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ing—undergoing grinding torments."

It was not too strong a phrase for the occasion. Looking like the hunted and not the hunter, baffled, worn, with the exhaustion of deferred hope and consuming hate and anger in his face, white-lipped, wild-eyed, draggle-haired, seamed with jealousy and anger, and torturing himself with the conviction that he showed it all and they exulted in it, he went by them in the dark, like a haggard head suspended in the air: so completely did the force of his expression cancel his figure.

Mortimer Lightwood was not an extraordinarily impressible man, but this face impressed him. He spoke of it more than once on the re- nder of the way home, and more than once n they got home.

They had been abed in their respective rooms two or three hours when Eugene was partly awakened by hearing a footstep going about, and was fully awakened by seeing Lightwood standing at his bedside.

"Nothing wrong, Mortimer?"

"No."

"What fancy takes you, then, for walking about in the night?"

"I am horribly wakeful."

"How comes that about, I wonder?"

"Eugene, I can not lose sight of that fellow's face."

"Odd!" said Eugene, with a light laugh, "*I* can." And turned over, and fell asleep again.

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# Monthly Record of Current Events.

## UNITED STATES.

OUR Record closes on the 10th of May. Within the six weeks commencing with the 25th of March are comprised more important events than in any other period of the same length in human history.

Before the middle of March it was evident that the Confederate capital must be abandoned. It was merely a question of time—a few days more or less. Lee's vigorous attack upon Fort Steadman, on the 25th, was less an effort to avoid this necessity than a movement to mask its execution. The disastrous failure of this attempt determined Grant to strike the enemy on his retreat. Sheridan was therefore dispatched, by a wide detour, to strike Lee's right. The series of actions which ensued during the last days of March and the first days of April were noted in our last Record, together with our occupation of Petersburg and Richmond. On Sunday, April 2, Davis, while at church, received tidings from Lee that his lines had been pierced, and that his position was no longer tenable. He left the church, and before night he and his cabinet departed from Richmond, taking with them such specie as they were able to gather from the banks. They left by the Danville Railroad for North Carolina. From Danville, on the 5th of April, Davis issued a proclamation, of which the following are the most important passages:

"The General-in-Chief found it necessary to make such movements of his troops as to uncover the capital. It would be unwise to conceal the moral and material injury to our cause resulting from the occupation of our capital by the enemy....For many months the largest and finest army of the Confederacy, under command of a leader whose presence inspires equal confidence in the troops and the people, has been greatly trammeled by the necessity of keeping constant watch over the approaches to the capital, and has thus been forced to forego more than one opportunity for promising enterprise....We have now entered upon a new phase of the struggle. Relieved from the necessity of guarding particular points, our army will be free to move from point to point to strike the enemy in detail far from his base. Let us but will it and we are free....I announce to you, fellow-countrymen, that it is my purpose to maintain your cause with my whole heart and soul; that I will never consent to abandon to the enemy one foot of the soil of any one of the States of the Confederacy;....that Virginia, with the help of the people and by the blessing of Providence, shall be held and defended, and no peace ever be made with the infamous invaders of her territory. If by the stress of numbers we should ever be compelled to a temporary withdrawal from her limits, or those of any other Border State, again and again will we return, until the baffled and exhausted enemy shall abandon in despair his endless and impossible task of making slaves of a people resolved to be free."

Proceeding to North Carolina, Davis remained for three weeks in the neighborhood of Raleigh, awaiting the course of events. These proving wholly disastrous, he again set off southward. At the latest intelligence Stoneman's cavalry were hard upon his track.

The army of Lee, abandoning Petersburg and Richmond, struck almost due south, with the apparent purpose of gaining Lynchburg, which had been strongly intrenched, and where were large supplies of stores. Before abandoning Richmond, the city was set on fire; the damage done was much greater than was indicated in our last Record. General Ewell, in a published letter, affirms that the conflagration was caused by a mob, against which the city authorities had ample time to make provision by the organization of a competent police force, since they were forewarned that the city would be abandoned; but there seems to be abundant evidence that the place was fired by the rear-guard of the army—whether acting with or without orders may still be considered a matter of doubt. Lee's retreat was made by several roads; and Grant pushed forward his forces in pursuit. The retreat, though somewhat disorderly, was still far from an absolute rout. There was great demoralization and much desertion in the rear and on the flanks; but there was always a solid central core, which opposed a stout resistance whenever assailed. It is yet too early, in the absence of official reports, to undertake to give a detail of the movements of the three days which followed the abandonment of Richmond, or to assign to each officer and division of the army the credit to which they are entitled. The main object of the movements on both sides is, however, evident: Lee wished to gain Lynchburg, and Sheridan wished to intercept him. Lynchburg lies 116 miles almost due west from Richmond. On the morning of the 5th the main body of the Confederate army was gathered near Amelia Court House, 47 miles on its way; while Sheridan, by a wide detour, had reached Burkesville, about 15 miles further west, and directly in the way to Lynchburg. Sheridan

then sent a brigade, which made a sharp and successful attack upon the enemy's flank; several corps of Meade's army were close at hand; and in the middle of the afternoon Sheridan wrote to Grant, "I wish you were here yourself. I feel confident of capturing the army of Northern Virginia if we exert ourselves. I see no escape for Lee." Meade, having ascertained the precise position of Lee, on the morning of the 6th moved the Second, Fifth, and Sixth Corps upon his retreating columns. The Fifth made a long march, but its position prevented it from striking the enemy until he had passed. The Second and the Sixth struck the Confederates near Deatonville, and, after the most severe encounter of the retreat, routed them completely, capturing several thousand prisoners, among whom were Generals Ewell, Kershaw, and Custis Lee. Lee's position was now desperate. His army, reduced by more than a half, was fairly surrounded. Grant, acting upon Sheridan's desire, had come to the front. He saw the state of affairs at once, and knew that it must be equally apparent to Lee. On the 7th he addressed the following letter to Lee:

"GENERAL,—The result of the last week must convince you of the hopelessness of further resistance on the part of the Army of Northern Virginia in this struggle. I feel that it is so, and regard it as my duty to shift from myself the responsibility of any further effusion of blood, by asking of you the surrender of that portion of the C. S. army known as the Army of Northern Virginia."

To this Lee replied, that while he was not entirely of Grant's opinion of the "hopelessness of further resistance on the part of the Army of Northern Virginia," he reciprocated the desire to avoid useless effusion of blood, and asked the terms which would be offered on condition of surrender. Grant replied, on the 8th, that peace being his first desire, he should insist upon only one condition: "That the men surrendered shall be disqualified for taking up arms against the Government of the United States until properly exchanged." He offered to meet any officer appointed by Lee for the purpose of definitely arranging the terms of surrender. Lee rejoined that he did not intend to propose to surrender his army, for he "did not think the emergency had arisen to call for surrender;" he had merely asked the terms of Grant's proposition; "but," he added, "as the restoration of peace should be sole object of all, I desire to know whether your proposals will tend to that end." He could not, he said, meet him with a view to surrender; but so far as Grant's propositions might affect the Confederate forces under his own command, and lead to a restoration of peace, he should be pleased to meet him at a designated place. Grant rejoined that he had no authority to treat on the subject of peace, and so a meeting for that special object could do no good. The whole North desired peace, and "the terms on which it can be had were well understood. By the South laying down their arms they will hasten that most desirable event, save thousands of human lives and hundreds of millions of property not yet destroyed. I sincerely hope that all our difficulties may be settled without the loss of another life." Lee then requested an interview, in accordance with the offer contained in this letter. The meeting took place on the 9th, when Grant proposed his terms, which were accepted. The negotiation, though conducted verbally, took the formal shape of a written proposition and reply. Grant wrote:

"In accordance with the substance of my letter to you of the 8th instant I propose to receive the surrender of the Army of Northern Virginia, on the following terms, to wit:

"Rolls of all the officers and men to be made in duplicate, one copy to be given to an officer designated by me, the other to be retained by such officers as you may designate.

"The officers to give their individual paroles not to take arms against the United States until properly exchanged, and each company or regimental commander to sign a like parole for the men of their commands.

"The arms, artillery, and public property to be parked and stacked, and turned over to the officers appointed by me to receive them. This will not embrace the side-arms of the officers, nor their private horses or baggage.

"This done, each officer and man will be allowed to return to their homes, not to be disturbed by United States authority so long as they observe their parole and the laws in force where they may reside."

