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Abraham Lincoln.

Personal Recollections and Incidents of a Six Months' Sojourn in the White House During the Lincoln Administration.

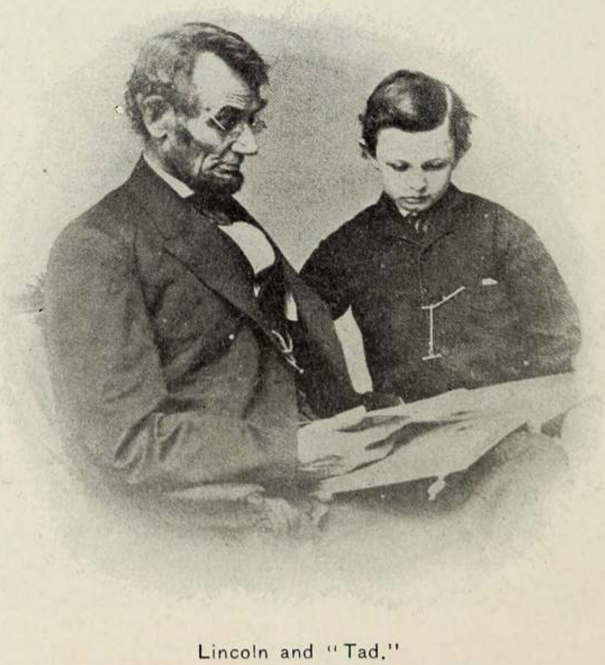
By Frank B. Carpenter.

WITH hearty good-will I greet and commend all contributions to the popular knowledge of Mr. Lincoln ; with every additional incident and anecdote his fame grows brighter. Other men have their morning, noon, and night. Lincoln's sun, like that recorded of the Biblical Joshua, will always stand at the meridian.

It is interesting to know when and where a work which has arrested public attention started. I am often asked "How came you to know Mr. Lincoln and to paint the picture of the Proclamation ?"

I go back to my youth, to the days when the famous "Hutchinson Family," that New England "Household of Harmony," electrified the country with their songs of patriotism and freedom. "The Old Granite State" became a household word in every town and hamlet of the country. One verse was an inspiration and a prophecy :

> "We are the friends
> of Emancipation,
> And we sing the
> Proclamation,
> Till it echoes thro'
> the nation
> From the old Granite State."



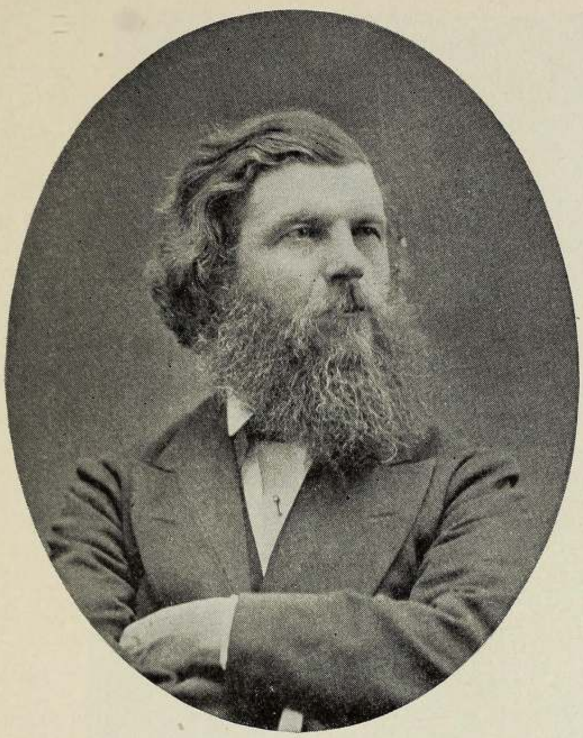
Lincoln and "Tad."

From an early photograph by Brady, presented by Mrs. Lincoln to Mr. Carpenter.

This was seventeen years before secession and the civil war. The oft-quoted expression, "Let me write the songs of a people and I care not who makes the laws," had a striking illustration in the case of the Hutchinsons. They began their public concerts just before the Clay and Frelinghuysen and Polk and Dallas presidential campaign of 1844, twelve years before the formation of the Republican party. Who can measure the influence of their songs of freedom upon the unformed opinions of the youth of that day?

My first interest in politics was in the Fremont campaign of 1856. As a young Republican I of course voted for Lincoln in 1860 ; my first sight of the incoming President was when he was passing through New York on his way to be inaugurated in 1861, as he rode down Broadway.

In December, 1863, a new Congress came into existence. Among the newly elected members was an intimate personal friend, Mr. Samuel F. Miller, of Delaware County, N. Y. On his way to Washington to take his seat in the House of Representatives, he stopped in New York for a



Samuel Sinclair,

Publisher of the "Tribune" during the Lincoln Administration.

day or two, and I called upon him at his hotel. Knowing the fact of my having been previously invited to the White House in two different administrations, to paint the portraits of President Fillmore and President Pierce, Mr. Miller proposed that I should again visit the Capitol and paint President Lincoln. Leaving him at the Everett House, where this conversation took place, I crossed Union Square to West Fourteenth Street, on my way home on the west side of the city. My friend's suggestion had aroused my imagination. The year had opened with the final Proclamation on New Year's Day. Suddenly there flashed upon my mind the conception of a picture representing the moment when President Lincoln announced Emancipation and first read the Proclamation.

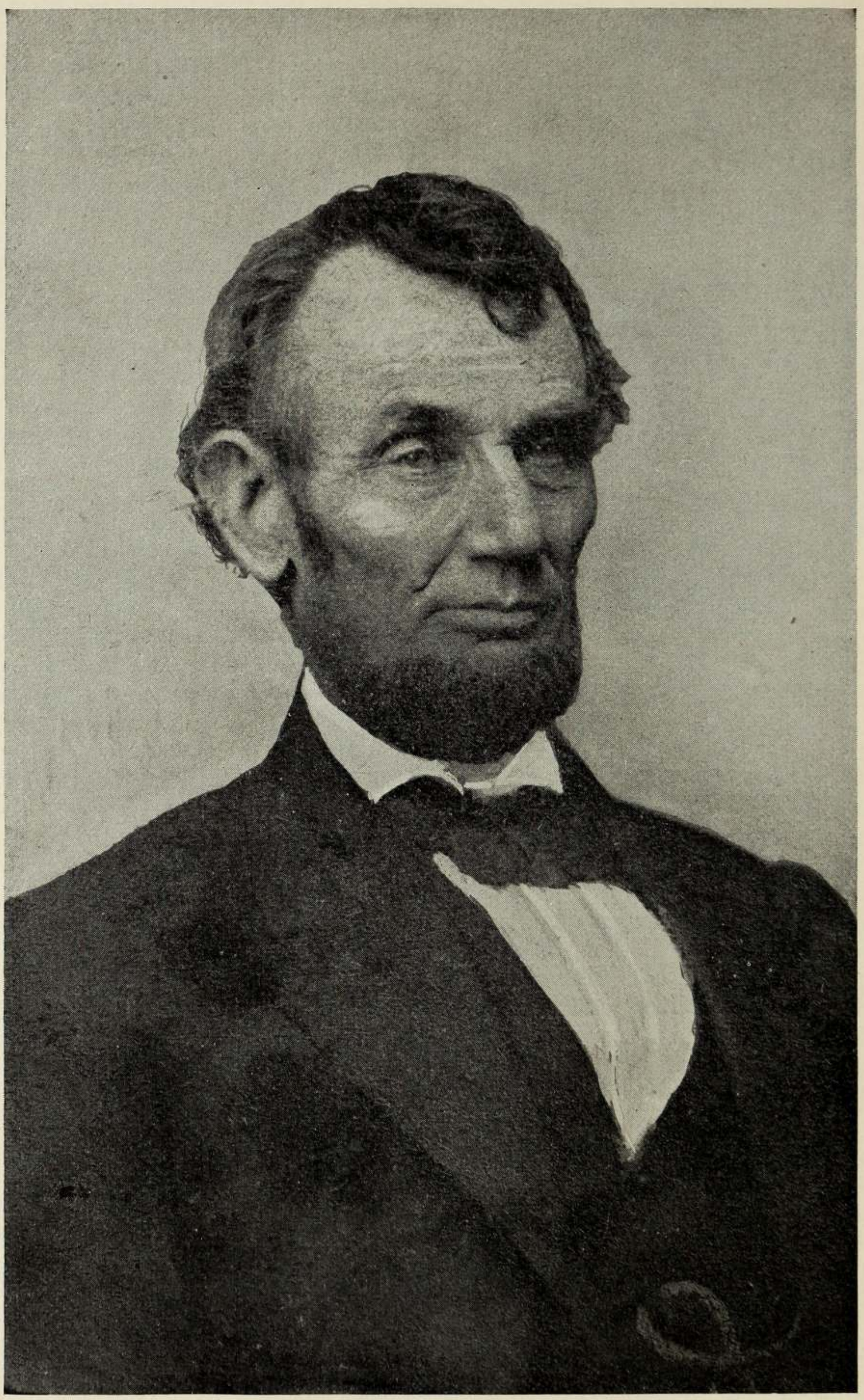
Although I had never had the benefit of much training in historical compositions, a blind impression accompanied the conception that I should do this work. Henry Ward Beecher, in a recent sermon, had severely criticised the artists for their apparent lack of patriotism and comprehension of the great issues of their own time. He said he had walked through the galleries of the Academy of Design, and had looked in vain for any trace on their walls of a perception of the tremendous crisis the nation was passing through. One of the artists thus arraigned deeply felt this reproach. The burning words of the great preacher were imbedded in my memory, waiting only the breath of inspiration to take form and shape.

"The Declaration of Independence" had been painted by Trumbull, of the Revolution, for the walls of the Capitol. Why should not an artist of to-day paint the Proclamation of Emancipation? The first asserted that "all men are created free and equal," the last fulfilled and vindicated the promise and the assertion, and made it a fact.

The audacity of the conception of thus pictorially celebrating this scene fascinated me. The vision of my boyhood again rose before me. "The hour and the man" had come, Lincoln and the Proclamation were living facts!

