing the laws of Indiana, the Declaration of Independence, and the Constitution of the United States is one of the standard traditions of self-education. The way to know the law, he said, was very simple, though laborious and tedious: "It is only to get books and read and study them carefully; work, work, work is the main thing." In these words, in the titles of the books that he learned by heart, in his persistent habit of expression, in his practice of the art of talking, lie the explanation of the beautiful simplicity and acidity of style which he ultimately commanded, and of the literary form of those noble addresses already become classics in the prose literature of the world.

If all these circumstances, habits, and conditions are studied in their entirety, it will be seen that Mr. Lincoln's style, so far as its formal qualities are concerned, is in no sense accidental or even surprising. He was all his early life in the way of doing precisely what he did with a skill which had become instinct in his later life. He was educated, in a very unusual way, to speak for his time and to his time with perfect sincerity and simplicity; to feel the moral bearings of the questions which were before the country; to discern the principles involved; and to so apply the principles to the questions as to clarify, illuminate, and persuade. There is little difficulty in accounting for the lucidity, simplicity, flexibility, and compass of Mr.

Lincoln's style; it is not until we turn to his temperamental and spiritual qualities, to the soul of it, that we find ourselves perplexed and baffled.

It was to his nearness to the heart of a new country, perhaps, that Mr. Lincoln owed his intimate knowledge of his people and his deep and beautiful sympathy with them. There was nothing sinuous or secondary in his processes of thought; they were broad, simple, and homely in the old sense of the word. He had rare gifts, but he was rooted deep in the soil of the life about him, and so completely in touch with it that he divined its secrets and used its speech. This vital sympathy gave his nature a deep and beautiful gentleness, and suffused his thought with a tenderness born of deep compassion and love. He carried the sorrows of his country as truly as he bore its burdens; and when he came to speak on the second immortal day at Gettysburg, he condensed in a few sentences the innermost meaning of the struggle and the victory in the life of the Nation. It was this deep heart of pity and love in him which carried him far beyond the reaches of statesmanship or oratory, and gave his words that finality of expression which marks the noblest art.

That there was a deep vein of poetry in Mr. Lincoln's nature is clear to one who reads the story of his early life; and this innate idealism, set in surroundings so harsh and rude, had something to do with his melancholy. The sadness which was mixed with his whole life was, however, largely due to his temperament; in which the final tragedy seemed always to be predicted. In that temperament, too, is hidden the secret of the rare quality of nature and mind which suffused his public speech and turned so much of it into literature. There was humor in that speech, there was deep human sympathy, there was clear mastery of words for the use to which he put them; but there was something deeper and more persuasive—there was the quality of his temperament; and temperament is a large part of genius. The inner forces of his nature played through his thought; and when great occasions touched him to the quick, his whole nature shaped his speech and gave it clear intelligence, deep feeling, and that beauty which is distilled out of the depths

of the sorrows and hopes of the world. He was as unlike Burke and Webster, those masters of the eloquence of statesmanship, as Burns was unlike Milton and Tennyson. Like Burns, he held the key of the life of his people; and through him, as through Burns, that life found a voice, vibrating, pathetic, and beautiful beyond most voices of his time.



THE HETCH-HETCHY VALLEY AGAIN

On another page of this issue ex-Mayor Phelan, of San Francisco, takes issue with The Outlook on the Hetch-Hetchy Valley question. This question is whether the Federal Government should permit the city of San Francisco to establish a municipal water-works within the boundaries of the Yosemite National Park by building a great dam on the Tuolumne River and turning the Hetch-Hetchy Valley into a reservoir. Mr. Garfield, Secretary of the Interior, has made a grant to the city of San Francisco which, if sustained by Congress, will permit this to be done. Mr. Phelan thinks Congress ought to sustain the grant; The Outlook thinks it ought not to do so.

Mr. Phelan's letter is a fair statement of the case for those who want the Hetch-Hetchy Valley turned over to San Francisco. We may add to it the following summary of Mr. Garfield's chief arguments in support of his grant: Congress has already specifically authorized portions of the Park to be used for reservoir and water supply purposes when the Secretary of the Interior finds that such use is not "incompatible with the public interests;" the health and lives of hundreds of thousands of men, women, and children in San Francisco depend upon a pure water supply; competent engineers have reported in favor of the Hetch-Hetchy Valley supply; the private water companies now supplying or hoping to supply San Francisco "have the city by the throat," and the public is therefore at a great disadvantage; granting San Francisco the use of the Hetch-Hetchy Valley will relieve it of a corrupt and intolerable water monopoly; the permit provides every possible safeguard for the interests

of the public in the use of the Park, which will really be made more accessible by the trails and roads required by Mr. Garfield's permit, and more hygienic by the inspection that will be necessary to prevent the contamination of the reservoir; thus a thirsty community will be provided with the water which it very greatly needs, and the Hetch-Hetchy Valley will be really beautified and improved as a public park.

In spite of the arguments of Mr. Garfield and those who agree with him, strong as they are, The Outlook is still convinced that the city of San Francisco ought not to be permitted to turn the Hetch-Hetchy Valley into a municipal water-works. It is undoubtedly true that San Francisco, after a long debauch in municipal corruption, has waked up with a bad taste in her mouth and a somewhat soiled person to the need of pure water for "drinking and domestic purposes." As Mr. Garfield truly says, the Spring Valley Water Company "has her by the throat," but we hardly think that this can be called a case of unprovoked assault. The fact of the matter is that San Francisco herself aided in the creation of the Spring Valley Water Company and invited and fostered the intimate relationship which she now complains is being used for purposes of robbing and throttling her. Is it not her place to end the relationship? What are her courts and aldermen for but to protect her from such throttling? But it has been said by some defenders of the Hetch-Hetchy plan, who approve of it as a chivalrous rescue of a city in the grasp of alleged corporation pirates, that San Francisco cannot condemn the Spring Valley Water Company in the courts or by legislation, because the judges and the legislators are corrupt. Very well, then, let San Francisco herself sweep out this corruption, before she appeals to the Federal Government to wash it out with the water of the Hetch-Hetchy Valley. So much for the chivalrous aspect of the question, which after all does not seem to The Outlook to be a very serious aspect.

Our chief objection is a more fundamental one. The Yosemite National Park has been created after a long and painful struggle, on the one hand with those who want to turn every tree and

waterfall into dollars and cents, and on the other with those who honestly believe that government has nothing to do with the park idea and that the citizen must make his own private arrangements for sunlight, fresh air, and pleasant scenery. This struggle is not merely a National one but a local one. Every city and every village in the United States has had to fight for its park spaces, and when they have once been established it has had to fight to retain them. The Federal Government, in partnership with the city, ruined the beautiful City Hall Park of New York by planting a pseudo-French Post-Office building in it, and now a City Court-House Commission proposes to put a great Court-House in the middle of Washington Square because it is a little cheaper to do so than to buy private property for the purpose.

If the city of San Francisco is permitted to build a water-works in the Hetch-Hetchy Valley, we all know what will happen; it will probably erect some structures in the architectural style of the wonderful stucco City Hall which it built for itself twenty years ago; it will police the valley with guardians of the law like those who have made the municipal administration of San Francisco so interestingly conspicuous during the last four or five years; some future Mayor Schmitz or Boss Ruef, with their characteristic love of the quiet of the forest and the nobility of the mountain, will be glad to see to it that excursionists are carried in large numbers to the new Hetch-Hetchy Water-Works at the lowest rate of fare compatible with a reasonable amount paid to them for issuing the necessary franchise.

Would it not be wise for Congress to say to San Francisco: "Before we turn over the Hetch-Hetchy Valley to you to manage, we would like some further assurance of your capacity as an administrator of municipal public works. The Secretary of the Interior believes that sufficient safeguards have been established against your possible mismanagement. We should like to know something more about those safeguards. When you have put Golden Gate Park, your City Hall, your street railways, and your police force into good order, come and talk with us again. It will be time enough

then for us to consider whether we want to intrust to your hands the administration of a very beautiful and important part of the Yosemite National Park"?



IMPULSE AND IDEAL

The main problem of each man is that he is a man. If he were only an intelligent animal, his central struggles would vanish; for it is not the mere struggle for existence which confronts him, but the struggle for existence *as man*—a very different thing. On the other hand, if he were a reasoning soul only, his inner problems would straighten out immediately. It is the dual nature of humanity, its state of transition, of becoming rather than fixed being, that complicates every position and conditions a ceaseless struggle towards an unknown goal.

Impulse and ideal—between these two, at some period of life, or through all life, each human being is torn. To square them would be righteousness, the sense of perfect rightness—holiness, the state of wholeness. But only in one divinely human personality has this ever been accomplished. For all other men there has been the sense of something irremediably at odds, a sense of a divided and warring self, which has made the doctrines of the fall of man and of total depravity acceptable to generation after generation, even as it has painfully striven toward the correlative doctrine of salvation. This branch of theology is not abstract. It is the effort of the human soul to understand its own bewildering situation, above the animals, below the angels, emerging from an obscure past, urged onward yet forever pulled backward. Conviction of sin is no theological dogma laid as a burden on the sensitive soul of man, as some would argue. The soul of man has brought it, as a question, to be answered of theologians, and they have given it a name—that is all.

Impulse would be the easiest thing to follow, and the safest, if man were but a highly developed animal. Much of the social thinking of to-day proceeds on that principle. Applied to the marriage bond, it justifies divorce on the easiest possible grounds, and remarriage at will. Applied to community life, it favors Socialism or

Anarchy, according as the thinker trusts to individual or collective impulse as wiser. Applied to daily existence, it encourages the yielding to any overmastering instinct that may develop. It glorifies natural impulses and physical welfare. Crucifixion is not in his creed. Yet the eternal soul of man has written in history that, after a short period of impulse, crucifixion attracts by its appeal to the other element in humanity. Christianity sprang, triumphant, from imperial and sated Rome. The Reformation followed the Renaissance in inevitable progression.

If it were not so, if impulse were the true guide, then man would have forever remained the cave-dweller, the apparently animal head of the animal kingdom. Man did not remain in that position because the cave-dweller felt the warring of the two natures within him, and stumbled forward by subjecting his impulses to his ideals. The advocates of impulse have no historical perspective. The followers of the ideal have always suffered, always failed (in their own sight), and yet always "inched" the race along. In the evolution of man the higher self is the biological leader toward a new type. The ideal is to be trusted as the guide out of the transition.

Christ put the problem squarely before the world and demonstrated it. He was not afraid of teaching the seemingly unnatural and ascetic. Son of Man and Son of God, he trod the path of the ideal. To the rich young ruler he gave the same choice he had given to the poor fishermen of Galilee, between their worldly all and his service. Which won—the apostles in following the ideal, the young ruler in following impulse? Perhaps the hardest thing Christ ever said was, "If any man come unto me, and hate not his father and mother and wife and children and brethren and sisters, yea, and his own life also, he cannot be my disciple." Yet, if his disciples had not thus held all natural life impulses subject to his service, would Christianity ever have moved forward one step to conquer the world? Christ loved all men, even the most degraded. But for the sake of all men, to clear their inner vision, to help them forward to their future and larger life, he taught this truth of conflict and crucifixion, and the deepest and

widest love and the tenderest self-sacrifice have come out of this hard saying, as he knew they would.

In this perplexing world of to-day the tendency is to forget that man has any ultimate destiny and to exalt the present hour. But if human life is only a transition period, the present is important only as to its continual choices for the future. "Beloved, now are we the sons of God, and it doth not yet appear what we shall be." Tried by this text, how weak is the tyranny of impulse, how strong the appeal of the ideal! The forward struggle, the upward growth—there is no satisfaction for the mysterious and immortal soul of man except in these, and no surer sign of his eternal birthright.



THE SPECTATOR

When the Spectator was climbing mountains in North Wales, he found it impossible to tell what was coming next, from the green side of a hill, thrown up like some wave of the sea, on which he slid all too easily baseward, to the square-blocked boulders that sent him chin-chopping heavenward. Everything was needed, from the rigor-mountain-side of tense muscle to the limp body that would let him roll kitten-like down hill and among rocks. The Spectator suggests that if you are afraid to go either up or down, it is best to stay down or up—it doesn't matter which is done, except that in North Wales, at least, the inns are more frequent in the valleys. In the case of Snowdon, if you go up you are certain—that is, if you have any taste in inns or sensitiveness to tea—to come down at an early convenience. On the other mountain tops of North Wales—Hebog, Cynicht, Moelwyn, Lliwedd—the inns are more attractive, but a trifle airy for the average overheated American, being sometimes no more than a grim old cromlech, over which the wind still whistles its devil-tunes, or a cool old cave where Owen Glendower hid, or a ridgepole equally green and slippery on both sides, sloping on the one hand to a lake and on the other to the sea. Ah, the sea! it keeps "eternal whisperings" there around desolate shores, and if one's ears are not well tuned to the rugged music of

considered in detail, the whole course of the Convention's labors is carefully reviewed, and stress is laid on the existing conditions of both 1787 and 1818—when Pinckney supplied the disputed copy—to prove that he could have had no motive for fabrication. It may be questioned whether historians will accept Judge Nott's conclusions as final; but he certainly has made out a stronger case for Pinckney than any one has hitherto suspected possible. His book deserves to be, and doubtless will be, thoughtfully pondered by every student of the American Constitution.



PUBLIC OPINION

A TOUCHING EPISODE IN THE PUBLIC LIFE OF ABRAHAM LINCOLN

I had been sauntering dreamily for weeks through the wild gorges and deep ravines of the valley of the Lehigh, or following the artist's trail among the shimmering lights of Delaware Water Gap, and was carrying away much treasure trove, as I believed. In this mood for delicious silence I sought a remote corner of the fast train for Philadelphia. At Pottsville several passengers entered, and very soon I saw a man aiming for the vacant seat beside me, saying "Good-morning" so heartily that I cordially responded.

Just then a remark dropped by our conductor in passing revealed to me the presence of the Rev. Alfred Cookman, the leading Methodist preacher in Philadelphia of that time, but long since passed to his reward. He soon opened without stint the stores of anecdote and adventure for which, in the memory of the passing generation, Dr. Cookman was distinguished. During that morning he shared with me choice morsels of experience and incident, finishing, as we neared our destination, with this episode in the public life of Mr. Lincoln:

The Emancipation Proclamation had been declared. The seething elements were at white heat. The entire country felt the tremulous vibration and the glow from the fire the great leader had stirred, while he stood weary and anxious and sometimes disheartened at his post.

Mr. Lincoln had been all night in grave counsel with his Cabinet. The morning found him exhausted. He was retiring to his private apartments when a subordinate appeared with a message from a lady who, he said, was waiting for audience and would not be denied.

Mrs. T.— had just arrived by train from

hospital service near the lines. A resident of Philadelphia, of high position and influence, with leisure, purse, and heart to serve her country, she offered all to relieve the suffering soldiers, ordering from her home the luxuries the Government could not undertake to supply, and distributing them discreetly with her own hands in hospital wards. Her plain Quaker garb was well known and her saintly face was tenderly revered by the hospital boys. To the noble heart beneath the scant, soft folds of drab, the hopes of the living and the farewells of the dying were a sacred trust to be faithfully rendered. On this morning she appeared at the White House at that early hour well primed with this responsibility. Official hindrance was no hindrance to her. She came to see the President, and, quietly though she said it, the President she would see. On this one of the many excursions she made to and from her home, she was commissioned by the boys to stay over a train in Washington on her return to Philadelphia, to bear their message to Mr. Lincoln—"and," said Dr. Cookman in telling me, "nothing earthly would have swerved the brave little woman from her purpose."

Mr. Lincoln could not deny a visitor whose claim to his attention seemed so urgent, and she was announced. Standing before him—for she would not waste his time nor her own in needless ceremony—she briefly delivered her commissions, earnestly pledged to him the hearty co-operation of the ranks in his latest bold measure, and, with inimitable pathos, gave him, in their own words, the assurances of the dying that with the last breath they would pray for victory—and for him.

Mr. Lincoln thanked her for these expressions of sympathy and support from the brave boys, thanked her for the loyal work she so sacredly sustained—when, with folded hands and fervent voice, she continued: "Abraham Lincoln, I have somewhat more to say to thee—I cannot go till I have prayed with thee." In her own words to Dr. Cookman, which I made note of at the time of our interview, "I kneeled and Abraham Lincoln kneeled, and the Spirit did give me utterance, and I did pour out my soul for Abraham Lincoln; and when we arose, with tears rolling down his cheeks he took both my hands in his and said, 'God bless you forever for the strength, the courage, and the faith you have given me this hour,' and I came away."

No brush nor pencil could fill out the details of this picture as it grew upon me, while Dr. Cookman, deeply moved, described it.

The early morning light filling the room as with a baptism from above; the majestic, crownless king kneeling humbly as a little child before the Supreme Majesty of the King of Kings, and the low-voiced woman, radiant with a halo of purity and peace, entering with awe, and yet with confidence, the audience-chamber of the Most High, to bring down strength and comfort and blessing on the head and heart and work of her Nation's chief!

An act of consecration, of lofty dignity and service, which might well be graven in glowing letters on the ambitious heart of every "progressive" woman in our land; and a scene most surely transferred in tints of paradise to the Book of the Recording Angel.

A. H. H.

WHY CONGRESS
SHOULD PASS THE
HETCH-HETCHY BILL

San Francisco has applied to Congress for an exchange of land in the Yosemite National Park, in order to acquire the floor of the Hetch-Hetchy Valley, of which she now owns about two-thirds. This application is made in pursuance of an agreement with the Department of the Interior, which has granted a permit to erect a dam by which the extra-seasonal storm waters, now riotously running to waste, will be impounded for the use of man. Mr. Robert Underwood Johnson voices the opposition in *The Outlook* for January 30, and his statements—although he speaks of the Valley only from hearsay—should not go unchallenged. By implication he also makes it appear that the watershed of the Hetch-Hetchy embraces the famed Yosemite Valley. This is not so. Yosemite is in the watershed of the Merced River, as the Hetch-Hetchy is in that of the Tuolumne—twenty miles away, across the range and in nowise related. The Hetch-Hetchy is one of a dozen mountain gorges, and, while beautiful, it is not unique. It is accessible over difficult trails about three months during the year, and few ever visit it. The Yosemite Valley satisfies every craving for large numbers of tourists, and the State of California, a few years ago, freely ceded this Valley to the Federal Government, and at the same time purchased a great redwood forest in the interest of forest preservation. California would not countenance the desecration of any of her scenery, and yet the State Legislature, now in session, has unanimously petitioned Congress to pass this bill. President Roosevelt, Secretary Garfield, Forester Pinchot, will yield to none in their love of nature; yet they strongly favor this bill. Hetch-Hetchy is peculiarly a reservoir, with a very narrow granitic outlet.

The United States Geological Survey has surveyed and designated it as an eligible reservoir, and sooner or later it would have fallen into private hands, as all others have in the mountains. There are, indeed, few reservoir sites. Others, distinctly inferior—which might possibly be condemned—are being used for great industrial purposes of irrigation and the development of power. During the recent corrupt régime in San Francisco an attempt was made to sell one of these to the city for ten and one-half million dollars. The transfer only contemplated alleged "rights." It would legitimately cost forty millions of dollars in addition to give San Francisco a water supply from the Sierras. But San Francisco, under the customary fifteen per cent limitation, has only a legal borrowing ability of sixty-nine million dollars; and, just at this time, bravely recovering from her disaster, she has her streets, sewers, schools, jails, hospitals, libraries, and city hall to reconstruct. Then, again, the old private water company, which failed of its purpose during the fire, on account of its parsimony in not following the advice of its own engineer, wants to be bought out for upwards of thirty million dollars, and has come to Congress opposing the passage of this bill; and San Francisco is practically committed to the purchase of its plant as an auxiliary supply, and means to do it no violence. She will treat it fairly. The highest use of water is the domestic use, and the eight hundred thousand people living in San Francisco and on the opposite shore of the Bay are certainly—in view of all these facts—entitled to the consideration of the country. Again, Mr. Johnson is misled by hearsay evidence when he states that the local company can develop one hundred and nine million gallons of water near by San Francisco. It claims a watershed on the Oakland side of the Bay, but the farmers of that country have already enjoined one company and will certainly restrain this company—in fact, suits have been begun—from diverting waters necessary for the productiveness of the soil. Furthermore, a rival company owns a part of the watershed, and the water itself is subject to surface pollution. These are the facts brought out before the Public Lands Committee of the House of Representatives, which—after a patient and full hearing—has favorably reported the bill; and yet the only question is, after all, the conversion of the Hetch-Hetchy Meadow into a crystal clear Lake—a natural object of indeed rare beauty. For the few hundred acres wanted by San Francisco on the floor of the Valley the city gives the Government the original camping-places taken up by the pioneers

mitted to sell wine, beer, whisky, and other alcoholic beverages in original packages, not to be consumed on the premises?

For the ideas enumerated above, the League of which I am the President is asking public consideration. Experience or analysis may prove that they are without value, but we are persuaded that they contain the solution of a problem that has vexed this country for one hundred years.

T. M. GILMORE,

President National Model License League,
Louisville, Kentucky.

The significance of this letter lies in the fact that the writer of it is connected with Bonfort's Wine and Spirit Circular, a prominent journal published in the interest of the liquor trade. It expresses the opinion of one who desires that the liquor business be reformed from within. Its value as a testimony to the present state of public opinion concerning the saloon is obvious. The more sagacious among the men engaged in the liquor business are realizing, as one of them has said, that there is a "growing sensitiveness of all persons in the business to the power of public opinion," and that "the time has now come to fight in the open, not merely defensively, but aggressively, for the proper regulation of the saloon business, in the interest of the business as well as for the public welfare." This growing sensitiveness to public opinion and this awakening to the need of regulating the saloon are not confined to one branch of the trade, as is shown by the fact that the letter we have printed above comes from one who is interested in the wine and spirits trade, while the words we have quoted come from one who is interested in the manufacture of beer. Without entering into any discussion of the merits of the specific provisions or the general policy which Mr. Gilmore's letter advocates, *The Outlook* wishes to call the attention of its readers to two points. With Mr. Gilmore's statement concerning the evil involved in the relation that ordinarily exists between the saloon-keeper and the political boss *The Outlook* heartily agrees. With Mr. Gilmore's statement on the other point *The Outlook* wishes to record its emphatic dissent. This is the proposal of the League that liquor licenses be made property. The proposal is of special importance because it is widely advocated by defenders of the liquor interests. Thus, in a letter (which for lack of space we cannot print in full)

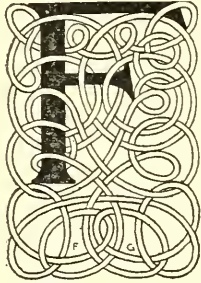
severely criticising the liquor laws of Ohio and the Anti-Saloon League of that State, Mr. Albert Gehring, of Cleveland, writes:

"The campaign of the Anti-Saloon League in Ohio, during the last few years, has been characterized by amazing unfairness and arrogance; moreover, it has received such unquestioned support in quarters where one would little expect it as to make one at times despair of fair play among human beings. Shall we devote many words to the fundamental injustice of ruining property and business without offering a cent of compensation? Legally the State may have a right to do this, but morally it is difficult to appreciate the justice involved. After an unusually disastrous Fourth of July, the city of Cleveland last summer decided to prohibit the future sale of fireworks; but it indemnified the dealers who were affected by purchasing the stock which they still had on hand. Why should the same consideration be denied to persons engaged in the beer business? If technicalities allow the State to ignore their claims, it is certain that there are no laws which prevent it from recognizing them. England thinks differently from America on this subject, for it recognizes the obligation to compensate where the Government puts a tavern-keeper out of business. Let the people who are so eager to reform society evince their zeal in a practical manner, and contribute to the reimbursement of those whom they are endeavoring to ruin."

We believe that if those who desire to reform the liquor business from within undertake to base their reform upon the establishment of saloon licenses as property, they will have only their trouble for their pains. The tendency is all the other way. Making a franchise a vested right has been shown by experience to be contrary to the preservation of the rights of the public; and making a liquor license a vested right is even more inimical to the public welfare because of the peculiar character of the liquor business. The very example of England, which Mr. Gehring cites, tells against, not for, this proposal. The fact that in England licenses are regarded as property has beset excise legislation there with difficulties that we have not encountered in America. The people of the United States have had trouble enough with the problem of liquor and the problem of special legislative privilege separately without making a new problem by combining the two.—THE EDITORS.

THE GETTYSBURG ADDRESS

DELIVERED BY ABRAHAM LINCOLN AT THE DEDICATION
OF THE CEMETERY AT GETTYSBURG, NOVEMBER 19, 1863



OURSCORE and seven years ago our fathers brought forth upon 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 battlefield 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 cannot dedicate—we cannot consecrate—we cannot hallow—this ground. The brave men, living and dead, who struggled here have consecrated it, far above our 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, and for the people shall not perish from the earth.

ABRAHAM LINCOLN

BORN FEBRUARY 12, 1809

PERSONAL RECOLLECTIONS

BY JESSE W. WEIK

Mr. Weik, of Greencastle, Indiana, the writer of the familiar view of Lincoln which The Outlook gives its readers below, was an intimate friend and literary associate of W. H. Herndon, who was Mr. Lincoln's law partner in Springfield, Illinois, from 1843 till "the bullet of J. Wilkes Booth dissolved the partnership." He studied with Lincoln, most of the time in the same room with Herndon, for over a year. In the preparation of the Life of Lincoln by Mr. Herndon, one of the most interesting of the intimate biographies of Mr. Lincoln, Mr. Weik collaborated, and became very familiar with all the facts in Mr. Lincoln's career up to the time of his election to the Presidency. Under the direction and guidance of Mr. Herndon, he has visited every place in Illinois, Indiana, and Kentucky where Mr. Lincoln ever lived, has examined the original record of every lawsuit he ever tried, and cross-examined every one he ever met who knew Lincoln. His investigations were begun over thirty years ago. Probably no man living knows more of the unwritten Lincoln literature, still unpublished, and much of it never to be published, than Mr. Weik.—THE EDITORS.

THE man who undertakes to analyze the development or fathom the mental processes of Abraham Lincoln will utterly fail if he refuses to accept the deductions of William H. Herndon, who studied that illustrious character longer and at closer range than any other human being, and who, as the result of his observations, sentimentously declared that "Lincoln read less and thought more than any other man of his day and generation."

The world has never yet been able, on a rational basis, to account for Mr. Lincoln's amazing ability and intellectual perfection. In his early youth—a time when the foundations of every man's education must be laid, if at all—the books and other implements for the acquisition of knowledge which to-day lie at the elbow of even the poorest and most indifferent lad in the land were practically beyond Mr. Lincoln's reach. It is, therefore, a strong test of our powers of belief to be told that all the school days of the man whose mind could conceive and whose lips could utter the House-divided-against-itself speech, the Gettysburg Address, and the Second Inaugural, when added together did not exceed ten months; and that he not only never attended a

college or academy, but had never even seen the inside of an academy or college building till after he had become a practicing lawyer and was eligible to Congress.

The first man who attempted to chronicle the events of Mr. Lincoln's life was the late John L. Scripps, the editor and one of the early proprietors of the Chicago Tribune. Up to the time of Mr. Lincoln's nomination in 1860, aside from the two pages of memoranda written by him for Jesse W. Fell, of Bloomington, Illinois, in December, 1859, no account of his life had ever been published. As there was a demand for something of the kind, he sent for Mr. Scripps, a man eminently well qualified for such a task, and communicated to him the necessary facts for a campaign biography. With the data and material thus obtained, Mr. Scripps returned to Chicago to prepare his manuscript. Among my papers is a letter written by Scripps, after Lincoln's death, in which he recounts the incidents of his trip to Springfield. As he, like Lincoln, had been reared to manhood amid the scant opportunities and primitive surroundings of a frontier home, he took the liberty of representing in his book that Lincoln had read Plutarch's Lives. He did this because, as a rule, almost every

boy in the early days of the West had read Plutarch. At the first meeting with Scripps, after the advance sheets of the book reached Mr. Lincoln he said to the author gravely: "That paragraph wherein you state that I read Plutarch's Lives is not exactly true; at least it was not true when you wrote it, for, up to that time in my life, I had never seen that great contribution to human history; but I want your book, even if it is nothing more than a campaign pamphlet, to be faithful to the facts, and in order that that statement might be literally true, I secured a copy of Plutarch's Lives a few days ago, and have just read it through."

According to Herndon, Mr. Lincoln seemed to evince no special fondness for reading or literary research. He had no library at home; in fact, the only books about the place were a few gilt-bound volumes lying on the center-table in the parlor, placed there, doubtless, by his wife for ornamental purposes. It is also probable, as contended, that, being away from home and out on the circuit a great part of his time, he was denied the requisite opportunity to indulge in reading, unless it was the newspapers—and the journals of that period were notoriously crude and barren of entertainment. The few volumes on the shelves of his law office contained nothing of a literary or historical character, unless, perchance, literary entertainment could be extracted from Greenleaf on Evidence, the Statutes of Illinois, or a Patent Office Report. When, therefore, he wanted a book not to be found in the office collection, he usually applied to Herndon, who had a somewhat varied and extensive library at his home, for the desired volume. About the only use he seemed to have for books was for statistical purposes or to verify some statement or affirmation of his own. After his election in November, 1860, and before his departure for Washington, he locked himself in a vacant room over his brother-in-law's dry-goods store opposite the State House square in Springfield, in order to secure a quiet place free from intrusion in which to prepare his Inaugural Address. He had meanwhile indicated to Herndon what particular books he desired to consult. Here is the list: Henry Clay's great speech of 1850; Andrew Jackson's

proclamation against Nullification; and a copy of the Constitution. Later he asked for a copy of Webster's Reply to Hayne. With this rather limited array of material and data to draw upon he set to work to draft his first official utterance as President.

The question naturally arises, How, then, in the absence of school or college training, historical or literary research or acquaintance with the classics, did Mr. Lincoln attain his remarkable proficiency in the use of good, clear, and forcible English? Whence came his marvelous sublimity of thought, the discrimination of his expression, the grandeur of his language? The question has never yet been answered. While he was never vain or boastful of his accomplishments, no one was more conscious of his own signal strength, his innate ability to sway, his power to convince. "It is absurd," wrote John Hay, "to call Lincoln a modest man. No really great man was ever modest. It was his intellectual arrogance and unconscious assumption of superiority that such men as Seward, Chase, and Sumner could never forgive."

And yet, with all this wealth of recognized ability and conceded pre-eminence, how plain and simple he was! Never presumptuous or opinionated, he would listen with patience and deep interest to the superficial and immature reasoning of the youngest fledgling at the bar. Notwithstanding the restrictions and limitations of his early days, he preferred to make his own way without the aid or support of any one else; and yet he was always generous, if not prodigal, of his help to another if he needed or asked for it. Though he devotedly believed in justice before generosity, he was the embodiment of mercy, and his purse-strings loosened instantly at the mere suggestion of need. He never advertised his charities, and never headed a subscription list, but he gave freely and without stint. To his relatives, all of whom were proverbially poor, he was unusually attentive and helpful. For his father, especially in his later years, he manifested profound filial regard. He seemed not to realize—what every one else could not fail to observe—that the old gentleman, despite his innate quiet and inoffensive nature, was, after all, a dull, inert character, content to idle

away his time with his equally indolent and idle stepson John D. Johnston, neither of whom were reluctant to accept, without the prospect of adequate return, Abraham's proffered and unstinted assistance. Lying before me as I write are a number of faded papers in Mr. Lincoln's handwriting, which tell a story of filial devotion worthy the emulation of every boy and man in the land.

In his earlier days at the bar Mr. Lincoln generally included Coles County, Illinois, in his rounds of the circuit, not so much on account of his growing practice in that region, but rather because of the opportunity it gave him to meet his father, who lived there, as well as his stepmother, to whom he was likewise devotedly attached. In 1845 a farmer who lived not far from the habitation of old Thomas Lincoln publicly charged another neighbor with having stolen a horse. The usual suit for slander followed, in which Mr. Lincoln was employed to represent the complainant. After an animated trial the suit terminated in the plaintiff's favor, whereupon the latter, probably because of a lack of ready money, assigned to Mr. Lincoln thirty-five dollars of the judgment in his behalf in settlement of Lincoln's fee. When the judgment was paid, instead of accepting the money, Mr. Lincoln left the entire sum in the hands of the clerk of the court, with instructions to turn the same over to his father. Later, the old gentleman trudged into Charleston, the county seat, from his cabin home on "Goose Nest Prairie," and called for the money. As he was unable to sign his name, the receipt bears his signature written by his stepson, John D. Johnston. This occurred before Mr. Lincoln's election to Congress, and at a period in his career when, as Mr. Herndon has testified, his total receipts for a term of court on some occasions did not exceed fifty dollars.

Equally thoughtful was Mr. Lincoln of his mother's people, the Hankses, who, like the Lincolns, were an "undistinguished" or "second" family. Of these by far the readiest and most entertaining member was Mr. Lincoln's cousin, Dennis Hanks. I myself knew the latter well, and on more than one occasion visited him at his home in Illinois. Although a few years older, he and Mr. Lincoln grew

up as boys together, at one time dwelling under the same roof. He was the only man I ever knew who had seen the infant son of Thomas and Nancy Lincoln on the day of his birth. He delighted to tell of this episode in his career, and I take the liberty of reproducing here from my notes made at the time the story as he related it to me almost thirty years ago: "They told me the Lincolns had a baby at their house, and so I run all the way down thar. I guess I wuz on hand purty early, fur I rikkolect when I held the little feller in my arms, Cuzzen Nancy, his mother, sez, 'Be keerful with him, Dennis, fur you air the fust boy he hez ever seen.' I sort o' swung him back and forth, a little too peart, I reckon, fur, with the talkin' and the shakin', he soon set up a yell, and then I handed him back to my aunt Polly, who wuz standin' close by. 'Take him, Aunt,' sez I. 'He won't never come to much'—fur I'll tell ye he wuz the cryin'est baby I ever saw."

Born before the close of the eighteenth century, Dennis Hanks lived to be almost a centenarian. When I first saw him, late in the seventies, he had not yet passed his eightieth year, and although somewhat voluble, the crispness of his conversation and sallies of attempted wit betokened some degree of acuteness of perception if not decided mental vigor. He always interested as well as amused Mr. Lincoln, and when, in the fall of 1864, he visited Washington and was industriously striving to make his identity and relationship to the President clear to the vigilant doorkeepers at the White House, it was Mr. Lincoln who, recognizing his voice, descended the stairway from his room on the upper floor to welcome his cousin and boyhood playmate to the comfort and impressive splendor of the Executive Mansion. Dennis remained in Washington several days, and in after years never tired of reminding his friends of the unusually kind and considerate treatment he had had at the hands of the President. Before he left Washington Mr. Lincoln purchased and gave to him a beautifully engraved watch which Dennis ever afterwards reverently retained, proudly exhibiting it to his callers as a memento of his visit to his "Cousin Abe." Mr. Herndon, after Lincoln's death, spent a good deal

of time with Dennis, whose recollections of his early days in Kentucky and southern Indiana are the basis and in fact the only authentic source we have for our knowledge of Mr. Lincoln's boyhood and early manhood. Among my papers are a number of letters written by Hanks during the sixties, and while there are some mistakes in spelling and a slight disregard of the proper use of capital letters, they are nevertheless fair specimens of epistolary English—far better, in all probability, than the written efforts of a majority of his contemporaries whose early educational advantages were like his.

Popular applause or approbation very often sweeps a man off his feet—sets him apart from his fellows. It had no such effect on Mr. Lincoln. To his friends and neighbors, even after attaining the Presidency, he was the same plain, unpretending fellow-townsmen he had always been. The late Leonard W. Volk, the Chicago sculptor who went to Springfield to make the necessary preparations for a statue of Mr. Lincoln, told me of his deep surprise at the man's democratic bearing and absolute lack of pretension. No household in Springfield could have been more plainly conducted; and there was absolutely nothing to indicate that the head or any member of it had recently attained any unusual recognition. When Mr. Lincoln placed his hand on the table in order that the artist might make a copy of it in plaster, he was told that he should place some small object in his palm and then encircle it with his thumb and fingers in order to show the clenched fist. A short round stick would answer. But, on looking about, nothing suitable for the purpose could be found in the room. Presently an idea struck Mr. Lincoln. Stepping briskly out of the dining-room in which they were sitting, he passed through the house, emerging from the kitchen door into the woodshed. There he found an old broom. Placing it in the sawbuck, he reached for the saw hanging on the wall and with it severed about four inches of the handle. Returning to the house, he

inclosed this piece in his hand and then bade the sculptor go ahead with his work. Twenty years later, when I visited Volk in his studio, he produced the cast of the hand and called my attention to the broom handle, still showing a few prints of the saw teeth and a little splinter on the lower edge which was left when the severed portion fell away. Mr. Lincoln had tried with a dull knife to whittle the end smooth. "Most any other man who was so near the Presidency and was sitting for a portrait," said Volk, reverently replacing the cast in its case, "would have sent a servant for the desired piece of wood; in fact, I hinted as much to Mr. Lincoln, but he only laughed and said: 'We're not much used to servants about this place; besides, you know, I have always been my own wood-sawyer.'"

One morning, when Mr. Lincoln was on his way from home to his office, two girls ahead of him were skipping backwards on the sidewalk. As they neared and were within a few feet of him one of them struck the edge of a brick and fell backwards. Before she reached the ground Mr. Lincoln had caught her in his arms. Lifting her tenderly to her feet, he asked the girl her name. "Mary Tuft," she answered, blushing. "Well, Mary," said Mr. Lincoln, smiling, "when you reach home you can truthfully tell your mother you have rested in Abraham's bosom."

When, in the eventful days after the election of 1860, the Southern States were rapidly seceding, and the fate of the Union seemed so dark and ominous, it was a Springfield citizen and neighbor of Lincoln, William H. Herndon, who, in answer to a New England correspondent anxiously inquiring if, in his opinion, the Western circuit-court lawyer who had just been elected to the Presidency would be big and brave enough to deal with the great and tremendous problems that awaited him, said: "You need have no fear on that score. You and I must keep the people right; God will keep Abraham Lincoln right."

O CAPTAIN! MY CAPTAIN!¹

BY WALT WHITMAN

O Captain! my Captain! our fearful trip is done,
The ship has weather'd every rack, 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!

O the bleeding drops of red,

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 ribbon'd wreaths—for you the
shores a-crowding,

For you they call, the swaying mass, their eager faces
turning;

Here Captain! dear father!

This arm beneath your head!

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,
The ship is anchor'd safe and sound, its voyage closed
and done,

From fearful trip the victor ship comes in with object won;

Exult O shores, and ring O bells!

But I with mournful tread,

Walk the deck my Captain lies,

Fallen cold and dead.

¹From "Leaves of Grass," published by D. Appleton & Co., New York.

A Review of President Roosevelt's Administration

II—INTERNATIONAL RELATIONS

BY JAMES BROWN SCOTT

Solicitor for the Department of State of the United States

This is the second of four articles which together will comprise a review of the most important aspects of President Roosevelt's Administration. The first article, on the Administration's Human and Social Conditions, by Francis E. Leupp, Commissioner of Indian Affairs, appeared in *The Outlook* last week. The two articles to follow will be published in successive issues of *The Outlook*. They will be: Economic and Industrial Influence of the Administration, by James R. Garfield, Secretary of the Interior of the United States; and Patriotism and Public Service, by Lyman Abbott.—THE EDITORS.

MR. ROOSEVELT'S first term of office was in reality a continuation of Mr. McKinley's second administration, and it is understood that Mr. Roosevelt endeavored, as far as possible, to carry out the known policies of his predecessor. Mr. McKinley's Secretary of State was continued, and, as Secretary, Mr. Hay carried out the policies, with the aid and support of the President, which, in consultation with President McKinley, he had already initiated. For example, the Open Door policy in China, and China's territorial integrity, had been announced by Mr. Hay before the succession of Mr. Roosevelt, but negotiations were continued under President Roosevelt which have resulted, it would seem, in the general acceptance of the Open Door policy and the recognition, if not the guarantee, of China's territorial integrity.

