


STANTON, EDWIN M.

DRAWER 10B

CABINET

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Abraham Lincoln's Cabinet

Edwin Stanton (1)

Excerpts from newspapers and other
sources

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Lincoln Financial Foundation Collection

past three days by the
17 Transcripts 4-2-53
SECRETARY STANTON—OUR CAVALRY ADVANCE.
New York, 20th. The Commercial has a despatch that Secretary Stanton has resigned. It is contradicted, however, by another despatch, which states that the matter has been compromised.
The Post has a report from an officer, who left the army of the Potomac on Saturday, that Gen. Stoneman was heard from on Saturday afternoon, that he had reached Culpepper Court House, where 3000 rebels were surprised and captured, and that a number of Harris's light cavalry were captured in a previous skirmish. The story is doubtful.

HEAD QUARTERS, DEPARTMENT OF THE EAST

New York City, Nov 26th 1863

My dear General:

Private Miles had his interview with the Pres. today (Thanksgiving) and the report of it will be in Saturday's Herald. The Cabinet and Foreign Diplomatic Corps were present. Also Gen Halleck & others too numerous to mention -- the life of General Halleck written for Childs & Co. is now in my hands undergoing revision, and will appear in the Herald (so Bennett says) early next week "from proof sheets from the forthcoming 'Lives of the Generals" etc etc, accompanied by an editorial. Bennett as good as acknowledged yest'y. that he had taken a wrong course with regard to the general, - the successes at Chattanooga bringing home conviction of error to his mind.

I very much wish that I could get a permit for a lady named Mrs. O'Neill to visit her husband, a tradesman, at Wilton Head. She has important law business with him which cannot be arranged except jointly. I know Gillmore's friendship would overlook the irregularity of her coming; but there is a provost guard at this end of the line who will let no one on board unless with Secy Stanton's or General Halleck's permission. Can you let me have it? She is a well-bred, highly respectable and well connected American lady, whose friends give me no peace about this night or day.

By the way, what do you think of this stanza? Air "Nora Creina".

Stanton's beard is thick and long
And rough and tough his portly figure,
But his heart is brave and strong
With fierce vitality and vigor!
Work that might a dozen men
Tire to death, he knocks off gaily,
And, with some blunders now and then,
Does true and noble service daily
Oh my Edwin, dread and dear,
Dispensing fount of pay & rations,
Private Miles upon you smiles
"Conformably to regulations!"

In great haste, with most respectful regards to Gen Halleck, and execrations upon Kelton who has not been to see me.

Believe me ever, truly and
Obed'ly your friend and serv't

Chas. G Halpine

Collection of the late Oliver Walscott
of Akron, Ohio.

12/14/62

LETTER
OF
THE SECRETARY OF WAR,
COMMUNICATING,

In answer to a resolution of the Senate of the 10th instant, a complete list of all the major and brigadier generals in the volunteer forces of the United States, showing where and how they were employed on the first day of January, 1865.

JANUARY 30, 1865.—Read, ordered to lie on the table and be printed.

WAR DEPARTMENT,
Washington City, January 28, 1865.

SIR: In reply to the resolution of the Senate, dated January 10, 1865, I transmit herewith the report of the Adjutant General, submitting "a complete list of all the major and brigadier generals in the volunteer forces of the United States," showing where and how they were employed on the first day of January, 1865.

I am, sir, very respectfully, your obedient servant,
EDWIN M. STANTON,
Secretary of War.

Hon. H. HAMLIN,
President United States Senate.

WAR DEPARTMENT,
Adjutant General's Office, Washington, January 28, 1865.

SIR: In compliance with your instructions, I submit herewith "a complete list of all the major and brigadier generals in the volunteer forces of the United States," showing where and how they were employed on the first day of January, 1865, as called for by the Senate resolution, dated January 10, 1865.

I am, sir, very respectfully, your most obedient servant,
E. D. TOWNSEND,
Assistant Adjutant General.

Hon. EDWIN M. STANTON,
Secretary of War.

Item available in the Lincoln Financial Foundation Collection at the
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For contact information, go to www.LincolnCollection.org.

OFFICERS ASSIGNED IN THE QUARTERMASTER'S DEPARTMENT.

LETTER

FROM

THE SECRETARY OF WAR,

IN ANSWER TO

A resolution of the House of the 25th instant, in relation to the assignment of officers under the act for the better organization of the Quartermaster's Department.

JANUARY 30, 1865. —Laid on the table and ordered to be printed.

WAR DEPARTMENT,
Washington City, January 28, 1865.

SIR: In reply to the resolution of the House of Representatives dated the 25th instant, I transmit herewith the report of the Adjutant General, submitting "a list of all officers assigned under the tenth, eleventh and twelfth sections of the 'Act to provide for the better organization of the Quartermaster's Department,' approved July 4, 1864, stating the duty to which each of said officers has been assigned, the rank such assignment entitles him to, and whether selected from the volunteer service or from the regular army, and from what former duty taken."

I am, sir, very respectfully, your obedient servant,

EDWIN M. STANTON, *Secretary of War.*

Hon. SCHUYLER COLFAX,
Speaker of the House of Representatives.

WAR DEPARTMENT,
Adjutant General's Office, Washington, January 28, 1865.

SIR: I respectfully submit herewith "a list of all officers assigned under the tenth, eleventh and twelfth sections of the 'Act to provide for the better organization of the Quartermaster's Department,' approved July 4, 1864, stating the duty to which each of said officers has been assigned, the rank such assignment entitles him to, and whether selected from the volunteer service or from the regular army, and from what former duty taken," called for by a resolution of the House of Representatives, dated January 25, 1865.

I am, sir, very respectfully, your most obedient servant,

E. D. TOWNSEND,
Assistant Adjutant General.

Hon. EDWIN M. STANTON, *Secretary of War.*

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OFFICERS IN THE SUBSISTENCE DEPARTMENT.

LETTER

FROM

THE SECRETARY OF WAR,

IN ANSWER TO

A resolution of the House of 25th instant, transmitting a list of the officers in the subsistence department.

FEBRUARY 2, 1865.—Laid on the table and ordered to be printed.

WAR DEPARTMENT,
Washington City, January 31, 1865.

SIR: In answer to the resolution of the House of Representatives of the 25th instant, I have the honor to transmit herewith a copy of a report of the Commissary General of Subsistence, accompanied by "a list of the officers in the subsistence department, showing severally their rank, where each of them is employed, and how long they have been thus respectively employed."

Very respectfully, your obedient servant,

E. M. STANTON,
Secretary of War.

Hon. SCHUYLER COLFAX,
Speaker of the House of Representatives.

OFFICE COMMISSARY GENERAL OF SUBSISTENCE,
Washington City, January 31, 1865.

SIR: I have the honor, in compliance with your instructions of the 26th instant, and in conformity with the resolution of the House of Representatives of the 25th instant, to submit a list of the officers of the subsistence department, showing severally their rank and where each of them is employed, and how long they have been thus respectively employed.

The list is made up principally from the monthly personal reports of the officers of the department for the month of December, 1864. I have added, in a column of remarks, so far as has been practicable, the nature of the duties performed by each officer.

With great respect, your most obedient servant,

A. B. EATON,
Commissary General of Subsistence.

Hon. EDWIN M. STANTON,
Secretary of War.

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HALSTEAD REFUTED

His Own Words Brought Forward
to Prove

THE FALLIBILITY OF HIS JUDGMENT.

His Criticism of Gen. Sherman and His
Denunciation of Lincoln and Ham-
lin and of Grant During
the War.

WASHINGTON, May 9.—George C. Gorham, who is engaged in editing the letters and papers of the late Secretary Stanton and writing a life of that distinguished official, has written an open letter to Murat Halstead, in answer to the one which Halstead wrote to the Cincinnati Commercial-Gazette, April 23d, devoted to a defense of the terms agreed on between Gen. Sherman and the rebel Gen. Joe Johnston, in April, 1865, and which was brought out by a letter recently addressed by Gorham to Senator Sherman on the same subject. In his letter Halstead said: "The truth is, Mr. Stanton was wrong also—excited out of reason. His paper on the subject of Johnston's surrender shows that his mind was ~~the~~ more inflamed than that of Senator Sherman's." And again: "Stanton was imperious and alarmed, and revengeful."

Whereupon Mr. Gorham reproduces various criticisms made by Halstead upon public men and officers in the war to show that his judgment of men is not always infallible. "For even you have been known to set aside that calm judicial frame of mind in which you now censure Stanton for differing with Gen. Sherman."

The editorials in the Cincinnati Commercial of April 24 and 28, 1865, upon the Sherman-Johnson terms of surrender, are quoted. In them Mr. Halstead said: "That he (Sherman) committed a mistake in his peace negotiations is clear enough. He ought to have destroyed Johnston's army or have forced its surrender on terms similar to those granted by Lee."

Halstead's charge in the Commercial (December 11, 1861) that Gen. Sherman had become insane and his letter to Secretary Chase, (February 19, 1863), in which he denounced Grant as "foolish, drunken and stupid," and asked Chase if he could not "take Lincoln, by the threat and knock his head against a wall until he is brought to his senses on the war business." "I do not speak wantonly when I say there are persons who would feel that it was doing service to kill him, if it were not feared that Hamlin is a bigger fool than he is" are quoted to sustain Mr. Gorham's closing paragraph: "The world's opinion does not concern with these expressions of yours concerning either Lincoln or Grant. It is just as likely to dissent from your opinion concerning Edwin M. Stan-
ton."

JULY 21, 1865.

Albany Journal

SECRETARY STANTON AND MRS. SURRATT.

Another Falsehood against the Secretary Exploded.

FATHER WALTER AND GEN. HARDIE—THE REVEREND FATHER AND THE TRIBUNE CORRESPONDENT SHOWN UP.

WASHINGTON, July 20.

To the Agent of the Associated Press:

SIR:—Referring to the special despatch to the N. Y. Tribune from Washington, of the 16th inst., published in the issue of that journal of the 17th, relating to the circumstances attending the issue of a pass to the Rev. Mr. Walter to attend Mrs. Surratt, I beg to state that the facts in the case are as follows:

On the 6th inst., the Rev. Mr. Walter called at the War Department, and asked for a pass to attend Mrs. Surratt in the military prison, saying, if I am not mistaken, she had expressed a desire to see him. I submitted the request to the Secretary of War, who at once said that a pass might be given.

Neither the Rev. Dr. Walter nor myself then knew of the approval of the sentence of the Commission in the case of Mrs. Surratt.

I sent Dr. Walter a pass; but afterwards, fearing that the pass signed by myself might not, under the circumstances, be accepted by the officer in charge of the prison, in order that there might be no possibility of a disappointment in the admission of a clergyman to afford the necessary spiritual services, I sent Mr. Barry, a clerk in my office, to see Dr. Walter, to tell him it would be better not to go on the pass sent; but that I would again see the Secretary of War, and as he had assented to the visit of the clergyman to the prisoners, I would get a pass signed by himself, as otherwise there was a possibility of his being put to the trouble of going to the prison without being enabled to secure admission.

It was also a part of my design that Mr. Barry should impress on the mind of Rev. Dr. Walter the necessity of good faith in the use of the pass. After thus sending Mr. Barry to Father Walter, I went to the Secretary of War and asked his own signature to a pass, as referred to above. Upon his signing which, I said to him I was confident the pass would be used solely for the purpose for which it was asked, a professional visit to administer the sacraments and prepare the prisoner to be fitted for death. Upon Mr. Barry's return from Rev. Dr. Walter, he informed me of the violent and excited language of Father Walter in regard to the trial and its results, which he, Mr. Walter, had uttered after leaving the War Department.

On this I went myself to see Rev. Dr. Walter to caution him as his well wisher and as a friend of the church, and in my private capacity, entirely with regard to the use of language so inflammatory as that which he had indulged in at this time of great public excitement. I introduced the conversation by stating that what he had said had made an impression on the mind of my messenger, who had repeated his remarks to me.

I explained to him, as I said above, that there might be a possibility of his not getting into the prison on my pass, and that I had, therefore, asked the Secretary of War for a pass signed by himself, upon giving which I said I was confident it would not be used for any other purpose than that for which it was asked, and I wanted him, Mr. Walter, to be so governed as that I would be safe in the assertion I had made.

Mr. Walter had displayed so much excitement and temper that it was a duty of charity on my part, in view of all the circumstances, to endeavor to induce him to pursue a more discreet course, and to counsel him to be silent, as became his place, on these topics. I asked him, in a friendly and kindly way, to promise me that he would desist from talking about the matter.

Mr. Walter's convictions as to the innocence of the prisoner or the use of any proper efforts, relieving her to be innocent, to prevent her execution, were not made matters of objection. It was to the inflammatory character and effects of his observations at this period, when the public mind was agitated, that my attention was directed. Unnecessary, idle and angry discussion and harangues could not but be mischievous, just at this moment. The conversation was not at all official, but of a private and individual character.

My motives were laudable. They were to restrain imprudent and mischievous discussions and to insure the use of the pass to be given in the faith intended when it was signed. The visit was not suggested by the Secretary of War or even known to him until the present time. On this point, after what I had said, I do not see how Mr. Walter could have misunderstood me, as being prompted by instructions in my conversation. In replying to me, the Rev. Mr. Walter was very violent and generally denunciatory.

The range of this conversation was quite wide. He harangued upon the Administration and the Rebellion, and dwelt with bitterness upon what he called military tyranny, &c. He said, probably all that he is represented in the 4th paragraph of the article in question, as having said, and very much more than a loyal citizen or person of common sense would.

During all this time I was endeavoring to counsel moderation, instructing him against his expressions, and enjoining prudence. I do not know that I sought to patronize the Rev. Dr. Walter at all, and the phrases which alluded to this and the indignant rejoinder of Father Walter, do not bring to mind the recollection of the scene described.

I did not tell Father Walter that he could not have a pass if he did not promise to say nothing of Mrs. Surratt's innocence; annoyed by what he had said, I was about, however, to leave the room, and to defer giving him the pass, remarking, "I will send you word as to the pass in two hours," when he said, "I promise." I intended, within the two hours, to see the Secretary of War and say to him that I was convinced, after what had taken place, that Father Walter was not in the proper disposition and frame of mind to be a suitable religious attendant upon the prisoner; and that, under the circumstances, the services of another Priest should be procured for her instead.

When he, Mr. Walter, said "I promise," satisfied that he had determined to be governed by the consideration of prudence I had suggested, and believing he would perform what he had undertaken, I gave him a pass; nor did I, when I designed to withdraw from Mr. Walter without giving him a pass, by any means intend that his acts should have the effect to deprive the prisoner of the services of a clergyman. My view, on the contrary, was only that some other priest should go; in fact another did go beside Mr. Walter.

It has been my fortune to be the means of sending the clergy to many during the war, who needed their services, and I never threw a straw in the way of any clergyman, of any faith, visiting a penitent, loyal or disloyal, living or dying, when their services were called for. I could not see a person of my own creed dying without giving every assistance in my power to procure the attendance of a priest.

With regard to the denials of passes to Mr. Walter to visit the prisoner when ill, referred to in the last paragraph of the article in question, Father Walter stated to my messenger that he had been requested by Mrs. Surratt, shortly after she was arrested and since, to visit her, but he had refused to do so notwithstanding, not desiring to have his name connected with it until after the trial was over.

I did not seek to meddle with Mr. Walter's convictions as to the innocence of Mrs. Surratt, nor did I attempt to restrain him from any proper efforts to bring his convictions to notice in quarters where his representations might be of avail.

So far from this, an hour or two after the conversation referred to, when he called on me at the War Department and told me that he could not get admittance with the daughter of the prisoner to the Executive Mansion, and asking for my assistance, I gave him a card to the Acting Military Secretary of the President,

asking that gentleman to see the Rev. Dr. Walter, trusting that this means would assist him in getting his case before the Executive.

In conclusion, I distinctly assert that the Secretary of War expressly and readily assented to the visit of a Catholic clergyman to Mrs. Surratt. He made no condition as to any conviction of the clergyman as to the guilt or innocence of the prisoner, or as to anything he might say on the subject.

(Signed) JAMES A. HARDIE,
Insp. Gen. and Brev. Brig. Gen. U. S. A.

The Latest Falsehood Against Secretary Stanton Exploded.

Secretary STANTON is, by all odds, the best abused man in the Republic. He has, from time to time, been accused of almost every crime in the calendar, and held responsible for every misfortune which has befallen the country and the army from the beginning of the war to the present moment. It has been of no avail that every accusation has been speedily followed by a complete vindication. With an inexplicable fatuity and malignity, new assaults have followed every new exposure, and detraction has only seemed to find new vitality with every refutation.

The latest and most malignant accusation was the charge recently made, with great positiveness and particularity, that Mr. STANTON had refused a pass to Father WALTER, a Catholic priest in Washington, to visit Mrs. SURRATT, "unless he would pledge himself not to proclaim his convictions of her innocence." This charge was made the basis of the most bitter criticisms upon his humanity. And if the charge had been true, these criticisms would have been just; for only a very bad man would seek to interfere with the functions or convictions of the spiritual adviser of the condemned or dying. But the charge was false—in all its length, breadth and enormity. Not only was no such restriction imposed, but Mr. STANTON gave a ready and cheerful assent to the request that the miserable woman might have spiritual counsel in her last hours. The statement of Gen. HARDIE, (himself a Catholic) which we publish, is full, clear and explicit, and furnishes a complete and triumphant vindication of the Secretary.

But this will not shut the mouths of Mr. STANTON'S enemies. New accusations will follow, so long as he shall discharge his official duties with his accustomed promptness, fearlessness and independence.

J WRIGHT

Sell John Hay to Stanton

July 26 1865 from Paris

(Excerpt from *Journal of Emerson* Feb 1940)

"Not every one knows as I do how

~~close you stood~~ (Excerpt)

"If any human names are to have
the glory of this victory, it belongs to you among
the very few who stood by the side of him
who had gone to his better reward, and never
faltered in your trust in God and the people.
Not everyone knows as I do how

close you stood to our lost leader
how he loved you and trusted you.
and how vain were all the efforts
to shake that trust and confidence
not lightly given and never withdrawn
and this will be known sometime of
course to his honor and yours.

'Let Stanton alone, he is on our side,' was some time ago whispered by the Radical business manager, J. W. F., to a Radical friend, who like all the rest of the world outside of the clique of radical wire pullers, was abusing the Secretary of War. This expression was regarded as significant. It was then whispered. It is now openly proclaimed by one of the 'two newspapers, both daily,' that the Secretary of War is the acknowledged representative of the radical faction in the Cabinet of the President. It has long been a cause of wonder to honest people how Mr. Stanton could consent to remain in a position where he was evidently neither wanted nor needed. This however, was a matter to be settled with his own not over tender conscience. It was long ago suspected, and for some time past it has been known that he was there only in the capacity of a secret detective of the radical faction and a worker of all possible mischief to the administration and the government.

Mischief in fact appears to be the natural avocation of this 'Carnot of the mighty revolution.' His whole career in and out of office has been simply a record of mischievous acts and mischievous advice. He seems to delight to revel in wrong doing, and to find his chiefest pleasure in producing pain and disaster. When the rebellion was only as a little cloud not bigger than a man's hand on the horizon, this new Carnot clapped his hands with glee and welcomed the sign of coming troubles. He was then fresh from the cabinet of President Buchanan, whose legal adviser he was when the rebellion was fomented. It will not be soon forgotten how earnestly he marshaled John C. Breckinridge in the way that he was going and commended his purpose to engage in the rebellion; nor will it soon cease to be a matter of historic record how fervently he bade 'God speed' to Senator Brown as he was leaving the Senate to join the rebels, and expressed the deepest sympathy in the cause of the South, declaring it was 'right and ought to succeed.'

There is a strange affinity that brings together men of like principles and purposes. Mr. Stanton at that time had an attraction towards the men who were going South to destroy the government.— He remained only to find an affinity here with the men from the North who would like him, rule or ruin the best government ever erected by men. His whole career has been marked by signal examples of this mischievous disposition. The tendency of all his acts and even of all his advice has been to the establishment of a pure military despotism.

While Mr. Cameron was Secretary of War it was proposed that he should be clothed with despotic powers. The consent of the President and Cabinet was required by Mr. Cameron, although he believed that with such authority he would be able to bring the war to a successful termination in a few months.— The consent of the Cabinet or even of the President, would not have been suf-

assume the powers proposed. In the meantime the Republican party in Congress began to be jealous of Mr. Lincoln. They had already begun to thrust forward Salmon P. Chase as their next candidate for the presidency. Mr. Lincoln was in favor of prosecuting the war for the restoration of the Union. The leaders of the Republican party, with the student of Caesar's Commentaries and Mother Goose's melodies at their head, had become anxious only for the safety of the Republican party. The war plans of McClellan were progressing too rapidly for them. A republican vigilance committee, under the cognomen of a Committee on the Conduct of the War, had been organized. It had begun to budger President Lincoln and to hamper the General-in-Chief of the army. The latter in his distress at this political interference with his operations was induced to consult with Mr. Stanton, who advised him to 'march his army into Washington and declare himself dictator.' The advice was startling but it was not followed.

The next step was the appointment of Mr. Stanton to the War Office. The Congressional Vigilance Committee had notified President Lincoln that on the morrow Mr. Cameron must be deposed. This demand implied a defeat of the needed appropriations if not complied with. The Secretary of the Treasury was in despair. At a late hour of the night before the appointment was made, attention was accidentally called to Mr. Stanton. Although he had emphatically declared that he would not accept any official position in the administration of a Republican President he was prevailed upon to accept the war office.

He had no sooner become installed in this position than he began to put in practice the advice he had given to Gen. McClellan. The despotism which Mr. Cameron had modestly declined to exercise without authority from the President and his Cabinet, Stanton unhesitatingly assumed. He joined hands with the Republican Congressional Vigilance committee. President Lincoln was ignored. McClellan was in the way. The Republican Vigilance Committee did not want him to take Richmond. It would have put the Republican party back twenty years. In this emergency the new Secretary of War came to the rescue. A personal visit from the Secretary of War, under cover of a dark, rainy night, and a direct order, compelled McDowell to fall back from his position at Fredericksburg, and allow Stonewall Jackson to fall upon McClellan's unprotected right wing, and by dint of a superior rebel force, to drive him to Harrison's Landing. Richmond and the Republican party were saved. This act of treachery to the army and to the country was the seal of the compact between the Secretary of War and the Radical factionists in Congress. From that moment he has belonged to them, although the alliance was kept secret until announced authoritatively by the Chronicle a few days ago. They are heartily welcome to the accession.

"Washington Oct 26, 1869

"Dear Friend

"Mrs. Stanton : & I regret that we are not able to attend the ceremony of your daughters marriage. To her, and the companion of her life whom she has selected and upon whom she has bestowed the affections of her heart we wish every happiness and blessing - may they in mutual love experience all the happiness that belongs to our earthly state and thereby add to the joy & comfort of Mrs. Simpson & yourself. With continuing regard I am

"Your friend

"Edwin M. Stanton"

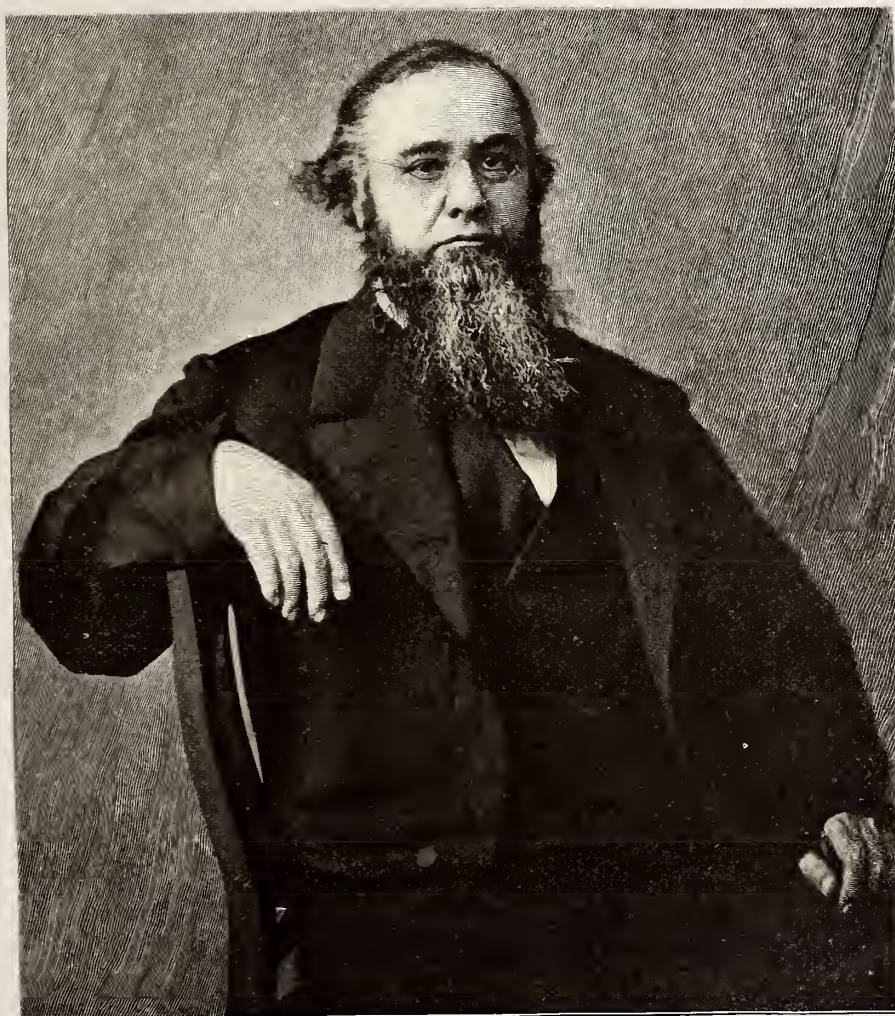
"At Rev Bishop Simpson"

Seey Stanton

Wood Lanyon tells how Lincoln happened to support Stanton
in Decr - 1851 -- Seey chose - talked with Lincoln about Trust
offer and Lincoln asked if any prominent Democrat had
expressed opinion on issue. Lanyon says Stanton
suggested Lincoln unless - circumvent would -
"would have nothing to do with the thing around Tony
Lanyon's office" - See Stanton would like to see him.

Truapp, New York 6 1877

[Washington correspondent of Four Republicans]



EDWIN M. STANTON.
Secretary of War from January, 1862, to May, 1868.

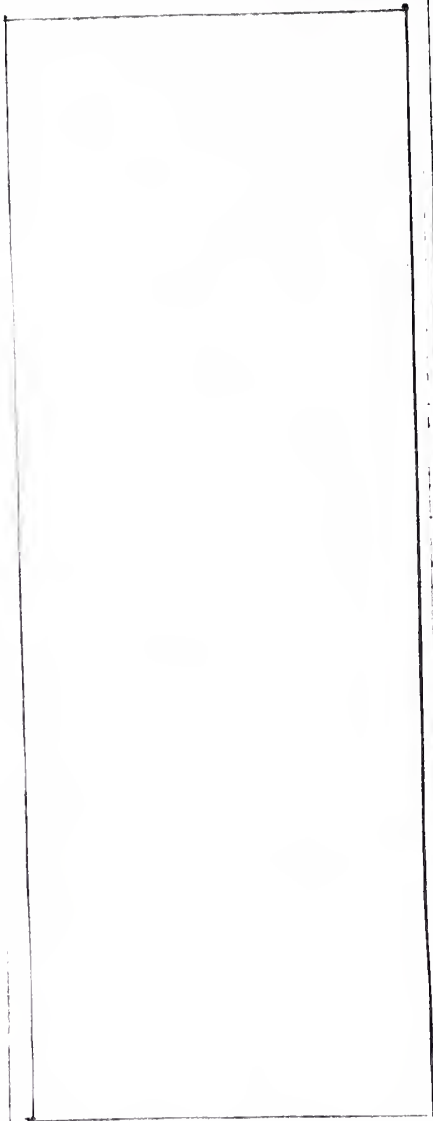


Edwin M. Stanton

(From his last photograph, October, 1868.)
[Filson and Son, Steubenville, O.]

Edwin M. Stanton.

Harper's Magazine.
October 1872.



EDWIN M. STANTON.

AT the time Mr. Stanton died he was probably the object of more bitter personal hatred, and therefore the victim of grosser misrepresentation as regards his real character, than any of his contemporaries. Nor has death, which proverbially tempers and finally destroys personal animosities, up to this time materially softened this intense dislike on the part of his enemies, for his memory has been pursued with ruthless cruelty beyond the grave. He died surrounded by the members of his devoted family, and received, up to the last moment, the constant professional attention of his warm personal friend, the Surgeon-General

of the United States army, and the religious consolation of his chosen pastor; yet it has been published, and by some believed, that Mr. Stanton, borne down by remorse of conscience, found life unendurable, and, to escape its torments, filled a suicide's grave.

Mr. Stanton, as Secretary of War, held the most responsible position under Mr. Lincoln's administration, and he was throughout the term of his office vehemently in earnest; but there were other men just as sincere and just as determined, who went through the trying ordeal without provoking such personal animosity, or having the purity of their motives questioned. There must have been, therefore, some constitutional or acquired peculiarity of character, which invited and fostered unjust criticism, created opposition, and made great masses of people, in spite of Mr. Stanton's admitted devotion to his country, incapable of appreciating his real character and unparalleled services.