Lee replied:

"I have received your letter of this date, containing the terms of surrender of the Army of Northern Virginia, as proposed by you; as they are substantially the same as those expressed in your letter of the 8th instant they are accepted. I will proceed to designate the proper officers to carry the stipulations into effect."

The personal parole given by the officers was in these words:

"We, the undersigned, prisoners of war belonging to the Army of Northern Virginia, having been this day surrendered by General R. E. Lee, commanding said army, to Lieutenant-General Grant, commanding the armies of the United States, do hereby give our solemn parole of honor that we will not hereafter serve in the armies of the Confederate States, or in any military capacity whatever, against the United States of America, or render aid to the enemies of the latter, until properly exchanged in such manner as shall be mutually approved by the respective authorities."

Each officer also signed a parole, in nearly the same words, attached to a list of the men under his command. These paroles then received a countersign that the persons embraced in them "will not be disturbed by the United States authorities so long as they observe their parole and the laws in force where they reside." The number of men embraced in the various rolls is unofficially stated at something more than 26,000. The entire number of prisoners captured from the army of Lee in the various operations from March 25 to April 3 is estimated at about 30,000, and their loss in killed and wounded is put down at fully 10,000; besides these there were some thousands of stragglers during the retreat. The army of Lee, at the close of March, therefore probably numbered from 70,000 to 80,000, all of whom were actually brought into action. Grant's entire force is roughly estimated at twice the number, of which probably not more than half was brought into actual conflict, though the dispositions were such that in case of need the whole might have been employed.

Our last Record left Sherman in possession of the real point aimed at in his long march from Savannah. This was Goldsborough, North Carolina, 51 miles from Raleigh, and almost in the centre of the State. Two railroads running from this place to Wilmington and Beaufort afforded ample facilities for conveying full supplies to his army. Sherman thought it important to have an interview with the General-in-Chief. Leaving Schofield in command he set off for Grant's head-quarters, near Richmond, which he reached on the 27th. Here he found not only Grant, Meade, and the other leaders of the Army of the Potomac, but the President. His stay was brief: a single day was sufficient to acquaint him with the state of affairs in the region beyond the sphere of his own action, from a knowledge of which he had been in a great measure cut off since January, and to concert future operations. On the



30th he was again at Goldsborough, finding that full supplies of food and clothing had been brought to his army. On the 10th of April his army set out for Raleigh, which was reached on the 13th, and occupied after a slight skirmish, Johnston falling back northwest toward Hillsborough. Sherman was informed on the 12th of the surrender of Lee; he announced it to his army, adding, "All honor to our comrades in arms, to whom we are now marching. A little more labor, a little more toil on our part and the great race is won, and our Government stands regenerated after its four years of bloody war." Vance, the Governor of North Carolina, was captured on the 13th. It is said that he had been dispatched by Johnston to surrender the State, but the order had been countermanded by Davis, who had by this time reached Hillsborough. There could, however, be no doubt that Johnston would surrender upon the same terms that had been accepted by Lee; and a meeting was appointed to be held on the 15th to make definite arrangements. Before these were completed tidings reached Sherman and Johnston that the President of the United States had been assassinated in a theatre at Washington, by a disreputable actor named John Wilkes Booth.

On the evening of Good Friday, April 14, President Lincoln visited Ford's theatre in Washington. He was accompanied by his wife, Major Henry R. Rathbone, and Miss Clara L. Harris. The box occupied by the party is approached by a narrow passage, with a door opening inward. At the end of this passage is a door opening into the box. The box is about twelve feet above the stage, looking directly upon it. Booth, being well known as an actor, having also performed in the theatre, had free access to all parts of the building at any hour, and was perfectly acquainted with all its arrangements, and the ways of entrance and exit. His preparations were carefully made; whether he was aided by accomplices belonging to the theatre yet remains to be shown. Outside of the theatre, near the private entrance to the stage, he had a horse in waiting, and close by was an accomplice, named Harold, mounted and ready to accompany him after his escape from the theatre. A small hole had been bored in the door opening from the passage into the box, through which any one in the passage could have a complete view of the interior of the box. A stout bar of wood was also placed in the passage, by which the outer door could be fastened. During the early part of the performance Booth was seen by one or two persons who recognized him, although he was not dressed in his usual elegant style. He stood for a few moments near the door of the passage, near which was no one who knew him. He then went to the door. As he was opening it the sentinel asked if he knew what box he was entering. He coolly replied that he did: it was the box of the President, who wished to see him. He entered the passage and fastened the door behind him. The box-door had been left open, so that the precaution of boring a hole for observation was not needed, and Booth had a full view of the persons within. Whether by accident or design, the chairs had been so arranged that the inmates were in the positions best suited for his purpose. The President was at the end of the box nearest the door; Mrs. Lincoln sat near him; Major Rathbone was at the other end of the box, at a distance of two or three yards. The faces of all were turned to the stage, and directly away from the door. How long the assassin remained in the passage is not certainly known; probably only a few minutes. It was about half past nine. At this time, as Booth knew, the action of the piece (which was *The American Cousin*) requires the stage to be vacant for a moment. All eyes were turned to the stage, waiting for the entrance of the next actor. At that instant the report of a pistol was heard, and Rathbone turning saw through the smoke a man between the door and the President. He sprang up and grappled him; but the man, making a thrust with a large knife and inflicting a severe wound, wrested himself away and rushed to the front of the box. Rathbone endeavored to seize him again, but only caught hold of his clothes as he leaped over the railings upon the stage. His spur caught in the folds of a flag, and was torn off, and he fell nearly prostrate, receiving, as was afterward discovered, a severe injury. Notwithstanding this he sprung to his feet, brandished his knife, shouted, "*Sic semper tyrannis,*" the motto on the great seal of Virginia, and rushed through the coulisses, by passages well known to him, to the rear exit from the stage, before the spectators were aware of what had occurred. The man, however, was identified as Booth by several actors who saw him from the wings. The interval between the shot and the leap of Booth to the stage was hardly thirty seconds. But he had done his work thoroughly. Booth was an expert marksman, and at the short distance could hardly fail in his aim. The ball entered just behind the left ear, driving fragments of bone before it, and lodged in the brain. The President was carried to a private house opposite the theatre. He was unconscious from the moment of the shot. He died at twenty-two minutes past seven on the morning of the 15th of April.

Mr. Seward, the Secretary of State, had been, some weeks before, thrown from his carriage; an arm was broken, the jaw fractured, and he lay in a very critical condition. Just about the time when the President was assassinated, a man presented himself at his residence, saying that he had brought a prescription from his physician, which he must see administered in person. Pushing abruptly past the servant, who hesitated to admit him, he made his way toward the sick-room. Before reaching the room the slight disturbance had aroused several persons in the house. Foremost of these was Frederick Seward, son of the Secretary, himself Assistant Secretary of State. He received a blow from a heavy pistol, which fractured his skull and left him insensible. The man then reached the door of Mr. Seward's room. Within were a daughter of the Secretary and George Robinson, a soldier, who was attending the invalid. Robinson, hearing the disturbance, opened the door and received a passing stab from the assassin, who rushed to the bedside of Mr. Seward and endeavored to strike him with a knife. Robinson grappled with him and a severe struggle ensued. The assailant, a very powerful man, seemed bent upon reaching Mr. Seward. He succeeded in striking him slightly two or three times; but the wounded man managed to roll from the bed to the floor. The struggle had now aroused the house, and the assassin broke away, rushed down stairs, mounted a horse at the door and made his escape. The whole was the work of a few moments. The Secretary of State received wounds, slight in themselves, but dangerous when added to his former injuries; Frederick Seward was unconscious for days; Robinson was severely wounded, as was also a Mr.

Hansell, a messenger from the State Department, who happened to be present.

The whole detective force of the Government was at once called into requisition to arrest the assassins and unravel the intricacies of the plot. Various circumstances had led to the belief that the assailant of Mr. Seward was John Suratt, whose mother, a resident of Washington, had made her house a rendezvous for disloyalists. Her house was seized. Before daylight on the morning of the 18th a man dressed as a laborer came to the door and was arrested. He said his name was Payne; that he was a common laborer, born in Virginia, and had been engaged to repair a gutter at the house. His statements were unsatisfactory and contradictory. He was found to be in disguise, his light hair dyed black. He was in the end fully identified as the man who attacked Mr. Seward. His true name and character remain to be developed upon his trial.