But there are certain foreign policies pre-eminently due to President Roosevelt's initiative, and with which his name will be permanently associated, although it is to be understood that the Secretary of State was largely charged with their execution and is identified with the fortunate results. Three characteristic policies of Mr. Roosevelt's administration are, undoubtedly, the acquisition of the Canal Zone in Panama, and the effective con-

struction of the Canal; the calling of the second Hague Peace Conference; and the conclusion of the unfortunate and destructive Russo-Japanese War. The Cuban question is one which has profoundly interested the President, both from his services in the field in the Cuban campaign and from his generous desire to see the young republic successfully and firmly established in the family of nations. Any discussion of these questions must necessarily be brief, as this article in itself is at best but an outline.

The project to connect the Atlantic and Pacific by means of a canal is of long standing, but the movement took visible and conventional shape in the year 1850, when the so-called Clayton-Bulwer Treaty was negotiated relating to the construction of a canal across Nicaragua, Costa Rica, and Mosquito Coast, or any part of Central America. It was natural that the United States and Great Britain should be interested in the construction of such a canal, because its existence would be of great advantage to the United States, supplying a water route from the Atlantic to the Pacific, and the canal would be of immense service to Great Britain by providing an easy means of intercourse between Great Britain and its Australian and Asiatic possessions. The provisions of the treaty, however, were irksome to

LINCOLN AS A LABOR LEADER¹

BY LYMAN ABBOTT

ABRAHAM LINCOLN won his reputation and achieved his service for the Nation by the solution of the labor problem of his time—slavery. How can we apply the principles he inculcated and the spirit he exemplified in solving the labor problem of our time? This is the theme to which I ask your attention this afternoon. For it would be useless for me to attempt to repeat the story of his life, or essay an analysis of his character. This has been so eloquently done by the Chairman of this meeting in his address before the Edinburgh Philosophical Institution in 1900, and by Carl Schurz in his well-known essay, that the repetition of their service would be needless if it were possible; and for me would be impossible if it were needed. I might as well attempt to reconstruct a Saint-Gaudens statue of Lincoln with my clumsy hand as with my faltering tongue to resing the song or retell the story so often sung and so often told. Instead, I shall venture to repeat, from the well-known ode of Lowell, his portrait of the Great Emancipator, and then pass on to my chosen field:

“Nature, they say, doth dote,
And cannot make a man
Save on some worn-out plan,
Repeating us by rote:

For him her Old-World molds aside she
threw,
And, choosing sweet clay from the breast
Of the unexhausted West,
With stuff untainted shaped a hero new,
Wise, steadfast in the strength of God, and
true.

How beautiful to see
Once more a shepherd of mankind indeed,
Who loved his charge, but never loved to
lead;
One whose meek flock the people joyed to be,
Not lured by any cheat of birth,
But by his clear-grained human worth,
And brave old wisdom of sincerity!

. . . standing like a tower,
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.”

Nearly half a century ago, a young man just entering on my professional career, I came to Cooper Institute to hear the Western orator whose debate with Douglas had given him a National reputation. Some of his friends had broached to him the subject of a nomination to the Presidency. “What,” he replied, “is the use of talking of me when we have such men as Seward and Chase, and everybody knows them, and scarcely anybody outside of Illinois knows me? Besides, as a matter of justice, is it not due to them?” His friends, more sanguine than he was about himself, had resolved that he should be known, and had arranged for some Eastern speeches by him. This Cooper Union speech was the first given in this Eastern campaign. My recollection of the scene is little more than a memory of a memory. The long hall with the platform at the end, not at the side as now; the great, expectant, but not enthusiastic crowd; the tall, ungainly figure, the melancholy face, the clear carrying voice, the few awkward gestures. I had been accustomed to the dramatic and impassioned oratory of Henry Ward Beecher. I was an admirer, not of the principles, but of the perfect literary finish of Wendell Phillips’s rapier-like conversations with his audiences. I listened to a speech that night as passionless but also as convincing as a demonstration in Euclid’s geometry, as clear and cogent, but also as absolutely without oratorical ornament of any description. So much, with some effort, I recall. But no effort would enable me ever to forget the new impulse which that great personality imparted to my youthful imagination. From that moment I, who before that time had been a Seward Republican, became an enthusiastic Lincoln Republican, and have stayed converted ever since. Subsequent study of his life and writings has enabled me to analyze the then unanalyzed impression which

¹An address delivered at the exercises commemorative of the Centenary of the birth of Abraham Lincoln, under the auspices of the Committee appointed by George Brinton McClellan, Mayor of New York, Friday, February 12, 1909, at Cooper Union, New York. The Chairman was the Hon. Joseph H. Choate, late Ambassador to Great Britain.

he produced on the young men of his generation. He was an embodied challenge to the conscience of the Nation. He takes a place in American history which belongs to Amos in the history of the Hebrew people: like Amos, a son of the people; like Amos, with a plumb-line of righteousness by which he measured the institutions of his country; like Amos, bringing every political question to the test, What is right? and by that test insisting that all political questions should be determined.

Various stories are told, some historical, some legendary, to illustrate Abraham Lincoln's faith in prayer offered to a God efficient in the affairs of this world. The first expression of such faith that I can find from Mr. Lincoln himself is in his address to his fellow-citizens of Springfield as he starts on his eastward journey to his first inauguration: "I now leave not knowing when or whether ever I may return, with a task before me greater than that which rested upon Washington. Without the assistance of that Divine Being who ever attended him I cannot succeed. With that assistance I cannot fail. Trusting in Him who can go with me and remain with you and be everywhere for good, let us confidently hope that all will yet be well. To His care commending you, as I hope in your prayers you will commend me, I bid you an affectionate farewell."

From this simple faith in the God who watches over nations as over individuals he never departed. Subsequent events only served to deepen and strengthen it. But in his earlier life, before burdens too heavy for him to bear alone had driven him to look for help to the Helper of men, Mr. Lincoln was an agnostic. He wrote in his youth an essay against Christianity, which, fortunately for his reputation, a wise friend threw into the fire. But if that is the only indication of an anti-Christian faith, there is no indication in his youth of any religious faith, Christian or other. Says Mr. Herndon: "Mr. Lincoln had no faith. In order to believe he must see and feel and thrust his hand into the place. He must taste, smell, or handle before he had faith or even belief." Mr. Herndon's estimate is confirmed by that of Lincoln's wife. "Mr. Lincoln," she says, "had no faith and no hope in the usual acceptation

of those words. He never joined a church; but still, as I believe, he was a religious man by nature. . . . He first seemed to think about the subject when our Willie died, and then more than ever at the time he went to Gettysburg; but it was a kind of poetry in his nature, and he was never a technical Christian."

What profounder religious faith than was expressed in Mr. Lincoln's Springfield speech Mrs. Lincoln looked for I do not know; and what is meant by a technical Christian I am not quite sure. But if Mr. Lincoln had in the early part of his life no faith and no hope, it is certain that from his earliest years he had a conscience. Whether it was inherited from his mother, or acquired by education, or received by a susceptible soul from that mysterious Being in whom we have our life, it certainly dominated his whole nature and controlled his whole conduct. From his youth up he was known among his rough companions as "Honest Abe." They were accustomed to refer to him their controversies and accept his arbitrament, generally without question. If ever there is a time in the life of man when his conscience takes the second place and his passion comes to the front, it is when he is in love. I think Abraham Lincoln's letter to Mary Owens in 1837 is a unique specimen in love literature, of love-making by conscience: "I want in all cases to do right, and most particularly so with women. I want at this particular time, more than anything else, to do right with you; and if I knew it would be doing right, as I rather suspect it would be, to let you alone, I would do it. And for the purpose of making the matter as plain as possible, I now say that you can now drop the subject, dismiss your thoughts (if you ever had any) from me forever, and leave this letter unanswered, without calling forth one accusing murmur from me. . . . Nothing would make me more miserable than to believe you miserable—nothing more happy than to know you were so." He was a man of eager professional ambitions; but his notes prepared for a law lecture in 1850, which was, so far as I know, never delivered, show that in his innermost thought his professional ambitions were subordinated to his conscience. "There is," he says, "a vague popular

belief that lawyers are necessarily dishonest. I say 'vague' because when we consider to what extent confidence and honors are reposed in and conferred upon lawyers by the people, it appears improbable that their impression of dishonesty is very distinct and vivid; yet the impression is common, almost universal. Let no young man using the law for a calling for a moment yield to the popular belief—resolve to be honest at all events, and if in your own judgment you cannot be an honest lawyer, resolve to be honest without being a lawyer. Choose some other occupation rather than one in the choosing of which you do in advance consent to be a knave."

Lincoln was a man of strong political ambitions; but from the outset of his life his political ambitions were subordinated to his desire for public righteousness. In 1836 he was running for the first time for office. His defeat then would have probably been a permanent end to his political hopes. A Mr. Robert Allen had said that he was in possession of facts which if known to the public would destroy Mr. Lincoln's prospects, but through favor to Mr. Lincoln he would not divulge those facts. Mr. Lincoln writes him: "No one has needed favors more than I, and generally few have been less unwilling to accept them; but in this case favor to me would be injustice to the public, and therefore I must beg your pardon for declining it." And then he adds: "The candid statement of facts on your part, however low it may sink me, shall never break the tie of personal friendship between us." It would be difficult to find a more striking illustration of the dominating power of conscience than in this declaration than an act just to the public and destructive to the writer's ambitions would not sunder the ties of friendship between the writer and the man who had destroyed his political hopes.

A year later, at twenty-eight years of age, Lincoln delivers a Lyceum address in Springfield. He warns the young men to whom he speaks of impending National peril. He fears no attack of foreign foe. "As a nation of freemen," he says, "we must live through all time, or die by suicide." The domestic peril which he fears is not intemperance, nor gambling, nor even slavery, but a lack of

conscience, a disregard of justice, "the growing disposition to substitute the wild and furious passions in lieu of the sober judgments of courts and the worse than savage mobs for the executive ministers of justice." He is nominated by the Republicans of Illinois against Stephen A. Douglas to be United States Senator. He prepares with care his speech of acceptance and reads it to his friends. It opens with these pregnant sentences, since become famous in the political history of America: "A house divided against itself cannot stand. I believe this Government cannot endure permanently half slave, half free. I do not expect the Union to be dissolved, but I do expect it will cease to be divided. It will become all one thing or all the other." His cautious friends protest. One calls it a fool utterance. Another says it is ahead of the times. A third argues that it would drive away a good many voters fresh from the Democratic ranks. Even his abolition friend, Herndon, doubts its wisdom. "This thing," replies Lincoln, "has been retarded long enough. The time has come when these sentences should be heard, and if it is decreed that I should go down because of this speech, then let me go down linked to the truth. Let me die in the advocacy of what is just and right." In his subsequent debate with Douglas he nails this flag to the mast and keeps it flying there. "The real issue is whether slavery is right or wrong. That is the issue that will continue in this country when these poor tongues of Judge Douglas and myself shall be silent. It is the eternal struggle between two principles, right and wrong, throughout the world. They are the two principles which have stood face to face from the beginning of time and will ever continue to struggle."

Such was the man who came to New York and in this hall forty-nine years ago issued his challenge to the sleeping conscience of the city. He was in the commercial metropolis of the Nation, the Corinth of America. All its life was centered in and dominated by its commercial interests. Its great religious societies and its most influential pulpits, with a few notable exceptions, were silent respecting the wrong of slavery. Cotton was king;

and New York was his capital. Nowhere more than in New York was compromise popular and uncompromising hostility to slavery abhorrent to popular sentiment; nowhere more than in New York might the woe have been pronounced against those that close their eyes that they may not see, their ears that they may not hear, and their hearts that they may not feel, lest they should be converted. Even the most radical anti-slavery journal in the city damned the Western orator with faint praise. With a moral courage rarely exceeded, though happily not without frequent historic parallels, Abraham Lincoln in this city and to this audience reissued his challenge to the conscience of the Nation. "If slavery," he said, "is right, we cannot justly object to its sovereignty, its universality. If it is wrong, they cannot justly insist upon its extension, its enlargement. All they ask we could readily grant if we thought slavery right. All we ask they could as readily grant if they thought it wrong. Their thinking it right and our thinking it wrong is the precise fact upon which depends the whole controversy." In that issue, so stated, compromise was impossible.

The slavery question seems so simple to us now; but it was not simple to the men of that generation. Let us go back and attempt to conceive it as it appeared to them. The year 1620, which saw the Pilgrim Fathers landing on Plymouth Rock, saw a vessel of slaves landing on the Virginia coast. For nearly two hundred years slavery existed in every State in the Union except Massachusetts, and some citizens of Massachusetts engaged in the slave trade. Partly from moral, partly from economic, reasons, it was gradually abolished in the Northern States. But the invention of the cotton gin created a greatly increased demand for cotton, and the greatly increased demand for cotton created a greatly increased demand for negro labor, and this gave slavery a new life in the Southern States. It was first regretted, then excused, then justified, finally glorified. Other causes tended to promote radical differences between North and South, but they would easily have been overcome had it not been that slavery existed in one section and not in another. For a while a line was drawn across the

continent, and an agreement was reached that south of that line slavery should never be interfered with, north of that line the territory should remain forever free. The abolition of this compromise in 1854 opened Northern territory to slavery and threw the whole country into a ferment of passion and panic. In the light of subsequent history arguments do not seem even specious now that seemed forceful then. They were such as these: Slave labor is necessary to cotton, and cotton is necessary to the world. Slaves have been made property, and interference with slavery is a violation of vested rights. Slavery is recognized by the Constitution; to interfere with slavery is to violate a solemn compact and to rend asunder the most sacred document ever written by human hands. Slavery is justified by patriarchal example, by Old Testament laws, and by Noah's curse of Canaan and his descendants; to demand its abolition is to deny the Bible and attack the foundations of religion. The continued agitation of the slave question destroys business prosperity, paralyzes industry, threatens the destruction of the Union, the last hope of democracy upon the earth; against such disastrous consequences the imaginary welfare of three million black men is not for an instant to be weighed. Thus economics, the rights of property, the Constitution of the United States, the Old Testament laws, the spirit of patriotism, re-enforced by the inertia mis-called conservatism, were all combined in the endeavor to prohibit agitation of the slavery question. Eloquently did Mr. Lincoln sum up the condition of the negro in a speech delivered in Springfield a year before his nomination to the United States Senate:

All the powers of the earth seem rapidly combining against him. Mammon is after him, ambition follows, philosophy follows, and the theology of the day is fast joining the cry. They have him in his prison-house; they have searched his person and left no prying instrument with him. One after another they have closed the heavy iron doors upon him, and now they have him, as it were, bolted in with a lock of a hundred keys, which can never be unlocked without the concurrence of every key; the keys in the hands of a hundred different men, and they scattered to a hundred different and distant places; and they stand musing as to what

invention, in all the dominions of mind and matter, can be produced to make the impossibility of his escape more complete than it is.

In the confused and vehement conflict of passions and opinions which only the pen of a Carlyle would be adequate to portray, there emerged two parties, both of which justified the abolition of the Missouri Compromise and the opening of Northern territory to the incursion of slavery. One of these parties in the Presidential election of 1860 was represented by Breckinridge, the other by Douglas. The first demanded the Constitutional right to carry their slaves as property into every State in the Union. Robert Toombs, of Georgia, boasted that he would call the roll of his slaves at the foot of Bunker Hill Monument. The famous Dred Scott decision, that a slave was not converted into a free man by being carried into free territory, gave apparent if not real support to the Constitutional argument of the Breckinridge wing. The other party did not claim that slavery *must* go, but only that it *might* go, into Northern territory. As a compromise between North and South, Stephen A. Douglas invented the doctrine which his friends called popular sovereignty and his enemies squatter sovereignty; the doctrine that the people of any State might determine whether it should be a free or a slave State when they framed its constitution. To both these doctrines Mr. Lincoln brought the plumb-line of practical righteousness. His answer to the Dred Scott decision was: "It is singular that the courts would hold that a man never lost his right to his property that had been stolen from him, but that he instantly lost the right to himself if he was stolen." His answer to popular sovereignty was equally terse and equally unanswerable: "The doctrine of self-government is right, absolutely and eternally right. . . . But when the white man governs himself, that is self-government; but when he governs himself and also governs another man, that is more than self-government; that is despotism."

And his answer to all the defenses of slavery, economic, philosophic, humanitarian, and religious, was summed up in an appeal to consciousness that might have been derived from Darwin's "Emotions in Animals and Man," if that book had

then been written. He says: "The ant who has toiled and dragged a crumb to his nest will fiercely defend the fruit of his labor against whatever robber assails him. So plain is it that the most dumb and stupid slave that ever toiled for a master does know that he has been wronged. So plain is it that no one, high or low, ever does mistake it, except in a plainly selfish way; for, although volume upon volume is written to prove slavery a very good thing, we never hear of the man who writes to tell the good of it, being a slave himself."

And yet Mr. Lincoln was not an abolitionist. Not because he was less just, but because he was more just; because he recognized rights which the abolitionists did not recognize, and insisted upon duties which they ignored. The abolitionists declared that slave-holders, slave-traders, and slave-drivers "are a race of monsters unparalleled in their assumption of power and their despotic cruelty." Never did Mr. Lincoln utter a word of bitterness or hate against the slave-owner. "I have," he said, "no prejudice against the Southern people. They are just what we would be in their situation. If slavery did not now exist among them, they would not introduce it. If it did now exist among us, we should not instantly give it up." The abolitionists declared that the existing Constitution of the United States "is a covenant with death and an agreement with hell." Mr. Lincoln believed in that Constitution, honored the men who framed it, solemnly swore to support it, and laid down his life in maintaining that solemn oath. The abolitionists demanded "immediate, unconditional emancipation." One of Mr. Lincoln's first acts in going to Congress was to propose a bill for the gradual emancipation of slavery in the District of Columbia, with compensation to the slave-owners; and one of his last acts, before reluctantly consenting to issue an emancipation proclamation as a war measure, was to secure from Congress a pledge of National co-operation with the slaveholders of the loyal States, if they would consent to gradual emancipation with compensation. The abolitionists proclaimed as a fundamental principle, "No union with slaveholders." Mr. Lincoln, in the midst of

the Civil War, wrote to Horace Greeley: ". . . If I could save the Union without freeing any slaves I would do it, and if I could save it by freeing all the slaves I would do it, and if I could save it by freeing some and leaving others alone I would also do that." Lincoln was not an abolitionist: because he had charity for the slaveholder for whom the abolitionist had no charity; because he honored the Constitution which the abolitionists denounced; because he used every endeavor to persuade the Nation to assume its share of responsibility for slavery and its share of the burden involved in emancipation, from which the abolitionists endeavored in vain to escape; and because he endured four as sad years as ever have fallen to the lot of any man, in order that he might save the Union which the abolitionists wished to destroy. And yet to the principle, No further extension of slavery on American soil, he gave himself with uncompromising consecration. For that principle he hazarded his own political fortunes, the fortunes of his party, and the life of the Nation. To all remonstrances urging compromise upon him after his election, his answer was the same: "On the territorial question—that is, the question of extending slavery under national auspices—I am inflexible."

I have said that the slavery question was one phase of the labor question. So said Mr. Lincoln nearly half a century ago. "The existing rebellion," he wrote to a Committee from the Working Men's Association of New York, "is in fact a war upon the rights of all working people." To what conclusion would his principles and his spirit lead upon the Labor Question as it is presented to us in our times?

We may be sure that he who never denounced the slaveholder, who never did anything to intensify the profound ire of South against North or North against South, would enter into no class war, would never denounce the rich to the poor or the poor to the rich. He who told the farmers of Wisconsin that the reason why there were more attempts to flatter them than any other class was because they could cast more votes, but that to his thinking they were neither better nor worse than other people, would never flatter the mechanic class to win for himself or his party a labor vote. He who

in 1864 held with workingmen that "the strongest bond of human sympathy outside of the family relation should be one uniting all working people of all nations and tongues and kindreds" would not condemn labor unions. He who at the same time said to them, Let not him who is houseless pull down the house of another, but let him work diligently and build one for himself, would have condemned all lawless acts of violence whether against the employer of labor or the non-union laborer who is employed. He who thanked God that we have a system of labor where there can be a strike—a point where the workingman may stop working—would not deny this right to the workingman of to-day. He who said in 1860, "I don't believe in a law to prevent a man from getting rich, and I do believe in allowing the humblest man an equal chance to get rich with any one else," would have found, not in war upon the wealthy, but in equal opportunity for all, the remedy for social and industrial inequalities. He who condemned the mudsill theory, the theory that labor and education are incompatible and that "a blind horse upon a treadmill is a perfect illustration of what a laborer should be, all the better for being blind so that he could not kick understandingly," would be the earnest advocate of child labor laws and industrial education. He who argued that "As the Author of man makes every individual with one head and one pair of hands, it was probably intended that heads and hands should co-operate as friends, and that that particular head should direct and control that pair of hands," would believe in co-operation between labor and capital, leading on to the time when laborers should become capitalists and all capitalists should become laborers. He who held in 1854 that "The legitimate object of government is to do for the people what needs to be done, but which they cannot by individual effort do at all or do so well for themselves," would neither believe in the night-watchman theory of government which allows it to do nothing but police duty, nor in the socialistic theory of government which leaves nothing for individual effort to do for itself.

Two solutions of the labor problem present themselves in our time for our

acceptance. One is capitalism, or the wages system: that a few shall always own the tools and implements with which industry is carried on; these are capitalists; and that the many shall always carry on the industry with these tools and implements for wages paid by their owners. This makes the mass of men always wage laborers, dependent upon a few. The other is State Socialism: that the government shall own all the tools and implements of industry, and allot to the various members of the community their respective industries and compensations. This makes all individuals wage-earners employed by an organization, the city, State, or Nation, in the control of which it is assumed all will share. Neither of these solutions would Mr. Lincoln have accepted. Neither of these solutions did he accept. No solution would he have accepted which made the workingman, whether he works with brain or with hand, a perpetual wage-earner fixed in that condition for life, and forever dependent for his livelihood upon any employer, whether private or political. He did not believe in a perpetual employment of the many by a few capitalists; he would not have believed in a perpetual employment of all by one capitalist—the State or the Nation. He believed in a fair field and an open door through which every workingman may become a capitalist, every wage-earner may become his own employer.

In his first annual message Lincoln stated with great clearness his solution of the labor problem. To that statement he attached such importance that he repeated it two years and a half later in his letter to the Working Men's Association of New York. The importance he attached to this statement of his faith justifies my reading it at some length:

"Labor is prior to and independent of capital. Capital is only the fruit of labor, and could never have existed if labor had not first existed. Labor is the superior of capital, and deserves much the higher consideration. Capital has its rights, which

are as worthy of protection as any other rights. Nor is it denied that there is and probably always will be a relation between labor and capital producing mutual benefits. The error is in assuming that the whole labor of the community exists within that relation. . . . There is not of necessity any such thing as the free hired laborer being fixed to that condition for life. Many independent men everywhere in these States a few years back in their lives were hired laborers. The prudent penniless beginner in the world labors for wages awhile, and at length hires another new beginner to help him. This is the just and generous and prosperous system which opens the way to all—gives hope to all, and consequently energy and progress and improvement of condition to all."

Many years ago I delivered an address to a deaf and dumb audience. The congregation fixed their attention upon the interpreter at my side. They looked at him. Through him they heard me. My ambition this afternoon has been to efface myself and bid you listen to the invisible orator who stands by my side with his sad face, his resolute conscience, his human sympathies, and his simple, sincere English. What, if you could hear him, he would say would be, I think, what he said in 1860 to the capitalists and workingmen of New Haven:

"I am not ashamed to confess that twenty-five years ago I was a hired laborer mending rails, at work on a flatboat—just what might happen to a poor man's son. I want every man to have the chance—and I believe a black man is entitled to it—in which he can better his condition, when he may look forward and hope to be a hired laborer this year and the next, work for himself afterward, and finally to hire men to work for him. That is the true system. . . . Then you can better your condition, and so it may go on and on in one ceaseless round so long as man exists on the face of the earth."

This is Abraham Lincoln's solution of the labor problem.

PUBLIC OPINION

THE YOSEMITE NATIONAL PARK

In making a rejoinder to ex-Mayor Phelan's reply to my article "Dismembering Your National Park," I hardly know where to begin in dealing with its statements of fact and of inference. Perhaps it will be easiest to take them in the order in which they are made.

1. A great point is made that I speak of the Hetch-Hetchy Valley "from hearsay." The hearsay is the testimony of photographs, of which I have twenty, and that of many visitors—John Muir, W. E. Colby, Secretary of the Sierra Club, Professors Bade and Leconte, Miss Harriet Monroe, Edmund A. Whitman, Alden Sampson, Carter P. Pomeroy, and many others, all of whom have camped in the Valley. The wrong inference is that I cannot speak from knowledge on the main question. But I *have* visited the Tuolumne meadows and river gorge as far as the mill-wheel cataract and other parts of the watershed coveted by San Francisco.

But if I am to be put out of court because I have not seen this glorious valley, what about Mr. Pinchot and Mr. Garfield, who gave it away without going from San Francisco to see this "immediate jewel" of nature?

2. "By implication," says Mr. Phelan, "he also makes it appear that the watershed of the Hetch-Hetchy embraces the famed Yosemite Valley." I deny the statement in toto and confidently appeal to my article. Even if I had misstated the fact, the map accompanying The Outlook's editorial would have set the reader right.

3. The idea that because Hetch-Hetchy is "not unique" objection should not be made to its destruction is ridiculous. With certain likenesses among many, each valley has its special beauties. Mr. Garfield's theory that this valley is less to be considered because the Yosemite Valley eighteen miles away is of grander proportions would lead him to say: "Do not look at that exquisitely beautiful woman; in the next room there is another one equally beautiful and taller"! Is the Matterhorn to be ignored because of the pre-eminence of Mont Blanc?

4. But Hetch-Hetchy is "accessible over difficult trails about three months in the year, and few ever visit it." John Muir and I camped out at a much higher altitude at the Tuolumne Meadows in the last week of May, and I am told that the region is often accessible till November. But if the trails were improved, the overflow of Yosemite Valley would pour into Hetch-Hetchy.

5. Again, Mr. Phelan says: "The State of California freely ceded this valley [the Yo-

osemite] to the Federal Government. . . . California would not countenance the desertification of any of its scenery." Does not Mr. Phelan know that California's neglect and mismanagement of the Yosemite Valley was for years a National scandal, and that the recession was brought about under great popular pressure? Indeed, one of the purposes of Mr. Muir and myself in setting on foot the project for the surrounding National Park was to give the State an object-lesson of proper care by the Government, and thus bring about recession. And this was exactly the course of events.

6. "Sooner or later," says Mr. Phelan of the Hetch-Hetchy, "it would have fallen into private hands." Really, this sounds like an *Æsop* fable. The hungry wolf must have the child lest it fall into the clutches of the house-dog.

7. Mr. Phelan cannot be pardoned for saying that I am "misled by hearsay evidence" in stating that "the local company can develop 109,000,000 gallons of water near by San Francisco." What I did say was that three distinguished experts—Heuer, Grunsky, and Davidson—have said that the company could "expand its present territory to about 109,000,000." I have seen the published statements to that effect of Messrs. Heuer and Grunsky, and am informed by directors of the Sierra Club that Mr. Davidson is of the same opinion. Mr. Grunsky is the chief advocate of the Hetch-Hetchy scheme.

8. Mr. Phelan says that the Public Lands Committee of the House—"after a patient and full hearing—has favorably reported the bill." This is misleading. To be specific, the vote was 8 to 7 in a committee of 17. One member did not vote, and one was absent, and he has since signed a minority report. So really the Committee stands 8 to 8, with one not voting.

9. "The only question," says Mr. Phelan, "is the conversion of Hetch-Hetchy Meadow into a crystal-clear Lake—a natural object of indeed rare beauty." In the first place, the Valley is more than a meadow, it is a beautiful combination of meadow, grove, and stream—so beautiful that when the covetous supervisors who went up to see it first caught glimpse of it they threw up their hands in admiration, and acknowledged that something was to be said for the "sentimentalists." Now Mr. Phelan holds that all Sierra valleys are alike, but that the lake would be rare. On the contrary, there is great similarity in lakes, especially inside their periphery, while the detail of valleys is full of individual variety. The valley is needed to comprehend

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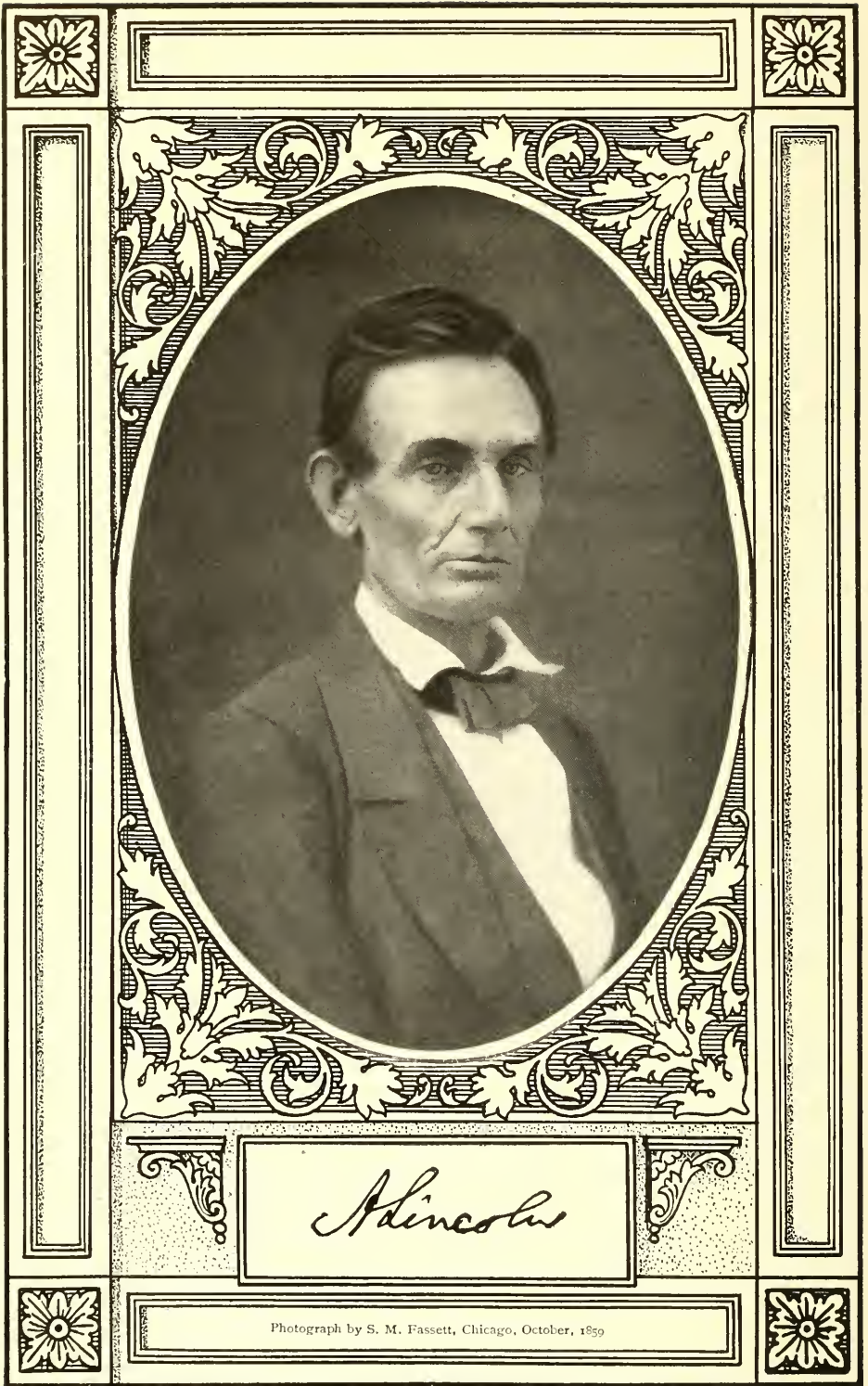
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Lincoln

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RECOLLECTIONS OF LINCOLN

By JAMES GRANT WILSON



MY first talk, face to face with this most extraordinary man was in the autumn of 1858, when he was in the midst of his celebrated

debating contest in Illinois with Senator Douglas. I was introduced to him by Judge Treat, one of my father's friends. We found him in a shabby little uncarpeted law office over a grocer's shop in Springfield. He was of unusual height, six feet four, being three inches taller than Washington and nearly nine inches taller than Grant. His face was rugged and swarthy, with coarse, rebellious dark hair; his arms and legs seemed to me the longest I had ever seen. His hands and feet were huge but well shaped, and his grayish-brown eyes were perhaps the saddest I ever saw. However, when a good story was told, whether by himself or another, his homely face lighted up till he was positively handsome.

Many things that were said during that hour's interview still linger in my memory. I ventured to inquire

from what part of the country his ancestors came, and Mr. Lincoln answered: "Well, my young friend, I believe the first of our ancestors we know anything about was Samuel Lincoln, who came from Norwich, England, in 1638, and settled in a small Massachusetts place called Hingham, or it might have been Hanghim—which was it, Judge?"

Something was said about the wildcat Western currency of seventy years ago, a species of paper money then worth about as much as Confederate bills were worth after Lee's surrender at Appomattox. (At the latter time a parcel containing over a thousand dollars was offered to me in Mobile by a Southerner, who said he would be glad to accept a five-dollar greenback in exchange for it, which he did.) Mr. Lincoln's story was that he was going down the Mississippi. Fuel was getting low, and the captain directed the pilot to steer in to the first woodpile he saw on the river bank. When the steamer reached one, the captain said to the owner on shore, "Is that your wood?" "Certainly." "Do you want to sell it?" "Yes." "Will you ac-

cept wildcat currency?" "Certainly." "How will you take it?" said the captain; to which the owner promptly replied: "Cord for cord!"

Judge Treat mentioned to Mr. Lincoln that he had heard some interesting stories of Washington recently related to me at Arlington by Mr. Custis, the General's adopted son, who lived with him at Mount Vernon for eighteen years—among other facts, that Washington was perhaps the strongest man of his day and generation, and that in his youth he was a famous wrestler, never having been thrown. Said Mr. Lincoln: "It is rather a curious thing, my young friend, but that is exactly my record. I could outlift any man in Southern Illinois when I was young, and I never was thrown. There was a big fellow named Jack Armstrong, strong as a Russian bear, that I could not put down; nor could he get me on the ground. If George was loafing around here now, I should be glad to have a tussle with him, and I rather believe that one of the plain people of Illinois would be able to manage the aristocrat of old Virginia." Mr. Lincoln was very fond of being known as one of the plain people. I frequently heard him use the expression. On one occasion he said: "I think the Lord must love the plain people, he has made so many of them."

Another droll story that still lingers in my memory was of Lincoln attending a meeting of the Board of Trustees of the Illinois Lunatic Asylum near Springfield. The long hall being rather chilly, he thought it would be well to wear his hat. As he passed along, a little lunatic darted out from a door and confronting him exclaimed: "Sir, I am amazed that you should presume to wear your hat in the presence of Christopher Columbus!" "I beg your pardon, Mr. Columbus," replied Mr. Lincoln, removing his hat and proceeding to the meeting. Returning half an hour later, having forgotten the incident, and wearing his hat as before, he was again accosted by the little man, who, drawing him-

self up, said in severe tones: "Sir, I am astounded that you should dare to wear your hat in the presence of General Washington!" "Pray excuse me, General," and Mr. Lincoln took off his high hat, "but it seems to me that less than an hour ago you said you were Christopher Columbus." "Oh yes, that is quite correct; but that was by another mother!"

Three days after my first interview with Mr. Lincoln, I was invited to dine with Stephen A. Douglas in Chicago, the only other guest being Governor Aiken of South Carolina. There was some conversation about Lincoln, and the Senator told the story of the Lincoln-Shields duel, his version differing widely from the usually accepted account. Certain articles had appeared in the Springfield paper, he said, reflecting on James Shields, at that time a schoolmaster. According to the Senator, Lincoln, Shields and himself were rival candidates for the hand of Mary Todd. After the campaign had been carried on for several months, it was announced that Abe Lincoln was the accepted suitor. But Shields persisted in paying attention to the young lady, much to her annoyance as well as to Lincoln's.

Finally an unsigned paragraph appeared in the Springfield journal, written by Miss Todd, purporting to be an old lady's advice to a granddaughter, warning her, among many other things, against allowing her hand to be held unduly long by Irish schoolmasters. The allusion was instantly recognized in the little community of fifteen hundred, and Shields threatened to chastise the editor unless he revealed the writer's name. The editor said he would not divulge it without the author's consent. "If you will return in fifteen minutes, I will give you an answer." Shields departed, and the editor ran around to Lincoln's office and stated what had occurred, saying: "Abe, what shall I do?" "Tell Shields I wrote it," Lincoln replied. Promptly came a challenge, which was as promptly accepted. Lincoln chose cavalry swords for weapons, and Bloody

Island in the Mississippi was selected as the scene of the duel. The day was clear and cold, and while the seconds were arranging the preliminaries Lincoln, to warm himself, began mowing the grass. When Shields, said Douglas, saw the giant figure swinging a long sword like a scythe, he leaned against a huge elm, and fainted with fright! And so ended the bloodless duel.

During the years 1859-60 I frequently met Mr. Lincoln when his legal engagements called him to Chicago, where I was publishing and editing a literary journal called the *Record*, with an office in Portland Block. On the sixth story of the large Dearborn Street building, the sculptor, Leonard W. Volk, had his studio. I happened to meet Mr. Lincoln on the stairway, about the middle of April, 1860, and he informed me that he was giving sittings to Mr. Volk for a portrait bust; when he came down he would stop and see my sanctum. He did so, and as he looked around at the large, carpeted room, with its well-filled book-case, some attractive pictures, and busts of Shakespeare and Burns, he said: "Well, I never saw an editorial office like this before. It don't seem to resemble my Springfield law shop that you saw two winters ago." He

was particularly interested in the busts on learning that I had brought them from Stratford and Ayr respectively, saying: "They are my two favorite authors, and I must manage to see their birthplaces some day, if I can contrive to cross the Atlantic." By appointment, Mr. Lincoln stopped the following morning at my office for me to accompany him, and we went up the four pair of stairs together in a trial of speed. His long legs took him three steps at a stride; but I was quicker with my shorter stride of two steps, so we arrived at the goal neck and neck, to the intense amusement of the astonished sculptor who awaited us at the head of the stairs.

The previous day Volk had made a plaster cast of Lincoln's face (now in the National Museum at Washington, together with the casts of his hands which he made later), to aid him in making his well-known bust. During the hour that Lincoln remained in the studio, he poured out an almost unceasing stream of drolleries, while Volk was modelling the clay. My recollection is that Lincoln gave the sculptor six or more sittings of from one to several hours in duration. The original plaster bust is now in the possession of the sculptor's only son, Douglas Volk, a well-known painter, whose present home is in

*Original Manuscript of
second Inaugural presented
to Major John Hay.*

Lincoln

April 10. 1865

4/6/1877
Yellow Anniversary.

L

At this second appearing to take the oath of the presidential office, there is less occasion for an extended address than there was at the first. Then a statement, somewhat in detail, of a course to be pursued, seemed fitting and proper. Now, at the expiration of four years, during which public declarations have been constantly called forth on every point and phase of the great contest which still absorbs the attention, and engrosses the energies of the nation, little that is new could be presented. The progress of our arms, upon which all else chiefly depends, is as well known to the public as to myself; and it is, I trust, reasonably satisfactory and encouraging to all. With high hopes for the future, no prediction in regard to it is ventured.

On the occasion corresponding to this four years ago, all thoughts were anxiously directed to an impending civil war. All dreaded it— all sought to avert it. While the inaugural address was being delivered from this place, devoted altogether to serving the Union without war, our surgent agents were in

the city seeking to destroy it without war, seek-
ing to dissolve the Union, and divide effects, by ne-
gotiation. Both parties deprecated war; but one
of them would make war rather than let the
nation survive; and the other would accept
war rather than let it perish. And the war
came.