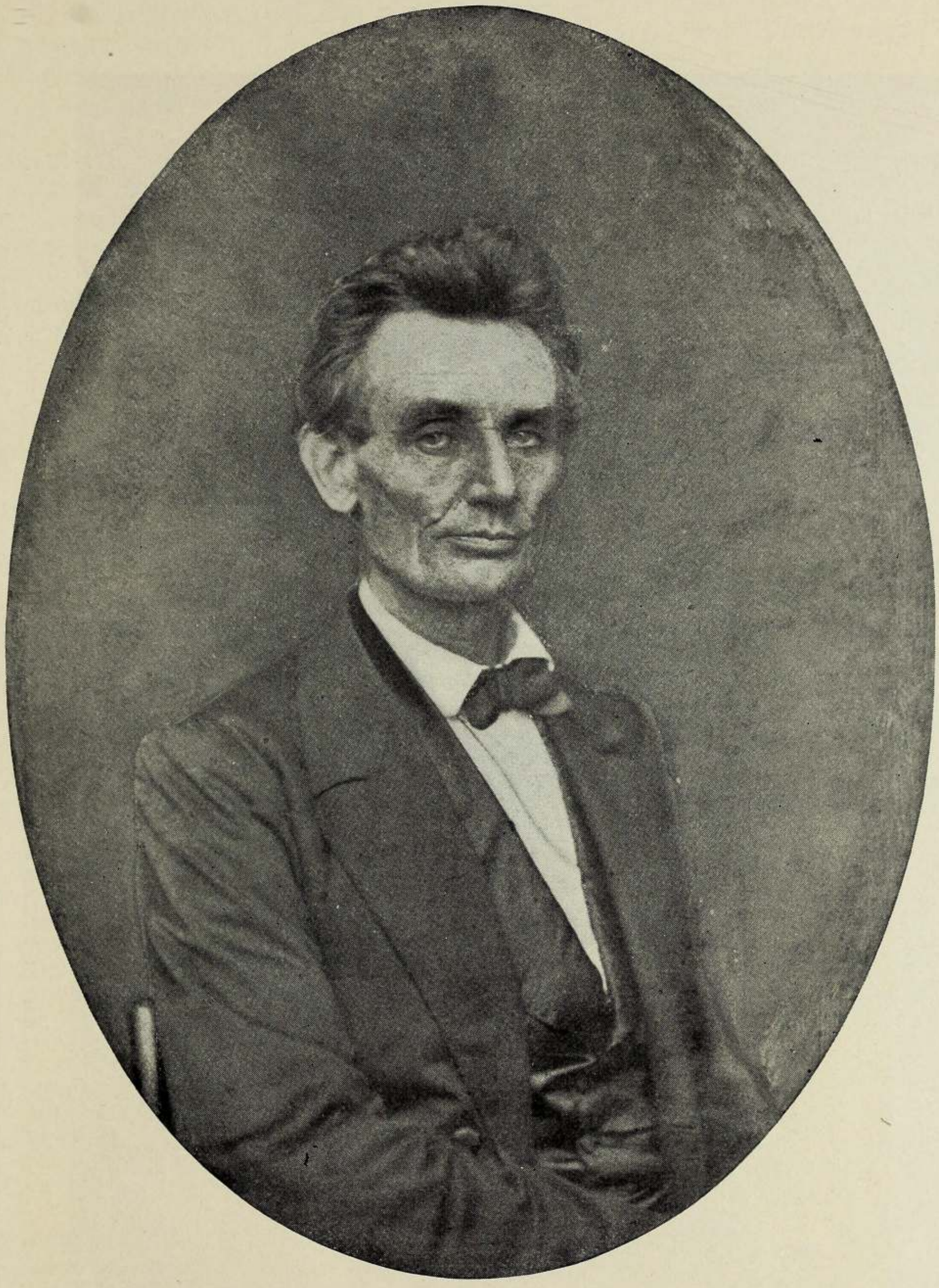
A few evenings later, during a call at the residence of Mr. Samuel Sinclair, the publisher of the New York *Tribune*, I found Mr. and Mrs. Sinclair preparing for a visit to Washington, where they were to be the guests of the Speaker of the House of Representatives, the Hon. Schuyler Colfax. To paint my picture I must have the co-operation of Mr. Lincoln. Here seemed an opportunity to lay the matter before him. These friends entered earnestly and sympathetically into my purpose.

Hon. Owen Lovejoy, of Illinois.



Abraham Lincoln.

Enlarged from a card-size photograph by Brady, of Washington, belonging to Mr. Carpenter, and taken about the time of the painting of the Proclamation picture. But three of these photographs were made, and this is supposed to be the only one in existence. The barber who dressed Mr. Lincoln's hair for the occasion brushed it differently from his usual style, attempting to part it on the right side instead of the left, as was Mr. Lincoln's ordinary habit.



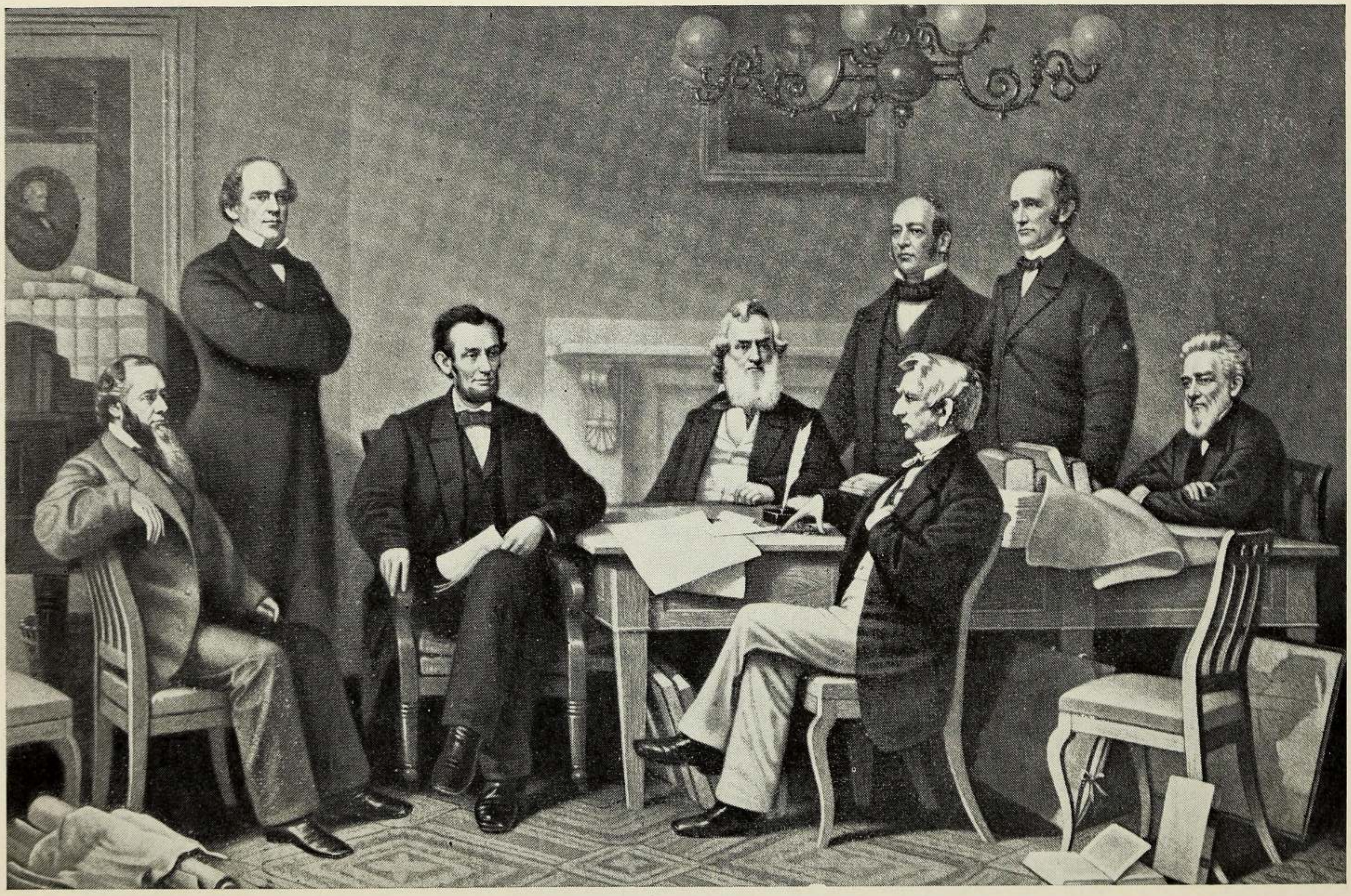
Portrait of Mr. Lincoln.

From a photograph made in Springfield, Ill., and presented to Mr. Carpenter, by A. M. Garland, of that city.

While in Washington Mr. Colfax accompanied Mr. Sinclair to the White House, and together they stated to the President my desire to paint the picture. He listened with patience, and manifested sufficient interest to tell them briefly the history of the Proclamation. At the conclusion he said:

"If I understand you, gentlemen, you wish me to sit to your artist friend for this picture he proposes to paint?" The reply was: "Yes, this is what we came to ask of you." With characteristic kindness, Mr. Lincoln replied, "Well, say to him, I will do it."

Before returning to New York, Mr.



THE PROCLAMATION OF EMANCIPATION.

From the painting by Frank B. Carpenter, now hanging in the Capitol at Washington.—Copyright, 1895, by Frank B. Carpenter.

Edwin M. Stanton,
Secretary of War.

Salmon P. Chase,
Sec. of the Treasury.

LINCOLN.

Gideon Welles,
Sec. of the Navy.

Caleb B. Smith,
Sec. of the Interior.

Wm. H. Seward,
Secretary of State.

Montgomery Blair,
Postmaster-General.

Edward Bates,
Attorney-General.

and Mrs. Sinclair interested the Hon. Owen Lovejoy, a member of Congress from Illinois, a warm personal friend of Mr. Lincoln, in my purpose. Mr. Lovejoy's brother, Elijah P. Lovejoy, was the victim of a pro-slavery mob, some years before, in Illinois, for publishing an anti-slavery newspaper. During a visit to New York shortly afterward, Mr. Lovejoy was brought to my studio by Mrs. Sinclair. After listening to an expression of my ambitious purpose, he quaintly remarked: "Now I can tell Mr. Lincoln that I believe, not because of what the woman told me, but because I have seen for myself."

At this interview I stated to Mr. Lovejoy my wish to execute the painting, under the direction of Mr. Lincoln, at the White House. He promised his cordial co-operation in securing for me the invitation I required from the President, on his return to Washington.

Two weeks later I received from Mr. Lovejoy the following letter:

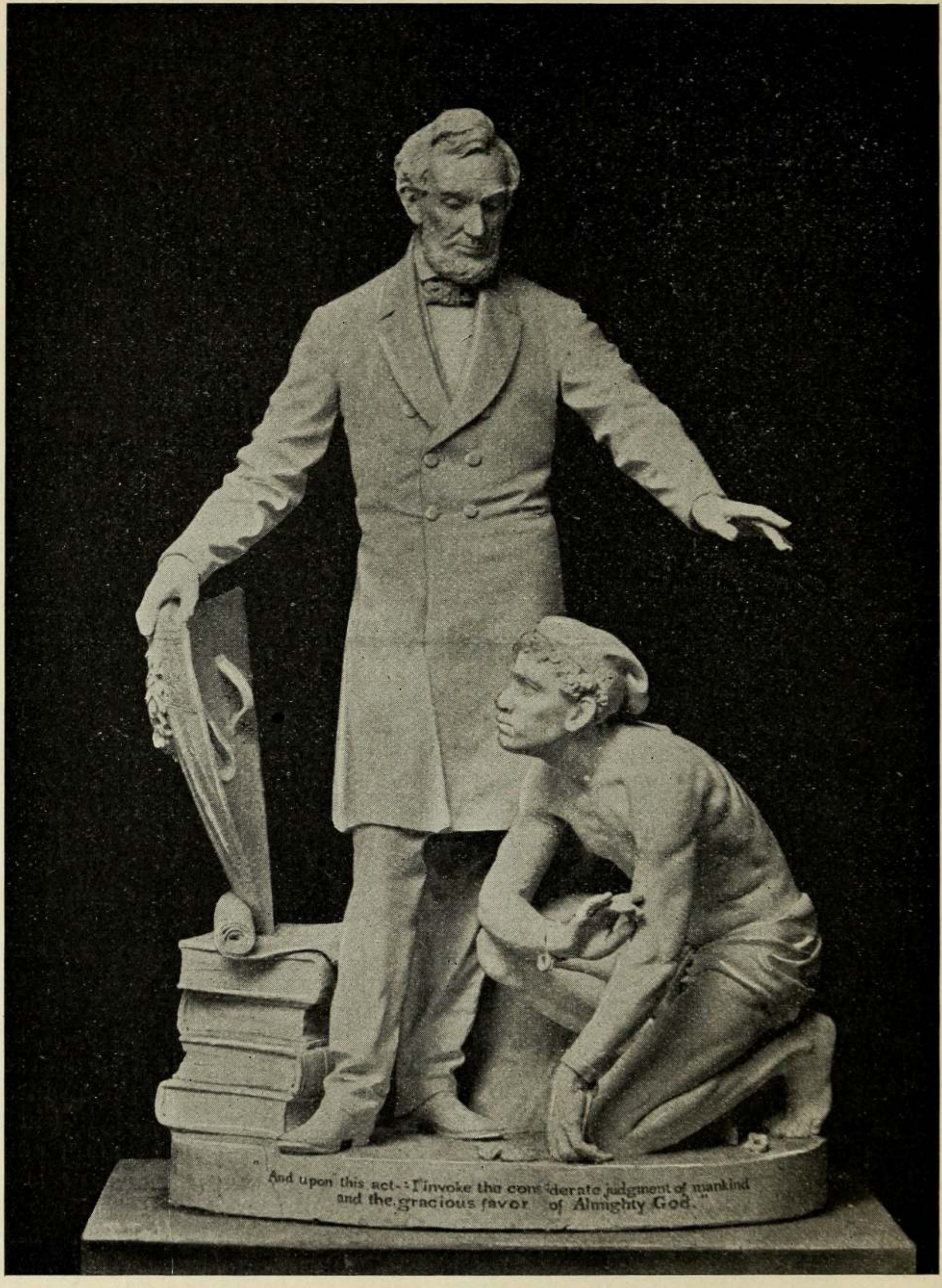
> "WASHINGTON, D. C., January 16, 1864.
>
> "*My Dear Sir:* I saw the President again yesterday on the matter of the picture. He tells me that Mrs. Lincoln is expecting her son home soon with some friends, and that they will not be able to give you the proposed room opposite the President's study, but that you can have the use of the library. This room, you will remember, is just across the gangway on the track as you go upstairs, immediately over the 'blue room' below. He showed me the room and I think it will do you. He seems quite favorably impressed with the enterprise, and is disposed to afford you all the facilities in his power.
>
> "Truly yours,
>
> "OWEN LOVEJOY."

Through the kindness of my friends, the Sinclairs, the way was thus opened for me to paint the picture. There remained one most serious difficulty: I had no order for the work. To accomplish it successfully I must give up my ordinary sources of income for at least six months or a year. By a happy accident, just at this juncture, I met an old friend whose face I had not seen in two years, Mr. Frederick A. Lane, of New York. I stated to Mr. Lane my purpose and the President's invitation. He heard me through thoughtfully. When I had finished he said, very frankly, that he was "a Democrat" and a "McClellan man," and playfully added "if I would bring General McClellan into the picture he would give me an order for it on the spot!"—then more earnestly, "but, of course, this would be unhistorical and is out of the question." Placing his hand in mine, he continued, "Old friend, your conception is a grand one; start for Washington as soon as you can get ready, and draw upon me for all required funds till the work is finished." And Mr. Lane kept his word.

I arrived in Washington the first week in February, 1864. My first call was upon Mr. Lovejoy, who was very ill, but who sat up in bed to write an introductory note for me to the President. My first meeting with Mr. Lincoln took place at the Saturday afternoon public reception. I was personally introduced by Mr. William O. Stoddard, one of his private secretaries, who stood by his side, and who mentioned my profession. "Oh, yes, I know," the President replied, taking my hand; "you are Mr. Lovejoy's friend." Then straightening his tall form to its full height, with the pleasant expression his face could assume, he said, "Now, Mr. Carpenter, do you think you can make a handsome picture of me?"

A rapid glance conveyed to me the difficulties a serious remark of this kind would encounter, and I must confess to some embarrassment, but he quickly removed this by a characteristic reply to my request for an interview after the reception, by saying in Western vernacular: "I reckon; come up to my office when this show is over." The appointed hour found me at the door of the official chamber. Mr. Lincoln had preceded me. He was alone, and was already deep in state papers which awaited his signature. Seating me near his own arm-chair, he read Mr. Lovejoy's note, then taking off his spectacles he said, "Well, Mr. Carpenter, we will turn you loose in here, and try to give you a good chance to work out your idea."

Without further preliminaries he then entered upon a detailed account


"And upon this act - I invoke the considerate judgment of mankind
and the gracious favor of Almighty God."

Lincoln and the Slave.

This photograph is from a group made by Thomas Ball, an American sculptor living in Italy, almost immediately after the Proclamation was issued.

of the history and issue of the Proclamation.

"It had got to be," said he, "midsummer, 1862. Things had gone on from bad to worse, until I felt that we had reached the end of our rope on the plan of operations we had been pursuing; that we had about played our last card and must change our tactics or lose the game.

"I now determined upon the adoption of the emancipation policy, and without consultation with or the knowledge of the Cabinet I prepared the original draft of the Proclamation, and after much anxious thought, called a Cabinet meeting upon the subject. This was the last of July or the first part of the month of August, 1862 [the exact date he did not remember]. This Cabinet meeting took place, I think, upon a Saturday. All were present excepting Mr. Blair, the Postmaster-General, who was absent at the opening of the discussion, but came in subsequently. I said to the Cabinet that I had resolved upon this step, and had not called them together to ask their advice, but to lay the subject-matter of a Proclamation before them; suggestions as to which would be in order after they had heard it read. Mr. Lovejoy," said the President, "was in error when he informed you that it excited no comment excepting on the part of Secretary Seward. Various suggestions were offered. Secretary Chase wished the language stronger in reference to the arming of the blacks.

"Mr. Blair, after he came in, deprecated the policy, on the ground that it would cost the Administration the fall elections. Nothing, however, was offered that I had not already fully anticipated and settled in my own mind, until Secretary Seward spoke. He said, in substance, 'Mr. President, I approve of the Proclamation, but I question the expediency of its issue at this juncture. The depression of the public mind consequent upon our repeated reverses is so great that I fear the effect of so important a step. It may be viewed as the last measure of an exhausted government, a cry for help; the government stretching forth its hands to Ethiopia, instead of Ethiopia stretching forth her hands to the government.' His idea," said the President, "was that it would be considered our last *shriek* on the retreat." This was his exact expression. "'Now,' continued Mr. Seward, 'while I approve the measure, I suggest, sir, that you postpone its issue until you can give it to the country supported by military success, instead of issuing it, as would be the case now, upon the greatest disasters of the war!'" Mr. Lincoln continued: "The wisdom of the view of the Secretary of State struck me with very great force. It was an aspect of the case that in all my thought upon the subject I had entirely overlooked. The result was that I put the Proclamation aside, as you do your sketch for a picture, waiting for a victory. From time to time I added or changed a line, touching it up here and there, anxiously watching the progress of events. Well, the next news we had was of Pope's disaster at Bull Run. Things looked darker than ever. Finally came the week of the battle of Antietam. I determined to wait no longer. The news came, I think, on Wednesday, that the advantage was on our side. I was then staying at the Soldiers' Home [three miles out of Washington]. Here I finished writing the second draft of the preliminary Proclamation, called the Cabinet together the following Monday to hear it, and it was published the next day."

At the final meeting, September 22d, another interesting incident occurred in connection with Secretary Seward. The President had written the important part of the Proclamation in these words:

> "That on the first day of January, in the year of our Lord one thousand eight hundred and sixty-three, all persons held as slaves within any State, the people whereof shall then be in rebellion against the United States, shall be then, thenceforward, and forever FREE; and the Executive Government of the United States, including the military and naval authority thereof, will *recognize* the freedom of such persons, and will do no act or acts to repress such persons, or any of them, in any efforts they may make for their actual freedom."

"When I finished reading this paragraph," resumed Mr. Lincoln, "Mr. Seward stopped me and said: 'I think, Mr. President, that you should insert after the word *recognize* in that sentence the words *and maintain*.'

"I replied that I had already fully considered the import of that expression in this connection, but I had not seen my way to promise what I was not entirely sure I could perform, and I was not prepared to say that I thought we were exactly able to 'maintain' this. But," said he, "Seward insisted that we ought to take this ground, and the words went in."

Writing at this distance of time after the event, I recall vividly the scene, as Mr. Lincoln gave me this narrative. The historic Cabinet chamber, with its simple furniture, its long table near the centre, covered with public documents and war maps, the President's writing-desk near the window, the high desk with pigeon-holes, standing against the unused door communicating with the adjoining room at the head of the stairs where visitors were received, the white marble mantel upon which rested a framed photograph of John Bright, of England; Mr. Lincoln in his arm-chair between the long table and the window, myself, facing him, listening to a narration perhaps more minute in its details than he had given to any other person, for from the first he seemed pleased with the idea of having the scene of the Announcement of Emancipation perpetuated upon canvas—all this without the least appearance of self-consciousness, nor any attempt at dramatic display, is a heritage of memory which cannot be overvalued. As I sat by his side that afternoon looking intently into his eyes, with their dreamy far-away expression, I realized that I was in the presence of one whose name and place in history would have no compeer save that of Washington—who had been divinely chosen from the common people to perform an act, the stupendous nature of which could not be exaggerated—a man withal so simple and unpretending that the humblest bondman or bond-woman would meet with no repulse or rebuke in extension of greeting or invocation of sympathy or service. I can never be sufficiently grateful for the inspiration, the friends, and the circumstances which combined to bring me thus face to face with Abraham Lincoln.

At the conclusion of his most interesting statement, the President gave me his recollection of the position and action of himself and the members of his Cabinet when he had finished reading the Proclamation. "Chase and Stanton," said he, "were here on my right, Seward and the others were grouped around the table at my left. Secretary Seward, at the submission of the first draft in July, and at the final meeting in September, made the most important suggestions and comments." When I exhibited to Mr. Lincoln the perfected design of the picture a few days later, he gave me his warm approval. His words were, "It is as good as can be made."

At the close of our first interview, Mr. Robert Lincoln, home on a visit from Harvard College, came into the office, and was directed by his father to take me to the library, to see if the room and light would answer for a studio. I found the windows were under the portico, which obstructed the light seriously. Noting this, Robert suggested the state dining-room on the floor below, to which he led the way.

This room I found admirably adapted for my purpose. The great dining-table was pushed to one side, the long packing-box was brought in, the "stretching" frame, nine feet by fourteen feet six inches, put together, the "canvas" unrolled, and with the aid of Edward MacManus, the porter, who served the different administrations, from the presidency of Polk through that of Lincoln, it was soon ready for the historic group.

(To be continued in THE PETERSON MAGAZINE for April.)

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PETERSON MAGAZINE

NEW SERIES—VOL. VI. APRIL, 1896. NO. 4.

Abraham Lincoln.

Personal Recollections and Incidents of a Six Months' Sojourn in the White House During the Lincoln Administration.