It was a great misfortune to Mr. Stanton that he was not, in the American sense, popular; that this was not so, marred his personal comfort, embarrassed his usefulness as a statesman and an administrative officer, and, undoubtedly, more or less embittered his sensitive mind. As much as we may affect to be above worldly applause, the assumption is groundless that any one can ever be wholly indifferent to personal sympathy, for it is a proper incentive and a just reward to every honest statesman and hard-working official of any grade to know that his services are kindly spoken of and justly appreciated.

Mr. Stanton's lack of this grateful recognition while he lived grew out of causes which are worthy of investigation, and which, being pointed out, may serve as rocks for succeeding American statesmen to avoid; since, most unfortunately for our country, too many of our "modern great men" have Mr. Stanton's infirmities of character, without the slightest claim to his intellectual abilities, conscientious fidelity, and devoted patriotism.

Mr. Stanton's permanent residence in the city of Washington was forced upon him against his will. His constantly increasing practice, as he approached the meridian splendor of his legal attainments, finally occupied all his time before the Supreme Court of the United States. On his arrival at the national capital he quietly procured an unostentatious suit of rooms, and putting on the door-post to their street entrance the modest and well-worn sign he brought from Steubenville, Ohio, he was prepared for business; and the sign was never taken down while Mr. Stanton lived. It was in this culminating era of his studious life (1859), when nothing but the absorbing routine of a lawyer's life interested him, that he was one morning, while in his office, and always be-

fore his clerks made their appearance, confronted by a tall, ungainly-looking Western man, who, upon holding out his hand, was first greeted with a look from those strange, dreamy eyes which habitually glanced through Mr. Stanton's spectacles, and the next instant Abraham Lincoln and Edwin M. Stanton warmly greeted each other. They were associate counsel in the great "McCormick Reaper Case," which at the time, from the large pecuniary interest involved, attracted public attention.

How little these two men at that instant understood the mighty future in which they were to be associated as prominent actors! But Providence ordained that in this humble and unromantic way Mr. Lincoln should become intimately acquainted with the sympathetic heart, unflinching patriotism, and iron firmness of Mr. Stanton, upon which last-named quality Mr. Lincoln, in the darkest hours of his tribulations at the White House, was destined to lean for support.

It would be sadly interesting, now that both these men sleep in the grave, if the casual conversations of Mr. Lincoln and Mr. Stanton at this time could be read by living men. It is not difficult to imagine how Mr. Lincoln's common-sense and practical knowledge of the value of the McCormick reaper, which had aided so much in the development of the wealth of the prairies of Illinois, illuminated the hard, dry, legal experience of Mr. Stanton, and gave the Washington attorney new views of the relations and dependencies of practical farming life with jurisprudence. It was, no doubt, at this time that Mr. Lincoln discovered that Mr. Stanton, though, like himself, a native of a Slave State, "was always an abolitionist."

To appreciate Mr. Stanton thoroughly, and truly understand his real character, we must for an instant refer to the very commencement of his intellectual life. From his boyhood to the end of his earthly career he was remarkable for his untiring industry, which accounts for the fact that, after being admitted to the practice of the law, in ten years (though coming daily in contact with the best legal minds of the nation) he was acknowledged to be at the head of his profession. Ten years later this position was so thoroughly recognized that, as we have already stated, his business before the United States Supreme Court occupied his entire time.

All this was accomplished at the sacrifice of his health. The providing of nutritious food, of regular hours of refreshment, of proper rest at night, and of judicious relaxation from toil, Mr. Stanton never regarded as of the least importance, if it interfered with his professional pursuits. A constitution naturally the very best would, under such constant outrage, give way. And what a catalogue of ills did

Mr. Stanton thus entail upon himself! And who can imagine the long, lingering hours of suffering, including days and years, resulting from these abuses of the natural laws of our existence? But there also naturally followed a distaste for general society, since he had no time to enjoy it; and he underestimated the value of personal popularity.

Suddenly there was a revolution in public sentiment. Aroused by the distant rumbling of the approaching storm, Mr. Buchanan, at the eleventh hour, called upon Mr. Stanton to accept a seat in his cabinet. Mr. Stanton's instinctive patriotism was as true as the needle to the pole. He took a place in the President's cabinet, and opposed the surrender of Fort Sumter. He battled for the right, on every measure, with the courage of a patriot, and the intelligence of a cultivated and comprehensive mind. Mr. Buchanan went out of office, and Mr. Stanton returned to his dusty tomes; but their charm was gone. A new revelation had worked its way to his logical, grasping mind. An appeal from his country to be saved to liberty had touched his soul with the spear of Ithuriel. The claims which bound him to the law fell to pieces. He sighed for more active life. Labor for his clients would fill his purse; but he owed every thing to his country, and he desired to devote himself to her salvation.

To obtain the gratification of his newly acquired ambition, if Mr. Stanton had been obliged to go through the discipline of seeking a nomination for office from the people, and winning his place by pliance to the voters, he might possibly have worn off some of the unhappy manner which made him so many enemies; but he reached the apex of sublime political power through the aristocratic channel of appointment, the only opening to him for official position. Once Secretary of War, the natural industry, the ceaseless energy, and the firmness of purpose which had won for him his legal triumphs characterized the administration of his new office. But it was the flashing up of the rays of the sun before it sets. With the burden and responsibility of keeping a million of men in the field, he was a confirmed invalid, suffering from painful, lingering bodily infirmities, which made him irritable, impatient, and, to the superficial observer, out of humor with himself and the world.

Relieved of all responsibility but the performance of his new duties, the necessity of conciliating the public was forgotten. He knew nothing but to carry on the vast machinery of his office; and to do this he sacrificed and—except to a few—disregarded all the usual amenities of social life. He could have been equally earnest in saving the country, equally hostile to the grasping

tail upon himself! And the long, lingering hours of days and years, re- abuses of the natural e? But there also nat- staste for general socie- time to enjoy it; and he value of personal popu-

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army contractor, equally denunciatory of the shirking officer who was in Washington when needed in the front, equally condem- natory of all who failed in the hour of need to do their duty, and been popular; but he felt the necessity of this appreciation when it was too late, and he went on, did his duty nobly, and continued to be misrepresented and misconceived to the melancholy end.

The charm of a kind manner in our public men—who can fully comprehend its value? The recipient of rudeness knows none of the palliating secrets which give rise to the heartless rebuff, the cold look, the chilling stare. Suffering under the infliction of dis- appointed pride, the indignant constituent does not see or understand the causes of this discourtesy; and the ambitious poli- tician, all unconscious of the fact, has made an enemy for life. The days of Mr. Clay's courtly manners and Mr. Van Buren's bland attentions have passed away. Both of these men would recall faces and names of persons to whom they were introduced a score of years before, and whom they had never met again in all that time. They inquired after the health and interests of their humblest constituents and casual acquaintances with the earnestness of sanguine friends; they made those who came within the circle of their voice remember them kindly, and com- pelled them to go away under the impression that they were personally of some importance to these remarkable men. Of Clay it was said that he made an active friend for life, even when he refused a solicited favor; of John Quincy Adams that he most frequently made a bitter foe of the person to whom he granted one.

When Mr. Stanton's nomination for Secre- tary of War was sent to the Senate by Mr. Lincoln, the faces of many of the earnest friends of the President blanched with sur- prise that Mr. Stanton, a "life-long Demo- crat," should be thus honored. At this criti- cal moment, when it seemed to many ear- nest men as if the very foundations upon which were erected the fabric of the gov- ernment were giving way, when it appear- ed to others as if Mr. Lincoln himself had lost confidence in the future and his friends, then it was that Mr. Sumner rose in his place, and calmly meeting the bewildered gaze of the members on his own side of the Senate, and defiantly challenging the hardly concealed triumph of the opposition, with an emphasis and manner that made him the impersonation of fate, said:

"I urge that confirmation. Mr. Stanton, within my knowledge, is one of us."

Then commenced Mr. Stanton's career as a public man. His triumphs before the courts had affected only a limited circle. Outside of his gratified clients and a very few personal friends he was comparatively unknown; but henceforth the eyes of the

country and the world were upon him. And what a history does that short public life present!

The manner of Mr. Stanton's intercourse with the general public while he was Secre- tary of War, up to the time of Lee's surren- der, was repellent. He had so much work to perform, so much responsibility constant- ly to assume, that he had no time to think of aught else; and he seemed to feel that every one who even addressed him occupied a precious moment of time that could be more profitably employed. He acted like one out of humor with the ordinary methods of giving and receiving ideas. And laboring under the constant feeling that he had not half the time he desired to do his work, he fretted under the infliction, and probably found some apparent relief in venting his ir- ritation on those who came into his presence. He was such a terrible task-master to him- self that he never thought of the feelings of others. He was successful—why should others fail? He was quick of perception—why should any be dull? He never wanted relaxation—who should complain of being everwrought? During the greater part of the war he defied the demands of nature for repose. Through the livelong day he would toil in his office, and when the multitudes were gone, would labor on until two and three o'clock in the morning, snatching a few moments for sleep, to be again at work at early dawn.

Commanding the ablest assistants the na- tion afforded, as secretaries, these one after another breke down under the protracted labor demanded by him, and inspired by his own example. He turned the library of the War Department into a telegraph- office; a corps of clerks relieved each other every few hours in receiving and sending messages. Mr. Stanton read these messages and dictated their answers—and they num- bered hundreds a day—as a mere incident of the routine of his daily work. What time had he for the amenities of life?

The real character of Mr. Stanton, howev- er, was exactly the reverse of that which was presented to the outside world. He was a man, by nature, of the finest sensibilities, where he could indulge them without sacri- ficing his sense of justice. In this last qual- ity he was literally of Roman firmness. The few who knew him intimately were attached to him by ties of the warmest friendship and admiration. The simplicity of his nat- ural manner made him fond of children, and he would relax in their presence, and charm them by his freedom. After General Grant was President elect, Mr. Stanton, with others, made an excursion to Fortress Monroe. On the steamer he sat apart from the gay throng of excursionists, absorbed in his own thoughts, this temporary relief from care probably only forcing upon him a keener sense of his ill

health. Presently he made the acquaintance of a bright little girl some four years old, and so charmed the child by his efforts to please her that the little innocent was content with no other company. The result was that this demonstrative friendship brought the father of the child and Mr. Stanton into conversation. The result was that the most powerful journalist of the opposition press and the severest toward Mr. Stanton throughout the war became a personal friend of the great Secretary.

The only relaxation Mr. Stanton indulged in while Secretary was characteristic of the natural amiability of his nature. Every morning he appeared in the street with a basket on his arm, intent upon doing his own marketing. On this important occasion he was wont to throw aside the cares of his official position. He walked slowly, and if ever, when out-of-doors, he indulged in a moment of gossip, or gave expression to the language of courtesy, it was on this journey to and from the market. Having selected his dealer, he gave the man his patronage, and this person was probably the only man in Washington who had no hesitation in saying what he pleased to Mr. Stanton, with the certainty of being patiently listened to, and getting a kind answer in return. Very little examination into the under-currents of Mr. Stanton's life will show how little he was really understood, not only by his enemies, but by the majority of his personal friends.

A visitor at Washington going to the War Department will find on the second-story range of offices a small room, possibly fifteen by twenty feet in dimensions, over the entrance of which he will find the figures "19," and in addition the words, "West Point Academy." This small office was through the war a point of the grandest interest; it was Mr. Stanton's public reception-room. The furniture was of the simplest kind, consisting of one or two lounges, some chairs, and a high office desk, situated in the rear of the room, and directly opposite its entrance. The room was punctually opened at ten A.M., and was soon filled with an audience of excited people, generally made up of claim agents, contractors, friends of rebel prisoners asking for exchange, "army widows," anxious relatives of wounded and missing soldiers, unimportant United States Senators and Representatives, who were not allowed interviews at Mr. Stanton's private office.

Mr. Stanton, accompanied by an amanuensis, made his appearance punctually at eleven o'clock. His approach was always heralded by the noise of the rapidly disappearing feet of messengers and idlers, who were by some fascination always hanging about the vicinity.

Mr. Stanton passed on to and behind the

high desk without recognizing any one, and having poised himself, he cast a glance around the room which, while it sent a cold chill through the very bones of the speculators in the sufferings of the war, gave assurance of succor and redress to the widows and wounded soldiers.

Instantly a tall gentleman, supported by a bundle of papers, fawning and gushing, but with very weak knees and a stereotyped smile, would approach, and, with a vulgar salute of presumed familiarity, would hurriedly utter, "Good-morning, Mr. Secretary; fine morning, Sir."

Mr. Stanton would give a nervous twitch as the familiar voice met his ear, and, turning abruptly to the speaker, would growl between his teeth:

"Sit down, Sir. I'll attend to you by-and-by." And Mr. Senator Mealy-mouth, with his papers about some "job," would disappear.

Next, in presumed importance, a gentleman with a brand-new suit of military clothing, glistening like an ignited pin-wheel with stars and stripes:

"My card, Mr. Secretary—Major-General Brassbutts."

Mr. Stanton would turn on the new speaker like a tiger at bay, would examine the caricature of Mars from head to foot, and thunder out:

"Come, Sir; what are you doing in Washington? If you are not needed at the front, I'll see about mustering you out." General Brassbutts would gasp for breath, and his capacious boots, less sensitive than the man, would retain self-possession enough to carry the discomfited soldier from the field.

Consternation would now reign supreme in the room; even the widows and wounded soldiers would grow pale. When they beheld such great men as Senators and generals in good health so suddenly squelched out, they naturally asked themselves, "What is to become of us?"

By this time Mr. Stanton literally had his audience in hand; no one was now venturesome enough to obtrude especially his person or wants upon his notice; so, at his leisure, he would glance around the room, then suddenly stopping to examine attentively a sick or wounded soldier, the poor fellow would attempt to rise from his seat in acknowledgment of the honor, when Mr. Stanton would mildly, musically say, "Keep your seat, my good man." And the iron Secretary would leave his place, walk over to the silent but eloquent applicant for relief, and taking him kindly by the hand, would ask, "What brings you here?"

The story was the same so often told. Soldier in one of the Washington hospitals, suffering from a severe wound; can not identify himself, as his regiment is on the move, and no descriptive list can be obtained.

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Can consequently get no pay, draw no clothing; wants a furlough, and leave to go home. The hospital regulations keep him with the strictest severity in the narrow whitewashed walls, which have now become more offensive than a prison.

Order from Mr. Stanton. Advance of two months' pay, transportation home, and thirty days' furlough.

Soldier retires, his face beaming with satisfaction, and realizing keenly for the first time that he has a country worth fighting for, and men in the government who have a paternal care for its defenders.

"What do you desire?" would be Mr. Stanton's next question, addressed to one who was a soldier's widow or a soldier's mother, seeking information of relatives lost in the great national struggle.

"It is impossible, madam, to serve you as we could wish.—Take down the name of the soldier asked for, and see what can be done."

And thus, in relieving the suffering, was this precious public hour consumed which Mr. Stanton remorselessly appropriated of the short-lived day, every moment of which, however industriously occupied, failed to meet the pressing responsibilities which each instant accumulated to challenge his personal notice. At the instant of twelve o'clock the audience ended. Contractors and rebel sympathizers had been overlooked.

Unreasonable requests with an aching heart he refused to gallant men, but kindly words of praise and hopes of promotion he gave to all, however humble, who were worthy of their country's gratitude; nor did he ever forget to say (circumstances favoring) that the soldier should remember that he fought to sustain no State lines or State laws, but offered himself as a defender of the whole country, one and indivisible.

Is it not possible to imagine that a man situated as Mr. Stanton was could be curt and harsh with some excuse? The fearful infringement on his time by place-hunters for army promotion, more frequently than any other thing, stung him to indignation.

A "Congressman elect" from one of the largest States, in the budding pride of his newly fledged position, made his appearance at Washington as an applicant for the promotion of a volunteer colonel from his—the Congressman's—district to the more commanding position of a brigadier-general. The capital, turned into a military post, afforded no opportunity for the display of Congressional importance, and the Congressman elect, after a few days' experience, became satisfied that his personal and official consequence became small by degrees and beautifully less just in proportion to his distance from home. But he was an indefatigable man. He had forced himself on his constituents, and he decided to force himself into the notice of the obdurate Secretary of War.

Long waitings in the anteroom, kept up with unfaltering pertinacity, at last gained an audience with the arbiter of military fate. Stanton listened impatiently—heard but little of the introductory remarks; but when the request came to commission a new brigadier-general, an expression of disgust and ill-concealed anger flashed across his face.

"Another brigadier!" he slowly unuttered; and then, with his peculiar bitterness, he added, "I wish the whole army was composed of brigadiers; we wouldn't have any draft riots then."

With this significant remark, "the papers of recommendation" were received, and, as was often the case, consigned to a dusty pigeon-hole—that official grave in the national capital of so many recommendations.

After "duly waiting," and perceiving no favorable result, the fledgeling Congressman, in accordance with custom, appealed to the man of untold sorrows who occupied the White House. Here pertinacious efforts were so far successful as to secure from Mr. Lincoln the indorsement that, "as a matter of judicious policy, I think it would be well to grant this application; therefore let the appointment be made."

This seeming order was sent over to the War Department; and under a tacit but not arranged agreement existing between the kind-hearted President and his ever-faithful Secretary, that the latter should, except in special cases, have control of his department, the order was deposited along with the other similarly indorsed papers in the obscurity of a pigeon-hole.

But the Congressional applicant for favor was as tenacious as Stanton was firm; and having circulated broadcast over "his district" the "Presidential promise," and gloried upon his victory over the stubborn Secretary, retreat with justification was impossible, and all this was in due time explained to Mr. Lincoln. The result was a personal request from the President that the Congressman's wishes should be gratified.

Returning from a cabinet meeting, more than usually exhausted, Mr. Stanton summoned the proper attendant officer, and in substance said,

"We shall have to appoint Judge —'s man; let his nomination go in."

"Very well, Sir," replied the subordinate; and continued, "please give me the papers."

Mr. Stanton hurriedly rushed his hand through the compartments of his desk, and not at once finding the now odious documents, suddenly concluded he could never have had them in his custody, and sternly and emphatically ordered his assistant to look for them on the files, and make out the nomination.

Not daring to question, the officer retired and bethought himself, as he remembered the given name of the colonel, to hunt up

the necessary information from the muster-rolls of the State to which he belonged. The name was found, the nomination sent in, and duly confirmed. The colonel was discharged from his regimental commission, and the vacancies occasioned by his promotion instantly filled. Then, when all this was done, and not before, it was discovered that there were two officers of the same name and rank from the same State, and that, in accordance with the sport of chance, *the wrong colonel* had been made a brigadier.

The "indefatigable Congressman," then at home, heard the result of his hard work with dismay. His political opponents, and personal friends, who envied him his popularity, professed to be highly delighted with the way he, the Congressman, had been overreached by the superior ability of Mr. Stanton; and that unhappy parent of a putative brigadier-general again posted to Washington.

Ever short, sharp, and decisive in his measures when action was demanded, and without thought of the consequences to the "innocent party," Mr. Stanton, after hearing what had occurred, revoked the appointment of the newly fledged brigadier, and that person found himself suddenly reduced from a distinguished position among the defenders of his country to a private citizen, the victim of a most cruel and unhappy mistake.

Again the indefatigable Congressman returned to his home, but not to a peaceful triumph. The displaced colonel and removed brigadier, it seems, had gone to the war in an earnest spirit, and by modest merit, and the display of unquestioned valor in the field, had won an enviable reputation from his companions in arms, and marks of approbation from his friends at home; and from them was showered untold abuse upon the meddling Representative, who, it was charged, to further the interests of a personal favorite, had meanly gone to work to strike down a meritorious officer at the very time he was serving with distinguished success before the enemy.

This assault upon the reputation and motives of the meddling Representative was more than he could stand. He could make no defense that would relieve him of the charges. The public mind was too much excited to care for any thing else than defending the fortunes of a brave soldier; and the unhappy man again started for Washington, and in a state of despair sought the presence of the dreaded Secretary of War. The petition now was to restore the deposed brigadier to his accidentally gained position.

This time Secretary Stanton listened patiently, for he himself had caught the distant rumbling of the coming storm of indignation which had already quite overwhelmed the time-serving Representative; and as the Secretary quietly wrote the words re-

scinding the revocation of a gallant officer's well-earned though unintentional promotion, he remarked, with that equivocal expression of humor that sometimes sparkled in his eyes,

"You see, Sir, this department can not make a mistake; even when it tries."

And he was right; for the brave man who had been for the moment the sport of fortune again put on his armor of a brigadier, and with joyful and eager steps sought the battle-field, from the bloody scenes of which he never returned. But he lived long enough to indicate the justice of his appointment, by a display of valor before the enemy that ended in death.

But the sacrifice did more—it thoroughly restored the popularity of the zealous Congressman; for that gentleman, with the true instinct of a "servant of the people," modestly accepted the credit, as the crowning act of his official life, of having restored this departed hero to his justly entitled place in the army after having been *arbitrarily removed* by Mr. Stanton.

The lamented General Sedgwick, the thorough, warm-hearted soldier, who had passed most of his life in the dangerous service of the frontier, arrived in Washington in the darkest days of 1861. Receiving on his arrival the appointment of a brigadier-general, with utter impersonality save where duty led, without even paying his respects to the Secretary of War, he crossed the Potomac, and took command of a brigade of undisciplined volunteers. During the long winter of 1861-62 none of the attractions of Washington enticed him to the city. The consequence was that he rose in the army to the responsible command of a major-general by sheer merit, and from service in the terrible fields of the peninsular war, under Pope, and in the Antietam campaigns, to an enviable fame throughout the country as the commander of the Sixth Army Corps; yet, personally, from the time he crossed the Potomac he had never been seen in Washington. Indulgent as a father, when necessary discipline was not infringed, to his officers and men, from his division commanders to his drummer-boys, he never indulged himself with an hour's relaxation from the duties of the camp.

In 1863 he was summoned to Washington to appear before a "committee on the conduct of the war" relative to the Frederickburg disaster. He found himself in the national capital, individually unknown. Taking modest quarters at Willard's, his West Point training suggested the propriety of calling at the War Department to pay his respects to one who bitterly lamented that, while he could make generals, he couldn't make commanders.

Sedgwick inquired his way to the War-office, and was fortunate in finding in Colonel

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The sacrifice did more—it thoroughly increased the popularity of the zealous Congressman; for that gentleman, with the true spirit of a "servant of the people," modestly accepted the credit, as the crowning of his official life, of having restored this soldier-hero to his justly entitled place in the army after having been *arbitrarily* removed by Mr. Stanton.

Lamented General Sedgwick, the thorough and warm-hearted soldier, who had passed the greater part of his life in the dangerous service of the frontier, arrived in Washington in the latter days of 1861. Receiving on his arrival the appointment of a brigadier-general, he uttered impersonality save where duty demanded, without even paying his respects to the Secretary of War, he crossed the Potomac, and took command of a brigade of undisciplined volunteers. During the long winter of 1862 none of the attractions of Washington enticed him to the city. The consequence was that he rose in the army to the position of command of a major-general by merit, and from service in the ferocious battles of the peninsular war, under Pope, at Antietam campaigns, to an enviable position throughout the country as the leader of the Sixth Army Corps; yet, until the time he crossed the Potomac, he had never been seen in Washington.

Indulgent as a father, when necessary discipline was not infringed, to his officers and men, from his division commander to his drummer-boys, he never interfered himself with an hour's relaxation from the duties of the camp.

When he was summoned to Washington in the fall before a "committee on the conduct of the war" relative to the Fredericksburg disaster. He found himself in the hospital, individually unknown. Taking quarters at Willard's, his West Virginia friend suggested the propriety of calling on the War Department to pay his respects to one who bitterly lamented that, although he could make generals, he couldn't make commanders.

He inquired his way to the War-office, and was fortunate in finding in Colonel

Hardy, of the staff of the Secretary, an old commander in the McClellan campaign. Here he was informed that room 19 was the place of public receptions, and, refusing the advantages of a private office for a waiting-room, General Sedgwick modestly presented himself with the crowd.

Mr. Stanton that morning was prompt as usual. He had now become more than ever annoyed and restive when he saw the shoulder-straps of a major-general in his ante-room, and he turned his eyes suspiciously, and with some expressed indignation, toward the commander of the Sixth Army Corps. Whatever of reproof might have been on his tongue was fortunately not uttered when he looked full in the war-worn face of that modest commander, and the customary query to major-generals in Washington was omitted, while he contented himself with sedulously ignoring the presence of Sedgwick until every one in the room had been sent about their business.

The two alone, Mr. Stanton turned toward his imperturbable visitor, and, looking him full in the face, ejaculated,

"Well, Sir?" To which expression came the reply:

"Mr. Secretary, I am General Sedgwick; I have called to pay my respects to you as the head of this department. I have neglected this duty up to this time, because I have not been here since I came from the frontier in 1861; and," Sedgwick added, with some emotion, "I shouldn't have been here now, Sir, if I had not been ordered to do so by a committee of Congress."

The Secretary's face instantly changed. The harsh voice that put the equivocal "Well, Sir?" softened into a cordial greeting.

"Give me your hand, General," said Mr. Stanton, his face beaming with pleasure; "I am glad to see you—I would be glad to see more soldiers like you. Come into my private room; I don't see you very often."

The emphasis, the look, and the pantomime Mr. Stanton associated with the simple "you" was understood by General Sedgwick, and the two great men were from that time fast friends.

A little wounded drummer-boy, who had been sent from the front to the hospital surgeon at Washington, after languishing for months on his narrow cot, was finally discharged for "disability." He worked around the "Soldier's Rest" and the railway station, doing such work as his feeble health permitted, waiting, meantime, for his "descriptive papers," which would entitle him to his pay and transportation home. For many days and weeks he called at the "medical headquarters," but no papers came; instead, the stereotyped answer, "The papers haven't come; the army is now on the move, and there is no telling when they will come."

If the boy protested, the thoughtless official would reiterate, "I can't do any thing for you until these papers come."

Ragged, shoeless, suffering, and without any prospect of relief, he would tell his pitiful tale to whoever would listen, when one day a gentleman, probably from ignorance of the magnitude of the proposition, advised the hapless drummer-boy to apply personally to the Secretary of War.

Despair made the suffering applicant bold, and, with the effrontery of ignorant boyhood, he went to Mr. Stanton's house. He, the drummer-boy, was now in a most abject condition, his clothing not even fully answering the purposes of common decency. Ringing the door-bell, the servant who answered it declined either to admit the applicant or take a message to the Secretary, advising him to go to the War Department with his complaints. The boy answered back pertly, and said, "There was nobody in that building who would listen to him."

While this discussion was going on, Mr. Stanton's carriage came up to the door, and the Secretary, in endeavoring to reach it, came in contact with the applicant for official favor.

Mr. Stanton stopped and heard the story so often told, for the wretched appearance of the boy's apparel, and his wan face, were most eloquent witnesses of his neglected state. At this instant Senator Sherman came up the steps, and was about to address the Secretary, when Mr. Stanton, with illy concealed impatience, said:

"Mr. Senator, I have no time to attend to you now, Sir; look at this poor child," pointing at the drummer-boy. "He has been in this condition for weeks; he has no money, no clothing; his health is broken down; he has been discharged from the service, and some fond mother in her distant home is now waiting for him. He says he can't get his pay, that he can't get transportation, and that he can't get away from this city. But I'll see why he can not."

His next impulse was to put the boy in his carriage; then, noticing that the boy was shivering with cold, he was about sending him into the house by the fire, but fearing that he would be forgotten in the press of the day's business, Mr. Stanton said,

"My child, follow my carriage to the War-office;" and turning to the coachman, he added, "Drive more slowly than usual." The Secretary and the humble drummer-boy arrived at the entrance of the War-office at the same moment. Mr. Stanton beckoned the child to follow him, and, entering the door of the first room he came to, his excited manner and strange attendant apparently consumed the clerks as by fire. The Secretary seated himself at a vacant desk; he seized a pen, and driving it into the ink-stand as if it had been a bayonet, he wrote a

peremptory order to have the drummer-boy's account ascertained from the best data at command, and then paid. This done, the Secretary rose from his seat, shook the little fellow's hand earnestly, and said,

"Give my regards, my boy, to your mother, and to all good mothers in her neighborhood who have their sons in the front. God bless you! Good-by!"

The grandest illustration of Mr. Stanton's broad comprehensive patriotism, of his goodness of heart, and a really Napoleonic fondness for dramatic display was given on one memorable occasion, when a chosen number of Custer's cavalry brigade, who in some one of Sheridan's brilliant fights had, under peculiar circumstances, captured a flag, came on to Washington to deliver it personally into the possession of the War Department.

Mr. Stanton that morning was at his reception-desk, apparently unconscious that there was to be any variation of his daily routine, unless the presence of Adjutant-General Townsend, with a lady, veiled, leaning upon his arm, denoted the promise of some unusual event. The room at the moment was more than usually crowded. Senator Ira Harris, of New York, on presenting himself, received a cordial greeting from the Secretary; but before that gentleman could make his wishes known, there was heard in the hall the rattling of sabres, and the heavy awkward tread so peculiar to veteran cavalry. The audience instinctively opened a passage to the desk, and in another instant Custer's heroes, rough and bronzed from the victorious field, in charge of an officer particularly distinguished for his gallant services, filed in, bearing the banner, and giving a military salute, halted before the Secretary.