One eighth of the whole
population were colored slaves, not distri-
buted generally over the Union, but localized
in the Southern ^{part} of it. These slaves con-
stituted a peculiar and powerful interest.
All knew that this interest was, somehow,
the cause of the war. To strengthen, perpet-
uate, and extend this interest was the ob-
ject for which the insurgents would rend
the Union, even by war; while the govern-
ment claimed no right to do more than
to restrict the territorial enlargement of it.
Neither party expected for the war, the mag-
nitude, or the duration, which it has already
attained. Neither anticipated that

the cause of the conflict might cease with, or even before, the conflict itself should cease. Each looked for an easier triumph, and a result less fundamental and astounding. Both read the same Bible, and pray to the same God; and each invokes His aid against the other. It may seem strange that any men should dare to ask a just God's assistance in wringing their bread from the sweat of other men's faces; but let us judge not that we be not judged. The prayers of both could not be answered; that of neither has been answered fully. The Almighty has His own purposes. "Woe unto the world because of offences! for it must needs be that offences come; but woe to that man by whom the offence cometh!" If we shall suppose that American Slavery is one of those offences which, in the providence of God, must needs come, but which, having continued through His appointed time, He now wills to remove, and that He gives to both North and South, this terrible war, as the woe due to those

by whom the offence came, shall we discern there-
in any departure from those divine attributes
which the believers in a living God always
ascribe to Him? Fondly do we hope— fervent-
ly do we pray— that this mighty scourge of
war may speedily pass away. Yet, if God
wills that it continue, until all the wealth
piled by the bond-man's two hundred and
fifty years of unrequited toil shall be sunk,
and until every drop ^{of} blood drawn with the
lash, shall be paid by another drawn with
the sword, as was said three thousand years
ago, so still it must be said "the judgments
of the Lord, are true and righteous altogether"

With malice towards 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 bat-
tle, and for his widow, and his orphan—
to do all which may achieve and cherish a just,
and a lasting peace, among ourselves, and with ^{all nations,} ~~the world.~~

Maine, while the original marble bust was destroyed in the Chicago Historical Society building during the great fire of 1871. Volk's life-size statues of Douglas and Lincoln are in the Illinois State House at Springfield.

A few months before Lincoln's nomination, which I witnessed in the immense Chicago "Wigwam," hearing, among others, the inspiring speech of George William Curtis, I visited the venerable James K. Paulding, the friend and literary partner of Washington Irving, at his residence near Hyde Park on the Hudson. The author of "The Dutchman's Fireside," who was Secretary of the Navy in Van Buren's administration and of course a good Democrat, expressed great interest in Lincoln, having read all the speeches made by him in his debate with Douglas, which I had sent him. He then surprised me by saying that in the summer of 1842, after Mr. Van Buren had completed his term as President, they made a tour to the West, proceeding as far as Illinois, and spending a day or two in Chicago, then a small and unattractive town. Later, when on their way to Springfield, they were delayed by impassable roads and compelled to spend the night at Rochester, several miles from the capital. Some of the ex-President's Springfield friends, knowing the wretched accommodations of the place, came there bringing bottles and other refreshments to entertain the party at the country inn. "The Democrats," said Mr. Paulding, "also brought with them your Whig friend, Lincoln, to aid in entertaining the New Yorkers. Thanks to his anecdotes and descriptions of Western life, together with other witty stories, we passed a joyous evening in the little prairie tavern. If the tall Illinoisian receives the nomination for President, as you think very possible, I believe I shall be tempted to vote for him." During Mr. Lincoln's first administration, I inquired if he remembered meeting Van Buren and Paulding,

and he replied that he had very agreeable recollections of the delightful evening spent at Rochester with the two distinguished Democrats. The President was much interested in my stating that Paulding contemplated voting for him, but that before the nomination he had followed his friend Irving, as if he had only waited to gather up and carry to him the grateful homage of their common country. Irving died in November, 1859; Paulding in April, 1860.

Soon after Lincoln's election, he held a reception in the principal hotel of Chicago. For several hours a continuous procession of his friends and admirers passed before him, many of them old and intimate acquaintances. It was amusing to observe Lincoln's unfeigned enjoyment, and to hear his hearty greetings in answer to familiar friends who exclaimed, "How are you, Abe?" he responding in like manner with "Hello, Bill!" or "Jack," or "Tom," alternately pulling or pushing them along with his powerful hand and arm, saying: "There's no time to talk now, boys; we must not stop this big procession; so move on."

More than two years later, General Grant gave me leave of absence to go to Washington to visit a younger brother who, having been mortally wounded in the battle of Fredericksburg, had been removed to the Georgetown hospital. After seeing my brother I called at the White House, and the President said: "How are affairs progressing with the Western armies? and what brings you to Washington?" When informed, he remarked: "If you will come in this afternoon at four o'clock, we will walk over to Georgetown and see the young captain."

On arriving at the White House, I found a Congressman in earnest conversation with the President. Looking at me as if I were an intruder, the politician stopped and Mr. Lincoln said: "It is all right—we are going out together; so turn on your

Executive Mansion,

Washington, March 15 1865

Frederick Weese, Esq

My dear Sir,

Every one likes a compliment, thank you for yours on my little notification speech, and on the recent Inaugural Address. I expect the latter to wear as well as — perhaps better than — anything I have produced; but I believe it is not immediately popular. Men are not flattered by being shown that there has been a difference of opinion between the Almighty and them. To deny it, however, in this case, is to deny that there is a God governing the world. It is a truth which I thought needless to be told, and, as whatever of humiliation there is in it, falls more directly on ^{myself} ~~ourselves~~, I thought others might afford for one to tell it.

Yours truly,

A. Lincoln.

oratory." So the member resumed, talking vigorously for five minutes or more, in behalf of his constituent, an applicant for some office. The President, looking critically on the right side of his face and then on the left, remarked, in an interested manner: "Why, John, how close you do shave." That was the way in which he baffled the office-seekers; and although the Congressman was disappointed, of course, he could not avoid laughing. After his departure, I said, "Mr. President, is that the way you manage the politicians?" and he answered: "Well, Colonel, you must not sup-

pose you have all the strategy in the army."

When we arrived at the hospital, Mr. Lincoln saw, or thought he saw, a strong resemblance between my brother and his favorite son Willie, who had recently died. This interested him so deeply that the following afternoon Mrs. Lincoln drove out with us, and she too saw the likeness. During the fortnight that my brother survived, the President visited him several times, and Mrs. Lincoln sent the young soldier little delicacies made by herself. This incident is introduced chiefly to illustrate the fact that the President

was one of the tenderest-hearted of men.

One day the President and the Secretary of State, accompanied by a young staff-officer, attended a review near Arlington on the opposite side of the Potomac. An ambulance drawn by four mules was provided. When the party arrived on the Virginia side of the river, where the roads were rough and badly cut by artillery and army trains, the driver had so much difficulty with the team, in his efforts to prevent the wheels dropping into the ruts, that he lost his temper and began to swear; the worse the roads became, the greater became his profanity. At last the President said, in his pleasant manner: "Driver, my friend, are you an Episcopalian?" Greatly astonished, the man made answer: "No, Mr. President, I ain't much of anything; but if I go to church at all, I go to the Methodist Church." "Oh, excuse me," replied Lincoln, with a smile, and a twinkle in his eye; "I thought you must be an Episcopalian, for you swear just like Secretary Seward, and he's a church-warden!"

Two years passed, and I was again in Washington, remaining on duty there for more than three months. Late one evening when I dined with the President, the Secretary of State and Mr. E. B. Washburne, member of Congress from Galena, Illinois, were announced. Mr. Seward said they desired to show the large gold medal, just received from the Philadelphia Mint, which was voted by Congress to General Grant for the capture of Vicksburg. Mr. Lincoln, approaching a small centre-table on which there was a drop-light, opened the morocco case containing the medal upside down.

After a long pause, the writer ventured to remark, "What is the obverse of the medal, Mr. President?" He looked up, and turning to Mr. Seward, said, "I suppose by his obverse the Colonel means t' other side!" There was no sting in this, and the victim joined in the general laugh. Indeed,

Lincoln was too kind-hearted to exercise his trenchant power of repartee. "Wit laughs *at* everybody," he said; "humor laughs *with* everybody." The President's jocoseness was partly natural, partly intentional. In the sea of troubles that almost overwhelmed him, he affected a serenity that he was far from feeling, and his fun and mirth at momentous epochs were censured by dullards who could not comprehend their philosophy.

The following anecdotes and incidents belong to January and February, 1865. "A frontiersman," said Mr. Lincoln, "lost his way in an uninhabited region on a dark and tempestuous night. The rain fell in torrents, accompanied by terrible thunder and more terrific lightning. To increase his trouble his horse halted, being exhausted with fatigue and fright. Presently a bolt of lightning struck a neighboring tree, and the crash brought the man to his knees. He was not an expert in prayer, but his appeal was short and to the point: 'Oh, good Lord, if it is all the same to you, give us a little more light, and a little less noise!'"

Something led Mr. Lincoln one evening to mention the fact that David Tod, the war Governor of Ohio, who declined his invitation to succeed Chase as Secretary of the Treasury, had occasion to visit Washington in 1863, on government business. During an interview the President remarked: "You are perhaps aware, Governor, that my wife is a member of the Todd family of Kentucky, and they all spell their name with two *d*'s. How is it that you use but one?" "Mr. President, God spells his name with one *d*, and one is enough for the Governor of Ohio."

I called at the White House once with Isaac N. Arnold, a member of Congress from Chicago, who afterwards wrote an admirable biography of Lincoln. In the course of conversation the President expressed his admiration for Dr. Holmes's poem "The Last Leaf," and said that his

favorite hymns were Toplady's "Rock of Ages," and the one beginning:

Father, whate'er of
earthly bliss
Thy sovereign will
denies.

His favorite poem, he said, was one entitled "Mortality," the author of which he had failed to discover, although he had tried to do so for twenty years. I was pleased to be able to inform him that it was written by William Knox, a young Scottish poet who died in 1825. He was greatly interested, and was still more gratified by the receipt, not long afterwards, of a collection of Knox's Poems, containing his favorite, which had appeared in hundreds of news-

papers throughout the country, and had been frequently attributed to him. A few days later I received a characteristic note of thanks for the volume. This much-prized letter was abstracted by some Lincoln admirer, a score of years ago, from a large autograph book containing my most precious literary treasures.

Another evening the President told a few intimate friends of an unknown person applying to the Secretary of State for a foreign mission, preferably to France. Mr. Seward informed his visitor that the position was not vacant. "Well how about Berlin?" That post also was held by an estimable gentleman. "Can you make me Consul to Liverpool?" "No, for the place is satisfactorily filled." "Perhaps you can appoint me to a clerkship in the State Department." Upon being informed by the

William H. Seward

W. P. A. Seward

Belvin M. Stanton

William Miller

Edw. Bates

Mr. Blair

G. M. Whew

August 23. 1864.

SIGNATURES OF MEMBERS OF THE CABINET, DAILED BY MR. LINCOLN

Secretary that he was sorry there was no vacancy, the obscure individual in the threadbare coat said: "Well, then, will you lend me five dollars?"

The day before the President left Washington for Gettysburg, he prepared a brief address on two sheets of White House paper, to be delivered after Edward Everett's oration. On the morning of the nineteenth of November, 1863, at Gettysburg, he wrote with a pencil the concluding portion of the address, which was substituted for the second sheet of the Washington draft written two days previous; and this is what has been frequently reproduced as the original. According to the testimony received from his private secretaries, Nicolay and Hay, who were present, Mr. Lincoln did not use the manuscript in delivering his immortal ad-

Four score and seven years ago our fathers brought forth, upon 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 here on a great battle-field of that war. We ~~have~~ ^{have} come ~~here~~ ^{to} dedicate a portion of it as ~~the~~ ^a final resting place ^{for} of 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 ^{gladly} gave 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 can never forget what they did here. It is for us, the living, rather to be dedicated here to the unfinished ^{work}, which they have, thus far, so nobly carried on. It is rather

for us to be here dedicated to the great
task remaining before^{us}— that from their
honored dead we take increased devotion
to ~~the~~ ^{that} cause for which they here gave ~~us~~
the last full measure of devotion— that
we here highly resolve that these dead
shall not have died in vain; that this
nation shall have a new birth of freedom;
and that this government of the people, by
the people, for the people, shall not perish
from the earth.

FACSIMILE OF ABRAHAM LINCOLN'S FIRST AUTOGRAPH COPY OF THE GETTYSBURG ADDRESS *as*
actually delivered, MADE FOR JOHN HAY ON THE PRESIDENT'S RETURN FROM THE DEDICATORY
EXERCISES, AND NOW FIRST PHOTOGRAPHED AND ENGRAVED FOR PUTNAM'S MONTHLY

dress, but departed from it in several particulars. On his return to Washington, at the request of Major Hay the President wrote down what he had actually said. This precious document is really the genuine original of the Gettysburg address as delivered; for the copy made for the Soldiers' and Sailors' Fair at Baltimore in 1864, with the title and date, as well as the autograph signature, was made several months later, and has often been facsimiled, being known as the standard version. George Bancroft's copy was of about the same date as this. The copy here given is in the possession of Mrs. John Hay, who is also the fortunate owner of the equally valuable manuscript of the Second Inaugural address. Through her gracious courtesy, these priceless historic relics are now first reproduced in facsimile.

En passant, the writer may perhaps be permitted to mention that he is the fortunate possessor of a precious memorial of the martyr-President and five other great heirs of fame, in a ring which contains the hair of Washington, Hamilton, Napoleon, Wellington, Lincoln and Grant. The first was received from Washington's adopted son, G. W. P. Custis of Arlington, Virginia; the second from Hamilton's widow, when she was ninety-six and he sixteen; the third from Captain Frederick Lahrbush of the Sixtieth Rifles, who guarded Napoleon at St. Helena, after being at Waterloo; Wellington's hair from his eldest son, the second Duke; and Grant's and Lincoln's from the Presidents themselves. When the author of this article asked Mr. Lincoln, on his last birthday, for a lock of

his hair to add to Washington's and Hamilton's, he said, "Help yourself, Colonel."

I was so fortunate as to be within a few yards of the President when he delivered, on the east portico of the National Capitol, on the morning of Saturday, March 4, 1865, the famous Second Inaugural Address, which is one of the gems of the English language. Clouds hung like a pall in the sky, as if portending trouble and disaster; but as the tall form of the President appeared on the crowded colonnade, he was greeted with hearty cheers from thousands of throats. Almost immediately sunshine fell upon him as he began to read, in a strong high-pitched voice, what he believed to be the best of all his oratorical efforts. After the vigorous applause which followed its conclusion, the oath of office was administered by Chief Justice Chase, and the memorable inauguration ceremonial came to a close. In this, no less than in the briefer address previously delivered on the greatest battle-field of the New World, Lincoln reached a height to which the nineteenth century afforded no equal. Writing to Thurlow Weed ten days after its delivery, he expressed his own opinion of the address. (See letter on page 523.)

Breakfasting with Mr. Gladstone at his house in Harley Street, one of several guests introduced the name of Mr. Lincoln, and all enjoyed a few anecdotes of him, related by the writer. The distinguished statesman admitted his great qualities, and said that the President's Second Inaugural Address was "unquestionably a most striking and sublime utterance, not surpassed by any delivered during the nineteenth century."

During the six years and more that I was acquainted with our great Civil War President, I never saw him smoke, or use tobacco in any form, and but a few times observed him drink a glass of wine. Desiring to be confirmed in my impression as to his abstemious habits, I wrote to his secretary and biographer, the late

John G. Nicolay, who replied (April 7, 1900):

You can truthfully assert that President Lincoln was always absolutely truthful in thought, word and inference, that he never smoked or was profane, and generally that he never drank. The only qualification that could possibly be made on this last point is that he did sometimes at his own table and especially at State dinners, sip a little wine; but even then in a perfunctory way, in complying with a social custom, and not as doing it from any desire or initiative or habit of his own. You are quite correct in your recollection that the President read his second inaugural address and that he used spectacles. Colonel Hay possesses the original manuscript, and I have the original Gettysburg address. The great reputation of Mr. Lincoln as a relator of amusing anecdotes during his lifetime has attracted to his name, like Sydney Smith's, numberless stories to which he could have made no claim.

A few weeks after the inauguration, in company with Mr. Arnold, M. C., the writer called at the White House, and Mrs. Lincoln brought out the beautiful Bible used by Chief Justice Chase on that occasion in administering the oath to the President. The 27th and 28th verses of the 5th chapter of Isaiah were marked as the verses which Lincoln's lips had touched in kissing the open book. She was of the opinion that the text admonished him to be on his guard, and not to relax his efforts. The Bible was a gift from the Chief Justice to Mrs. Lincoln.

About the end of March, I accompanied to the theatre the President, Mrs. Lincoln and the young lady who was with him when the assassin's bullet closed his career a fortnight later. He sat in the rear of the box leaning his head against the partition, paying no attention to the play and looking so worn and weary that it would not have been surprising had his soul and body separated that very night. When the curtain fell after the first act, turning to him, I said,

"Mr. President, you are not apparently interested in the play." "Oh, no, Colonel," he replied; "I have not come for the play, but for the rest. I am being hounded to death by office-seekers, who pursue me early and late, and it is simply to get two or three hours' relief that I am here." After a slight pause he added: "I wonder if we shall be tormented in heaven with them, as well as with bores and fools?" He then closed his eyes, and I turned to the ladies.

A few moments later I felt Mr. Lincoln's heavy hand on my shoulder. Turning, to my great surprise I saw him sitting upright, his eyes gleaming with fun. "Colonel," he said, "did I ever tell you the story of Grant at the circus?" "No, Mr. President, but I shall be delighted to hear it." "Well, when Grant was about ten years old, a circus came to Point Pleasant, Ohio, where the family lived, and the boy asked his father for a quarter to go to the circus. As the old tanner would not give him the necessary coin, he crawled in under the canvas tent, as I used to do; for in those days," said the President, "I never possessed a quarter of a dollar. There was a clever mule in that circus that had been trained to throw his rider, and when he appeared in the ring it was announced that any one in the audience that would ride him once around the ring without being thrown would win a silver dollar. There were many candidates for the coin, but all were thrown over the animal's head. Finally the ring-master ordered the mule taken out, when Master Ulysses presented himself saying, 'Hold on, I will try that beast.' The boy mounted the mule, holding on longer than any of the others, but at length, when about seven-eighths of the ring had been achieved amid the cheers of the audience, the boy was thrown. Springing to his feet and throwing off his cap and coat, Ulysses shouted in a determined tone, 'I would like to try that mule again,' and again the audience cheered him. This time he resorted to strategy. He faced

to the rear, seized hold of the beast's tail instead of his head, which rather demoralized the mule, and so the boy went around the ring, winning the silver dollar. And," added the President, "just so General Grant will hold on to Bob Lee." Ten days later General Lee surrendered his army at Appomattox Court House.

Before we separated that evening the President said: "If you will come in to-morrow afternoon before your departure, I will give you my last photograph that has just been taken by Brady." The following day I received it with his name written in full. He seemed to have a presentiment, for "Now, my dear Colonel," he said, "perhaps you will value this after I am gone."

It seems but yesterday, when, on this occasion, I looked for the last time on his homely and honest face, which I had known when it was free from care, but now beheld careworn and haggard, and felt his still strong hand encircling mine as he said, "Good-bye, Colonel, and a safe journey to New Orleans. *Au revoir!*" adding with a laugh, "I hope my French pronunciation is correct. If not, how is this for German?—*Auf wiedersehen!*"

A fortnight later, I was awakened early in the morning at my home on the Hudson, by the tolling of the church-bells. When I inquired why they were ringing, I learned that Mr. Lincoln had been assassinated. General Grant once said to me that the day the President died was the saddest of his life, and I think that, with a single exception, it was the saddest day of mine. A few days later, I listened to America's greatest preacher as, in Plymouth Church, Brooklyn, he gave voice to the universal grief.

At Lincoln's burial in Springfield, the capital of Illinois, on May 4, 1865, the Second Inaugural Address was read over his open grave—as the friends of Raphael selected the incomparable canvas of the Transfiguration as the principal feature of his funeral.

LINCOLN'S NOMINATION

AS SEEN BY A YOUNG GIRL FROM NEW YORK

By MARY KING CLARK



I had just left school and had contracted a cold which threatened my weak lungs. The physician ordered me away at once, either to the south of France or to the far West of our own country. My great-uncle—Governor John Alsop King,—as Chairman of the New York delegation to the Republican National Convention at Chicago, had a private car at his disposal, and on learning of my condition he at once offered to take my father and me as far as Chicago. After a rest of a few days there, we might continue our trip farther to St. Paul, where I was to spend the summer with a sister of my father's, whose husband was rector of the church there.

On the appointed day my father took me to the train, where I was met by my uncle and introduced to the members of the party—men selected for their patriotism and political integrity. First of all was the Governor himself—tall, dark, superbly built, holding his head high; then stately Simeon Draper, with his eagle's beak and merry blue eyes; Moses Grinnell, with his white sidewhiskers and generally well-groomed, English look; R. M. Blatchford, a sturdy patriot and a man of deep religious feeling. A little apart was Raymond of the *Times*, whose cautious policy did not endear him to these strong, fearless men; and Nathaniel Blunt, a politician in whom there was no guile. Mr. Blunt was accompanied by his daughter.

As the train pulled slowly out of the station my uncle arranged that our first halt should be at Niagara Falls—for the pleasure and convenience of the invalid girl. This plan was carried out, and early the next day we resumed our journey, stopping at the stations of the principal towns or cities we passed through, to be met always by crowds of excited men who insisted on a speech from the Governor; and ever his voice rang out clear and firm for the Union and for our candidate, the only man who, under God, could save the nation—New York's noble son, the wise, true statesman, William H. Seward. Loud applause followed his stirring words. New York as a unit had set its heart on this nomination. Our delegates were pledged to bring their candidate in triumphantly; but whispers were heard of a dark horse. The West was pushing an unknown man, and the West was young and strong and obstinate. Eagerly the Southern population watched our movements, for a quarrel with the West meant victory for the South, and the end of our nation. Slowly we steamed on, stopping at many stations, with always the demand for a speech from the Governor, and his ready compliance with the people's wish.

At last, late in the evening, worn out with the events of the trip, we approached Chicago. The city was illuminated in our honor, and there was a crowd at the station to welcome the New Yorkers. Terrified, I stared at the crowd pushing and pressing on us; but my uncle called upon our

strong man, John C. Heenan,* prize-fighter and gentleman, to pilot me to the hotel where rooms had been secured for the New York delegation. Clinging to his strong arm, the tired, delicate girl was speedily and safely landed at the hotel, and soon forgot the dangers she had passed in a sound, dreamless sleep. I arose early the next morning to accompany our party to the Wigwam—so called because the chiefs of the Republican party were to meet there; and here I witnessed a contest famous in history. It needs the pen, not of an unskilled woman, but of a mighty writer, to tell the tale of those three days.

The Wigwam where the Convention was held was a large, circular building, like a circus, partitioned off into numerous boxes or compartments like stalls, each one assigned to a State. Kentucky faced New York on the opposite side of the great amphitheatre, and as our men took their appointed seats my girlish heart swelled with pride, because they were physically head and shoulders above the other delegates. Subsequent events proved their superiority to be not merely physical.

The battle began. One by one the States first on the list arose and announced their candidates. There was no confusion: the battle was not for them to fight. Silence followed. Then the men of the West and Southwest arose, and, though very young and inexperienced, I noted a lack of organization in their manner of rising, one after the other, almost timidly it seemed to me; and the Kentucky Chairman drawled out the name of Abraham Lincoln. Loud hisses and great excitement followed. Raymond in our box leaned forward eagerly, and from the back seats, from the Copperheads and Secessionists, came louder hisses and sneers for the "Rail-splitter."

Up rose New York, as one man. Well to the front, our Chairman lifted his head and called, loudly and clearly, "New York nominates Wil-

liam H. Seward." Excitement and cheers, followed again and again by cheers from the back seats. Raymond's mouth was set. No speeches were made; that work had been done before.

The walk from the Wigwam back to the hotel was slow and solemn; heads and backs were bent, as if the burden of responsibility were too heavy; only the Governor never lowered his head as he led his men back to the rooms in the hotel, where they talked earnestly in low, guarded tones. "The West is determined; so are we! But we cannot do without the West." Now came a low whisper from Raymond: "We are pledged to our constituents; we must stick to our candidate, or we shall seem to be renegades." Uncle John's eyes flashed fire, and "Better to seem so, than to be," quickly spoke Nathaniel Blunt.

Again on the morrow the same scene at the Wigwam. The West stood firm, and the name of Abraham Lincoln was on every lip. Now the issue lay with New York, and New York never faltered; white and stern were the faces of our men, and again Uncle John's voice rang out, "New York nominates William H. Seward." The men in the back seats whistled cheerfully; things were going their way. New York was committed to Seward, we could not back down. The clouds gathered over our nation, and the old statesmen at home said, "Our country is lost!" But thanks be to God who giveth us the victory; the people chose better than they knew when they appointed those delegates. That day's walk back to the hotel was at funeral pace, and in our rooms we had hopeless fears. The doors were locked; they would fight their battle alone. "The Union is lost!" cried one man sadly; "the West will never give in." "God reigns," said Mr. Blatchford, hopefully and reverently; and they bowed their heads and, I know, prayed for guidance at this anxious time, to know the right and be given the strength to do it; and the verdict was given.

*All delegations carried with them a fighter to keep the peace; for in those hot days men's opinions often cost them broken heads.

But the last day,—my courage fails as I try to tell the story. Again the Wigwam and the crowd; again the West calls out louder and firmer "Abraham Lincoln!" A death-like silence—a pause. The nation's fate hangs on the next move. Raymond's hands bleed, they are so tightly clenched. It needed but one look at New York to tell the tale—faces drawn, white and aged as if ten years had passed in that one night of struggle. Still together as one man, their Chairman well to the front, New York arose. Draper's eyes flashed. The Governor, white as marble, with his mouth set, called out loudly and clearly, "New York

withdraws her candidate and seconds the nomination of Abraham Lincoln." Here the scene was beyond description. At the back, Copperheads and Secessionists fled quietly away; great men wept like boys and hugged each other in their excitement. Our return march was triumphant: heads high, backs erect. The deed was done; the nation saved.

The names of those noble men should be written in letters of gold in the Hall of Fame in the city of New York. I am sure that in the world beyond, to which they have gone, they are permitted to see the fruit of their sacrifice.

YOURS IN CONFIDENCE

By JANE CLIFFORD

IX.—THE CONQUESTS OF SALLIE POTTS

ILLUSTRATIONS BY J. R. SHAVER



LITTLE BETTIE and Jack Perkins were seated in the summer-house. She was busily embroidering a sofa pillow in orange and blue. The soft September air blew her curls in a most tantalizing way as she sewed.

"They do make a lovely picture, Tillie, and it was just like you to notice it—you certainly are appreciative" said Mrs. Dowe as she and Miss Carter seated themselves on the veranda.

"It reminds me of the time Jared was courting me and going to the University of Virginia too—how history does repeat itself! You know, Jack's grandfather is going to give him his law library and leave him his house. Little Bettie is so innocent and with that pink rose in her hair and her pink dress she reminds

me of how I used to look. Little Bettie certainly does look like I did, but Sallie Potts is more like me in her ways."

As she was speaking the postman came up the walk, and Mrs. Dowe flushed with pleasure as she took the letter he handed her. "It's from Sallie Potts. I declare, Tillie, Sallie Potts is a comfort, she certainly is. I don't see how I am going to get along a whole month without her, and she has only been gone ten days. I am sure you will pardon me if I read it." Breaking the seal, she took out of the envelope half a dozen closely written pages. "Sallie Potts does write such nice letters, and I know you are anxious to hear all she says."

Ever since Sallie Potts had gone to New York to visit her sister, Miss Carter had timed her daily visit with the postman's afternoon delivery, so she was quite content to wait, knowing that after Mrs. Dowe

ABRAHAM LINCOLN IN 1854*

By HORACE WHITE



WHEN I was asked to address you on some particular event or feature of Mr. Lincoln's career, I chose the period of 1854, because I then first became acquainted with him, and because he then received his first great awakening and showed his countrymen what manner of man he was. His debate with Douglas in 1858 became more celebrated, because it focussed the attention of a greater audience and led to larger immediate results, but the latter was merely a continuation of the former. The subject of debate was the same in both years, the combatants were the same, and the audiences were in part the same. The contest of 1858 has been more talked about and written about than any other intellectual encounter in our national annals, and that is perhaps another reason why I should address you on the earlier one which was its real beginning. . . .

THE SPEECH AT SPRINGFIELD ON OCTOBER 4TH

Mr. Lincoln began his speech with an historical sketch of the events leading to the repeal of the Missouri Compromise, and then took up the fallacy of Douglas's "sacred right of self-government," to which he gave a merciless exposure, turning it over and over, inside and out, stripping off its mask, and presenting it in such light that nobody could fail to see the deception embodied in it. Such an exposition necessarily involved a

discussion of slavery in all its aspects, and here for the first time do we find any broad and resounding statement of Mr. Lincoln's own attitude toward the institution. Here, perhaps, was the first distinct occasion for his making such a statement. He had voted in Congress some forty times for the Wilmot Proviso, so that his opposition to the extension of slavery into the Territories was not doubtful. As a stump speaker he had languidly supported the compromise measures of 1850. But until now there had been no occasion which imperatively called upon him to declare his position on the slavery question as a national political issue.

Such a call had now come, and he did not hesitate to tell the whole truth as he understood it. The telling of it makes this speech one of the imperishable political discourses of our history, if not of all time. It is superior to Webster's reply to Hayne, because its theme is loftier and its scope wider. The keynote of Webster's speech was patriotism—the doctrine of self-government crystallized in the Federal Union; that of Lincoln's was patriotism plus humanity, the humanity of the negro whose place in the family of man was denied, either openly or tacitly, by the supporters of the Nebraska bill. I think also that Lincoln's speech is the superior of the two as an example of English style. It lacks something of the smooth, compulsive flow which takes the intellect captive in the Websterian diction, but it excels in the simplicity, directness and lucidity which appeal both to the intellect and to the heart.

I heard the whole of that speech. It was a warmish day in early Oc-

* Passages from an address delivered before the Illinois State Historical Society, at its ninth annual meeting at Springfield, Illinois, January 30, 1908.

tober, and Mr. Lincoln was in his shirt sleeves when he stepped on the platform. I observed that, although awkward, he was not in the least embarrassed. He began in a slow and hesitating manner, but without any mistakes of language, dates or facts. It was evident that he had mastered his subject, that he knew what he was going to say and that he knew he was right. He had a thin, high-pitched falsetto voice of much carrying power, that could be heard a long distance in spite of the bustle and tumult of a crowd. He had the accent and pronunciation peculiar to his native State, Kentucky. Gradually he warmed up with his subject, his angularity disappeared and he passed into that attitude of unconscious majesty that is so conspicuous in Saint-Gaudens's statue at the entrance to Lincoln Park in Chicago. I have often wondered how this artist, who never saw the subject of his work, could have divined his presence and his dignity as a public speaker so perfectly.

LINCOLN'S IMPASSIONED UTTERANCES

Progressing with his theme, his words began to come faster and his face to light up with the rays of genius and his body to move in unison with his thoughts. His gestures were made with his body and head rather than with his arms. They were the natural expression of the man, and so perfectly adapted to what he was saying that anything different from it would have been quite inconceivable. Sometimes his manner was very impassioned, and he seemed transfigured with his subject. Perspiration would stream from his face, and each particular hair would stand on end. Then the inspiration that possessed him took possession of his hearers also. His speaking went to the heart because it came from the heart. I have heard celebrated orators who could start thunders of applause without changing any man's opinion. Mr. Lincoln's eloquence was of the higher type,

which produced conviction in others because of the conviction of the speaker himself. His listeners felt that he believed every word he said, and that, like Martin Luther, he would go to the stake rather than abate one jot or tittle of it. In such transfigured moments as these he was the type of the ancient Hebrew prophet as I learned that character at Sunday-school in my childhood.

That there were, now and then, electrical discharges of high tension in Lincoln's eloquence is a fact little remembered, so few persons remain who ever came within its range. The most remarkable outburst took place at the Bloomington Convention of May 29, 1856, at which the anti-Nebraska forces of Illinois were first collected and welded together as one party. Mr. John L. Scripps, editor of the Chicago *Democratic Press*, who was present—a man of gravity little likely to be carried off his feet by spoken words—said:

Never was an audience more completely electrified by human eloquence. Again and again during its delivery they sprang to their feet and upon the benches and testified by long-continued shouts and the waving of hats how deeply the speaker had wrought upon their minds and hearts. It fused the mass of hitherto incongruous elements into perfect homogeneity; and from that day to the present they have worked together in harmonious and fraternal union.

The speech of 1854 made so profound an impression on me that I feel under its spell to this day. It is known in history as Mr. Lincoln's Peoria speech. Although first delivered in Springfield on October 4th, it was repeated twelve days later at Peoria. Mr. Lincoln did not use a scrap of paper on either occasion, but he wrote it out afterwards at the request of friends and published it in successive numbers of the weekly *Sangamon Journal* at Springfield. In like manner were the orations of Cicero preserved. In this way has been preserved for us the most masterly forensic utterance of the whole slavery controversy, as I think. . . .

Twelve days after the Springfield debate of 1854 the two champions met again at Peoria. Douglas was evidently troubled by the unexpected vigor of his opponent, for after the Peoria debate he approached Lincoln and flattered him by saying that he was giving him more trouble on the territorial and slavery question than the whole United States Senate, and therefore proposed that both should abandon the field and return to their homes. Lincoln consented. Douglas, however, broke the agreement by making a speech at Princeton on the evening of the 18th of October. He afterwards said that he did n't want to speak at Princeton, but that Lovejoy provoked him and forced him to do so in self-defence. Lincoln was not satisfied with that explanation, but he considered himself released from the agreement, and accordingly spoke at Urbana on the evening of the 24th.

THE URBANA SPEECH

Henry C. Whitney heard the Urbana speech. He gives an account of it in his book, "Life on the Circuit with Lincoln." Whitney was a resident of Urbana. He says that he called at the old Pennsylvania House on the east side of the public square on the evening of the 24th, and that he there found Mr. Lincoln and David Davis in a plainly furnished bedroom with a comfortable wood fire. It was his first meeting with either of them. He was received cordially by both. Lincoln was in his story-telling humor, and after some time spent in that way they went over to the Court House opposite, where eleven tallow candles, burning on the lower sashes of the windows, gave a sign of something unusual going on in the town. The house was full of people, and Lincoln then and there made his third speech on the mighty issue of slavery. Whitney was impressed, as I had been twenty days earlier, that he had been listening to "a mental and moral giant." The men went back to the hotel togeth-

er, and Lincoln resumed his story-telling at the point where he had left off, "as if the making of such a speech as this was his pastime."

LINCOLN SATISFIED WITH THE RESULT

Lincoln took his defeat [for the Senatorship] in good part. Later in the evening, at a reception at the house of Mr. Ninian Edwards, whose wife was a sister of Mrs. Lincoln, and who had been much interested in Lincoln's success, he was greatly surprised to hear, just before the guests began to arrive, that Trumbull had been elected. He and his family were easily reconciled to the result, however, since Mrs. Trumbull had been from her girlhood, as Miss Julia Jayne, a favorite in Springfield society. When she and Judge Trumbull arrived they were naturally the centre of attraction. Mr. and Mrs. Lincoln came in a little later. The hostess and her husband greeted them most cordially, saying that they had wished for his success, and that while he must be disappointed yet he should bear in mind that his principles had won. Mr. Lincoln smiled, moved toward the newly elected Senator and saying, "Not too disappointed to congratulate my friend Trumbull," shook him warmly by the hand. Mr. Lincoln's own testimony as to the facts and his own feelings regarding them are set forth at length, and quite minutely, in a letter to Elihu B. Washburne, dated February 9, 1855, the next day after the election. He says in conclusion: "I regret my defeat moderately, but am not nervous about it. I could have headed off every combination and been elected had it not been for Matteson's double game—and his defeat now gives me more pleasure than my own gives me pain. On the whole it is perhaps as well for our general cause that Trumbull is elected."

And so it seems to me now. Lincoln's defeat was my first great disappointment in politics, and I was slow in forgiving Judd, Palmer and Cook for their share in bringing it

about. But before the campaign of 1858 came on, I was able to see that they had acted wisely and well. They had not only satisfied their own constituents, and led many of them into the new Republican organization, but they had given a powerful reinforcement to the party of freedom in the nation at large, in the person of Lyman Trumbull, whose high abilities and noble career in the Senate paved the way for thousands of recruits from the ranks of the Democratic party.

PERSONAL ASSOCIATION WITH LINCOLN

As I have already remarked, my personal acquaintance with Lincoln began in 1854. I had just passed my twentieth birthday. I was introduced to him shortly before he rose to make the speech [at Springfield on October 4th] which has been here feebly described. I had studied his countenance a few moments beforehand, when his features were in repose. It was a marked face, but so overspread with sadness that I thought that Shakespeare's melancholy Jacques had been translated from the forest of Arden to the capital of Illinois. Yet when I was presented to him and we began a few words of conversation this expression of sorrow dropped from him instantly. His face lighted up with a winning smile, and where I had a moment before seen only leaden sorrow I now beheld keen intelligence, genuine kindness of heart and the promise of true friendship.

After this introduction it was my fortune during the next four years to meet him several times each year, as his profession brought him frequently to Chicago, where I was employed in journalism. I became Secretary of the Republican State Committee and was thus thrown into closer intercourse with him, and thus I learned that he was an exceedingly shrewd politician. N. B. Judd, Dr. C. H. Ray and Ebenezer Peck were the leading party mana-

gers; but Lincoln was a frequent visitor at the campaign headquarters, and on important occasions he was specially sent for. The committee paid the utmost deference to his opinions. In fact, he was nearer to the people than they were. Traveling the circuit he was constantly brought in contact with the most capable and discerning men in the rural community. He had a more accurate knowledge of public opinion in central Illinois than any other man who visited the committee rooms, and he knew better than anybody else what kind of arguments would be influential with the voters and what kind of men could best present them.

I learned also by this association that he was extremely eager for political preferment. This seemed to me then, as it does now, perfectly proper. Nor did I ever hear any criticism visited upon him on account of his personal ambition. On the contrary, his merits placed him so far in advance that nothing was deemed too good for him. Nobody was jealous of him. Everybody in the party desired for him all the preferment that he could possibly desire for himself. In the great campaign of 1858 I travelled with him almost constantly for four months, the particulars of which journeying I have related in the second edition of Herndon's "Life of Lincoln." After his election as President I was sent by my employers to Washington City as correspondent of the *Chicago Press and Tribune*, and thus I had occasional meetings with him until very near the day of his death. In short, I was privileged to be within the range of his personal influence during the last eleven years of his life, when he was making history and when history was making him.

THE HUMORIST AND THE MORALIST

Mr. Lincoln was a many-sided man and one who presented striking contrasts. He was the most humorous being I ever met, and also one

THE ANTI-SLAVERY ORATOR

of the most serious. His humor was of the impromptu and contagious kind that takes possession of all parts of the person as well as all the parts of speech. As a master of drollery, he surpassed all of his contemporaries in Illinois, and yet his solemnity as a public speaker and a political and moral instructor was like that of an Old Testament prophet. He was the only public speaker I have ever known, thus doubly gifted, whose powers of mirth did not submerge or even impair his powers of gravity. "He combined within himself," says Mr. Henry C. Whitney, "the strangely diverse rôles of head of the State in the agony of civil war, and also that of the court jester; and was supremely eminent in both characters." This sounds like a paradox, but it is quite true. The Lincoln who fought Douglas on the stump in 1854 and 1858 took all of his jocose as well as his serious traits to Washington in 1861.

How are we to account for these wonderful turns "from grave to gay, from lively to severe"? Well, he was not the only person thus doubly endowed. The same genius that gave us Macbeth, and Lear, and Hamlet gave us Falstaff, and Touchstone, and Dogberry. Shakespeare was the superior of Sophocles in tragedy and of Plautus in comedy. Lincoln did not have the gift of poetry, but within the range of prose his power of expression was akin to that of Shakespeare. I chanced to open the other day his Cooper Institute speech. This is one of the few printed speeches that I did not hear him deliver in person. As I read the concluding pages of that speech the conflict of opinion that preceded the conflict of arms, then sweeping upon the country like an approaching solar eclipse, seemed prefigured like a chapter of the Book of Fate. Here again he was the Old Testament prophet, before whom Horace Greeley bowed his head, saying that he had never listened to a greater speech, although he had heard several of Webster's best.