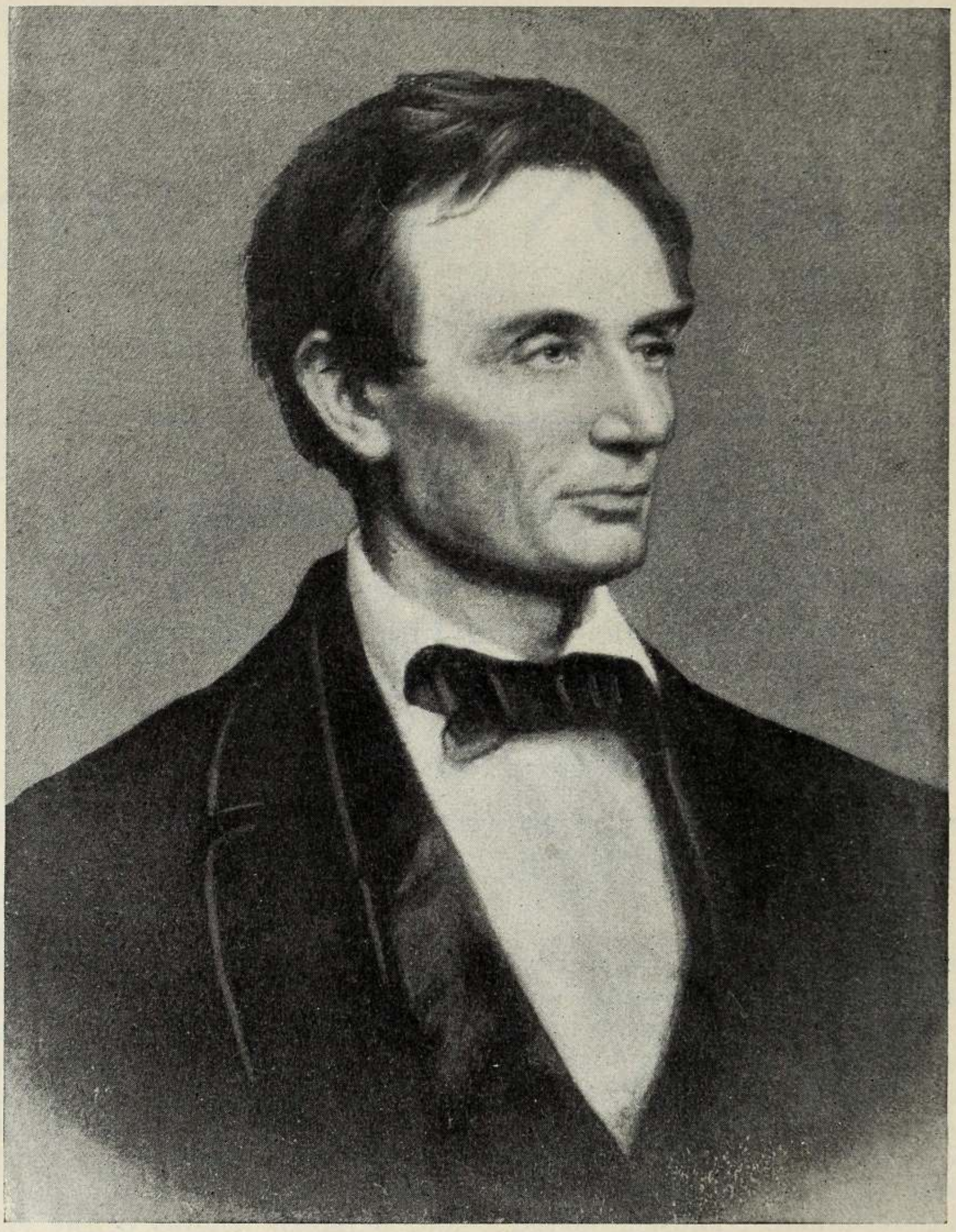
BY FRANK B. CARPENTER.

II.

IT is customary in painting historical pictures for the artist to make separate studies, or portraits, of each character embraced in his composition. My picture was to represent President Lincoln and Cabinet—eight full-length portraits. Under Mr. Lincoln's direction I soon had the grouping and accessories determined. These adjusted, I put the large canvas aside, and commenced separate portraits of each individual in the group—beginning with Mr. Lincoln—on a canvas twenty-nine by thirty-six inches—taking a three-quarter view of his face. This was, and is, my *original* portrait of Lincoln, subsequently engraved on steel by Frederick Halpin, of New York, and widely known by engravings throughout the country. It was also engraved by the American Bank Note Company for one of the issues of the national currency.

This study-portrait I carefully copied on the large canvas, upon which I was obliged to work from an improvised platform. The painting of this portrait interested Mr. Lincoln greatly. At the last sitting my friend Sinclair, from New York, was present. At the end of the sitting Mr. Lincoln rose from the chair and viewed the work for a moment in silence, then he uttered these words, written down afterward by Mr. Sinclair, "There is more of me in this portrait than in any representation ever made." This opinion was shared by Mrs. Lincoln, the family, the Cabinet, and personal friends of the President, expressed in letters to me after his death. I declined all offers for the purchase of the original portrait, and it has always remained in my possession, the most treasured of all my works. Photographs will perish, doubtless, with the lapse of time. They have yet to stand the test of centuries. I detract not from the productions of the camera, but a *true* work of art must pass through the alembic of a human brain. It must have the element of *mind* in it to endure.

"We will turn you in loose here," said Mr. Lincoln at our first interview. The figure in his mind was that of a colt in a new pasture, or a buffalo on the prairie. He meant just what he said. The key of the State Dining-room

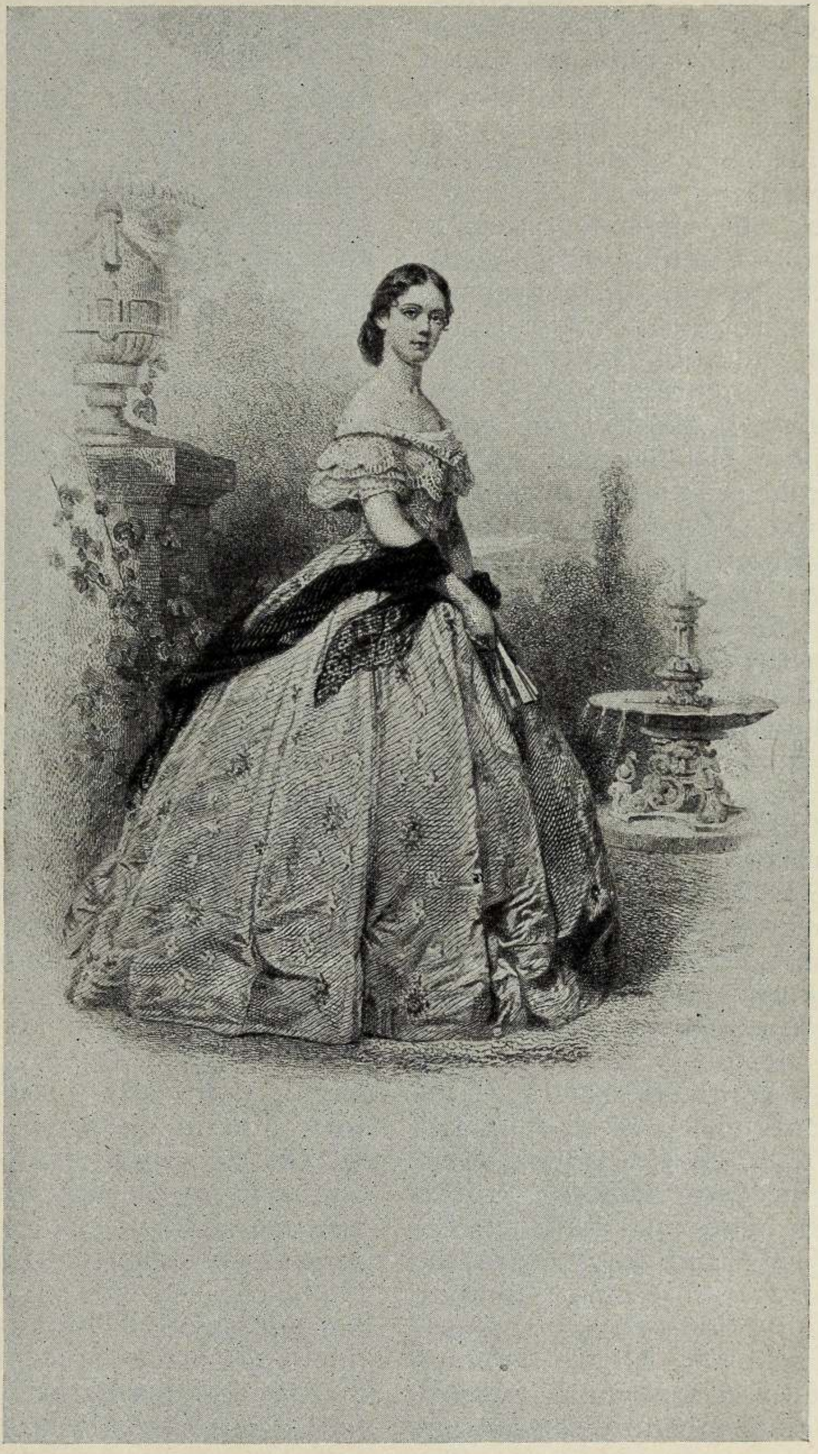


The Healey Portrait.

From a photograph of a painting by G. P. R. Healey. Date unknown.

was placed in my hand. Access to the President's official chamber was made almost as free to me as to the private secretaries. The servants were told to serve me as one of the household. The great chandelier of the apartment assigned to me was lighted at nightfall for my benefit, and here at all hours of the day and night the wearied President found rest and recreation from importunate callers, and the endless round of executive duties, in watching the progress of my work. He would often bring with him persons of note who had called during the day or evening, and sitting down upon the large table used on state occasions, where he could swing his long legs, he would comment upon the different characters of the Cabinet, slyly alluding to the known antagonisms of two or three of them, and the presidential aspirations of others, winding up with, "Mrs. Lincoln says this is Mr. Carpenter's 'Happy Family.'"

As the portrait of the Secretary of the Navy, Mr. Welles, noted for his long white beard, came out upon the canvas, he said the head of the Secretary always reminded him of Father Neptune, the "god of the sea," and then, taking off



Mrs. Kate Chase Sprague.

Daughter of Secretary Chase who presided at her father's mansion during the Lincoln administration. From a steel plate presented to Mr. Carpenter by Mrs. Sprague.

his spectacles he would quote Orpheus C. Kerr's humorous account of the "Mackerel Brigade," and the dying soldier who wanted to see his grandmother before he died, and the surgeons telling him, after a consultation, that it was impossible for her to reach the hospital in time, but in view of his request, they had decided as a substitute for his grandmother to send for the Secretary of the Navy. The messenger went in great haste, but returned with the answer that "the Secretary was absorbed in the contemplation of a model of Noah's Ark, and could not come." After the outburst of laughter this recital invariably produced, Mr. Lincoln would add, "I suppose the Secretary would never forgive me for telling this story," and then, by one of those quick changes from the humorous to the grave and thoughtful, so characteristic of him, he would go over some of the incidents which led to the Proclamation which the canvas illustrated.