OFFICER. "Mr. Secretary, Sergeant John Smith, of the Michigan cavalry, who bears to you this battle-flag, captured by his own hand."

Mr. Stanton surveyed the heroes a moment, then rushed from his desk, and, to Sergeant Smith's evident consternation, commenced shaking him by the hand; then, turning to the men, he went through the same ceremony, saying, as he went from man to man, "Most happy to shake hands with brave men;" and then, stopping before the sergeant, he animatedly asked, "Sergeant, how came you by that flag?"

The sergeant, now thoroughly abashed, and looking as if he had pilfered it at some country barbecue, rather than won its possession by the sword, most awkwardly told his story, yet made it up of details of such eloquent action that few dry eyes remained tearless witnesses of the effort.

"You are a brave fellow," said Mr. Stanton, finally; and then turning to the lady with General Townsend, who had exhibited great interest in the proceedings, he said,

"Let me introduce you to Mrs. Custer, the wife of your brave commanding officer. We would be glad to see him here to-day, but he is better employed elsewhere."

Mrs. Custer, almost overcome with emotion, but with a face beaming with unalloyed pleasure, pressed the hands of these brave companions of her husband's toils.

"This is Senator Harris, of the great State of New York, soldiers. Your own brave Senator is not here; but no matter; you are fighting for our country, and every Senator loves you."

Each hero tells his tale, until the last, a pale, slender young man, whose exploits were of more than common interest; for even his comrades, who had witnessed the event and often heard the tale, crowded around that they might catch every word of the thrilling recital.

The soldier seems to study to leave himself out of the eventful recital; the contest with the bearer of the enemy's standard was hard to hand. At last a fearful home thrust achieved the victory. So intent was the standard-bearer on maintaining his charge, that Custer's men, who now came to the rescue, could only capture a shattered staff and a torn flag from that last grip of death.

The crowd which listened to that recital for a moment were so full of inspiration that they seemed immortal. The pale, emaciated hospital patient, on whose face was the shadow of the grave, lighted up, for the feeble and almost paralyzed heart sent for one instant a glow of health to those attenuated cheeks. Strong men turned to children in the abandonment of unreserved admiration.

The apparently cold, iron-hearted Secretary opened the inmost recesses of his soul. He let the world for a moment witness the expression of that natural sympathy which embraced all mankind, which, left to itself, would have made him a philanthropist, but which, by the stern sense of just duty, had been steel-bound, chained, and imprisoned, so that nothing should materially interfere with his duties as Secretary of War.

Again and again Mr. Stanton shook these warriors by the hand; he found something electrical in their tench which quieted and disciplined his own soul. Of all in the room he was the first to thoroughly recover his presence of mind; for, in his abrupt way, he finally said:

"General Townsend, give each of these brave fellows thirty days' furlough; give them transportation to their homes, and for their return; give them an order for one month's pay, and, as soon as possible, ease the proper medals of honor to be prepared for them, and sent to their address."

Thus ended this thoroughly emotional and most dramatic scene in the reception-room

of Secretary Stanton: one of many constantly occurring, and more than usually interesting, because it was on occasions of this kind only that Mr. Stanton, even for a few moments, relieved himself of the weight of care arising from his official position.

In time the infirmities of Mr. Stanton's manner will be forgotten. If, when young, had he understood that the body and mind require judicious recreation to preserve them in perfection, and that gentleness of manners, arising either from the natural impulses of the heart or from careful cultivation, are essential to perfect success, the probabilities are he would be living to-day, in the enjoyment of health, and the recipient of ovations accorded him by a grateful country. Honest he was, for the bitterest enmity never charged him with private speculations, or with being pecuniarily benefited by the power of his office. As Secretary of War, his indorsements disbursed millions; beyond his salary, he was never benefited a cent. Patriotic he was, for his public record shows the greatest possible devotion to his country.

It may be difficult with the living thousands of the present generation to realize the prominent place he will eventually occupy in the history of the country; but to realize this somewhat, we have but to recollect that the world cordially cherishes only those in vital remembrance who achieve success; the misfortunes, the failures, and the mistakes of public men are too numerous to create any lasting interest. When the victims of these misfortunes, failures, and mistakes, who now clamor against Mr. Stanton, are forgotten, the fame of the great Secretary will be surrounded by a halo of national veneration.

A LITTLE STORY FOR GENTLEMEN.

"POH, poh, poh!" quoth Mr. Corporal to Mrs. Ponderit, at whose house he and his family were spending a social evening. "All talk, my dear madam, mere talk: the women don't believe it themselves. Ask my wife, ask my daughters, who they are that rule in my house."

"In whose house?" said the soft voice of Mrs. Ponderit.

"A mere figure of speech, ma'am—a form of convenience for tax-collectors, landlords, etc. Say their house, if you'd rather: I know I didn't dare to take it till I brought them all down from the country to look at it. Here, Betty, my duck, come over here; Julia, Annie, come here and testify that you're not the wasting victims of a tyrannical husband and father."

Mrs. C. arose with a smile; the young ladies shook their naughty curls and remained at the other end of the room. Of course they did, for we all know how profound and absorbing a thing is parlor croquet when

you are playing it with Mr. Tillinghurst and young Mr. Ponderit.

"Do you hear me?" roared Mr. Corporal, swelling with triumph at this opportune disobedience.

"Yes, pa, to-morrow," said Julia, smiling placidly at him over her gauze-covered shoulder.

"Go it alone, papa," suggested the skittish young Annie.

"Do you hear that, ma'am? There's a specimen of slavish subserviency! Now, Mrs. Corporal, I want you to answer as if you were under oath: Am I a severe husband?"

"No."

"Am I a selfish husband?"

"No."

"Am I an ungenerous husband?"

"No."

"It seems to me, Mrs. Ponderit, that you are answered."

"I should like to remark," said that lady, "that when I expressed my opinion on the abstract question, I had no idea of making a personal application."

"Oh! I don't like abstractions. Put your theories to the test, say I, and see if they stand or fall."

"But I haven't finished my answers," said Mrs. Corporal, looking earnestly at her husband.

It was a loving, half-troubled, yet determined look that she gave him as she went on to say:

"Firstly, you are not severe, but you are overbearing: taking for granted that the head of the family carries the brains of the family, it seldom occurs to you to consult me in matters of mutual interest, and so your very kindness takes the form of tyranny; the very thing I may want to do or have is less acceptable to me for being imposed upon me at the decision of another."

"Really!" exclaimed Mr. Corporal, taken all aback: "I overbearing! Well!"

"Secondly," continued his wife, "you are not by nature selfish, and yet you are inconsiderate—that is to say, there are some things that you have never been taught to consider. You have been brought up to look upon women's tastes, women's plaus, and women's household theories or rules as whimsies to be indulged out of kindness, but never taken into serious account in deciding your own movements."

"Well, well, well!" sighed the bewildered husband: "I inconsiderate!"

"Thirdly, you are not ungenerous, but you are unjust: you will buy me a silk dress that I do not need, or a set of jewelry that I would rather not have; in fact, you are continually wasting money upon me: and yet in all the years of our married life I have never had a dollar that did not come in the shape of a gift."

President's Great Faith in His War Secretary.

Colonel A. K. McClure, in his reminiscences of Lincoln and Stanton, says: Notwithstanding the many and often irritating conflicts that Lincoln had with Stanton, there never was an hour during Stanton's term as War Minister that Lincoln thought of removing him. Indeed, I believe that at no period during the war after Stanton had entered the Cabinet did Lincoln feel that any other man could fill Stanton's place with equal usefulness in the country. He had the most unbounded faith in Stanton's loyalty and in his public and private integrity. He was in hearty sympathy with Stanton's aggressive earnestness for the prosecution of the war, and at times hesitated even to the extent of what he feared was individual injustice, to restrain Stanton's violent assaults upon others. It will be regretted by the impartial historian of the future that Stanton was capable of impressing his intense hatred so conspicuously upon the annals of the country, and that Lincoln, in several memorable instances, failed to reverse his war minister when he had grave doubts as to the wisdom or the justice of his methods. It was Stanton's fierce resentment that made just verdicts impossible in some military trials which will ever be historic—notably the unjust verdict depriving Fitz John Porter at once of his commission and citizenship, and the now admittedly unjust verdict that sent Mrs. Surratt to the gallows. Lincoln hesitated long before giving his assent to the judgment against Porter, as is clearly shown by the fact that, with Pope's accusations against Porter fresh before him, he assented to McClellan's request and assigned Porter to active command in the Antietam campaign, and personally thanked Porter on the Antietam field after the battle for his services. Another enduring monument of Stanton's resentment is the Arlington National Cemetery. The home of Lee was taken under the feeblest color of the law that Stanton well knew could not be maintained, and the buildings surrounded with graves even to the very door of the venerable mansion, so that it might never be reclaimed as the home of the Confederate chieftain. The Government made restitution to the Lees in obedience to the decision of its highest court, but the monument of hate is imperishable.—1882.

1852

HON. A. K. McCLURE, in writing of Lincoln and Stanton, says: "Lincoln's restoration of McClellan to command in disregard of the most violent opposition of Stanton was only one of the many instances in which he and his War Minister came into direct and positive conflict, and always with the same result; but many times as Stanton was vanquished in his conflicts with Lincoln, it was not in his nature to be any the less Edwin M. Stanton. As late as 1864 he had one of his most serious disputes with Lincoln, in which he peremptorily refused to obey an order from the President directing that certain prisoners of war, who expressed a desire to take the oath of allegiance and enter the Union Army, should be mustered into the service and credited to the quotas of certain districts. An exact account of this dispute is preserved by Provost Marshal General Fry, who was charged with the execution of the order and was present when Lincoln and Stanton discussed it. Stanton positively refused to obey the order and said to Lincoln: "You must see that your order cannot be executed." Lincoln answered with an unusually peremptory tone for him: "Mr. Secretary, I reckon you'll have to execute the order." Stanton replied in his imperious way: "Mr. President, I cannot do it; the order is an improper one and I cannot execute it." To this Lincoln replied in a manner that forbade any further dispute: "Mr. Secretary, it will have to be done." A few minutes thereafter, as stated by Provost Marshal General Fry in a communication to the New York *Tribune* several years ago, Stanton issued instructions to him for the execution of the President's order.

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Boston Corbett, who shot Wilkes Booth, is living in Camden, N. J., and on week days follows the profession of hatter in Philadelphia. He preaches every Sunday in the Independent Methodist church in Camden, where he is very popular.—July 21, 1874.

Lincoln's First Meeting with Stanton.
In the summer of 1857 Mr. Lincoln made his first visit to Cincinnati. He was original counsel for the defendant in a reaper patent suit pending in the U. S. Circuit court for Northern Illinois. The argument of the case was adjourned to Cincinnati, the home of Judge McLean, at his suggestion and for his accomodation.

Mr. Lincoln came to the city a few days before the argument took place, and remained during his stay at the house of a friend. The case was one of large importance pecuniarily, and in the law questions involved. Reverdy Johnson represented the plaintiff. Mr. Lincoln had prepared himself with the greatest care; his ambition was up to speak in the case, and to measure swords with the renowned lawyer of Baltimore. It was understood between his client and himself before his coming that Mr. Harding, of Philadelphia, was to be associated with him in the case, and was to make the "mechanical argument." Mr. Lincoln was a little surprised and annoyed, after arriving here, to learn that his client had also associated him with Mr. Edwin M. Stanton, of Pittsburgh, and a lawyer of our own bar, the reason assigned being that the importance of the case required a man of the experience and power of Mr. Stanton to meet Mr. Johnson. The Cincinnati lawyer was appointed "for his local influence." These reasons did not remove the slight conveyed in the employment, without consultation with him of this additional counsel. He keenly felt it, but acquiesced. The trial of the case came on; the counsel for defense met each morning for consultation. On one of these occasions one of the counsel moved that only two of them should speak in the case. This motion was acquiesced in. It had always been understood that Mr. Harding was to speak to explain the mechanism of the reapers. So this motion excluded either Mr. Lincoln or Mr. Stanton from speaking—which, by the custom of the bar, as between counsel of equal standing, and in the absence of any action of the client, the original counsel speaks. By this rule Mr. Lincoln had precedence. Mr. Stanton suggested to Mr. Lincoln to make the speech. Mr. Lincoln answered, "No; do you speak." Mr. Stanton promptly replied, "I will," and taking up his hat, said he would go and make preparation. Mr. Lincoln acquiesced in this, but was deeply grieved and mortified; he took but little more interest in the case, though remaining until the conclusion of the trial. He seemed to be greatly depressed and gave evidence of that tendency to melancholy which so marked his character. His parting on leaving the city cannot be forgotten. Cordially shaking the hand of his hostess, he said, "You have made my stay here most agreeable, and I am a thousand times obliged to you; but in reply to your request for me to come again, I must say to you I never expect to be in Cincinnati again. I have nothing against the city, but things have so happened here as to make it undesirable for me ever to return here."

Thus untowardly met the first time Mr. Lincoln and Mr. Stanton. Little did either then suspect that they were to meet again on a larger theater, to become the chief actors in a great historical epoch.—W. M. Dickson, in Harper's Magazine. July 30, 1884.

LINCOLN AND STANTON.

A Dance at Midnight—How Old Abe Received the News from Gettysburg.

[From an article by the Hon. A. A. Brandegee in the New York Tribune.]

One evening at a crowded party given by Senator Dixon I was forced by the press into a corner, and on looking around found my next neighbor was Secretary Stanton. By and by Dixon came along and spying us said: "Stanton, tell him the scene between old Abe and you the night of the Battle of Gettysburg." Stanton then related the following:

Mr. Lincoln had been excessively solicitous about the results of that battle. It was known that Lee had crossed into Pennsylvania, threatening Washington, and that battle had been joined near Gettysburg, upon which in all probability the fate of Washington and the issue of the war depended. The telegraphic wires ran into the War Department, and dispatches had been received of the first day's fight which showed how desperate was the attack, the stubbornness of the defense, and that the result was indecisive. All that day and the next Mr. Lincoln was in an agony of anxiety, running over, as was his wont, to the War Office to ascertain for himself the latest news instead of waiting for the reports to be sent to him by his subordinates. Then came a long interval when nothing was heard from Meade, and the President was wrought up to an intense pitch of excitement. Night came on, and Stanton, seeing the President worn out with care and anxiety, persuaded him to return to the White House, promising if anything came over the wires during the night to give him immediate information. At last, toward midnight, came the electric flash of that great victory which saved the Union.

Stanton seized the dispatch and ran as fast as he could to the Executive Mansion, up the stairs, and knocked at the room where the President was catching a fitful slumber. "Who is there?" he heard in the voice of Mr. Lincoln. "Stanton." The door was opened and Mr. Lincoln appeared with a light in his hand, peering through the door, "in the shortest nightdress and longest legs," as Stanton said, he ever saw on a human being. Before Stanton, who was out of breath, could say a word the President, who had caught with unerring instinct the expression of his face, gave a shout of exultation, grabbed him with both arms around the waist, and danced him around the chamber until they were both exhausted. They then sat down upon a trunk, and the President, who was still in his nightdress, read over and over again the telegram, and then discussed with him the probabilities of the future and the results of the victory until the day dawned.

Such a scene at midnight between two of the greatest Americans whom this generation had produced, to whom all-wise Providence had committed in largest measure the fate of Republican liberty in this Western world, may not a subject for the loftiest conceptions of the poet or the painter, but more than any other incident within my knowledge it shows the human nature of these two great men, and brings them home to the hearts and hearthstones of the plain people of whom Mr. Lincoln was, on whom he depended, and whom he loved. It shows him brooding all through those three awful days, with an anxiety akin to agony which no one could share—worn and weary with the long and doubtful conflict between hope and fear—treading the wire-press for his people alone. And at last when the lightning flash had lifted the dark cloud, dancing like a schoolboy in the ecstasy of delight and exhibiting a touch of that human nature which makes all the world akin.

As I look back over the intervening years to the great men and great events of those historic days his figure rises before my memory the grandest and most majestic of them all. There were giants in those days, but he towered above them like Popocatepetl or Chimborazo. He was great in character, in intellect, in wisdom, in tact, in council, in speech, a heart, in person—in everything.

(about Jan 25 1867)

A Dance At Midnight.

Brandegee in New York Tribune.

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LINCOLN AND STANTON.

In an interesting series of reminiscences lately printed in the New York "Tribune," Mr. Brandagee, a Connecticut Congressman in war time, tells, among others, the following story of President Lincoln :

Mr. Lincoln was often appealed to, as a sort of Appellate Court, to overrule the rigorous judgments of his Cabinet officers. I remember a case in point which brought joy to the heart of a Connecticut mother. Her son, who was perhaps a little wild, had one day, returning from school, been trapped by some New York bounty agents, paid \$300, enlisted in a New York regiment, and hurried off to the front without his parents' knowledge. His mother was almost distracted. His father, then as now one of the first citizens of Connecticut, had intervened in vain to get his release. A delegation of prominent citizens of his town came to Washington and appealed to the Secretary of War, but were met with a gruff refusal. Dixon and I were then solicited to use our good offices with Mr. Stanton. We reluctantly consented, knowing that when the great War Secretary had once locked his jaws the case was generally hopeless. We visited the War Office with somewhat the feelings of men who were about to beard a lion in his den. We found him, as was his custom, standing bolt upright at the corner of his desk, with a head like a huge cannon ball, short, massive neck, square-built frame, and iron-gray beard flowing down over his bosom—a man of iron, with eyes blazing, full of energy, will, and determination. He heard my appeal with ill concealed impatience, and snorted out an instant and absolute refusal: "He had heard the case before, and had decided it. The boy had taken his money and enlisted. If he should discharge all the minors whose mothers wanted them home he would soon not have a man to handle a musket."

We were glad to get out of the lion's den without being bitten. Leaving the War Office, we went to the White House, resolving to appeal unto Cæsar. Mr. Lincoln heard the case with sympathetic interest. No meritorious appeal was ever made to that great, tender heart in vain. He at once wrote on one of the inevitable envelopes :

"Let young —, of Connecticut, a minor, enlisted by fraud in the — New York Regiment, be discharged. A. Lincoln."

We took this, not without an air of triumph, back to Stanton to have the necessary order issued. He glared at it for an instant, crumpled it in his fist, threw it on the floor, and growled through his set teeth, "I won't do it."

I said: "Shall we report that to the President as your reply, Mr. Secretary?"

"Yes," said he, bristling like a grand old Nubian lion, "and you may add that I will resign my portfolio before I will set such a precedent."

We returned to the President, and reported the scene and the words verbatim.

"Did he say that after reading my order?" asked the President.

"Yes," I replied, expecting an explosion.

"Well," said he, "I guess he would do it. We must find some other way to get this boy home to his mother;" and, taking a piece of paper, he wrote :

"To the commanding officer at — : Discharge young —, of Connecticut, now in the — New York, and send him to Washington. A. Lincoln."

In a week the boy was in his mother's arms at Bridgeport.

Both of these great leaders were right, each exercising his providential mission in his appointed place. Stanton was the incarnation of war, with its rigors and its horrors. The whole soul of Lincoln was attuned to gentleness, mercy, and peace. The great Secretary moved right on, regardless of friend or foe, an iron hammer in the hands of the Almighty to shatter the Rebellion. The great President, with softened heart and saddened face, standing then in the shadow of a fate which was soon to overtake him, tempered justice with mercy. Both have gone to their reward. But their work remaineth, and what and how they wrought will be preserved in the hearts of grateful Americans to the last syllable of recorded time.

"In the days of which I write Mr. Lincoln was a particularly woe-begone figure. It was one of those periods of the war when the whole situation, military, financial, and political, was one of almost unrelieved blackness. He spent hours at a time shut up with Mr. Stanton, all business and speech mainly being put aside, so far as outsiders could judge, while these lonely communions lasted. Was it not the gloomy autumn days of 1864 that the tearful secretary had in mind when he spoke those pathetic words as he took the hand of the just-expired president: 'Ah, dear friend! there is none now to do me justice; none to tell the world of the anxious hours we have spent together!' Even before the autumn had well set in Mr. Lincoln had begun to enwrap himself in the familiar plaid shawl, and, with his hat pulled well down in front, he would scurry along the halls of the war department and into the retiring-room of the secretary, noticing and speaking to nobody. At times he would sit in the retiring-room with the door open between that and the apartment in which the secretary, walking about as was his wont, was transacting business with the departmental officers and clerks, or visitors, prolonging his course, every few minutes, into the adjacent room, to hold converse with his chief. It was an interesting and a pleasant sight, that of Mr. Lincoln seated with one long leg crossed upon the other, his head a little peaked, and his face lit up by the animation of talking or listening, while Mr. Stanton would stand sidewise to him, with one hand resting lightly on the back of the chair in the brief intervals of that everlasting occupation of wiping his spectacles. But if, while in such proximity, Mr. Lincoln should happen to rise to his feet, farewell to the picturequeness of the scene, for the striking differences in height and girth at once suggested the two gendarmes in the French comic opera. —The Century.



Century
March 1887

RECOLLECTIONS OF SECRETARY STANTON.

BY A CLERK OF THE WAR DEPARTMENT.



MY acquaintance with Secretary Stanton began in the autumn of 1864. He was then in his fiftieth year, but looked older by reason of the abundant tinging of his originally brown hair and beard with iron-gray. He was a short, stout man in figure, awkward in gait, and with a certain unsteadiness in the movement of his arms which, I think, was due to incipient paralysis. His forehead was full without being especially high; his eyes were a soft, dark brown, but were habitually hidden behind glasses; his nostrils were broad and tremulous, and his mouth prominent and firmly set; his dress, while not negligent, was unstudied and ineffective.

Whether speaking or listening, Mr. Stanton looked his visitor full and steadily in the face. He spoke in low, deep, and cold tones, and, even in anger or excitement, scarcely increased or hastened his speech. The effectiveness and flexibility of his voice induces me to believe that in earlier life he had studied and practiced elocution as a preparation for the bar. His movements, too, were always slow and dignified, and in speaking he constantly changed his position and attitude. However these habits were acquired, they had become second nature with him, as he observed them even when momentarily unbalanced by passion.

The glittering of the eyes through the polished glasses; the breadth and quivering of the nostrils; the projecting, compressed lips; the icy, deliberate voice; the slow movement of the body, and the steady, seemingly defiant gaze, gave to the Secretary an air of reserve and haughtiness which made the first approach to him embarrassing. Nothing was more common or more amusing than to see some pompous or arrogant personage ushered into his presence, only to emerge from the room in a state of collapse, crushed by the manner rather than by the words of the lion at bay within.

Many stories have been told concerning Mr. Stanton's alleged sullen and contemptuous reception of communications from his superior officer, the President. All such tales are either grossly exaggerated or wholly false. Mr. Stanton had a profound respect for au-

thority, which rarely, if ever, failed of outward observance. Furthermore, his legal or political studies had led him to attach a great degree of importance and a considerable share of reverence to the office of President, apart from its incumbent; and this ideal and exalted figure seemed ever present to his imagination, and made frequent appearances in his writings and speeches, though it was hard to identify it with the gaunt, ramshackle presence of Mr. Lincoln, as that presence appeared when its owner was, as an artist would say, in repose. The President, too, was not a man to endure disrespectful treatment from anybody in legal subordination to him, and was careful of his official dignity even in small matters, as the following incident will show:

When Mr. Stanley, of North Carolina, was appointed Military Governor of his State, the Secretary of War caused to be filled out one of the blank forms used for notifying military nominees of their appointment to office by the President, and when he had signed it and caused the seal of the Department of War to be attached to it, he concluded that it would be well to have the sign-manual of the President affixed to the instrument. He sent the commission to the White House, with the request that the President would sign and return it immediately. Mr. Lincoln took the document and read it over carefully, and then began turning and twisting it about, as though in search of something. At last he handed it to the bearer and said, ironically:

"Did Mr. Stanton say *where* I was to put my signature?"

"No, sir," replied the astonished clerk.

"Can *you* tell me," asked the President, "whereabouts on this paper I am to put my signature?" The clerk looked at the commission and saw the ample signature of Mr. Stanton immediately at the foot of the body of the instrument, with the counter-signature of the Adjutant-General to the left. He saw also a neat, snug-looking white space beneath the sign-manual of the Secretary of War which Mr. Lincoln might have occupied to advantage had he seen fit, but the clerk was politic and replied: "I don't see any place provided for your signature, Mr. President," and was proceeding to explain how the omission obviously came about when the President inter-

rupted him and said, in a dignified tone: "Take the paper back to the Secretary of War, with my compliments, and say that the President will promptly sign any *proper* commission that may be sent to him for Governor Stanley, or anybody else."

The grain of truth in the stories of Mr. Stanton's rude reception of the President's missives is probably this—that the bearers of such as related to their own concerns frequently came to the War Department in a state of hysterical elation and hauteur, demanding immediate admission to the Secretary, and, when admitted, waiting with insolent impatience for a submissive word of acquiescence, and losing control of themselves in the course of a colloquy like the following:

"This matter shall receive proper attention, sir."

"When, Mr. Secretary?"

"I cannot say, now; but you shall be duly advised whenever necessary."

"But I understood from the President that it was to receive immediate attention."

"I have received no such understanding, sir."

"But are not the orders of the President to be obeyed in this department, sir, the same as in other departments of the Government?"

"I decline to discuss the relations of the President and this department with you, sir; you may retire."

"Very well, Mr. Secretary. I shall go right back to the President and tell him how his positive commands are disregarded here."

"*You may go to the devil, sir! Leave the room!*"

More hysterics on the part of the visitor and more fireworks by the Secretary, ending in that animated mummy, "Old Madison," taking the victim by the arm, leading him into the hallway, standing him up against the wall, and giving him a "real good talking to," ending with the entirely unnecessary assurance that "Mr. Stanton is a hard man to trifle with." If the panting stranger showed signs of docility, Madison would extract from him the nature of his business and give him "points" as to the safe and proper mode of following it up; but if he remained sullen or combative, Madison would make some mysterious allusions to the Old Capitol Prison and dismiss him to the White House, or elsewhere.

All the time that I knew him, Mr. Stanton was a passionate man. A word or a gesture would set him aflame in an instant. He would dash the glasses before his eyes far up on his forehead, as though they pained or obstructed his vision; the muscles of his face would become agitated, and his voice would tremble

and grow intense, without elevation. But the storm would pass away as quickly as it came, and be succeeded by a calmness of demeanor almost as painful by reason of the sudden contrast. If the victim was a subordinate, further reparation followed. At the next succeeding interview, the white, soft hand of the Secretary would be laid in a kindly and seemingly unconscious way upon his shoulder, or the flattering discovery would be made that he was looking ill or worn from overwork and must take a little recreation, or a conventional or seasonable cough would be magnified into an alarming symptom, and directions given for the unconscious invalid to go to the Surgeon-General and be prescribed for by the Secretary's order. If the offended subordinate was of considerable rank, an important piece of news would sometimes be told to him in confidence, or his opinion would be asked on some subject wherein he regarded himself as an expert. General Halleck or General Canby would be placated by the submission to his judgment of some question of public law, or Madison, the aged and garrulous negro who was usually to be found anywhere but at his post at the Secretary's door, might delay a cabinet meeting or a dinner party while retailing to the Secretary the latest piece of gossip which his wife had picked up in her vocation as a nurse, or expounding his confused ideas of what the Government should further do for the "cullud" people. Every undeserved visitation of wrath was sure to be followed by an act of expiation, and the keen perception of the Secretary (who would take notice of so small a matter as the placing of a clean blotting-sheet on his desk), and his unfailing memory (I have often heard him recall apparently trivial things weeks after their occurrence), enabled him with certainty to choose both the time and manner of healing any wound he might have inflicted.

Adjutant-General Townsend, by reason of his position and duties, had to bear in greater measure than any other official the infirmities of Mr. Stanton's uncertain temper. He told me, after the latter's death, how touched he was by finding himself named, in kindly phrase, as one of the executors of his will.

The Secretary's irritability was doubtless due in some part to the state of his health, which had become undermined during his service at the head of the War Department. He suffered greatly, and almost unceasingly, from the asthma, which at last ended his life, and his suffering was aggravated by a serious disorder of the liver. The Surgeon-General attended him daily, and during the fall and winter of 1864 his condition was such as to cause great anxiety. Twice in that period he fell at his post from violent fits of strangula-

tion, as I suppose them to have been. But he would not hear of taking a furlough for any period, however short. At the solicitation of the Surgeon-General he would make attempts at exercise by walking, to which he had grown averse; he followed his medical director in matters of diet; he smoked cigars to relieve his asthma and ceased to smoke them when the affection of the liver required; but he would not abandon his inspection of or action upon the multitude of official papers that came before him, nor deny himself to the public or to the officers of his department, nor keep to regular hours of business. He would meet the Surgeon-General's remonstrances and suggestions with the remark, spoken good-naturedly, "Barnes, keep me alive till this rebellion is over, and then I will take a rest!" adding, more seriously, "a long one, perhaps." To Senator Wilson, who expressed to him the fear that they were both wearing out (Wilson, as chairman of the Military Committee, had an unceasing and laborious task), he said, "We are enlisted for the war, and must stand to our guns till the last shot is fired." After the cessation of hostilities his health improved for a time, but he was too far gone for any permanent amendment, and was never himself deceived as to his condition or prospects.

