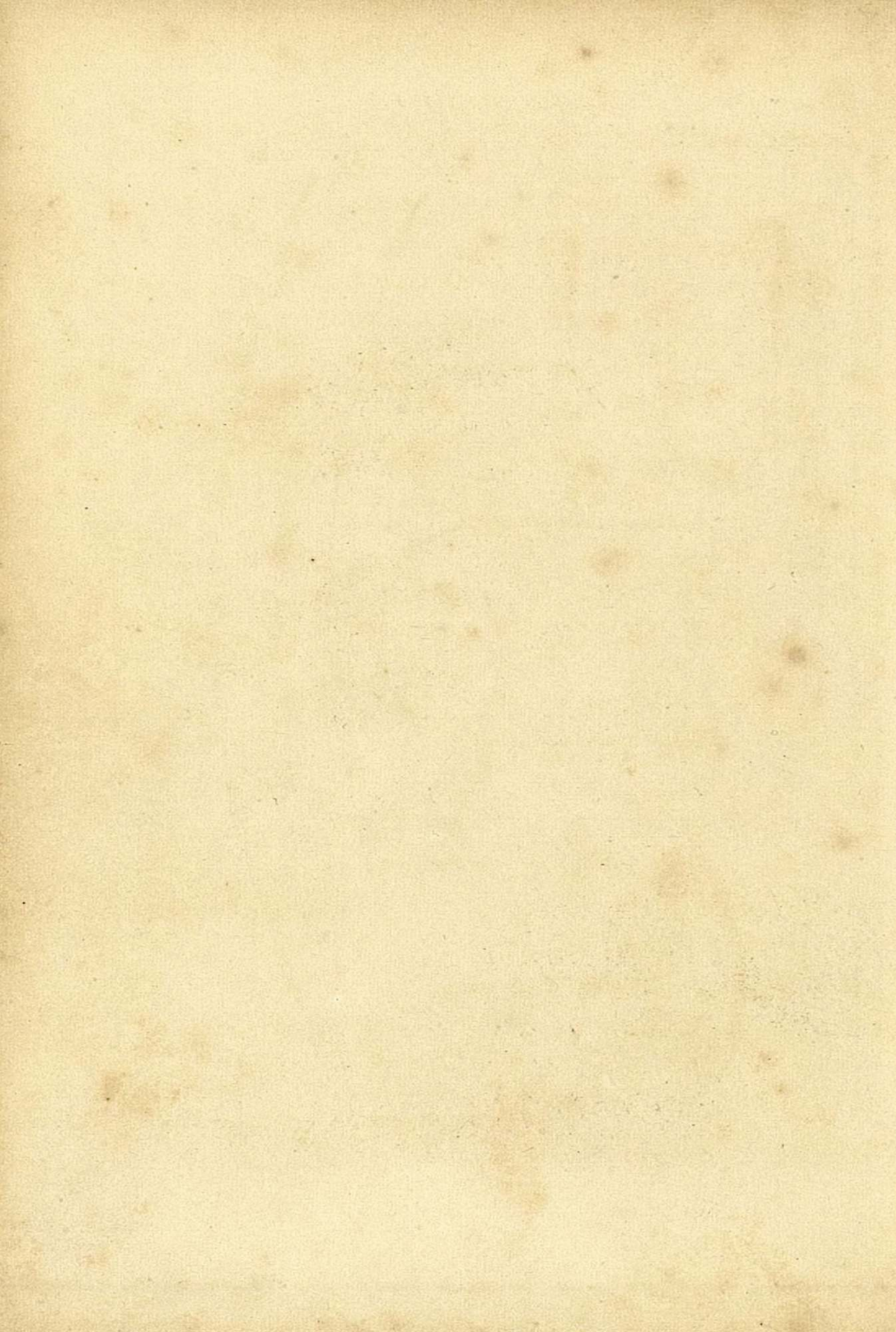
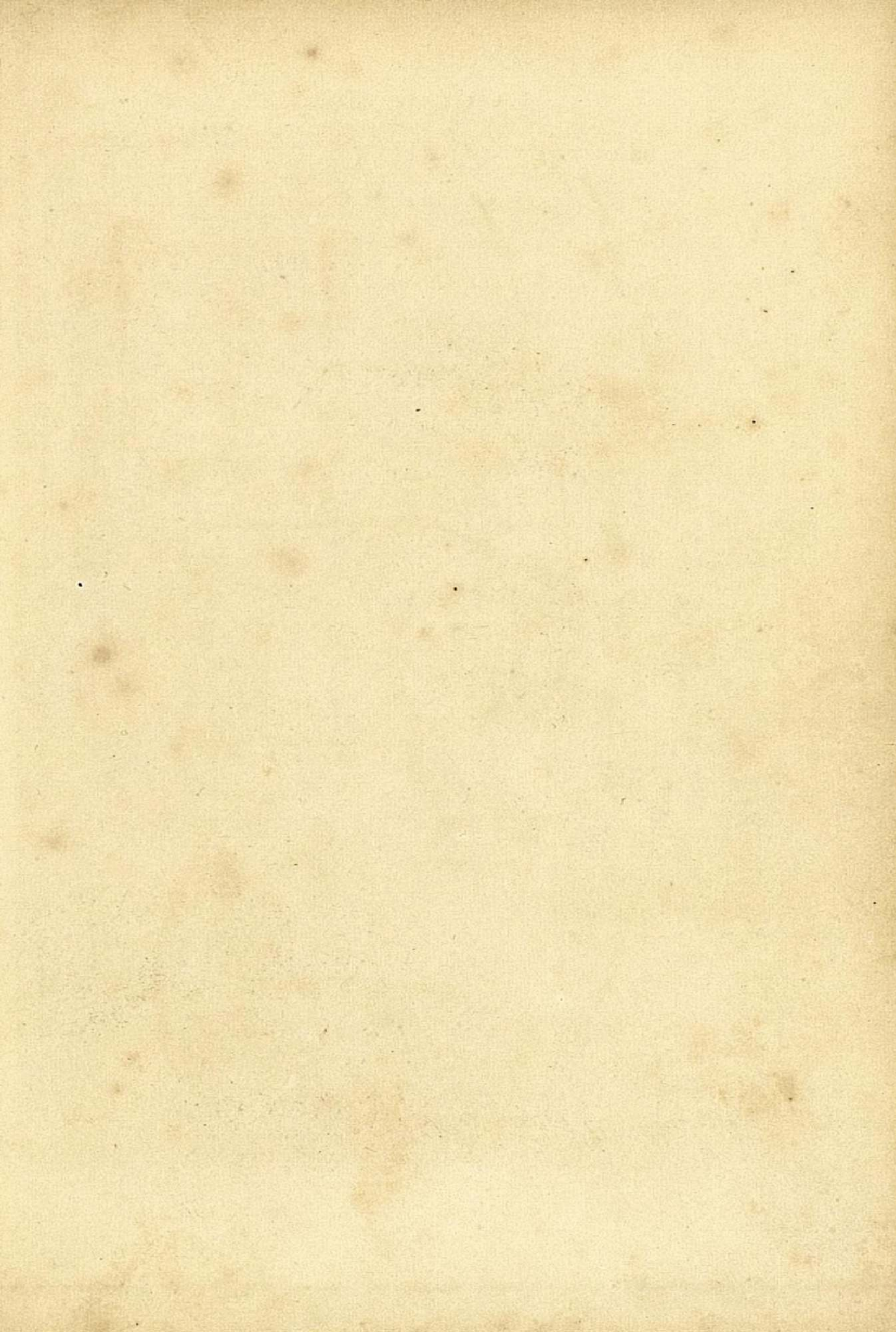