There was a curious blending of fact and allegory in my mind in the composition of my picture. There were two elements in the Cabinet—the radical and the conservative. Mr. Lincoln was placed at the head of the official table, between two groups—on his right the radicals—Chase, Secretary of the Treasury, and Stanton, Secretary of War; on his left the conservatives—Seward, Secretary of State; Welles, Secretary of the Navy; Smith, Secretary of the Interior; Montgomery Blair, Postmaster-General, and Bates, Attorney-General. The President, with the Proclamation in his hand just read, sits between the Army and Navy, with the Secretary of the Treasury standing resolutely by his side, actively supporting the new policy.* All are listening to the learned and diplomatic Seward, entitled to precedence in discussion by his position as Secretary of State. The accessories of the picture, desks, chairs, war-maps, and books, with the portrait of President Jackson over the mantel, were copied from the objects themselves, before any change had been made in the room. Since Lincoln's administration the official chamber has been removed to the room that in his day was the waiting- or ante-room, which is nearer the domestic apartments; and the historic room occupied by all the presidents since the White House was erected, down to, and including, Mr. Lincoln, is now assigned to the private secretary. The furniture of the room was sold during the administration of President Grant, whose Attorney-General, Hon. Rockwood Hoar, secured the heavy long table which filled the centre of the chamber, which he afterward presented to the Historical Society of Massachusetts. I have thus given, step by step, the mental process by which my picture came into being. As the thread upon which are strung my personal memories of President Lincoln, and from the fact that the painting itself now hangs in the National Capitol, I have ventured to tell its story.

Senator Charles Sumner, the author of the joint resolution forbidding the placing of any picture representing a battle-scene of the Civil War upon the walls of the Capitol, himself introduced a resolution in the Senate in 1865 to secure this picture celebrating the abolition of slavery as a companion picture to "The Declaration of Independence."

My position with Mr. Lincoln was unique. I had nothing to ask, personally or politically. I spent much time with him in his room, absorbed with my sketches of the various objects required in my picture, while he received visitors, or silently reviewed the official documents submitted for his signature. He often seemed unconscious of my presence, while I intently studied every line and shade of expression in that furrowed — prematurely furrowed — face. He was only fifty-five years old, but these lines were deep enough for seventy. They were not dependent upon moods or conditions, but were fixed and indelible by thought, care, and silent suffering. I have never known so sad a face. The prevailing expression of his eyes was *inward* rather than *outward*—not unconscious of the material and external—more conscious

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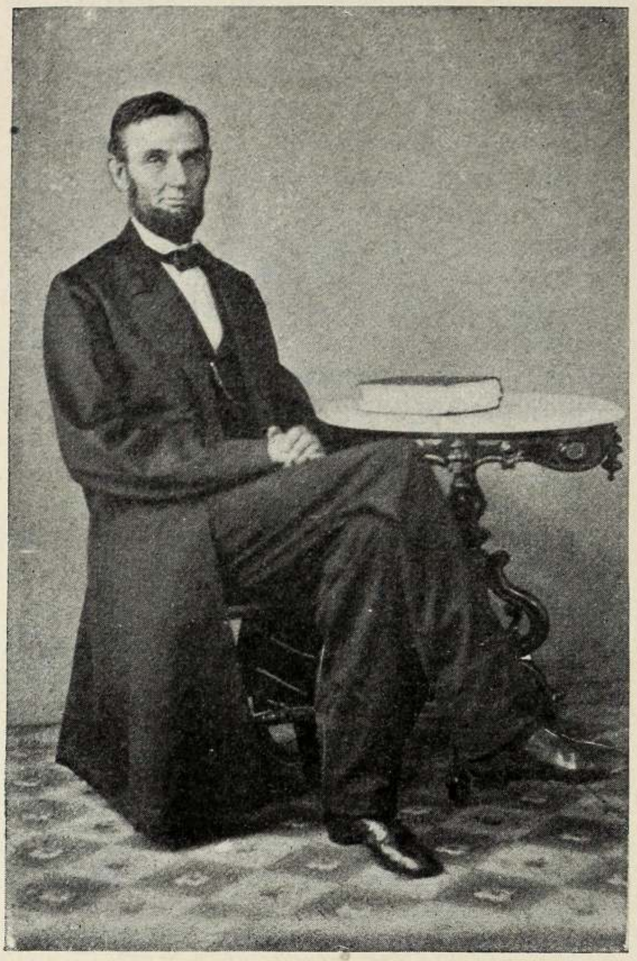
* See full-page reproduction of this painting in THE PETERSON MAGAZINE for March.

Mrs. Lincoln.
From a photograph by Brady, Washington.

of the interior and spiritual. No man can tell the processes by which he reached emancipation. Secretary Seward once said he was more confidential with me than with any others, but he did not reveal to me the entire action of his mind. Some influence there was that determined this purpose independent of individuals, delegations, or Cabinet ministers. He told the latter that he had not called them together to ask their advice, but to hear what he had written. The *purpose* was fixed and unalterable. Had this dealer in rigid, stern facts, of a profession the farthest removed from the sentimental or sensational, simply arrived at a conclusion by a process of reasoning; or had he, like Moses and Samuel and Elijah, heard a voice which the spirit within him recognized, and could not disobey? His repeated dream, presaging extraordinary developments, he related at the last Cabinet meeting—the day of his assassination—saying he had had precisely the same dream before the battles of Bull Run, Antietam, and Gettysburg; and on the evening of the day of his renomination, at Baltimore, for his second term, he told Colonel John Hay and myself of the *double* apparition of himself which he saw at Springfield the day he was first nominated. Some persons call this superstition. I prefer to believe, and I think there is evidence to believe, that the Hebrew prophets and leaders heard a voice calling them to a work they dared not disobey; that Joan of Arc and Abraham Lincoln heard the same voice, and through it became the redeemers of their people.

My first interview with Mr. Lincoln occurred on Saturday. The following Tuesday I spent with him in his office. The morning was devoted to Judge-Advocate-General Holt (who had been, it will be remembered, a member of President Buchanan's Cabinet), who had brought from his office a large number of court-martial cases to submit to the President. Here I realized for the first time the solemn responsibility of the presidential office. Case after case was presented to Mr. Lincoln, who, after a careful examination of the facts, by a stroke of his pen confirmed or commuted the sentence of death—the *latter*, if any excuse could be found for doing so. He would take the document from Judge Holt and write upon the back the lightest penalty consistent with any degree of justice. As he added the date to one of these papers, a curious illustration of his habit of mind occurred. He said, "Does your mind, Judge Holt, associate prominent events with dates? Every time this morning that I have written the day of the month I have thought, 'This is General Harrison's birthday.'" One of the cases brought up was of a man named Burroughs, a notorious spy, convicted and sentenced to death. A powerful effort had been made by his friends to save him from execution. The appeal had caused the President to delay action pending an investigation. Attempting to escape from prison, Burroughs had been shot dead. With a sigh of relief Mr. Lincoln said, "That shot has saved me a great deal of trouble."

At twelve o'clock the President drew back from the table and said, "We will



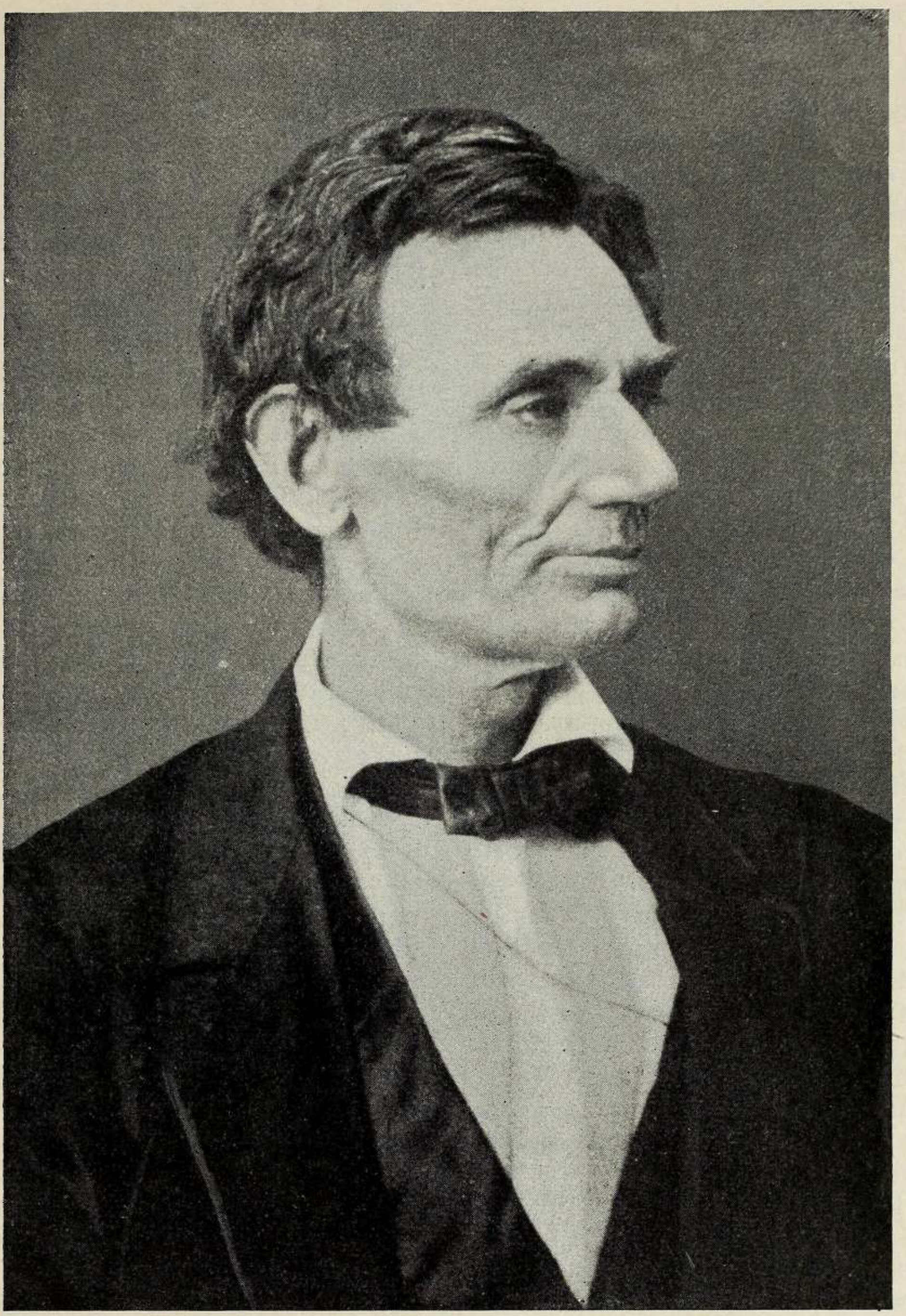
Unidentified Portrait of Lincoln.

Of special interest as showing the unusual length of his legs. Loaned by H. W. Fay, DeKalb, Ill.

go no farther with these cases to-day. I am tired and the Cabinet will be coming in soon. And this reminds me," he continued, "that I have not yet had my breakfast."