The subject of human slavery, which formed the principal theme of Mr. Lincoln's speech, has touched many lips with eloquence and lighted many hearts with fire. I listened to most of the great anti-slavery orators of the last half-century, including Wendell Phillips, Owen Lovejoy, and Henry Ward Beecher, but I must say that Abraham Lincoln, who was not classed as an anti-slavery orator, or even an anti-slavery man, before he issued the Emancipation Proclamation, made a stronger anti-slavery impression upon me than any of them.

The reason why he was not reckoned by the anti-slavery men as one of themselves was that he made the preservation of the Union, not the destruction of slavery, his chief concern. But he held then, as he did later, that the Union must be preserved consistently with the Constitution and with the rule of the majority. Preserving it by infringing these was, in his view, an agreement to destroy it.

Mr. Lincoln quickly gained the confidence of strangers, and, if they were much with him, their affection as well. I found myself strongly drawn to him from the first, and this feeling remains to me now as a priceless possession. James Russell Lowell said that he counted it a great gain to have lived at the same time with Abraham Lincoln. How much greater the gain to have felt the subtle influence of his presence! This personal quality, whose influence I saw growing and widening among the people of Illinois from day to day, eventually penetrated to all the Northern States, and after his death to all the Southern States. It was this magical personality that commanded all loyal hearts. It was this leadership that upheld confidence in the dark hours of the war and sent back to the White House the sublime refrain:

"We are coming, Father Abraham, three hundred thousand more."

Could any other man then living have grappled the affections and confidence of the plain people and held them steadfast and unwavering as did this homely giant of the prairies? He was himself one of the plain people. What was in his mind and heart was in theirs. He spoke straight into their bosoms. He translated the weightiest political and social problems this country has ever dealt with into language that all could understand. Nobody was so humble, nobody so high, that he could not draw new lessons and fresh inspiration from Abraham Lincoln during that great crisis.

Looking back upon the whole anti-slavery conflict, is it not a cause for wonder that the man who finally led the nation through the Red Sea, and gave his own life at the very entrance of the promised land, was born in a slave State, of the most humble parents, in crushing poverty and in the depths of ignorance, and had reached the age of fifty before he was much known outside of his own State? Was there ever such unpromising material from which to fashion the destroyer of American slavery?

LINCOLN'S GROWING FAME

Abraham Lincoln has been in his grave more than forty-two years. When he was stricken down by an assassin's hand, it was said by many of his contemporaries, and perhaps believed by most of them, that he had passed away at the culminating point of his fame.

The world's history contains nothing more dramatic than the scene in Ford's Theatre. The Civil War, the emancipation of a race, the salvation of our beloved Union, combined to throw the strongest light upon "the deep damnation of his taking off." In spite of these blazing accessories, we should have expected, before the end of forty-two years, that a considerable amount of dust would have settled upon his tomb. This is a busy world. Each generation has its own problems to grapple with, its own joys and sorrows, its own

cares and griefs, to absorb its thoughts and compel its tears. Time moves on, and while the history of the past increases in volume, each particular thing in it dwindles in size, and so also do most men. But some men bulk larger as the years recede.

The most striking fact of our time, of a psychological kind, is the growth of Lincoln's fame since the earth closed over his remains. The word *Lincolniana* has been added to our dictionary. This means that a kind of literature under that name, extensive enough to be separately classified, catalogued, advertised, marketed, and collected into distinct libraries, has grown up. There is a Lincolnian cult among us as well as a Shakespearean cult, and it is gaining votaries from year to year.

LINCÓLNIAN LITERATURE

The first list of Lincoln literature was published by William V. Spencer, in Boston, in 1865. It included 231 titles of books and pamphlets published after Lincoln's death, all of which were in the compiler's possession.

A Lincoln bibliography was compiled by Mr. Daniel Fish of Minneapolis and published in the year 1900. It was revised, enlarged, and republished in 1906, containing 1080 separate titles. It does not include periodical literature, or political writings of the period in which Lincoln lived unless they owe their origin to him as an individual. Judge Fish has in his own collection of *Lincolniana* 295 bound volumes, 559 pamphlets and 100 portraits.

Mr. Judd Stewart of Plainfield, N. J., has a very notable collection of *Lincolniana*, embracing 380 bound volumes, about 1200 bound pamphlets, several unpublished letters, between 700 and 800 engravings, lithographs and paintings, and many songs and pieces of sheet music. All of these items have been passed upon by Judge Fish as purely *Lincolniana*. Mr. Stewart has more than 100 titles which are not included in Fish's bibliography.

A very remarkable collection is that of John E. Burton of Milwaukee, Wis., consisting of 2360 bound volumes and pamphlets, the collection of which, Mr. Burton says, "has been the restful and happy labor of twenty-eight years." Among other things he has the original proclamation of emancipation signed by Lincoln and Seward and attested by John G. Nicolay and John Hay.

Mr. Charles W. McLellan of Champlain, N. Y., has 1921 bound volumes, 1348 pamphlets, eight manuscripts, 138 autographs of Lincoln, 1100 engravings, and 579 songs and miscellaneous pieces, in all more than 5000 items.

Mr. D. H. Newhall of 59 Maiden Lane, New York, has a list of 487 collectors of Lincolniana, for the most part unknown to each other, who are now living; that is, persons who have such collections and who are constantly adding to them. I have corresponded with some of them. . . . Mr. Newhall informs me that he has 2874 titles in his card list of books and pamphlets,—*i. e.*, that he knows of the existence of that number, not counting periodical literature or broadsides. His list is still incomplete, and he believes that it will reach 3000 when finished.

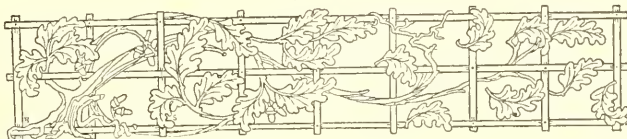
Mr. D. S. Passavant of Zelenople, near Pittsburg, Pa., deals in Lincolniana in foreign languages. Lives of Lincoln have been published in the French, German, Dutch, Swedish, Italian, Russian, Japanese, Spanish, Portuguese, Greek, Welsh and Hawaiian tongues. Mr. Oldroyd's great collection of such relics, now placed in the house where Lincoln died in Washington City, is too well-known to need special description.*

*To Mr. White's list of collectors may be added Mr. Robert Hewitt of Ardsley-on-the-Hudson, whose unrivalled collection of Lincoln medals is described in pages 676-681.—THE EDITORS.

Equally significant is the daily citation of Lincoln's name and authority by public writers and speakers and in conversation between individuals, as an authority in politics and in the conduct of life. Everybody seems to think that a quotation from him is a knock-down argument. His sayings are common property. They are quoted as freely by Democrats as by Republicans. All help themselves from that storehouse, as they make quotations from Shakespeare, or Burns, or Longfellow. He is more quoted to-day than he was in his lifetime, and more than any other American ever was.

CONCLUSION

So we see that Mr. Lincoln's death did not take place at the culmination of his fame, but that it has been rising and widening ever since and shows no signs of abatement. Of no other American of our times can this be said. Can it be said of any other man of the same period in any part of the world? I cannot find in any country a special department of literature collecting around the name of any statesman of the nineteenth century like that which celebrates the name of our martyr President. This mass of literature is produced and collected and cherished because the hearts of men and women go out to Lincoln. It is not mere admiration for his mental and moral qualities but a silent response to the magnetic influence of his humanity, his unselfish and world-embracing charity. And thus though dead he yet speaketh to men, women and children who never saw him; and so, I think, he will continue to speak to generations yet unborn, world without end, Amen.



THE PIPE OF PAN

By KATHARINE METCALF ROOF



WHEN I think of Leo now, all the strange, unreal happenings of what might be called the last year of his life slip away and the picture that his name calls up is of a little boy in a sheepskin girdle with a chaplet of leaves about his head, playing upon a shepherd's pipe. I do not recall the literal background of the picture—it was one of De Long's famous tableaux at Newberry, almost twenty years ago now,—but in my mind I seem to see a sun-burned hill-top against a blue sky piled high with white clouds. "Pan and the Young Shepherd," De Long called it; and, at that evanescent moment when the soft roundness of the child merges into the slim strength of the boy, Leo was surely as beautiful as any shepherd boy that ever piped upon the Attic hills.

I had often seen him before, of course, about the village streets. His older sister Hedwig was my little sister Sue's music-teacher. But probably more boy than artist in my perceptions at that time—I had just finished my first year at the art school,—I seemed never to have realized Leo's peculiar, distinctive beauty until I saw him in the frame there, freed from his uncouth boyish garments, transformed into a little lad of Greece.

Leo's parents were German. His father, of aristocratic antecedents, a fact to which their name and the family features bore testimony, was one of the many who fled to America in the early seventies. But, socially

deteriorated as is often the case with the better class of Germans in this country, he seemed quite content with the maintenance of his honest little grocery shop. And our acquaintance, except for Sue's professional connection with Hedwig, was limited to the exchange of cordial greetings on the street. But we knew, as one knows even one's humbler neighbors' affairs in a small community, that they were all more or less talented musically, and played together in the evening after the pleasant German fashion. We knew, also, that an older brother was a violinist in a New York orchestra and that Leo (whose whole name was Leopold) was something of a youthful virtuoso upon the flute.

Sometimes I stopped to talk with Hedwig when she came to give Sue her lesson. Without possessing Leo's extraordinary beauty, Hedwig had a delicate aristocratic charm of face and manner—I can recall her distinctly even now,—and, being far more intelligent and interesting than the other Newberry girls, our meetings might easily have become more frequent and assumed a more personal character, had it not been for the watchfulness of my conservative mother, and, even more than that, for the girl's own gentle yet impenetrable dignity. One conversation we had, in the summer of the De Long tableaux, which I had occasion to remember afterwards. I had inquired for Leo, and I noticed that a little shadow came upon her face at my question, although she answered with an obvious sense of pride in her announcement,

"Oh, Leo—he has gone to New York to study the oboe."



THE NOTED ROCK SPRING ON THE LINCOLN FARM, IN KENTUCKY.

A PARK OF PATRIOTISM: THE LINCOLN FARM.

NOT until Washington had been dead half a century did the American people realize the historic significance that centered in the old Mount Vernon home and take steps to preserve it as part of the nation's heritage.

It is now almost a century since the great martyr-President, Abraham Lincoln, was born on a little farm of one hundred and ten acres, two miles from the little town of Hodgenville, in the heart of Kentucky, and his birthplace to this day a scene of neglect and decay.

One hundred years ago this month of March, Thomas Lincoln, of Virginian birth, laid claim to a little farm in the center of which was a noted spring, sheltered from the summer suns by a shelving rock. The waters of that spring, even in that early time, were famous throughout Hardin County, in which it was located, as now it is famous throughout central Kentucky. Near this picturesque natural spring this strong young Virginian, a carpenter by trade, built a log cabin, to which, on the following 10th of June, he brought his bride, Nancy Hanks; and in that little cabin, three years later, the Lincoln family gave welcome to the child whose name was to belong to the ages. On this farm the boy Abraham used to play with his sister and the boys of his neighborhood. In this little cabin Lincoln received his first schooling in the primary three years from his mother, who taught him what she could in the long evenings by the light from spice-wood twigs hacked together upon a log.

It was during the nine years spent upon this farm that Lincoln enjoyed all the real boyhood he ever had. Though the life there, as in Indiana and Illinois, as he later said, was de-

scribed by the single sentence in Gray's Elegy, "The short and simple annals of the poor," his real play-time was on the rock-spring farm. Here he was a natural boy, hunting coons and partridges, victimizing his playfellows with practical jokes, always accompanying his father with grist to the mill, for the sake of an outing, and for the same reason he pursued the stone-wagons and the help which his father used to general into service along the old picturesque Louisville and Nashville pike, of which the good father was the county supervisor.

Partly because of the growing development in that section of the slave trade, which Thomas Lincoln thoroughly hated, and partly because of the insecurity of land titles at that time, the father of Abraham determined to move north across the broad Ohio to seek fortune in the vast wilderness of Indiana. To the grave of the baby brother the troubled mother took the boy Abraham and his little sister to say good-bye, a scene that so affected the sensitive soul of that rugged little pioneer that he was never able to refer to it in later years without touches of emotion. Then came the long heroic pioneer journey by ox-team to the north. This ended the childhood of the "First American." Though but nine years old when the little caravan ceased its journeying and sought to make a clearing in the woods of Indiana, the axe was placed in the hands of Abe. From that day on it was work,—rail-splitting, study, unceasing energy, tireless effort,—until such labors began to bear their tangible fruits and he became known as "Honest Abe, the lawyer," "the sad humorist of the Sangamon," and "the politician of unimpeachable

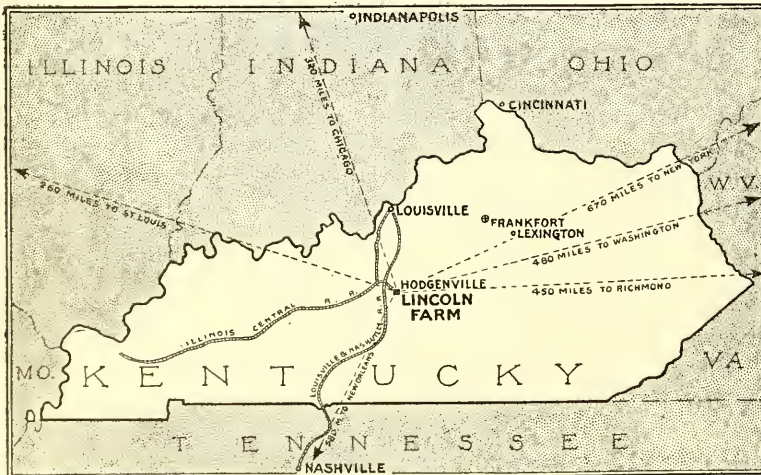
integrity," and, finally, the "crude, awkward guy from Illinois," who won the Chicago convention, in 1860, away from the more polished and accomplished Chase, of Ohio, and Seward, of New York.

The rest of his great story,—his campaign for the Presidency, his great and burdened war administration, his reelection, and his tragic death,—is known to-day throughout the length and breadth of our nation. During each succeeding decade, since the tragic end of that remarkable life, the American people have, through the perspective of time, found their appreciation of his great character and achievements constantly growing. Yet in all these years no national movement has, until now, been begun to preserve, park, and embellish the birthplace and boyhood home of Abraham Lincoln, of which, while President of the United States, he once said: "When the war is over I would like very much to visit my old Kentucky home; I remember the old home very well."

In these ninety years and more since the Lincoln family left that bit of rugged, rolling tree-and-bush-covered farm the records of the Hodgenville court-house show that the title to the property has changed but twice. A wealthy restaurant-owner in New York City bought it from the Creel family, of Kentucky, who bought it from Thomas Lincoln. This New Yorker had hoped to make a national park of the place, through some device or other, but business failure threw his estate into litigation, and there it rested for years. During this period, Mr. John Wanamaker is known to have made repeated attempts to secure the property; various patriotic societies have undertaken to save the place; a bill

was introduced in the Kentucky Legislature, but failed to pass; the postmaster at Hodgenville made several attempts to rally local interest in the preservation of the property, and even appealed, without success, for Congressional assistance in the matter. Early in August of 1905, by order of the court, the property was announced for sale at public auction, from the court-house steps at Hodgenville. Rumors were current at the time that various commercial organizations were contemplating purchasing the farm at that sale and using it, through some means or other, for advertising their enterprises. Among such was a prominent Eastern department-store proprietor and a Louisville distiller. Believing that such vandalism should be checked, and that the property should in some way revert to the people, Mr. Robert J. Collier, of New York, bought the farm under the hammer, and with Dr. Albert Shaw, of the REVIEW OF REVIEWS, and others organized the Lincoln Farm Association, which has been incorporated under the laws of Kentucky, to develop the Lincoln birthplace-farm into a national park. Gov. Joseph W. Folk, of Missouri, acting as president of the association, is supported in this movement by a board of trustees of representative citizens, including the Hon. Joseph H. Choate, ex-ambassador to England; the Hon. William H. Taft, Secretary of War; the Hon. Horace Porter, ex-ambassador to France; the Hon. Lyman J. Gage, ex-Secretary of the Treasury; Cardinal Gibbons, Archbishop of Baltimore; Mr. Norman Hapgood, of *Collier's Weekly*, Col. Henry Watterson, editor of the *Louisville Courier-Journal*; Mr. Augustus Saint-Gaudens, sculptor; the Rev. Jenkin Lloyd Jones, of

Chicago; District Attorney William Travers Jerome, of New York; Mr. Samuel L. Clemens (Mark Twain); August Belmont; Edward M. Shepard, of the New York bar; Miss Ida M. Tarbell; Charles A. Towne, ex-United States Senator from Minnesota and now Congressman from New York; Thomas Hastings, architect; Dr. Albert Shaw, editor of the REVIEW OF REVIEWS; Mr. Robert J. Collier, of New York; Mr. Clarence H. Mackay, president of the Postal Telegraph & Cable Company, acting as treasurer, and Mr. Richard Lloyd Jones as secretary



THE LINCOLN BIRTHPLACE IS LOCATED NEAR THE GEOGRAPHICAL CENTER OF KENTUCKY.

This patriotic association is now making an appeal to the American people for voluntary contributions of any sum from twenty-five cents to twenty-five dollars, as an endowment and trust fund for the association, the sole purpose of which is to make of this historic spot a national shrine of patriotism and civic inspiration.

It is the purpose of the Lincoln Farm Association, directed by the patriotic citizens who compose its board of trustees, and in which association every American shall be given membership who contributes any sum upward of twenty-five cents to the general subsidy of this plan, to make of this historic spot a national park and an infinitely wider and broader inspiration than that of the national parks of Gettysburg, Chickamauga, Missionary Ridge, and Vicksburg. It is not to be a park to commemorate our lamentable differences, but a park to commemorate our unity, harmony, prosperity, and high citizenship. It is the purpose of the Lincoln Farm Association to restore to its original site the log cabin in which Abraham Lincoln was born, and which has been carried away by vandal hands as an idle curiosity and exhibition. The old spring will be properly cleaned and protected; the old fields which Lincoln himself used to help to plant will be put in blue grass; at least one noble monument will be erected to grace the grounds; and there will be an historical museum, which President Roosevelt has suggested should be called "a temple of patriotic



THE CABIN IN WHICH LINCOLN WAS BORN.
(It is a part of the plans of the Lincoln Farm Association to restore this log cabin to its original site on the farm.)

righteousness." This should be made in the form of a permanent building, which should safely house the historic treasures to be gathered and placed there.

Lying, as this farm does, almost at the very center of our national population, it will ever be most accessible, and in many ways will be the most attractive of all our historical parks, and the most useful as a common ground for the nation, representing, as it will, a great nation's school of peace, civic righteousness, and unity,—a museum of national loyalty, where animosity will forever be buried, and where North and South will find a common ground of pride.



A BIT OF THE FARM AS IT APPEARS TO-DAY.

(The house in the center of the picture was built after the Lincolns left the farm; it is now occupied by the keeper.)



ANATOLE LE BRAZ.

[M. Le Braz, who arrived in New York on February 7 for a lecture tour under the auspices of the Alliance Française, has already delivered several lectures at Harvard University on the Celts of Brittany. As can be seen from the above portrait, this gifted Frenchman has a highly magnetic personality. He is really more apostle than man of letters. Eloquent and convincing as he is on the lecture platform, he is more eloquent and convincing when, having chanced upon a sympathetic listener, he feels free to speak of himself and the faith that is in him. At such times he speaks unreservedly in the fervent yet dreamy fashion that characterizes the Celt. He chose teaching as his career, he says, because "I insisted upon being stationed among my immediate compatriots. I taught for fourteen years at the Lycée of Quimper in spite of educational and journalistic offers from Paris. At a time when every one who wielded a pen was being drawn to the capital, I resolved to remain faithful to my native province; and if there is anything original about my work it is entirely due to the fact that, son of Brittany, I gave myself to Brittany body and soul. In fact, my sole thought and my sole ambition were to bring to light what is most personal and most profound in my country and my race. For that, it was not enough to study myself. It was necessary to search in the soul of the people, where it is preserved intact. For years I wandered up and down the moors and the coasts. I haunted the thatched huts of the peasants and the fishermen. I delved in the mines of their memories, and brought forth, little by little, their enchanting secrets. I want now, if destiny permit, to study the relations of Brittany to the other Celtic countries. This is a practically unworked field. There are vaster subjects, I know, but I doubt if there are many richer and more seductive ones.]"

LINCOLN THE READER

BY TALCOTT WILLIAMS

EVERY February, by a fortunate fate, the American people audits its estimate of its two national heroes, Washington and Lincoln. Washington's life has no problems; Lincoln's days are sown with puzzle and problem. Our first President grew all his life like the oak, not to the wind shaking. Nor storm nor bolt turned or stayed his growth into the upper and lonely air where men still see that land-mark from afar. It is not easy to see that books had influence on the life or growth of Washington.

Lincoln, to an amazing degree, is the books he read. They furnish the one explanation of the amazing marvel in the annals of the writer that a man who wrote disreputable doggerel in his twenties, commonplace addresses in his thirties, the turgid and stilted speeches of the commonplace Congressmen among whom he sat in his forties, as he drew near the end of his fifties wrote the greatest threnody in our tongue or in any language—his Gettysburg address. It is far greater as sheer style than the speech on the Athenian dead which enjoys the mingled authorship of Pericles and Thucydides. He left at the close a group of stately utterances which still turn the hearts of men as streams of water are turned by the husbandman's foot in an irrigated field. This is an awing change and growth. Nearly all who can write at all write easily. Their youth shows promise of what is to come. The greater men become, the earlier doth their gift appear. The rule has few exceptions—Lincoln the most conspicuous.

For this late and consummate flowering, there is only one assignable cause, his later reading. Reading was his education. In these college days of "required reading," taken up with about the enthusiasm and spontaneity of a tax assessment, the average student is haltered and fed at a manger, stall-fed. He knows little of the free pasture of letters and nothing of the joy of discovery "when a new planet swims into his ken."

Lincoln's reading was all of this last sort; every book, a discovery; every author ruled over a realm of gold. He was unschooled; his reading was his education.

The books that came his way were a special Providence. Thrice he turned to books, first in his rugged youth, next when he dropped business for law, and last when he closed his brief term in Congress where he learned his deficiencies and set out to remedy them, culminating, in 1860, as I shall show below, in "Plutarch's Lives" and Homer. It was this later ploughing that brought his last rich harvest. Lincoln was a man of the book. He read early and he read fast. I have never known the habits of an able man to whom books meant much who did not turn swift pages, well-mastered. Theodore Roosevelt, said Richard Watson Gilder—a man, as Wellington said of himself, when he reluctantly accepted a dedication, "much exposed to authors"—was the most rapid and embracing reader he had ever known, there being but one other whom he could name, equalling his devouring and digesting speed, in omnivorous perusal. So Lincoln read. Read when the plough halted at the end of the long furrow when the horse in the heavy bottom lands stopped to breathe, read when dropping corn in the field, on the way to the mill, on the fence watching cattle, wherever and whenever the book came after a walk of from ten to twenty miles to the house that was reputed to have the precious treasure of a new book.

Familiar with the Bible

In his reading the Bible came first. The tender, gentle, self-sacrificing woman to whom we owe Lincoln's opened mind, and he the alphabet and reading—his step-mother, Sally Johnston, led him through its pages. Those were days when the Bible was read straight through. It was part of the domestic lore and pulpit advice of the day that if one began on New Year's or a birthday, and read three chapters every week-day, and seven on Sunday, the traveler through that land of wonder and of inspiration would find himself reading Revelation XXII on the last day of the year. For youth of evangelical training to accomplish this task was first to feel the aureole of conscious achievement in a path which led straight to

the pearly gates which held him entranced at its close. You may be reasonably certain, taking the practice and habit of the day, that Lincoln followed some such rule of reading, outstripping the allotted time by three or four months—September, I remember, found me through at the age of nine, and recognized as one who had passed one of the milestones of life. What an experience it was! Few books hold more anthropology than the Bible. If the twin English-speaking lands handle “fluttered folk and wild” better than other lands, it is because they have learned of savage races in the Bible in every household as do no Latin lands. The pageant of the East was spread before Lincoln, whose eyes looked only on the empty fields of the pioneer. The supreme verse of the Psalms was his, the gift of simple and ordered narrative, prose unsurpassed in our annals, terrible as an army with banners, stately as the march of the skies, tender as the latter rain on new-mown grass, greening for the rowen, speaking all the range of human woes, Rachel mourning for her children and David sounding his lament for Jonathan his friend, for the child that would return to him no more again.

His biographers dwell much on his habit of committing long passages of the Bible, but this too was the outcome of the period. Two men of his day I have known who had committed a gospel or some shorter book of the New Testament or Old. Even in my day of sixty years past, it was deemed praiseworthy, but not remarkable, to commit the Sermon on the Mount, the closing chapters of John, or notable chapters, such as Isaiah LIII, Romans VIII or Hebrews XI and the first 51 Psalms—the best, with later Psalms added for good measure. Re-read Lincoln’s prose, with these in mind, and the fruitage is clear. How scandalously dirty my hands were in this task, a soiled copy of The Psalms at my elbow tells, with fair pages from LII on. So the pages of Thomas Lincoln’s Bible bear marks of the soilure which goes, not with reading, but committing.

Fables and Tales

How this familiar knowledge of the Bible flowered in Lincoln’s closing prose we all know. None other in our day so near the accent and flavor of Elizabethan prose as his when he had shaken himself loose of the artificial rhetoric begun by Samuel Johnson and worsened by his imitators. But perception of this in Lincoln was to come under later

and more liberal experiences. The easy quickening of his mind came from other books. Three opened his perception as none other could, “Aesop’s Fables,” “Robinson Crusoe,” and “Pilgrim’s Progress.”

In these days of zoo, circus, and illustrated natural-history books, the voice of Aesop is grown faint and whistles in its sound. Really to understand the Hindi sage of whom Lokman was the Semitic and Aesop the Hellenic descendant, you must know animals in your youth, as your daily care and in the hourly contact of a simple life. A glass bottle is the cow of our juvenile urban experience. The farmer’s boy is not close to the wild or tame as once. In Lincoln’s pioneer environment, with the wild turkey, quail and part-ridge calling from every larger wood, the print of furry paws and sharp delicate hoofs in every snow and wet bottom, and domestic animals on which all turned, the fables seemed natural. You find the like in Whitman, who rejoices that “the cows are not always confessing their sins.” If you have shared the warmth of the cowbarn of his day for half-frozen bare toes and aching fingers, it does not seem so passing strange that animals should talk, and the cows kneel Christmas night when no sons of Adam are near. The apt parables of Lincoln—for such his frequent stories were, his friends have told me, for the most part invented and never occurring—are the lineal descendants of the apologues of Aesop and from these he learned the extreme and sententious brevity of leisure of this familiar grace and flavor—touched now and then with garlic savors—for speech and converse. He was never long in his stories, though sometimes broad. “Robinson Crusoe” and “Pilgrim’s Progress” awake the imagination but these left no trace on Lincoln’s later work save a possible passage in the second inaugural which suggests the attitude of mind in the close of Bunyan’s work.

The Constitution, the Statutes, and Blackstone

Euclid’s Geometry, and “Flint and Gibson on Surveying,” the last of which he mastered in six weeks when twenty-four, touch a different note. In the first twenty-five years of Lincoln’s life, all was as uncertain as are life and thought in the Asiatic East of to-day. Time was vague. There were no clocks, few noon-marks. The process of nature seems accidental; the life about, fortuitous. Green and Arab turned to Geometry for the cer-

tainty of its proof. Lincoln once said that he first knew "proof" from a tattered Euclid. His readings here awoke his mind to certainties and set it on the track which made him the powerful disputant who first framed the issue between Union and Disunion, slavery and freedom.

His own personal decision against slavery came partly from personal experience—he spoke of himself as coming in Kentucky from the "Scrubs," the despised non-slaveholding class—and partly because he learned his American history in the best of all ways, from the original documents. He knew those who had fought in the Revolution. The notes for a speech summing up a law-case, in which the closing entry is "skin the pl'ntiff," was one in which the defendant was a Revolutionary soldier whose land grant was threatened. This was long after he read, before he was thirty, the volume of "Indiana Statutes" whose title page he wore out in sedulous use. Here were the Declaration of Independence, Dane's "Ordinance for the Government of the Territory Northwest of the Ohio," and the Federal Constitution, with the State, fundamental and statute law. Lincoln faced here the priceless advantage of our American system of written Constitutions for the man whose youth was without the advantages of education or property. In England a lifetime, one might almost say two or three lifetimes from father to son, are needed before the English unwritten constitution can be understood in all its network of precedents and traditional practice. Any man with an alert mind who reads the Federal Constitution can understand the framework of our Federal Empire, its dual sovereignty and the constant limitations on the powers of its consonant parts. Most thinking Americans have read the Federal Constitution before they are twenty-five, as Lincoln had. The Declaration gave him the first principles of political science. Dane's Ordinance taught him freedom as fundamental and the Constitution the rights of men and of States.

Our almanacs nearly always print the Federal Constitution—proof of a wide demand. Many Americans have committed the Declaration to memory. You may be sure Lincoln did. Many who read these lines have done so. Mount Holyoke College for the first fifty years of its existence as a "seminary" required every student to learn the Federal Constitution memoriter. This may be challenged; but I believe it a sounder basis for both patriotism and useful citizenship than

courses in political science which devote their hours to picking flaws in this charter of national and personal rights, never pointing out how this instrument of government has for 140 years been the foundation of law, justice and prosperity, steadily distributing property more and more widely, wisely and safely, directing the voyage of the Ship of State over new seas and untried dangers. The Great Pilot at its helm in the Civil War, struck down when the harbor lights of peace had been made, could have had no better reading for the great and unknown future before him than this great symbol of liberty through law, still ready and equal to the greater perils of an unknown future, mightier, greater than its past.

English history, Lincoln learned from Blackstone, which he found in the bottom of a barrel of truck of various sorts bought by the grocery of which he was a partner. The business was not successful. It left Lincoln with a debt of \$1,100, which it took him fifteen years to pay. How he read Blackstone's Four Books with only Webster's "Primary" dictionary, bought at twenty-four years of age, it is hard to see, but rightly he deemed Blackstone an epoch in his life. Those who have read it without reference to law, in whose courses the pupil is steered around land tenures—now antiquated—are scarcely aware how solid a foundation in many fields is laid by the patient reading of all this absorbing work.

Lives of Washington and Franklin

American history was supplied by Franklin's "Autobiography," Weems' "Washington," and Ramsay's, and a campaign life of Henry Clay, the William Jennings Bryan of Lincoln's youth and young manhood.

As to Weems' "Washington," I am glad Lincoln read it and believed in it. Men are better known by the admiring and unique stories that are invented about them than by the humdrum facts they have in their lives with others. Washington's rector had to invent the story of the cherry-tree to express the full measure of public confidence in the hero's truthfulness. Franklin's Autobiography errs in the other extreme and is more frank in confessing his lacks than in recording his achievement, but it came early into Lincoln's hands, when he was unconscious that he came of New England folk, the Lincoln of Hingham, who had sought the Middle States, followed the hard mountain trail of migration through North Carolina, Vir-

ginia, Kentucky, Indiana and Illinois, losing nearly all of civilization in the wrestle with mountain pass, forest and flood.

The Bard of Avon

Shakespeare came early. It succeeded the Bible. Lincoln here too committed vast stretches. McKinley told me he read a little good verse every day, feeling that he could not understand great thought and principle when he read it in verse. Roosevelt as constantly read new verse—of old prose and verse little, as his prose shows. It lacks distinction. Lincoln is our only President who read Shakespeare constantly and read it out loud in conference and contact with men, so that he bored lesser minds. The very week in which he was assassinated he read to Charles Sumner on the steamer returning from Richmond, Macbeth, Act I, s. vii, in which comes Macbeth's speech:

Besides this Duncan
Hath borne his faculties so meek, hath been
So clear in his great office, that his virtues
Will plead like angels trumpet tongued, against
The deep damnation of his taking off.

Washington alone used Shakespeare for daily needs. He quotes in his letters from half the plays. Burns Lincoln knew by heart and lectured on him. His own life he told an inquiring journalist held but "the short and simple annals of the poor." Holmes' "Falling Leaf" he knew, and "Why Should the Spirit of Mortal be Proud?" by William Knox of his own day.

"The Kentucky Preceptor"

This completes the reading of Lincoln in his youth, with the exception of the "Kentucky Preceptor." Half school-book and half advice, this volume has the same title as the group of similar books of which the first was Dodsley's "The Preceptor," 1748, with a preface by Samuel Johnson.

The "Kentucky Preceptor" probably reprinted from some English example three of its extracts—Pitt's "Speech on the Slave Trade," a dialogue as to "Who has suffered the most wrongs, the Indian or the Negro," and an elegy, "The Slave," by the poetaster Robert Merry. These three extracts in the "Kentucky Preceptor," Lincoln committed to memory and the book plainly had the same effect which those who lived in the days of the old-fashioned reader can recall of some like accidental assemblages.

Devoted to Humor

The humor of his own day he read avidly. He began with Prentices' pungent paragraphs in the *Louisville Courier-Journal*, the paper he took when he could not afford one. Petroleum V. Nasby and Artemus Ward he read to his cabinet, to his delight and to Seward, Welles and Stanton's disgust. While President he read the one book of humor which survives its own day—who reads Hubdras?—"Don Quixote," and he crossed the White House in his nightshirt, the costume in which the melancholy knight fared abroad, to read a passage to John Hay.

Lincoln's Reading in Later Life

These books he read early. Law took his time after he entered the bar. With 1849, he returned from his service in Congress. He began new studies. He took up German and learned to read it. He knew something of French and Spanish. He began the equivalent of liberal studies in college which had been denied him. Of all he read, we know little, but Herndon, Hallam and Gibbon are two histories he read at this period. In 1859 he read "Plutarch's Lives" for the first time. He read Homer in the winter of 1859-60 in Bohn's translation.

Julius Heath Royce, my father-in-law, a man of business at Albion, N. Y., spent the winter at Bloomington, Ill., where he had property. He was at the same hotel as Lincoln, who was in attendance at court.

Day by day Mr. Royce, a man who never met any man without leaving a friend behind, saw Lincoln reach across the table for the hotel castor, set it before his plate and lose himself in a volume, bound in dark cloth. Breakfast, dinner and supper brought the same absorption. He asked Lincoln what he was reading. He looked up with alert attention. "I am reading Homer, the Iliad and Odyssey. You ought to read him. He has a grip and he knows how to tell a story." Better criticism has not been made by one no nearer than a translation. Across the years since I heard this story and noted it, it has recurred to me and I record it now as the type of reading which changed his style and gave him the Attic simplicity and Hellenic elevation of his closing and deathless utterances.

THE USE OF AEROPLANES FOR STUDYING THE ATMOSPHERE

[T is a common saying among meteorologists that the study of the atmosphere became a science of three dimensions about the beginning of the present century, when kites and balloons began to be used in a systematic and comprehensive way for exploring the air aloft. It is true that in earlier periods there had been sporadic observations with such devices, and the upper air had also been investigated to some extent by means of cloud observations and measurements of the weather elements on mountains; but in general it can be said that prior to the twentieth century the researches of the meteorologist were conducted in "flatland." The new branch of meteorology that deals with the upper levels of the atmosphere is known as "aerology," and it has been a fruitful field of discovery.

A prospective addition to the equipment of the aerologist is the aeroplane (more commonly called in the United States, in violation of the analogies of the scientific vocabulary, "airplane"). While aviators have necessarily gathered a considerable fund of information about the element in which they fly, very little has hitherto been done toward assembling and digesting this information, and the regular use of the aeroplane as an adjunct of meteorological observatories has not yet begun.

Mr. C. K. M. Douglas, writing in *Symons' Meteorological Magazine* (London), records the fact that during his service as pilot in the Royal Air Force he took part in upper-air observations carried out by aeroplanes at Berck, in northeastern France, in coöperation with the Meteorological Section of the Royal Engineers. These observations were made primarily for the use of the artillery, but also as an aid in weather forecasting. They included measurements of temperature and humidity, as well as observations of visibility and clouds—the latter with the aid of the camera.

Mr. Douglas points out that the aeroplane not only furnishes an efficient means of gathering information of temperature and humidity at various levels—data of immense value for the forecasting of thunderstorms and other weather disturbances—but also provides a unique means of making a thorough study of clouds. He presents specimen photographs of clouds taken at an alti-

tude of several thousand feet above the earth, and deals at some length with the weather conditions by which they were attended.

The same subject is discussed from a somewhat different point of view by M. Gabriel Guilbert in a recent number of *Le Correspondant* (Paris). M. Guilbert is not an aviator, but he is a meteorologist of marked originality, and he looks to meteorological aviators to supply the data which will confirm some novel ideas of his own. He takes issue particularly with existing theories concerning the origin of rain. According to his view, cloud particles always begin as crystals of ice, which may or may not change to drops of water after falling to lower levels, according to whether the temperature is high enough to melt them. It is unnecessary to enter here into the arguments by which he supports his view, nor to record several interesting questions that he raises concerning the nature and behavior of clouds; the incontestable fact set forth in his article is that by means of the aeroplane it is going to be possible to get positive information on these questions.

Suppose, for example, it is desired to ascertain why certain forms of halo are seen about the sun at one time and not at another. Halos are produced by the action of ice crystals in refracting and reflecting sunlight, but the kinds of crystals concerned in causing several uncommon types of halo are a subject of controversy. The aviator should be able to settle such questions by actually visiting the spot where the halo is seen.

Existing classifications of clouds involve certain assumptions, still unverified, as to the relative altitudes of the different cloud-types. In this matter the aviator will be able to substitute direct observation for speculation.

Last but not least, M. Guilbert departs from the typical attitude of the modern meteorologist with regard to the irrepressible question of rain-making. Here again he thinks the aviator may intervene to solve a vexed problem. It seems to him intolerable that a land should starve for water underneath a canopy of clouds charged with countless tons of the same; and if there is any remedy for this anomalous situation, the aeroplane should help us find it.

THE DRINKWATER PLAY OF "ABRAHAM LINCOLN"

THE play, "Abraham Lincoln," having had a successful season in London, has been brought to New York. With an American, Frank McGlynn, who bears a remarkable physical resemblance to the martyr President, taking the principal part, it is attracting large audiences. The English dramatist, Mr. John Drinkwater, who is responsible for the text of the play, is now in this country and has stated in the form of a lecture some of the reasons which led him to seek in the career of Lincoln dramatic material that has intensely interested the British public.

Never in the history of these times, says Mr. Drinkwater, has a man so written himself into the memories of men in such a short time after his death. There are certain elements in Lincoln's character which have stirred the artists, the poets and the sculptors, as well as set him up as a popular hero in the minds of common men.

There was his unflinching integrity of character and the fact that he died still adequate to the situation he had seen through. Public life is strewn with men who were inadequate to the great trust suddenly put upon them; but Lincoln never fell below the standard, nor did he ever get out of touch with the common men and women whose will placed him in the light of fame. Lincoln impressed the imagination of his people as no man since the time of Oliver Cromwell has done. Lincoln would have made great material for a later Carlyle. And the Lincoln idea, Mr. Drinkwater ended, is of value to-day more than ever, because the moral ideal of which he was the great sponsor is the only effective check to the tide of imperialism and materialism which is sweeping over the world. The familiar Lincolnian democracy, which is also American democracy, providing an equal opportunity for every individual born under the flag and the curse of Adam, is the only effective check for whatever dread era may be upon us.

In the play Lincoln is first presented in his Springfield home receiving a committee from the Republican Convention at Chicago, offering him the nomination for the Presidency in 1860. Then we see him in a cabinet meeting at Washington with Seward, Chase and his other ministers. Among the episodes of the play are Lincoln's pardoning of a young soldier who had slept on duty; a visit to Grant's headquarters, and finally the assassination in the box at Ford's Theater.