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## LINCOLN'S REELECTION.

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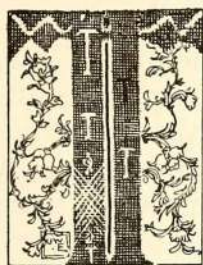
BY NOAH BROOKS,

*April 1895*

Author of "Abraham Lincoln: A Biography for Young People," "American Statesmen," etc.

THE BEGINNING OF LINCOLN'S SECOND TERM — THE PRESIDENT'S SHREWDNESS AT HAMPTON ROADS — LINCOLN'S SECOND INAUGURATION.

### THE BEGINNING OF LINCOLN'S SECOND TERM.



HE day of the presidential election in November, 1864, was gloomy and rainy. About noon I called on President Lincoln, and to my surprise found him entirely alone, as if by common consent everybody had avoided the White House. It was "cabinet day," and at the meeting, which had been held earlier, only two members of the cabinet were present. Stanton was at his home, sick with chills and fever; Seward, Usher, and Denison had returned to their own States to vote; and Fessenden was closeted with New York financiers in conference over ways and means to place the new loan. So Secretary Welles and Attorney-General Bates were left to "run the machine," and very little time had been occupied by them at their session with the President. Lincoln took no pains to conceal his anxious interest in the result of the election then going on all over the country, and said: "I am just enough of a politician to know that there was not much doubt about the result of the Baltimore convention; but about this thing I am very far from being certain. I wish I were certain." I spent nearly all the afternoon with the President, who apparently found it difficult to put his mind on any of the routine work of his office, and entreated me to stay with him. In the course of the afternoon he told an amusing story about a pet turkey of his boy "Tad." It appears that Jack, the turkey, whose life had been spared the year before, at Tad's earnest request, had mingled with the "Bucktail" soldiers from Pennsylvania, quartered in the grounds on the river front of the White House. The soldiers were voting under the direction of a commission sent on from their State, as was the custom in several States in the Union, and Tad, bursting into his father's office, had besought the President to come to the window and see the soldiers who were "voting for Lincoln and Johnson." Noticing the turkey regarding the proceedings with evident interest, Lincoln asked

the lad what business the turkey had stalking about the polls in that way. "Does he vote?" "No," was the quick reply of the boy; "he is not of age." The good President dearly loved the boy, and for days thereafter he took great pride in relating this anecdote illustrative of Tad's quick-wittedness.