An hour later the different members of the Cabinet came in, the President having resumed his seat at his desk, examining official documents. I was already known to Secretaries Seward and Chase, whose portraits I had painted in 1855, while they were both in the United States Senate. As I responded to their greeting, Mr. Lincoln was absorbed in his papers. As the others came in he introduced me and added, "Mr. Carpenter is an artist, and he is going to paint a picture of us all together." Someone said something concerning a bust of the President by Thomas Jones, a sculptor of Cincinnati, which was on exhibition in the crimson parlor below. "Jones," said Mr. Lincoln, "tells a good story of General Scott—of whose vanity everybody knows—of whom he once made a bust. Scott was a good subject, and the sculptor had made a fine bust. At the last sitting he attempted to define the lines and markings of the face, adding age and character. Scott was a patient sitter, but when he came to see the result of the morning's work he was much displeased. 'Why, Jones, what are you about?' he asked. 'Only working out the *details* a little more,' was the sculptor's reply. '*Details!*' shouted the General, '—— the details. Man, you are spoiling the bust.'"

At the close of the Cabinet meeting Mr. Lincoln made an appointment to go with me to Brady's photograph gallery on Pennsylvania Avenue. The carriage had been ordered and Mrs. Lincoln was to accompany us, when a vexatious incident occurred. Neither carriage nor coachman was to be seen, to the great displeasure of Mrs. Lincoln. The President and myself stood upon the threshold of the door under the portico awaiting the result of an inquiry for the coachman, when a letter was placed in his hand. While he was reading it people were passing, as was customary, up and down the promenade which led through the grounds to the War Department, crossing of course the portico. My attention was attracted, while Mr. Lincoln was reading, to a countryman, plainly dressed, who, with his wife and two little boys, had evidently been straying about looking at the places of public interest in the city. As they reached the portico the father caught sight of the tall form of the President. He stopped suddenly, put out his hand, with a "hush" to his family—then bending down, he whispered, "There is the President." Then he made a half circuit around Mr. Lincoln, who was absorbed in his letter, entirely unconscious of the little party watching him. At length, turning to me, he said, "We will not wait any longer for the carriage; it won't hurt you and me to walk down." The stranger here approached diffidently and asked if he



The Hesler Portrait of Lincoln.

From the photograph by Alex. Hesler, at Springfield, Ill., in June, 1860. Loaned by H. W. Fay, DeKalb, Ill.

might take the President by the hand, and then might his wife and little boys have the same privilege. Mr. Lincoln, with his habitual kindness, walked over to the little group, and, reaching down, said a pleasant word to the bashful little fellows shrinking closely to their mother's side, too much confused to reply. The father's cup overflowed. Taking off his hat he reverently said, "The Lord is with you, Mr. Lincoln." Hesitating a moment, he added, with much emphasis, "And the people too, sir, and the people too!"

Simple incidents like this brought President Lincoln to the hearts and homes of the plain people. He never forgot that he was of them, and belonged to them. "Call me Lincoln," he once said to an old friend; "I am tired to death of 'Mr. President.'"

As we started for Brady's he quaintly

remarked of his long legs that they were well "split up" for walking. On the way down Pennsylvania Avenue he told me several stories. One was of Daniel Webster and Thomas Ewing. The latter was a member of the Cabinet of President William Henry Harrison, and later of the Cabinet of President Zachary Taylor. "Harrison and Taylor," said Mr. Lincoln, "were both old men—sages. Ewing had been nicknamed, for some reason, 'Old Solitude.' At an evening party, soon after Mr. Ewing entered President Taylor's Cabinet, Mr. Webster approached him and in his deepest tones said,

'Oh, Solitude, where are the charms
That sages have seen in thy face?'

"When Webster visited Springfield some years before his death," Mr. Lincoln continued, "great preparations were made to receive him. A darky boy asked a man named Taylor what the fuss was about. 'Why, Jack,' said Taylor, 'the biggest man in the world is coming.' Jack darted down the street intent on seeing Mr. Webster. Up to this time he had believed a very corpulent man in Springfield, by the name of Grimsby, was 'the biggest man in the world.' He returned with an air of great disappointment. 'Well, Jack,' said Taylor, 'did you see him?' 'Yes,' said Jack, 'but, laws, he ain't half as big as old Grimsby.'"

The visit to Brady's closed my first day's intercourse with Mr. Lincoln. At the usual White House levee, the same evening, as I took the tired hand of the President he said to me, "Well, Mr. Carpenter, you have seen one day's *run*—what do you think of it?"

My friendship with Secretary Chase, to which I have alluded, formed some years before while he was in the Senate, led to a cordial invitation to dine with him the evening of the day we met in the Cabinet chamber. On this occasion I saw for the first time his daughter, Mrs. Sprague, who presided over his home with the graceful dignity which had placed her at the head of social life in Washington. At the table were Governor Sprague, his sister, Miss Albrecht, and Miss Ludlow, of Cincinnati, guests of Mrs. Sprague. As we left the table to return to the parlor Mr. Chase took my arm and said, "What did the President mean this morning by saying you were going to paint a picture of us all together?" I replied that I was ambitious to paint Mr. Lincoln announcing emancipation to the Cabinet. It was a bad habit of Secretary Chase to underrate Mr. Lincoln. As one of the old free-soil, anti-slavery men, I expected a hearty response to my purpose. It did not come. "Pshaw!" was his expression, "why don't you paint John Brown's martyrdom, if you want a historical subject?" Defending myself, I said, "The Proclamation of Emancipation is the greatest event in American history since the Declaration of Independence." "Well," said Mr. Chase, with an element of sarcasm, "you will have to preface your picture with a chapter from Artemus Ward." I said, "What can that have to do with it?" The Secretary replied that I must get the President to tell me. I urged an explanation then and there. At length Mr. Chase said that when the Cabinet was summoned to hear what proved to be the Proclamation, no one knew what was coming. Mr. Lincoln opened the meeting by saying, "I have been reading a letter of Artemus Ward's. It is very amusing." Taking up the book, he opened to the account of "A High-handed Outrage in Utica," and read it aloud with evident enjoyment, which was certainly not shared by Secretary Chase, who could not understand a temperament that found its only exhilaration in wit and humor. The chapter finished, Mr. Lincoln's whole manner changed. Mr. Chase did justice to this. Laying the book aside, he took the Proclamation from the drawer, where for months it had laid. He said, with great solemnity, the more remarkable for its contrast with the other side of his nature, "Gentlemen, this is a Proclamation of Emancipation. I have not asked you here for advice as to its issue. The time for it has come."

Mr. Chase's tone changed as his

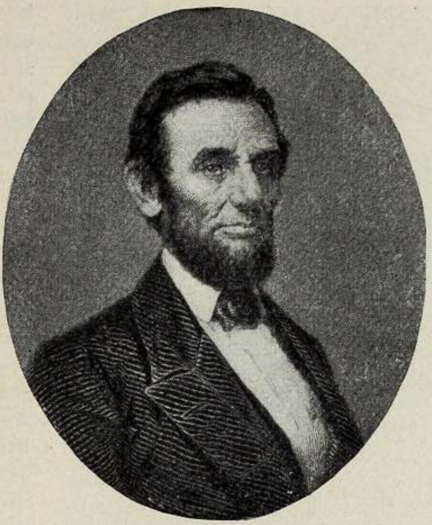
mind reverted to the solemnity of Mr. Lincoln's manner after the Artemus Ward incident. He continued : "The book was put aside, and the President entered upon the business before us by saying that he had called the Cabinet together to hear the Proclamation which he had foreshadowed in July. The time for action had at last come ; the question was decided ; the act, and the consequences, were his. Public sentiment, he thought, would sustain it ; many of his warmest friends and supporters demanded it—*and he had promised his God that he would do it.*" Mr. Chase said the last part of this sentence was uttered in a low tone, almost as if speaking to himself. Sitting near the President, he asked if he correctly understood him ? Mr. Lincoln replied, "*I made a solemn vow before God, that if General Lee was driven back from Pennsylvania, I would crown the result by the Proclamation of Emancipation.*"

I have given this conversation as nearly as I can recall it from memory.

After the death of Mr. Chase there was found in his diary the following graphic account of this Cabinet council, which will be read with the deepest interest :

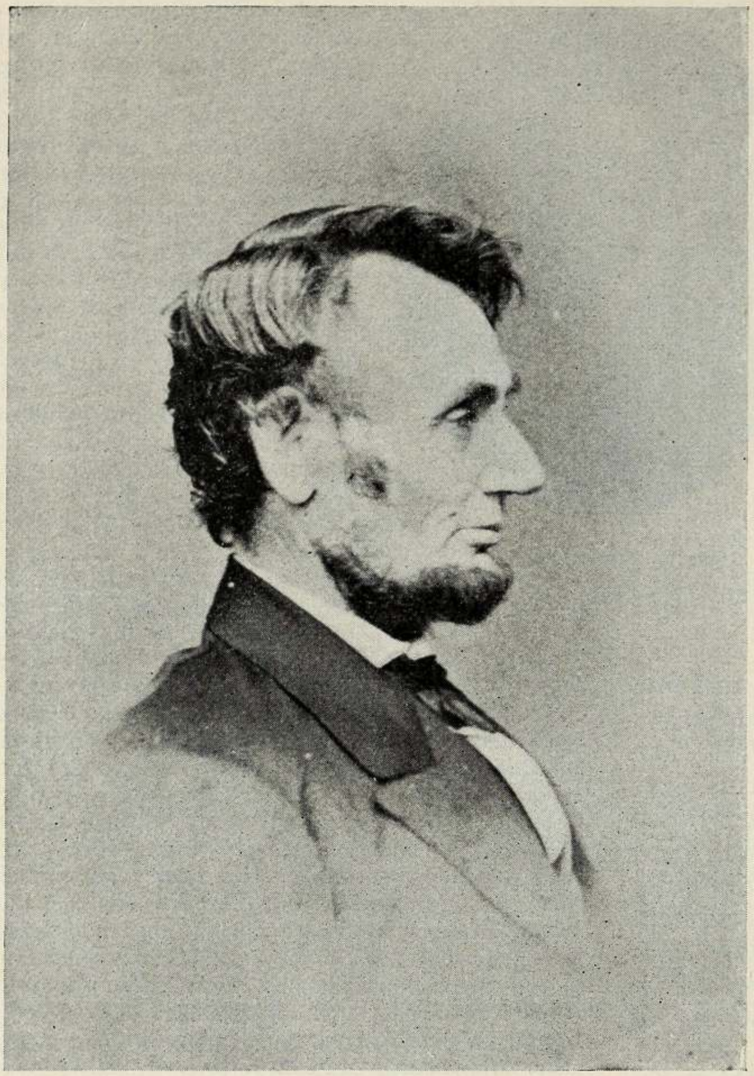
MONDAY, September 22, 1862.

To Department about nine. State Department messenger came with notice to heads of Departments to meet at twelve. Received sundry callers. Went to the White House. All the members of the Cabinet were in attendance. There was some general talk, and the President mentioned that Artemus Ward had sent him his book. Proposed to read a chapter which he thought very funny. Read it and seemed to enjoy it very much ; the heads also (except Stanton), of course. The chapter was "High-handed Outrage at Utica." The President then took a graver tone and said : "Gentlemen, I have, as you are aware, thought a great deal about the relation of this war to slavery ; and you all remember that several weeks ago I read to you an order I had prepared on this subject which, on account of objections made by some of you, was not issued. Ever since then my mind has been much occupied with this subject and I have thought, all along, that the time for acting on it might probably come. I think the time has come now. I wish it was a better time. I wish that we were in a better condition. The action of the army against the rebels has not been quite what I should have best liked. But they have been driven out of Maryland, and Pennsylvania is no longer in danger of invasion. When the rebel army was at Frederick I determined as soon as it should be driven out of Maryland, to issue a Proclamation of Emancipation, such as I thought most likely to be useful. I said nothing to anyone, but I made the promise to myself and" (hesitating a little) "to my Maker. The rebel army is now driven out, and I am going to fulfil that promise.