Meanwhile the energies of the Government were directed to the arrest of Booth. Large rewards were offered for him and his accomplices. After many false starts the detectives, under charge of Colonel L. C. Baker, got upon the true scent. It was ascertained that Booth, in leaping from the box to the stage, had fractured a bone in his leg. Still he was able to rush across the stage, escape from the theatre, mount his horse, and ride off, followed by Harold, who was in waiting for him. He rode some thirty miles into a part of Maryland where the inhabitants are notoriously disloyal. His wounded leg was dressed by Doctor Samuel Mudd, who furnished him with a crutch. Crippled as he was, Booth worked his way for ten days, hiding in swamps by day, and more than once narrowly escaping discovery, accompanied all the while by Harold, who appears to be a weak creature, following Booth as a dog does his master. The pair at length got across the Potomac into Virginia; a few miles more would place them under the protection of Mosby's guerrillas. But the pursuers were now on their track. By means of information volunteered by blacks and extorted from whites the fugitives were traced to the house of a man named Garratt, near Bowling Green. The pursuers, 27 in number, were led by Colonel Conger. Among them was Boston Corbett, a sergeant in the cavalry. Booth and Harold were hidden in a barn. They were called upon to surrender. A long parley ensued, for the pursuers wished to take the fugitives alive. Harold gave himself up and came out; Booth refused; fire was set to the dry straw in the barn. Booth, brought to bay, wished to sell his life dearly. Leaning upon his crutch, he was in the act of aiming at one of his pursuers, when his fire was anticipated by a pistol-shot from Corbett, who had watched his movements through an opening in the boarding. The ball, striking almost in the place where Lincoln had been struck, passed downward, and, instead of piercing the brain, shattered the spinal column, paralyzing all the nerves of motion, but leaving untouched those of sensation. The assassin lived for four hours, body and limbs paralyzed, yet suffering intensely. After his death the corpse was brought to Washington, fully identified, and then disposed of—how and where no one knows except two persons who had it in charge. He was born in Maryland, and died at the age of 26.

There is every reason to believe that the assassination of the President was only a part of a plan to murder all the leading members of the Government. This plot appears to have been formed by persons holding high positions in the Confederacy. So fully convinced is the Government of this fact that on the 2d of May the President issued the following proclamation:

"Whereas, it appears, from evidence in the Bureau of Military Justice, that the atrocious murder of the late President, Abraham Lincoln, and the attempted assassination of Hon. Wm. H. Seward, Secretary of State, were incited, concerted, and procured by and between Jefferson Davis, late of Richmond, Va., and Jacob Thompson, Clement C. Clay, Beverly Tucker, George N. Sanders, W. C. Cleary, and other rebels and traitors against the Government of the United States, harbored in Canada: Now, therefore, to the end that justice may be done, I, Andrew Johnson, President of the United States, do offer and promise for the arrest of said persons, or either of them, within the limits of the United States, so that they can be brought to trial, the following rewards: One hundred thousand dollars for the arrest of Jefferson Davis; Twenty-five thousand dollars for the arrest of Clement C. Clay; Twenty-five thousand dollars for the arrest of Jacob Thompson, late of Mississippi; Twenty-five thousand dollars for the arrest of George N. Sanders; Twenty-five thousand dollars for the arrest of Beverly Tucker; and Ten thousand dollars for the arrest of William C. Cleary, late clerk of Clement C. Clay."

Tucker, Sanders, and Cleary have put forth in the Canadian newspapers a denial that they had any complicity in the assassination. How far they and the others are implicated will be developed upon the trial of the many persons now under arrest.

The murder of President Lincoln aroused a feeling of regret deeper than was ever before known in our history. Men and papers who had opposed his policy and vilified him personally, now vied with his adherents and friends in lauding the rare wisdom and goodness which marked his conduct and character. It was decided that his body should be interred at his home in Springfield, Illinois. The long journey was one great funeral procession, lasting from the 21st of April, when the embalmed body left Washington, till the 4th of May, when it was entombed at Springfield. The ceremonies at New York, on the 25th, were by far the most imposing ever known in that city. It was estimated that 60,000 people marched in the procession. The streets through which it passed were shrouded in black. There was hardly a house in the city without an emblem of mourning. By the death of Abraham Lincoln, Andrew Johnson, elected as Vice-President, became President of the United States, taking the oath of office on the 15th of April.

The news of the assassination reached the army in North Carolina while negotiations were pending between Sherman and Johnston, Mr. Breckinridge, the Confederate Secretary of War, being present. Thereupon the following "basis of agreement" was entered upon:

"*First*—The contending armies now in the field to maintain their *statu quo* until notice is given by the commanding General of either one to its opponent, and reasonable time, say forty-eight hours, allowed.

"*Second*—The Confederate armies now in existence to be disbanded and conducted to the several State capitals, there to deposit their arms and public property in the State arsenal, and each officer and man to execute and file an agreement to cease from acts of war and abide the action of both State and Federal authorities. The number of arms and munitions of war to be reported to the Chief of Ordnance at Washington city, subject to future action of the Congress of the United States, and in the mean time to be used solely to maintain peace and order within the borders of the States respectively.

"*Third*—The recognition by the Executive of the United States of the several State Governments on their officers and Legislatures taking the oath prescribed by the Constitution of the United States; and where conflicting State Governments have resulted from the war the legitimacy of all shall be submitted to the Supreme Court of the United States.

"*Fourth*—The re-establishment of all Federal courts in



the several States, with powers as defined by the Constitution and laws of Congress.

"*Fifth*—The people and inhabitants of all States to be guaranteed, so far as the Executive can, their political rights and franchise, as well as their rights of person and property, as defined by the Constitution of the United States and of States respectively.

"*Sixth*—The Executive authority of the Government of the United States not to disturb any of the people by reason of the late war so long as they live in peace and quiet, abstain from acts of armed hostility, and obey laws in existence at any place of their residence.

"*Seventh*—In general terms, war to cease, a general amnesty, so far as the Executive power of the United States can command, upon condition of disbandment of the Confederate armies, and the distribution of arms and resumption of peaceful pursuits by officers and men, as hitherto composing the said armies. Not being fully empowered by our respective principals to fulfill these terms, we individually and officially pledge ourselves to promptly obtain necessary authority, and to carry out the above programme."

This agreement was at once repudiated by the Government for the following reasons: *First*, It was an exercise of authority not vested in General Sherman; *Second*, It was a practical acknowledgment of the rebel Government; *Third*, It undertook to re-establish the rebel State governments, and placed arms and munitions of war in the hands of the rebels at their respective capitals, which might be used as soon as the armies of the United States were disbanded, and used to conquer and subdue the loyal States; *Fourth*, By the restoration of the rebel authority in their respective States they would be enabled to re-establish slavery; *Fifth*, It might furnish a ground of responsibility by the Federal Government to pay the rebel debt, and certainly subjects loyal citizens of the rebel States to the debt consummated by the rebels in the name of the State. *Sixth*, It puts in dispute the existence of loyal State governments, and the new State of Western Virginia; *Seventh*, It practically abolished the confiscation laws; *Eighth*, It gave terms that had been deliberately, repeatedly, and solemnly rejected by President Lincoln, and better terms than the rebels had ever asked in their most prosperous condition; *Ninth*, It formed no basis of true and lasting peace.—Sherman was ordered to give immediate notice of the termination of the truce; the commanders of other departments were notified to regard no truce or order from him respecting hostilities, his action being binding only upon his own command; and Grant hurried on to North Carolina to take charge of matters there. Johnston saw at once that his case was hopeless. He therefore accepted terms similar in effect to those offered to Lee, the main point of difference being that the paroled prisoners were allowed to retain their horses, except those belonging to artillery, their wagons, and five per cent. of their small-arms, in order to protect themselves on their way home. The surrender was made on the 29th of April. It is supposed that the surrender embraces about 30,000 men. The Union army of North Carolina at once set out on its return; two corps reaching Richmond on the 8th of May.

Among the other important events which have marked the month of April is the capture of Mobile, which was surrendered on the 13th, after a combined naval and military attack, which was commenced upon the outer defenses on the 2d. The defenses were captured after hard fighting. In all, the enemy lost about 1500 men killed and wounded, 6000 prisoners, and 150 guns. Maury, the commander, escaped with about 9000 men. Our entire loss during the siege was about 2000.——General Stoneman, of Thomas's Department of the Cumberland, rode into North Carolina and struck the North Carolina Railroad. The most brilliant operation in this raid of 500 miles was the capture of Salisbury on the 13th, after a short and sharp encounter, with 1400 prisoners, and an immense quantity of provisions and stores, which were destroyed.——General Wilson, also of Thomas's Department, starting from Chickasaw, in Alabama, on the 22d of March, rode for 650 miles through portions of Alabama and Georgia, which the war had hardly touched. Selma, in Alabama, a great dépôt, was captured on the 2d of April, with 2400 prisoners and more than 100 cannon. Montgomery, the first Confederate capital, was peaceably surrendered on the 12th. Columbus, Georgia, was captured, after a sharp fight, on the 16th, with 2000 prisoners and 70 guns. Macon was approached on the 21st. Here Wilson was met by a flag of truce from Howell Cobb, announcing the armistice between Sherman and Johnston. This stopped military operations, and before orders for their resumption were received Johnston had surrendered. This brilliant raid, in which 6000 prisoners and 200 cannon were taken, and Confederate property estimated at hundreds of millions was destroyed, cost us in all less than 500 men.