Late in the evening I returned to the White House, and found that the only returns then received were from Indiana, which showed that a gain of 1500 had been made in Indianapolis for the Republican ticket. Later on we went over to the War Department, and there heard good news from Baltimore, that city having sent in a majority of more than 10,000. Other reports soon came in, but not very rapidly, as a rain-storm had interfered with the transmission of news over the telegraph wires. There was a long lull about ten o'clock in the evening, during which the President amused the little company in the War Office with entertaining reminiscences and anecdotes naturally suggested by the political intelligence that dropped in from time to time. For instance, when New Jersey broke the calm by announcing a gain of one congressman for the Union, but with a fair prospect of the State going for McClellan, Lincoln had an amusing story to tell about that particular congressman, Dr. Newell, who had long been a family friend of the Lincolns. A despatch from New York city, claiming the State by 10,000, was received by the chief magistrate with much incredulity; and when Greeley telegraphed that the State would probably give 4,000 majority for Lincoln, he said that that was much more reasonable than the absurd statement of a bigger majority. By midnight Pennsylvania, the New England States, Maryland, Ohio, Indiana, Michigan, and Wisconsin were tolerably certain for Lincoln; but the President was greatly disappointed that neither Illinois nor Iowa was heard from. The wires continued to work badly on account of the long storm, and it was not until two days later that satisfactory returns were had from Illinois or any of the States beyond the Mississippi.

About midnight of the day of the election it

was certain that Lincoln had been reëlected, and the few gentlemen left in the office congratulated him very warmly on the result. Lincoln took the matter very calmly, showing not the least elation or excitement, but said that he would admit that he was glad to be relieved of all suspense, and that he was grateful that the verdict of the people was likely to be so full, clear, and unmistakable that there could be no dispute. About two o'clock in the morning a messenger came over from the White House with the news that a crowd of Pennsylvanians were serenading his empty chamber, whereupon he went home; and, in answer to repeated calls, made a happy little speech full of good feeling and cheerfulness. He wound up his remarks by saying, "If I know my heart, my gratitude is free from any taint of personal triumph. I do not impugn the motives of any one opposed to me. It is no pleasure to me to triumph over any one, but I give thanks to the Almighty for this evidence of the people's resolution to stand by free government and the rights of humanity."

Next day, in private conversation, he said: "Being only mortal, after all, I should have been a little mortified if I had been beaten in this canvass before the people; but the sting would have been more than compensated by the thought that the people had notified me that my official responsibilities were soon to be lifted off my back." Dr. A. G. Henry of Washington Territory, whose name has frequently been mentioned in these papers as an old friend of the President, had been promised that he should receive a despatch from Mr. Lincoln when the result of the presidential election of that year should be definitely ascertained. Accordingly, on this day, which was November 9, President Lincoln dictated a despatch, the terms of which were as follows: "With returns and States of which we are confident, the reëlection of the President is considered certain, while it is not certain that McClellan has carried any State, though the chances are that he has carried New Jersey and Kentucky." When I had written the despatch at the President's dictation, I passed it to him for his signature; but he declined to "blow his own horn," as he expressed it, and said: "You sign the message, and I will send it." A day or two later, when Delaware, whose vote had been uncertain, declared for McClellan, Lincoln sent a second despatch in order to give his friend on the far-off Pacific coast a clear and exact idea of what had happened, explaining that he took it for granted that Dr. Henry would hear all the news, but might think it odd that the President should leave him without clearing up the situation thus left somewhat undecided in the uncertainties of the election returns.

On the day mentioned, Lincoln narrated an incident the particulars of which I wrote out and printed directly after. These are his own words, as nearly as they could then be recalled: "It was just after my election in 1860, when the news had been coming in thick and fast all day and there had been a great 'hurrah, boys,' so that I was well tired out, and went home to rest, throwing myself down on a lounge in my chamber. Opposite where I lay was a bureau with a swinging glass upon it" (and here he got up and placed furniture to illustrate the position), "and looking in that glass I saw myself reflected nearly at full length; but my face, I noticed, had *two* separate and distinct images, the tip of the nose of one being about three inches from the tip of the other. I was a little bothered, perhaps startled, and got up and looked in the glass, but the illusion vanished. On lying down again, I saw it a second time, plainer, if possible, than before; and then I noticed that one of the faces was a little paler — say five shades — than the other. I got up, and the thing melted away, and I went off, and in the excitement of the hour forgot all about it — nearly, but not quite, for the thing would once in a while come up, and give me a little pang as if something uncomfortable had happened. When I went home that night I told my wife about it, and a few days afterward I made the experiment again, when" (with a laugh), "sure enough! the thing came again; but I never succeeded in bringing the ghost back after that, though I once tried very industriously to show it to my wife, who was somewhat worried about it. She thought it was a 'sign' that I was to be elected to a second term of office, and that the paleness of one of the faces was an omen that I should not see life through the last term." This is a very remarkable story,—a coincidence, we may say, to which some significance was given by the cruel death of the President soon after the beginning of his second term. I told Mrs. Lincoln the story, and asked her if she remembered its details. She expressed surprise that Mr. Lincoln was willing to say anything about it, as he had up to that time refrained from mentioning the incident to anybody; and as she was firm in her belief that the optical illusion (which it certainly was) was a warning, I never again referred to the subject to either the President or his wife. Subsequently, Lincoln's version of the story was confirmed by Private Secretary John Hay, who, however, was of the opinion that the illusion had been seen on the day of Lincoln's first nomination, and not, as I have said, on the day of his first election. Commenting on the result of the election of the day before, Lincoln said, with great solemnity: "I should