The Bank Note Portrait.
From the engraving by the National Bank Note Company, New York.

"I have got you together to hear what I have written down. I do not wish your advice about the main matter, for that I have determined for myself. This I say without intending anything but respect for any of you. But I already know the views of each on this question. They have been heretofore expressed, and I have considered them as thoroughly and carefully as I can. What I have written is that which my reflections have determined me to say. If there is anything in the expressions I use or in any minor matter which anyone of you thinks had best be changed, I shall be glad to receive the suggestions. One other observation I will make. I know very well that many others might, in this matter as in others, do better than I can ; and if I was satisfied that the public confidence was more fully possessed by any one of them than by me, and knew of any constitutional way in which he could be put in my place, he should have it. I would gladly yield it to him. But, though I believe that I have not so much of the confidence of the people as I had some time since, I do not know that, all things considered, any other person has more, and, however this may be, there is no way in which I can have any other man put where I am. I am here ; I must do the best I can, and bear the responsibility of taking the course which I feel I ought to take."

The President then proceeded to read his Emancipation Proclamation, making remarks on the several parts as he went on, and showing that he had fully considered the whole subject in all the lights under which it had been presented to him. After he had closed Governor Seward said : "The general question having been decided, nothing can be said farther about that. Would it not, however, make the proclamation more clear and decided to leave out all reference to the act being sustained during the incumbency of the present President ; and not merely say that the Government 'recognizes,' but that it



Brady's Profile of Lincoln.

From a photograph loaned by Mr. Carpenter, taken in 1864.

will maintain, the freedom it proclaims?" I followed, saying, "What you have said, Mr. President, fully satisfies me that you have given to every proposition which has been made a kind and candid consideration. And you have now expressed the conclusion to which you have arrived clearly and distinctly. This it was your right, and under your oath of office, your duty to do. The proclamation does not, indeed, mark out exactly the course I would myself prefer. But I am ready to take it just as it is written, and to stand by it with all my heart. I think, however, the suggestions of Governor Seward very judicious, and shall be glad to have them adopted." The President then asked us severally our opinions as to the modification proposed, saying that he did not care much about the phrases he had used. Everyone favored the modification, and it was adopted. Governor Seward then proposed that in the passage relating to colonization, some language should be introduced to show that the colonization proposed was to be only with the consent of the colonists and the consent of the States in which colonies might be attempted. This, too, was agreed to. Mr. Blair then said that the question having been decided, he would make no objection to issuing the proclamation ; but he would ask to have his paper, presented some days since, against the policy filed with the proclamation. The President consented to this readily ; and then Mr. Blair went on to say that he was afraid of the influence of the proclamation on the border States and on the Army, and stated, at some length, the grounds of his apprehensions. He disclaimed most expressly, however, all objections to Emancipation *per se*, saying he had always been personally in favor of it, always ready for immediate Emancipation in the midst of slave States rather than submit to the perpetuation of the system.

At the close of the Cabinet discussion the Proclamation was signed, and duly attested by the great seal of the United States. The next morning, September 23d, it was published to the world. Horace Greeley's comment upon it in the New York *Tribune* was in these words : "It is the beginning of the end of the rebellion—the beginning of the new life of the nation. God bless Abraham Lincoln ! "

Frank B. Carpenter.

(To be continued.)

Abraham Lincoln.

Personal Recollections and Incidents of a Six Months' Sojourn in the White House During the Lincoln Administration.

BY FRANK B. CARPENTER.

III.

THE day I left New York for Washington, in response to Mr. Lincoln's invitation through the Hon. Mr. Lovejoy, as already narrated, I met an artist friend, Mr. Shepard Mount, a member of the Academy of Design, whose distinguished artist brother, William S. Mount, has been called the founder of the distinctively American school of figure painting; his pictures, "The Farmer's Nooning," "Haymakers' Dance," "Bargaining for a Horse," "The Power of Music," and other New England subjects, having been widely popular through engravings forty years ago.

Mr. Mount grasped my hand cordially, and asked what new picture I was painting. I replied that I was just leaving New York for Washington to paint President Lincoln and Cabinet. It will be remembered that the time was February, 1864, the fourth year of the war. Instantly Mr. Mount became greatly agitated. Seizing my hand with a firmer grasp, he burst out, "My God, Carpenter, you can do me the greatest favor one man can do another. You can save my son's life!" The tears rushed to his eyes, and his emotion hardly permitted coherent speech. Assured of my sympathy, he was at length able to tell me that his oldest son, a young man of twenty-one, was living at the South at the beginning of the war, and was drafted into the Southern army. Loyal in his principles, at the first opportunity he attempted to join the Union forces. Being in Confederate uniform, his story was disbelieved, and he was arrested as a rebel spy, thrown into prison, and had been kept there more than a year, notwithstanding the proofs furnished of his loyalty and the incessant efforts of his father and friends to have him released. All appeals to the military authorities had been in vain. At last accounts he was very ill, and his father said there was little hope of saving his life unless his release could be speedily secured. Deeply touched by my friend's appeal, I promised, as soon as I felt at liberty to do so, that I would call the attention of President Lincoln to the matter. Meanwhile, I requested Mr. Mount to write out a full statement of the case and mail it to me at the White House.

As this incident was one of thousands illustrating the lights and shadows of the war, I shall make no apology for transcribing the letter which soon afterward came to me from Mr. Mount, believing that this by no means exceptional case will appeal to many parents whose sons had part in the war, and is one more tribute to the promptness of President Lincoln in overruling the injustice and inaction of the War Department.

> NEW YORK, March 7, 1864.
>
> DEAR FRIEND CARPENTER: Four years ago my oldest son, then twenty-one, went to live in Warren County, Mississippi. He managed to keep out of the war until April, 1862, when he was forced into the Rebel army, where he remained until October, 1863. He took the first opportunity to leave to join the Federal lines, in the vicinity of Vicksburg,

CHAIR IN FORD'S THEATRE IN WHICH PRESIDENT LINCOLN WAS SITTING WHEN SHOT BY BOOTH.

when he was taken prisoner, his story was disbelieved, and he was sent to the United States military prison at Alton, Ill. In his application to the Commissary-General of Prisoners, Colonel Hoffman, he made affidavit to these facts.

Mr. William C. Bryant, the editor of the New York *Evening Post*, who has known me for twenty years, has written to the Secretary of War, presenting this case and urging my son's release. The Hon. Henry G. Stebbins, who represents in Congress my district on Long Island, also was written to by Mr. Bryant, and has repeatedly been to the War Office and urgently called attention to this case without avail. Finally, only a few days ago, Secretary Stanton endorsed upon the back of Mr. Bryant's letter to Mr. Stebbins that he could not release the young man ; the good of the service being the principal reason why he could not make this case an exception.

Dear friend, you cannot imagine my state of mind on getting this decision of Secretary Stanton. Hope fled from me. Five years ago my wife, this boy's mother, died of consumption. Three years later my only daughter died of the same dread disease. My home is desolate ; my only consolation the hope of enjoying the society of my two remaining children, a boy of ten and this son, whose release I am now praying for. He has a bad cough, and I fear the scourge of our family—consumption—will claim him next. I have heard much of President Lincoln's goodness of heart. I am certain, if ever there was a just claim, this is one. My son desires to take the oath and remain North during the continuance of the war. I know him to be entirely loyal. One of his letters, giving his opinion of the rebellion, is now in the War Office. It has robbed him of everything he held most dear. He has a young wife and child, and she writes me that the two armies have, between them, destroyed everything they had, and she is left homeless and helpless. I had saved up a small sum, which I have divided between my son in prison and his wife. He belonged to Company H, Forty-eighth Regiment, Mississippi Infantry.

Encouraged by your kind offer of assistance, I now submit this appeal through you to President Lincoln.

If this last hope fails me, my cup of sorrow will be full, and my usefulness to such as are dependent upon me will have ended. I have not received in all these troubles one line or word from the authorities in Washington or the officials of the army that has not added to my suspense and suffering. If it is the will of Heaven that I shall at last have light, there is no hand from whom I would so joyfully receive it as from the hand of Abraham Lincoln.

Yours most truly,
SHEPARD A. MOUNT.

Accompanying this letter was one from Mr. Bryant, of the *Evening Post*, endorsing in strong terms the application for the release of young Mount. Knowing full well the pressure constantly brought to bear upon Mr. Lincoln by appeals from the discipline of the War Department, it was not without some misgivings that I placed these letters in my pocketbook, waiting a favorable opportunity to present the matter to the President. The time came a few days later. I met Mr. Lincoln at the twilight hour at the head of the stairs leading to his office. He was alone, and, fortunately, no visitors were waiting. With my heart in my mouth, for I did not feel commissioned to ask favors or present appeals, I ventured to say : "Mr. President, I have a personal request to make of you ; may I ask a few moments of your time?" "There is no better time than now," he responded, and led the way to his office. The chandeliers had just been lighted, and we sat down by the long table facing each other, where I could watch the expression of his eyes, which had a wearied look as I commenced a brief statement of the case. He saw how deeply I was interested, and patiently listened while I read the letter from Mr. Mount, which I supplemented with Mr. Bryant's appeal.

"One touch of nature makes the whole world kin." I saw the *father* in the *President* was touched. He had two sons of about the respective ages of the two left to Mr. Mount. After a moment's silence, the President said: "Do you know this man and his son so well that you can vouch for their loyalty?" I said: "I did not know the young man; but the father's character and testimony were beyond all question. There was no truer patriot or better man." Another moment of silence. Then Mr. Lincoln reached out his hand and said: "Let me see Father Bryant's letter." (The expression "*Father* Bryant" was used by Mr. Lincoln.) Turning the paper over, he took a pen and wrote across the back:

> "Release this man upon his taking the oath.
> "A. LINCOLN."

There was no sound save the scratching of his pen. As he handed me the paper and I saw what he had written, my heart was too full for words. He saw my gratitude in my eyes. "There," said he, "that will do it. Go over to the War Department yourself and have it telegraphed to-night to the prison at Alton, and the young man will be released to-morrow morning."

This incident is the most cherished of all the recollections of my life. One earnest word secured what the combined efforts of influential editors and congressmen during many months failed to accomplish.

Wednesday night, February 10, a fire occurred on the White House grounds, the stables being entirely destroyed. The two ponies belonging to the President's younger sons, "Willie" and "Tad," could not be removed in time to save their lives. Little "Tad," ten years old, his father's constant companion and pet, after the death of "Willie" in 1862, was inconsolable

PRESIDENT LINCOLN AND FAMILY.

From the collection of Mr. Carpenter.

ROBERT AND "TAD" LINCOLN AND THEIR SOLDIER FRIEND.

that they had been burned, as in the case of the coachman. Mr. Lincoln said: "The citizen cannot sue the Government. In this case the representatives of value, the greenbacks, having been destroyed, how can the claim be proved? No, I do not think the Secretary of the Treasury would pay such a claim. Governments and banks recognize no obligations save the strictly legal. I am sorry for the coachman, but I do not see but that it is a dead loss to him."