General Halleck, who had assumed the command of the Division of the James, under date of May 3, orders that

"All persons, without regard to their rank or employment in the civil or military service of the late rebel Government, will be permitted to take the amnesty oath, and will receive the corresponding certificate. Those excluded from the benefit of such oath can make application for pardon and restoration to civil rights, which applications will be received and forwarded to the proper channels for the action of the President of the United States. The fact that such persons have voluntarily come forward and taken the oath of allegiance will be evidence of their intention to resume the status of loyal citizens, and constitute claim for Executive clemency."

General Schofield, in command of the Department of North Carolina, under date of April 28, thus defines the status of the late slaves:

"To remove a doubt which seems to exist in the minds of some of the people of North Carolina, it is hereby declared that by virtue of the Proclamation of the President of the United States, dated January 1, 1863, all persons in this State heretofore held as slaves are now free; and that it is the duty of the army to maintain the freedom of such persons. It is recommended to the former masters of the freedmen to employ them as hired servants at reasonable wages. And it is recommended to the freedmen that, when allowed to do so, they remain with their former masters, and labor faithfully so long as they shall be treated kindly and paid reasonable wages; or that they immediately seek employment elsewhere in the kind of work to which they are accustomed. It is not well for them to congregate about towns or military camps. They will not be supported in idleness."

On the 29th of April the President issued a proclamation removing all restrictions upon commerce, with the exception of articles contraband of war, in such portions of the Southern States lying east of the Mississippi, embraced within the lines of national military occupation.—Another proclamation of May 9 enjoins upon all naval and military officers, now that the rebellion on land is ended, increased diligence in capturing the rebel cruisers afloat; and adds that, after this proclamation shall become known in foreign ports, retaliatory measures will be adopted against the ships of such nations as extend hospitality to these piratical vessels.——An Executive order of the same date recognizes as the only Government of the State of Virginia (not, of course, including the State of West Virginia) that by which Mr. Pierrepont is Governor, and annuls all the acts of the late rebel State Government.

Annie has called in little Madge from the afternoon play, and rocks her to sleep while she sings:

"So let my lamp be trimmed and fed,
That whether I be quick or dead,
That light shall shine,
And down sad ways a glory shed,
And ray divine."

Ah, patience, tired heart! and teach these patience that here in this dark strait about thee arraign their doom. I was stronger once than many of them, than a few of them wiser. Did I give them of my hosen and shoon, of my meat and drink?

What is it diverts them now, I wonder? Torpid and sluggish as snails, they are crawling down to the door. Some little break in the long monotone of the day—perhaps they have a fresh ration served, or is there news of battle? Letters—can there be letters? No, no; it is only a voice—the old humdrum tone. Vainly counting the roll for the thousandth time. But that hurrah—I did not think there was so much breath in them—that wild, keen cry. It is the order of exchange! Let me get down there, let me hasten, let me try and reach them! I among them? Oh, wait, wait!

That name? He will never answer to it again. They dig his grave out on the sand to-night.

Another. Who replies to that? He—he? Shall he go walking up the long street, the dear familiar path? shall he take his wife to his heart again, and dandle his children, and feel his old mother's faltering hand stroke his hair—and I stay festering here?

Down, evil spirit, down! Who deserves better than he? Who is truer comrade in fight—who stouter friend in prison? Hail to his joy as if it were mine! Make it mine—feel it mine!

And that name. No one claims it. Dead, possibly. Yet it had a sound of pleasant things; I seem to have heard it somewhere before—

Did any one call me? Dare I dream—can it be—is it mine?

Oh, to breathe again! Oh, home, friends, country, my own once more! Oh, life restored while the grave gaped! To see you, dear child, in a week—to feel your soft touch, your embracing care! A week! A little while ago eternity seemed short till we should meet; now, can I live so long without you as seven days? Ah! crouched and crushed, I rise; I see a future; I feel my manhood. To my knees, to my knees—dear God, I am free!

## PERSONAL RECOLLECTIONS OF ABRAHAM LINCOLN.

It is natural that friends should tenderly and frequently talk of the loved and lost, descanting upon their virtues, narrating the little incidents of a life ended, and dwelling with minute particularity upon traits of character which, under other circumstances, might have remained unnoted and be forgotten, but are invested now with a mournful interest which fixes them in the memory. This, and the general desire to know more of the man Abraham Lincoln, is the only excuse offered for the following simple sketch of some parts of the character of our beloved Chief Magistrate, now passed from earth.

All persons agree that the most marked characteristic of Mr. Lincoln's manners was his simplicity and artlessness; this immediately impressed itself upon the observation of those who met him for the first time, and each successive interview deepened the impression. People seemed delighted to find in the ruler of the nation freedom from pomposity and affectation, mingled with a certain simple dignity which never forsook him. Though oppressed with the weight of responsibility resting upon him as President of the United States, he shrank from assuming any of the honors, or even the titles, of the position. After years of intimate acquaintance with Mr. Lincoln the writer can not now recall a single instance in which he spoke of himself as President, or used that title for himself, except when acting in an official capacity. He always spoke of his position and office vaguely, as "this place," "here," or other modest phrase. Once, speaking of the room in the Capitol used by the Presidents of the United States during the close of a session of Congress, he said, "That room, you know, that they call"—dropping his voice and hesitating—"the President's room." To an intimate friend who addressed him always by his own proper title he said, "Now call me Lincoln, and I'll promise not to tell of the breach of etiquette—if you won't—and I shall have a resting-spell from 'Mister President.'"

With all his simplicity and unacquaintance with courtly manners, his native dignity never forsook him in the presence of critical or polished strangers; but mixed with his angularities and *bonhomie* was something which spoke the fine fibre of the man; and, while his sovereign disregard of courtly conventionalities was somewhat ludicrous, his native sweetness and straightforwardness of manner served to disarm criticism and impress the visitor that he was before a man pure, self-poised, collected, and strong in unconscious strength. Of him an accomplished foreigner, whose knowledge of the courts was more perfect than that of the English language, said, "He seems to me one grand gentilhomme in disguise."

In his eagerness to acquire knowledge of common things he sometimes surprised his distinguished visitors by inquiries about matters that they were supposed to be acquainted with, and those who came to scrutinize went away with a vague sense of having been unconsciously pumped by the man whom they expected to pump. One Sunday evening last winter, while sitting

ABRAHAM LINCOLN AT HOME.

alone with the President, the cards of Professor Agassiz and a friend were sent in. The President had never met Agassiz at that time, I believe, and said, "I would like to talk with that man; he is a good man, I do believe; don't you think so?" But one answer could be returned to the query, and soon after the visitors were shown in, the President first whispering, "Now sit still and see what we can pick up that's new." To my surprise, however, no ques-

tions were asked about the Old Silurian, the Glacial Theory, or the Great Snow-storm, but, introductions being over, the President said: "I never knew how to properly pronounce your name; won't you give me a little lesson at that, please?" Then he asked if it were of French or Swiss derivation, to which the Professor replied that it was partly of each. That led to a discussion of different languages, the President speaking of several words in different languages which had the same root as similar words in our own tongue; then he illustrated that by one or two anecdotes, one of which he borrowed from Hood's "Up the Rhine." But he soon returned to his gentle cross-examination of Agassiz, and found out how the Professor studied, how he composed, and how he delivered his lectures; how he found different tastes in his audiences in different portions of the country. When afterward asked why he put such questions to his learned visitor he said, "Why, what we got from him isn't printed in the books; the other things are."