be the veriest shallow and self-conceited block-head upon the footstool, if in my discharge of the duties that are put upon me in this place, I should hope to get along without the wisdom that comes from God, and not from men."

On the night of November 10 an impromptu procession, gay with banners and resplendent with lanterns and transparencies, marched up to the White House, and a vast crowd surged around the main entrance, filling the entire space within the grounds as far as the eye could reach from the house. Martial music, the cheers of people, and the roar of cannon, shook the sky. Tad, who was flying around from window to window arranging a small illumination on his own private account, was delighted and excited by the occasional shivering of the large panes of glass by the concussion of the air produced when the cannon in the driveway went off with tremendous noise. The President wrote out his little speech, and his appearance at "the historic window" over the doorway in the portico was the signal for the maddest cheers from the crowd, and it was many minutes before the deafening racket permitted him to speak. The same procession marched around to the houses of some of the members of the cabinet, among others to that of Secretary Seward, who had returned from his visit to New York.

The Secretary of State was in an exceedingly jocose frame of mind, and after congratulating the crowd on the result of the election, made a funny speech substantially as follows: "I advise you to go and see Mr. Fessenden, for if he gets discouraged we shall all come to grief; also be good enough to poke up Mr. Stanton; he needs poking up, for he has been seriously sick, I hear, for several days past. You cannot do better also than to call upon my excellent friend Gideon Welles, and ask him if he cannot make the blockade off Wilmington more stringent, so that I shall not need to have so much trouble with my foreign relations." To say that the crowd was delighted with this comical little speech is faintly to describe the frame of mind in which the Secretary's jocose remarks were received.

#### THE PRESIDENT'S SHREWDNESS AT HAMPTON ROADS.

GREAT was the excitement in Washington when, at the close of the next January (1865), it was noised abroad that negotiations looking for peace were to be opened between the Federal administration and the rebel president. Francis P. Blair, Sr., had returned from the second of his fruitless missions to Richmond, bringing to the President the information that Jefferson Davis was "ready to enter into con-

ference with a view to secure peace to the two countries." The general tenor of Blair's verbal account of what he saw and heard in Richmond, more than anything else, perhaps, encouraged Mr. Lincoln in the belief that peace might be obtained by negotiation, and the Union be restored upon terms which would be acceptable to the country. I say "perhaps" because there is probably no living man who knew exactly what was Mr. Lincoln's opinion concerning the possibility of securing terms of peace at that time on any basis that would be acceptable to himself and to the whole country. But in any case we may be sure that he determined to exhaust every means within his reach to satisfy the country whether peace with honor could or could not be obtained by negotiation. My own belief then (which was strengthened by one or two conversations with Mr. Lincoln) was that after the failure of the Niagara Falls conference in July, 1864, he had no faith whatever in any proposition pretending to look in the direction of peace which might come from the Confederate authorities.

But when it was found that not only had Secretary Seward gone to Hampton Roads to meet the so-called rebel commissioners, Stephens, Campbell, and Hunter, but that the President of the United States had actually followed him, the perturbation in Washington was something which cannot be readily described. The Peace Democrats went about the corridors of the hotels and the Capitol, saying that Lincoln had at last come to their way of thinking, and had gone to Hampton Roads to open peace negotiations. The radicals were in a fury of rage. They bitterly complained that the President was about to give up the political fruits which had been already gathered from the long and exhausting military struggle. It was complained that the policy of confiscation and emancipation was to be abandoned, and that as a further concession to the "returning prodigal," the abolition of slavery by the action of States yet to be taken was to be blocked then and there. There were, however, not a few moderate, and I may say conservative, Republicans whose faith in the sagacity and patriotism of Abraham Lincoln still remained unshaken; but these were in a minority, and it was apparently with feeble hope that they admonished radical Republicans and Copperhead Democrats to wait until Lincoln had returned from Hampton Roads and was ready to tell his story. Among the bitterest to denounce the course of Lincoln was Thaddeus Stevens, who, a few days before, had said in his place in the House of Representatives that if the country were to vote over again for President of the United States, Benjamin F. Butler, and not Abraham