One of the comparatively few Americans who saw the play as it was given in London last year was Mrs. Kate Douglas Wiggin who recorded her impressions in a letter to the *Outlook* (New York). One of the most effective scenes of the play is thus described by Mrs. Wiggin:

There is a moment when Lincoln is left alone in the sitting-room at Springfield, Illinois, while Susan, the maid, has gone to usher in the delegates from the Republican Convention at Chicago, who are to announce their choice of him as candidate for the Presidency. There is a map of the United States on the rear wall of the room, and Lincoln walks slowly up to it and stands before it silently for a half-minute, his back to the audience. You can hear a pin drop in the theater, for the magic is working. It is stage business, you may say, but there is theatrical stage business and there is another sort. In this case Lincoln's body might almost be transparent. We can actually read his thought and feel his heart beat. It is as if he were offering himself as a sacrifice. He is looking at the colossal stretch of country—East and West, North and South—over whose destinies he may have to stand guard. The map is the symbol of his country. The States, trembling under the weight of great issues, are on the verge of civil war; and he is wondering if any human being can face the difficulties, solve the problems, and preserve the Union; one country, one government; safe, free, indivisible.

I would not for a good deal miss the thrill that came to me when Abraham Lincoln stood gazing at the map of his country, and mine! Ascribe part of the thrill, if you choose, to the art of the player, but I know that when "big moments" come in the theater it is when the audience is unconsciously living, breathing, thinking, and feeling with the playwright. These dramatic silences made vocal by the imaginations of the onlookers, each man and woman filling them according to his or her ability, are among the rarest and most precious things in the theater. The audience often molds the play, but the play, if it has any real power, ought to mold the audience. In John Drinkwater's own words:

When the high heart we magnify,
And the sure vision celebrate,
And worship greatness passing by,
Ourselves are great.

Lord Charnwood, Lincoln's English biographer, thinks that the real question about the play is whether it conveys a true and worthy impression to an English spectator not specially interested in the matter. He says:

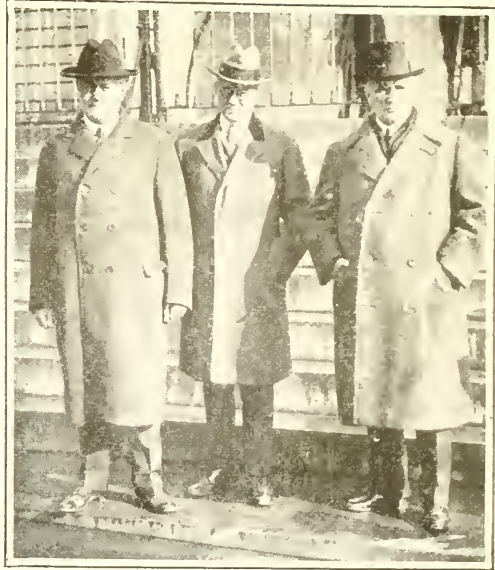
When Drinkwater read his draft of it aloud privately to my wife and myself we expected to

*Daily Problems
of
Our People*

The cost of living, as affecting salaried people, has begun to command the attention that the emergency deserves. Clergymen and school teachers are much worse off than industrial wage-earners. Mr. Rockefeller, on Christmas Eve, showed his practical interest in this question by a new gift of \$100,000,000, one-half of which is to be used by the General Education Board to aid in the movement for increasing the pay of teachers in colleges and universities. The proper treatment of public school teachers is in the hands of taxpayers and officials. The winter has proved unusually cold, and the ending of the coal strike came just in time to prevent great misery. The President's commission of three to investigate wages and prices in the bituminous coal industry are Henry M. Robinson of California, Rembrandt Peale representing the operators, and John P. White for the miners. There has been some question as to the scope of the inquiry and the power of the commission, but valuable results are expected. The President's industrial conference has made some tentative suggestions looking toward methods of regional boards that would diminish the tendency to strikes. The proposals have been condemned by leaders of the American Federation of Labor. The steel strike has been definitely called off, but the status is that of an armed truce rather than a treaty of peace. The movement of alien workers back to Europe is very large; and the scarcity of labor is the most evident factor in the American industrial situation.

*Helping
the Hungry
Abroad*

While Mr. Herbert Hoover has issued several statements to the effect that Europe has diminishing need of American relief work, the production of European food having approached normal quantities, there remain some regions whose conditions must appeal to the generosity of the United States. Even though largely true that the plight of Vienna is due to European political mismanagement, we cannot look on and see all the children of that great metropolis die of starvation. There are particular movements that will continue to deserve ample private support. One of these is the work for child welfare in Serbia, about which we shall publish an article next month. Another is the magnificent work of the Committee for Relief in the Near East, but for which millions of people in parts of the former Turkish Empire—es-



THE THREE MEMBERS OF THE COAL COMMISSION APPOINTED BY PRESIDENT WILSON

(From left to right: James P. White, Henry M. Robinson and Rembrandt Peale)

pecially Armenians and Greeks—must have perished before this time. This effort cannot yet be abandoned. It is to be hoped that the League of Nations, with America participating in it, may help speedily to break the economic deadlock which is so largely responsible for the misery of Eastern Europe and Western Asia.

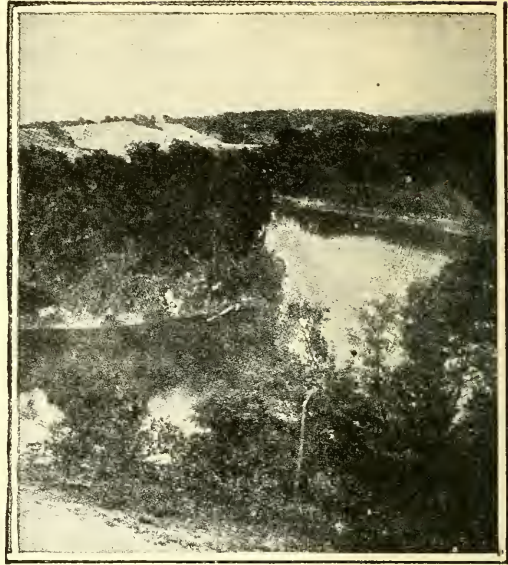
*Troubles
of the
Prosperous*

But it is not hungry lands alone that are in turmoil. Ireland was never before so well-fed and prosperous, and yet Ireland was never before so discontented. The island is held in complete subjection by a large British army. The ordinary rights of assemblage, free speech, and free press are suspended. The Irish members of Parliament will not go to Westminster, and they are no longer allowed to meet in Dublin. Mr. Lloyd George's new plan of Home Rule is disliked in Ulster, and repudiated by the rest of Ireland. The situation is more serious than is commonly understood in America. Egypt also is a prosperous country, its good fortune presenting a marked contrast to the misery of other regions near the Eastern Mediterranean. But Egypt, like Ireland, is in turmoil because the so-called "national self-consciousness" is at odds with political policies of the British Empire. India has now been granted some considerable beginnings of home rule; but India

is seething with political discontent, even though British overlordship has brought manifold blessings to the Indian people. It is this spirit of uneasiness in India that gives the British Government so much anxious concern about the recent success of the Soviet rulers of Russia. Propaganda is the long suit of the Bolshevik forces; and as their victories clear the paths toward India, the British military and civil authorities fear the spread of insidious doctrines of revolution among the easily excited tribesmen. The British Empire is by far the best of all the great imperial aggregations, whether ancient, medieval, or modern; but this beneficent organization is now more widely extended than ever before, and its triumphs are not to be free from grave anxieties.

*The Appeal
to Lincoln's
Memory*

Mr. Lloyd George, in referring to Ireland's attitude, appeals boldly to the memory of Abraham Lincoln, who was ready to consider any solution that did not sacrifice the Union. Throughout the world there is evident a growing regard for the leadership of Americans like Washington, Lincoln, and Roosevelt. Our own citizens, especially, may feel confident in facing the public issues of this year, if they adhere to the principles of the men who have led us in the previous crises of our history. It has been the custom of this magazine to present in each February number, apropos of Lincoln's birthday, some new contribution relating to the life and personality of Lincoln. Dr. Talcott Williams has responded to our request that he should write about Lincoln as a reader of books; and his admirable article will be found on page 193. We are glad to call attention to the act of the legislature and governor of Illinois in accepting for preservation as a State park the site of the former Illinois village of New Salem on the Sangamon River, where Lincoln lived for some years as a young man before he went to Springfield. The local committee that is in charge of this New Salem Lincoln Memorial has plans that many people would be glad to support with modest gifts if fully informed. We shall state this matter more fully in a future issue of the REVIEW. England's interest in Lincoln has been attested by the remarkable success of John Drinkwater's play which has now survived the more difficult test of production in New York (see page 210). The past year also has seen the unveiling at Manchester of Barnard's Lincoln statue.



A GLIMPSE OF SCENERY ON THE SANGAMON RIVER
(Where Lincoln lived as a youth and where a Lincoln memorial park has now been established on the site of the pioneer settlement called New Salem, near Springfield, Illinois.)

In offering for sale, at the beginning of the new year, the passenger ships formerly owned by German interests and seized by us on our entrance into the war, Chairman Payne of the Shipping Board announced the set policy of the Government to get out of the shipping business as rapidly as possible. Both passenger and cargo vessels now owned by the nation are to be sold to private interests, which must be American; and the ships must fly the American flag and be used on lines designated by the Shipping Board. The lot of thirty ocean-going vessels offered for sale in January included the *Leviathan* (formerly the *Vaterland*), the largest ship ever built, and the *George Washington*, used by President Wilson in his trips to and from Europe. The extraordinary elaboration of the modern ocean passenger ship is strikingly shown in Chairman Payne's explanation of the immediate reason for this present sale: that simply to refit these vessels (now arranged for transport service) for passenger traffic will cost about \$50,000,000.

*The Achievements
of Our
Shipbuilders*

This move toward exclusively private ownership and operation of our merchant marine is a reminder of the really great progress made during the past three years toward the building of a merchant fleet commensurate with the

THE STRENGTH CONQUERED

By T. MORRIS LONGSTRETH

"It's the strength we conquer that becomes our own"

THE Widow Hoplin lived with her one son Frank on the outskirts of Springfield, Illinois. This meant that it was a walk, in those days, of about ten minutes to the center of town and Billy Logan's store, where he boy worked. For five years, now, Frank had been taking that walk through frying sun and freezing wind; and every morning of that time his mother had seen him off with a kiss of encouragement, had welcomed him with another at night. He was the embodiment of all her secret hopes.

One July evening he returned tired and crestfallen. His greeting was languid, and as his mother looked into his brown, steady eyes she fancied that for the first time they were trying to avoid her gaze. A cold mist seemed to fill her heart. Frank was seventeen now, and it was natural, she thought, that his troubles, his friendships, his pleasures might sometime come between them and the companionship they had always had. But not yet, she had hoped.

"It's been hot to-day, has n't it, son?"
"Um-n," he growled, drawing some cold water into a basin and sousing his thick brown hair in it.

"And so I suppose McAnan chose this way to slip off and let you finish his work." he said it very quietly, very sympathetically. "Jehosaphat, he did!" said Frank; "and I'm tired of it. I'll get even with him."
"There's the towel, Frankie, and there's some ice-tea in the cold cellar all ready."

Not too dry, but already mollified, the boy put his strong arms about her and gave her the kiss she had wanted at the door. "It says to wait; it pays," she thought, her warmth of love dispelling quickly that mist of doubt. And that was why she did not protest at once about Frank's "getting even" with McAnan. Only, just before he went to bed, she said, "If I were you, dear, I'd wait just a little before doing anything about McAnan."

"I've waited good and long," he said.
"Providence manages these things pretty well, I've found, if one does n't interfere, but goes right on doing his duty."

"Providence must have gone to sleep, then." He laughed dryly, not at all convinced. "I have n't much confidence in—"

She held up her finger to her lip, then said: "You remind me of a story I heard Abe Lincoln tell to-day. I was going by the telegraph-office and he was there with a lot of men, and I stopped to inquire whether he'd received any favorable news from the Republican Convention in Chicago—"

"I know," interrupted Frank, "that's another thing I've got against McAnan. He says they'll never nominate a man who buys a ten-cent beefsteak for his breakfast and carries it home himself—just as though that made a difference!"

"As I was saying, Frank," and she rebuked his interruption with an added gentleness, "I asked Abe what hope he had of the nomination. 'Every hope, ma'am,' he said, with that low laugh of his; 'but I seem to be a minority of one in these parts. My friends here don't seem to have much more confidence in my pulling through this scrape than the old lady did in the accident. You heard of her, did n't you? The horse had run away with her in the buggy. She said she 'trusted in Providence till the britchin' broke, and then she did n't know what on airth to do!'"

Frank laughed. "Well, Mother, I'll give Providence the reins for a little while longer. Do you think Abe'll be President?"

"Yes," she said quietly, "Abraham Lincoln is straight, and he goes straight for what he wants, and the straight way is the shortest way. I'll join his minority of one."

"You're a brick, Mother," said Frank. "If I get anywhere, which does n't seem likely, but if I do, it'll be because you have pointed out the straight line." He sighed inaudibly, for he was thinking of the long way to go. He was still working for four dollars a week, and had been for two years.

"Sweet dreams," she called after him as he started upstairs. Then she sighed, too.

By the next afternoon, Frank's reliance on Providence had again diminished almost to zero, at the same time that the temperature had reached a hundred. He was arranging canned goods on the shelves of the Logan store, and listening to the serpent, in the guise of Jude Graham, an older



OUR GREAT FIRST PRESIDENT

One of the most impressive and satisfactory portraits of George Washington is this photograph from a statue carved in wood by William Rush in the art collection of the National Museum in Independence Hall, Philadelphia. It seems to bring out in strong relief both the force and the dignity of our great first President's noble face

man, who was tossing the cans to Hoplin.

"But I reckon you would n't actively object to a dollar raise," said Jude.

"Not actively, if it could come a straight way," said Frank.

"I don't see as how that 's so very crooked. You could put the money back, of course. McAnan's cheatin' Billy, ain't he? Of course he is. Well then, you cheat McAnan and it rids us of him, gets you his place, and don't cheat Billy in the end. What do you say?"

The boy pondered. It was a clever sort of revenge for a long-continued injustice on the part of McAnan. But it was the sort of thing that Frank could never even have mentioned to his mother. "Why don't you do it, Jude?" he murmured.

"If I had a lot to gain, like you, I would. Besides, if things did n't turn out just right, I 've got two kids and a wife and I could n't afford to lose the job."

"Well, I 've a mother," said Frank; and he might have added another reason, his own self-respect, had not a shout of laughter from a group of men in the front of the store drowned all talk for the moment.

"Abe 's feeling pretty good to-day," said Hoplin, when he could be heard.

"I reckon you would, too, if you thought you was goin' to be President of the United States; though I reckon he 's the only one that 's so sure about it."

"Don't you think he 'll be nominated?" asked Hoplin, quickly.

"Dug says not. Dug says that Abe 's too blamed honest to treat politicians in the way they 'll understand. Just like what I was sayin' about you. You 're too honest to—"

"And yet," said Hoplin, "Abe 's either going to be President or mighty close to it, which ain't bad for a fellow grown up in this town."

"Bein' mighty close would n't be such an awful big consolation to me," sneered Jude, "any more than stayin' on four per would seem an awful big occasion for bein' cheerful when I could just as well have five."

Another roar of laughter interrupted. Both workers looked at the group silhouetted against the front windows, and both saw a tall, lanky man gesticulating with long, skinny arms, like a shadow-picture of a scarecrow. Each time he made a point, it was emphasized by a roar of laughter, and sometimes he would bend and laugh, too.

"I 'm goin' up to hear Abe's latest," said

Jude. "I reckon you can finish them two shelves without me. But think over what I was a-tellin' you."

Hoplin paused and thought. It was very hot. Ambition was in the air, particularly in the air of that store where Lincoln came daily to talk over things with his friends. If he got McAnan fired and himself installed in McAnan's place, as both deserved, he would at last have some good news to tell that waiting mother of his. Hoplin stooped to pick up some more cans, and a nausea of his job came over him. A cheer for Lincoln came from the street. The boy straightened up. "By Abraham, I 'll do it!" he said; "old Abe won't be the only one to get ahead."

Jude came back. Hoplin told him that he had made up his mind to take the step suggested. The older man slapped him on the back. "Good for you, Hoppy, and put it through to-night. Glad you 've taken the short cut to success at last."

"What was going on up front?" asked Frank, glad to change the subject.

"Oh, Abe is on one of his high horses, refusin' to give in a point or two about promisin' a couple of delegations something. They say it 'd make the nomination sure, too. Abe thinks he 's smart, too, throwin' these stories of his into your eyes, like dust, to keep you from seein' things. He just got off one about Cy and the schoolmaster."

"What was it?" asked Hoplin.

"Oh, I can't tell it the way Abe does. It went something like this: It was locking-up time and Cy says to the schoolmaster, 'Can I go now, teacher? the sun 's going down.'

"'Reckon not,' says the schoolmaster; 'we 're comin' up, that 's all.'

"'Don't you s'pose I 've got eyes?' says Cy, who 's a big hulking feller and not afraid of any schoolmaster.

"'Reckon so, Cy, but it 's the earth that goes round. The sun keeps as still as a tree. When we 're swung around so we can't see him any more, all the shine 's cut off and we call it night.'

"Cy looks at the schoolmaster a moment and then says, 'Gosh, what a fool you are!'"

Jude paused. Hoplin said nothing. Jude said, "Abe thinks that settles the whole question, whatever it is. But if he stays on being so set about them delegations, I reckon he 'll be still practisin' law next week."

Frank still said nothing. He had a secret envy of the character which could resist

temptation while it was being shown kingdoms. It was a pity that Hoplin could not have remembered just then that it was also in a grocery store that Abe Lincoln had resisted and found strength.

BY the next afternoon many things had happened. In Chicago, the balloting had begun. Seward led. There was not a great



"TROUBLE MADE HIS EYES RESTLESS AND HE DREADED GOING HOME"

deal of hope in the streets of Springfield for their townsman. An occasional telegram kept the prairie town in touch with the events. Many men clustered around the telegraph-office, but Lincoln himself was lounging with the same old cronies about the fireless stove in Logan's store. He was having an argument nearly as hot as the afternoon with his friends.

Frank Hoplin this afternoon was not arranging cans. He had been moved up a peg, for the little plot had worked, and McAnan, supposing some past indiscretions had been discovered which might lead to still greater undiscovered ones, had withdrawn without much to-do and without

suspecting Hoplin's part in his dismissal. Frank had spent the morning going briskly about his new work, trying to suppress the uncomfortable feeling connected with it. But trouble made his eyes—usually so steady—restless, and he dreaded going home. He would have to tell his good news to his mother; she would guess that it was not all good. To keep his mind off of his own

troubles, he edged nearer the group and heard Lincoln say: "No, Dug, you sha'n't get me to look at myself through a magnifying-glass. For I'm still just the man, I reckon, that I always was; and in this particular case I 'm nothing and the truth is everything."

Dug hitched his chair and said: "You 're too all-fired honest, Abe. You 're so danged innocent that they 'll side-track you."

"Dug 's right," interjected a third; "if you don't get the votes of them two delegations as suggested, Abe, you 'll sure beside-tracked."

"That 's not quite accurate," said Lincoln, earnestly; "they can hold me up, maybe; but only I can do the side-tracking. The fatal thing is to get switched from the truth. It 's when a man begins tak-

ing those pleasant little detours that he finds he 's run up into a stall, or got derailed, on his lie. No, sir, I 'm going to stick by the main line."

"But, Abe—" began another.

"I won't do it." And Lincoln waved his hands humorously about to fan himself. "Dug, how many legs has a sheep?"

"Four."

"And how many legs will your sheep have if you call his tail a leg?"

"Five."

Lincoln looked inquiringly at Nathan Andrews. "Five," said Andrews. All nodded.

"You 're all mistaken," said Lincoln, "for calling a tail a leg does n't make it one."

They laughed, and so did Lincoln, for he had won his point with them. But Hoplin did not so much as grin. He was thinking of what this strange strong man who had always been hanging around, so much like them and yet so different, had just been saying about getting side-tracked on a lie. Would the lie of which he had just been guilty side-track *him*? It was certainly making him feel separated from his usual contented self.

Presently the men began to leave. But Lincoln did not, for Billy Logan, the storekeeper, had entered, and the Presidential possibility, sprawling out and wiping the perspiration from his lean face, called out, "Heard any new stories, Billy?"

"Not any funny ones," said the storekeeper. "There 's one not so funny, though, Abe. They say that unless you humor them two delegations a mite, you 're a dead man."

"Who says that?"

"Ashton and the rest."

"Then Ashton and the rest will soon experience the novelty of seeing a dead man rise up and go home to his supper." Just at that moment a boy entered with a telegram. Lincoln read it, and the lines on his furrowed face deepened.

"Not a death in the family?" asked Billy, to whom a wire could mean not less than that.

"No, that pesky manager is still trying to get me to feed promises out of an empty bin."

"But be you going to refuse, Abe?" solicitously.

"Those two delegations demand places in the cabinet, places that the biggest men in this country won't know enough to fill, and they want me to promise them to a pair of clothes-pins."

"You—you could n't just let 'em down a bit easy, Abe?" persisted Billy, who was terribly afraid that his townsman would lose.

Lincoln looked up at him almost sorrowfully, and said quietly. "Don't you know me better than that, Billy, after all these years? If nominated, I shall be thankful; if not, it will be all the same. But come what will, I 'll bait no hook with a lie."

Billy felt the rebuke, and averting his eyes, caught sight of Hoplin still hanging around. He could not understand the reason for the haggard look on Hoplin's face—the outward expression of Frank's inner desire to right himself at any cost. The storekeeper called out, "Hey, Hoplin, ain't you gone yet? Tryin' to live up to your new job, eh?" And Billy nudged Lincoln, add-

ing, "How long will a new broom sweep so all-fired clean, Abe?"

But Lincoln did n't hear. "Got a piece of paper, Billy?" he asked. "I 'll fix these fellows right off." And spreading the paper across his knee, he wrote the reply telegram.

Hoplin was drawn to this big man as moth to flame. The longing to be clean of his lie, the admiration for this honest, great man, had wrung a decision from him. He would confess. He opened his mouth to speak, to right himself, when Billy said, "Can I see what you wrote, Abe?"

Lincoln shoved the paper to the storekeeper who read slowly:

"I authorize—no—bargains—and—will—be—bound—by—none.

"A. LINCOLN."

It was a moving moment. The storekeeper shook his head slowly, and from Hoplin's sight the familiar boxes and barrels faded. He saw only one thing, the gaunt, kindly face of this self-made Lincoln, and suddenly, without effort, he blurted out: "Listen here, Mr. Logan; I 've done what ain't right and I want to tell you. I reckon if Mr. Lincoln can throw over being President as easy as this, I can be honest, too. I 've got to get it off my conscience—can I?"

The two men, amazed by this outburst, listened while Frank Hoplin told about his juggling of the money to discredit McAnan, of his desire to advance, as much for his mother's sake as for his own, and of his intention now to tell McAnan.

"But Mac ain't the sort who 'll forgive you and make it any too comfortable here," said Billy, at the end.

"I know, I know!" exclaimed Hoplin, shaking with relief; "but I could n't go on feeling the way I did. If it was n't for Mother, I 'd be the happiest fellow in the world at this moment." And he did draw a breath of huge relief. "But I can hunt around."

Lincoln had been studying the boy. "What sort of a job do you hanker after, Hoplin?" he asked.

"I want to learn to be a telegrapher," said Hoplin.

"Which reminds me," said Lincoln; "I 'd better get this message to the office before it closes."

"I 'll take it," said Hoplin, at once; "I go that way, anyhow."

"Then we 'll go together. I want to ask you a question or two. And Billy," and here Lincoln winked discreetly at the storekeeper, "don't say anything about Hoplin's affairs or mine."

Three minutes saw the strange couple, the tall man with his admirer pacing to keep step, nearing the telegraph-office. A shout went up from the distant crowd about it. Immediately, a youngster extricated himself from the group and, seeing Lincoln approaching, ran to him, shouting, "Mr. Lincoln, Mr. Lincoln! you 're nominated!"

A thrill warmed Hoplin's chest. He shot out a hand and said, "May I have the first shake with the next President?"

"You can have more than that, Hoplin. Maybe the day will come when I can offer you a job in Washington? How'd you like that?"

Hoplin's eyes misted with gladness. A twinkle came into Lincoln's as he waved the telegram in his face and said, "You won't insist on being in the cabinet—right at first?"

His answer was not heard. The crowd was upon them, shouting, wild with enthusiasm. Some were laughing, some were half crying, all were exulting. But Hoplin, standing back a little, was happier than they. He had something to tell his mother now.

It was the dusk of another July day, but two years later. Those years had left their mark on everybody. Telegrapher Hoplin, sitting by his instrument in an alcove of the White House, was no longer the callow store-boy, but an experienced and reliable young man, stalwart and with a firmness of jaw which had developed in these years of strain and responsibility. Even more heavily had the time set its seal on Lincoln, who was standing beside Hoplin and saying, "If that is all their news, I shall start directly."

"I wish you wouldn't ride out there by yourself, Mr. Lincoln," said Hoplin.

A rare smile crossed the President's careworn cheeks. "Don't you join that crowd of fussers, too, Hoplin. Stanton and Lamon never will be happy until I go out surrounded by a cordon of nurses."

"But those threats—" began the youth.

The smile disappeared, but the tired voice was just as firm as it said: "I long ago made up my mind, Hoplin, that if anybody wants to kill me, he will do it. If I wore a shirt of mail and kept myself surrounded by a body-guard, it would be all the same. There are a thousand ways of getting at a man, if it is desired that he should be killed. And now, to leave that subject, how is your mother?"

"She is better, sir. To-day's her birthday."

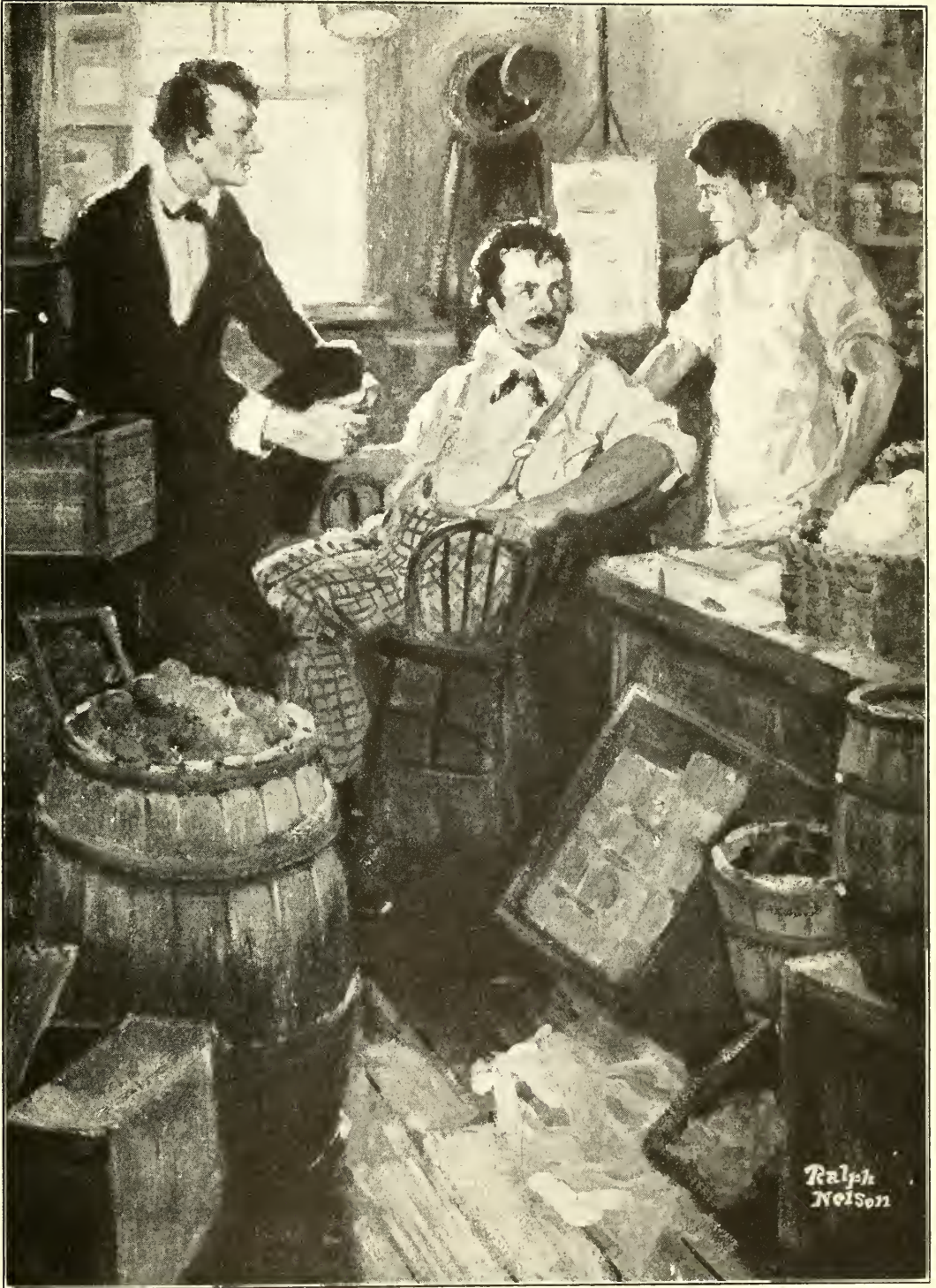
"In that case, get this message through to McClellan, and then close up shop for to-night. You stick too close to things."

"It's your example—again," said Hoplin, softly, recollecting that scene in Logan's store. "I reproach myself for not being down there with the fighters."

"Everybody can't be the carving-knife," said Lincoln, quickly. "Please give my regards to your mother, soon." And the President left the room.

Shortly after that, Hoplin saw him riding off, unaccompanied, on his favorite horse, "Old Abe," bound for the Soldiers' Home, where Lincoln was living during the hot weather. Hoplin wiped his brow, which was very hot and aching. His hours had been long, the summer's strain had been intolerable, his mother, who had come East to keep house for him, was not well, and his sympathetic nature cried out against the criticism of the man whom he loved and saw laboring beneath the staggering burden of his office. A bond had grown up between the telegrapher and the man who had made his progress possible, and Hoplin could not see him so near the breaking-point without a personal sorrow. Also, threats of assassination had been rife recently. Lincoln was the only one who laughed at them.

Hoplin had difficulty in getting his message through to headquarters, and had to wait for the repeat. It came and he was locking a desk when the *tap-tap* began again. It was from the Soldiers' Home and said, "*Good reason for President to require escort to-night if taking his usual course.*" There was no signature. All the dormant suspicions of the past few days swam to life in Hoplin's brain. The President had been gone for some time, but he rode slowly, and the escort could catch up, perhaps. Yet Lincoln hated fuss, could, indeed, become indignant if some one assumed the right of interference. Often on these long rides he thought out his great problems. Hoplin wondered what to do. "I'll go myself," he said aloud. He got his revolver from the desk, and went down to the stables, where a horse, which was his to use, waited. But a difficulty had arisen: there were two roads the President might have taken, a long and a short. Hoplin decided to send an armed guard of four on the long way, and he would take the short himself. For an instant he wavered. He was tired, his mother was waiting, it was her birthday, he was not required to go on this errand. Yet something within impelled him; he swung on his horse, and, after giving the necessary directions, trotted westward.



"I RECKON IF MR. LINCOLN CAN THROW OVER BEING PRESIDENT AS EASY AS THIS, I CAN BE HONEST, TOO"

It was a sultry evening. A three-quarter moon made a dim glow over everything. Fireflies careered like little comets over the fields outside the city. Hoplin trotted on and on, between hedges, through a patch of woods, along wide fields. Soon he would reach the junction of his road and the main one along which the armed escort would have passed, if they had hurried. Hoplin dimly wondered whether they had passed, or whether he should wait a while. He was mortally weary. He slowed down his horse to a walk. There was the crossing a hundred yards ahead, bathed in the furnace-like glow of the hazy moon.

Suddenly he stopped. He heard the hooves of a horse trotting on the hard road. A shiver, as of some presentiment coming from that hovering mystery of moonlight, shook him. He forced himself to smile, saying aloud, "What a scared cat you are!" and urged his horse on. At the same moment, a shot struck the still night as startlingly as a fire-gong. Hoplin's horse reared. A man rose from the bushes at the right. Hoplin dismounted. The man, as he could see, was undecided as to whether to take aim again at a horseman dimly seen on the main road, or to escape from Hoplin. The boy, letting go his horse, approached the man without flinching. He must divert the shot from that tall figure in the gloom. He spoke. The man yelled for him to keep back. Hoplin sprang, the other fired blindly at him, then dashed past, mounted Hoplin's horse and rode off in desperate haste, leaving a boy with a shattered arm kneeling in the dust. But the President was spared that second bullet.

A strange confusion appeared from nowhere. Hoplin had staggered to his feet. He must find out whether Lincoln had been harmed. The confusion materialized. Horses galloping, men shouting, a light showing, two figures nearing, appeared beside him. "Cut the miscreant down!" cried one. But the other held out his saber to protect Hoplin, who cried, "Is Mr. Lincoln safe?"

Two other horsemen appeared. "Is the fellow disarmed?" cried one, adding, "Keep back, Mr. President, please."

"I heard Hoplin's voice," said Lincoln, in agitated tones.

"You must not risk yourself," cried the trooper. "We have the man."

"Is it likely—" but pain cut short Hoplin's cry of protest, and for an instant the strange tableau stood motionless beneath the moon, an injured boy trying not to faint into a

trooper's arms, two others, still unconvinced that he was not the attempting assassin, poised with weapons drawn, the ungainly head of a great nation pushing back the soldier detailed to protect him.

Lincoln rested on one knee there in the dust. "Frank," he said, "Frank, is there any place but your arm that 's hit?"

Hoplin, with an effort, smiled and said, "No."

"Thank God!" said the President, "for it is my fault. But don't any of you tell Ward Lamon, the marshal of this district."

There was something so whimsical in this that Hoplin smiled again, and said, "But he did n't hit you?"

"Only through the hat," said Lincoln, "but the one you took in my stead might have hit the mark. I suppose it takes some practice to hit a thin fellow like me where it matters. Now let 's see—" And still on one knee, Lincoln arranged a sling for the wounded arm out of his handkerchief and then gave instructions for two of the guard to take Hoplin home.

"Then I 'll look in and take the blame tomorrow," he said, in his grave, kindly voice. "A nice birthday gift I 'm sending to your mother, a son shot in my service!"

"If you knew Mother better, you 'd know she 'd like me to be—that is," and he colored, "I mean, she 'll be the happiest woman in Washington to-night."

"And we 'll try to keep her so," said Lincoln, taking Hoplin's good hand with a grip whose pressure both men understood.

TWENTY-FOUR hours, nearly, had passed. Frank Hoplin, pale, but keen with an undefined expectancy, sat up in bed, his arm bandaged, his mother beside him. There was a quick step on the porch, a knock on the door. Mrs. Hoplin hastened to it. Frank heard a voice faintly inquiring, "Is this where Captain Frank Hoplin lives?"

"Why—Mr. President, won't you—can you come in?"

Then he heard that familiar chuckle, "Mr. President—nonsense! You used to call me Abe Lincoln, Sarah Hoplin."

"Well, you startled me calling Frank 'captain,'" she said, regaining her composure instantly.

"That 's been his name since noon. Stanton 'll send around the commission as soon as it can be made out. How is he?"

"Come in and see for yourself. He 'll be terribly set up by seeing you."



"I CAME NOT ONLY TO THANK FRANK, BUT TO CONGRATULATE YOU"

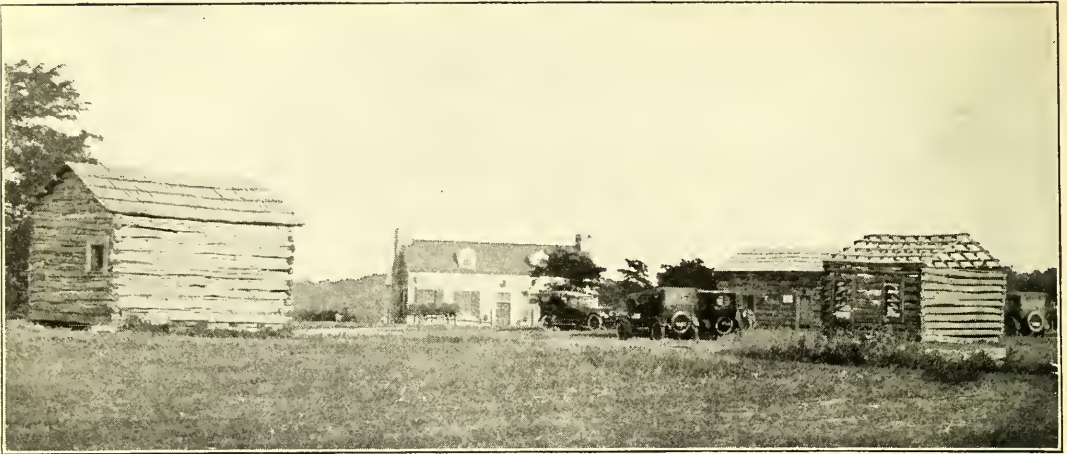
"I reckon it 's a good thing for the inhabitants of Springfield to get together every so often." Lincoln bent under a curtain and appeared before Frank. "Hello, Captain!"

Hoplin flushed with the surprise, delight, affection, and admiration pent up within him. For half an hour they talked, the mother listening with shining eyes. With the commission went a saddle-horse, they learned. When he had recovered would they be able to come to dinner at the White House, "with Mary and the children"? Gossip of Springfield followed. When Abraham Lincoln rose to go, Mrs. Hoplin tried to express her gratitude. He stopped her, saying, "I came not only to thank Frank, but to congratulate you."

"Me," she said in surprise.

"His mother," said Lincoln, softly. "His mother's influence is the red line running through a man's life—for good or evil. Look closely at a fine man and you will see a good mother. Frank is the living witness of your secret hopes, and that is why I congratulate you."

To Frank he said but little, and if his mother had heard, she would not have understood. It was only: "Don't thank me, boy, thank yourself and then McAnan. It 's the strength we conquer that becomes our own." And the giant left the room, left a lad of nineteen pondering his slow and gracious words.



OLD SALEM, THE TOWN WHERE LINCOLN ONCE LIVED, AS IT APPEARS TO-DAY

LINCOLN'S OLD HOME LIVES AGAIN

By GRACE ARLINGTON OWEN

ILLINOIS has wakened, from its sleep of eighty years, a little town where Abraham Lincoln lived, laughed, and dreamed about his future. He himself described his arrival in Old Salem, then New Salem, as that of a penniless, friendless, and uneducated boy. At that time the town, on a high bluff overlooking the Sangamon River was a commercial center for the surrounding settlements. She boasted of the only mill in all the region. She had a tanner, a wheelwright, a carding-machine, a cooper's shop, a hatter, where hats were made from rabbit skins for fifty cents, and a tavern before whose door stopped travelers from fifty miles away.

In April of the year 1831, a flatboat rounded the beautiful bend of the river. Heavily loaded with produce for New Orleans, the boat stuck on the mill-dam, its forward end in the air, the river water coming in over the stern. A long, lean, lanky youth unloaded the cargo, and borrowed an auger from one of the curious crowd upon the bank; tilting the boat, he bored a hole through the bottom, let out the water, and took his craft safely on its way. (To-day, in the museum, may be seen the identical auger then used, and now given to the State by the owner's family.) In August of the same year the young man came back to New Salem and started clerking in a little store near the busy mill.

After an existence of twelve years, however, the life of the little town waned. Her inhabitants departed for the county-seat, established in the neighboring town of Petersburg. Her buildings were removed, her streets deserted, and she vanished into apparent oblivion.