The genuine character of the Secretary's outbursts of anger had much to do with reconciling his associates to them. His rage took note neither of time, place, nor personage, so that all fared alike in chastisement as in atonement. Of course he did not esteem everybody about him in equal measure, but those whom he disliked were very few, and his aversion to them was sincere, even where possibly unjust.

The War Department in those days was a dingy, old-fashioned brick building, with dimensions and interior finish reflecting the severe and economical tastes of Federal officials half a century or more ago. A tawdrily frescoed room and a stick or two of velvet plush furniture kept alive the memory of Mr. Secretary Floyd, whose habits, according to the stories of the older attachés, were sybaritic. Early in the war, a third story had been hastily clapped on to the original structure, and the flues of this addition were so defectively constructed that incessant care was necessary to prevent the department from being burned out. Beside the original and expanded building, the War Department occupied outside buildings enough to constitute a good-sized town in number and extent. The parent building was a hive of industry day and night, those having personal relations with the Secretary always returning after dinner, and double reliefs being worked in some of the routine offices. All day long, from nine to four, a

steady stream of people poured into, out of, and through the building, and the door-keeper's daily watch-book showed a long list of names of persons privileged to enter without regard to hours.

The Secretary's room was in a corner of the second story, with an outlook toward the Executive Mansion. It was very plainly fitted up and furnished, the most conspicuous article in it being a large, high table (usually heaped with papers) which Surgeon-General Barnes had recommended as a means of affording the invalid needed exercise while attending to business.

Adjoining and communicating with the Secretary's apartment was one much used by President Lincoln, and furnished with a desk and writing materials for his accommodation. After his death some freshly written sheets were found in his drawer, which read like parts of an intended message to Congress, and dealt with the status in which slavery and the insurgent governments had been left by the collapse of the rebellion. It would seem from these that it had been his purpose, as contended on one side, and denied on the other, during the quarrel between President Johnson and his party, to call Congress together in special session to deal with the question of reconstruction.

In the days of which I write, Mr. Lincoln was a particularly woe-begone figure. It was one of those periods of the war when the whole situation, military, financial, and political, was one of almost unrelieved blackness. He spent hours at a time shut up with Mr. Stanton, all business and speech mainly being put aside, so far as outsiders could judge, while these lonely communions lasted. Was it not the gloomy autumn days of 1864 that the tearful Secretary had in mind when he spoke those pathetic words as he took the hand of the just-expired President: "Ah, dear friend! there is none now to do me justice; none to tell the world of the anxious hours we have spent together!" Even before the autumn had well set in, Mr. Lincoln had begun to enwrap himself in the familiar plaid shawl, and, with his hat pulled well down in front, he would scurry along the halls of the War Department and into the retiring-room of the Secretary, noticing and speaking to nobody. At times he would sit in the retiring-room with the door open between that and the apartment in which the Secretary, walking about as was his wont, was transacting business with the departmental officers and clerks, or visitors, prolonging his course, every few minutes, into the adjacent room, to hold converse with his chief. It was an interesting and a pleasant sight, that of Mr. Lin-

coln seated with one long leg crossed upon the other, his head a little peaked and his face lit up by the animation of talking or listening, while Mr. Stanton would stand sidewise to him, with one hand resting lightly on the high back of the chair in the brief intervals of that everlasting occupation of wiping his spectacles. But if, while in such proximity, Mr. Lincoln should happen to rise to his feet, farewell to the picturesqueness of the scene, for the striking differences in height and girth at once suggested the two *gendarmes* in the French comic opera.

Beyond the President's room was the library, converted into a telegraph office, wherein the President used occasionally to unbend himself when the Secretary was beyond ear-shot and the news from the front was encouraging. Mr. Stanton was a great user of the telegraph, and a fair history of the war might almost be written from the manuscript volumes of telegrams received and sent by him, preserved in the Department. A general officer holding an important command in the Gulf region told me, after the war, that Mr. Stanton's telegrams were so frequent, peremptory, and regardless of hours that he never lay down in his tent or quarters at night without a mental picture of the Secretary of War watching his every movement.

Business at the Department opened at nine in the morning, and the uncertainty as to how soon the Secretary might arrive induced great promptness in attendance. As his carriage turned from Pennsylvania Avenue into Seventeenth street, the door-keeper on watch would put his head inside and cry, in a low, warning tone, "The Secretary!" The word was passed along and around till the whole building was traversed by it, and for a minute or two there was a shuffling of feet and a noise of opening and shutting of doors, as the stragglers and loungers everywhere fled to their stations.

As the carriage drove up to the curb, persons would detach themselves from the straggling group on the sidewalk and gather around the step to intercept the Secretary on his way to the building. Rapidly glancing over the party, he would select those whom he judged to be objects of compassion or urgency and hear and decide for them on the spot. The rest he dismissed, singly or in mass, with a curt injunction to go to his reception-room, upstairs. The favored few were usually soldiers from the hospitals, or wives or mothers of soldiers in attendance upon wounded relatives. "My good woman" was his usual form of address to these latter, but he invariably called an elderly woman, however humble her apparent station, "Mad-

am." In fact, he had the traditional Chinese reverence for the aged of either sex.

As soon as the Secretary had reached his room, he began tugging at the tasseled cord that hung from the ceiling and set in motion a bell hanging in the hallway, so large and clamorous that it was a mystery to me how or why it was put there. Its deviser, however, "built better than he knew," for the bell became a moral influence. Its tones reached all over the building, and as the active Secretary gave it little rest in the summoning of messengers to be sent hither and thither, it was forever filling the ears and minds of the working staff with lessons of duty and necessity.

Although Mr. Stanton was by nature an accessible man, it was simply impossible for him to give private audience to a tithe of the persons who daily inquired for him. Even Senators and Representatives in Congress often had difficulty in seeing him at the times and in the manner they desired, and frequently accepted "pot-luck" with the crowd in the public reception-room. Colonel Hardie, a handsome Scotch-looking officer, took charge of this room early in the morning and, in the name and by authority of the Secretary, dispatched the business of such as neither needed nor insisted upon the personal action of the Secretary. He also sent in the names of such callers as he thought the Secretary would privately receive and, from time to time, went in himself to take the Secretary's commands upon some case of special difficulty or importance. As nearly as possible to eleven o'clock, the Secretary, who had an almost religious regard for this daily observance, came into the room and took station at the little, high desk near the bottom, Colonel Hardie or Major Pelouze being in attendance to assist him. He waved everybody back who approached him, until he had completed a deliberate scrutiny of the company and had received from the officer in attendance a statement, in a low voice, of the exceptionally urgent or meritorious cases. Then, one after another, he indicated those whom he wished to draw near, beginning with the soldiers, and, after them, calling up the plainly dressed women who looked as if they might be soldiers' kinfolk. If he happened to notice that a soldier had crutches or was weak from illness, he would leave the desk and go to him where he was seated. Officers bearing visible tokens of wounds or disability were also preferred suitors, but with other gentlemen of the shoulder-strap he was usually curt. Civilians he treated accordingly as his humor was affected by their statements or manner, but there was always a general observance of the underlying principle that

this public reception was for those who had no other means of access to him. It was here that Mr. Stanton might usually be seen at his best. If a case of unusual gallantry, merit, or suffering were stated, he would comment upon it aloud to the company, ending with a moral, inviting to patriotism, virtue, or fortitude. On the other hand, if he found a woman-suppliant embarrassed by the publicity of statement and action, he would draw her beyond the desk to the window-recess and hear her there, or send her to his room to be heard more leisurely or privately. Some of us used to think, while watching the Secretary at these receptions, that a great power had been lost to the pulpit when he became a lawyer; for he was an admirable preacher and far from averse to sermonizing.

Three mornings a week, in continuance of a custom begun before the war, Mr. Stanton, accompanied by a man-servant, visited the city market in the character of caterer for his household. Politics among the stallholders was of a divided kind, and the Secretary, who knew how each of his purveyors stood, fashioned his gossip with them accordingly. With the Confederate sympathizers he usually assumed a bantering tone, wherein, however, he found opportunity now and then of enjoining a strict neutrality upon all but their tongues. His playful threats of incarceration in the Old Capitol the garrulous ones were fond of repeating to neighbors and customers, with defiant comments of their own. With the Union marketmen he was more serious, often gratifying them with scraps of hopeful news or prognostications. He was sometimes followed around the market-house, at a respectful distance, by a small crowd of reporters and curbstone speculators in gold, in quest of "points," but his humble confidants were generally as mute as the Sphinx. After the exchange of prisoners was stopped, attempts were made to use some of the market-people to solicit special exchanges for Confederate captives, but Mr. Stanton, making allowance for the pressure exerted, kindly put the solicitations aside and forbade their recurrence. Where a personal or family interest existed, he was ready to hear and sometimes to relieve. The stalls of the disloyal marketmen were veritable depots for underground news from the Confederacy, and it is not unlikely that the astute Secretary occasionally got some "points" of value to himself from the more talkative of these tradesmen.

In 1864 Mr. Stanton ordered that there-after captured Confederate flags should be accompanied to Washington by the individual or parties engaged in each capture. As soon

as informed of the arrival of a collection of such trophies, he organized a little ceremony in the public reception-room. An hour would be appointed for receiving the standards, and he would get together a small company of notables. Taking his stand at the tall desk, each flag would be brought before him in succession, and he would demand the story of its capture, which the captor would give, flag and staff in hand. The Secretary would keep up a running commentary of mingled surprise and gratification; would occasionally stop the narrative and call for a repetition of some part which struck his fancy, and, at the close, would shake the narrator warmly by the hand, introduce him to each of the distinguished persons in the room, and repeatedly tell him that he was a gallant fellow. Sometimes he would shake hands over and over again with the same man, commending the courage of his action and the modesty of his account of it. Again and again he would refer to their coming from different States, but belonging to one country, and this theme he played upon so variously during each ceremony that he must have had a suspicion of the existence of sectionalism in the armies. When all the flags had been presented and all the stories told, he would turn to the Adjutant-General (who was in attendance and in uniform), and in an impressive voice direct him to make out for each man a furlough for thirty days, with transportation at the public expense to his home and back to his station, and an order on the Paymaster-General for one month's pay in advance; also to cause medals of honor to be prepared and sent to each captor, with due publication of the fact in general orders. Then with more handshakings, compliments, and patriotic allusions, the visitors would withdraw in the company of the Adjutant-General, all blushes, confusion, and delightful anticipation.

At the time I entered the department a gloomy tone pervaded it, which would have been much more noticed and felt by others than the chiefs if incessant and ever-growing routine business had not afforded mental distraction. Not for a day nor an hour did the pressure for army appointments and contracts relax, so that no matter how things went in the field, in the department at Washington they went the same from one day to another. General Halleck at last warned the Secretary of War that the excessive number of paymasters, quartermasters, commissaries, and assistant adjutant-generals appointed to the volunteer forces was an administrative calamity, apart from the useless expense, which was not his concern. The chiefs of bureaus protested that outstanding contracts for the favorite articles of supply ran far ahead of the public necessity.

Assistant Secretary Harrington, the practical man of the Treasury Department, came over with schedules and statements which showed that the expenses of the Government were at the rate of one and a half million dollars per day, that the new loans were stagnant, and that the banks were getting alarmed at the extent to which their resources were locked up in the certificates of indebtedness that the Treasury had been obliged to use in settling with public creditors. So far as the War Department was concerned, the trouble lay not in the expense of the troops actually in the field or in garrison, but in the multitude of establishments in the rear, reaching from Maine to California, and sheltering a mixed staff of military and civil employees that rivaled in numbers the men who marched and fought.

In each congressional district a multitude of local interests was bound up with these establishments, and not one could be abolished or reduced without raising a deafening clamor at Washington. It was the supervision and control of these indispensable yet costly auxiliaries that robbed the Secretary of needed repose in the intervals of the great duties of his office; for an appeal was sure to be taken to him from every important act of the local administration. His office was choked with inspection reports, filled with evidences of inefficiency and extravagance, and with projects of reform, and the custodian of them used to have the more important set up in large type in a secluded printing-office, and a single impression struck off, so that the Secretary could read them in his carriage, or in his library or bedroom at home. But all retrenchment had to await the November presidential election, for the Administration took a serious view of General McClellan's prospects, and did not feel strong enough to offend the pettiest political magnate. Mr. Chase had a large following which was not friendly to President Lincoln, and the military situation for the moment gave color to the Democratic declaration that nearly four years of war had failed to restore the Union. Early in October, from some cause that I never fathomed, a subterranean panic seized upon the leaders and lasted a good fortnight at least. The Assistant Secretary of War, who had charge of the internal economy of the department, began dismissing clerks accused of offensive "McClellanism," but this did not meet the Secretary's approval. Doubtless Mr. Stanton knew fairly well the extent to which quiet partisanship for McClellan pervaded his entire department, but politics under him was as free as religion, so long as fidelity and industry accompanied it. The chief of his military staff, Colonel Hardie, came to him fresh from cordial and confiden-

tial service on the staff of the deposed General McClellan, and General Fry, the provost marshal-general, whose duties and powers were more important and delicate than those of any other officer in the department, had been chief of staff to General Buell up to the time when the latter's active career had been terminated by the Secretary.

Early in 1869, a former clerk in his office called upon the ex-Secretary to solicit his influence in the matter of an appointment he was seeking from President Grant. His request was so warmly received that with an awkward honesty of purpose he blurted out, "You know, Mr. Secretary" (his late subordinates usually so addressed him after his retirement), "that I used to belong to the Army of the Potomac, and perhaps I ought to say that I have always been a warm adherent of General McClellan." Mr. Stanton was plainly enough annoyed at the unexpected diversion of the conversation, but he quietly answered, "That is your business, sir, not mine. You served me faithfully, and whenever or wherever I can serve you, I will do so gladly." Then, seeing the distress and repentance of his visitor, he resumed his interrupted cordiality, and, with a touch of old-time habits, sent him away at ease by having lifted a bit of the curtain that hid the business of state. One of his staff-officers, now dead, told me how the Secretary had "stampeded" him one day during that autumn of 1864, by quietly remarking to him, after an unusual display of petulance, "Never mind, major! when your friend McClellan gets into the White House, you'll be rid of me."

Speaking of his political tolerance, it is proper to remember that Mr. Stanton entered President Lincoln's cabinet as a life-long Democrat, and it was his humor always to regard himself as still a member of the Democratic party. As late as the winter of 1866-67, in the course of a short conversation with the then Senator Hendricks, with whom he maintained cordial relations throughout the war, he rather surprised that gentleman by discussing with him the political situation as though he had a partisan's interest in the forthcoming Democratic nomination to the presidency. He was accustomed to appeal privately to leading Democrats in Congress to forward passively, when they could not actively, the indispensable war measures of the Government; he refrained from gratifying himself or his party friends by patronage; he cherished to the end of his life old political associations and friendships — more than one Democratic worker in Pennsylvania in 1863 and 1864 carried in his pocket an autograph letter from the Secretary of War, guaranteeing any free-

dom of speech and of the press that did not promote disloyalty or incite resistance to the operations of government; and he never came nearer to confessing himself a convert to the party he was serving than by an occasional lamentation that the war had broken up the party lines and issues as he used to know them.

Mr. Stanton was always and before everything a lawyer. He idealized and deified the Law and magnified, I suspect, both the capabilities and achievements of his class. Eminence as a lawyer was any man's best recommendation to him. He doubtless appreciated in Generals Halleck and Canby the technical military knowledge which he never had nor cared to have, but it was their legal attainments that placed them so high and kept them so steadily in his esteem. It pleased him to have people mention with interest the little tin sign bearing his name and profession which all during his public career remained upon the building opposite the Treasury where in his law-office had been. While in practice he shrunk from no exercise of power that the public welfare or the public necessity seemed to demand, he was delighted to have that clever and industrious Boston lawyer, Mr. Whiting, find a legal warrant for every proper exercise of authority in the theretofore unexplored and unsuspected war powers of the President under the Constitution. He gave Dr. Lieber a liberal honorarium for preparing those rules for the government of armies in the field which supplied a sound legal basis for what officers and soldiers were doing upon necessity. "Whiting's Powers" and "Lieber's Rules" were jest-books about the department, but their continued vitality and authority prove how sound and timely were the legal instincts of Mr. Stanton in calling them into existence.

One day a prominent Senator made his way into the Secretary's presence, full of fury against the Quartermaster-General.

"Stanton," he roared out, "I wonder how a lawyer, as you are, can keep that man Meigs where he is. Why! he pays no regard to either law or justice."

Mr. Stanton looked at his excited visitor and replied, dryly:

"Now, don't you say a word against Meigs. He is the most useful man I have about me. True, he isn't a lawyer, and therefore he does many things that I wouldn't dare to do."

"Then why in the name of heaven do you let him do them?" demanded the Senator.

"Somebody *has* to do them," quietly answered the Secretary.

Mr. Stanton never reconciled himself to military methods, nor learned to esteem the military profession as a permanent instrument of civilization. Accustomed as a lawyer to do

everything in person and in his own way, the delay and precision inseparable from public administration always chafed him. The official conservator of routine in the War Department is the Adjutant-General; and General Townsend, who filled that office during the war, was an even-tempered man, with an ideal respect for authority that never permitted him to palter with orders, and an ideal respect for precedent that never permitted him to depart from tradition in their execution; and of the traditions of the army he was the store-house from which all engaged in military administration at times supplied themselves. The Secretary was greatly attached to his Adjutant-General, scolding him oftener than any other of his subordinates, sharing more confidences with him, and, while forever breaking down his barriers of tradition and routine, constantly taking his opinion in private upon questions or acts under discussion or in contemplation. Mr. Stanton was surrounded and kept himself surrounded by military officers, and despite the incessant war of conflicting habits and methods, there was much mutual esteem. He once humorously described his situation as that of the man betwixt the devil and the deep sea—if he escaped the bottomless pit of chaos, he fell into the fathomless gulf of circumlocution. His open preference for the private soldier to the wearer of shoulder-straps (a preference opposed to both reason and experience and, in his case, free from the usual taint of demagogism) was due to his conception of military force as a necessary evil; still an evil, however necessary. If I might venture to put into phrase his art of war as I have heard him variously expound it, it would read something like this: "Get together all the men you can and move against the enemy; if he retreats, follow him and fight him till he breaks up or surrenders; if he resists, fight him till he retreats." He once closed a technical and animated discussion, in his presence, of the respective merits of muzzle and breech loading rifles by the remark: "Gentlemen, it's the man behind the gun that makes all the difference worth talking about."

Mr. Stanton repeatedly bestowed military appointments upon persons in civil life, charged with civic duties, because the emoluments of such appointments were the readiest means at hand of recognizing faithful or valuable service. Baker, the chief of the military detective service, was, in truth, a faithful and valuable public servant, and as he held the rank of colonel of volunteers, the Secretary saw no reason why he should not have a brevet promotion, on retiring from the service, just as paymasters, commissaries, and surgeons were having brevets. To his legally constituted mind a brevet brig-

adier (being an official without either authority, duty, or pay as such) was as great an anomaly as a brevet judge would have been; and hence, after keeping the law authorizing brevets in abeyance till military pressure became irresistible, he opened the gates, at the close of the war, and said in effect: "Here is something that means nothing and costs nothing; take all you want." True, he did at first prescribe that brevets should only be conferred on the recommendation of boards of officers, or, subsequently, of the chain of commanding officers of each aspirant, and he originally limited brevet promotion to one grade for each person breveted; but these methods were too slow and too sparing for the multitude of aspirants, and as he did not care enough about the matter in a public or personal sense to buffet with Congressmen, who naturally wanted everything they could get for their soldier constituents, he practically abandoned the whole business to a clerk in his office, who made up schedules as best he could from which the Adjutant-General prepared the official papers. So loosely was the brevetting done that a party of departmental clerks, for a lark, undertook to get a companion and butt of theirs breveted from his late rank of first-lieutenant to the grade of brigadier-general, and had actually obtained for him the several brevet commissions of captain, major, and lieutenant-colonel when he became fearful of detection and exposure, and gave a royal "spread" to his benefactors as the price of their services and silence. I am bound to say that his extraordinary elevation made a man of him, for some wealthy relatives took him up, on hearing of the honors showered upon him, established him in business, and helped him to a desirable marriage, and "the colonel" has been all that a colonel ought to be ever since.

Mr. Stanton's mental characteristics accorded exactly with his past career. He was a self-made man, and had been a highly successful lawyer and advocate. Hence his energy, self-reliance, gravity, and taciturnity. Hence, too, his minute suspiciousness, for he had grappled with extraordinary fabrications of documents and with perjury of the most cunning order in his investigation of the California land-titles. Hence, too, I imagine, his dramatic tendencies, which were perpetually cropping out. Hence, too, his normal aggressiveness; for as Secretary of War he seemed to regard himself as holding a brief for the Government and to be bent on bringing his client out successful, leaving everybody else to look out for himself and to get in the way at his peril. This concentration and intensity of his mind on the single object of crushing the rebellion must explain much of his

seeming harshness to and neglect of individuals. He liked many persons and disliked very few. Messrs. Davis, Toombs, Yancey, Thompson, Floyd, and Breckinridge were all, or nearly all, of the leaders of the rebellion that he seemed to have any personal resentment against. He spoke sympathetically of the situation of Governor Vance, who had been captured and brought before him as a prisoner, though he had borne himself stiffly while the governor was present. At the solicitation of Mr. Garrett, he interested himself in getting a special pardon for General Kirby Smith, because of his poverty after conducting large cotton operations for the Confederate Government, and because of Canby's praise of his scrupulous fidelity in executing the surrender of the Trans-Mississippi Department. He permitted an impoverished gentleman who had held civil office at Richmond to bring a valuable law library to the North, and assisted him to an advantageous sale of it. He protected a needy lady who was threatened with dismissal from public employment because her husband was (against her will) serving in the Confederate army. The late Judge Roane, of Alabama, told me that when his State seceded he went to Mr. Stanton, who, after some violent language about Yancey and some others, and the ruin they were bringing on innocent men, told him he saw nothing else for him to do but to resign his office at Washington, go home and take care of his family and do as little harm to the Government or his people as he could. When he saw Roane after the war and heard that he had accepted a place in one of the departments at Richmond as a partial means of support, he only remarked, "A man must live." With the exceptions I have named, I do not believe that he had any especial or individual feeling against those engaged in the rebellion, and that he never had any thought or purpose beyond restoring the Union and making it secure. When, in the early days of his heat against the Southern leaders, President Johnson refused to permit General Joseph E. Johnston to visit his sister in Canada without forfeiting his right to remain in the United States, Mr. Stanton, whose own power of refusal was ample, before handing the paper back to General Grant, who, in company with General Sherman, had recommended the desired extension of General Johnston's parole, indorsed on the paper a minute that the refusal was at the personal order of the President.

The unhappy relations that grew up between Secretary Stanton and General McClellan are, I think, most reasonably to be explained by the overwhelming devotion of the former to the advocate's idea of duty to a client. He entered office on the best of terms

with the young General-in-Chief, but they soon drifted apart. The choice of the Peninsular route for the advance on Richmond entirely shattered the Secretary's confidence in his late military ideal, and the retreat to the James River, and the seemingly aimless and endless sojourn there under the protection of the navy, appeared to confirm all of Mr. Stanton's moody anticipations and gave him an ascendancy in the Government that was, however, speedily overturned by the disaster to his own general, Pope. He fought bitterly then, as his cabinet memoranda show, against the restoration of McClellan, but people, generally, had neither his convictions nor his stern courage, and the President overruled him for the moment. He was again overruled in the appointment of General Hooker; but that was the last time, and not even the transcendent influence of General Grant at a later day could suffice to recall General McClellan to the field a second time.

If Mr. Stanton had any marked intellectual tastes dissociated from the law I never discovered or heard of them. He was fond of novels, especially those of Dickens, but he read them, as he said, to relax and clear his mind. He liked also the conversation of accomplished men, and, before the war, had built himself a house, larger than his means warranted, in order that he might assemble them around his table and give them suitable entertainment. Even during the war, no matter how onerous or anxious his duties at the moment might be, he was always ready to meet at his own or some other table men of real eminence in any field who might be visiting Washington. Among his colleagues of the cabinet he maintained intimate relations with Mr. Seward, whose volatile nature had a strong attraction for his own Puritanical soul.

Mr. Stanton was a profoundly pious man and carried his belief in predestination and special providence so far that he might have been a fatalist, except for the teachings of his own active life and the robustness and activity of a mind that was incapable of passiveness. In his eyes the American Union was a providential scheme for working out the happiness of mankind, and therefore, while he never despaired of the republic, the attempt to break it up appeared to him to be sacrilegious, and herein probably lay the secret of his vindictiveness against the men whom he felt warranted in holding guilty of stirring up a rebellion.

With all his religious fervor, Mr. Stanton was a tolerant man in religion, as I have shown him to have been in politics. As the Federal armies penetrated and spread themselves over the South, there was much unavoidable dis-

stress and disturbance of the Roman Catholic conventual establishments connected with education and charity, and the sisterhoods, and often priests in charge of congregations, would appeal to the Archbishop of Baltimore for aid in getting their lot in various ways ameliorated by the authorities at Washington. The archbishop would transmit the more urgent and meritorious of these appeals to Colonel Hardie, chief of the military staff at the War Department and a devout Catholic, who would submit them to the Secretary, being unwilling to assume any responsibility himself in matters that touched him so closely. Colonel Hardie has told me how surprised he used to be at the patience and liberality of Mr. Stanton in dealing with these appeals, and how, upon one occasion, when he expressed a fear that he was exposing himself to censure in making himself the repeated vehicle of such applications, the Secretary put him at his ease by replying: "I shall censure you when you fail in your duty of bringing all necessary and proper matters to my attention,—these included."

This is perhaps a good place to refer to a belief that has gained some foothold, that Mr. Stanton was especially concerned in bringing about the conviction or the execution of Mrs. Surratt, and that he afterward was stricken by remorse for his part in her painful death. It is true that, after her conviction, he did refuse to interfere in any way with the execution of her sentence, even when importuned by her pale-faced, weeping daughter again and again, till he was obliged either to yield or to deny admittance to the suppliant; and it is true that, relying upon his own legal training and experience, he personally subjected the witness Weichman, upon whose testimony Mrs. Surratt was chiefly convicted, to a searching examination to test the accuracy and trustworthiness of his statements. Beyond these he had, from beginning to end, no especial relations toward the case of Mrs. Surratt. Doubtless he shared the national repugnance of his countrymen to the hanging of women, and I infer this from his expressed disgust at the applications made to him for passes to witness her execution. After his retirement he was not chary of admitting his mistakes made in office, but he certainly died in ignorance of remorse, or any ground for remorse, on the part of himself or anybody else, in connection with the fate of Mrs. Surratt. It is only fair to say that he did take an active part in the subsequent trial of her son, and made no concealment of his chagrin at the failure of the expected conviction.

I have spoken of Mr. Stanton's self-reliance. The defeat of Rosecrans at Chickamauga was

believed at Washington to imperil East Tennessee, and the Secretary was urgent to send a strong reinforcement there from the Army of the Potomac. General Halleck contended that it was impossible to get an effective reinforcement there in time, and the President, after hearing both sides, accepted the judgment of Halleck. Mr. Stanton then put off the decision till evening, when he and Halleck were to be ready with details to support their conclusions. The Secretary then sent for Colonel McCallum, who was neither a lawyer nor a strategist, but a master of railway science. He showed McCallum how many officers, men, horses, and pieces of artillery, and how much baggage it was proposed to move from the Rapidan to the Tennessee, and asked him to name the shortest time he would undertake to do it in if his life depended on it. McCallum made some rapid calculations, jotted down some projects connected with the move, and named a time within that which Halleck had admitted would be soon enough if it were only possible; this time being conditioned on his being able to control everything that he could reach. The Secretary was delighted, told him he would make him a brigadier-general the day that the last train was safely unloaded, put him on his mettle by telling him of Halleck's assertion that the thing was beyond human power, told him to go and work out final calculations and projects, and to begin preliminary measures, using his name and authority everywhere; and finally instructed him what to do and say when he should send for him by and by to come over to the department. When the conference was resumed and McCallum was introduced, his apparently spontaneous demonstration of how easily and surely the impossible thing could be done convinced the two skeptics, and the movement was ordered and made, and figures now in military science as a grand piece of strategy.