Lincoln, would be their choice. Others of the same uncompromising and unreasonable stripe actually hinted at impeachment and trial. Colonel John W. Forney unwittingly added fuel to the flames by publishing in the "Washington Chronicle" a series of editorial articles ablaze with all the clap-trap of double leads and typographical ingenuity, in which it was sought to prepare the public mind for the sacrifice of something vaguely dreadful and dreadfully vague. These articles counseled popular acquiescence in the repeal of the confiscation law and other kindred measures as a condition of peace, and were telegraphed all over the country, and indorsed by thoughtless men as the outgivings of President Lincoln. They were read by astonished and indignant thousands, were flouted and scouted by the followers of Wade and Davis, and filled with alarm and dejection the minds of multitudes of readers not conversant with the facts. It must be remembered that the war upon President Lincoln for his alleged slowness in regard to the slavery question having no longer an excuse, the ultra-radicals had flown to negro suffrage and a more vigorous system of retaliation upon rebel prisoners as convenient weapons of a new aggressiveness; and when it was confidently stated that Lincoln had gone to Hampton Roads because he feared that Seward would not make his terms "liberal enough," the excitement in and around the Capitol rose to fever heat.

When the President and the Secretary of State returned to Washington after their conference on board the steamer *River Queen* at Hampton Roads, the tenseness of political feeling in Congress was slightly relaxed. The radicals grudgingly admitted that Lincoln and Seward had not yet compromised away the substantial fruits of four years of war and legislation. But with common consent everybody agreed that the President must at once enlighten Congress as to the doings of himself and Secretary Seward and the rebel commissioners at Hampton Roads. On February 8 culminated a long and acrimonious quarrel which had been brewing in the Senate between some of the conservative and radical members of that body. Sumner introduced a resolution calling on the President for information concerning the Hampton Roads conference. To this Senator Doolittle of Wisconsin objected. He urged that such a request, at such a time, was an indirect censure of the President, and would be construed as a senatorial demand for him to give an account of himself. Mr. Doolittle was somewhat anxious to be regarded as the special champion of Lincoln and his administration. Sumner made a thrust at Doolittle, saying that the Wisconsin senator had made that speech before in the

Senate, and that he (Sumner) would caution him not to "jump before he got to the stile." Irritated by this and other gibes at his alleged superserviceableness, Doolittle replied that he classed Senator Powell of Kentucky, and Senator Wade of Ohio, together; for although, as he said, they were acting from different motives, they were attempting a common aim. Both, he said, were opposed to the readmission of the States lately in rebellion where the Federal authority had been partially restored—Louisiana at that time being the bone of contention. Senator Wade soon got the floor, and replied to Doolittle's speech with great bitterness, losing his temper, and referring to Doolittle's position as "poor, mean, miserable, and demagogical." He frankly said that he bore the senator from Wisconsin "no malice and very little good will," and he added that the President was certainly in a bad way if he was reduced to having "such a poor prop" as Doolittle. Senator Wade exhibited great violence of temper, and Doolittle did not appear to advantage in his attempt to parry the violent thrusts of the angry senator from Ohio. The upshot of this painful business was that the resolution calling on the President for information concerning the Hampton Roads conference was adopted.

On the same day the House, without much ado, passed a resolution of similar import; but it was not until two days later (February 10) that the message and accompanying documents came in. Meanwhile, on the morning of the President's return from Fort Monroe, Fernando Wood made in the House an extraordinary speech, which in the minds of some people was designed to injure Lincoln with his own party by its fulsome praises of the President's patriotic action in going to Hampton Roads to participate in the now historic conference with the rebel commissioners. Among other things, Wood said: "If it be true that the President of the United States and the Secretary of State have gone personally to meet ambassadors, or representatives, or commissioners, as you may please to call them, from Richmond, I think that instead of this proceeding being obnoxious to the censure which I have heard bestowed upon it, they but follow the precedent of Washington and Hamilton, who in a similar emergency went (the one President and the other Secretary of the Treasury) to treat with rebels who were engaged in the whisky insurrection in Pennsylvania in 1796. If, therefore, it be true that the President of the United States has made an honest effort to stop this shedding of blood, this exhaustion of the energies of our great country; if it be true that, realizing his responsibility to his country and his God, he



has thus risen superior to partizanship and the unfortunate influences that have surrounded him, I say all thanks to him, and God speed him in the work of mercy and justice and right." Even at this late day one can imagine the effect of remarks like these falling from the lips of one of the most notorious of the Northern Copperheads, eulogistic of the chief magistrate, who, as Wood would have had us believe, had taken a tedious journey to a point near the rebel lines in order to reopen those peace negotiations which the Democratic National Convention of the previous summer had declared necessary. On the same day, however, Wood offered a resolution declaring as the sense of the House that it was the duty of the President to proffer and accept only such negotiations as should imply the continued integrity and indissolubility of the Federal government.