At this interview, it may be remarked in passing, the President said that many years ago, when the custom of lecture-going was more common than since, he was induced to try his hand at composing a literary lecture—something which he thought entirely out of his line. The subject, he said, was not defined, but his purpose was to analyze inventions and discoveries—"to get at the bottom of things"—and to show when, where, how, and why such things were invented or discovered; and, so far as possible, to find where the first mention is made of some of our common things. The Bible, he said, he found to be the richest store-house for such knowledge; and he then gave one or two illustrations, which were new to his hearers. The lecture was never finished, and was left among his loose papers at Springfield when he came to Washington.

The simplicity of manner which shone out in all such interviews as that here noticed was marked in his total lack of consideration of what was due his exalted station. He had an almost morbid dread of what he called "a scene"—that is, a demonstration of applause such as always greeted his appearance in public. The first sign of a cheer sobered him; he appeared sad and oppressed, suspended conversation, and looked out into vacancy; and when it was over resumed the conversation just where it was interrupted, with an obvious feeling of relief. Of the relations of a senator to him he said, "I think that Senator ——'s manner is more cordial to me than before." The truth was that the senator had been looking for a sign of cordiality from his superior, but the President had reversed their relative positions. At another time, speaking of an early acquaintance, who was an applicant for an office which he thought him hardly qualified to fill, the President said, "Well, now, I never thought M—— had any more than average ability when we were young men together; really I did not"—a pause.—"But, then, I suppose he thought just the same about me; he had reason to, and—here I am!"

The simple habits of Mr. Lincoln were so well known that it is a subject for surprise that watchful and malignant treason did not sooner take that precious life which he seemed to hold so lightly. He had an almost morbid dislike for an escort, or guard, and daily exposed himself to the deadly aim of an assassin. One summer morning, passing by the White House at an early hour, I saw the President standing at the gateway, looking anxiously down the street; and, in reply to a salutation, he said, "Good-morning, good-morning! I am looking for a news-boy; when you get to that corner I wish you would start one up this way." There are American citizens who consider such things beneath the dignity of an official in high place.

In reply to the remonstrances of friends, who were afraid of his constant exposure to danger, he had but one answer: "If they kill me, the next man will be just as bad for them; and in a country like this, where our habits are simple, and must be, assassination is always possible, and will come if they are determined upon it." A cavalry guard was once placed at the gates of the White House for a while, and he said, privately, that he "worried until he got rid of it." While the President's family were at their summer-house, near Washington, he rode into town of a morning, or out at night, attended by a mounted escort; but if he returned to town for a while after dark, he rode in unguarded, and often alone, in his open carriage. On more than one occasion the writer has gone through the streets of Washington at a late hour of the night with the President, without escort, or even the company of a servant, walking all of the the way, going and returning.

Considering the many open and secret threats to take his life, it is not surprising that Mr. Lincoln had many thoughts about his coming to a sudden and violent end. He once said that he felt the force of the expression, "To take one's life in his hand;" but that he would not like to face death suddenly. He said that he thought himself a great coward physically, and was sure that he should make a poor soldier, for, unless there was something in the excitement of a battle, he was sure that he would drop his gun and run at the first symptom of danger. That was said sportively, and he added, "Moral cowardice is something which I think I never had." Shortly after the presidential election, in 1864, he related an incident which I will try to put upon paper here, as nearly as possible in his own words:

"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 though something uncomfortable had happened. When I went home I told my wife about it, and a few days after I tried 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 worried about it somewhat. 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."

The President, with his usual good sense, saw nothing in all this but an optical illusion; though the flavor of superstition which hangs about every man's composition made him wish that he had never seen it. But there are people who will now believe that this odd coincidence was "a warning."

If Mr. Lincoln's critics may be trusted, he had too much goodness of heart to make a good magistrate. Certain it is that his continually-widening charity for all, and softness of heart, pardoned offenders and mitigated punishments when the strict requirements of justice would have dealt more severely with the criminal. It was a standing order of his office that persons on matters involving the issue of life and death should have immediate precedence. Nor was his kindness confined to affairs of state; his servants, and all persons in his personal service, were the objects of his peculiar care and solicitude. They bore no burdens or hardships which he could relieve them of; and if he carried this virtue to an extreme, and carried labors which others should have borne, it was because he thought he could not help it.

He was often waylaid by soldiers importunate to get their back-pay, or a furlough, or a discharge; and if the case was not too complicated, would attend to it then and there. Going out of the main-door of the White House one morning, he met an old lady who was pulling vigorously at the door-bell, and asked her what she wanted. She said that she wanted to see "Abraham the Second." The President, amused, asked who Abraham the First might be, if there was a second? The old lady replied, "Why, Lor' bless you! we read about the first Abraham in the Bible, and Abraham the Second is our President." She was told that the President was not in his office then, and when she asked where he was, she was told, "Here he is!" Nearly petrified with surprise, the old lady managed to tell her errand, and was told to come next morning at nine o'clock, when she was received and kindly cared for by the President. At another time, hearing of a young man who had determined to enter the navy as a landsman, after three years of service in the army, he said to the writer, "Now do you go over to the Navy Department and mouse out what he is fit for, and he shall have it, if it's to be had, for that's the kind of men I like to hear of." The place was duly "moused out," with the assistance of the kind-hearted Assistant-Secretary of the Navy; and the young officer, who may read these lines on his solitary post off the mouth of the Yazoo River, was appointed upon the recommendation of the President of the United States. Of an application for office by an old friend, not fit for the place he sought, he said, "I had rather resign my place and go away from here than refuse him, if I consulted only my personal feelings; but refuse him I must." And he did.

This same gentleness, mixed with firmness, characterized all of Mr. Lincoln's dealings with public men. Often bitterly assailed and abused, he never appeared to recognize the fact that he had political enemies; and if his attention was called to unkind speeches or remarks, he would turn the conversation of his indignant friends by a judicious story, or the remark, "I guess we won't talk about that now." He has himself put it on record that he never read attacks upon himself, and if they were brought persistently before him he had some ready excuse for their authors. Of a virulent personal attack upon his official conduct he mildly said that it was ill-timed; and of one of his most bitter political enemies he said: "I've been told that insanity is hereditary in his family, and I think we will admit the plea in his case." It was noticeable that Mr. Lincoln's keenest critics and bitter opponents studiously avoided his presence; it seemed as though no man could be familiar with his homely, heart-lighted features, his single-hearted directness and manly kindliness, and remain long an enemy, or be any thing but his friend. It was this warm frankness of Mr. Lincoln's manner that made a hard-headed old "hunker" once leave the hustings where Lincoln was speaking, in 1856, saying, "I won't hear him, for I don't like a man that makes me believe in him in spite of myself."

"Honest Old Abe" has passed into the language of our time and country as a synonym for all that is just and honest in man. Yet thousands of instances, unknown to the world, might be added to those already told of Mr. Lincoln's great and crowning virtue. He disliked innuendoes, concealments, and subterfuges; and no sort of approach at official "jobbing" ever had any encouragement from him. With him the question was not, "Is it convenient? Is it expedient?" but, "Is it right?" He steadily discountenanced all practices of government offi-

cers using any part of the public funds for temporary purposes; and he loved to tell of his own experience when he was saved from embarrassment by his rigid adherence to a good rule. He had been postmaster at Salem, Illinois, during Jackson's administration, William T. Barry being then Postmaster-General, and resigning his office, removed to Springfield, having sent a statement of account to the Department at Washington. No notice was taken of his account, which showed a balance due the Government of over one hundred and fifty dollars, until three or four years after, when, Amos Kendall being Postmaster-General, he was presented with a draft for the amount due. Some of Mr. Lincoln's friends, who knew that he was in straitened circumstances then, as he had always been, heard of the draft and offered to help him out with a loan; but he told them not to worry, and producing from his trunk an old pocket, tied up and marked, counted out, in six-pences, shillings, and quarters, the exact sum required of him, in the identical coin received by him while in office years before.

The honesty of Mr. Lincoln appeared to spring from religious convictions; and it was his habit, when conversing of things which most intimately concerned himself, to say that, however he might be misapprehended by men who did not appear to know him, he was glad to know that no thought or intent of his escaped the observation of that Judge by whose final decree he expected to stand or fall in this world and the next. It seemed as though this was his surest refuge at times when he was most misunderstood or misrepresented. There was something touching in his childlike and simple reliance upon Divine aid, especially when in such extremities as he sometimes fell into; then, though prayer and reading of the Scriptures was his constant habit, he more earnestly than ever sought that strength which is promised when mortal help faileth. His address upon the occasion of his re-inauguration has been said to be as truly a religious document as a state-paper; and his acknowledgment of God and His providence and rule are interwoven through all of his later speeches, letters, and messages. Once he said: "I have been driven many times upon my knees by the overwhelming conviction that I had nowhere else to go. My own wisdom and that of all about me seemed insufficient for that day."