Visit Old Salem to-day and walk through the grassy streets, gaze upon the silvery gray walls of the weather-beaten houses, enter the old tavern where no one ever dines, read the sign "Offut Store" on the empty building where Lincoln worked, drink from the same well—and still one is alone, except for memories. For no one lives in the little town. A sign-board marks the main street and points the way to the twenty-one miles of paved road leading to Springfield, another Lincoln shrine. But over it come only those who would see the re-created town of Lincoln's youth, for from a cow-pasture, with depressions here and there filled with vines and briars, the State of Illinois has, as if with a wand of magic, brought a past day to life once more. And all because of a young man who used to study his beloved books under the spreading branches of the tree that still stands, luxuriant and beautiful; who one day, in the wealth of his good-nature, paid a passing "mover" fifty cents for a barrel of trash to help the traveler on his way, and then found in the barrel a complete set of Blackstone's Commentaries,

which he mastered alone; who played marbles with the boys; who told stories, kept the post-office, and was one in the life of the town—because of him Old Salem has become immortalized. With loving care,

Illinois has faithfully reproduced all the buildings, searching everywhere for weathered white-oak logs to give the same appearance that must have existed in 1835, working until the river yielded up the millstone that once ground grain for every one within a radius of sixty miles, collecting letters and keepsakes from families—who would not then have given them had it not been decreed that Old Salem in Menard County was to be “a public park forever.”

There in the museum is the old doll, standing stately in her quaint silk dress, made exactly like the one the minister's wife wore in a bygone day. Once this doll rode all the way from Springfield in Abraham Lincoln's saddle-bags, because he had promised a little girl six years old a present when he returned. There is the Kirkham's Grammar which Lincoln and Ann Rutledge used to study together before the log fire in her father's tavern. Ann Rutledge did not outlive her girlhood, and her side-

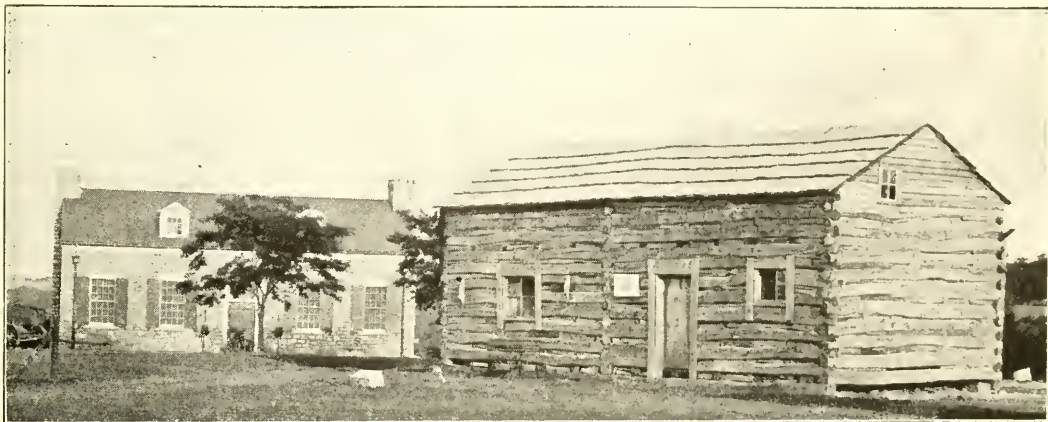
saddle, with dark-blue velvet trappings, hangs to-day in the museum, a reminder of that far-off romance.

Old Salem is indissolubly linked with the life of the great American, and now those



OFFUT'S STORE WHERE LINCOLN CLERKED

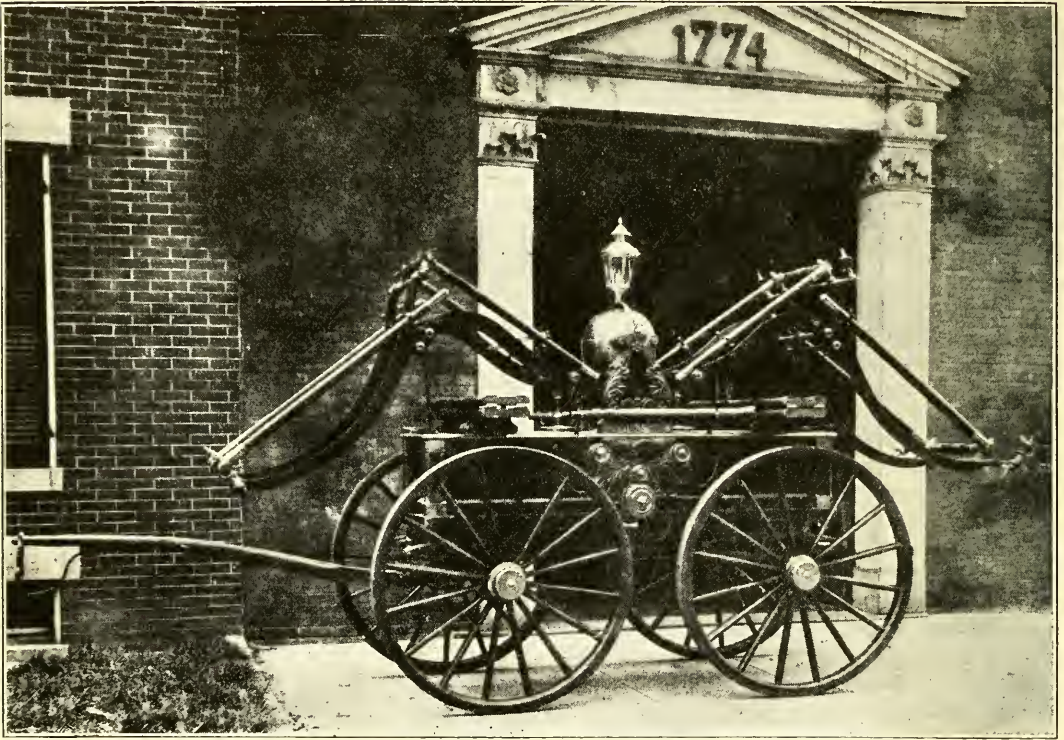
who revere the memory of Lincoln, especially the boys and girls, go over the smooth, winding road to the high promontory overlooking the Sangamon, there to dream of the days when Lincoln, too, was young, and, for a short time, care-free—a place he loved, a place of which he wrote in the saddest and most trying days he passed as President, “It is gratifying to learn that my old friends in Menard County, who have known me longest and best, stick to me.”



THE LINCOLN MUSEUM IN OLD SALEM, BUILT BY THE STATE OF ILLINOIS, AND THE RUTLEDGE TAVERN WHERE LINCOLN BOARDED

WHEN GEORGE WASHINGTON WAS A FIREMAN

By M. B. LEVICK



THE ENGINE THAT WASHINGTON PRESENTED TO THE FRIENDSHIP FIRE-COMPANY

WHEN the firemen come down the street lickety-split, with the bells ringing and sirens wailing and the traffic policemen shooing automobiles out of the way, it's exciting enough to make even old men stop and look, to say nothing of youngsters. Probably firemen have always had plenty of people to watch them work, all the way back to the days of Rome, when they had no engines, but ran afoot to a fire, carrying hooks and axes and leather pails and big pillows for people to jump on, if any one was trapped in the burning building. Even in America a century and a half ago, there were no hook-and-ladders, no chemicals, and no big, glittering steamers as we know them to-day; but a fire was just as lively an affair then as now; perhaps more so, for it had a better chance of getting a good start. There are youngsters to-day who have never seen a fire-engine drawn by horses, although it's only fifteen years or so since automobile fire-engines began to displace the horse.

But about the time the Declaration of Independence was being written, they did not use even horses. The fire-engines were small, and to make them pump a stream of water, they were worked by a handle—a good deal like that on a railroad hand-car. And it was that kind of engine that George Washington helped to pump, on at least one occasion.

It was his own fire-engine, in a way, for he had given it to a company of volunteer firemen in Alexandria, Virginia, a town on the trolley-line which now connects Washington, D. C., with Mount Vernon.

Washington presented the engine, in 1775, to the Friendship Fire-company. That was almost a hundred years before there were paid firemen. In those days the fire-fighting was done by volunteers, who belonged to different companies, just as it is to-day in small towns. When a fire was discovered, a big bell was rung, and at the signal the members of the volunteer company came

running from wherever they were; they hauled out the engine and dragged it, with a score of men tugging at a long rope, to the fire, and then fell to work for all they were worth, making the pump-handles go up and down like a see-saw. In the picture of the Alexandria engine, you can see the ends of the pump-handles, folded back to be out of the way when not in use.

The Friendship Fire-company was organized on August 13, 1774, the year before Washington bought the engine for it, and is still in existence, although now Alexandria has a paid fire-department. The engine is there yet, and on special occasions it is brought out by the Friendship Veterans' Fire Association. Those of you who have visited Alexandria may have bought pictures of it as souvenirs.

Not only did George Washington buy this apparatus for his neighbors, but he himself helped to work it in the last year of his life.

The incident is related in "The Romance of Historic Alexandria," by the Rev. Eugene Beauharnais Jackson.

Now and then Washington, who was living quietly at Mount Vernon, rode over to Alexandria on business or to visit friends. On one such occasion, in 1799, as he entered the town he found the Friendship Company getting into action at a fire near the market-place. Washington himself, although then in his late sixties, dismounted and took his place with the fire-company, which had elected him honorary captain years before as a form of thanks for the engine. The former President of the United States did the work of a fireman as conscientiously as if he were fighting a battle.

More than that, he rebuked some other men of position who stood by and did nothing but make remarks. Washington turned to these bystanders, men of wealth and family, and said to them: "Why are you idle, gentlemen? It is your business to lead in such matters."

This was not a casual remark of the moment. It reflected Washington's usual attitude toward the important matter of stopping or preventing fires. He did not put off giving the Friendship Company its engine in 1775 merely because he was busy with Revolutionary War affairs; he took time to buy the engine while he was in the midst of important work as a delegate to the Continental Congress in Philadelphia. It was on June 15, 1775, that he was appointed commander-in-chief of the army, and it was

at about that time that he made inquiries about the different makes of fire-engines, decided which one was best suited to the needs of the Alexandria firemen, arranged the purchase of it for eighty pounds and ten shillings, and saw that the machine was sent off to the Friendship Company. Eighty pounds and ten shillings equals about four hundred dollars in American money, but values have changed so much since then that such a sum would be equivalent to perhaps two thousand dollars now.

That gift, and Washington's later action in lending a hand and telling bystanders



Underwood & Underwood

THE FIRE-ENGINE THAT PROTECTS MOUNT VERNON,
THE GIFT OF HENRY FORD

that they should do likewise, showed a realization of the importance of fire-fighting. But the fire loss in Washington's day was slight compared with that of the present time. The United States nowadays loses about one thousand dollars a minute through fires; the total yearly loss is, in round numbers, \$500,000,000, and the annual loss of life is 15,000. The buildings burned in twelve months would line both sides of a street from New York to Chicago, each building having a lot sixty-five feet wide. And, according to those who know most about it, from seventy-five to eighty per

cent. of all fires are preventable. America could save eight hundred dollars out of the thousand which is burnt up, on the average, every minute. No other country has such heavy fire losses. It is ten years since accurate loss figures were compiled in Europe, but at that time France stood at the top of the list abroad, with a loss of forty-nine cents a year for each man, woman, and child in the country, while in the same year the per capita loss in the United States was \$2.10. The difference is chiefly the result of carelessness.

Washington's fire-engine looks odd to-day. Nevertheless, it was little different, except for size, from the hand-pumps used as late as the Civil War. The first successful steam fire-engine was made in 1853. Washington bought the best equipment he could get at the time and although the engine was not the largest size made at that time, it was as up-to-date as any.

Those little hand-engines had then to get close to a fire, for hose was still a novelty, and usually the water was squirted from a nozzle on the engine itself. The nozzle, though smaller, looked a little like those on the equipment known now as a monitor. Flexible hose was invented only a quarter of a century before the Alexandria engine was bought. The first hose was made of leather in Amsterdam, Holland, by the brothers Van De Heyde.

Buckets were important then. Some of the fire-companies of the Revolutionary period had no engines at all, and gave most of their attention to saving property in burning houses. The Phoenix Fire Society, of Boston, was one of these. It was organized in 1788. Each of the thirty members had to keep by him at all times two buckets painted with the society's colors, two big leather bags, and an iron bed-key. This last was to loosen the rope used instead of bed-springs in those days. Often rope was needed at a fire, and the firemen, if they had bed-keys, could get all they needed from the beds.

Alexandria is rich in historical interest. Washington was one of the first vestrymen of Old Christ Church. Braddock had his headquarters in the town in 1775; in the Civil War it was the capital of that part of Virginia which remained in the Union. That much of the old town stands to-day is probably due in no small measure to the little engine which began putting out fires in 1775.

And historic Mount Vernon itself is now protected from fire by a chemical fire-engine, the gift of Henry Ford. The automobile manufacturer recently visited Washington's old home, and was so impressed with the fire danger that he telegraphed his factory in Detroit to make an engine and ship it post-haste.

BEING STILL

By CLARA LOUISE KESSLER

WHEN I get old,
I shall be bold,
And order folks around.

I'll make them play,
Most every day,
Without a bit of sound.

Then they will find,
When they must mind,
It is n't any fun

To play with toys
Without a noise.
It really can't be done.





PRESIDENT LINCOLN AND HIS SON "TAD"

DISCOVERIES AND INVENTIONS, A HITHERTO UNPUBLISHED LECTURE BY ABRAHAM LINCOLN

EDITOR'S NOTE: This year, the centennial of the birth of Abraham Lincoln, the thought of the Nation has turned to that tremendous figure in our country's retrospect. The West, as keenly as the older sections of our people, has joined in special homage to the memory of Lincoln.

Borne on this tide of thought, there now finds its way into print, for the first time, a Lincoln manuscript, till now kept sacredly in the privacy of a family which has enjoyed the friendship of its illustrious author. By the courtesy of Hon. Henry A. Melvin, a justice of the Supreme court of California, Sunset publishes the text of Lincoln's lecture, "Discoveries and Inventions," and reproduces in facsimile the first three pages of the manuscript.

In the fateful year of 1860, the year of his election to the presidency, Lincoln took up, in the pause of his affairs after the long debate with Douglas, the custom of lyceum lecturing, then in great vogue. This lecture on "Discoveries and Inventions" was delivered in towns near his home, Springfield, Illinois, and in Springfield itself on Washington's birthday. Five days later Lincoln made his great speech at Cooper Union, in New York.

The manuscript which follows here was inherited by Judge Melvin from his father, the late Dr. Samuel Houston Melvin, of Oakland, California. Just prior to his death, in 1898, an affidavit by Dr. Melvin was drawn, setting forth the history of the manuscript; that statement is as follows:

MEMORANDUM OF CERTAIN FACTS FOR INFORMATION OF THOSE WHO FOLLOW AFTER

In the month of February, 1861, being at that time a resident of Springfield, Illinois, I called one evening at the residence of my friend, Dr. John Todd. The doctor was an uncle of Mrs. Abraham Lincoln. While there Mr. Lincoln came in, bringing with him a well-filled satchel, remarking as he set it down that it contained his literary bureau. Mr. Lincoln remained some fifteen or twenty minutes, conversing mainly about the details of his prospective trip to Washington the following week, and told us of the arrangements agreed upon for the family to follow him a few days later. When about to leave he handed the grip above referred to to Mrs. Grimsley, the only daughter of Dr. Todd, who was then a widow but who subsequently became the wife of Rev. Dr. John H. Brown, a Presbyterian minister located in Springfield, remarking as he did so that he would leave the bureau in her charge; that if he ever returned to Springfield he would claim it, but if not she might make such disposition of its contents as she deemed proper. A tone of indescribable sadness was noted in the latter part of the sentence. Lincoln had shown me quite a number of letters a few days before, threatening his life, some predicting that he never would be inaugurated, and it was apparent to me that they were making an impression upon his mind, although he tried to laugh the matter off. About five years later the Nation was startled by the announcement of Lincoln's assassination. The corporation of Springfield selected twelve of its citizens to proceed at once to Washington and accompany the remains of the dead President back to his old home. I was one of that number, and shall never forget the indescribable sadness manifested by millions of mourners along the route of travel of the funeral cortege as it wended its way westward over two thousand miles. A few evenings after his body was laid to rest, I again called upon my neighbors, the family of Dr. Todd. Scenes and incidents connected with the assassination and funeral of the dead President were discussed, and the remark made by Lincoln on his last visit to the house was referred to as indicating a presentiment that he would not return alive. This recalled the fact of his having left his so called literary bureau, and his injunction as to its disposition. Mrs. Grimsley brought the grip from the place where it had been stored, and opened it with a view to examining its contents. Among them was found this manuscript, and attached to it by means of a piece of red tape was another of like character. They proved to be manuscripts of two lectures which he had prepared and delivered within a year prior to his election to the presidency—one at Jacksonville, Illinois, and a few days later at Decatur, Illinois; the other a little later at Cook's hall, Springfield, Illinois, at which I was present. Mrs. Grimsley told me to select from the contents of the bureau any one of the manuscripts it contained, and supposing at that time that the two manuscripts belonged to the same lecture, I selected them. On subsequent examination I discovered that while they both treated upon the same subject (Inventions and Discoveries) they were separate lectures. Twenty-five years later I disposed of one of the manuscripts to Mr. Gunther of Chicago. The other it is my hope and desire shall remain in possession of my family and its descendants.

FACSIMILE OF THE LINCOLN MANUSCRIPT

All creation is a mine, and every
man a miner—
The whole earth, and all within it,
upon it, and round about it, including himself,
in his physical, moral, and intellectual nature,
and his susceptibilities, are the infinitely vari-
ous "leads" from which man, from the first,
was to dig out his destiny—
In the beginning, the mine was
unopened, and the miner stood naked,
and knowledgeless, upon it—
Fishes, birds, beasts, and creeping
things, are not miners, but feeders and foragers,
merely—Beavers build houses; but they build
them in no wise differently, or better, ^{now,} than they
did, five thousand years ago—Ants, and honey-
bees, provide food for winter; but just in the
same way they do, when Solomon ^{in the allegory} refers to them
as ^{patterns} of prudence.

~~Beaver, and musk-rats, build houses, but they build no better ones now, than they did five thousand years ago. Ants and bees, lay up their winter stock, of provision, but they do so, no wise better, or less laboriously, than they did at the dawn of creation.~~ Man is not the only animal who labors, but he is the only one who improves his workmanship. This improvement, he effects by Discoveries, and Inventions. His first important discovery was the fact that he was naked, and his first invention was the fig-leaf apron. This simple article—the apron—made of leaves, seems to have been the origin of clothing—the one thing for which nearly half of the toil and care of the human race has ever since been expended. The most important improvement ever made in connection with clothing, was the invention of spinning and weaving. The spinning jenny, and power-loom, invented in modern times, though great improvements, do not, as inventions, rank with the ancient arts of spinning, and weaving. Spinning and weaving brought into the department of clothing such abundance and variety of materials—Wool, the hair of several species of animals, hemp, flax, cotton, silk, and perhaps other articles, were all suited to it, affording garments not only adapted to wet and dry, heat and cold, but also susceptible of high degrees of ornamental finish. Exactly when or where spinning and weaving originated is ^{not} known. At the first interview of the Almighty with Adam and Eve, after the fall, He made "coats of skins, and clothed them" Gen 3-21.

The Bible makes no other allusion to clothing, before the flood. Soon after the deluge Noah's two sons covered him with a garment; but of what material the garment was made is not mentioned - Gen. 9. 23.

Abraham mentions "threads" in such connection as to indicate that spinning and weaving were in use in his day - Gen. 14. 23 - and soon after, reference to the art is frequently made - "linen breeches, are mentioned, Gen. 28. 42 - and it is said "all the women that were wise, ^{heart} spin with their hands," ⁽³⁵⁻²⁵⁾ and "all the women ^{whose} ~~that~~ ^{heart} ~~spin~~ ^{them} ~~up~~ in wisdom, spin goats hair (35-26) The work of the "weaver" is mentioned - (35-35) In the book of Job, a very old book, date not exactly known, the "weaver's shuttle" is mentioned -

The above mention of "thread" by Abraham is the oldest recorded allusion to spinning and weaving; and it was made about two thousand years after the creation of man, and now, near four thousand years ago - Profane authors think the art, originated in Egypt; and this is not contradicted, or made improbable, by any thing in the Bible; for the allusion of Abraham, mentioned, was not made until after he had sojourned in Egypt -

The discovery of the properties of iron, and the making of iron tools, must have been among the earliest of important discoveries and inventions - We can scarcely conceive the possibility of making much of anything else, without the use of iron tools - Indeed, an iron hammer must have been very much needed to make the first iron hammer with -

A stone probably served as a substitute - How could the "gopher wood" for the Ark, have been

ALL creation is a mine, and every man a miner. The whole earth, and all within it, upon it, and round about it, including himself, in his physical, moral, and intellectual nature, and his susceptibilities, are the infinitely various "leads" from which man, from the first, was to dig out his destiny.

In the beginning the mine was unopened, and the miner stood naked and knowledgeless upon it. Fishes, birds, beasts, and creeping things are not miners, but feeders and lodgers merely. Beavers build houses; but they build them in nowise differently, or better now, than they did five thousand years ago. Ants and honey bees provide food for winter; but just in the same way as they did when Solomon referred the sluggard to them as patterns of prudence.

Man is not the only animal who labors; but he is the only one who improves his workmanship. This improvement he effects by discoveries and inventions. His first important discovery was the fact that he was naked; and his first invention was the fig-leaf apron. This simple article, the apron made of leaves, seems to have been the origin of clothing—the one thing for which nearly half of the toil and care of the human race has ever since been expended.

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him with a garment; but of what material the garment was made is not mentioned (Genesis ix, 23).

Abraham mentions "thread" in such connection as to indicate that spinning and weaving were in use in his day (Genesis xiv, 23), and, soon after, reference to the art is frequently made. "Linen breeches" are mentioned (Exodus xxviii, 42), and it is said "all the women that were wise hearted did spin with their hands" (Exodus



MRS. LINCOLN, FROM A PHOTOGRAPH SENT BY HER TO MARY LINCOLN MELVIN, NOW MRS. DEWING, OF OAKLAND

xxxv, 25) and "all the women whose hearts stirred them up in wisdom spun goats' hair." The work of the weaver is mentioned. In the book of Job, a very old book, date not exactly known, the weavers' shuttle is mentioned. The above mention of thread by Abraham is the oldest recorded allusion to spinning and weaving; and it was made about two thousand years after the creation of man, and now near four thousand years ago. Profane authors think

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The discovery of the properties of iron, and the making of iron tools, must have been among the earliest of

1865.

Inauguration Day,

MARCH 4.

Admit the Bearer.

W. S. Brown

Serg't-at-arms, U. S. S.

DR. MELVIN'S CARD TO THE SECOND INAUGURATION OF PRESIDENT LINCOLN

important discoveries and inventions. We can scarcely conceive the possibility of making much of anything else without the use of iron tools. Indeed, an iron hammer must have been very much needed to make the first iron hammer with. A stone probably served as a substitute. How could the "gopher wood" for the Ark have been gotten out without an axe? It seems to me an axe, or a miracle, was indispensable.

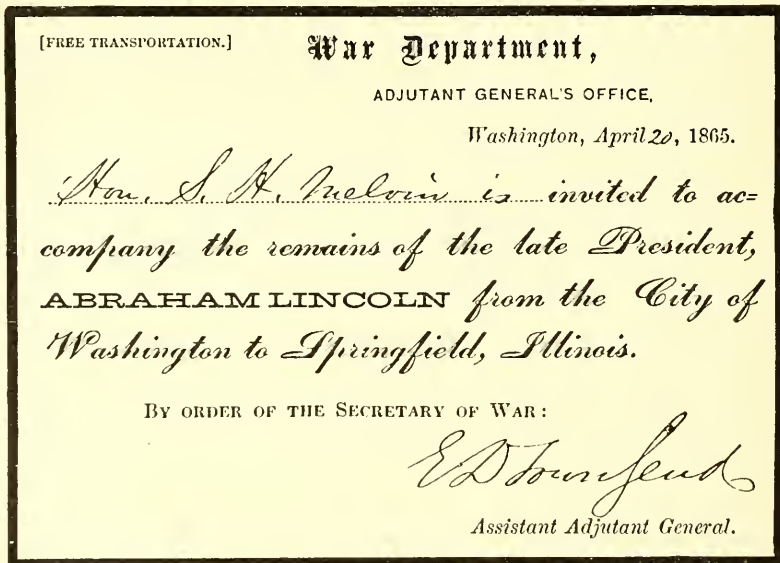
Corresponding with the prime necessity for iron, we find at least one very early notice of it. Tubal Cain was "an instructor of every artificer in brass and iron" (Genesis iv, 22). Tubal Cain was the seventh in descent from Adam, and his birth was about one thousand years before the Flood. After the Flood, frequent mention is made of iron, and instruments made of iron. Thus "instrument of iron" (Numbers xxxv, 16); "bedstead of iron" (Deuteronomy iii, 11); "the iron furnace" (Deuteronomy iv, 20), and "iron tool" (Deuteronomy xxvii, 5). At Deuteronomy xix, 5, very distinct mention of "the ax to cut down the tree" is made; and also at Deuteronomy viii, 9, the Promised Land is described as "a land whose stones are iron, and out of whose hills thou mayest dig brass." From the somewhat frequent mention of brass in connection with iron, it is not improbable that brass—perhaps what we now call copper—was used by the ancients for some of the same purposes as iron.

Transportation—the removal of person and goods from place to place—would be an early object, if not a

necessity, with man. By his natural powers of locomotion, and without much assistance from discovery and invention, he could move himself about with considerable facility; and even could carry small burthens with him. But very soon he would wish to lessen the labor, while he might at the same time extend and expedite the business. For this object, wheel-carriages and water-crafts—wagons and boats—are the most important inventions.

The use of wheel and axle has been so long known that it is difficult, without reflection, to estimate it at its true value. The oldest recorded allusion to the wheel and axle is the mention of a "chariot" (Genesis xl, 43). This was in Egypt, upon the occasion of Joseph being made governor by Pharaoh. It was about twenty-five hundred years after the creation of Adam. That the chariot then mentioned was a wheel-carriage drawn by animals is sufficiently evidenced by the mention of chariot-wheels (Exodus xiv, 25), and the mention of chariots in connection with horses in the same chapter, verses 9 and 23. So much, at present, for land transportation.

Now, as to transportation by water, I have concluded, without sufficient authority, perhaps, to use the term



DR. MELVIN'S CARD OF AUTHORITY AS ESCORT OF THE MARTYRED PRESIDENT'S REMAINS

“boat” as a general name for all water-craft. The boat is indispensable to navigation. It is not probable that the philosophical principle upon which the use of the boat primarily depends—to wit: the principle that anything will float which cannot sink without displacing more than its own weight of water—was known, or even thought of, before the first boats were made. The sight of a crow standing on a piece of driftwood, floating down the swollen current of a creek or river, might well enough suggest the specific idea to a savage that he could himself get upon a log, or on two logs tied together, and somehow work his way to the opposite shore of the same stream. Such a suggestion, so taken, would be the birth of navigation; and such, not improbably, it really was. The leading idea was thus caught; and whatever came afterwards were but improvements upon and auxiliaries to it.

As man is a land animal it might be expected he would learn to travel by land somewhat earlier than he would by water. Still the crossing of streams

somewhat deep for wading would be an early necessity with him. If we pass by the Ark, which may be regarded as belonging rather to the miraculous than to human invention, the first notice we have of water-craft is the mention of “ships” by Jacob (Genesis xlix, 13). It is not till we reach the book of Isaiah that we meet with the mention of “oars” and “sails.”

As man’s food—his first necessity—was to be derived from the vegetation of the earth, it was natural that his first care should be directed to the assistance of that vegetation. And accordingly we find that even before



DR. MELVIN'S CHESS TABLE, ON WHICH HE PLAYED GAMES WITH LINCOLN AND WITH GRANT

For Mrs S. H. Melvin

A. Lincoln.

Sep. 16. 1864.

LINCOLN'S AUTOGRAPH ON THE OCCASION OF A GIFT TO JUDGE MELVIN'S MOTHER

the Fall the man was put into the Garden of Eden "to dress it, and to keep it." And when afterwards, in consequence of the first transgression, labor was imposed on the race as a penalty—a curse—we find the first-born man—the first heir of the curse—was "a tiller of the ground." This was the beginning of agriculture; and although, both in point of time and of importance, it stands at the head of all branches of human industry, it has derived less direct advantage from discovery and invention than almost any other. The plow, of very early origin, and reaping and threshing machines of modern invention, are, at this day, the principal improvements in agriculture. And even the oldest of these, the plow, could not have been conceived of until a precedent conception had been caught and put into practice. I mean the conception, or idea, of substituting other forces in nature for man's own muscular power. These other forces, as now used, are principally the strength of animals and the power of the wind, of running streams, and of steam.

Climbing upon the back of an animal and making it carry us might not occur to one very readily. I think the back of the camel would never have suggested it. It was, however, a matter of vast importance. The earliest instance of it mentioned is when "Abraham rose up early in the morning and saddled his ass" (Genesis xxii, 3), preparatory to sacrificing Isaac as a burnt-offering, but the allusion to the saddle indicates that

riding had been in use some time, for it is quite probable they rode bare-backed, awhile at least, before they invented saddles.

The idea, being once conceived, of riding one species of animals would soon be extended to others. Accordingly we find that when the servant of Abraham went in search of a wife for Isaac, he took ten camels with him; and, on his return trip, "Rebekah arose, and her damsels, and they rode upon the camels, and followed the man." (Genesis xxiv, 61.) The horse, too, as a riding animal, is mentioned early. The Red Sea being safely passed, Moses and the children of Israel sang to the Lord, "the horse and his rider hath he thrown into the sea." (Exodus xv, 1.)

Seeing that animals could bear man upon their back, it would soon occur that they could also bear other burthen. Accordingly we find that Joseph's brethren, on their first visit to Egypt, "laded their asses with the corn, and departed thence." (Genesis xlii, 26.) Also it would occur that animals could be made to draw burthens after them, as well as to bear them upon their backs; and hence plows and chariots came into use early enough to be often mentioned in the books of Moses (Deuteronomy xxiii, 10; Genesis xli, 43; Genesis xlvi, 29; Exodus xiv, 25).

Of all the forces of nature, I should think the wind contains the largest amount of motive power—that is, power to move things. Take any given space of the earth's surface—for instance, Illinois; and all the power exerted by all the men, and hearts, and running water, and steam, over and upon it, shall not equal the one-hundredth part of what is exerted by the blowing of the wind over and upon the same space. And yet it has not so far in the world's history become proportionably valuable as a motive power. It is applied extensively, and advantageously, to sail-vessels in navigation. Add to this a few wind-mills and pumps and you have about all.

That as yet no very successful mode of controlling and directing the wind has been discovered, and that, naturally, it moves by fits and starts—now so gently as to scarcely stir a leaf, and now so roughly as to level a forest—doubtless have been the insurmountable difficulties. As yet the wind is an untamed and unharnessed

force; and quite possibly one of the greatest discoveries hereafter to be made will be the taming and harnessing of the wind. That the difficulties of controlling this power are very great is quite evident by the fact that they have already been perceived, and struggled with more than three thousand years; for that power was applied to sail-vessels at least as early as the time of the prophet Isaiah.

In speaking of running streams as a motive power, I mean its application to mills and other machinery by means of the water wheel, a thing now well known and extensively used, but of which no mention is made in the Bible, though it is thought to have been in use among the Romans (Am. Enc.—mill), the language of the Saviour, "Two women shall be grinding at the mill, etc.," indicates that even in the populous city of Jerusalem, at that day, mills were operated by hand, having as yet had no other than human power applied to them.

The advantageous use of steam power is, unquestionably, a modern discovery. And yet as much as two thousand years ago the power of steam was not only observed, but an ingenious toy was actually made and put in motion by it, at Alexandria in Egypt. What appears strange is that neither the inventor of the toy, nor anyone else, for so long a time afterwards, should perceive that steam would move useful machinery as well as a toy.

LINCOLN

By VALERIA KELSEY

When I remember how he dauntless stood,
Giving himself to stem the civic flood;
How, o'er his head the high waves seemed to meet,
Yet broke and parted, flowing slow about his feet;
When I remember what his face made known,
How the crude clay became the angel in the stone,
I tremble, dimly knowing that God's plan
Found part of its fulfilment in this man.

The mass is man-becoming,—*he* became;
In what he was is our potential fame;
So blended are we all that one brave soul
Cannot achieve the stars but that the whole
Pulses with deeper life, and feels the night
Lift to that morn where all shall walk in light.

hopelessly outclassed. And if a dollar be actually worth to the professional man about two-thirds of what it was worth in the 'seventies, the university must make the difference good or suffer. On the whole it has made this difference good.

The increased cost of living that we hear about, however, really amounts to an increase in the standard of living. We all live a lot better than our fathers ever dreamed of living, and we expect a lot more out of life: some of this greater speed makes for added efficiency; a good deal of it is a real detriment. Much hardship of the academic lot may be traced to the desire of professors' families to compete with others in entertainment, dress, and amusements. It would be a positive evil if the university were ever able to pay its professors salaries anything like commensurate with what their equals in law or medicine are able to earn. The university professor would then lose altogether that quality of service, that pastoral character, which ought to be his chief glory. And it is only men capable of making the material sacrifices, of understanding the distinction of poverty, that should become teachers and scholars.

There are other ways of improving the condition of the professor class than by merely buying superior ability. For one thing, universities promote too rapidly and too indiscriminately, as the President of Yale University has recently pointed out in his annual report. The college president feels compelled to promote an instructor or assistant professor to a higher position whenever there is a vacancy in his department or whenever money can be got to pay him. Promotion goes by accident, more or less, when it should go solely by merit. A college president ought to have the courage to keep professorships vacant until he finds exactly the men best fitted to fill them, and willing to accept the salary offered. Better to run his college on temporary appointments than to fill his faculty with mediocre men.

In choosing a man for the permanent position of professor, more regard should be given to the man's character and general quality, apart from his fitness as a scholar. Does he honor his profession and will he be an ornament to it? Oddly enough, college presidents as a rule seem to be attracted to men who have shown their aptitude for the profession by earning money outside their salaries. If they are capable engineers or editors or compilers of

popular textbooks, the college president is inclined to value them more highly because the world has found some use for them other than as mere professors. As a matter of fact, it is just that kind of men who should be avoided. Granting that the university is able to pay a living wage—that is to say, roughly, one-third more than the corresponding salary of twenty-five years ago—it is the man who can live on that salary and devote himself wholly to his profession that is the best investment for the university to make.

For in the long run, the university faculty, if it is to regain its former prestige, must be composed of men who honor their profession and are ready to make the sacrifices that it entails. Only such men will have the character that the world at large respects. The most effective and necessary way in which to raise the standard of the profession is to cultivate those extra compensations for service, especially general appreciation in the community. Men do not labor for money only: their best efforts are stimulated by the hope of honor and consideration from their fellows.

It is undeniable that the university professor has lost standing in the community to-day—is less than what he was in the pioneer days. It is partly his fault: he is often less worthy of respect than his forerunner. And he has had the misfortune of living in a material age, where all the standards of appreciation have been concentrated in one and that is money. There are methods, however, of restoring this lost dignity to the profession.

Much may be done by the men themselves—by refusing all forms of hackwork, no matter how well paid; by refusing to compete with their richer neighbors in the ways of living; by feeling respect for their position, maintaining the attitude of honest pride rather than that of discontented humility, which is too often the case. And the community has its part in the work of elevating the profession and restoring it to its former position of honor and pride, in spite of its poverty. It should be possible for the American university professor to aspire to legislative office, as is the custom on the continent of Europe. The term "academic" should be shorn of some of its reproach in our journalistic society. Such men as have risen to the point of civilization where they can recognize other standards than those of money should take pains to honor the professor class, as a body of men who cherish the things of the

mind and the spirit above material conditions and are therefore of great value to society.

One of the rewards of the ill-paid profession should be, of course, a pension at the age of retirement. Men who enter the world's struggle look forward to the risk of failure, to the necessity of accumulating a reserve. The professor has a right to live exempt from that necessity. Provision for pensioning has been made in a few cases, and Mr. Carnegie's large foundation is supposed to relieve our universities from this necessity. There are objections to the latter method. No matter how we look at it, it savors at present of charity, of personal gift. It may seem a slight difference whether Mr. Carnegie hands over his money to separate colleges and allows them to make their own provisions for pensions, or keeps it under the

control of a separate body of trustees; but it is a real distinction. The professor should feel that his pension is a regular part of his salary, withdrawn by his own institution, earned by faithful service, and that it is kept by it for him, that he has as much right to it as to his salary.

The academic profession, we are often told is a noble one. Unfortunately it is not always so considered by its own members, and rarely so by the successful of this world. It is surely a very important profession for the community at large, one of the very few purely idealistic ones, and it should be the object of special care, not only by its own members but also by the serious-minded men of the world. And care is not always to be translated into the dollar sign.

A REMINISCENCE OF ABRAHAM LINCOLN

A CONVERSATION WITH SPEAKER CANNON

BY

JEWELL H. AUBERE



I FIRST met Mr. Lincoln in June, 1860," said Speaker Cannon, as he chewed the end of a long, black cigar. "A farmer by the name of

Hackett hitched up a two-horse wagon and loaded a lot of us young fellows into it. There was an old fellow by the name of Vanderen, who kept a little two-story hotel at Tuscola, Illinois, from which place we started, and he drove across the prairie with us to Decatur. When we entered the place and drove along the principal street, we saw Lincoln standing on the sidewalk in front of the hotel. Vanderen spied him because he had lived in Springfield and knew Lincoln by sight. Vanderen said, 'There's Abe!' He yelled out, 'Howdy, Abe!' Lincoln's head went up and he answered, 'Howdy, Arch!'

"A little later, somebody wanted to send a telegram. We went down to the railroad station and there saw Lincoln writing a telegram. You know, this was at the time of the Illinois State Convention, held to name delegates to the National Convention that nomi-

nated Lincoln for the Presidency. One of the boys who was with us, and who knew Mr. Lincoln, stepped up beside him and began to ask him about his candidacy for the Presidential nomination. Everybody in Illinois and all over the country had got to talking about Abe Lincoln, so it was no secret. Lincoln looked at his questioner and in that drawl of his said: 'I'm most too much of a candidate to be here and not enough of one to stay away!'

"This was the day before the convention. Decatur was a place of seven or eight thousand people and every house in the town had been occupied long before we got there. We had to camp out with our wagon in an empty lot as best we could. I can see that convention hall yet. They made it by setting a row of good-sized saplings upright in the ground and then putting up another row opposite them. Scantlings were put across near the top and the whole thing was covered over with green branches for a roof. Rough boards were placed on short pieces of tree-trunk and these formed



seats for delegates and onlookers. The whole thing was in the shape of an amphitheatre, and plenty big enough to accommodate everybody.

"The convention assembled, as I recollect it, at 10:30 o'clock in the morning. Lincoln's name was in every mouth and in those stirring times everything was on fire. There was a Chicago contingent, and a few others here and there, who were for Seward, but they were so completely in the minority that not much attention was paid to them. The convention was called to order and after the prayer a cry was started on the platform: 'Open a passage way! Open a passage way! Let Dennis Hanks and Dick Oglesby through! They have some rails that Dennis Hanks and Abe Lincoln made in 1830.' They came in with the rails, which had a piece of cotton cloth rolled round them. When this cloth was unrolled it disclosed the legend: 'These rails were made by Dennis Hanks and Abraham Lincoln in 1830.' They were walnut rails, such as would be hard to find now, but there was plenty of that kind of fine hard wood in those days. The crowd went wild and it was some time before order was restored. There was a yell for Lincoln. After a bit, he appeared on the outskirts of the crowd. By this time the crowd was very dense and somebody yelled 'Mr. Lincoln is here!' Then everybody began to holler: 'Bring him down to the platform!' Lincoln was a mighty long man, but they carried him down over their heads right over everybody in the crowd. I have heard of that sort of thing, but never before nor since have I seen a long fellow like Lincoln passed hand over hand over a solid mass of people. As they passed him along, everybody shouted, 'Speech! speech!'

"Lincoln smiled and bowed. After thanking them, he said that he would not delay the business of the convention, as it was a busy time of the year for the people of Illinois. At this stage of the proceeding, some fellow yelled out: 'Abe, did you split them rails?' Said he: 'Dennis Hanks says I split those rails. I don't know whether I did or not, but I have made many a better one!' Then the crowd yelled. That is substantially all I saw of Lincoln at that time at Decatur. He had a splendid tenor voice, as I remember it, one that would carry to the utmost limits of a vast crowd.