The House, as seen from the reporters' gallery, when the President's message and accompanying documents relating to the Hampton Roads conference came in, was a curious and interesting study. There had been a call of the House on the previous evening, and a great number of absentees had been brought up with a round turn at the bar to make such excuses as they could for their non-appearance at the previous session. These proceedings were going on when the message from the President was announced. Instantly, by unanimous consent, all other business was suspended, and the communication from the President was ordered to be read. The reading began in absolute silence. Looking over the hall, one might say that the hundreds seated or standing within the limits of the great room had been suddenly turned to stone. The auditors who strained their attention were not merely interested to know what was the story to be unfolded: they were apparently fascinated by the importance and mysteriousness of the possible outcome of this extraordinary incident. It is no exaggeration to say that for a little space at least no man so much as stirred his hand. Even the hurrying pages, who usually bustled about the aisles waiting upon the members, were struck silent and motionless. The preliminary paragraphs of the message recited the facts relating to F. P. Blair, Sr.'s, two journeys to Richmond, and, without the slightest appearance of argument, cleared the way for the departure of Secretary Seward to meet the commissioners at Fort Monroe. Then came the three indispensable terms given in the instructions to the Secretary, on which alone could any conference looking to peace be held. These were:

1. The restoration of the national authority throughout all the States.

2. No receding, by the executive of the United States, on the slavery question, from the position assumed thereon in the late annual message to Congress and in preceding documents.

3. No cessation of hostilities short of an end of the war and the disbanding of all forces hostile to the government.

When the clerk read the words at the close of the instructions to Seward, "you will not assume to definitely consummate anything," there ran a ripple of mirth throughout the great assembly of congressmen; and the tenseness with which men had listened to the reading was for the first time relaxed, although there had been a subdued rumble of applause when the clerk read in the instructions to Mr. Blair that the President would be always ready to receive any agent whom Davis, or other influential person, should send to him with a view of securing peace to the people of "our one common country." As the reading of the message and documents went on, the change which took place in the moral atmosphere of the hall of the House was marked and obvious. The appearance of grave intentness passed away, and members smilingly exchanged glances as they began to appreciate the unfolding of Lincoln's sagacious plan for unmasking the craftiness of the rebel leaders; or they laughed gleefully at the occasional hard hits with which the wise President demolished the pretensions of those whose fine-spun logic he had so ruthlessly swept aside in the now famous interview. Of course the details of that interview were not then spread before the country, but enough was given in the document submitted by the President to Congress to show the subtle wisdom with which his mission had been conducted and concluded. When the reading was over, and the name of the writer at the end of the communication was read by the clerk with a certain grandiloquence, there was an instant and irrepressible storm of applause, begun by the members on the floor, and taken up by the people in the gallery. It was instantaneous, involuntary, and irrepressible, and the Speaker only perfunctorily attempted to quell it. It was like a burst of refreshing rain after a long and heartbreaking drought.

In the midst of the great inspiration of satisfaction which followed the conclusion of the reading of the message, Representative James Brooks, of New York, made a partizan speech in which he expressed his regret that negotiations with "the separate States" had not been opened by the President; and from this he went on to the usual phrases of "effusion of blood," "fratricidal strife," and "enormous debt," and endeavored to break the force of the President's communication, which for a

time at least had made every Unionist in that House a friend of every other, regardless of the titles of "conservative" and "radical" which had heretofore divided them. Thaddeus Stevens, who had been among the most acrid of Lincoln's critics during the period of doubt which intervened while the true intent and purpose of the visit to Hampton Roads were not understood, replied to Brooks briefly and pungently, and paid a high tribute to the sagacity, wisdom, and patriotism of President Lincoln. S. S. Cox was another speaker who praised the President. He said that the chief magistrate deserved the thanks of the country for his noble course in disregarding "mere politicians," and in looking over their heads to the people for indorsement and approval.

In a few days all of the material details of the Hampton Roads conference were spread before the country. The President's reply to the Senate's call for information chiefly consisted of a despatch prepared at the State Department for transmission to Mr. Adams, the United States minister to England, in which the whole story was told with some degree of detail. Those censorious critics of Lincoln's policy who had pretended to believe that the President's visit to Fort Monroe was prompted by his desire to second Secretary Seward's eagerness and to stimulate his desire for peaceable negotiations, were greatly chagrined when they ascertained that it was General Grant, the idol of the hour, who had influenced Lincoln to take that step. It was Grant's message, in which he deplored the failure of the commissioners to see the President, that had impelled him to go to Fort Monroe. Although General Grant recognized the difficulties in the way of receiving the commissioners, and probably had no faith in any substantial gain to be secured thereby, he did say that he was sorry that the errand of the three men would be bootless. He regarded only the moral effect of the mission on both sides of the lines.

Lincoln was in his grave before all the facts relating to this remarkable conference were made public by those who participated in it; and when those details did come out, the heroic attitude of Abraham Lincoln as he sturdily stood up for all the results of the long contest which had then been secured in the interests of the Federal Union and the rights of man, was defined with exceeding clearness. The wisdom and sagacity with which he conducted the delicate business then in hand were acknowledged by friend and foe alike, when the session of the House broke up after his remarkable communication had been read to it; and, years later, those who had heard that message read recalled with a thrill of pride the exposition of shrewdness contained in the docu-

ment. But among the various incidents of the conference the world will probably longest remember that recorded by Alexander H. Stephens, one of the three commissioners, who, afterward writing of the event, said that Mr. Hunter made a long reply to the President's refusal to recognize another government inside of that of which he alone was President by receiving ambassadors to treat for peace. "Mr. Hunter," says Stephens, "referred to the correspondence between King Charles I. and his parliament as a trustworthy precedent of a constitutional ruler treating with rebels. Mr. Lincoln's face then wore that indescribable expression which generally preceded his hardest hits, and he remarked: 'Upon questions of history I must refer you to Mr. Seward, for he is posted in such things, and I do not pretend to be bright. My only distinct recollection of the matter is that Charles lost his head.' That settled Mr. Hunter for a while."