The Secretary was not without a sense of humor, as the following anecdote will show. It was reported to him that an officer from the front was in Washington under an assumed name and rank, in a false uniform and with a forged pass, and had been heard to utter obscure threats against some of the heads of the Government. He had the accused person looked up, arrested, and brought before him, and it happened that he was in the public reception-room when the prisoner arrived. A few stern and searching questions and a demand for the prisoner's papers brought out the facts. The "conspirator" was a lieutenant of volunteers who had overstaid a leave of absence and was masquerading in the uniform and credentials of a field-officer while making ducks and drakes of a few hundred dollars

which had come into his possession, and the threats were the frothy parts of a beery discussion with some brother officers over the perennial subject of the merits and demerits of McClellan, Burnside, and Hooker, the shelved commanders of the army to which the inebriates all belonged. The Secretary called in a tall, grisly sergeant of dragoons, whom he was accustomed to use for hard or perilous courier service, and in a sepulchral voice bade him go fetch his saber. At these words the malefactor turned pale and the bystanders were filled with a variety of emotions, ranging from curiosity to terror. The saber was brought and the edge of it solemnly scrutinized and felt by the Secretary. Still holding the saber, he directed the sergeant to tear from the prisoner's coat the gilt buttons and false shoulder-straps. Then handing him the naked blade, he said, "Sergeant, take this *fellow* to the Old Capitol in one of the wagons, and tell Colonel Wood to keep him there till I direct his release. If he attempts to escape, cut him down, by my orders." These dreadful words did not, in truth, mean perpetual or even indefinite imprisonment. The Secretary knew that the case would come before the jail deliverer, Judge Advocate Turner, the very next morning, and that, in a day or two, an order of dismissal from the service would result, and the offender be set at large.

The Secretary, however, was not always so grim in his pleasantries. An orderly, lounging at the watchman's desk and scribbling on the blotting-pad, idly scrawled a rude imitation of the Secretary's autograph, and, impelled by some demon of mischief, added a profane and insulting epithet to it. The microscopic eye of the Secretary soon detected the libelous inscription, and the terrified door-keeper gave up the name of the person whom he rightly suspected of the authorship. "Bad news travels fast," and before the Secretary could reach the station of the culprit, *en route* to his own room, Smith was on the upper floor of the building, a panting fugitive. For a full week he lived a life of suspense and furtiveness, without a word or a sign from the offended magnate, who was full of business, and might be presumed to have forgotten the matter. But as soon as Mr. Stanton laid his eye upon Smith he invited him into his private room and demanded the whole truth and nothing else. He soon became satisfied that the inscription was nothing but a piece of idle mischief, and a few more questions of idle mischief, and a few more questions informed him of the trembler's good record in the field and the department, and of his possession of a wife and children. The Secretary then began to rail at him for so publicly caricaturing his handsome signature,

and, for a moment, led the poor fellow to believe that he had a schoolmaster's pride in his up and down strokes; the truth being that while the Secretary was capable, by an effort, of writing a bold and legible back hand, his ordinary chirography was decidedly loose in character.

If I were to attempt, from his conversations, to name types of the kinds of men that Mr. Stanton admired, I should select Governor Morton, Secretary Fessenden, Senator Zachariah Chandler, and General Sheridan. Ruggedness was a characteristic that attracted instead of repelled him, as witness his active friendship for the scarred, cynical, and peniless exile, Gurowski, perhaps the queerest of many queer characters that have made Washington their abiding-place. For Mr. Lincoln the Secretary had an esteem and affection that put their relations entirely apart from those which he formed or maintained with any other man of the period.

Even if President Lincoln had lived, it is improbable that Mr. Stanton would have continued at the War Office long after the return of peace. He did not like administration, and in ordinary times would no doubt have preferred the Attorney-Generalship to any other office in the cabinet. Nor did he like politics, and the little talk there was at one time of his

entering the Senate when he could be spared from the War Department never found an echo with him. Doubtless he hoped to find a place in the Supreme Court when he could properly leave the cabinet of his chieftain and friend; and considering his almost fanatical devotion to the law, he ought to have made his mark in the annals of that high tribunal. But his health was so precarious till a period subsequent to Mr. Lincoln's death that he probably thought little at that time about his earthly future. The length and manner of his continuance in Mr. Johnson's cabinet was of course entirely unpremeditated from one stage to another. I feel warranted in adding that it was against both his wishes and his judgment, and I know that he lived to regret this one conspicuous instance in which he permitted others to decide what his duty was at a great emergency.

When, on the failure of the impeachment of the President, Mr. Stanton abandoned the War Department, he was a beggar not only in health but in fortune; even the one dwelling that he possessed was heavily mortgaged, and so continued till his death brought the true state of his affairs to light, and gave able and willing friends an opportunity to do what they would have been glad to do earlier, except for his own proud silence.

Charles F. Benjamin.

THE CLOCK OF THE UNIVERSE.

SWING, swang, the pendulum goes
Of the clock æonian, steady and tall,
That, backed by Creation's flaming wall,
Stands at the foot of the dim, wide stair!
Swing, swang; here—there!
Its tick and its tack like the sledging blows
Of Tubal Cain, the artisan—
Though they strike on the anvil of no man's ear;
On the heart, on the human heart they fall,
With a sound of blessing, a sound of ban,
Each blow a hope, each blow a fear,
Swing, swang, the pendulum,
With a far-off, dreamy hum,
And a tick-tack, almost dumb—
Tick, tack, fetch and come,
Goes the pendulum!

Dark is the clock's deep, mystical face,
Filled with a brooding, hearkening grace;
The stars dream in, and sink fainting out,
And the sun and the moon go walking about,
Solemn and slow at a thinking pace,
Walking, walking about.

Two hands, together joined in prayer,
Uplift to the lightning and the thunder;
Two hands, in hope spread half asunder,

An empty gulf of longing embrace;
Two hands, wide apart as they can fare,
In a fear that coasts, never lands in despair,
But turns again, back again, ever to prayer;
Two hands, human hands, pass with awful
motion,
From island to island, across the face-ocean.

With opening beak and quivering wing,
Eager out of its door to spring,
Tiptoe stands the cock that crows—
The golden cock with triumphant call,
Clear as a trumpet rending the sky—
When the hands at length are joined on high,
In a silent, despairing, hoping cry,
The prayer supreme of the universe,
When the darkness eternal will not disperse,
And the cross itself seems a writhing curse;
Tick, tack, to the waiting cock,
Tick, tack, goes the ages-clock!

A polar bear, golden and gray,
Is crawling ever around the top.
Black and black as an Ethiop,
The great sea-serpent lies coiled beneath—
Living, living—and does not breathe.

The Great President's Steadfastness and Kindness.

One of the old timers of Virginia is Gen. A. H. H. Stuart, says the New York Tribune. He is one of the few men living who have recollection of Thomas Jefferson. In his youth General Stuart was a frequent guest at Monticello. While at Natural Bridge a few days ago General Stuart found a formation of rock, which he declares is a most striking profile of Jefferson's face. It has already been called "Jefferson's Profile" and will be pointed out to future visitors as one of the curiosities of that resort.

General Stuart, by the way, tells of a remarkable interview which he had with President Lincoln, at Washington, just before the opening of hostilities at Charleston. The Virginia convention was in session, and had sent a committee, of which General Stuart was a member, to confer with the President, and, if possible, induce him to adopt a course which would save the country from war. They had a long conference with the President, and not an altogether satisfactory one. As they were leaving General Stuart withdrew from the other members and asked permission of the President to speak with him alone for a few minutes. When they were by themselves he urged upon the President the policy of blockading South Carolina both from sea and the land, the suspension of the mails, the revenue service and railroad travel, and the cutting off of all communication of every description. "If you will do this, Mr. President, and give the Union men of the South time to gather force and strength, and to argue with the people of the South, South Carolina will stand alone, and her return to the Union will then be a question only of hours." The President's reply was given with pathetic emotion. "Whatever it might be possible to avert or prevent by any other course," said Mr. Lincoln. "I have sworn to defend the flag of the nation and to preserve the honor of the nation. It has been assailed by rebellion. The flag has been fired upon and it is my duty to defend it. There is no middle course now."

Another story of President Lincoln which comes from Samuel Fessenden, of Connecticut, gives new testimony to his kindness of heart. Mr. Fessenden was in Washington, as a boy, with his uncle, the late Senator William Pitt Fessenden, of Maine, who was one of the giants of his day in the United States Senate. The Senator took the lad with him to the White House one day, when he had occasion to call on the President. A great many things were discussed between the statesman which were beyond the lad's knowledge and comprehension. The one thing that he does remember, however, was the President's appeal to the Senator to know what he would do in a case where a boy soldier had been sentenced to be shot for disobeying orders. Said Mr. Lincoln to the Senator, "It is seldom that I am placed in such an embarrassing position as that in which you find me this morning. Here is a poor widow whose only boy is an enlisted soldier, who is negligent of his duty, and a court-martial has adjudged that he is guilty of a military crime, of which the penalty is death. The judgment has been pronounced upon him, and the poor woman is here asking for his pardon. The boy's action lost nothing to us, but army officers say if a reprieve is granted it will destroy all discipline and make it impossible to secure obedience from the men. Now, what would you do in such a case?" Senator Fessenden replied that his action would be guided by his heart, and that it would be favorable to the widow. Whereupon Mr. Lincoln said, with a half smile, as if he thought it would be amusement to see his great war secretary angry: "Well, that is just what I have done, but I expect that Senator Stanton will be terribly angry when he hears of it. However, I guess he will get over it after a while."

A Maine officer who had been absent from his command beyond the period of his furlough was arbitrarily suspended without being permitted to make any explanation. All attempts to secure re-instatement through the ordinary channels failed. Finally he went to the President. Mr. Lincoln listened carefully to his statement, took the papers and asked him to call another day. When the man came back the President handed him his papers, endorsed as follows:

Grant this request. The President is never too busy to listen to the complaint of a soldier.
A. LINCOLN.

There was an episode in the history of Senator Fessenden and Secretary Stanton which gives considerable insight into the character of both men. At the time of the impeachment of President Andrew Johnson, Senator Fessenden pursued a course which was distasteful to Secretary Stanton. They met constantly during the trial and up to the time of its conclusion, and then, without a word of warning, Mr. Stanton "cut" Mr. Fessenden as they passed each other in the street, and from that time to the day of Senator Fessenden's death they never spoke to each other. Senator Fessenden was a man with the courage of his convictions whom nothing on earth could swerve from his duty as he saw and determined it. He was extremely sensitive over Stanton's action, but was as proud as he was sensitive and never spoke of it. When he was lying at death's door, and it was known his hours on earth were numbered, telegrams came pouring in from eminent men all over the country. Their contents were communicated from time to time to Senator Fessenden. He was indifferent to them all; and, after having listened to a new batch, would querulously demand if there was no word from Stanton. One of his friends undertook, through telegraphic communication, to induce Mr. Stanton to send some word to the ailing family that might relieve the dying man's anxiety. The effort was duly made, but was ineffectual.

From an article by the Hon. A. H. Brandegee: One evening at a crowded

party given by Senator Dixon I was forced by the press into a corner and on looking around found my next neighbor was Secretary Stanton. By and by Dixon came along and spying us said: "Stanton, tell him the scene between old Abe and you the night of the battle of Gettysburg." Stanton related the following:

Mr. Lincoln had been excessively solicitous about the result of that battle. It was known that Lee had crossed into Pennsylvania, threatened Washington, and that battle had been joined near Gettysburg, upon which in all probability the fate of Washington and the issue of the war depended. The telegraphic wires ran into the War department and dispatches had been received of the first day's fight, which showed how desperate was the attack, the stubbornness of the defense, and that the result was indecisive. All that day and the next Mr. Lincoln was in an agony of anxiety, running over, as was his wont, to the War office to ascertain for himself the latest news instead of waiting for the reports to be sent him by his subordinates. Then came a long interval when nothing was heard from Meade, and the President was wrought up to an intense pitch of excitement. Night came on, and Stanton, seeing the President worn out with care and anxiety, persuaded him to return to the White House, promising if anything came over the wires during the night to give him immediate information. At last, toward midnight, came the electric flash of that great victory which saved the Union.

Stanton seized the dispatch and ran as fast as he could to the Executive Mansion, up the stairs, and knocked at the room where the President was catching a fitful slumber. "Who is there?" he heard in the voice of Mr. Lincoln. "Stanton." The door was opened and Mr. Lincoln appeared with a light in his hand peering through the crack of the door, "in the shortest nightdress and longest legs," a Stanton said, he ever saw on a human being. Before Stanton, who was out of breath, could say a word the President, who had caught with unerring instinct the expression of his face, gave a shout of exultation, grabbed him with both arms around the waist, and danced him around the chamber until they were both exhausted. They then sat down upon a trunk, and the President, who was still in his nightdress, read over and over again the telegram, and then discussed with him the probabilities of the future and the results of the victory until the day dawned.

Such a scene at midnight between two of the greatest Americans whom this generation had produced, to whom all wise Providence had committed in largest measure the fate of Republican liberty in this Western world, may not afford a subject for the loftiest conceptions of the poet or the painter, but more than any other incident within my knowledge it shows the human nature of these two great men, and brings them home to the hearts and the hearthstones of the plain people of whom Mr. Lincoln was, on whom he depended, and whom he loved. It shows him brooding all through those three awful days, with an anxiety akin to agony, which no one could share—worn and weary with the long and weary conflict between hope and fear—treading the wine press for his people alone. And at last when the lightning flash had lifted the dark cloud, dancing like a schoolboy in the ecstasy of delight and exhibiting a touch of that human nature which makes all the world akin.

As I look back over the intervening years to the great men and great events of those historic days his figure rises before my memory the grandest and most majestic of them all. There were giants in those days, but he towered above them like Popocatepeti or Chimborazo. He was great in character, in intellect, in wisdom, in tact, in council, in speech, in heart, in person—in everything.

LINCOLN AND STANTON.

An Episode of the Night After the Election of 1864. (188)

Charles A. Dana in the New York Sun.

In the last number of the Century Magazine, Messrs. Hay and Nicolay narrate their idea of what happened at the war department on the evening after the second election of President Lincoln in 1864. As they were not present, their report must be a matter of hearsay. I do not know that any of the particulars they relate are deficient in accuracy, though I can testify that while I was there at that time I did not observe them.

I was not usually on duty in the war department at night; but Mr. Stanton had directed me to come over that evening, and I arrived pretty early, say at 8 o'clock or half-past 8. The excitement of the struggle had been intense. In all my experience I have never witnessed any other election that had so much politics in it. All the resources of partisan science, backed by the immense power of the vast and widespread expenditures of the war department, then about a million a day, had been employed by the astute and relentless statesman at the head of the war office, and he did it with a pertinacity and skill that have never been surpassed. Of course, no great step had been taken without the knowledge and consent of Mr. Lincoln, himself a politician of a very fertile and superior order; but the engineer whose hand was never taken off the machine, and whose purpose never relaxed its high-pressure energy, was Mr. Stanton; and his ardent and excitable nature was kept at fever heat to the last moment of the contest, and afterward.

The president, apparently as serene as a summer morning, was in Mr. Stanton's large private room, and no one was with him except the secretary and Gen. Eckert, who came continually with telegrams. The result of the voting was of such a decisive character that the news arrived much earlier than had been expected; and when I went in I learned from both the president and secretary that the question seemed already to be substantially settled. Each dispatch that was received seemed only to add to the apparent certainty, and by about 9 o'clock there was no longer any doubt. But without waiting for that hour, Mr. Lincoln drew from his breast a thin, yellow-covered pamphlet. "Dana," he said to me, "have you ever read anything of Petroleum V. Nasby?" pronouncing Nasby as though the first syllable were spelled with the letter e. "No, sir," said I, "not much; but I know he writes from the Confederate Cross Roads, and prints his things in the Toledo Blade."

"Yes," said Mr. Lincoln, "that's so, but that is not the whole. Pull up your chair and listen." I drew up to him and he began to read aloud, to me only and not to Stanton, one after another of Petroleum's funny hits; and between each of them we had a quiet little laugh all to ourselves. But the lion head of the secretary showed plainly that he had no sympathy with this amusement; in fact his face wore its darkest and sternest expression. However, the reading went on, occasionally broken by Gen. Eckert's entrance with another telegram, to which Mr. Lincoln paid no very serious attention; and he quickly turned back to the reading every time. In this way he read paragraphs and even pages of Nasby, until finally a dispatch was brought in of a more important nature, and he laid the pamphlet down to attend to it.

While he was thus engaged, Mr. Stanton motioned to me to come with him into Gen. Eckert's room, and when the door was shut he broke out in fury: "G—d d—n it to hell," said he, "was there ever such nonsense? Was there ever such inability to appreciate what is going on in an awful crisis? Here is the fate of this whole re-

public at stake, and here is the man around whom it all centers, on whom it all depends, turning aside from this momentous, this incomparable issue, to read the G—d d—d trash of a silly mountebank!"

This fiery speech of the enraged secretary was interrupted by Gen. Eckert, who had another telegram which he showed to him, and with which we all went back into Mr. Stanton's office, in order that the president might see it.

Hardly had he begun to read it, however, when a new occasion of irritation arose. The messenger brought in a card and handed it to the president, who said at once, as he passed the card over to the secretary, "Show him in!" Stanton read it, and, turning to me, exclaimed in a low voice: "God in heaven, it is Whitelaw Reid!" I understood the point of this explosion at once. Mr. Reid, who was then the correspondent of the Cincinnati Gazette and a great friend of Secretary Chase in Washington, was not liked by the Secretary of War. This dislike had gone so far that the door keepers at the war department had received directions that Mr. Reid was not to be admitted. But when he sent his card in to the president they could not refuse it. Mr. Reid came in and was greeted by Mr. Lincoln, but not by the Secretary. His purpose was merely to obtain from headquarters and from the highest authority the assurance that the election had certainly gone in favor of Lincoln; and after expressions of thanks and congratulations he withdrew. Just then Judge David C. Carter came in with two or three other gentlemen, among them Mr. Fox, of the navy department, and the reading of Petroleum V. Nasby from the Confederate Cross Roads was not resumed.

These incidents of a memorable historical event are not recorded in any annals of the time that I have seen; and yet they appear to me interesting and characteristic enough not to be forgotten. C. A. D.

A STORY OF STANTON.

In recalling a scene of excitement and profanity during the war administration of Abraham Lincoln, Charles A. Dana is as realistic and as little given to dressing up a story as W. H. Herndon is in regard to the obscene parts of a narrative. Mr. Dana was Assistant Secretary of War towards the close of the rebellion, and is in the habit of publishing his recollection of affairs that occurred when Lincoln, Stanton, Grant and others were present. He has recently printed a description of the events in the private office of Secretary Stanton the evening of election day in 1864. The returns were coming in from various States, and were read with the greatest avidity. The returns were reported early, and were apparently so decisive that there was no doubt of Lincoln's election over McClellan. But before this conclusion had been reached Lincoln was enjoying the perusal of a new book by Petroleum V. Nasby; he listened but languidly to report after report as it was received and read, immediately returning to the fun and bad spelling before him. Mr. Dana says:

"'Dana,' said he to me, 'have you ever read anything of Petroleum V. Nasby?' pronouncing Nasby as though the first syllable were spelled with the letter e. 'No, sir,' said I, 'not much; but I know he writes from the Confederate Cross Roads and prints his things in the *Toleda Blade*.'

"'Yes,' said Mr. Lincoln, 'that's so, but that is not the whole. Pull up your chair and listen.' I drew up to him, and he began to read aloud, to me only and not to Stanton, one after another of Petroleum's funny hits; and between each of them we had a quiet little laugh all to ourselves. But the lion head of the Secretary showed plainly that he had no sympathy with this amusement; in fact his face wore its darkest and sternest expression. However, the reading went on, occasionally broken by General Eckert's entrance with another telegram, to which Mr. Lincoln paid no very serious attention; and he quickly went back to the reading every time. In this way he read paragraphs and even pages of Nasby, until finally a dispatch was brought in of a more important nature, and he laid the pamphlet down to attend to it."

At length Stanton's impatience got the better of him, and his rage was unbounded. He motioned to Dana and Eckert (chief of the Military Telegraph), to follow him into another room, which they did. It is then added:

"When the door was shut he broke out in fury: '----- it to -----,' said he, 'was there ever such nonsense? Was there ever such inability to appreciate what is going on in an awful crisis? Here is the fate of this whole Republic at stake, and here is the man around whom it all centers, on whom it all depends, turning aside from this momentous, this incomparable issue, to read the ----- trash of a silly mountebank!'"

Mr. Dana spells the "swear words" out in full, and it must be admitted that thus presented they show in a stronger light the energetic fury and indignation of the great War Secretary. Having given this expression to his anger and amazement, Stanton led his friends back into the room where Lincoln was sitting. Another dispatch was handed to Lincoln, when this scene followed:

"Hardly had he begun to read it, however, when a new occasion of irritation arose. The messenger brought in a card and handed it to the President, who said at once, as he passed the card over to the Secretary, 'Show him in!' Stanton read it, and, turning to me, exclaimed in a low voice: 'God in Heaven, it is Whitelaw Reid!' I understood the point of this explosion at once. Mr. Reid, who was then the correspondent of the *Cincinnati Gazette* and a great friend of Secretary Chase in Washington, was not liked by the Secretary of War. This dislike had gone so far that the doorkeepers at the War Department had received directions that Mr. Reid was not to be admitted. But when he sent his card in to the President, they could not refuse it. Mr. Reid came in and was greeted by Mr. Lincoln, but not by the Secretary. His purpose was merely to obtain from headquarters and from the highest authority the assurance that the election had certainly gone in favor of Lincoln; and after expressions of thanks and congratulations he withdrew."

As amusing chapters in newspaper literature, these reminiscences have their value. They also indicate, perhaps, better than elaborate and tame descriptions could do, the fiery and domineering temper of Lincoln's Secretary of War. In that view they may enter into the history of the times. They are like Boswell's merciless gossip about Dr. Johnson. They show us at once the weakness and the strength—the grotesqueness but also the greatness, of the character to which they relate. *Chicago Journal* 9/11

LINCOLN IN A CRISIS.

How He Enjoyed Parson Nasby and Irritated Secretary Stanton—Charles A. Dana's Personal Recollections.
New York Sun.

In the last number of the *Century Magazine*, Messrs. Hay and Nicolay narrate their idea of what happened at the War department on the evening after the second election of President Lincoln in 1864. As they were not present, their report must be a matter of hearsay. I do not know that any of the particulars they relate are deficient in accuracy, though I can testify that while I was there at that time, I did not observe them.

I was not usually on duty in the War department at night; but Mr. Stanton had directed me to come over that evening, and I arrived pretty early, say 8 o'clock or half past 8. The excitement of the struggle had been intense. In all my experience I have never witnessed any other election that had so much politics in it. All the resources of partisan science, backed by the immense power of the vast and widespread expenditures of the War department, then about a million a day, had been employed by the astute and relentless statesman at the head of the War office; and he did it with a pertinacity and skill that never have been surpassed. Of course, no great step had been taken without the knowledge and consent of Mr. Lincoln, himself a politician of a very fertile and superior order; but the engineer, whose hand was never taken off the machine, and whose purpose never relaxed its high-pressure energy, was Mr. Stanton; and his ardent and excitable nature was kept at fever heat to the very moment of the contest, and afterward.

The President, apparently as serene as a summer morning, was in Mr. Stanton's large private room, and no one was with him except the secretary and Gen. Eckert, who came continually with telegrams. The result of the voting was of such a decisive character that the news arrived much earlier than had been expected; and when I went in I learned both from the President and the secretary that the question seemed already to be substantially settled. Each dispatch that was received seemed only to add to the apparent certainty, and by about 9 o'clock there was no longer any doubt. But without waiting for that hour, Mr. Lincoln drew from his breast a thin yellow-covered pamphlet. "Dana," said he to me, "have you ever read anything of Petroleum V. Nasby?" pronouncing Nasby as though the first syllable were spelled with the letter e. "No, sir," said I, "not much; but I know he writes from the Confederate Cross Roads and prints his things in the Toledo BLADE."

"Yes," said Mr. Lincoln, "that's so, but that is not the whole. Pull up your chair and listen." I drew up to him and he began to read aloud, to me only and not to Stanton, one after another of Petroleum's funny hits; and between each of them we had a quiet little laugh all to ourselves. But the lion head of the secretary showed plainly that he had no sympathy with this amusement, in fact, his face wore its darkest and sternest expression. However, the reading went on, occasionally broken by Gen. Eckert's entrance with another telegram, to which Mr. Lincoln paid no very serious attention; and he quickly turned back to the reading every time. In this way he read paragraphs and even pages of Nasby, until finally a dispatch was brought in of a more important nature, and he laid the pamphlet down to attend to it.

While he was thus engaged, Mr. Stanton motioned to me to come with him into Gen. Eckert's room, and when the door was shut he broke out in fury: "God damn it to Hell," said he, "was there ever such nonsense? Was there ever such inability to appreciate what is going on in an awful crisis? Here is the fate of this whole Republic at stake, and here is the man around whom it all centers, on whom it all depends, turning aside from this momentous, this incomparable issue, to read the God damned trash of a silly mountebank!"

This fiery speech of the enraged secretary was interrupted by Gen. Eckert, who had another telegram, which he showed him, and with which we all went back into Mr. Stanton's office, in order that the President might see it.

Hardly had he begun to read it, however, when a new occasion of irritation arose. The messenger brought in a card and handed it to the President, who said at once, as he passed the card over to the secretary: "show him in!" Stanton read it, and, turning to me, exclaimed in a low voice: "God in Heaven, it is Whitelaw Reid!" I understood the point of this explosion at once. Mr. Reid, who was then the correspondent of the *Cincinnati Gazette* and a great friend of Secretary Chase in Washington, was not liked by the secretary of War. This dislike had gone so far that the doorkeepers at the War department had received directions that Mr. Reid was not to be admitted. But when he sent his card in to the President they could not refuse it. Mr. Reid came in and was greeted by Mr. Lincoln, but not by the secretary. His purpose was merely to obtain from headquarters and from the highest authority the assurance that the election had certainly gone in favor of Mr. Lincoln; and after expressions of thanks and congratulations he withdrew. Just then Judge David C. Carter came in with two or three other gentlemen, among them Mr. Fox, of the Navy department, and the reading of Petroleum V. Nasby from the Confederate Cross Roads was not resumed.

These incidents of a memorable historical event are not recorded in any annals of the time that I have seen; and yet they appear to me interesting and characteristic enough not to be forgotten.

C. A. D.

Stanton and Harding's Cold Contempt of Lincoln.

Brightness, combined with provincialism, are frequently the qualities of the Franklins. If I correctly remember, the autobiography of Franklin was written after he had become a very old man, and had returned to Pennsylvania to become its president. There, smitten by the fashion of the French, even of Rousseau, who described how he and his mistress had deposited their infants in the foundling box, never to know father or mother—Franklin in like manner related how he attempted to win the mistress of his American friend in London, and how he had married his good old wife less from affection than from personal fear that he might fall to pieces through his habits.

There are persons with abundant reasons and good feelings who excuse a publication like this upon the theory that when you have a very great man you must tell about him all that you know.

This was the theory of Ward Layman when he wrote, by the assistance of the blacks of Pennsylvania, his "Life of Lincoln." Desiring to be perfectly sincere, he told a great many things in that book which never happened, such, for instance, as the insinuation that Lincoln's parents had never been married to each other, which was wholly gratuitous, because a lawyer, a few years afterward, happening to be in another county examining some records, found the register of the marriage of Lincoln's father and mother and sent it to Gen. Bristow in New York, who gave it to the printer.

Now, what could excuse an insinuation of that character, except an undeniable fact?

The posterity of Franklin has not been everywhere blessed, and his thrifty disposition to be the stamp collector of Pennsylvania, until he found that the people there meant to burn the stamps and himself, was carried out by his descendant, Robert J. Walker, who went to Mississippi, and

In Order to be Elected

to Washington, began at once to tell the people that the Northern abolitionists meant to take all their black people and pay them nothing, and that the man running against him was representative of that intention.

If you read Clayborne's history of Mississippi you will find in his sketch of Robert J. Walker that he says from his own knowledge that Walker was the first man to inflame Mississippi against the Union in order to get to office, and having become senator and secretary of the treasury, he then made a war on Mississippi upon this very question of slavery, because she would not keep him in place.

With this digression I will recur to the Philadelphia high school. That institution began some time in the thirties or forties, and at a recent convocation of its graduates a member of the very first graduating class attended in the fullness of his strength and success—George Harding of Philadelphia, the son of an Englishman, who owned the Philadelphia Enquirer, and who is known throughout the land as the second, if not the first, patent lawyer, and is the proprietor of the great Katerskills Hotel in the Katskill mountains, which cost half a million or more of dollars.

While at the high school Mr. Harding showed a disposition for geometry and mechanics, and when he graduated he made patent law his special care, as it was just beginning to appear that patents would be a source of future wealth.

He was, I think, the first lawyer in the land who ever argued cases with working models of machines, and he was with Abraham Lincoln in the celebrated McCormick reaper case, and so little impression had Lincoln made upon his mind, that when Lincoln was nominated for the presidency, instead of John McLean, who was some kind of connection of

Mr. Harding's Wife,

he knew not any fact that was material to Lincoln's biography.

I was myself a lad of 19 on his paper at that time, and we had been hearing during the day that the convention at Chicago would probably disagree and McLean would become the nominee; but all at once the news came that Lincoln was nominated, and I was sent up to the Athenaeum, a sort of private library in Philadelphia, to see if I

could find out anything there about this man who had been Mr. Harding's associate counsel in the McCormick reaper case. He found next to nothing, and printed next to nothing, if I correctly remember, next morning upon the greatest man of his age.

After the lapse of 24 years I met Mr. Harding in the city of Chicago at the brink of the nomination of Mr. Blaine, and I said to him: "I would like to hear something about your connection with Lincoln."

"Oh, said he, to think how both Stanton and myself snubbed that poor old man! To think, too, how kind he was to both of us!"