Just after the last presidential election 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 that sting would have been more than compensated by the thought that the people had notified me that all my official responsibilities were soon to be lifted off my back." In reply to the remark that he might remember that in all these cares he was daily remembered by those who prayed, not to be heard of men, as no man had ever before been remembered, he caught at the homely phrase and said: "Yes, I like that phrase, 'not to be heard of men,' and guess it's generally true, as you say; at least I have been told so, and I have been a good deal helped by just that thought." Then he solemnly and slowly added: "I should be the most presumptuous blockhead upon this footstool if I for one day thought that I could discharge the duties which have come upon me since I came into this place without the aid and enlightenment of One who is wiser and stronger than all others."

At another time he said, cheerfully, "I am very sure that if I do not go away from here a wiser man, I shall go away a better man, for having learned here what a very poor sort of a man I am." Afterward, referring to what he called a change of heart, he said that he did not remember any precise time when he passed through any special change of purpose or of heart; but he would say that his own election to office, and the crisis immediately following, influentially determined him in what he called "a process of crystallization," then going on in his mind. Reticent as he was, and shy of discoursing much of his own mental exercises, these few utterances now have a value with those who knew him which his dying words would scarcely have possessed.

No man but Mr. Lincoln ever knew how great was the load of care which he bore, nor the amount of mental labor which he daily accomplished. With the usual perplexities of the office—greatly increased by the unusual multiplication of places in his gift—he carried the burdens of the civil war, which he always called "This great trouble." Though the intellectual man had greatly grown meantime, few persons would recognize the hearty, blithesome, genial, and wiry Abraham Lincoln of earlier days in the sixteenth President of the United States, with his stooping figure, dull eyes, care-worn face, and languid frame. The old, clear laugh never came back; the even temper was sometimes disturbed; and his natural charity for all was often turned into an unwonted suspicion of the motives of men, whose selfishness cost him so much wear of mind. Once he said, "Sitting here, where all the avenues to public patronage seem to come together in a knot, it does seem to me that our people are fast approaching the point where it can be said that seven-eighths of them were trying to find how to live at the expense of the other eighth."

It was this incessant demand upon his time, by men who sought place or endeavored to shape his policy, that broke down his courage and his temper, as well as exhausted his strength. Speaking of the "great flood-gates" which his doors daily opened upon him, he said, "I suppose I ought not to blame the aggregate, for each abstract man or woman thinks his or her case a peculiar one, and must be attended to, though all others be left out; but I can see this thing growing every day." And at another time, speaking of the exhaustive demands upon him, which left him in no condition for more important duties, he said, "I sometimes fancy that every one of the numerous grist ground through here daily, from a Senator seeking a war with France down to a poor woman after a place in the Treasury Department, darted at me with thumb and finger, picked out their especial piece of my vitality, and carried it off. When I get through with such a day's work there is only one word which can express my condition, and that is—*flabbiness*." There are some public men who can now remember, with self-reproaches, having increased with long evening debates that reducing "flabbiness" of the much-enduring President.



Mr. Lincoln visited the Army of the Potomac in the spring of 1863, and, free from the annoyances of office, was considerably refreshed and rested; but even there the mental anxieties which never forsook him seemed to cast him down, at times, with a great weight. We left Washington late in the afternoon, and a snow-storm soon after coming on, the steamer was anchored for the night off Indian Head, on the Maryland shore of the Potomac. The President left the little knot in the cabin, and sitting alone in a corner, seemed absorbed in the saddest reflections for a time; then, beckoning a companion to him, said, "What will you wager that half our iron-clads are at the bottom of Charleston Harbor?" This being the first intimation which the other had had of Dupont's attack, which was then begun, hesitated to reply, when the President added, "The people will expect big things when they hear of this; but it is too late—*too late!*"

During that little voyage the captain of the steamer, a frank, modest old sailor, was so much affected by the care-worn appearance of the President, that he came to the writer and confessed that he had received the same impression of the Chief Magistrate that many had; hearing of his "little stories" and his humor, he had supposed him to have no cares or sadness; but a sight of that anxious and sad face had undeceived him, and he wanted to tell the President how much he had unintentionally wronged him, feeling that he had committed upon him a personal wrong. The captain was duly introduced to the President, who talked with him privately for a space, being touched as well as amused at what he called "Captain M——'s freeing his mind."

The following week, spent in riding about and seeing the army, appeared to revive Mr. Lincoln's spirits and to rest his body. A friend present observed as much to him, and he replied, "Well, yes, I do feel some better, I think; but, somehow, it don't appear to touch the tired spot, which can't be got at." And that, by-the-way, reminded him of a little story of his having once used that word, spot, a great many times in the course of a speech in Congress, years ago, so that some of his fellow-members called him "spot Lincoln," but he believed that the nickname did not stick. Another reminiscence of his early life, which he recalled during the trip, was one concerning his experience in rail-splitting. We were driving through an open clearing, where the Virginia forest had been felled by the soldiers, when Mr. Lincoln observed, looking at the stumps, "That's a good job of felling; they have got some good axemen in this army, I see." The conversation turning upon his knowledge of rail-splitting, he said, "Now let me tell you about that. I am not a bit anxious about my reputation in that line of business; but if there is any thing in this world that I am a judge of, it is of good felling of timber, but I don't remember having worked by myself at splitting rails for one whole day in my life." Upon surprise being expressed that his national reputation as a rail-splitter should have so slight a foundation, he said, "I recollect that, some time during the canvass for the office I now hold, there was a great mass meeting, where I was present, and with a great flourish several rails were brought into the meeting, and being informed where they came from, I was asked to identify them, which I did, with some qualms of conscience, having helped my father to split rails, as at other odd jobs. I said if there were any rails which I had split, I shouldn't wonder if those were the rails." Those who may be disappointed to learn of Mr. Lincoln's limited experience in splitting rails, may be relieved to know that he was evidently proud of his knowledge of the art of cutting timber, and explained minutely how a good job differed from a poor one, giving illustrations from the ugly stumps on either side.

An amusing yet touching instance of the President's preoccupation of mind occurred at one of his levees, when he was shaking hands with a host of visitors, passing him in a continuous stream. An intimate acquaintance received the usual conventional hand-shake and salutation; but, perceiving that he was not recognized, kept his ground, instead of moving on, and spoke again; when the President, roused by a dim consciousness that something unusual had happened, perceived who stood before him, and seizing his friend's hand, shook it again heartily, saying, "How do you do? How do you do? Excuse me for not noticing you at first; the fact is, I was thinking of a man down South." He afterward privately acknowledged that the "man down South" was Sherman, then on his march to the sea.

Mr. Lincoln had not a hopeful temperament, and, though he looked at the bright side of things, was always prepared for disaster and defeat. With his wonderful faculty for discerning results he often saw success where others saw disaster, but oftener perceived a failure when others were elated with victory, or were temporarily deceived by appearances. Of a great cavalry raid, which filled the newspapers with glowing exultation, but failed to cut the communications which it had been designed to destroy, he briefly said: "That was good circus-riding; it will do to fill a column in the newspapers; but I don't see that it has brought any thing else to pass." He often said that the

worst feature about newspapers was that they were so sure to be "ahead of the hounds," outrunning events, and exciting expectations which were sure to be disappointed. One of the worst effects of a victory, he said, was to lead people to expect that the war was about over in consequence of it; but he was never weary of commending the patience of the American people, which he thought something matchless and touching. I have seen him shed tears when speaking of the cheerful sacrifice of the light and strength of so many happy homes throughout the land. His own patience was marvelous; and never crushed at defeat or unduly excited by success, his demeanor under both was an example for all men. Once he said the keenest blow of all the war was at an early stage, when the disaster of Ball's Bluff and the death of his beloved Baker smote upon him like a whirlwind from a desert.

It is generally agreed that Mr. Lincoln's slowness was a prominent trait of his character; but it is too early, perhaps, to say how much of our safety and success we owe to his slowness. It may be said, however, that he is to-day admired and beloved as much for what he did not do as for what he did. He was well aware of the popular opinion concerning his slowness, but was only sorry that such a quality of mind should sometimes be coupled with weakness and vacillation. Such an accusation he thought to be unjust. Acknowledging that he was slow in arriving at conclusions, he said that he could not help that; but he believed that when he did arrive at conclusions they were clear and "stuck by." He was a profound believer in his own fixity of purpose, and took pride in saying that his long deliberations made it possible for him to stand by his own acts when they were once resolved upon. It would have been a relief to the country at one time in our history if this trait of the President's character had been better understood. There was no time, probably, during the last administration, when any of the so-called radical measures were in any danger of being qualified or recalled. The simple explanation of the doubt which often hung over his purposes may be found in the fact that it was a habit of his mind to put forward all of the objections of other people and of his own to any given proposition, to see what arguments or counter-statements could be brought against them. While his own mind might be perfectly clear upon the subject, it gave him real pleasure to state objections for others to combat or attempt to set aside.