"I felt well acquainted with Lincoln when I was practicing law in those days in the old

Ninth Illinois Circuit. Everybody knew him or about him, and almost everybody was fond of talking about him. We used to hold court in different towns and 'court week' was a great time for each locality and the immediate country surrounding it. All the lawyers used to gather from several counties and, in addition to the witnesses, there were always a lot of folks who came in to listen to the witnesses or the arguments by counsel. I never met Lincoln at any of these places, however. I went to Illinois in the latter half of '58, but I did not meet Mr. Lincoln until the time I was telling you about, in 1860 at Decatur. Almost all of the people I met in those days knew him, some on sight, and some personally. I was lawyer for a good many of those folks and they would delight in telling me how he urged this case or argued that one, or of some story he told them. He surely was a great favorite.

"A short time after the Decatur convention, the Republican National Convention was held in the wigwam at Chicago and Lincoln was nominated for the Presidency. There were present at that convention a great many men who were prominent in the state then and some who acquired prominence later. Among these were Norman B. Judge, of Chicago, who was a candidate for Governor; Richard Yates, the war Governor of Illinois, and father of young Dick, who has just completed his term of service as Governor of that state; John M. Palmer, Leonard Swett, Owen Lovejoy, and Jesse K. Dubois. The latter was a candidate for Secretary of State and the father of the present-day United States Senator of that name. Part of these had been Democrats, part Whigs, and some were Abolitionists. They were all united in a common cause. 'Uncle Dick' Oglesby was formerly a Kentuckian, and my recollection is that Palmer was, too. Thomas J. Henderson, who was in the State Senate, lived in the same county with Elijah and Owen Lovejoy. There was a good deal of 'scrapping' when they tried to organize the convention. David Davis was present. He lived in the old Ninth Judicial District and had been intimate with Lincoln for many years. He was a Marylander and was not in harmony with the Tom Turner and Owen Lovejoy sort of fellows, inasmuch as he was not so radical. He had been an old Whig and some of that spirit clung to him. He was much in fear that the party would be weakened on account of the conservative element of the Democratic party

that might be scared off by the Abolitionists and all that sort of thing. But Davis headed a delegation to Chicago and did very efficient service in securing the nomination of Mr. Lincoln. The consensus of opinion was that Seward would be nominated; but in the end Pennsylvania came to Lincoln, as did Missouri and other states that were not with him at first.

"Horace Greeley was there and he was at war with Seward and Weed. They prevented Greeley from coming as a delegate from his own state, so he got a proxy from the state of Oregon. From the very beginning, he cast the vote of Oregon for Abraham Lincoln."

When Mr. Cannon had finished his reminiscence of the convention which nominated Lincoln, I asked him for an opinion of the great man. In his frank, direct way, without an opportunity to choose other words than those which came spontaneously, he answered:

"Lincoln's power lay in the fact that he was of the people, and that he knew them as God has given it to few men to know them. He was out of the borderland. He was born in Kentucky. He afterward lived in both Indiana and Illinois. He did flat-boating on the river which divides the Northland from the Southland, and all the time he was reading law by a bark light. He knew the people because he never allowed himself to get away from them or to be anything but a part of them. When a crisis came in those trying days, which afterward made of him a martyr, he had but to close his eyes and put himself personally in the position where he was to decide for the people.

"Lincoln had but to put the question to himself and in his heart he found the right answer, and the answer from time to time which has made him the greatest figure in our history. He had a majority of the people of the Middle West with him and this made his political success possible. I firmly believe that if Seward had been selected at our Chicago convention we would have had two countries instead of this great Republic which now stirs our hearts.

"I think if Morton had been made President, he would have proved the equal of Mr. Lincoln in many respects, and a stronger man in some. He was not so patient a man, but in my opinion he was the intellectual equal of Lincoln or anybody else. In dealing with the situation in Indiana, he had a task that would have daunted any strong man. The Legisla-

ture refused to make the necessary appropriations. He got a lot of Indiana people to put up the money and borrowed enough to carry on the state government. In 1864, another Legislature was elected that proved to be in harmony with him and he came out all right in the end. He was a great, strong, forcible man from every standpoint. Yates was a genuine, sincere fellow—which you could not say of everybody in that time or this. Lincoln used to call him a 'vote-getter,' and he was, too.

"Lincoln's stepmother lived in Coles County, Illinois, down near Farmington. He always thought a great deal of her. His own mother had died when he was young. Tom Lincoln, Abe's father, married Mrs. Johnson. Lincoln was of some account even when a small boy. The Johnson boys were ne'er-do-wells and Abe's stepmother took quite a shine to him. Lincoln used to go and see her and he never lost his love and affection for her throughout his life.

"He was on his road down there to see her when I last saw him, just before he went to Washington to take the oath of office. He was with Tom Marshall, the senator from Coles County, when I got on the train at Tuscola on my way to Mattoon, where I was going to try a lawsuit. I was a constituent of Marshall's, and when he saw me in the car he motioned to me and, turning to Mr. Lincoln, said: 'Mr. Lincoln, I want to introduce you to a young lawyer in this county.' There was a lot of other people in the car who crowded around and wanted to see Mr. Lincoln and be introduced to him. I was a modest young fellow then, particularly in the presence of men who occupied positions of dignity, trust, and responsibility. I always felt myself the equal of any other man and was quick to resent any effort either to patronize me or tyrannize over me. For that reason I was always careful, when around other men, not to place myself in a position where I would be subjected to anything of the sort. Of course, with Mr. Lincoln there was no need for such a feeling, as he was the kindest sort of a man. I stepped back and others crowded forward to see him.

"I did not hear Mr. Lincoln talk much, but a man by the name of Morgan, who was a great personal friend of his, said: 'Abe, be you going down to see your mother?' Lincoln replied: 'I am going down to spend a day visiting her before I go to Washington to take the oath of office.'"

forward, have all been tried, and now the coming day dawns when payment is to be made wholly or in part by profit-sharing, the workman having the status of the share-owning official and a voice in management as joint owner. He will be guaranteed a minimum wage, when finally paid by profits entirely, to keep his mind easy and free for his work, the proper support of himself and of his family being thus insured.

It may be mentioned that the investments of workmen-partners in the United States Steel Corporation have been very profitable to both the men and the company.

To the sober-minded workmen, we say again, hold fast to that which has proved itself good. Keep marching upon the path of decided and continuous progress, a progress which can be proved by simply glancing backward to conditions under which labor started, when work was the part of slaves, and contrasting these with its present independent position.

THE FINAL FORM WILL BE PROFIT-SHARING

We have traced the progress of labor upward under present conditions from slavery to partnership with capital. What the working-man has to consider, and consider well, is whether this be not the most advantageous path for him to continue to tread. So far as it has been tried it has proved a decided success, and it can easily be continued since it is proving mutually beneficial to capital and labor.

One of the greatest advantages, the writer thinks, will be found in drawing men and managers into closer intercourse, so that they become friends and learn each other's virtues, for that both have virtues none knows better than the writer, who has seen both sides of the shield as employee and employer. "We only hate those we do not know," says the French proverb. There is much truth in this. In vast establishments it is very difficult, almost impossible, for workmen and employer to know each other, but when the managers and workmen are joint owners, and both are paid wages, as even the president of the company is, we shall see greater intercourse between them. In the case of disputes, it is certain that the workmen-partners have a status nothing else can give. They can attend all shareholders' meetings and have a voice there if desired. Entrance into the

partnership class means increased power to workmen. On the other hand, knowledge of the company's affairs, its troubles and disappointments, which come at intervals to the most successful concerns, will teach the workman much that he did not know before.

Co-partnership tends to bring a realizing sense of the truth to both labor and capital that their interests, broadly considered, are mutual; and as far as the latter is concerned it may finally, in some cases, be all furnished by those engaged in the works, which is the ideal that should be held in view — the workman both capitalist and worker, employee and employer.

This, however, is not for our time. We are only pioneers, whose duty is to start the movement, leaving to our successors its full and free development as human society advances.

The first company so owned will mark a new era in the relations of labor and capital. We may not have to wait long for this experiment, since it is in line with recent developments. The writer has no desire to embark again in business, but nothing would appeal to him so strongly as this ideal. He should like to address a body of workmen, many thousands in number, as all "fellow-partners." He addresses forty-odd at dinner once every year by that endearing term — partners of his youth and dear friends of his old age; only two ever put a dollar in the business. All the others — many of them working men — earned their shares by brilliant service. Most of them are dollar-millionaires — all are rich.

Thus is labor soon to attain its deserved place and recompense, and workman and capitalist become one — the wage system, except a minimum, being displaced by division of profits.

The foregoing was written before the following, by John Stuart Mill, attracted the writer's attention:

"The form of association, however, which, if mankind continue to improve, must be expected in the end to predominate, is not that which can exist between a capitalist as chief and workpeople without a voice in the management, but the association of the laborers themselves on terms of equality, collectively owning the capital with which they carry on their operations, and working under managers elected and removable by themselves."

It is most encouraging that so great an authority as Mill foresaw that the ideal condition of the future lay not in State-owned factories and mines, uniform wages to workmen, and the abolition of private capital, as Socialists urge, but in uniting the workman and the capitalist in one and the same person.

The writer is convinced that this is to be the highly satisfactory and final solution. The first step in advance has already come in the natural progress of evolution — no revolution necessary — and it is earnestly pressed upon the attention of the intelligent working-man and his leaders, some of whom seem to have been misled into devoting themselves to the advocacy of a system, admittedly

unsuited to our day, which requires an organic change in the relations of society, and indeed involves a complete revolution in the nature of man — the task of a thousand years.

The experiment of labor-and-capital-union — workmen-capitalists — has exceeded, so far, all expectations. Even the convinced Socialist might, therefore, hail it as at least a step in the right direction, making labor's position better than before, saying to himself: "Let the future bring what it may, a bird in the hand is often worth more than a whole flock in the bush. Our socialistic remedy is for the future; let us not forget this in our dealing with the present."

Such seems to the writer the part of wisdom.

LINCOLN AND DARWIN

EXTRAORDINARY CONTRASTS IN THE CAREERS OF THE TWO GREAT PERSONALITIES OF THE LAST CENTURY WHO WERE BORN ON THE SAME DAY

BY

A. SHERWOOD

THE twelfth day of February, 1809, was a memorable one for the world, for into it on that day were born two of the foremost men of the last century, Abraham Lincoln and Charles Darwin. There could be no more striking contrast than in the careers of these two men. One led a quiet and secluded existence; the other a life of action in the glare of publicity. One came from a distinguished ancestry; the other from almost unknown stock. The coincidence of their birth is the sole fact which at first thought connects them in our minds. Yet there is a certain similarity in their lives which the antithesis of their outer experiences only sets in higher relief.

The story of the boyhood and youth of Lincoln is familiar to every American child. Born in a miserable log-cabin in the newness of Kentucky; accompanying his parents in their frequent journeys in the effort to find a better livelihood; gaining the scant rudiments of knowledge by the fireplace on a winter's evening, with the hearthstones for slate and a bit of charcoal for pencil; equal to the severest feats of manual labor as a young man and respected by his neighbors for his physical

strength and courage; borrowing and eagerly reading books of instruction; finding by degrees an opening into politics and law; and finally receiving the gift of the place of highest usefulness, he stood at last in that most difficult position to which any man has ever been called, at the head of a great nation in civil conflict.

His last years were full of burdens and heavy griefs, and the ended war was closely followed by his most untimely death. While the nation still needed it sorely, that gentle and heroic life was cut down, and he who had spared no service was not spared.

During the years that Lincoln, hidden from the sight of all but a few ignorant neighbors (afterward famed for their knowledge of him), was struggling towards his unknown goal, the young Charles Darwin, in beautiful England, in his father's home at Shrewsbury, was also approaching manhood. With all the professions open to him, he showed an inclination to none of them. The schools of that day, chiefly of the classical order, had no attractions for him. He was fond of outdoor sports, and showed an intense love for such biological studies as he was enabled to pursue at Cam-

bridge. And yet, so little did he dream of what his lifework was to be, that he contemplated entering the ministry of the Church of England, and made some progress in preparing for it. With much effort he succeeded in taking a degree at Cambridge, and soon thereafter, being recommended by one of his professors, was offered the position of naturalist on board a steamer bound for a five years' trip around the coast of South America. All thought of the clergy was abandoned. His eyes were suddenly and joyfully opened to the future before him. He saw in the realm of biological science the field of usefulness which he had longed for, and his perplexities were put at rest.

On the South American voyage he permanently wrecked his health. Yet with the utmost perseverance he carried on his work, even when obliged, as he said, to "take the horizontal for it." This courageous persistence became a part of his nature, so that his ill-health throughout life did not, perhaps, greatly diminish the amount of work which he might otherwise have accomplished. It was the source of much suffering, however, and prevented all enjoyments of a social kind. He found life in London too exciting, and was obliged to seek a country home near the little village of Down, some forty miles from London. In this retired place he passed his life with his wife, their nine children, and their servants, and with only an occasional visitor, for receiving his friends was too great a strain upon Darwin's strength. Yet, so conscientious was he in regard to the value of time, that the amount of study and original research which he accomplished was almost prodigious. He wrote many books on biological subjects, and was made a member of scientific societies in almost every country in the world. He received much criticism, but also the highest praise and honors, and had the even greater pleasure of seeing his work steadily gaining in popularity and influence. Retaining his keen interest in scientific problems, and with mind unclouded to the last, he went to the end of life. He died at the age of seventy-three, and was given a grave in England's beautiful shrine, Westminster Abbey.

Lincoln and Darwin each stood at the close of an epoch — one in political and civil conditions, the other in the sphere of science and philosophy. They were privileged to be among the world's servants and usher in a new day. The shadows of the eighteenth century still lay

across the nineteenth. Men still groped their way amid the dimness of ideas now left far behind. Human slavery was practised in a civilized nation, with all its terrible, far-reaching consequences to both enslaver and enslaved. Mental bondage was hardly less oppressive. Tradition and the Church put rational faith to shame. The intellect was enslaved. All faith was dogmatism, and outside of dogma it was believed there was no salvation. It was a narrowness of faith comparable to that which held the mind when the earth was looked upon as the centre of the universe with the sun revolving around it. To remove this conception seemed to the contemporaries of Galileo to shake the foundations of religion. Yet the reverse proved to be the case. And this history repeated itself in the time of Darwin.

There is a curious parallelism in the case of human bondage. It was claimed that the abolition of slavery would mean the ruin of the South. And precisely the reverse was true. Instead of killing all industries, the removal of slavery remodeled and improved them. It reorganized labor, and saved the South from commercial stagnation; for no industries in a slave community can compete with those carried on by free labor. Most of all, the removal of slavery meant the uplifting of millions of human beings, not suddenly, but through that slow process by which all advancement must be attained.

Though the present day finds us not yet on the uplands, we are nearer than we were, and for this we have to thank, among many other heaven-sent guides, Abraham Lincoln and Charles Darwin. Lincoln struck away the shackles from the slave. Darwin broke the chains of superstition that held the mind in bondage. Lincoln lifted the heart of all mankind to higher conceptions of justice and brotherhood. Darwin lifted the mind from hopeless error to nobler conceptions of the universe and man's destiny. The moral daring of the liberator and the intellectual courage of the philosopher achieved results among the greatest bequeathed us by the nineteenth century.

The crowning work in the life of each was the result of some twenty years of study along that special line. In 1837 Darwin first began to see some light upon the problem of the origin of species. With a "working hypothesis" in mind, and with almost incredible patience, he

observed in both the plant and animal worlds the limitless variations and adaptations of nature. Every possible objection to his theory he committed to writing as soon as it occurred to him, and if possible found its solution. He evaded nothing, but met fairly every perplexing fact and allowed it due weight. When, in 1850, he gave the result to the world in his masterly volume, "Origin of Species by Means of Natural Selection," few if any criticisms of value were made against the theory which he had not foreseen and at least in some degree dealt with.

It was a work for which the world was waiting. The time was ripe for it, and instantly the scientific world was resounding with discussion. In this country the hideous spectre of war was before all eyes, and the first appearance of the book was an event only to specialists in the field of biology. But as time has passed its importance has been increasingly recognized. Darwin, who was, in Huxley's phrase, "the sworn interpreter of Nature in the high court of Reason," had given evidence, not unassailable indeed, but unshakable, by virtue of his long years of preparation and careful thought.

During practically those same twenty years Lincoln was holding in his mind the problem of human slavery. He had come to the conclusion that a nation could not exist half slave and half free. He believed that if the extension of slavery into the free states could be prevented, there would ultimately be found a way for its extinction. For this he longed and hoped, while taking no course counter to the laws in force, even though they countenanced the greatest wrong which could be legalized. When a young man, Lincoln made a trip up the Sangamon River, and on his journey saw "ten or a dozen slaves shackled together." Long afterward he wrote to a friend, "That sight was a continual torment to me, and I see something like it every time I touch the Ohio or any other slave border. It is not fair for you to assume that I have no interest in a thing that has, and constantly exercises, the power of making me miserable." This in 1841, and in 1862 the Emancipation Proclamation was published. It was issued strictly as a war measure. Only the exigencies of war could give the President this power. Years of serious, anxious thought had preceded the act, and when the time and occasion were at hand, with fair warning and without hesitation, he acted.

Lincoln and Darwin did more to create the moral and mental atmosphere of to-day than any other two men. Modern learning was revolutionized by the Darwinian theory of evolution. Evolution was known and accepted long before Darwin's time; but his discovery as to *how* evolution is effected placed the theory upon a verifiable basis, made it something more than mere speculative thought confined to a select and learned circle. Even among the scientists of fifty years ago, evolution was by no means a common theory. Some of the most eminent biologists believed that all species had been created in their present forms and present proportions. The popular mind had no idea of evolution. Those who doubted the literal interpretation of the Biblical account of creation found nothing satisfactory in the "transmutation theory." The origin of species was called the "mystery of mysteries" until Darwin came, with his orderly mind, his untiring industry, and a love for biological facts that amounted to genius. Nature could hold her secret no longer. It was charmed from her by this lover of hers, and when he had learned to read the first of her hieroglyphs aright, these held the key to many more.

The "Origin of Species" is the one book never omitted from any list of the most important books of the last century. It shows that while the complications of cause and effect ramify in every direction, they yet follow established and intelligible laws, laws so interwoven as once to appear incapable of extrication. The interest of the world about us is thus intensified a thousandfold. Whereas before, "It was so created" might serve as answer to every question in the field of natural science, now we are able to find rational causes accounting for conditions upon the earth. The world before was a finished product, a specimen piece of work which we might examine if we chose, but could not comprehend. Now it has become a blossoming flower, still unfolding before our eyes. It was a riddle and hieroglyph. Now it is a wonderful poem, with fresh beauty in every word. It is equally mysterious in itself, but not unintelligible.

Darwin's work in its gigantic proportions would have been impossible without many pioneers to blaze the way. Leibnitz, Buffon, Lamarck, and Ste.-Hilaire were all forerunners of his. He was eager to give credit to his humblest co-workers. "I am well aware," he said, "that my books could never have been

written, and would not have made any impression upon the public mind, had not an immense amount of material been collected by a long series of admirable observers; and it is to them that honor is chiefly due." He owed perhaps as much to contemporary effort as Lincoln did, and he gave thanks with the same generosity, and self-effacement. Lincoln's work would have been impossible without Seward, Chase, Sherman, Sheridan, Grant — to name a few in a long list. On the other hand, many of Lincoln's advisers and generals were grievous hindrances, while the men of science of that day who did not go to Darwin with words of encouragement were the exceptions.

No one could be less eager for fame than Darwin was, or more surprised that fame should come to him. He could sincerely say that it mattered not who found the Truth, so only the Truth was found. The utmost care was not too much to bestow upon the most trifling point, if thereby he felt some hope of arriving nearer to the truth. If in any statement he made the slightest error he could not rest till he had made correction; and praise which he felt to be greater than he deserved gave him actual pain. His nature was supremely sympathetic. His perfect kindness and exquisite courtesy were the natural expressions of a sincere heart and a mind unable to pretend. Huxley, who never praised unduly even his best-loved friends, said of Darwin, "They [the present generation] think of him who bore this name as a rare combination of genius, industry, and unswerving veracity, who earned his place among the most famous men of his age by sheer native power, in the teeth of a gale of popular prejudice, and, notwithstanding provocations which might have excused any outbreak, kept himself clear of all envy, hatred, and malice, nor dealt otherwise than fairly and justly with the unfairness and injustice showered upon him; while to the end of his days he was ready to listen with patience and respect to the most insignificant of reasonable objectors."

These words would apply almost equally well to Lincoln, in whose life there shone the same utter freedom from envy, hatred, malice, and from self-love and ambition. Ceaseless criticism, charges of the lowest motives, malignant enmity, none of these seemed to move him to an instant's anger. With perfect calmness he proceeded on his way. It mattered not to him who saved the Union, nor who received the credit for it, so only the Union was saved.

Ambition of the right kind he assuredly had, but tainted with no desire for applause. When, early in his career, he said, "My highest ambition is for the esteem of my fellow citizens," we cannot, in the light of his life, doubt the depth of his earnestness, lightly as such words might be spoken by others.

There is no recorded word of Darwin's regarding Lincoln, although he lived seventeen years after Lincoln's death. But in regard to slavery Darwin wrote to Asa Gray in 1861: "Great God! how I should like to see the greatest curse on earth, slavery, abolished!" And again, later in the same year, "If abolition does follow with your victory, the whole world will look brighter in my eyes and in many eyes."

It is remarkable that of these two men he who was once a backwoodsman and rail-splitter should have added to literature, apparently unstudied, some of its finest utterances; while the other, bred in a scholarly atmosphere, found all literary expression extremely difficult and only by the most laborious efforts acquired a lucid style. Both men had a sense of humor. Though less notable in Darwin, yet its playful gleams light up his correspondence and give us delightful glimpses into his mind.

Darwin became in theory an agnostic, while Lincoln acquired a religious attitude of mind. Yet in all life's relations they were equally true. Some words from an account which Darwin wrote of his little daughter reveal as much his own tender nature as the charming personality of the child:

"It was delightful and cheerful to behold her. Her dear face now rises before me as she used sometimes to come running downstairs with a stolen pinch of snuff for me, her whole form radiant with the pleasure of giving pleasure. Besides her joyousness, she was in her manners remarkably cordial, frank, open, straightforward, natural, and without any shade of reserve. Her whole mind was pure and transparent. One felt one knew her thoroughly and could trust her. . . . In the last short illness her conduct was in simple angelic. She never once complained; never became fretful; was ever considerate of others, and was thankful in the most gentle, pathetic manner for everything done for her. When so exhausted that she could hardly speak she praised everything that was given her, and said some tea was "beautifully good." When I gave her some water, she said "I quite thank you," and these, I believe, were the last precious words addressed by her dear lips to me.

"We have lost the joy of our household and

the solace of our old age. She must have known how we loved her. Oh, that she could now know how deeply, how tenderly, we do still and shall ever love her dear, joyous face! Blessings on her!"

Lincoln, too, stood by the graves of his children. His experiences, indeed, were, many of them, tragic. If we jealously reserve our highest honors for Washington, yet the present generation is so close to Lincoln that unconsciously we give him our most intimate love. There are still many among us who remember him as a living presence; who looked upon him almost as the pillar of fire leading through the night in a divinely appointed path; and who clearly recall the terrible hour of his death. Few indeed have been the calumniators of Lincoln since that hour, which came so cruelly at a time when the noblest hopes and ambitions made life infinitely precious to him.

With Darwin the reverse was the case. Completing his life in peace, his death did not silence his enemies. If they paused for a moment, reflecting upon the remarkably lovable nature of the man, yet even this was soon forgotten. With no possible ground for personal malice, calm argument was not sufficiently forcible to satisfy them. To this day there are those who speak slightly of Darwin, entirely missing the significance of his work.

As Lincoln alone can be placed beside Washington in his work for the advancing of liberty and the human race, so Darwin alone can be placed beside Newton, that mighty intellect of the world, in his work for the advancement of knowledge. There should be no attempts to

invest the memory of either with unreal virtues. We would know each as he was, without a halo, as both, haters of all deception, would have wished. Both made mistakes. Lincoln's idea of Negro colonization was extremely visionary, and historians will no doubt always disagree as to the wisdom of his course respecting various events. Darwin's pangenesis theory was wildly hypothetical, and some of his deductions are found to be in error, while others are still in question among biologists. Errors of this description, however, do not lessen our reverence and gratitude, nor should they. Reverence for greatness is one of the uplifting forces of the world. Revering the almost divine patience with which Lincoln went through the days of storm and stress, we revere it anew in the long years of suffering and toil which Darwin so cheerfully underwent. Admiring the total indifference to fame which Lincoln displayed, we admire it again in Darwin, whose labor was wholly a labor of love for scientific truth. Touched by Lincoln's tireless sympathy and kindness, we likewise treasure in our thoughts the gentleness of Darwin.

On the day of their birth these two were sundered apparently as far by heritage, environment, and destiny as by the ocean that rolled between them. Yet they had more in common than the primal virtues of courage and honesty which we find in all great men. And for what they were, as well as for what they achieved, the world will forever love the memory of the American of Americans and of the Sage of Down.

WHAT BIG FAMILIES MEAN TO NATIONS

TO GERMANY THE LARGE HOUSEHOLD HAS GIVEN POWER IN EUROPE AND INFLUENCE IN THE WORLD—WHAT SMALL FAMILIES HAVE MEANT TO FRANCE

BY

W. S. ROSSITER

OF THE CENSUS BUREAU

IN THE year 1801, a census of the population of France was made by direction of Napoleon. The total number of inhabitants returned at this enumeration, which included the population of Alsace-Lorraine,

was 27,349,003. When the enumeration was made, France was upon the threshold of the greatest military operations of modern times, or perhaps in the history of the world.

While no definite figures are available for the

other nations of Europe, estimates of population at that period have been made. The table of Levasseur credits a total of 132,700,000 inhabitants to all Europe, exclusive of Russia and Turkey.

Estimated Population of the Nations of Europe, Exclusive of Russia and Turkey, in 1800

Country	Population	Relative density of each on a scale of 100
Total	132,700,000	100.00
France	27,350,000	20.61
Austria-Hungary	25,000,000	18.84
Germany	23,180,000	17.47
Italy	17,240,000	12.90
United Kingdom	16,200,000	12.21
Switzerland	1,800,000	1.36
Belgium	2,200,000	1.66
Holland	2,100,000	1.58
Sweden	2,350,000	1.77
Norway	880,000	.66
Spain	10,540,000	7.94
Portugal	2,030,000	2.21
Denmark	930,000	.71

With the exception of Russia, the number of whose inhabitants in 1800, partly serfs, could be but vaguely estimated, France was the leading nation of Europe in population. The commanding position which the French nation occupied at that period was in reality not so much due to military ability as to population-weight, her nearest rival being Austria. The population of Prussia and the states which now compose the German Empire was approximately 23,180,000 in 1800. Therefore, when France and Germany confronted each other in the Napoleonic campaigns, the population of France exceeded that of Germany by more than 16 per cent., while both nations possessed geographical areas practically the same in size, each having approximately 204,000 square miles. With military ability at least equal to that of Germany, there would be little or no question of the supremacy of France.

More than a century has now elapsed since Napoleon improved the brief period of tranquillity following the Peace of Lunéville to introduce administrative reforms which included the first census of France. The century which has brought census taking into universal practice among civilized nations has also wrought striking statistical changes.

Absence of warfare and the extraordinary industrial awakening of the nineteenth century doubtless have been the principal causes of an unprecedented increase in the number of the inhabitants of Europe. One put a stop to the premature death of the heads

of families, and the other eliminated the problem of food supply by furnishing sufficient wealth to import unlimited quantities of food stuffs.

Approximate Population of Europe, Exclusive of Russia, and Turkey, in 1908

Country	Approximate population, 1908	Annual per cent. increase from last census	Relative density of each on a scale of 100
Total	283,132,818	—	100.00
German Empire	63,406,520	1.52	22.30
Austria-Hungary	48,465,060	.91	17.12
United Kingdom	44,885,821	.99	15.85
France	39,370,024	.15	13.91
Italy	34,152,924	.738	12.06
Spain	19,943,694	.89	7.04
Belgium	7,245,096	1.03	2.56
Netherlands	5,829,219	1.45	2.06
Portugal	5,744,181	.74	2.03
Sweden	5,410,218	.71	1.91
Switzerland	3,539,106	.83	1.25
Denmark	2,622,584	1.10	0.94
Norway	2,478,371	1.33	0.88

With the exception of France, all the nations of Europe have approximately doubled or more than doubled in population in 108 years. While boundaries have been changed in some instances, the changes were not sufficiently important materially to affect comparison. The population of France increased by less than half, and that of Germany almost tripled, so that the excess of about four million inhabitants in favor of France in 1800 has given place in 1908 to an excess in favor of Germany of twenty-four millions.

Thus the actual preponderance of France in number of inhabitants at the beginning of the nineteenth century has yielded at the beginning of the twentieth to an adverse figure so great, when compared with that of Germany, that France from the standpoint of population must now be regarded as a comparatively small nation.

Throughout the century the Germans seem to have been engaged in increasing national strength in numbers, while the French appear to have disregarded this important element of national power.

It is important that the increase of German population has not been due to accessions of territory carrying with them large numbers of inhabitants; the cause appears to have been national fertility. In fact, increase in the population of the German Empire has been accomplished in the face of an extraordinary and continued loss through emigration to all parts of the world, especially to the United States.

Every state or territory in this republic acknowledges a considerable share of its more active and prosperous citizens to be natives of Germany. In some states the number of Germans is so large that they have exercised a decided influence upon the thought and customs of the communities in which they live.

France, on the other hand, has lost but few of her citizens by departure. There are some states and territories of the United States in which there are practically no natives of France, and no portion of the United States has been materially influenced, since the Huguenot period, by immigrants from France. The number of persons of French and of German birth and

During the nineteenth century there was little change in the territory of France and Germany other than the transfer of Alsace-Lorraine. This change was so small that both nations still have approximately the same area — slightly more than 200,000 square miles— each. Such increase in population as has occurred in both has been in number of inhabitants per square mile within the same boundaries. In 1800 the number of inhabitants per square mile was 134 in France and 113 in Germany. In 1908 the number of inhabitants per square mile is 189 in France and 303 in Germany. The density of population in the German Empire is now about equal to that of

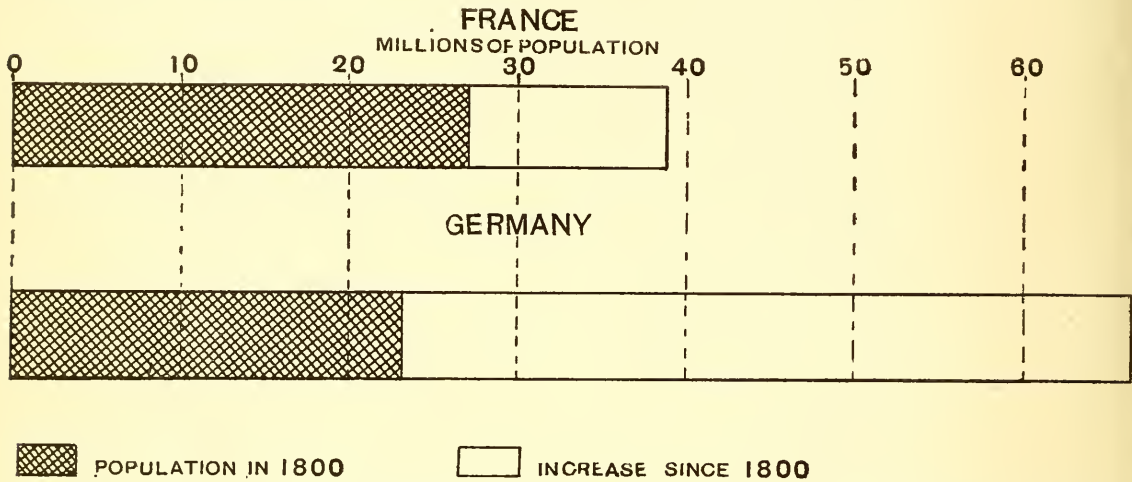


DIAGRAM SHOWING THE RELATIVE INCREASE IN POPULATION OF FRANCE AND GERMANY

of natives of French or German parentage counted at the Federal census of 1900 was:

Geographic Divisions	French	German
All United States	170,824	6,236,936
North Atlantic States	61,718	1,917,593
South Atlantic States	3,300	178,000
North Central States	58,281	3,594,279
South Central States	21,748	285,291
Western States	25,547	258,357
Outlying districts (Alaska & Hawaii)	230	3,416

It must be remembered that both French immigration and German immigration are among the older movements to the United States. The number of persons above reported is not the total number who have actually immigrated to the United States. Many, who arrived several decades ago, are no longer living. By this table, however, Germany has contributed thirty-seven times as many citizens to the upbuilding of the American republic as France has contributed.

Italy, is approaching that of Great Britain, and is materially exceeded in Europe only by that of Belgium and Holland. Had the United States the same number of inhabitants per square mile as Germany, the population of this republic would reach the overwhelming total of nine hundred millions.

The bursting of boundary from over-population, manifested principally in migration of races, has been the chief cause of realignments of nations through the centuries. In Japan forty-nine millions of inhabitants, awakening to individual effort, are finding but cramped accommodation in the island empire. The anticipated overflow of Japanese population is the menace of the East, yet the density of population in 1908 in Japan, including Formosa, is only about equal to the present density of population in Germany.

There are three conclusions of some significance to be drawn from the change in the

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The March of Events

THERE is an educational value in the discussion of the remarkable coincidences of the births of great men in 1809 — Lincoln, Gladstone, Darwin, Chopin, Mendelssohn, Tennyson, Poe, Holmes, Fitzgerald, Mrs. Browning, and others less noted. It is easy to explain the simultaneous development of Lincoln and Gladstone, for simultaneous political upheavals in their countries, under different forms, were sure to develop great careers. Perhaps some similar cause may be found for the practically simultaneous appearance of great musical composers. But here all clear explanation ends. A Poe, for instance, might have come at any time or at no time, and may or may not come again. It would be difficult to account for such a poet by any political or social or scientific forces.

The best use, then, that can be made of the extraordinary coincidences of the births of these great men and women — great in so many ways — is to use the centenary of their appearance as an occasion to study their works and careers; and those who believe that civilization makes progress chiefly by the leadership of great men will pray that this year will confer on mankind as many such as the corresponding year of the last century. For, in spite of the great increase of our educational machinery and the noise that our institutions of learning make in the modern world, in spite, too, of our great gains in mastering the forces of nature and in lifting the level of well-being, in spite of all the progress that we have made in a century, we know no more about the rearing or the training or the coming of great men than

was known a hundred years ago. Nor do we recognize them when they come any more quickly than the men of the last century did.

LINCOLN AND DARWIN AND THE NEW WORLD THEY MADE

ESPECIALLY instructive are the celebrations of the centenary of Lincoln and Darwin, the two greatest names in the list, if greatness be measured by the results of men's work. Doubtless the downfall of slavery and the rounded development of the Union would have come if Lincoln had never been born; and modern science would have been established and most old philosophies thrown into the waste-basket, and man would have put himself in his present attitude to life and to Nature, if Darwin had never lived. Yet the fact is that these incalculable gains to the human race came by the labors of these men; and the gratitude of mankind would be small if the greatest honor were not paid to them.

The celebration of Darwin's work is necessarily less spectacular than the celebration of Lincoln's. But the difference between living in the post-Darwinian era and in the pre-Darwinian era, to every thoughtful and restless spirit in a world of unexplained purpose and mystery, is the greatest intellectual difference that has come in many centuries. In comparison with it, mere political or social advances sink into insignificance.

Yet the great figure of Lincoln becomes larger as we get further from his physical presence, and the wonder of his greatness grows. No

(Continued on page 11187)



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PRESIDENT-ELECT TAFT AND MRS. TAFT AT AUGUSTA, GA.

"I PRAY THAT IT MAY BE GIVEN TO ME TO OBLITERATE ALL SECTIONAL LINES,
AND LEAVE NOTHING OF DIFFERENCE BETWEEN THE NORTH AND THE SOUTH,
SAVE A FRIENDLY EMULATION FOR THE BENEFIT OF OUR COMMON COUNTRY"

[See "The March of Events"]

other personality in our history except Washington's has so taken hold on the hearts of men — of all men. His large human qualities — the triumph of sheer character and patience and sympathy and humor — make so direct an appeal that in veneration of him the common man (and in his presence all men are common) forgets his achievement and feels the lifting influence of a great kindred spirit. Life in our country would have been very different this last half-century if slavery had survived even for a little longer time, and if the Confederacy had succeeded even temporarily—how different, it causes a shudder to try to think.

THE GREAT LESSON OF THE EARTHQUAKE

THE better organization of the world and the consequent promptness of human sympathy — a kindlier and closer relation of men and of nations — were never more conspicuously shown than by the world-wide response to the needs of the sufferers in Sicily and southern Italy. Governments and cities and organizations of many sorts and individuals — the poor as well as the rich — responded in a way that shows a real advance of nations and of great masses of men toward something like universal brotherhood. No such evidence of progress of this wide and deep kind was ever before given in all the long history of human calamities.

MR. TAFT ON THE TARIFF AND ON THE ANTI-TRUST LAW

MR. TAFT has already explained in a few short speeches of unusual quietness and simplicity his convictions about the most important policies now under discussion. Regarding the tariff, he takes the Republican platform literally, which he explained in these words:

“The measure of the tariff should be the difference between the cost of production of the article in this country and such cost abroad, and in the estimate of the cost of production abroad and in the estimate of the cost of production here there should be included among other elements what is regarded in each place as a reasonable manufacturer's profit.”

This is protection. But it is protection by schedules very much lower than many of the schedules now in effect. The practical task of determining the exact cost of many manufactured articles, including a “reasonable profit,” either here or in any other country,

is not as easy as it seems. But this is at least a clear principle to work by, and the present tariff was not framed by any principle, but chiefly by preference and favor.

At the dinner of the Ohio Society in New York, where Mr. Taft made this explanation of his attitude toward tariff revision, he spoke with the same directness against the repeal of the Sherman anti-trust law, but in favor of its amendment, in these words:

“It will be the business of the Administration to get such construction or amendment of the law as will lay down a rule by which all business men may be guided, in order that they may know where the line is they may not cross.”

In morals, it is not difficult to decide when an act in restraint of trade is wrong — is in violation of a square deal; but the law as it now stands makes no discrimination. Amendment or construction is needed which shall make it applicable only to such combinations in restraint of trade as make against the public welfare. Mr. Taft declared his belief that railroads should be dealt with by a separate statute.

In this definite declaration concerning the regulation of corporations, he stood squarely by the “Roosevelt policies” of which this is a large part. This emphatic utterance was made to an audience in which more men sat who control great corporations than often get together. Mr. Harriman was there and Mr. Morgan, Mr. Rockefeller and Mr. Archbold, and Mr. Ryan, and more of the same financial class.

Subsequently Mr. Taft expressed a hope that the practical workings of the Government in controlling corporations could be so modified as to work more smoothly and rapidly.

These — the control of corporations and the revision of the tariff — are the two most important tasks of legislation and administration; and, as regards them both, the public knows precisely where the incoming President will stand, even before his inauguration.

MR. TAFT AND THE SOUTH

CONCERNING the restriction of the suffrage in the Southern States, Mr. Taft spoke at the dinner of the North Carolina Society in New York with the same plainness. He declared that we have the same Federal laws and the same Administration from the Canadian border to the Gulf of Mexico; and he showed a willingness — even an eagerness — to have Southern

support of his policies and Administration. And then he made plain his position regarding the restrictions of the suffrage, which is the same position that most thoughtful men of either party hold, and this class does not include either those men in the North who are opposed to any restriction nor those in the South who wish to prohibit the Negro from voting at all.

The restriction of the suffrage, Mr. Taft explained, is a question for every state to deal with as it chooses, provided it do not violate



By courtesy of the New York World

MARCHING THROUGH GEORGIA"

the Federal Constitution. That is to say, the suffrage may be lawfully restricted by imposing a property qualification, an educational qualification, a poll-tax, or all these, provided that, in making the restriction, white men and black men are treated alike. Any discrimination on account of color would, of course, be in violation of the Fifteenth Amendment. The proposal to repeal this amendment, he declared wholly visionary.