"I want to hear all about it," said I.

"Lincoln was brought into that case because it was necessary to have a counsel who lived in Illinois, where our client registered his appearance and residence. We wanted a Mr. Arnold of Chicago, whom somebody had told us about. Chicago at that time was a very uninteresting and remote place. We found that Arnold had been engaged on the other side. So we applied to Washburne, member of Congress from Washington, to know if there was a man in Illinois whom it was safe to have in the case.

"He said that there was a man named Lincoln at Springfield who would answer our purpose. We hunted up a lawyer's directory, published at that time, a little book, and in it we saw simply, 'A. Lincoln, Springfield.' We secured Lincoln, and it has been said

That the Fee He Got

out of that case gave him the leisure to make his campaign against Douglass and reach the presidency."

"Was not Lincoln's argument in the McCormick reaper case fair to middling?"

"Oh, I suppose it was a good paper. But we had no expectations about anybody in Illinois. The more Lincoln tried to please us, the more we looked down upon him with our Eastern views of what Western men expected to be. We never read his paper.

Stanton treated him with contempt. I was studying Stanton up. Between the two of us I am afraid the poor man got very little consideration. However, he was elected president. In the course of time I went to Washington, and I felt I must call upon Lincoln. I went there, and he turned to me and said, 'I hope you voted for me, for I made up my mind if there was one man in Pennsylvania whom I would appoint to office I would appoint you. I had intended, at any rate, to appoint you and Stanton.'

"And you know," said Mr. Harding, "what he gave Stanton. He gave him all the war making power of the government, with its vast patronage, and Stanton went on behaving just as he had during the war, attempting to boss Lincoln whenever it suited him.

"He offered me the place of commissioner of patents. My practice was coming forward and I could not take it, but it is the most tender recollection in my life to think of that poor man rewarding us who tried to have no respect for him with his abundant remembrance and favor."

This Mr. Harding, I think, graduated in the first class at the Philadelphia high school. While I was attending the Philadelphia high school, where I graduated, I published a little paper, and I went once to the keeper of the archives of that school and asked him to give me the names of some of the very important graduates who had reached

Large Worldly Honors.

This man, whose name was Kirkwood, said: "The highest political rank reached by any graduate of the high school is that of the lieutenant-governor of Minnesota. The man's name is Ignatius Donnelly."

The late John J. McElhone, a good reporter, but a terrible egotist, came out of that school, and

So Did the Murphy Brothers,

one of whom, Ed, was in my own class.

Among the boys from the high school who stood right behind me, being in the division below, was Weychmann, who lived in the house of Mrs. Surratt, in Washington city, and became the principal witness in the trial for her life and that of her accomplices.

In conclusion it may be said that during the present year two preachers' sons have been running against each other in Pennsylvania; Quay who invented Delamator, is the son of a Presbyterian minister, and Pattison is the son of a Methodist minister.

GEORGE ALFRED TOWNSEND.

LINCOLN AND STANTON.

Strange Medley of Attributes Presented in Lincoln's Secretary of War.

The Fiercest and the Gentlest of Men—An Invaluable but Troublesome Cabinet Officer—The Conflict Over McClellan—Lincoln's Appreciation of Stanton's Public Services.

1891

Of all the men intimately connected with Abraham Lincoln during our civil war, Edwin M. Stanton presented the strangest medley of individual attributes. He was a man of whom two histories might be written as widely diverging as night and day, portraying him as worthy of eminent praise and as worthy of scorching censure, and yet both absolutely true. His dominant quality was his heroic mold. He could be heroic to a degree that seemed almost superhuman, and yet at times submissive to the very verge of cowardice. Like Lincoln, he fully trusted no man; but, unlike Lincoln, he distrusted all, and I doubt whether any man prominently connected with the Government gave confidence to so few as did Stanton. He in turn trusted and hated nearly every General prominent in the early part of the war. He was McClellan's closest personal friend and counsellor when he entered the Lincoln Cabinet, and later became McClellan's most vindictive and vituperative foe. The one General of the war who held his confidence without interruption, from the time he became Commander-in-Chief of the Armies until the close of the war, was Gen. Grant, and he literally commanded it by distinctly defining his independent attitude as General-in-Chief when he accepted his commission as Lieutenant General. He often spoke of, and to, public men, military and civil, with a withering sneer. I have heard him scores of times thus speak of Lincoln, and several times thus speak of Lincoln. He was a man of extreme moods; often petulant, irritating and senselessly unjust, and at times was one of the most amiable, genial and delightful conversationalists I have ever met. He loved antagonism, and there was hardly a period during his remarkable service as War Minister in which he was not, on some more or less important point, in positive antagonism with the President. In his antagonisms he was, as a rule, offensively despotic, and often pressed them upon Lincoln to the very utmost point of Lincoln's forbearance; but he knew when to call a halt upon himself, as he well knew that there never was a day or an hour during his service in the Cabinet that Lincoln was not his absolute master. He respected Lincoln's authority because it was greater than his own, but he had little respect for Lincoln's fitness for the responsible duties of the presidency. I have seen him at times as tender and gentle as a woman, his heart seeming to agonize over the sorrows of the humblest; and I have seen him many more times turn away with the haughtiest contempt from appeals which should at least have been treated with respect. He had few personal and fewer political friends, and he seemed proud of the fact that he had more personal and political enemies than any prominent officer of the Government. Senators, Representatives and high military commanders were often offended by his wanton arrogance, and again thawed into cordial relations by his elusive kindness. Taken all in all, Edwin M. Stanton was capable of the grandest and the meanest actions of any great man I have ever known, and he has reared imperishable monuments to the opposing qualities he possessed.

Stanton had rendered an incalculable service to the nation by his patriotic efforts in the Cabinet of Buchanan. Cass had resigned from the premiership because he was much more aggressive in his ideas of meeting rebellion than was the President. Attorney General Black was promoted to the head of the Cabinet, and Stanton was called in as Black's successor. It was Judge Black who saved Buchanan's administration from sudden and irretrievable wreck at the outset of the issue, and he doubtless dictated the appointment of Stanton, who was his close personal friend. From the time that Stanton entered the Buchanan Cabinet the attitude of the Administration was so pointedly changed that none could mistake it. He was positively and aggressively loyal to the Government, and as positively and aggressively hated rebellion. While Stanton and Black generally acted in concert during the few remaining months of the Buchanan adminis-

tration they became increasingly estranged, so the close of the Lincoln administration—so much so that Buchanan, in an article published in the *Galaxy* of June, 1870, said of Stanton: "Did he accept the confidence of the President (Buchanan) and the Cabinet with a predetermined intent to betray it?" After Stanton's retirement from the Buchanan Cabinet, when Lincoln was inaugurated, he maintained the closest confidential relations with Buchanan, and wrote him many letters expressing the utmost contempt for Lincoln, the Cabinet, the Republican Congress and the general policy of the Administration. These letters, given to the public in Curtis' life of Buchanan, speaks freely of the "painful imbecility of Lincoln," of the "venality and corruption" which ran riot in the Government, and expressed the belief that no better condition of things was possible "until Jeff Davis turns out the whole concern." He was truly impressed for some weeks after the battle of Bull Run that the Government was utterly overthrown, as he repeatedly refers to the coming of Davis into the National Capital. In one letter he says that "in less than thirty days Davis will be in possession of Washington," and it is an open secret that Stanton advised the revolutionary overthrow of the Lincoln government, to be replaced by Gen. McClellan as military director.

These letters published by Curtis, bad as they are, are not the worst letters written by Stanton to Buchanan. Some of them were so violent in their expressions against Lincoln and the Administration that they have been charitably withheld from the public, but they remain in the possession of the surviving relatives of President Buchanan. Of course, Lincoln had no knowledge of the bitterness exhibited by Stanton to himself personally and to his administration, but if he had known the worst that Stanton ever said or wrote about him, I doubt not that he would have called him to the Cabinet in January, 1862. The disasters the army suffered made Lincoln forgetful of everything but the single duty of suppressing the rebellion. From the day that McClellan was called to the command of the Army of the Potomac in place of McDowell, Stanton was in enthusiastic accord with the military policy of the Government. The constant irritation between the War Department and military commanders that had vexed Lincoln in the early part of the war, made him anxious to obtain a War Minister who was not only resolutely honest, but who was in close touch with the commander of the armies. This necessity, with the patriotic record that Stanton had made during the closing months of the Buchanan administration, obviously dictated the appointment of Stanton. It was Lincoln's own act. Stanton had been discussed as a possible successor to Cameron along with many others in outside circles, but no one had any reason to anticipate Stanton's appointment from any intimation given by the President. Lincoln and Stanton had no personal intercourse whatever from the time of Lincoln's inauguration until Stanton became his War Minister. In a letter to Buchanan, written March 1, 1862, Stanton says: "My accession to my present position was quite as sudden and unexpected as the confidence you bestowed upon me in calling me to your Cabinet." In another letter, written on the 16th of May, 1862, he said: "I hold my present position at the request of the President, who know me personally, but to whom I had not spoken from the 4th of March, 1861, until the day he handed me my commission." The appointment was made because Lincoln believed that Stanton's loyal record in the Buchanan Cabinet, and his prominence as the foe of every form of jobbery, would inspire the highest degree of confidence in that department throughout the entire country. In that he judged correctly. From the day that Stanton entered the War Office until the surrender of the Confederate armies, Stanton, with all his vagaries and infirmities, gave constant inspiration to the loyal sentiment of the country, and rendered a service that probably only Edwin M. Stanton could have rendered at that time.

Lincoln was not long in discovering that in his new Secretary of War he had an invaluable but most troublesome Cabinet officer, but he saw only the great and good offices that Stanton was performing for the imperiled republic. Confidence was restored in financial circles by the appointment of Stanton, and his name as War Minister did more to strengthen the faith of the people in the Government credit than would have been probable by the appointment of any other man of that day. He was a terror to all the hordes of jobbers and speculators and camp-

by a great war, and he enforced the strictest discipline throughout our armies. He was seldom capable of being civil to any officer away from the army on leave of absence, unless he had been summoned by the Government for conference or special duty, and he issued the strictest orders from time to time to drive the throng of military idlers from the capital and keep them at their posts. He was stern to savagery in his enforcement of military law. The wearied sentinel who slept at his post found no mercy in the heart of Stanton, and many times did Lincoln's humanity overrule his fiery Minister. Any neglect of military duty was sure of the swiftest punishment, and seldom did he make even just allowance for inevitable military disaster. He had profound, unflinching faith in the Union cause, and, above all, he had unflinching faith in himself. He believed that he was in all things except in name Commander-in-Chief of the armies and the navy of the nation, and it was with unconcealed reluctance that he at times deferred to the authority of the President. He was a great organizer in theory, and harsh to the utmost in enforcing his theories upon military commanders. He at times conceived impossible things, and peremptorily ordered them executed, and woe to the man who was unfortunate enough to demonstrate that Stanton was wrong. If he escaped without disgrace he was more than fortunate, and many very many, would have thus fallen unjustly had it not been for Lincoln's cautious and generous interposition to save those who were wantonly censured. He would not throw the blame upon Stanton's injustices, and he always did it so kindly that even Stanton could not complain beyond a childish growl.

Stanton understood the magnitude of the rebellion, and he understood also that an army, to be effective, must be completely organized in all its departments. He had no favorites to promote at the expense of the public service, and his constant and honest aim was to secure the best men for every important position. As I have said, he assumed, in his own mind, that he was Commander-in-Chief, and there was nothing in military movements, or in the quartermaster, commissary, hospital, secret service, or any other department relating to the war, that he did not claim to comprehend and seek to control in his absolute way. I doubt whether his partiality ever unjustly promoted a military officer, and I wish that I could say that his prejudices had never hindered the promotion, or driven from the service, faithful and competent military commanders. His hatreds were intense, implacable, and yielded to the single authority of Lincoln, and that authority he knew would be exercised only in extreme emergencies. The effect of such a War Minister was to enforce devotion to duty throughout the entire army, and it is impossible to measure the beneficent results of Stanton's policy in our vast military campaigns. Great as he was in the practical administration of his office that could be visible to the world, he added immeasurably to his greatness as War Minister by the impress of his wonderful personality upon the whole military and civic service.

Stanton's intense and irrepressible hatreds were his greatest infirmity, and did much to deform his brilliant record as War Minister. A pointed illustration of his bitter and unreasonable prejudices was given in the case of Jere McKibben, whom he arbitrarily confined in Old Capitol Prison without even the semblance of a pretext to excuse the act. The Constitution of Pennsylvania had been so amended during the summer of 1864 as to authorize soldiers to vote in the field. The Legislature was called in extra session to provide for holding elections in the army. It was in the heat of the presidential contest and party bitterness was intensified to the uttermost. Despite the earnest appeals of Gov. Curtin and all my personal importunities with prominent legislators of our own party, an election law was passed that was obviously intended to give the minority no rights whatever in holding army elections. The Governor was empowered to appoint State Commissioners, who were authorized to attend the elections without any direct authority in conducting them. As the law was violent in its character and liable to the grossest abuses without any means to restrain election frauds, the Democrats of the State and country justly complained of it with great earnestness. The Governor decided, as a matter of justice to the Democrats, to appoint several Democratic Commissioners, but it was with difficulty that any could be prevailed upon to accept. He requested me to see several prominent Democrats and obtain their consent to receive his commission and act under it. As McKibben had three brothers in the Army of the Potomac, I supposed it would be pleasant for him to make a visit there in an official way, and I suggested it to him. He promptly answered: "Why, Stanton would put me in Old Capitol Prison before I was there a day. He hates our family, for no other reason that I know of than that my father was one of his best friends in Pittsburg when he needed a friend." I assured him that Stanton would not attempt any violence against a man who held the commission of the Governor of our State, and he finally consented to go, having first solemnly pledged me to protect him in case he got into any difficulty.

WRIGHT

McKibben and the other persons furnished the elec-
tion papers and started down to the army,

then quietly resting on the James River. On the second day after he left I received a telegram from him dated Washington, saying: "Stanton has me in Old Capitol Prison; come at once." I hastened to Washington, having telegraphed Lincoln to allow me to see him between 11 and 12 o'clock that night, when I would arrive. I went direct to the White House and told the President the exact truth. I explained the character of the law of our State that I had personally prevailed upon McKibben to go as a Commissioner to give a semblance of decency to its execution; that he was not only guiltless of any offense, as he knew how delicately he was situated, and that he was powerless to do any wrong, and I insisted upon McKibben's immediate discharge from prison. Lincoln knew of Stanton's hatred for the McKibbens, as he had been compelled to protect four of McKibben's brothers to give them the promotion they had earned by most heroic conduct in battle, and he was much distressed at Stanton's act. He sent immediately to the War Department to get the charge against McKibben, and it did not require five minutes of examination to satisfy him that it was utterly groundless and a malicious wrong committed by Stanton. He said it was "a stupid blunder," and at once proposed to discharge McKibben on his parole. I urged that he should be discharged unconditionally, but Lincoln's caution prevented that. He said: "It seems hardly fair to discharge McKibben unconditionally without permitting Stanton to give his explanation," and he added, "You know, McClure, McKibben is safe, parole or no parole, so go and get him out of prison." I saw that it would be useless to attempt to change Lincoln's purpose, but I asked him to fix an hour the next morning when I could meet Stanton in his presence to have McKibben discharged from his parole. He fixed 10 o'clock the next morning for the meeting, and then wrote, in his own hand, the order for McKibben's discharge, which I hurriedly bore to Old Capitol Prison and had him released.

Promptly at 10 o'clock the next morning I went to the White House to obtain McKibben's discharge from his parole. Lincoln was alone, but Stanton came in a few minutes later. He was pale with anger, and his first expression was, "Well, McClure, what damned rebel are you here to get out of trouble this morning?" I had frequently been to Washington before when arbitrary and entirely unjustifiable arrests of civilians had been made in Pennsylvania to have the prisoners discharged from military custody; and as I had never applied in such a case without good reason, and never without success, even when opposed by Stanton, he evidently meant to square up some old accounts with me over McKibben. I said to him, and with some feeling: "Your arrest of McKibben was a cowardly act; you knew McKibben was guiltless of any offense and you did it to gratify a brutal hatred." I told him also that I had prevailed upon McKibben, against his judgment, to act as a State Commissioner to give a semblance of decency to what would evidently be a farcical and fraudulent election in the army, and that if he had examined the complaint soberly for one minute he would have seen that it was utterly false. I told him that I had requested his appearance there with the President to have McKibben discharged from his parole, and that I now asked him to assent to it. He turned from me, walked hurriedly back and forth across the room several times before he answered, and then he came up to me and in a voice tremulous with passion said: "I decline to discharge McKibben from his parole. You can make formal application for it if you choose, and I will consider and decide it." His manner was as offensive as it was possible for Stanton to make it, and I resented it by saying: "I don't know what McKibben will do, but if I were Jere McKibben, as sure as there is a God, I would crop your ears before I left Washington." He made no reply, but suddenly whirled around on his heel and walked out of the President's room. Lincoln had said nothing. He was used to such ebullitions from Stanton, and after the Secretary had gone he remarked in a jocular way, "Well, McClure, you didn't get on very far with Stanton, did you? but he'll come all right; let the matter rest." Before leaving the President's room I wrote out a formal application to Stanton for the discharge of McKibben from his parole. Several days after I received a huge official envelope inclosing a letter, all in Stanton's bold scrawl, saying that the request for the discharge of Jere McKibben from his parole had been duly considered, and "the application could not be granted consistently with the interests of the public service." McKibben outlived Stanton, but died a prisoner on parole.

intercourse thereafter would be severely strained, if not wholly interrupted; but I had occasion to call at the War Department within a few weeks, and never was greeted more cordially in my life than I was by Stanton. The election was over, the military power of the Confederacy was obviously broken, and Stanton was in the very best of spirits and as amiable as a bride-maid. He promptly granted what I wanted done, which was not a matter of much importance, and it was so cheerfully and generously assented to that I carefully thought of every-
thing that I wanted from his department, all of which was done in a most gracious manner. I puzzled my brain to make sure I should not forget anything, and it finally occurred to me that a friend I much desired to serve had lately appealed to me to aid in obtaining promotion for a young officer in the quartermaster's department whom I did not know personally. It seemed that this was the chance for the young officer. I suggested to Stanton that Quartermaster — was reputed to be a very faithful and efficient officer, and entitled to greater promotion than he had received. Stanton picked up his pen, saying: "It will give me great pleasure, sir; what is his name?" I had to answer that I could not recall his rank and last name, and assured me that he would be promptly promoted. I supposed that a change of mood would make him forgetful of this promise; but the young Quartermaster wore new epaulets within ten days, and won distinction as the chief of his department in large independent army movements in Virginia. I never had the pleasure of meeting the worthy officer who thus unexpectedly secured his promotion, and he is doubtless ignorant to this day of the peculiar way it was accomplished.

Stanton's hatred for McClellan became a consuming passion before the close of the Peninsula campaign. When McClellan was before Yorktown, and complaining of his inadequate forces to march upon Richmond, Stanton summed him up in the following expression: "If he (McClellan) had a million men he would swear the enemy had two million, and then he would sit down in the mud and yell for three." He was impatient, and often fearfully petulant in his impatience. He was disappointed in McClellan not marching directly upon Richmond by Manassas, and he was greatly disappointed again when McClellan laid siege to Yorktown; but he was ever ready to congratulate, in his blunt way, when anything was accomplished. When Gen. "Baldy" Smith made a reconnaissance at Yorktown that produced the first successful results of that campaign, Stanton answered McClellan's announcement of the movement: "Good for the first liek; hurrah for Smith and the one-gun battery!" But from that time until the withdrawal of the army from the Peninsula Stanton never found occasion to commend McClellan, and McClellan was a constant bone of contention between Stanton and Lincoln. Lincoln's patience and forbearance were marked in contrast with Stanton's violence and temper and intensity of hatred. McClellan so far forgot himself as to telegraph to Stanton after the retreat to the James River: "If I save this army now, I tell you plainly that I owe you thanks to you or to any other person in Washington. You have done your best to sacrifice this army." Any other President than Lincoln would have immediately relieved McClellan of his command, and Stanton not only would have relieved him, but dismissed him from the service. Lincoln exhibited no resentment whatever from the ill-advised and lususordinate telegram from McClellan. On the contrary, he seemed inclined to continue McClellan in command, and certainly exhibited every desire to sustain him to the utmost. In a letter addressed to the Secretary of State on the same day that McClellan's telegram was received he expressed his purpose to call for additional troops, and said: "I expect to maintain this contest until successful, or till I die, or I am conquered, or my term expires, or Congress or the country forsakes me."

This was one of the most perplexing situations in which Lincoln was ever placed. The defeated army would not, in itself, have been so serious had Lincoln been able to turn to commanders in whom he could implicitly confide. He had abundant resources and could supply all needed additional troops, but where could he turn for safe advice? He had lost faith in McClellan to a very large extent. When he counseled with Stanton he encountered insuperable hatreds, and he finally, as was his custom, decided upon his own course of action and hurried off to West Point to confer with Gen. Scott. His visit to West Point startled the country and quite as much startled the Cabinet, as not a single member of it had any intimation of his intended journey. What transpired at the interview between Lincoln and Scott was never known to any, so far as I have been able to learn, and I believe that no one

in the Army of Virginia, embracing the commands of Fremont, Banks and McDowell, and that Hallock was made General-in-chief. The aggressive campaign of Lee, resulting in the second battle of Bull Run and the utter defeat of Pope, brought the army back into the Washington intrenchments in a most demoralized condition. It was here that Lincoln and Stanton locked horns again on the question of the restoration of McClellan to command. Without consulting either the General-in-chief or his War Minister, Lincoln assigned McClellan to the command of the defenses of Washington, and as the various commands of Pope's broken and demoralized army came back into the intrenchments in utter confusion, they thereby came again under the command of McClellan.

When it was discovered that McClellan was thus practically in command of the Army of

the Potomac again, Stanton was aroused to the fiercest hostility. He went so far as to prepare a remonstrance to the President in writing against McClellan's continuance in the command of that army or of any army of the Union. The remonstrance was not only signed by Stanton but by Chase, Bates and Smith, with the concurrence of Welles, who thought it indelicate for him to sign it. After the paper had been prepared under Stanton's impetuous lead, some of the more considerate members of the Cabinet who had joined him took pause to reflect that Lincoln was in the habit of not only having his own way, but of having his own way of having his own way, and the protest was never presented. Lincoln knew McClellan's great organizing powers, and he knew the army needed first of all a commander who was capable of restoring it to discipline. To use his own expressive language about the emergency, he believed that "there is no one in the army who can command the fortifications and lick those troops of ours into shape one-half as well as he could." It was this conviction that made Lincoln forget all of McClellan's failings and restore him to command, and Stanton was compelled to submit in sullen silence.

Lincoln's restoration of McClellan to command in disregard of the most violent opposition of Stanton, was only one of the many instances in which he and his War Minister came into direct and positive conflict, and always with the same result; but many times as Stanton was vanquished in his conflicts with Lincoln, it was not in his nature to be any the less Edwin M. Stanton. As late as 1864 he had one of his most serious disputes with Lincoln, in which he peremptorily refused to obey an order from the President directing that certain prisoners of war, who expressed a desire to take the oath of allegiance and enter the Union army, should be mustered into the service and credited to the quotas of certain districts. An exact account of this dispute is preserved by Provost Marshal General Fry, who was charged with the execution of the order, and who was present when Lincoln and Stanton discussed it. Stanton positively refused to obey the order, and said to Lincoln: "You must see that your order can not be executed." Lincoln answered with an unusually peremptory tone for him: "Mr. Secretary, I reckon you'll have to execute the order." Stanton replied, in his imperious way: "Mr. President, I can not do it; the order is an improper one, and I can not execute it." To this Lincoln replied in a manner that forbade all further dispute: "Mr. Secretary, it will have to be done." A few minutes thereafter, as stated by Provost Marshal General Fry in a communication to the New York Tribune several years ago, Stanton issued instructions to him for the execution of the President's order.

Notwithstanding the many and often irritating conflicts that Lincoln had with Stanton, there never was an hour during Stanton's term as War Minister that Lincoln thought of removing him. Indeed, I believe that at no period during the war after Stanton had entered the Cabinet did Lincoln feel that any other man could fill Stanton's place with equal usefulness to the country. He had the most unbounded faith in Stanton's loyalty and in his public and private integrity. He was in hearty sympathy with Stanton's aggressive earnestness for the prosecution of the war, and at times hesitated, even to the extent of what he feared was individual injustice, to restrain Stanton's violent assaults upon others. It will be regretted by the impartial historian of the future that Stanton was capable of impressing his intense hatred so conspicuously upon the annals of the country, and that Lincoln, in several memorable instances, failed to reverse his War Minister when he had grave doubts as to the wisdom or justice of his methods. It was Stanton's fierce resentment that made just verdicts impossible in some military trials which will ever be historic—notably, the unjust verdict depriving Fitz John Porter at once of his commission and citizenship, and the now admittedly unjust verdict that sent Mrs. Surratt to the

gallows. Lincoln long hesitated before giving his assent to the judgment against Porter, as is clearly shown by the fact that, with Pope's accusations against Porter fresh before him, he assented to McClellan's request and assigned Porter to active command in the Antietam campaign, and personally thanked Porter on the Antietam field, after the battle, for his services. Another enduring monument of Stanton's resentment is the Arlington National Cemetery. The home of Lee was taken under the feeblest color of law that Stanton well knew could not be maintained, and the buildings surrounded with graves even to the very door of the venerable mansion, so that it might never be reclaimed as the home of the Confederate chieftain. The Government made restitution to the Lees in obedience to the decision of its highest court, but the monument of hate is imperishable.

Soon after the surrender of Lee, Stanton, severely broken in health by the exacting duties he had performed, tendered his resignation, believing that his great work was finished. Lincoln earnestly desired him to remain and he did so. The assassination of Lincoln called him to even graver duties than had before confronted him. His bitter con-

flikt with Johnson and his violent issue with Sherman stand out as exceptionally interesting chapters in the history of the war. It was President Johnson's attempted removal of Stanton in violation of the tenure-of-office act that led to the President's impeachment, and Stanton persisted in holding his Cabinet office until Johnson was acquitted by the Senate, when he resigned and was succeeded by Gen. Schofield on the 2d of June, 1868. After his retirement Stanton never exhibited any great degree of either physical or mental vigor. I last saw him in Philadelphia in the fall of 1868, where he came in answer to a special invitation from the Union League to deliver a political address in the Academy of Music in favor of Grant's election to the presidency. I called on him at his hotel and found him very feeble, suffering greatly from asthmatic disorders, and in his public address he was often strangely forgetful of facts and names, and had to be prompted by gentlemen on the stage. It may be said of Stanton that he sacrificed the vigor of his life to the service of his country in the sorest trial of its history, and when President Grant nominated him as Justice of the Supreme Court, on the 20th of December, 1869, all knew that it was an empty honor, as he was both physically and mentally unequal to the new duties assigned to him. Four days thereafter the inexorable messenger came, and Edwin M. Stanton joined the great majority
A. K. McCLURE.

Story of S. P. S. G.
Lincoln and
St. Louis Stanton.
REPUBLIC

This Anecdote Shows How They Dis-
missed Applicants for Place.

Written for The Sunday Republic.

An old St. Louisan who will not allow his name to be mentioned tells the following personal experience he had with Lincoln and Stanton:

"In the winter of 1864, after serving three years in the Union army, and being honorably discharged, I made application for the post suttlership at Point Lookout. My father went with me to Mr. Stanton, who was then Secretary of War. We obtained an audience, and I was ushered into the presence of the most pompous man I ever met. As we entered he waved his hand for us to stop at a given point some distance from him and then put these questions:

"Did you serve three years in the army?"

"I did, sir."

"Were you honorably discharged?"

"I was, sir."

"Let me see your discharge."

I gave it to him. He looked it over and then said:

"Were you ever wounded?"

I told him yes, at the battle of Williamsburg, May 5, 1861.

"I think we can give this position to a man who has lost an arm or a leg," said Mr. Stanton; "he would be more deserving." And then he told me he thought I looked hearty and healthy enough to serve three years more. He wouldn't even give me a chance to argue my case, but dismissed us with another pompous wave of the hand, and we withdrew from the august presence of the Secretary of War.

Outside my father suggested we go over and see Mr. Lincoln. We didn't think it would do us much good, but we went.

Mr. Lincoln's reception room was filled with ladies and gentlemen when we entered, and the scene was one I shall never forget. On her knees before the President was a woman in the agonies of despair. With tears streaming from her eyes she implored the chief executive for the life of her son who had deserted, and was condemned to be shot.

I heard Mr. Lincoln say: "Madame, do not act in this way, it is agony to me. I would pardon your son, if it was in my power, but there must be an example made, or I will have no army."

At this speech the woman fainted. Mr. Lincoln motioned to two attendants, who lifted her up and carried her out. Everybody in the room was in tears.

Changing the scene from the sublime to the ridiculous, the next applicant for favor, was a big, buxom Irish woman, who stood before the President with arms akimbo, saying:

"Mr. Lincoln, can't I sell apples on the railroad?"

Everybody laughed.

"Certainly, madame, you can sell all you wish," said Mr. Lincoln.

"But you must give me a pass, or the soldiers will not let me," continued the dame from the Emerald Isle.