His practice of being controlled by events is well known. He often said that it was wise to wait for the developments of Providence; and the Scriptural phrase that "the stars in their courses fought against Sisera" to him had a depth of meaning. Then, too, he liked to feel that he was the attorney of the people, not their ruler; and I believe that this idea was generally uppermost in his mind. Speaking of the probability of his second nomination, about two years ago, he said: "If the people think that I have managed their case for them well enough to trust me to carry up to the next term, I am sure that I shall be glad to take it."

He liked to provide for his friends, who were often remembered gratefully for services given him in his early struggles in life. Sometimes he would "break the slate," as he called it, of those who were making up a list of appointments, that he might insert the name of some old acquaintance who had befriended him in days when friends were few. He was not deceived by outside appearances, but took the measure of those he met, and few men were worth any more or any less than the value which Abraham Lincoln set upon them.

Upon being told that a gentleman upon whom he was about to confer a valuable appointment had been bitterly opposed to his renomination, he said: "I suppose that Judge ——, having been disappointed before, did behave pretty ugly; but that wouldn't make him any less fit for this place, and I have a Scriptural authority for appointing him. You recollect that while the Lord on Mount Sinai was getting out a commission for Aaron, that same Aaron was at the foot of the mountain making a false god, a golden calf, for the people to worship; yet Aaron got his commission, you know." At another time, when remonstrated with upon the appointment to place of one of his former opponents, he said: "Nobody will deny that he is a first-rate man for the place, and I am bound to see that his opposition to me personally shall not interfere with my giving the people a good officer."

The world will never hear the last of the "little stories" with which the President garnished or illustrated his conversation and his early stump speeches. He said, however, that as near as he could reckon, about one-sixth of those which were credited to him were old acquaintances; all of the rest were the productions of other and better story-tellers than himself. Said he, "I do generally remember a good story when I hear it, but I never did invent any thing original; I am only a retail dealer." His anecdotes were seldom told for the sake of the telling, but because they fitted in just where they came, and shed a light on the argument that nothing else could. He was not witty, but brimful of humor; and though he was quick to appreciate a good pun, I never knew of his making but one, which was on the Christian name of a friend, to whom he said: "You have yet to be elected to the place I hold; but Noah's *reign* was before Abraham." He thought that the chief characteristic of American humor was its grotesqueness and extravagance; and the story of the man who was so tall that he was "laid out" in a rope-walk, the soprano voice so high that it had to be climbed over by a ladder, and the Dutchman's expression of "somebody tying his dog loose," all made a permanent lodgment in his mind.

His accuracy and memory were wonderful, and one illustration of the former quality may be given in the remarkable correspondence between the figures of the result of the last presidential election and the actual sum total. The President's figures, collected hastily, and partially based upon his own estimates, made up only four weeks after the election, have been found to be only one hundred and twenty-nine less in their grand total than that made up by Mr. M'Pherson, the Clerk of the House of Representatives, who has compiled a table from the returns furnished him from the official records of all the State capitals in the loyal States.

Latterly Mr. Lincoln's reading was with the humorous writers. He liked to repeat from memory whole chapters from these books, and on such occasions he always preserved his own gravity though his auditors might be convulsed with laughter. He said that he had a dread of people who could not appreciate the fun of such things; and he once instanced a member of his own Cabinet, of whom he quoted the saying of Sydney Smith, "that it required a surgical operation to get a joke into his head." The light trifles spoken of diverted his mind, or, as he said of his theatre-going, gave him refuge from himself and his weariness. But he also was a lover of many philosophical books, and particularly liked Butler's Analogy of Religion, Stuart Mill on Liberty, and he always hoped to get at President Edwards on the Will. These ponderous writers found a queer companionship in the chronicler of the Mackerel Brigade, Parson Nasby, and Private Miles O'Reilly. The Bible was a very familiar study with the President, whole chapters of Isaiah, the New Testament, and the Psalms being fixed in his memory, and he would sometimes correct a misquotation of Scripture, giving generally the chapter and verse where it could be found. He liked the Old Testament best, and dwelt on the simple beauty of the historical books. Once, speaking of his own age and strength, he quoted with admiration that passage, "His eye was not dim, nor his natural force abated." I do not know that he thought then how, like that Moses of old, he was to stand on Pisgah and see a peaceful land which he was not to enter.

Of the poets the President appeared to prefer Hood and Holmes, the mixture and pathos in their writings being attractive to him beyond any thing else which he read. Of the former author he liked best the last part of "Miss Kilmansegg and her Golden Leg," "Faithless Sally Brown," and one or two others not generally so popular as those which are called Hood's best poems. Holmes's "September Gale," "Last Leaf," "Chambered Nautilus," and "Ballad of an Oysterman" were among his very few favorite poems. Longfellow's "Psalm of Life" and "Birds of Killingworth" were the only productions of that author he ever mentioned with praise, the latter of which he picked up somewhere in a newspaper, cut out, and carried in his vest pocket until it was committed to memory. James Russell Lowell he only knew as "Hosea Biglow," every one of whose effusions he knew. He sometimes repeated, word for word, the whole of "John P. Robinson, he," giving the unceasing refrain with great unction and enjoyment. He once said that originality and daring impudence were sublimed in this stanza of Lowell's:

> "Ef you take a sword and dror it,
> An' stick a feller creetur thru,
> Gov'ment hain't to answer for it,
> God'll send the bill to you."

Mr. Lincoln's love of music was something passionate, but his tastes were simple and uncultivated, his choice being old airs, songs, and ballads, among which the plaintive Scotch songs were best liked. "Annie Laurie," "Mary of Argyle," and especially "Auld Robin Gray," never lost their charm for him; and all songs which had for their theme the rapid flight of time, decay, the recollections of early days, were sure to make a deep impression. The song which he liked best, above all others, was one called "Twenty Years Ago"—a simple air, the words to which are supposed to be uttered by a man who revisits the play-ground of his youth. He greatly desired to find music for his favorite poem, "Oh, why should the spirit of mortal be proud?" and said once, when told that the newspapers had credited him with the authorship of the piece, "I should not care much for the reputation of having written that, but would be glad if I could compose music as fit to convey the sentiment as the words now do."

He wrote slowly, and with the greatest deliberation, and liked to take his time; yet some of his dispatches, written without any corrections, are models of compactness and finish. His private correspondence was extensive, and he preferred writing his letters with his own hand, making copies himself frequently, and filing every thing away in a set of pigeon-holes in his office. When asked why he did not have a letter-book and copying-press, he said, "A letter-book might be easily carried off, but that stock of filed letters would be a back-load." He conscientiously attended to his enormous correspondence, and read every thing that appeared to demand his own attention. He said that he read with great regularity the letters of an old friend who lived on the Pacific coast until he received a letter of *seventy pages* of letter paper, when he broke down, and never read another.

People were sometimes disappointed because he appeared before them with a written speech. The best explanation of that habit of his was his remark to a friend who noticed a roll of manuscript in the hand of the President as he came into the parlor while waiting for the serenade which was given him on the night following his re-election. Said he: "I know what you are thinking about; but there's no clap-trap about me, and I am free to say that in the excitement of the moment I am sure to say something which I am sorry for when I see it in print; so I have it here in black and white, and there are no mistakes made. People attach

too much importance to what I say any how." Upon another occasion, hearing that I was in the parlor, he sent for me to come up into the library, where I found him writing on a piece of common stiff box-board with a pencil. Said he, after he had finished, "Here is one speech of mine which has never been printed, and I think it worth printing. Just see what you think." He then read the following, which is copied *verbatim* from the familiar handwriting before me:

"On Thursday of last week two ladies from Tennessee came before the President, asking the release of their husbands, held as prisoners of war at Johnson's Island. They were put off until Friday, when they came again, and were again put off until Saturday. At each of the interviews one of the ladies urged that her husband was a religious man. On Saturday, when the President ordered the release of the prisoners, he said to this lady: 'You say your husband is a religious man; tell him when you meet him that I say I am not much of a judge of religion, but that, in my opinion, the religion that sets men to rebel and fight against their Government because, as they think, that Government does not sufficiently help *some* men to eat their bread in the sweat of *other* men's faces, is not the sort of religion upon which people can get to heaven.'"