Early in March I had a very interesting sitting from the President. My friend, Mr. Sinclair, of New York, the publisher of the New York *Tribune*, who had first mentioned my desire to paint the picture of the Proclamation, in conjunction with Mr. Colfax, to Mr. Lincoln, some months before, was again in Washington, and I invited him to be present at this sitting. It was the spring before the Baltimore convention, which renominated Mr. Lincoln, and the newspapers were already agitating the question of the succession. News had just come of the disaster under General Seymour in Florida. The President was openly charged with having sent the expedition with primary reference to "restoring" the State in season to secure its vote at the forthcoming Presidential convention. Mr. Lincoln expressed deep indignation at these insinuations. He gave a straightforward statement of the movement, which had been planned by General Gilmore, commander of the department, if I remember rightly. I was glad to have him make this statement, for Mr. Sinclair was in close relations with Mr.

over the loss of the ponies. He threw himself at full length upon the floor, and could not be comforted. The next day Robert Lincoln, who was at home for a few days from Harvard University, came into the President's office, where I was alone with him, and said he had a point of law he wished to submit to his father, upon which he and Major Hay, the assistant private secretary, had been disputing. It was the liability of the Government for $300 in greenbacks belonging to the coachman, which had been consumed in the fire. Robert thought the Government should make good its notes when it could be proved

Greeley, the editor of the *Tribune*, who at this period was not friendly to Mr. Lincoln's renomination, but had the fairness to do him justice in an editorial upon learning the facts from Mr. Sinclair.

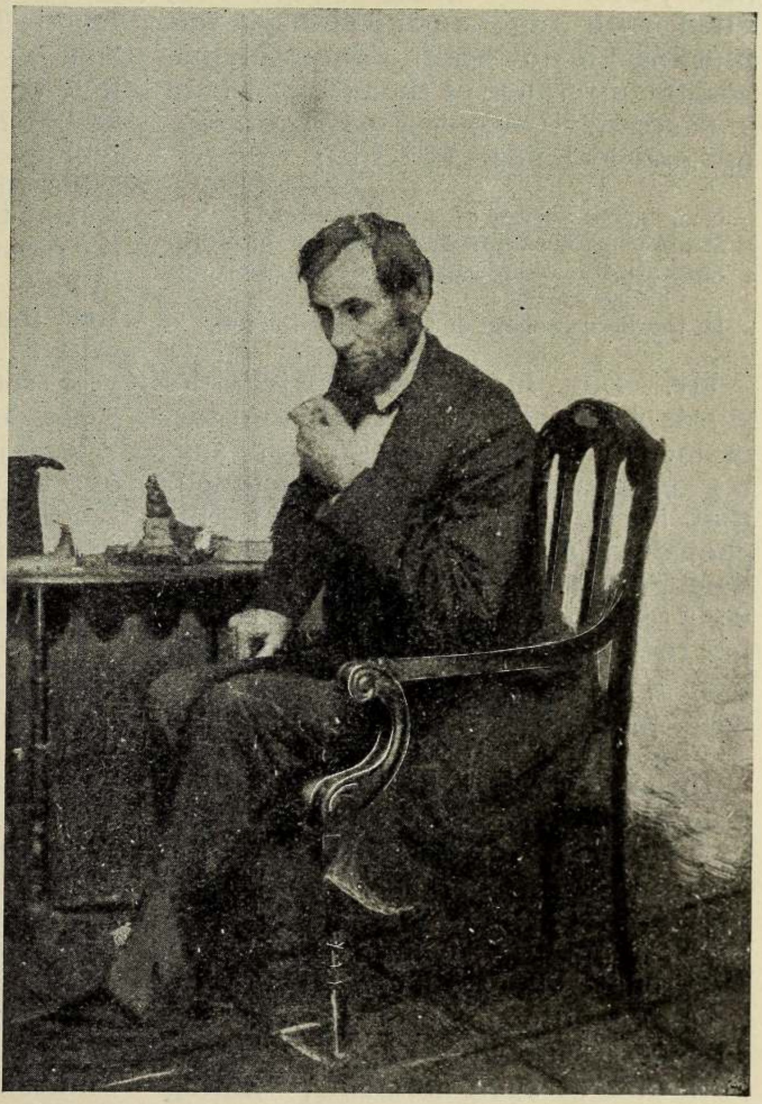
Then came an incident which might have had an application to some of the newspapers. "Roscoe Conkling," said Mr. Lincoln, "was in the office a day or two since. Just as he was leaving he told this story : A traveller on the frontier found himself out of his reckoning one night in a most inhospitable region, when a terrific thunderstorm came up. It was dark as pitch, and he floundered along, the lightning affording the only clue to his way until his horse gave out. The thunder was frightful, the earth seeming to crash beneath him. He was not a praying man, but he became thoroughly frightened, and dropped upon his knees. His petition was short and to the point : 'Oh, Lord, give us a little more *light* and a little less *noise*.'"

Presently the conversation turned upon Shakespeare, who was, in Mr. Lincoln's later years, his favorite author. "It matters not to me," he once said, "whether Shakespeare be well or ill acted ; with him the thought suffices." Edwin Booth was at this time playing an engagement at Grover's Theatre. He was that evening to play "Hamlet," and the President and Mrs. Lincoln were going to see the representation. This play had a peculiar charm for Mr. Lincoln, as it has for all thoughtful men. In view of his own assassination, which was probably even then being plotted by Wilkes Booth and his co-conspirators, what followed will be read with the deepest interest. Mr. Lincoln said : "There is one passage of the play of 'Hamlet' to which justice is seldom done by the actor. It is the soliloquy of the King after the murder. There is nothing, to my mind, more powerful in Shakespeare." Then, with a dramatic expression for which I was totally unprepared, he assumed the part of the King :

> "O my offence is rank ; it smells to heaven ;
> It hath the primal eldest curse upon 't,
> A brother's murder !"

and concluding with the lines :

> "O wretched state ! O bosom black as death !
> O bruised soul that, struggling to be free,
> Art more engaged ! Help, angels, make assay !



MR. LINCOLN CONSIDERING A JUDICIAL MEASURE.

Bow stubborn knees! And heart with strings of steel,
Be soft as sinews of the new-born babe;
All may be well!"

Mr. Lincoln repeated this entire soliloquy, without a break, with an emphasis and action which would have won applause from the most cultured audience. He little thought that the brother of the man he was anticipating so much pleasure in seeing that evening was to be his own murderer.

Shortly afterward he referred to the play of "King Richard the Third." He said he thought most persons misapprehended the significance of the opening sentences. They should not be spoken in an exulting or congratulatory mood. Edward had just been crowned. Richard, filled with rage and jealousy, was plotting his downfall. The prologue was the utterance of the bitterest hate and scorn. Unconsciously assuming the part as he conceived it:

"Now is the winter of our discontent
Made glorious summer by this son of York.
And all the clouds that lowered upon our house
In the deep bosom of the ocean buried."

Mr. Lincoln recited Richard's words with inimitable satire and sarcasm. I could not refrain from saying, half in earnest, as he concluded, that he had made a mistake in his choice of a profession, and should have gone upon the stage. Mr. Sinclair repeatedly said to me, in recalling these incidents, that he had never heard Shakespeare rendered with more power and appreciation.

The melancholy of Mr. Lincoln's nature was offset by his love of humor. Quotations from Artemus Ward and Orpheus C. Kerr have been referred to in these reminiscences. A volume also of "Mrs. Partington's" quaint sayings lay upon a near-by shelf, and he would find relief from excessive weariness by reading aloud some passages to any friend who happened to be with him at such moments, winding up with a hearty laugh, which always refreshed him.

In 1864 Mr. David R. Locke, one of the editors of the Toledo *Blade*, began the publication of a series of satirical political letters in his newspaper, dated from "The Confederate Cross-roads." I do not remember that Mr. Lincoln's attention was attracted to these letters during the period that I was an inmate of the White House (February to August, 1864). The following February and March, 1865, I was in Washington, and was received by Mr. Lincoln with the same cordiality that had marked our previous intercourse. One evening, late in February, I was sitting with him in his office when a party composed of two United States senators, a member of Congress, an ex-Lieutenant-Governor of a Western State, and two or three private citizens were announced. I think the interview, which was an important one, had been appointed by Mr. Lincoln. One of the gentlemen brought a large package of papers, which was placed upon the table in front of the President. He was at this time literally worn out by the pressing demands of office-seekers, in view of his second administration. Leaning wearily back in his chair, he said to one of the senators: "Have you seen the 'Nasby Letters'?" "No, Mr. President," was the reply. "Who is Nasby?" "There is a chap out in Ohio," rejoined Mr. Lincoln, "who has been writing letters in the newspapers over the signature of 'Rev. Petroleum V. Nasby.' Some one sent me a pamphlet collection of them the other day. I am going to write to 'Petroleum' to come down here, and I intend to say to him that if he will communicate his talent to me I will *swap* places with him!" Thereupon he arose, went to a drawer in his desk, and taking out the "Letters," sat down and read one he thought specially funny, reporting a meeting of the copperhead democracy, at Bascom's grocery, at the "Corners," to the great enjoyment of the company—his own laugh being distinctly the loudest. This over, the book was put back in the drawer, his countenance assumed its habitual seriousness, and the business before him was entered upon with the utmost earnestness.

A day or two before the meeting of the Republican convention, at Baltimore, the well-known composer, poet, and elocutionist, Mr. Stephen Massett, brought a letter of introduction to the President from Mr. James T. Brady, of New York. Early in the evening I met Mr. Lincoln in the corridor, and he told me he had invited Mr. Massett to spend an hour that evening with Mrs. Lincoln and himself, and, being out of the common run of visitors, he anticipated much pleasure from Mr. Massett's recitations—Mr. Brady having commended specially his rendering of Trowbridge's sketch, "The Vagabonds," and "Beautiful Snow," about the authorship of which there was at that time a question. I will say here, most gladly and justly, that Mr. Brady's opinion of these recitations by Mr. Massett has been universally endorsed, and by no one more feelingly than by Mr. Lincoln on this occasion. The pathos of "Roger and I," in "The Vagabonds," touched a tender spot in that sympathetic nature. Thanking Mr. Massett most cordially, he turned the conversation into a humorous channel, touching upon the comical situations which sometimes occurred in life, and illustrated this by an incident of a "stuttering" man whom he once met while on the circuit, whose stammering always ended with a whistle before he could utter a word. Then with great glee, as he recalled the character, he gave several examples, which were extremely ludicrous. Mr. Massett rehearsed the part several times under the President's instructions, applying it to a verse of "Beautiful Snow" with a most comical effect, which was greeted by peals of laughter by Mr. Lincoln.

I have no doubt this "illustration," with the story of its suggestion by President Lincoln, became a feature of Mr. Massett's subsequent entertainments.

IN THE AFTERGLOW.

A MESSAGE I got from my love, my love,
Who lies in the churchyard sleeping ;
A message sweet, that hid at my feet,
As I stood by her lone grave weeping.
A missive sweet in a violet blue,
Saying, " My love, I am ever true,
Watching ever and waiting for you ;
In Heaven my vigil keeping."

Ah ! delicate, beautiful message rare,
A fond and endearing token ;
A thought in bloom, to dispel the gloom
Of a heart that is well-nigh broken.
Thrust from the cold and mould below,
A messenger sweet to let me know
That love is as true in the afterglow
As when first our vows were spoken.

Arthur J. Burdick.

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