Lincoln wrote a few lines and gave it to her.

"Thank you, sir, God bless you," exclaimed the happy Irish woman and whisked out of the room.

I stood and watched the President for two hours, and he dismissed each case as quickly as the foregoing. When my turn came, Lincoln turned to my father:

"Now, gentlemen, be as quick as possible in stating your business, as it is growing late."

There was but one chair near him, and he motioned to my father to sit, while I stood. My father stated the business that brought us. When he had finished, Mr. Lincoln asked if we had been to see Mr. Stanton. We told him we had, and that he had refused.

"This is Mr. Stanton's business, and I cannot interfere," said Mr. Lincoln, "but I am sorry that I cannot help you."

He saw that we were disappointed, and did his best to revive our spirits.

"I'll tell you, how this is," said the President jocularly. "I have thousands of applications like this every day, but we cannot satisfy all for this reason, that these positions are like office-seekers, there are too many pigs for the amount of milk."

The ladies who were listening to the conversation put their handkerchiefs to their faces and turned away. But the joke of Old Abe put everybody in good humor.

Stanton Firm In Great Crisis

BY ALBERT B. CHANDLER.
Who Was So Dazed That He Recalls
Few of the Details.

I REMEMBER very vividly the evening of April 14, 1865. While I was at work preparing military telegraph pay rolls in my room at the home of J. S. Brown, a lawyer, with whose family I was then boarding, Mr. Brown rushed in and exclaimed that Mr. Lincoln had been shot in Ford's Theater.

He had just come from the scene and had witnessed the whole tragic event, and was, of course, very much excited. I hastened to the theater, which was but a short distance from my room.

Stanton's Firm Hand.

Mr. Lincoln had just been taken to the house opposite, where his life went out early the next morning. A great crowd was there, and as there was nothing for me to do I hurried to the War Department telegraph office and devoted myself to the duties which there awaited all of us telegraphers who were present.

I can only account for my dim recollection of just who was on duty and what I myself did while there by the fact that I was so dazed by the dreadful occurrence that nothing else seems to have made much impression on my mind.

Mr. Stanton's firm hand and calm judgment held the condition of affairs more safely than could have been done but for the prompt action of so brave and strong a man as he was. The nearly successful attack upon the life of Secretary Seward added to the terrors of the time.

For Trial of Conspirators.

As I recall the circumstances now, after so many years have gone by, it seems to me that all acted with discretion and efficiency in the performance of the duties that then pressed heavily upon us.

Mr. Stanton soon afterward made an order appointing a military commission for the trial of the conspirators. It was written in his swift, dashing hand, and with such interlineations and erasures made by himself as to make it desirable that a clear copy should be made, and it was handed to me for that purpose. I still preserve the original. The weather in Washington that night was most unpleasant, a light rain and raw atmosphere prevailing.

Recollections of the War Secretary by
Ex-Senator Dawes.

[From the Atlantic Monthly.] 1874

When Mr. Stanton passed from the service of Mr. Lincoln to that of his successor he was an old man. It is true that when he entered upon that service he was but 47 years of age, and that, by the calendar, three years and three months covered the entire period. But, measured by what of vital power he was called upon to spend in the work which fell to him during those three years, it was a lifetime. At the beginning he was a stalwart athlete; though short of stature and of a thick-set frame, still alert and nimble in motion. His eye was dark, and both keen and soft. He wore a long full beard falling down over his chest, and was careless of his attire. But his hand was warm, and he greeted every one with a smile. On the morning of April 15, 1865, he left the bedside of the great chief whom he had served to the end with all the powers at his command, and spent the next three hours in the discharge of such duties as the peril of the moment forced upon him, in a government without other head. At the end of that time he stood by the side of Mr. Johnson, as the new President took the oath of office at his rooms in the Kirkwood House. But he was not the same Stanton who entered the War Office three years before. The eye had lost much of its luster and fire; care had wrought wrinkles on his brow and angles in his face, while gray hairs had made grim his flowing beard, and elasticity of step had given place to the motions of one who had been bearing heavy burdens. He had overdrawn his bank account of vitality, and was never afterward able to make it good. Those only who saw him on the day which marked the beginning of his service with Lincoln, and on that which closed it, noticed this great change and understood its meaning. Could the curtain have lifted from the next three years of his life, even this contrast would have been lost in the marvel of the change.

We leave him at the threshold of his new service. He had already made his place in history, and the storm period which followed, valuable as it was in shaping results, added little of luster or renown. The fame of a great character achieved in patriotic service was assured. If Lincoln was essential to the success of the cause of the Union, it is no less true that Stanton was essential to the success of Lincoln. They were complements of one great instrumentality which has had no parallel in our history. The life of neither of these great men can be written without that of the other. And yet there was no conspicuous character at any period of the war more bitterly denounced than Mr. Stanton. This was the penalty of fidelity, and its intensity certified his efficiency. It was because he laid hold of wrong with a strong hand, and never loosened his grasp, that its perpetrators hated him. With him absolute rectitude was an iron rule, and he exacted it of all in official service. The seekers of opportunity, those lying in wait for the gains and profits of war, found him their enemy, and treated him as such. He was no courtier, but, on the contrary, was rough and blunt, especially with those in his way. He had no flattering tongue or sinister methods, and tolerated none; therefore he failed to be a popular leader as the world counts popularity. He had defects. His temper, often tried beyond measure, sometimes inflicted unnecessary wounds; prejudice sometimes led him to do injustice. Suspicion and uncharitableness were too often present with him, blinding his eyes. These were the scourges laid hold of by embittered foes to drive him from his great work. But he heeded them not, and turned neither to the right nor to the left, nor slackened his endeavor while the day lasted and the need continued.

Judge Johnston, of Cincinnati, is quoted as saying that he was with Abraham Lincoln one day when a committee came to ask the President to suspend the draft until after his second election, on the ground of its unpopularity. Said Mr. Lincoln, quietly, "What is the Presidency worth to me if I have no country?" Whereupon the committee retired. The Judge says also: "Mr. Stanton told me the next day or so after Lincoln's death that there was a time when the members of his Cabinet and he disputed on questions of policy, but they so often found themselves wrong and Lincoln right that he came to have his own way, and they to have entire confidence in his 'inspirations,' as they called them. He was a man of wonderfully clear inspirations; a man who employed no spies or others to collect stories, but judged of the public sentiment by inquiring into his own breast, and asking himself what ought to be done."—February, 25, 1879.

An editor of a weekly paper, published in a little village in Missouri, called at the White house, and was admitted to Mr. Lincoln's presence. He at once said that he was the man who first suggested his name for the presidency, and pulling from his pocket an old, worn, defaced copy of his paper, exhibited to the president an item on the subject. "Do you really think," said Mr. Lincoln,

"that announcement was the occasion of my nomination?" "Certainly," said the editor, "the suggestion was so opportune that it was at once taken up by other papers, and the result was your nomination and election." "Ah! well," said Mr. Lincoln, with a sigh and assuming a gloomy countenance, "I am glad to see you and to know this, but you will have to excuse me, I am just going to the war department to see Mr. Stanton." "Well," said the editor, "I'll walk over with you." The president, with that apt good nature so characteristic to him, took up his hat and said, "Come along." When they reached the door of the secretary's office, Mr. Lincoln turned to his companion and said, "I shall have to see Mr. Stanton alone, and you must excuse me," and taking him by the hand he continued, "Good-by, sir; I hope you will feel perfectly easy about having nominated me; don't be troubled about it. I forgive you."

1905

LINCOLN AS A DOORKEEPER.**How Abe Pinned on the Badge and Did Duty for a Time.**

James Elter is one of the oldest doorkeepers in the War Department at Washington, and has been stationed at the Seventeenth street entrance of the Winder Building for many years, occupying a chair in which President Lincoln sat while he acted as doorkeeper in place of Mr. Elter. Speaking of the incident, Mr. Elter said:

"One day a tall, lank gentleman came to the entrance and asked me if the Secretary was in, and I told him no, that it was too early for him. He then asked at what hour he would be likely to find him, and I told him. With a pleasant 'Thank you' (something we don't always get) he walked away. At the hour I told him the Secretary would be in he again walked up the steps and asked me if I would not go to the Secretary's room and tell him that he wished to see him. I told him I could not leave my post.

"Oh, that is all right. I am Mr. Lincoln, and I will keep door while you deliver my message. Tell him that I want to see him here in the lower hall.' With this the President unpinned my badge, stuck it in his own coat, and took my chair. I hastened to the Secretary's room, and soon the two were together near me, but in quiet and earnest talk. I never did know why Mr. Lincoln did not want to go to the Secretary's room but I know that I prize this chair. I call it Abe Lincoln. No doubt that was the only time a President ever acted as a doorkeeper."

LINCOLN, STANTON, AND THE "BOYS IN BLUE"



IT seems strange now that Stanton, of all men, was among the very first to appreciate the simple grandeur of the Gettysburg Address—Stanton, rude, sneering, caustic, contemptuous, obstinate Stanton—who took pleasure in insulting Lincoln when they first met, eight years earlier, in the great McCormick reaper case; Stanton, who had always called Lincoln a gorilla, an imbecile and a fool—with many profane expletives! Mind could never have conquered the obdurate soul of Secretary Stanton. It was Lincoln's heart alone that wrought his greatest miracle of his life. In spite of Stanton's atrocious treatment of him, President Lincoln recognized the sterling worth and patriotism of his snarling enemy, and said that he was glad to bear Stanton's wrath for the good he could

do the nation. People, at home and abroad, freely criticised the President for allowing his Secretary of War to oppose and stultify him in so many trivial ways. But, little by little, as a trainer breaks in a fractious horse, Lincoln tightened the curb, until one day, in utter kindness, yet with adamant firmness, the President came to say, "Mr. Secretary, it will *have* to be done." And it was done.

After that last Cabinet meeting on the fatal fourteenth of April (Good Friday), 1865, Stanton remarked, in his devoted pride, to the Attorney-General, "*Didn't* our chief look grand to-day!" . . .

Lincoln appreciated the Southern leaders, and had all charity and tenderness for the South. Once, seeing a photograph of General Robert E. Lee, he looked at it long and tenderly, saying, "It is the face of a noble, brave man." At another time he was heard to say of General "Stonewall" Jackson, before his own discovery of Grant:

"He is a brave, Presbyterian soldier. If we, in the North, had such generals, this war would not drag along so."

* * * * *

A large part of the patriotism of the soldiers was their love for Abraham Lincoln. He seemed to be the personification of their country, threatened and wronged. He meant more to the people than "Uncle Sam"—*he* was "Father Abraham!" When President Lincoln reluctantly issued call after call for soldiers, and more and more soldiers, the people seemed never to tire of responding:

"We are coming, Father Abraham,
Three hundred thousand more."

The soldiers said among themselves: "He cares for us! he loves us!" and they cheerfully, gladly, even humorously—to be like *him*—marched into the jaws of death for his dear sake. It was far different from the love Napoleon inspired in his troopers, for their loyalty flagged and finally failed. It was Napoleon's selfish heartlessness that made him a colossal failure. It was Lincoln's self-giving heart which crowned his life with immortal success. From early boyhood he had lived his life, a burning and shining illustration of his own words:

"With malice toward none; with charity for all."



Secretary Stanton

1910

STANTON IN HISTORY.

The Place of the Great Organizer and Leader of the War for Saving the Union.

By JOHN McELROY.

Address at the Unveiling of the Stanton Monument at Steubenville, O., Sept. 7, 1911.



THE STANTON STATUE.

Of all Lincoln's immediate counselors and advisors Edwin M. Stanton was the only one who towered toward the President's exalted plane, the only one that stood shoulder to shoulder with him against every storm that beat, the only one whose swift comprehension swept constantly the whole line of battle, the only one whose every thought was fuel to his burning zeal to win victory and save the country.

Such spiritual exaltation in a cataclysm where a million men died implied more than human guidance.

How marvelously Lincoln and Stanton supplemented and rounded out one another!

Whoever has true faith in Almighty God, whoever believes there is a Divine purpose in human life and the universe, must believe in providential interposition in great crises in human affairs.

Without such belief the history of man would become as meaningless a phantasma as midges fretfully flitting in the sun.

When we rise in reverent pride as the thrilling notes of the "Star Spangled Banner" fill the air with a cascade of musical sunshine, we make it a paean of praise to Him who—

"Made and preserved us a Nation."

We thus recognize in the strongest way that the birth of our Nation, its development and existence, are directly due to the will of God.

Believing this, the next step is inevitable that in our day of greatest need, as He did Moses and Aaron for Israel, He raised up for us leaders so towering above their fellows, so filled with the Divine purpose, so certain in their wisdom, that the people followed them by instinct.

More and more men are recognizing every day that Abraham Lincoln was raised up by as special Providence as Moses. We are forced to this recognition because of the failure of all other explanations of his marvelous leadership of the people for four of our most momentous years.

Lincoln was another illustration of God's way of confounding the wise

and amazing the learned by selecting the agents for His great works for mankind from unexpected sources.

How far will this explanation extend to Edwin M. Stanton? How far will it apply to one who was to Lincoln as Aaron was to Moses in staying up his hands in the colossal struggle?

In some way, miraculous as the Pentecostal Gift of Tongues, Lincoln swiftly arose from a rear rank among American statesmen and politicians to be the foremost man of all time in the English-speaking race. Was not this Divine affluence shared by the man who stood closest by his side thruout and had a full share of Lincoln's burdens, his sorrows, his trials and his glorious triumphs?

Lincoln bore the mountainous burden of the political strivings, the patriotic impatience, the aspirations, the sorrows and sacrifices of the people.

Stanton carried, like another Atlas, a world-burden of an army of a million fighting men, of a firing line 2,000 miles long, of incessant battling where men's lives were as grass cast into the fire, of sickening defeats and unavailing slaughters.

Lincoln struggled with the politicians, coped with the extremists who would not have the Union saved unless it was saved their way; baffled the Copperhead enemies in the rear; cheered the boys in the ranks; grieved with the fathers and sorrowed with the mothers and widows sitting in homes of bereavement and desolation.

Stanton was the war spirit incarnated. He set the factories to working night and day to furnish clothing, guns and ammunition, the railroads to carrying supplies. Men became of value to him only for what they could do toward suppressing the rebellion.

Regiments of stalwart, determined youths marching to the front brought him stern high joy, a well-equipped army exalted satisfaction, and a victorious commander his unstinted praise. To the coward and slug-gard he was a Demon of Wrath; to the brave and zealous an Angel of Goodness. He had no friends, no enemies but those of his country. Dis-bursing money by the hundreds of millions, he lived and died a poor man. With a power in his hands such as no other man ever wielded, not a relative or personal friend was benefited by it.

Body, brain nor heart was spared in his soul-absorbing battle for the Union. No slave ever tolled harder than he, no brain was ever perplexed with more momentous problems, no heart ever wrung with such disappointments.

Who can picture what he endured during that awful December of 1862? Grant was making his only retreat—that from Holly Springs.

Sherman's army had been hurled back, mangled and bleeding, from Haynes Bluff; Rosecrans had fought the bloody and indecisive battle of Stone River, and Burnside had flung away 12,000 men in the mad assault on Marye's Heights.

What days of bitterness and nights of sleepless anxiety Chickamauga brought him!

Unless sustained by more than mortal strength Stanton could not have endured the prolonged agony of the Wilderness campaign. Day after day a thousand fell on the left hand and 10,000 on the right—the flower of the young manhood of the Nation—the hope, the pride, the treasures of loyal homes—fought like demons in the dark, somber jungle, amid the stifling, murky smoke and raging fires that consumed the wounded and dying as they fell.

With a courage that was sublime, with a faith in the ultimate triumph of the Right that never faltered, Stanton rose in heroic majesty above all these, and pointed onward to Victory.

His trumpet had no call for retreat—no notes except for advance.

Out of the fierce fires of four years of bitter civil war Edwin M. Stanton came, with garments unsinged. No man was ever more bitterly hated, but it was by the cowards, the maligners, the men who were trying to gain selfish profit out of the distress of the country, and the Peace-at-any-Price conspirators. But their hatred was the stubble fire of the wicked which quickly passeth away.

A plain stone in the pass of Thermopylae, marking the spot where Leonidas and his 300 deathless Spartans lie, bore an inscription which has been an inspiration to the world for 25 centuries. It reads:

"Go, stranger, to Lacedaemon, and say that we lie here in obedience to her laws."

The monument we unveil to-day will have a like priceless value to the world—to countless generations yet unborn, to Nations now unknown.

It will tell of a plain American citizen, untrained in war and unknown as a leader of men, coming by what we can only understand as an act of Providence into the military leadership of a great, free, brave people, engaged in a mortal struggle for National existence. It will tell with

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what amazing power he rose to the pinnacles of achievement and carried out the mighty work of subduing an army of 1,500,000 brave, determined, fighting men occupying a territory larger than all of Europe outside of Russia. He raised armies greater than Napoleon ever commanded, and fought more tremendous battles than those by which the Corsican laid Europe prostrate.

He did his work so thoroly that in the end nowhere in all that vast territory, among all that countless host of fighting men, did anyone dare raise a flag or draw a sword in defiance of the Government which had been so insolently assailed four years before.

To this work he unhesitatingly sacrificed all his ambitions, his professional career, all happiness and comfort, his very life. He did it in strict obedience to his country's laws as those who perished with Leonidas. He came out of the war broken in health, impoverished in purse, overwhelmed with a cloud of calumny to clog him in his beginning the struggle of life anew. He had not even sought credit for his great share of the work, but merged himself amid the throng of those who strove for the Union, and sought no other reward than the approval of his own conscience for what he had done to save his country.

As the years pass the mists of error disappear before the sunlight of truth, the clouds of detraction fall from their own evil weight. The fame of Edwin M. Stanton will grow as, next to Lincoln, our greatest American.

The civil war was the great formative struggle of our National existence. Such another war will never recur. More and more as the years roll by it is looked upon as the splendidly heroic days of the Nation's youth.

"As the centuries fall like grains of sand
From out the Almighty Father's hand,"

posterity will hold the great civil war as the ancients did the earlier and heroic periods in their history when they beheld gods and giants fighting titanic battles for the creation and salvation of their countries.

The Saviors of the Union will form a glorious galaxy which will shine in hallowed, ever-brightening luster. And at the right hand of Abraham Lincoln, differing from him only as one star differs from another in glory, will stand Edwin M. Stanton.

UNVEIL STATUE OF EDWIN M. STANTON

Impressive Exercises in City Where He Was Born.

Steubenville, Ohio, Sept. 7.—Edwin M. Stanton, Secretary of War under President Lincoln during the civil war, who held, perhaps, the most trying position of all during those troublous times, was honored to-day by Steubenville, his place of birth, by the unveiling of a bronze statue that will perpetuate his features for all time.

Some 15,000 persons were assembled outside the courthouse, in front of which the monument stands. It is of bronze, seven feet high, and rests on a granite pedestal eight feet high. It is the work of Sculptor Alexander Boyle, of New York, a former resident of Steubenville.

The day's programme began with a military parade, participated in by United States regulars and the Ohio National Guard. The unveiling of the statue took place in the afternoon. A fireworks display to-night, followed by a grand military ball, participated in by all the dignitaries gathered here, concluded the day's events.

After the unveiling of the monument it was formally accepted by Attorney Carl Smith on behalf of the county.

Gen. Daniel M. Sickles attended as the personal representative of President Taft. The principal address was delivered by Col. John McElroy, of Washington, editor of the National Tribune. He reviewed the principal details of Stanton's life, and eloquently eulogized the great war Secretary.

Stanton, Edwin M.



December 19—The centenary of the birth of Edwin M. Stanton, the famous war secretary of Lincoln's administration, who was born at Steubenville, Ohio. Lincoln himself said that he would undertake no important step without first consulting his Secretary of War, whose systematized industry and comprehension of every phase of that crisis in its political, military and international aspects, made him the hope of his country during this period of unrest.

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He remained Secretary of War after Lincoln was succeeded by Johnson, but the latter removed him. And it was because the Senate reinstated Stanton that there began the quarrel culminating in Johnson's impeachment. Stanton remained in office while this entire dispute was in progress, but resigned as soon as Johnson was acquitted. Later he was appointed justice of the Supreme Court, but died four days after his confirmation.

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UNION PORTRAITS

V. EDWIN M. STANTON

BY GAMALIEL BRADFORD

I

THE problem with Stanton is to find out how a man so thoroughly disliked and apparently objectionable could get the most important administrative position in the country and hold it through the greatest crisis in American life. Here, too, is a man with no political standing and very little executive experience, a clever practical lawyer, nothing more, who is set to handling hundreds of thousands of men and hundreds of millions of money, and does it. How? Why?

That Stanton was thoroughly disliked had better be made plain by beginning with two general quotations, of great vigor and significance. The first represents the result of Mr. John T. Morse's wide study of the man and his surroundings: 'Stanton's abilities commanded some respect, though his character excited neither respect nor liking. . . . In his dealings with men he was capable of much duplicity, yet in matters of business he was rigidly honest. . . . He was prompt and decisive rather than judicious and correct in his judgments concerning men and things; he was arbitrary, harsh, bad-tempered, and impulsive; he often committed acts of injustice and cruelty, for which he rarely made amends and still more rarely seemed disturbed by remorse or regret. . . . Undoubtedly Mr. Lincoln was the only ruler known to history

who could have coöperated for years with such a minister.'

Beside this verdict of the historian let us place the contemporary judgment of Gideon Welles, — remembering, however, that the Secretary of the Navy viewed all his colleagues with a sternly critical eye. After reading his shrewd but acrid pages, I ask myself how Hamilton and Jefferson would have appeared under similar scrutiny, and more than once I am reminded of the cynical remark of Chancellor Oxenstiern: 'Here you see, my son, with how little wisdom the world is governed.'

But on Stanton Welles is more severe than on any one else, even Seward; and the following comments are amplified again and again in the fifteen hundred pages of the Diary.

'He is impulsive, not administrative; has quickness, often rashness, when he has nothing to apprehend; is more violent than vigorous, more demonstrative than discriminating, more vain than wise; is rude, arrogant, and domineering toward those in subordinate positions if they will submit to his rudeness, but is a sycophant and dissembler in deportment and language towards those whom he fears.'

These general indictments are surely savage enough. But we can support them by much other testimony as to special phases. It is said that the Secretary had an unfortunate habit of interfering in technical military matters;

and though his enthusiastic biographer believes him to have been born as great in strategy as in everything else, critics in general are not of this opinion. Moreover, whatever he set out to do, he persisted in, and he had an incredible reluctance to admit that he had made a mistake.

It is said, further, that, independent of excessive confidence in his own military judgment, Stanton liked to exercise authority in all things, big and little. 'Drunk with the lust of power,' Piatt calls him, somewhat rhetorically; and Grant, in more sober language, comments on his 'natural disposition to usurp all power and control in all matters that he had anything to do with.' Equally severe is the comment of Welles. 'Mr. Stanton was fond of power and its exercise. It was more precious to him than pecuniary gain to dominate over his fellow man.'

The passion for power naturally breeds jealousy of the power of others and dislike of those who resist one's authority or interfere with it. Seward told Bigelow that Stanton was of a jealous disposition. Blaine declares that the Secretary, with an uncontrollable greed for fame, had its necessary counterpart, jealousy and envy of the increasing reputation of others. Mr. Rhodes thinks that he was 'incapable of generosity to a prostrate foe.'

Also, in such a fiercely energetic nature, jealousy and animosity could not remain in the condition of sentiment, but were bound to be translated into accordant action. Those who thwarted the Secretary in his purposes had to suffer, all the more because he usually managed to identify his personal antagonists with the enemies of his country. 'He used the fearful power of the government to crush those he hated, while he sought, through the same means, to elevate those he loved,' says one who knew him well. Nor did he

hesitate at methods, when the object to be attained was an important one. Thus, he is said to have abstracted bodily certain official records in which one of his favorites was harshly treated.

We do not expect charges of arbitrariness and violence to be combined with accusations of duplicity. It happens, however, with this much-abused man. There is Welles, of course, hacking away, as usual: 'He has cunning and skill, dissembles his feelings, in short, is a hypocrite, a moral coward, while affecting to be, and to a certain extent being, brusque, overvaliant in words.' But on this point Welles has many to sustain him. It is charged by some that Stanton entered Buchanan's Cabinet and then betrayed his chief to his Republican enemies. The general statement of McClellan, that the Secretary would say one thing to a man's face and just the reverse behind his back, may perhaps be attributed to McClellan's own state of mind. But it is difficult to set aside entirely the general's account of Stanton's extreme enthusiasm and even subservience in their early acquaintance, as compared with the steady opposition of a little later period. And it is much more difficult to set aside Stanton's explicit warning to McClellan that Halleck was probably the greatest and most barefaced villain in America, while at the very same time the Secretary was sending word to Halleck, through Hitchcock, that he had never had any other than the highest respect for him and hoped Halleck would not imagine that he ever had. In Stanton's suddenly high-handed treatment of Sherman as to his compact with Johnston at the close of the war, Sherman's brother, the senator, does not know whether to read profound duplicity or, as Mr. Rhodes does, a quick impulse of violent irritation. 'He manifested and assumed the intensest kindness for you,'

John Sherman writes, 'and certainly showed it to me. I still think that with him it was mere anger — the explosion of a very bad temper.'

And as the accusation of duplicity almost necessarily implies, Stanton was further charged with truckling to those who had power and influence, just as he bullied those who had none. Welles declares that the Secretary of War regarded himself as the protégé of Seward and always treated him with obsequiousness and servility; that he was an adept at flattering and wheedling members of Congress and pandering to their whims and fancies; that he treated Andrew Johnson as fawningly at first as he did roughly at last. Welles adds further that he himself met Stanton's browbeating with a determined front and from that time on was treated with a deference shown to few members of the Cabinet. Mr. John T. Morse writes vividly, referring to the Sherman quarrel mentioned above: 'Stanton had that peculiar and unusual form of meanness which endeavors to force a civility after an insult.' And Blaine, who in other points praises Stanton highly, admits that he had great respect for men who had power, and considered their wishes in a way quite unusual with him in ordinary cases.

It is even asserted that the Secretary's bullying manner melted at once before conduct equally aggressive; and other experiences are told similar to that of Colonel Dwight, who went to get a pass for an old man to visit his dying son. The pass was refused, whereupon the colonel said, 'My name is Dwight, Walton Dwight, Lieutenant-colonel of the One Hundred and Fortyninth Regiment of Pennsylvania Volunteers. You can dismiss me from the service as soon as you like, but I am going to tell you what I think of you.' He did, and got his pass.

Some go so far as to maintain that this appearance of moral cowardice was accompanied by a decided lack of mere physical courage. Such a charge is pretty strongly implied in Grant's accusation that Stanton's timidity made him keep the armies near Washington, that he could see the Union weakness but not that of the enemy, and that the Confederates would have been in no danger if Stanton had been in the field. Mr. Rhodes speaks quite frankly of the Secretary's 'lack of physical courage.' Welles had no doubt whatever upon the subject. His account of Stanton's behavior after the assassination of Lincoln should be read with care, though with a clear recollection that Welles did not know his associate at all intimately and saw him, as for that matter he saw himself, through a cloud of prejudice. Still another paragraph from the Secretary of the Navy's Diary I cannot resist quoting in full, for its vivid picture of Stanton and also its unconscious and thoroughly Pepysian portrayal of the writer. It refers to the wild excitement in the Cabinet, when it was feared that the Merrimac would advance on Washington: —

'In all that painful time my composure was not disturbed, so that I did not perhaps as fully realize and comprehend the whole impending calamity as others, and yet to me there was throughout the whole day something inexpressibly ludicrous in the wild, frantic talk, action, and rage of Stanton as he ran from room to room, sat down and jumped up after writing a few words, swung his arms, scolded, and raved. He could not fail to see and feel my opinion of him and his bluster, — that I was calm and unmoved by his rant, spoke deliberately, and was not excited by his violence.'

There must be something inspiring in the joyous, salt freedom of the sea which could impel two secretaries of

the navy, separated by an interval of two hundred years, to expose themselves to posterity with such incomparable frankness.

II

But as to Stanton. After perusing with attention the above cheerful catalogue of amiable qualities, the reader must be inclined to ask, with Malcolm in *Macbeth*, 'If such a one be fit to govern, speak,' and to expect something like Macduff's answer, 'Fit to govern! no, not to live!'

We shall try a little later to emphasize some acts and characteristics of Stanton which may seem not wholly compatible with all these charges of his critics. Meanwhile, it must be evident, whether the charges are true, or, still more, if they are exaggerated and untrue, that the Secretary was not a man who went out of his way to be agreeable. He certainly was not. His position in itself forced him to acts that seemed harsh and even cruel. The Secretary of War had to tread on many toes and scorch many fingers. But it is possible to tread on toes so that the owner of them will remember it with tolerance, if not with a certain amiability. Stanton trod squarely and provoked a groan or an oath.