This is the only lawful ground that any man or party can stand on; and the overwhelming

mass of each party does stand on it. This position will prevent the repetition of the ignorant rule of either race. By restricting the suffrage, the South removed its old reason for remaining "solid." How soon any Southern State will become Republican will depend on sentiment — or personalities and temperaments and perhaps even on the use of Federal patronage — in a word, upon the quickness with which the Republican party in any state is made "respectable."

The reported plan to organize political clubs throughout the South of men who, though they may vote as Democrats at local elections, will vote as Republicans at national elections, will, if it be seriously tried at all, of course, turn out to be a mere paper plan. If clubs are to be formed that will help the Republican party, they must be Republican clubs, whatever they be called. Such mere tin-soldier ways of going about a perfectly straightforward task will end in ridicule.

The task is to make the Republican party in the South a sincere party. It has been made up, in the main, certainly it has been managed, by little groups of men held together by spoils. They have not wished the Republican party to succeed in the South; for, if it were to succeed, its leadership would pass into better hands. They have traded in offices and in votes at national conventions. This is the plain truth; and the sooner that Mr. Taft finds it out and acts upon it, the better.

If the fourth-class postmasters in the Southern States were put under the classified service and thus removed from politics, and if the other Federal offices were given to men of character, whether they have been Republicans or not, and if the little gangs of office brokers were disowned at Washington, a Republican party would instantly grow up. And there is no other way for one to come. It cannot be made to order.

AN ORDERLY AND RESOLUTE ADMINISTRATION

THE common politician must regard Mr. Taft as a simple man, for he knows no better than to take seriously the platform on which he was elected. That platform demands a revision of the tariff by a definite principle. He accepts that demand as his duty and as the duty of his party, and he expects the people to hold him and his party responsible for their conduct. So, too, the declarations about the regulations of corporations and the "Roosevelt

benefactions. Mr. Henry Phipps has added to his previous large gifts, to eradicate tuberculosis and for similar purposes, more than a million dollars to the Johns Hopkins Hospital in Baltimore for the study and cure of incipient insanity. The psychiatric clinic at this hospital will be the largest and the best equipped on this side the Atlantic.

Similarly, to promote health, Mrs. W. K. Vanderbilt, Sr., has given a million dollars to build model sanitary tenements in New York for those who have tuberculosis. Families that have victims of this disease may secure at low rentals homes built with especial reference to curing it, which is half the battle. Thus the vigorous campaign against this scourge gains volume. You will find a "tuberculosis exhibit" in many cities of the country. Although we are not yet making final headway against it, surely no educational campaign was ever more earnestly or hopefully furthered. We have only to go on in this way long enough, relaxing no effort, to make this plague almost as rare as small-pox has become.

And gifts for such purposes do not take away from the volume of benefactions for other uses. Probably at no time in our history has so large an amount of money been raised for the endowments of colleges as during this winter.

THE MONEY VALUE OF HUMAN LIFE

WILL it pay life-insurance companies to spend money in a direct effort to educate their policy-holders in methods of prolonging life? Professor Irving Fisher thinks that such a campaign of education *would* pay — pay directly in money returns; he has so informed the life insurance companies, and they have given heed to the suggestion. The Association of Life Insurance Presidents has appointed a Human Life Extension Committee to investigate the question from the companies' standpoint. Professor Fisher bases his arguments on such facts as these: In Western Europe, during the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries, the average of human life increased at the rate of four years a century; during the first three-quarters of the nineteenth century, it increased at the rate of nine years a century; and it is now increasing at the rate of seventeen years a century; and, in Prussia, it is calculated that the increase is now at the rate of twenty-seven years a century.

In the United States we have satisfactory

statistics only for Massachusetts, and in that state the lengthening is going on at the rate of about fourteen years a century.

So much for the better ways of living that have already been adopted. But still longer steps can be taken. Of the deaths from tuberculosis, 75 per cent. can be prevented; from pneumonia, 45 per cent.; from typhoid, 85 per cent.; from diphtheria, 70 per cent. By decreasing the number of the deaths that occur from these diseases, and by inducing the insured to seek pure air, pure water, and pure milk, the death losses of the insured under thirty years of age could be reduced by nearly one-half; and of the insured between thirty and sixty by about one-third.

The calculation based on these facts is that it would be a profitable investment if the life insurance companies should spend considerable sums in helping forward definite movements to improve the public health. Mr. Haley Fisk, vice-president of the Metropolitan Life Insurance Company, offered \$100,000 from his company if it could be given within the law. This surely is true — as fast as the prevention of disease is reducible to definite economic terms — as fast as men realize the profit of it — the average of life will become greater. It is worth much to bring the knowledge to every intelligent person that his own life may be lengthened by careful living and by proper preventive measures taken by city and county and state and National authorities — by corporations, too, and by one's neighbors and by everybody. A health-conscience is an incalculable force.

No man has a right to endanger his own health nor, so far as he can prevent it, to permit anybody to endanger either his own or anybody else's. If you are looking for a field of usefulness to your fellows, fall to and spread this doctrine and encourage this practice.

The overwhelming decrease of the death-rate at Havana under American sanitary management after our war with Spain, a similar decrease in Panama, the decrease of infant mortality in cities where a pure-milk supply has supplanted an impure one, show what can be done. Some European life insurance companies maintain sanitariums for their policy-holders. If the proposal that the great American companies help to educate the public can be reduced to definiteness and if it fall within the law, such help would go far to drum the idea into the people's heads that sanitation

hoped for, have loyally accepted the results of the Civil War, and are to-day working with a courage few people in the North can understand to uplift the Negro in the South and complete the emancipation that Lincoln began. I am tempted to say that it certainly required as high a degree of courage for men of the type of Robert E. Lee and John B. Gordon to accept the results of the war in the manner and spirit which they did, as that which Grant and Sherman displayed in fighting the physical battles that saved the Union.

"Lincoln, also, was a Southern man by birth, but he was one of those white men, of whom there is a large and growing class, who resented the idea that, in order to assert and maintain the superiority of the Anglo-Saxon race, it was necessary that another group of humanity should be kept in ignorance."

THE DECLINE OF RACE FRICTION *Apr 1909*

A LITTLE while before the delivery of his Lincoln address, Mr. Washington had made the following significant and true statement:

"Everything that can happen to disrupt the relations between the races has already happened. We have reached, in my opinion, the extreme of racial friction, and reaction has already set in. The finest types of Southern character are becoming more and more each year disgusted with the extreme radicalism, with the extreme legislation, with the extreme methods of punishing the Negro, with the extreme utterances against his education. From now on, in my opinion, we are going to witness a sanity of self-control, a liberality on the part of the men of the white race in the South toward the Negro, that we have not witnessed in the past."

Both races and the whole country have become weary of the "problem." Unnecessary discussion has gone on a long time and it has but-tered no parsnips. A "problem" runs its course as other diseases do. It goes through discussion, sometimes disagreement, through struggle and conflict; and then comes a day when people set about solving it by doing their daily duties in a friendly, rational way; and at last they forget that they ever had a problem to quarrel about. Race friction has apparently passed into the stage of work and toleration; and good men of both races are to be thanked for it.

THE RECURRING JAPANESE TROUBLE IN CALIFORNIA

THE fortunate ending of the latest anti-Japanese agitation in California was due to Mr. Roosevelt's energetic protest and especially to the sensible action of a majority of the California Legislature. Similar outbursts of this trouble are, of course, to be expected from time to time. Yet there is not the slightest reason to apprehend any general or serious danger to our peaceful relations with Japan. The Japanese statesmen understand our local situation and they know that a local trouble in San Francisco does not mean hostility to Japan by the people or by the Government of the United States. They have been remarkably patient and tactful.

There is a deep-seated and general objection to the Japanese by a large part of the people of California. They are unwilling that any Oriental population should come in considerable numbers, but under existing treaty conditions, which the Japanese Government seems faithfully to observe, there is no danger of any considerable immigration. Japanese laborers, as such, are not admitted to our shores. If our Government holds the Japanese Government to an observance of this treaty, the sensible people of the Pacific States ought to be able to avoid or to settle their purely local difficulties without causing the slightest international friction. And, in proportion as their public opinion is guided by wise and tolerant men, this will be the result. We have several times now made a great fuss about a little matter. Still international relations are too delicate to be dealt with lightly.

No sensitive people would willingly submit to direct discrimination against them. All the restrictions that are necessary in California may be made in general terms, alike applicable to all aliens. If legislation by any state should violate treaty rights, the Supreme Court would overturn it; but, before it could reach the court, serious trouble might arise. The whole situation depends on the good sense of the people of the Pacific Coast. And they can avoid even the danger of further trouble if they can deal with their own demagogues.

WHAT SOME RECENT BENEFACTIONS SHOW

THE appeal for health grows ever stronger, and there could be no better proof of the real progress that we make. This appeal is shown by the direction of several recent

The question of the adoption of woman suffrage in the Eastern States is a social question; and the difficulty to be overcome is the purely social prejudice against it. The majority of women do not yet care for it — in fact, probably prefer not to have it; but their objection is not based on political reasons nor on the experience of other communities, so much as on the social habits of a fixed order of society to which the thought of practical affairs is more or less repulsive. A society that has, or thinks that it has, a fixed status is an exceedingly conservative thing.

But woman suffrage does not go backward. It holds the ground that it gains, and in time it will spread — as fast and as far as the mass of women demand it. The granting of it in Sweden shows that it is a movement, too, that is not confined to English-speaking countries.

LINCOLN AND THE NEGRO

ON THE evening of February 12th Dr. Booker T. Washington delivered an address on Abraham Lincoln before the Republican Club of New York City, a very significant part of which was as follows:

"You ask that which he found a piece of property and turned into a free American citizen to speak to you to-night on Abraham Lincoln. I am not fitted by ancestry or training to be your teacher to-night for, as I have stated, I was born a slave.

"The signing of the Emancipation Proclamation was a great event, and yet it was but the symbol of another, still greater and more momentous. We who celebrate this anniversary should not forget that the same pen that gave freedom to four millions of African slaves, at the same time struck the shackles from the souls of twenty-seven millions of Americans of another color.

"In any country, regardless of what its laws say, wherever people act upon the idea that the disadvantage of one man is the good of another, there slavery exists. Wherever in any country the whole people feel that the happiness of all is dependent upon the happiness of the weakest, there freedom exists.

"In abolishing slavery, Lincoln proclaimed the principle that, even in the case of the humblest and weakest of mankind, the welfare of each is still the good of all. In reëstablishing in this country the principle that, at bottom, the interests of humanity and of the individual are one, he freed men's

souls from spiritual bondage; he freed them to mutual helpfulness. Henceforth no man of any race, either in the North or in the South, need feel constrained to fear or hate his brother.

"By the same token that Lincoln made America free, he pushed back the boundaries of freedom everywhere, gave the spirit of liberty a wider influence throughout the world, and reëstablished the dignity of man as man.

"By the same act that freed my race, he said to the civilized and uncivilized world that man everywhere must be free, and that man everywhere must be enlightened, and the Lincoln spirit of freedom and fair play will never cease to spread and grow in power till throughout the world all men shall know the truth, and the truth shall make them free.

"Lincoln in his day was wise enough to recognize that which is true in the present and for all time: that in a state of slavery and ignorance man renders the lowest and most costly form of service to his fellows. In a state of freedom and enlightenment he renders the highest and most helpful form of service.

"As a race we are learning, I believe, in an increasing degree, that the best way for us to honor the memory of our Emancipator is by seeking to imitate him. Like Lincoln, the Negro race should seek to be simple, without bigotry and without ostentation. There is great power in simplicity. We, as a race, should, like Lincoln, have moral courage to be what we are, and not pretend to be what we are not. We should keep in mind that no one can degrade us except ourselves; that, if we are worthy, no influence can defeat us. Like other races, the Negro will often meet obstacles, often be sorely tried and tempted; but we must keep in mind that freedom, in the broadest and highest sense, has never been a conquest; it has been a conquest.

"In the final test, the success of our race will be in proportion to the service that it renders to the world. In the long run, the badge of service is the badge of sovereignty.

"In paying my tribute of respect to the Great Emancipator of my race, I desire to say a word here and now in behalf of an element of brave and true white men of the South who, though they saw in Lincoln's policy the ruin of all they believed in and

making as definite a contribution of intellectual method and of matter, too, as he made at first of sheer physical labor. Their intellectual strength and energy and directness are almost new forces in American life.

II

Or, go to Mississippi, in many respects till yesterday among the most backward of our commonwealths — a mere pioneer land yet, much of which, it was once thought, would be forever given over to a black population and, therefore, to semi-barbarism. The black population is large, but it shows a degree of prosperity and progress that is as gratifying as it is amazing. And a county in Mississippi is perhaps the only county in the United States where practically every country white boy of school age is working a piece of ground with his own hands as a part of his education — working it, too, under proper direction, so that what he does has a definite educational value; working it, too, so as to produce a better yield at a lower cost than the land ever before knew.

Life isn't dull where there are such activities as these; and men in older and more conservative communities must not be surprised if they are regarded as "effete." The point is, there is no part of the United States which is not doing something from which other parts may learn; and the more you study the many-sided growth of men under our system of life, the more instructive surprises you will find.

WHAT WOMAN SUFFRAGE DOES

IN THE campaign for woman suffrage in the Eastern States, little is said about the experience of those Western States where women have long voted; and the reports of visitors are conflicting. An anti-suffrage visitor to Colorado will report that the voting of the women has done no good; and a suffragist will report that it has met all reasonable expectations and, on occasion, brought good results that could not otherwise have been dreamed of. In fact, this experience is hard to report fairly because there have not been decisive or spectacular results.

But the conclusions of a man like Judge Lindsey, of the Denver Juvenile Court, are especially valuable; for he is not only a shrewd student of such a subject, but he has known it from the inside for the fourteen years since it has been in effect. These conclusions are:

Respectable women do go to the polls. Forty-two per cent. of the state is female, and an average of 40 per cent. of the total vote is cast by women. The low classes of women, therefore, do not exert a disproportionate influence by the ballot.

Women who have husbands or fathers, as a rule, vote as their husbands and fathers vote, but this is not a useless duplication of votes any more than the votes of men of the same family which, as a rule, are cast for the same candidates. And 25 per cent. of the women earn their own living.

The votes of women have not taken politics out of the control of the corporations nor of the bosses. It must be remembered, however, that there has been no chance directly to vote on this question. But fear of the women has prevented the nomination of men of bad morals and the women have defeated such men, even when nominated on regular tickets.

The net result, therefore, has not been very impressive. Yet the ballot for women is not regarded as an experiment. There is no thought of restricting the suffrage to males. Nobody proposes such a thing or would dare propose it. Woman suffrage is universally taken for granted and considered right; and the people of Colorado believe that the other states ought to adopt it. Besides Colorado, Idaho, Utah, and Wyoming have women suffrage, and in these states there is no thought of ever going back to manhood suffrage. In Washington, the Governor has just signed a bill which provides for an election in November, 1910, which will decide whether women shall be allowed to vote in that state or not. In Australia and in New Zealand women vote, and the Parliament of Finland has women as members. Although in England and in our Eastern States, the campaign may not be successful at an early date, sooner or later it is likely to win.

Judge Lindsey, it will be recalled, was re-elected last year as Judge of the Juvenile Court of Denver as an independent candidate, and he received more votes than both the Democratic and Republican nominees, and it was the votes of women that elected him. On other occasions, it has been shown that the women do exert a definite good influence when questions touching the home, children, and personal morals take such form as to permit a clear-cut expression of opinion by the ballot. This is the one definite gain to be put to the credit of women as voters.

soon as we go to work on the right basis — as soon as we make schools big enough and earnest enough to give first-class men a chance for such noble careers. The John Swaney School, in a country district in Illinois, is such a school. The schools in the little city of Menomonie in Wisconsin are such schools. When there are enough such, we shall have a new machinery of civilization in our rural regions.

THE SCHOOLMASTER GETTING DOWN ON THE GROUND

THE traveling schoolmaster helped to work a great change in the life of the people of Denmark; and he is, in one form or other, beginning to do much service in our own country. The principle of carrying instruction to the people, instead of hoping that the people will all come to school to seek instruction, finds an excellent illustration in a very unique plan of the University of Chicago. Professor William Hill, a teacher of agricultural economics, discovered that it was a slow process to train enough young men in a college to supply the demand for farm managers. He, therefore, set about this task from the opposite end, and is carrying out an interesting experiment with an organization known as the Agricultural Guild.

The members of the guild are farm-owners who wish to have their farms conducted in a businesslike way. These farms are Professor Hill's schoolroom, so to put it. His pupils consist of young men who wish to become skilled farm managers. He finds places for them on the farms of the guild, where they serve a regular apprenticeship. A student must, for instance, learn how to do with his own hands all the labor of the farm. While he is learning this, he receives instruction, by the visits of the professor and by the help of his superintendent, in practical farm management. A young fellow, therefore, who shows the mettle to work his way up on a farm in this manner is prepared to conduct one for himself or for an employer. In the course of his training he may take, and will take if he can, courses of study at the university in agricultural economics as well as in chemistry and what not. But the main matter is, he must study on the farm as a manufacturer studies in his factory.

Wherever there is a man now, or wherever there has been a man since our agricultural

history began, who knows good farm methods and good farm management, there has been a successful farm; for the whole business, like every other business, depends upon management. The fundamental trouble is that so small a number of men who are engaged in the business have had training or acquired skill in management. Thus the schoolmaster is trying to get hold on the most fundamental problem of all; for this subject the right training of our farmer comes near to being the bottom rail on which the whole fence, and all our fences, are built.

SOME INTERESTING ACTIVITIES

A MAN who has known the several sections of the United States over any considerable period, and who has visited them all at intervals, finds more interesting activities now than at any preceding time in the Northwest and in the South. For instance, consider the states of Wisconsin and Minnesota. Twenty or twenty-five years ago, you heard of lumber and wheat, and new railroads, and towns that were in feverish haste to become big cities. The problems of the first comers, of a new land, and of immigrants were uppermost — the first physical tasks of a civilization. Now the wheat lands are much less productive. These states have gone through one cycle of their development. Mr. J. J. Hill is telling the people that the unproductive fate of the New England farmer awaits them if they do not replenish the land; and this is true.

Now there are new sorts of activities. Each of these great commonwealths has its university with more than four thousand students; and in some subjects of social welfare the whole country goes to learn of them — to Wisconsin to learn how really to teach agriculture and how to reach the masses of the people, and to Minnesota to learn how to organize farmers into business societies. They are apt — apt far beyond the average of American quickness — to learn the fundamental lessons of building up strong commonwealths. The people are the more eager and the more teachable because many of them are the descendants of immigrants at one remove, and have not yet developed the stubborn self-satisfaction and individual "independence" of many of the people of the older Eastern States. The Scandinavian or the German of the second generation is showing the older American how really to teach the people — is, in a word,

"the trusts will break down of their own weight long before we solve this great problem" — to get from the soil the maximum of production at the minimum of cost.

Year in and year out, Mr. Hill has been calling our attention to the constantly decreasing yield per acre, which has been going on straight across the continent. Yet the average yield of wheat — now less than fifteen bushels an acre — can be doubled on any fair wheat land. It is doubled, in fact, or increased more than twofold, wherever the best methods of culture are used. On the old lands of Europe more than twofold this yield is made.

And wheat is only one example. The same thing can be said of cotton. Taking the whole country over, the same thing can be said of corn. The greatest waste we have is the waste caused by bad agricultural methods.

The remedy, of course, must be educational. We must apply over the whole agricultural area a system of instruction that carries the right knowledge and the right practice to the farmer now on the soil. He will not go away from home — in the main, he cannot go — to learn how to double his crop. Instruction must be brought to him. One of Mr. Hill's suggestions is that the agricultural colleges should send their graduates among the farmers at seeding time and show them how to sow and till. Even model farms do not reach the mass of them with definite help. It must be "demonstration" work done by the farmer himself, under proper direction, on his own land.

This is the way toward cheaper and better living and toward plenty for the 200 millions of people that we shall have by the middle of the century. And, beside this task, all other economic problems that we have do seem small. The best of it all is, we are beginning to do the task.

WHAT THE COUNTRY SCHOOL MUST BE

THE report of the Commission on Country Life is suggesting many activities by different classes of persons who are building up our rural civilization. For example, Mr. F. A. Cotton, the State Superintendent of Education in Indiana, invited the superintendents of four adjacent states to have all the rural public schools in these five states hold upon the same day a definite discussion

of ways in which they may further the love of country life. This is a concerted effort to find out definite ways in which the schools may do the best service. Mr. Cotton calls attention to these fundamental facts:

"I. The one-room, isolated school, unless a *very* large one, can no longer meet the needs of the people.

"II. The community life with its dominant interest — agriculture — must determine the nature of the work in the school and the mode of procedure.

"III. Teachers must be well-prepared men and women, capable of dealing with the problems of life, willing to make the community their permanent home, and to take the solution of its economic, social, and educational problems as their life-work."

These three propositions read like obvious and even commonplace remarks. But they involve a change so profound that the carrying of them into effect would mean a complete revolution. They mean, first, a country school big enough to employ several teachers — men among them — who should live at the school, or near by, and regard its work as their life-work. They must be men, too, who will not regard their whole duty done when they have taught the children a certain number of facts out of books. They will teach as much outdoors as indoors — perhaps more. They will be leaders of the people, making the school directly and still more indirectly a place of instruction and of practical help for adults as well as for children. They will help toward the economic and social organization of the community.

Then — a still greater change — the character of the school, the studies, and the methods used, will not be a block in a pattern made for universal use. It will not be a town school put down in the country. The chief aim will not be to "coördinate" it with higher schools and colleges; for almost a negligible percentage of pupils ever go to college. But it will be a school so conducted as to develop the young life of *that* particular community, whether that plan would fit any other community or not.

Such a task requires leadership of a high kind, men of originality and character and force. And we shall never have country schools that are equal to the opportunity till we have men of this kind to take up the profession as a life-work. They can be found as

respect and, to a certain extent, comply with. The same holds good regarding conditions in the North and in the South. In the South, it is not the custom for colored and white people to be entertained at the same hotel; it is not the custom for black and white children to attend the same school. In most parts of the North a different custom prevails. I have never stopped to question or quarrel with the customs of the people in the part of the country in which I found myself.

Thus, in dining with President Roosevelt, there was no disposition on my part — and I am sure there was no disposition on Mr. Roosevelt's part — to attack any custom of the South. There is, therefore, absolutely no ground or excuse for the assertion sometimes made that our dining together was part of a preconcerted and well-thought-out plan. It was merely an incident that had no thought or motive behind it except the convenience of the President.

I was born in the South and I understand thoroughly the prejudices, the customs, the traditions of the South — and, strange as it may seem to those who do not wholly understand the situation, I love the South. There is no Southern white man who cherishes a deeper interest than I in everything that promotes the progress and the glory of the South. For that reason, if for no other, I will never willingly and knowingly do anything that in my opinion will provoke bitterness between the races or misunderstanding between the North and the South.

Now that the excitement in regard to it is all over, it may not be out of place, perhaps, for me to recall the famous order disbanding a certain portion of the Twenty-fifth Infantry (a Negro regiment) because of the outbreak at Brownsville, Texas, particularly since this is an illustration of the trait in Mr. Roosevelt to which I have referred. I do not mind stating here that I did not agree with Mr. Roosevelt's method of punishing the Negro soldiers, even supposing that they were guilty. In his usual frank way, he told me several days prior to issuing that order what he was going to do.

I urged that he find some other method of punishing the soldiers. While, in some matters, I was perhaps instrumental in getting him to change an opinion that he had formed, in this case he told me that his mind was perfectly clear and that he had reached a definite decision which he would not change because he was certain that he was right.

At the time this famous order was issued, there was no man in the world who was so beloved by the ten millions of Negroes in America as Colonel Roosevelt. His praises were sung by them on every possible occasion. He was their idol. Within a few days — I might almost say hours — as a consequence of this order, the songs of praise of ten millions of people were turned into a chorus of criticism and censure.

Mr. Roosevelt was over and over again urged and besought by many of his best friends, both white and colored, to modify or change this order. Even President Taft, who was at that time Secretary of War, urged him to withdraw the order or modify it. I urged him to do the same thing. He stood his ground and refused. He said that he was convinced that he was right and that events would justify his course.

Notwithstanding the fact that I was deeply concerned in the outcome of this order, I confess that I could not but admire the patience with which Mr. Roosevelt waited for the storm to blow over. I do not think that the criticisms and denunciation which he received had the effect of swerving him in the least from the general course that he had determined to pursue with regard to the colored people of the country. He was just as friendly in his attitude to them after the Brownsville affair as before.

Months have passed since the issuing of the order; the agitation has subsided and the bitterness has disappeared. I think that I am safe in saying that, while the majority of colored people still feel that Colonel Roosevelt made a mistake in issuing the order, there is no individual who is more popular and more loved by the ten millions of Negroes in America than he.

LINCOLN IN MYTH AND IN FACT

A STRIKING INSTANCE OF THE EFFORT TO MAKE HISTORY CONFORM TO RESPECT-ABILITY—HOW THE FIRST FACT-LIFE OF LINCOLN WAS RECEIVED.

BY

DOROTHY LAMON TEILLARD

IT IS interesting to trace the steps whereby a great man's fame passes from the small group of his friends and advisers to a larger group and then to the whole world — interesting to note the change from the hesitating attitude of contemporary opinion to the franker attitude of posterity. There is no more interesting study of this sort than the life of Lincoln.

Every fact about him, even the most insignificant, is now regarded as important; and an effort to suppress any fact would be regarded as silly, and even almost as criminal. Yet for a number of years after his death it was considered by many persons as unkind and injudicious to tell the whole truth.

This feeling — that a hero's life must consist only of heroic acts and of heroic surroundings — was prompted in part by a genuine admiration of his character. It was thought that his fame would suffer if all the ugly facts were known. But it was prompted in part also by the timid and the conventional cowardly notion that opinions of the time about social standing, about education, and about religion would somehow suffer if all his experiences and opinions were frankly told. It is amazing to see how many persons supposed that, in Lincoln's case, history could be written by the omission of facts. There was the usual effort to build up a Lincoln myth by the suppression (and even by the denial) of facts.

An interesting light is thrown on this subject by some of the criticisms that were made of my father, Mr. Ward H.

Lamon, whose "Life" of Lincoln was published in 1872, seven years after his assassination.

My father made no claim to literary excellence, but only to making a faithful record of Lincoln's life down to the fourth of March, 1861. He threw off all prejudices and disregarded all friendships and all emotions that might cloud his vision. He believed that a biography worth writing at all was worth writing fully and honestly, and that the writer who suppressed or perverted the truth is no better than he who bears false witness in any other capacity. He believed, too, that Lincoln's "Life," in particular, could be written truly and faithfully and leave the subject more ennobled by the minute fidelity of the record. With this conviction, he wrote to show the gradual growth of this magnificent character, starting with the very "tangled underbrush" in which he sprang up.

There are few instances of greater persecution of an author for fidelity to truth, yet the book stands to-day as the most faithful history of Mr. Lincoln's life from his birth to his first inauguration. That it would remain the standard authority for the essential facts of his early life was predicted by no less a person than John Hay, who wrote to my father:

Nothing heretofore printed can compare with it in interest, and from the nature of the case all subsequent writers will have to come to you for a large class of facts.

The name of Ward H. Lamson is hardly familiar to the public. Perhaps the best introduction to the present generation would be the words of Mr. Lincoln himself, written under date of May 28, 1862, reproduced here in facsimile:

The bearer of this, W. H. Lamson, is Marshal of D.C. - My particular friend,

This friendship continued uninterrupted for eighteen years, beginning in 1847, when my father settled in Illinois. At that time it was the custom of lawyers "to ride the circuit." My father rode the circuit with Mr. Lincoln and was his local partner, first at Danville and afterward at Bloomington, Ill. Much legal manuscript written by Mr. Lincoln is among my father's papers. Fourteen years after this friendship began, about February 1, 1861, Mr. Lincoln wrote to my father at Bloomington that he desired to see him at once. He went to Springfield and Mr. Lincoln told him that he would go to Washington on the 11th, and wanted my father to go along with him, saying:

"Our friends have already asked me to send you as Consul to Paris; you know I would cheerfully give you anything for which our friends may ask or which you may desire, but it looks as if we might have war. In that case I want you with me. So get ready and come along. You must go, and go to stay."

My father went and was chosen as the sole companion of Mr. Lincoln from Harrisburg to Washington — the part of the trip made secretly because of the alleged conspiracy at Baltimore. He was appointed Marshal of the District of Columbia, an office of much importance in time of war and of much friction and difficulty. My father remained as close as any man to Mr. Lincoln throughout his whole Administration and left him only three days before the assassination, on business of much importance at the bidding of Mr. Lincoln himself.

The following is a facsimile of the pass given by Mr. Lincoln at this time, the last

ever given by him for any one to leave the city of Washington.

*Allow the bearer, W. H. Lamson & friend, with ordina-
ary baggage to pass from
Washington to Richmond
and return -*

April 11, 1862. A. Lincoln

My father was charged with several important missions for Mr. Lincoln, one of the most delicate and dangerous being a confidential mission to Charleston, S. C., less than three weeks before the firing on Sumter. The following is a letter from Governor Pickens, which (together with a flag-of-truce steamer) was furnished for my father to go to Fort Sumter:

State of South Carolina.

EXECUTIVE DEPARTMENT.

25th March - 1861

*Mr. Lamson from the President
of the United States requests to see
Major Anderson at Fort Sumter
on business, entirely peaceful, and
my Adj. Col. Dugless, will
go with him and return
freely to see that every preparation
is made towards Mr. Lamson
John Pickens*

Leonard Swett, one of Mr. Lincoln's closest friends — one of the most brilliant of those who rode the circuit with him and one of the two men who contributed more than all others to Mr. Lincoln's nomination in 1860 — wrote of my father under date of June 15, 1887:

Mr. Lamson has an inexhaustible fund of anecdote and of facts which have never been published and which I believe would be more interesting than the reminiscences of any other living man; and this information in reference to Mr. Lincoln ought to be made public before Lamson dies. Taking this

question as a whole, I believe that Lamon, for the four years of Lincoln's administration, stood closer to him and knew better the interior life which has never been made public than any other man now living.

Judge David Davis, many years on the United States Supreme Bench, personal friend of Mr. Lincoln and administrator of his estate, wrote of my father to Judge Jerre S. Black, as follows:

We have been intimate for twenty years and it gratifies me to know that during that long period I have preserved his (Lamon's) friendship. In fact no man ever had a truer friend or a more unselfish one. A man from whom Mr. Lincoln never withdrew his favor and affection must have high qualities.

Secretary of State W. H. Seward wrote of my father: "He is one of my oldest, truest, and best friends."

These commendations might go on indefinitely, but the following will suffice for the present purpose:

*Executive Mansion
June 5 1861.
The bearer of this, W. G. Lamon, is entirely reliable, and trust-worthy -
A. Lincoln.*

My father's "Life" of Lincoln (passages of which may have been open to criticism on the score of taste or on the score of literary style) was, therefore, not open to serious criticism on the score of fact, as time has shown. Yet the first volume was received with such resentment by those who thought that history ought to be written by suppression, that he never published his second volume.

Many things combined against the acceptance of the truth then. First and perhaps the most important was the fact that so short a time had elapsed since the death of Mr. Lincoln. The memory of the hideous tragedy was still fresh. The reading public regarded it as an offense to trace his wonderful growth from so humble an origin. Then there was the religious world, which was shocked that

he was described as unorthodox. What may be called the sectional public took exception to the unprejudiced attitude toward the South. Apropos of this latter class, Jesse W. Fell—the only person for whom Mr. Lincoln ever wrote an outline of his early life—wrote my father under date of February 19, 1872, as follows:

Modify last chapter, as will make it acceptable to the country and to the mass of that great historic party which placed Mr. Lincoln in power. Don't know what spirit could have taken possession of you when you wrote it, but if Stephens of Georgia had written it, it could not have been in a manner more acceptable to the Southern mind. It is one of the most terrible indictments ever penned against the party that placed Mr. Lincoln in authority, and you may imagine the savage ferocity with which the volume will be criticised all the world over.

The chapter was not modified but was rejected from the first volume; it forms the opening chapter for what my father intended for the second volume.

Then there was what might be called the social public, that was shocked by the truth about Lincoln's humble and hard bringing-up. But people are no longer "engaged in smoothing out the lines in Lincoln's face." There is now an eagerness for every detail.

When all the objections of these critics are reduced to their last analysis, the result shows that in their opinion my father's "Life" was "basely full, grossly accurate, and infamously true." Let us now glance at some of the newspaper criticisms and a few letters from men of those times:

The *Chicago Tribune* said:

A brief statement of his religious ideas would have been all that was necessary for general information, for a man's religious ideas are a matter between himself and his Maker. The story of his final engagement and marriage to Mrs. Lincoln can be read by no one except with the most painful feelings. Even if every word of it were true, no excuse can palliate the atrocity of its publication. It is an event in Mr. Lincoln's life which should have been kept secret. It will shock not Mr. Lincoln's family alone, but every

person whose sense of propriety is not thoroughly blunted, and it shows that whatever else Mr. Lamon may be fit for, he is not fit for a biographer.

The *Christian Union* (now *The Outlook*) viewed these same facts in a different light:

This book has merits which give to it great and permanent value. They may be summed up as fullness of material and honesty. Mr. Lamon has that first of all merits in a historian, sincerity. We heartily commend his book to our readers as full of interest and as throwing light on a character as unique in itself as it is prominent in our history. It has left us with a heightened sense of Lincoln's essential greatness. We believe its effect will be, after the first annoyance at its irreverent treatment of the Nation's hero has passed away, to give him a loftier place in the estimate of his countrymen and a warmer place in their hearts.

The New York *World*:

The average reader will be likely to rise from its perusal with ninety-five per cent. of his enthusiasm for the memory of the great Emancipator vanished. Of this, however, there can be no doubt that the tale is plain and unvarnished, and that on it must be founded any real estimate of the career of Lincoln before he reached the Presidency. Extracts from this strange book give a very inadequate idea of its scope and aim, and none whatever of the singular result which it develops — the growth into maturity of a character like Abraham Lincoln. This evolution can only be measured by reading the whole of the book. It is like one of Gerard Dow's very homely pictures.

The Chicago *Evening Post*:

A gentleman of some literary and professional prominence recently met General McClurg, of Jansen, McClurg & Co. the booksellers, and volunteered the remark that "Lamon's book on Lincoln is scandalous, and it will ruin any publisher or bookseller who handles it." It bears on every page the marks of research and the evidence of trustworthy material. It is not a book of speeches and of glittering generalities. It is essentially an intimate and gossipy familiarity with Lincoln as a boy, as a lover, as a man, and as a politician. Its purpose is to tear away

the screen which hides the sentiments, follies, weaknesses, and humanities of great men.

J. H. Wickizer, a personal friend of Mr. Lincoln, wrote my father under date of December 9, 1872:

I have just finished your life of Lincoln. I believe it is a truthful statement of facts. Will you permit me very briefly to give my views of the book? Would it not have been better to have omitted so detailed an account of his early life, of his relatives, and his miserable surroundings? A brief account of his low origin would have been proper, so that the world could see his great *personal* merits and genius by the grandeur he attained. But I think I would have passed over his plebeian birth and education very lightly, and been more special and dwelt more largely upon the philosophy and greatness of his character, say from about 1846. And especially would I have lingered long and happily on his Divine Genius from the repeal of the Missouri Compromise down to the hour of his assassination. This would have placed him where he really ought to be in the hearts of all true Americans, without any dark shading in the background.

You have no doubt given the exact truth respecting his religious views, but as the people who loved him are not sufficiently advanced to appreciate his philosophy, and as his greatness did not consist in any religious ideas or labors, would it not have been better to have spared the good pious religious people the pain and shock of his unbelief? This does not shock you nor me nor Judge Davis nor Leonard Swett, who knew him but to love him, but those who drink the milk of the Word, and "know it is so" — to them it is cutting off their rations and they will insist, if Lincoln really didn't believe their Religion, he has gone to hell. Would it not have been better to have spared them this sad calamity?

Perhaps the most amusing of all such criticisms was the following smug piece of sanctimoniousness from a critic who felt called on to defend Lincoln and the Christian religion or anything else when a fact leaped to light that seemed to do violence to conventional and respectable opinion.

The old *Scribner's Magazine*, edited by Dr. Holland, himself a biographer of Lincoln, whose biography has been forgotten, said:

Fortunately the great figure with which Colonel Lamon has concerned himself refuses to conform to the portrait as he has painted it. Even on his own showing, the attempt to make of Lincoln a half-lunatic infidel is a failure. What Abraham Lincoln was when he lived at New Salem and wrote an anti-Christian tract (which the friend to whom he showed it somewhat violently but most judiciously put in the fire) is one thing, and it may be necessary for an impartial historian to record it.

What he was when he died at Washington with those most Christian words of the second inaugural upon his lips, and that most Christian record of four years of patient tenderness and charity behind him, is quite another thing. Evidently there is no room in the philosophy which underlies this volume (the philosophy of Colonel Lamon and of Mr. Herndon — the philosophy which these gentlemen would persuade us was the controlling power of Mr. Lincoln's life) for any such radical change of character as would explain this transformation and make of the free-thinking attorney of an Illinois village the religious statesman of the nation's capital. That he could have learned any more than they did from the sublime events in which the providence of God had given him a part so much more considerable than theirs, seems to these gentlemen quite incredible. And so they go on piling up their negative testimony from witnesses — whose competency as experts, to say the least, is more than doubtful — to persuade the world that he was an unchristian man.

It would be amusing if it were not melancholy to see the innocence with which this book assumes that there is no intermediate ground between the severity of perfect orthodoxy and the antagonism of utter disbelief; that faith is the same thing with opinion and subscription to a creed the essential thing in Christian character. The religion of the Lord Jesus Christ is no more in need of the patronage of a great man than it is in danger from the disparagement of a small one. But it is of great importance that it should be understood and appreciated and that an attack upon it, the ignorance of which is only equalled by its insidious malignity, should be promptly noticed and repelled. That such an attack should be made under cover of the good name and great fame of Abraham Lincoln is an offense against good taste and an outrage upon decency of which it is difficult to speak with the customary calmness of mere judicial criticism.

Unfortunately this is not the only outrage upon decency of which the book is guilty. To be sure, in these days of intrusive "inter-viewing" and impertinent scrutiny into the private and domestic concerns of every one who has the misfortune to be in any sense a public man it might seem unreasonable to expect biographers to wait for death to break the seal of a secrecy in which the widow of Mr. Lincoln had rights not inferior to his own. A writer who can show himself so reckless of decency and honor ought not to complain if his readers should presume him reckless equally of truth. There surely rests on us no obligation to believe a story which is told in such a shameless way.

W. H. Herndon, Lincoln's later biographer and his law partner at Springfield for more than twenty years, wrote under date of November 18, 1885:

I desire to see your new Life win. Your first Life is nearly suppressed — is suppressed or will be by rings — bears — and the like. Lamon's first Life of Lincoln is the truest Life that was ever written of a man, as I think. I do not agree to all it says, and yet it is the most truthful Life of Lincoln written or to be written probably, except your second Life. I am glad you intend to write the second volume in the same spirit of independence and truth that moved you in writing your first. No Life will succeed permanently in this world that is bottomed on a lie and sustained by a fraud. Why, Lamon, if you and I had not told the exact truth about Lincoln, he would have been a myth in a hundred years after 1865. We knew him — loved him — had ideas and had the courage of our conviction. We told the world what Lincoln was and were terribly abused for it. . . . hates us with a kind of savagism; will his hate change the world or wipe out a fact? Stand firm in your intentions, in your honest ideas and convictions and leave the consequences to Mankind. Trust an intelligent future.

It has been justly observed that the nearer a writer is to the event, the more authority he has as a witness, but the less authority as a judge. With a correspondence before us consisting of four or five thousand letters and several scrap-books of criticism covering the most critical periods of our country's history, we seem to have a "witness." Has there time enough elapsed to have a "judge"?