#### LINCOLN'S SECOND INAUGURATION.

THE day of Lincoln's second inauguration, March 4, 1865, was as dark and drizzly as the November day of his second election. When the hour of noon arrived, great crowds of men and women streamed around the Capitol building in most wretched plight. The mud in the city of Washington on that day certainly excelled all the other varieties I have ever seen before or since, and the greatest test of feminine heroism—the spoiling of their clothes—was amply to the credit of the women who were so bedraggled and drenched on that memorable day. The only entrance to the Senate wing, where the preliminary ceremonies were held, was by the main or eastern portico, the other entrances being used only by privileged persons. From the reporters' gallery one could see that the senators were all massed on one side of their chamber, the other side being left for the members of the House and the few notables who should come in later. When the doors of the gallery were opened, and the crowd of women had finally been admitted, the sight was a beautiful one. Senator Foote of Vermont was in the chair, and was greatly discomfited to find that the fair ladies in the gallery had not the slightest idea that they were invading a session of the Senate. They chattered and clattered like a bevy of zephyrs among the reeds of a water-side. The presiding officer in vain tapped with his ivory mallet. The gay people in the galleries talked on just as though there was no Senate in session in the United States; but when the attention of the fair mob was diverted by the arrival of eminent personages, something like a calm prevailed, and there was silent gazing. There was Hooker,

handsome, rosy, and gorgeous in full uniform; "the dear old Admiral," as the women used to call Farragut; Mrs. Lincoln in the diplomatic gallery, attended by gallant Senator Anthony; a gorgeous array of foreign ministers in full court costume; and a considerable group of military and naval officers, brilliant in gold lace and epaulets. There was a buzz when the justices of the Supreme Court came in, attired in their robes of office, Chief Justice Chase looking very young and also very queer, carrying a "stove-pipe" hat and wearing his long black silk gown. The foreign ministers occupied seats at the right of the chair behind the Supreme Court justices; and behind these were the members of the House. The cabinet ministers had front seats at the left of the chair, Seward at the head, followed by Stanton, Welles, Speed, and Dennison. Usher was detained by illness, and Fessenden occupied his old seat in the Senate. Lincoln sat in the middle of the front row.

All eyes were turned to the main entrance, where, precisely on the stroke of twelve, appeared Andrew Johnson, Vice-President elect, arm in arm with Hannibal Hamlin, whose term of office was now expiring. They took seats together on the dais of the presiding officer, and Hamlin made a brief and sensible speech, and Andrew Johnson, whose face was extraordinarily red, was presented to take the oath. It is needless to say here that the unfortunate gentleman, who had been very ill, was not altogether sober at this most important moment of his life. In order to strengthen himself for the physical and mental ordeal through which he was about to pass, he had taken a stiff drink of whisky in the room of the Vice-President, and the warmth of the senate-chamber, with possibly other physical conditions, had sent the fiery liquor to his brain. He was evidently intoxicated. As he went on with his speech, he turned upon the cabinet officers and addressed them as "Mr. Stanton," "Mr. Seward," etc., without the official handles to their names. Forgetting Mr. Welles's name, he said, "and you, too, Mr."—then leaning over to Colonel Forney, he said, "What is the name of the Secretary of the Navy?" and then continued as though nothing had happened. Once in a while, from the reporters' gallery, I could observe Hamlin nudging Johnson from behind, reminding him that the hour for the inauguration ceremony had passed. The speaker kept on, although President Lincoln sat before him, patiently waiting for his extraordinary harangue to be over.

The study of the faces below was interesting. Seward was as bland and serene as a summer day; Stanton appeared to be petrified; Welles's face was usually void of any expression; Speed sat with his eyes closed; Dennison

was red and white by turns. Among the Union senators Henry Wilson's face was flushed; Sumner wore a saturnine and sarcastic smile; and most of the others turned and twisted in their senatorial chairs as if in long-drawn agony. Of the Supreme Bench, Judge Nelson only was apparently moved, his lower jaw being dropped clean down in blank horror. Chase was marble, adamant, granite in immobility until Johnson turned his back upon the Senate to take the oath, when he exchanged glances with Nelson, who then closed up his mouth. When Johnson had repeated inaudibly the oath of office, his hand upon the Book, he turned and took the Bible in his hand, and, facing the audience, said, with a loud, theatrical voice and gesture, "I kiss this Book in the face of my nation of the United States."