To this the President signed his name at my request, by way of joke, and added for a caption, "The President's Last, Shortest, and Best Speech," under which title it was duly published in one of the Washington newspapers. His Message to the last session of Congress was first written upon the same sort of white pasteboard above referred to, its stiffness enabling him to lay it on his knee as he sat easily in his arm-chair, writing and erasing as he thought and wrought out his idea.

The already extended limits of this article will not permit any thing more than a mention of many of the traits of Mr. Lincoln's peculiar character, many of which are already widely known by his published writings and speeches, and by the numerous anecdotes which have been narrated by others who have been ready to meet the general desire to know more of the man whose life was so dear to the people. His thoughtfulness for those who bore the brunt of the battles, his harmonious family relations, his absorbing love for his children, his anxiety for the well-being and conduct of the emancipated colored people, his unwavering faith in the hastening doom of human slavery, his affectionate regard for "the simple people," his patience, his endurance, his mental sufferings, and what he did for the Nation and for Humanity and Liberty—these all must be left to the systematic and enduring labors of the historian. Though he is dead, his immortal virtues are the rich possession of the nation; his fame shall grow with our young Republic; and as years roll on brighter lustre will adorn the name of Abraham Lincoln.

## ANECDOTES OF UNITARIAN DIVINES.

THE REV. DR. SPRAGUE, of Albany, a distinguished clergyman of the Presbyterian Church, and equally distinguished as a man of letters, long after he had completed his fiftieth year undertook a literary work of great magnitude, which he has lived nearly to accomplish. It is a biography of all the most distinguished American clergymen of the various denominations, from the settlement of the country to the year 1855, under the general title of "Annals of the American Pulpit." Successive volumes have from time to time been issued from the press of Robert Carter and Brothers, who have just published the eighth volume of the series, containing biographical sketches of the Unitarian clergy of the United States. It contains the memoirs of eighty clergymen, gathered and prepared with an incredible amount of labor, and making a treasury of interesting material, not only for the denomination specified, but for all who are interested in the theological and literary history of the country. The theological part of it we leave for other hands and other journals, but we shall endeavor to cull some of the material which will be instructive and entertaining to the readers of this Magazine.

The first of the clergymen whose lives are here recorded was the Rev. EBENEZER GAY, D.D., who was born at Dedham, Massachusetts, in the year 1696. He lived to the age of ninety-one years. The length of his ministry, from the day of his ordination to his decease, was more than sixty-eight years, and his entire ministry, from the commencement of his preaching, was but a few months short of seventy years. Upon the day on which he completed his eighty-fifth year he preached a sermon from the text, Josh. xiv. 10, "I am this day fourscore and five years old," which was published under the title of "The Old Man's Calendar," and in which he made this remarkable record: "Lo, now, my brethren, I am this day fourscore and five years old—a wonder of God's sparing mercy; sixty-three of these years have I spent in the work of the ministry among you. One hundred and forty-six years ago your fathers came with their pastor and settled in this place [Hingham, Massachusetts]. I am the third in the pastorate of this church, which hath not been two years vacant."

He was evidently a man of considerable humor, as appears not only from many anecdotes which are recorded of him, but from his choice of texts for his public services. He preached a discourse at one time from the passage in Luke, "Remember Lot's wife," designed to counteract some of the tendencies of the times, and entitled it, "A Pillar of Salt to Season a Corrupt Age." At the installation of the Rev. Ezra Carpenter, at Keene, in 1753, he preached from the passage, Zechariah, ii. 1: "I lifted up mine eyes again, and looked, and behold a man with a measuring line in his hand." Having for a long time been unsuccessful in digging a well on his homestead, he introduced the subject into his prayers, and also preached a sermon from Numbers, xxi. 17: "Then Israel sang this song, Spring up, O well; sing ye unto it."

During the Revolutionary war, a little before the time for the annual Thanksgiving, and when it was generally expected that there would be a great deficiency of the foreign fruits with which that festival had been celebrated, several English vessels laden with those productions were driven by a storm upon the coast, captured, and brought into Boston. Dr. Gay, who was considered a prudent loyalist, not having taken part in the movements of the colonies, and who was accustomed on Thanksgiving-days to make mention in his prayer of the special blessings of the year, did not suffer such a token of Divine favor to pass unnoticed. Accordingly, in his Thanksgiving prayer he gratefully acknowledged the unexpected bounty, somewhat after this sort: "O Lord, who art the infinitely wise disposer of all things, who rulest the winds and the waves according to thy own good pleasure; we devoutly thank Thee for the gracious interposition of thy providence in wafting upon our shores so many of thy rich bounties to make glad the dwellings of thy people on this joyful occasion." Shortly after some one repeated the Doctor's ejaculations to Samuel Adams, who, with his usual promptness and decision, exclaimed, "That is trimming with the Almighty."

Dr. GAD HITCHCOCK, of Pembroke, Massachusetts, who was a contemporary with Dr. Gay, was celebrated for his patriotism and for his fearlessness in avowing it, and in doing all that he could for the cause of his country. In several instances he officiated as chaplain in the army, and he never shunned the dangers to which the soldiers were exposed. The first sermon which he published was addressed to a military company when the French were making inroads upon the northern frontier. His "Election Sermon," which was preached only the year before the breaking out of the Revolutionary war, filled Governor Gage, who was present, with great wrath on account of the boldness of the positions, not to say the air of defiance that pervaded it. Even the preacher's own friends are said to have been surprised at some of the statements which he ventured to make in the Governor's presence. It is said that the sermon was prepared with the expectation that the Governor would not be present; and that when it was ascertained that he would be there to hear it Dr. H. was advised to be cautious in his expressions; but he replied, "My sermon is written, and it will not be altered." In private life Dr. Hitchcock was eminently agreeable, though he had some strongly-marked peculiarities. His presence gave great animation to almost every social circle in which he appeared. "Be merry and wise," was his habitual advice to the young on occasions of joy. There was a familiarity in his manners and conversation not common among clergymen at that day. He was likely to enter into conversation with any person he met in journeying, and would amuse himself in giving and receiving jokes. On his way to Boston he once fell in company with a sailor, and questioned him quite freely concerning his name, residence, business, etc. The sailor, having answered the questions, proposed in his turn similar questions to the Doctor; and the reply was, "My name is Gad Hitchcock, and I belong to Tunk" (the name of his parish). The sailor repeated the three names, and in his own peculiar manner cried out, "Three of the worst names I ever heard!" This retort cheered the old man during all the rest of his journey. At another time he met a sailor in Boston, and asked him if he could box the compass. The answer was, "Yes."—"Let me hear you." The sailor performed correctly. "Now reverse it," said the Doctor. This, too, was done with equal promptness. The sailor then asked what his occupation was, and on being informed that he was a minister asked him if he could repeat certain portions of Scripture; and when the Doctor had repeated them the sailor said, "Now reverse them," greatly to the amusement of the Doctor, who could enjoy such a joke.

Dr. SAMUEL WEST, of Dartmouth, Massachusetts, was one of the celebrities of New England during the latter half of the last century. He worked upon a farm until his twentieth year, when he spent six months in preparing for college, and in 1750 started for Harvard College barefooted, carrying his shoes and stockings under his arm. On being examined for admission, he had a dispute with the Professor in regard to a Greek reading, in which he is said to have carried his point. He was settled in 1761 on a salary of £66 13*s.* 6*d.*, which, small as it was, was not paid. He was twice married. His first wife was very tall, and her Christian name was Experience, a common one at that time. After her death he said he had "learned from *long experience* that it was a good thing to be married," and so he took another wife. He was an ardent patriot from the beginning of the difficulties with England, and was unsparing in his denunciations of those who were unwilling to come out on the side of their country. Immediately after the battle of Bunker Hill he joined the army to do what he could as a minister to keep up the courage of the soldiers, and to promote their welfare. He gained great notoriety by deciphering for General Washington a treasonable letter from Dr. Church to an officer of the British army, a full account of which is contained in Sparks's Writings of Washington. During the Revolutionary war he rendered important service to the country. He was an influential member of the Convention that adopted the Constitution, and it was through his influence that Governor Hancock was induced to give his assent to the adoption of the Federal Constitution.

Dr. West was remarkable for absence of mind. During the sessions of the Convention to adopt