This painful incident being over, Colonel Forney, the secretary of the Senate, read the proclamation of the President convoking an extra session, and called the names of the members elect. Thereupon the newly chosen senators were sworn in, and the procession for the inauguration platform, which had been built on the east front of the Capitol, was formed. There was a sea of heads in the great plaza in front of the Capitol, as far as the eye could reach, and breaking in waves along its outer edges among the budding foliage of the grounds beyond. When the President and the procession of notables appeared, a tremendous shout, prolonged and loud, arose from the surging ocean of humanity around the Capitol building. Then the sergeant-at-arms of the Senate, the historic Brown, arose and bowed, with his shining black hat in hand, in dumb-show before the crowd, which thereupon became still, and Abraham Lincoln, rising tall and gaunt among the groups about him, stepped forward and read his inaugural address, which was printed in two broad columns upon a single page of large paper. As he advanced from his seat, a roar of applause shook the air, and, again and again repeated, finally died far away on the outer fringe of the throng, like a sweeping wave upon the shore. Just at that moment the sun, which had been obscured all day, burst forth in its unclouded meridian splendor, and flooded the spectacle with glory and with light. Every heart beat quicker at the unexpected omen, and doubtless not a few mentally prayed that so might the darkness which had obscured the past four years be now dissipated by the sun of prosperity,

Till danger's troubled night depart,  
And the star of peace return.

The inaugural address was received with almost profound silence. Every word was clear and audible as the somewhat shrill and ringing

tones of Lincoln's voice sounded over the vast concourse. There was applause, however, at the words, "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 cheer that followed these words lasted long enough to make a considerable pause before he added sentimentally, "and the war came." There were occasionally spurts of applause, too, at other points along this wonderful address. Looking down into the faces of the people, illuminated by the bright rays of the sun, one could see moist eyes and even tearful cheeks as the good President pronounced these noble words: "With malice toward none, with charity for all, with firmness in the right as God gives us to see the right, let us strive on to finish the work we are in; to bind up the nation's wounds; to care for him who shall have borne the battle, and for his widow and his orphans; to do all which may achieve and cherish a just and a lasting peace among ourselves and with all nations." Among the memories of a lifetime, doubtless there are none more fondly cherished by those who were so fortunate as to stand near Lincoln at that historic moment than the recollection of the beautiful solemnity, the tender sympathy, of these inspired utterances, and the rapt silence of the thronging multitude.

There were many cheers and many tears as this noble address was concluded. Silence being restored, the President turned toward Chief Justice Chase, who, with his right hand uplifted, directed the Bible to be brought forward by the clerk of the Supreme Court. Then Lincoln, laying his right hand upon the open page, repeated the oath of office administered to him by the Chief Justice, after which, solemnly saying, "So help me God," he bent forward and reverently kissed the Book, then rose up inaugurated President of the United States for four years from March 4, 1865. A salvo of ar-

tillery boomed upon the air, cheer upon cheer rang out, and then, after turning and bowing to the assembled hosts, the President retired into the Capitol, and, emerging by a basement entrance, took his carriage and was escorted back to the White House by a great procession.

The Book was probably opened at a venture by the clerk. Chief Justice Chase noted the place where Lincoln's lips touched the page, and he afterward marked the spot with a pencil. The Book so marked was given by the Chief Justice to Mrs. Lincoln. The President had pressed his lips on the 27th and 28th verses of the fifth chapter of the Book of Isaiah, where were these words:

None shall be weary nor stumble among them; none shall slumber nor sleep; neither shall the girdle of their loins be loosed, nor the latchet of their shoes be broken:

Whose arrows are sharp, and all their bows bent, their horses' hoofs shall be counted like flint, their wheels like a whirlwind.

There was the usual reception at the White House that evening, and, later on, the traditional inauguration ball, at which the President and his wife, most of the members of the cabinet, General Hooker, Admiral Farragut, and other great people were present. The ball was held in the great Hall of Patents in the Interior Department building, and was a very handsome affair; but its beauty was marred by an extraordinary rush of hungry people who fairly mobbed the supper-tables, and enacted a scene of confusion whose wildness was similar to some of the antics of the Paris Commune.

But chiefly memorable in the minds of those who saw that second inauguration must still remain the tall, pathetic, melancholy figure of the man who, then inducted into office in the midst of the glad acclaim of thousands of people, and illumined by the deceptive brilliance of a March sunburst, was already standing in the shadow of death.

*Noah Brooks.*

## ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON.

WHEN from the Vista of the Book I shrink,  
 From lauded pens that earn ignoble wage  
 Begetting nothing joyous, nothing sage,  
 Nor keep with Shakspeare's use one golden link;  
 When heavily my sanguine spirits sink  
 To read too plain on each impostor page  
 Only of kings the broken lineage;—  
 Well for my peace if then on thee I think,  
 Louis, our Knight of Letters, very knight  
 With whose white baldric singing Hope is girt,  
 And from whose brows her own assume the bay;  
 Truer I am, and must be, since thou wert!  
 And in that ransom, in that young known light,  
 Go down to dust, contented with my day.





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