Indeed, there are many who agree with Grant that the Secretary took positive pleasure in refusing requests and disappointing suitors. If it is difficult to believe this, at least it cannot be denied that in the ordinary transaction of business he paid little attention to social amenities. Dana, who admired him much, admitted that he would have been a far greater man if he could have kept his temper. Chittenden, who admired him somewhat less, but knew him intimately, declares that few masters of literary denunciation were more apt at inflicting a bitter wound in

a brief sentence. The same authority adds that attempts to ingratiate by compliment were rarely repeated; for the Secretary would repel the first one by a shaft of satire or a glance of contempt. His daily receptions appear at times to have been of the nature of shindies. In one case, recorded even by the enthusiastic biographer, an interview with a senator rose to such a pitch of vehemence that the Secretary dashed a full inkstand all over the floor, while in another he emerged from the office with his nose bleeding so freely that cracked ice was required to repair the damages.

There is abundant and most curious evidence as to the manifestation of these unamiable peculiarities in the Secretary's official intercourse with his subordinates. Soldiers are accustomed to treat one another with the precision of military civility, prefacing orders with salutation and politeness. Stanton had bells put into the different rooms of the War Office. When he wanted to call a general, he pulled a cord, as if he were calling a bell-boy. Generals did not like it.

Also, Stanton's manner of imparting information and receiving requests was not such as to inspire cordiality or gratitude. For instance, Schurz writes, inquiring if he is relieved from command. The Secretary replies, 'General Hooker is authorized to relieve from command any officer that interferes with or hinders the transportation of troops in the present movement. Whether you have done so, and whether he has relieved you from command, ought to be known to yourself.' When your cheek is slapped like that, it stings for some time after. Again, a fellow member of the administration politely suggested a young friend as a candidate for office. 'Usher,' was the sharp reply, 'I would not appoint the Angel Gabriel a paymaster, if he was only twenty-one.'

Undoubtedly posterity has been most affected by Stanton's rudeness and violence as they concerned Lincoln. The display of these qualities began long before the war and before the two men had any official connection with each other. When they were scarcely acquainted, chance brought them together on the same side of a lawsuit, and Lincoln overheard Stanton say that he 'would not associate with such a d—, gawky, long-armed ape as that.' After the war had begun, Stanton, still keeping up an epistolary connection with his former chief, Buchanan, wrote, in terms more civil, but hardly more complimentary, 'An irretrievable misfortune and national disgrace never to be forgotten are to be added to the ruin of all peaceful pursuits and national bankruptcy, as the result of Lincoln's running the machine for five months.' And to Dix he expressed himself more frankly as to the 'painful imbecility' of the President. According to McClellan, his language in private conversation was franker still. Lincoln, he said, was the original gorilla, and Du Chaillu need not have gone to Africa to investigate that animal.

Such utterances are not recorded of the Cabinet officer, who had come to know the President more intimately. But the Secretary was just as ready as any one else to snub his chief in the course of business. Again and again he slighted and disregarded Lincoln's suggestions and recommendations, in well-authenticated cases going so far as to tear the President's notes and fling them into the waste basket before the eyes of the bearer, with an expression of perfect contempt. Also, the Secretary's admirers, and perhaps the Secretary himself to some degree, felt that he was the President's chief monitor and by peremptory argument could sway that amiable but somewhat spine-

less personage into the course dictated by true wisdom and patriotism. An instance of this, important if true, is the vehement persuasion by which Stanton is said to have modified the Second Inaugural, insisting that his superior was too ready to surrender power to the generals in the field. Lincoln, after listening to the Secretary's arguments, murmured, 'You are right,' seized the pen, and made the changes suggested.

In spite of occasional insolence, however, and a tendency to domineer in small matters, there can be no question that Stanton came early to recognize Lincoln's supremacy, and on all vital points, after due and energetic protest, submitted his own will to that of his chief. When Lincoln had fairly made up his mind to be obeyed, he was obeyed.

Many cases of sharp conflict can be summed up in the crucial one, narrated by Nicolay and Hay, in which the President backed a positive order by a personal interview. 'Mr. President,' said the Secretary, 'I cannot execute that order.' 'Mr. Secretary,' replied Lincoln, with perfect good-nature and with perfect firmness, 'I reckon you'll have to execute that order.' The order was executed.

And Stanton not only obeyed his leader, he admired and loved him. From a man so sparing of commendation, written words like the following mean much. They are full of significance, not only as to Stanton's own feeling, but as to the relations of the two men. 'Mr. Lincoln was never a good projector and frequently not a good manager; but his intuition was wonderful. He was one of the best of men to have by the side of a projector or manager. . . . Usually his mind was as free from bias as any I ever knew, and it was a genuine pleasure to consult him on new matters.' While the eulogy quoted from Chitten-

den by Mr. Rothschild, in his admirable analysis, is one of the finest ever pronounced by one mortal man upon another. 'There lies the most perfect ruler of men I ever knew.'

And now how did Lincoln feel about Stanton? It would appear that the President selected this member of his Cabinet more for actual merit than almost any of the others. The War Department was the most important of all. Up to January, 1862, Cameron had failed in it entirely. The new man must be chosen, not for politics, although a War Democrat may have been desirable, nor for personal adaptability, but because he could do the work. Lincoln at the start had certainly no reason to feel any affection for Stanton. He must therefore have picked him out by divining his extraordinary usefulness.

Having chosen him, he proposed to leave him free, so far as possible. It is said that one disappointed applicant for secretarial favor brought back word that the only response he received was that the President was a damned fool. 'Did Stanton say that?' was Lincoln's serene comment. 'Then it must be true, for Stanton is usually right.' In many other cases it was made perfectly evident that, having appointed a strong man to a difficult place, the President felt that he could best get full measure out of him by letting him have his head almost — not quite — completely.

And Lincoln not only tolerated his subordinate, he defended him. When it was urged that Stanton's work might be done quite as well by some one else who would do it less disagreeably, the President replied, 'Find the man. Show me that he can do it. He shall.'

Also, there was love in that ample heart for the stern Secretary as well as respect and confidence. Does not all Lincoln's divine tenderness show in Stanton's own account of their last

interview, just before Lincoln's death, when the Secretary, feeling that his task was done, offered his resignation, and the President refused it? 'Putting his hands on my shoulders, tears filling his eyes, he said, "Stanton, you cannot go. Reconstruction is more difficult and dangerous than construction or destruction. You have been our main reliance; you must help us through the final act. The bag is filled. It must be tied, and securely. Some knots slip; yours do not. You understand the situation better than anybody else, and it is my wish and the country's that you remain."'

It has, indeed, been suggested that Stanton's main use to his chief was as a shield or buffer. Most men dislike to say no. Certainly Lincoln did. Yet he had to, till he must sometimes have seemed to himself the negative personified. Now to say no is thought to have given Stanton real pleasure. And the President was delighted to have a deputy of such solid qualifications. Grant rejects this view on the ground that Lincoln did not need to borrow backbone from any one. We know he did not. Yet when life was made up so largely of doing disagreeable things, it was surely policy to use a man who did them with masterly ease and a connoisseur's perfection.

III

Yet probably no one living could have divined more keenly or appreciated more sympathetically the fine qualities of the subordinate than the leader who selected him and got out of him every ounce of his efficiency and usefulness. Let us go below the rough surface and distinguish more closely what some of those fine qualities were.

To begin with, in spite of his harsh, stern exterior, the man had wonderful depths of emotion and nervous sensibil-

ity. I think you can see it in his face — when you have discovered it otherwise. It was he who made that most original and subtle observation, — enough in itself to mark an exceptional acuteness, — when some one objected to his criticism of the meanness in a man's face as being something for which the man was not responsible: 'Every man over fifty is responsible for his face.' Apply the criterion to its inventor, and you will see energy and determination in the brow and eyes and lines about the nose, but assuredly you will see sensibility about the large and mobile mouth.

Again, the voice matched the mouth. It is said to have been wonderfully gentle, sympathetic, and responsive, never more so than when uttering savage indignation or bitter criticism.

And back of the voice was a nervous, high-strung, responsive spirit. When good fortune came, the spirit was exuberant, cried out in triumph, embraced friends near and sent official telegrams of boyish exultation to friends distant. 'Good for the first lick! Hurrah for Smith and the one-gun battery!' Or when there was simply a relief from strain, the emotion was different but violent still. 'His real feeling came to the surface. Great tears welled up in his eyes and flowed over his careworn face.' With disappointment and failure the shock was no less, whether shown in tears of bitterness or in strange manifestations of excited and overwrought nerves. Such things both accompany and produce physical weakness, and during all the years of his great and strenuous service Stanton was apparently a broken man. It is said that even before the war he had been warned by skilled physicians that unless he pursued a regular and quiet life, he might die at any moment. A regular and quiet life!

One frequent concomitant of sensi-

tive nerves, humor, seems to have been largely absent in Stanton. There are stories of his gayety in early youth, stories of mirth and laughter and social expansiveness. It is most interesting to find him telling Dickens that the novelist's works were his nightly resource and diversion and that he did not know how he could get through his task without them. We find an occasional jest on his lips, also. But the jests are apt to be bitter. The pettiness of even his vast labors, viewed under the aspect of eternity, did not strike him as constantly as it did Lincoln; and we learn from Chase that when the President prefaced the Emancipation Proclamation with choice extracts from *Petroleum V. Nasby*, — bells tinkling and clattering in that great tragic scene like the babble of the clown in *Lear*, — Stanton was the only Cabinet member present who did not laugh.

But if he had not the twinkle of laughter, he had the glow of deep affection. It is true, indeed, that he does not appear to have loved or trusted widely. Some, who had good opportunity for judging, have written that he permitted no one to know him well and that no man so widely known was ever so little known. I find also the assertion — startlingly characteristic about any man — that 'love was not necessary to him.'

This I do not believe to be true. Indeed, the evidence shows it to be emphatically untrue. Stanton was not one of those who dissipate their affection, but where he bestowed it entire, it was all the more overwhelming. One need only read the history of his first marriage to appreciate this. It was a pure love match, between a boy and girl, and the husband's devotion was as complete and lasting as was the father's delight when children came to him. Years afterward Stanton declared that 'the happiest hours of his life were

passed in the little brick house on Third Street, holding [his daughter] Lucy on his knee while Mary prepared the meals.' The girl-wife's early death was the bitterest sorrow Stanton ever knew. For months he entirely gave up his legal work, spent hours at her grave, wandered into quaint and melancholy fancies which almost indicated lack of mental balance. His character is even said to have undergone a fundamental change, the natural gayety of his youth giving place to a settled austerity and gloom. But such changes as this grow in the imagination of those who report them.

One striking incident of a later time illustrates well the blend of intense passions in the heart of this volcanic creature. During his secretaryship he was sitting one day in his study, with his little daughter on his knee. A friend thought it a good opportunity to plead for a Southern father under sentence of death. The petitioner pointed out to Stanton the joy of his own fatherhood and the child's complete dependence upon him. Stanton assented with enthusiasm. 'But there are daughters in the South who cherish their fathers just as much.' 'I suppose there are,' was the indifferent reply. 'Now there's Pryor —' The Secretary instantly pushed the child from his knee and thundered, 'He shall be hanged! Damn him!'

But it must not be inferred from this that Stanton's tenderness was confined to the domestic circle. Far from it. He may not have made friends widely, but he had a broad and generous kindliness, if one knew how to get at it and separate it from his temper and his prejudices. Above all, when his heart was touched, he would make any effort to relieve suffering. As a mere boy, he organized a charity league to watch with the sick and to relieve the poor. Once, when he was traveling to Pittsburg by

boat, he found a poor Irishman with a broken leg on the way to have it set. The man was suffering cruelly, but no one paid much attention. Stanton went to the carpenter for tools, made a splint, set the leg and put the splint on with proper bandages, and sat by the patient, bathing his forehead, until the boat arrived.

Even in his official duties the Secretary tempered roughness with sympathy in a most notable manner. He was harsh to generals in epaulets, but when he saw a poor crippled soldier waiting patiently, he would listen to him first and speak gently, even if he could not say yes. In the same way, while he was often bitter to his subordinates, he at times also regretted his bitterness and would show his regret by some special kindness or unusual display of confidence. It is most curious to note, however, that he rarely apologized directly or admitted that he had been wrong, seeming to feel that such admission would compromise his dignity. In this he surely showed a most significant trait of character and stamped himself as something below the greatest.

It is interesting to have, not only the testimony of others to Stanton's mixture of sympathy with severity, but his own personal confession of the strain involved in the execution of his duty. Thus, he is said to have protested with the utmost solemnity, 'In my official station I have tried to do my duty as I shall answer to God at the great day, but it is the misfortune of that station that most of my duties are harsh and painful to some one, so that I rejoice at an opportunity, however rare, of combining duty with kindly offices.' Still more interesting is the dramatic account of one who was intimately familiar with the workings of the Department, and who one day, after watching the Secretary's stern, cold dealings

with petitioners and resenting them as almost inhuman, followed without announcement into his private office and there found him bent over his desk, his head buried in his hands, shaken with sobs, and wailing in anguish, 'God help me to do my duty; God help me to do my duty.'

It seems hard to reconcile these things with the legend of Stanton's pleasure in saying no. Yet perhaps they are not wholly incompatible, after all. If so, such contradictions certainly make him a figure of extraordinary interest.

IV

Nevertheless, it may be granted that Lincoln did not select Stanton as minister of war for his sympathy or his gentleness. What, then, were the other qualities which made the President pick out this sturdy agent and stand by him?

First, he was a worker, an enormous worker. Welles denies this and proves by doing so that he did not know Stanton. For his inclination and his capacity for labor are beyond dispute. In his early law practice, at his Ohio home, he toiled early and late to get the facts, all the facts, even those irrelevant, with the hope of finding something neglected which would solve a difficulty, as he often did. When he was sent to California by the government, to investigate the old Mexican land-titles, it is confessed that his researches into records and documents were as far-reaching as they were fruitful. In the War Department he looked into everything himself, went into case after case with exhaustive and exhausting thoroughness, mastered the details of contracts, of supply, of equipment, of transportation, and saw that those details were attended to. Executive genius often consists in knowing how to make others work, and no doubt Stan-

ton was expert in this function; but when anything was to be gained by doing work himself, he did it, as in the case, mentioned by Flower, of the cotton investigation in Savannah, in 1865. Stanton selected twenty witnesses out of a vast number present and wrote down the testimony of each, unabridged, though his assistants offered to do it for him. He held that by doing it himself he would get a knowledge of the subject which could not be filtered through any clerk.

Even more important than labor, and essential to fruitful labor, is method, system, organization. Stanton possessed this business instinct in the highest degree. From the moment he took hold of the war machine, he saw that every part was in order, so that his own work and others' work would not be thrown away. His procedure in this line was often vexatious, as when he arranged to have every telegraphic war dispatch from general to general, and even from the President to other members of the Cabinet, pass through his office and come under his eye, if necessary. But it was immensely thorough and effective. An exact routine governed his daily labors. During certain hours he stood at his desk and accorded a systematically proportioned allowance of minutes to the numerous visitors, who had each to state his business with absolute clearness and brevity and in a tone to be heard by the bystanders.

But often the visitor found his business stated for him. For the Secretary had little patience with many words, and had a marvelous gift of divining what was wanted; had, indeed, the most quick and piercing fashion of getting at the heart of any piece of business, before another would have stripped off even the husk of it. It was just this keenness of insight which enabled him, when not led astray by prejudice, to

detect men of swift practical ability for the execution of his purposes.

And back of the labor, the system, the insight, was the animating soul, — an enormous, driving energy, which thrust right on through obstacles and difficulties, would not yield, would not falter, would not turn back. Sometimes this energy was misdirected and overzealous, as in some of the arbitrary arrests for treason, which may have done more harm than good. But lesser men, who stop to hesitate and question, cannot but wonder at its splendid, forthright, overpowering accomplishment. As Thurlow Weed wrote, divining the future, in 1861, 'While I was in the White House I looked over that new Attorney-General of ours. He is tremendous.'

This abounding vigor showed in the Secretary's words, written and spoken. 'The very demon of lying seems to be about these times, and generals will have to be broken for ignorance before they will take the trouble to find out the truth of reports.' It showed, too, constantly in his actions. When he went West at one time to push a military movement, the train was driven as it had never been driven before. 'Shall we get there?' asked Stanton, anxious to drive harder. 'Great God!' answered the engineer, 'you'll get through alive if I do.'

As you follow the different phases of Stanton's activity, you will be amazed to see this clear-eyed, ordered energy displayed in all of them. Supplies? He gets supplies on honest contracts, of the stipulated quality, and furnishes them, when and where needed. A navy? If he wants a navy on the western rivers, and Father Noah or Father Neptune — Welles, of the patriarchal beard, was known by either title — frets and fidgets over difficulties, he just makes a navy, out of nothing. Railroads? The very life and heart of

the war depend on railroads. Stanton sees it and gets men like Haupt and McCallum out of civil life to do feats of engineering which commanded the admiration not of America only, but of the world.

Or, in another connection, take Stanton's handling of the state governors, so justly praised by Mr. Rhodes. Tact and patience were needed here to adjust endless tangles of red tape. The Secretary showed that, if required, he had the tact and the patience as well as the energy.

That a man of this stamp should have been a personal coward is very difficult to believe. I am inclined to think that any charges made against Stanton on this line are based on the vagaries of a highly excitable temperament, which may have momentarily betrayed its possessor in the quick presence of certain kinds of physical peril. However this may be, the man gave many proofs of complete indifference to death, while he was doing his duty. Thus, when defending a prisoner, in order to test the drug used he took a good dose of it himself and was dangerously ill in consequence. Again, when cholera was prevalent, he stepped right in and worked among the sick after priest and doctor had deserted them, and went so far as to open the coffin of a young girl, because he had some fear that she might have been buried alive. These are not exactly the actions of a coward.

Whether physically brave or not, Stanton assuredly did not in general lack the moral courage to say no. Graft, corruption, and dishonesty withered when they came within his touch. Welles, always resourceful and brought up in good traditions of New England thrift, declares that his colleague was utterly wasteful of public money and that anybody could be a great war minister who did not care what he spent.

BROUGHT STANTON TO TERMS
One Cannot Help but Wonder What Particular Language Was Used by the Colonel.

1823

In one of Mr. Gamaliel Bradford's lively essays about the distinguished figures of the Civil war time he tells a story that shows that Stanton, Lincoln's brusque secretary of war, once met a man equally brusque, who refused to be browbeaten and gained his point. Says Mr. Bradford:

Colonel Dwight went to the secretary to get a pass for an old man to visit his dying son. The pass was refused; whereupon Colonel Dwight said: "My name is Dwight, Walter Dwight, lieutenant colonel of the One Hundred and Forty-ninth regiment of Pennsylvania volunteers. You can dismiss me from the service as soon as you like, but before I go I am going to tell you exactly what I think of you."

He did so and Mr. Stanton gave him his pass!—Youth's Companion.

When Lincoln Did Not Get His Way.

The application of a man who wanted to be chaplain in the army during Mr. Lincoln's administration was recently found. Attached to it are a number of indorsements which are not only interesting in themselves, but aid in disclosing the characters of the two men whose influence largely molded the policy of the government in those turbulent times. The indorsements by President Lincoln and Secretary of War Stanton read as follows:

Dear Stanton—Appoint this man chaplain in the army. A. LINCOLN.

Dear Mr. Lincoln—He is not a preacher. E. M. STANTON.

The following indorsements are dated a few months later, but come just below:

Dear Stanton—He is now. A. LINCOLN.

Dear Mr. Lincoln—But there is no vacancy. E. M. STANTON

Dear Stanton—Appoint him chaplain at large. A. LINCOLN.

Dear Mr. Lincoln—There is no warrant of law for that. E. M. STANTON.

Dear Stanton—Appoint him anyhow. A. LINCOLN.

Dear Mr. Lincoln—I will not. E. M. STANTON.

The appointment was not made, but the papers were filed in the war department, where they remain as evidence of Lincoln's friendship and Stanton's obstinate nerve. 1870

Against Lincoln.

Edward P. Mitchell, in McClure's Magazine.

Mr. Dana first saw Mr. Lincoln soon after his inauguration in March, 1861. He went to the White House with a party of New York Republicans on a political errand. The interview was in progress, and the president was explaining his views as to the New York patronage, when a door opened and a tall and lank employe stuck in his head and made this announcement:

"She wants you!"

"Yes, yes," said Mr. Lincoln, visibly annoyed, and he went on with the explanation of his views.

Presently the door opened again and the messenger returned:

"I say she wants you!" 1874

Four years afterward Mr. Dana came up to Washington from Richmond with Grant after the final victory of the Union army. He reached the capitol on April 13th. On the afternoon of the 14th he received a dispatch from Portland, Maine, reporting that Jacob Thompson was expected to pass through that town in disguise, on his way from Canada to England. Stanton was for arresting the rebel commissioner, but he sent Dana over to the White House to see the president about it. Lincoln was in the little closet just off his office, in his shirt-sleeves, washing his large hands.

"Halloa, Dana," he said; "what is it now?"

Dana explained that Mr. Stanton had an opportunity to arrest Thompson, and thought it ought to be done.

"Well," drawled Lincoln, "I think not. When you have an elephant on your band and he wants to run away, better let him run."

A few hours later Abraham Lincoln lay unconscious in the little bedroom in the Peterson house, opposite Ford's Theater. Dana was with Stanton until two o'clock in the room adjoining the death chamber. Then he went home to sleep. He was awakened in the morning by a knock at his door. It was Colonel Pelouze, one of the assistant adjutant-generals.

"Mr. Dana," said Colonel Pelouze, "Mr. Lincoln is dead, and Mr. Stanton directs you to arrest Jacob Thompson."

A new story of Abraham Lincoln is told by the New York *Herald*. Secretary Stanton was once greatly vexed because an army officer had refused to understand an order, or, at all events, had not obeyed. "I believe I'll sit down," said Stanton, "and give that man a piece of my mind." "Do so," said Lincoln, "write him now, while you have it on your mind. Make it sharp; cut him all up." Stanton did not need a second invitation. It was a bone-cruncher that he read to the President. "That's right," said Abe, "that's a good one." "Whom can I get to send it by?" mused the Secretary. "Send it!" replied Lincoln: "send it! Why, don't send it at all. Tear it up. You have freed your mind on the subject, and that is all that is necessary. Tear it up. You never want to send such letters; I never do."

Stanton Said "No"

Lincoln's Indorsement Did Not Impress His Secretary of War, Dr. Mahan Found

To the New York Herald Tribune:

The anniversary of the natal day of our martyred President Lincoln carries me back in memory to an evening sixty-five years ago when as a lad I lived in the city of Pittsburgh with my father, the Rev. Dr. John Scott, who for sixty-two years was active in the ministry, which period included ten years' service as the editor of the church organ, "The Methodist Recorder." He passed away at the age of eighty-four.

Numbered among father's intimate friends was Asa Mahan, D. D., L. L. D., president of Adrian College, in Michigan, an educator and statesman possessing the acquaintance and confidence of many prominent in public life, including the President, by whom on numerous occasions he was called in consultation. He was the author of several works of high standing, including "The Science of Intellectual Philosophy" and "The Science of Logic." About sixty years of age, he was a man of imposing appearance, refined presence, wide knowledge and a most entertaining conversationalist, possessing a magnetism which very speedily attracted to himself the admiration and friendship of those who were so fortunate as to make his intimate acquaintance.

One evening during the year 1862 Dr. Mahan came to our home, expecting to spend the night. It appeared he was on his way to Washington and desired to avoid the night ride, in those days none too inviting or comfortable with the rather crude accommodations then provided. After supper, seated in the parlor, it was disclosed that our visitor was visiting the capital city with the intention of calling on the President. A little later in the evening he produced from his old-fashioned carpet bag a manuscript covering quite a number of pages of written matter, which he announced to father was the plan he had formulated for the future conduct of the war. This he read to us in full, after which he and father devoted an hour or more in discussing military affairs generally.

The constant cry of the papers was, "On to Richmond," emphasized by startling headlines, it being constantly asserted that the government was with-

out any well defined policy as to the prosecution of the war. In addition, many members of the strongly Republican Congress, particularly Senators Trumbull, Wade and Sumner, openly assailed the Administration.

'Tis true that at the time I was only a boy, and yet I was a wide awake lad, read the papers closely every day, knew all the public characters by name and was intensely interested in all that pertained to either military or political affairs. So, I sat there that night with eyes, ears and mouth open, listening to the reading and the conversation following regarding military conditions and activities. I little thought, while so interested and absorbed, that within two years it would be my good fortune to meet and converse with our great President, to whom many kindly references were made by both speakers.

In about two weeks Dr. Mahan again stopped with us overnight en route home from Washington. During his stay he related his experiences, stating that he had readily obtained a hearing by the President, to whom he submitted his plan which, after a number of conferences and much discussion, was finally approved. Mr. Lincoln indorsed on the paper his approval and directed the doctor to present it to the Secretary of War. This, he said, he did quite promptly.

But Mr. Stanton, after learning the nature of the document and the approval of his superior, declined to receive it and, upon the visitor becoming insistent and perchance excited, the latter was invited to leave the office. Insulted and indignant, the doctor hastened back to headquarters and reported the result of his visit to the President, who, after considering the matter, decided that under existing conditions he could not enter into any controversy with his Cabinet member in active charge of military affairs.

I saw and read the indorsement the President had placed in his own handwriting on the back of the last page of the paper, written across the sheet near the center. Substantially, it read, "The Secretary of War will examine the inclosed plan with the view of its being carried into operation. A. Lincoln." I can mentally see that signature, the initial of the given name only being

used, as clearly as I saw it then, and am tempted to believe I could almost produce a creditable facsimile.

From what I learned later during my service in the army, I became satisfied that the patriotic, sturdy, imperious Secretary of War, who really gave up his life for his country, was the protector, the intermediary, the buffer, as it were, who guarded the kindly President in many ways and, so far as it lay in his power, shielded him and prevented harm or embarrassment coming to the chief he revered, in strong contrast to his former attitude. In the case of Dr. Mahan, the Secretary well knew that it was entirely impracticable, almost suicidal, to recognize in so prominent manner a non-combatant, a minister, as a controlling factor in highly important matters of warfare, ignoring the counsel and advice of the many skilled military men gathered at Washington.

W. A. S.
Hackensack, N. J., Feb. 8, 1928.



EDWIN M. STANTON, Secretary of War.

Edwin M. Stanton

HEALTH OF EDWIN STANTON

NOT all the books dealing with Edwin M. Stanton are complimentary to Lincoln's secretary of war. It will be remembered that years before Lincoln became President Stanton treated the future President with scant consideration or courtesy in a certain important lawsuit. In spite of this Lincoln selected him to succeed Cameron as secretary of war and, incidentally, let himself in for trouble and even humiliation at times. Winston, in telling the story of Andrew Johnson's life, tells us much about Stanton that was not to that gentleman's credit. McClellan's autobiography handles Stanton with some of the spirit of scorn with which this scrappy secretary handled other people. There are few now who defend Stanton's course in the trial of Mrs. Surratt and some of the other Lincoln conspirators.

But possibly the doctors can supply a defense for him. Dr. L. C. Duncan says of Stanton: "He was a short, heavy-set man who took almost no exercise. In order to overcome the bad effects of his unwholesome mode of life, Surgeon General Barnes had a standing desk placed in the secretary's office. Instead of sitting in luxurious chairs, Stanton did his work thereafter while standing at his desk.

"He was nervously active and restless. Were he living in this day his physicians would have made a diagnosis of nervous hypertension and would have prescribed relaxation. He had a chronic bronchitis and bronchial asthma. Perhaps this asthma was largely responsible for Stanton's irascibility." In October, 1863, he visited Grant in the field and there contracted a very bad cold from which he never recovered. The period between this and his death is that in which he was making life difficult for Lincoln, fighting Andrew Johnson, doing a great injustice to Dr. W. A. Hammond, and prosecuting Mrs. Surratt.

"Surgeon General Barnes tells of two attacks of asthma in which he fell to the floor. At his death he was found to have had chronic bronchitis with asthma, heart disease with dropsy and cirrhosis of the liver. However, most of his weakness, as well as his strength, was due to qualities in no way related to his illness. Col. Duncan quotes a word picture of Ellett which might be a description of the secretary himself. He wrote: 'He is a cleancut, forcible, controversial writer. His fancy and will are predominant points and once having taken a notion he will not allow it to be questioned.'"

CHICAGO ILL TRIBUNE
SUNDAY, JULY 7, 1929,

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From Painting by Tom Woodburn

EDWIN McMASTERS STANTON, Secretary of War, 1862—1868



Recruiting Publicity Bureau, Governors Island, N. Y.

An Army Information Bulletin, containing a resume of administrative and statistical reports, rules, regulations, and official notices of recruiting for the guidance of members of the Regular Army, National Guard and Organized Reserves.

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August 1, 1932

EDWIN McMASTERS STANTON

Edwin McMasters Stanton, twenty-ninth Secretary of War of the United States, whose portrait appears on the front cover of this issue of the *Recruiting News*, was born December 19, 1814, at Steubenville, Ohio. His father, a Quaker physician, died while the boy was yet a child, making it necessary for Edwin to commence work at a very early age. For three years he was employed as a bookstore clerk.

In 1831 he entered Kenyon College, Gambier, Ohio, but he was back at his old job again within two years. In the bookshop he found ample time to continue his studies in law, and worked to such effect that the year 1836 found him an established member of the bar at Cadiz, Ohio. A year later, he was elected prosecuting attorney of that town and the surrounding county. He later practiced his profession at Steubenville for a considerable time, and in 1847 removed to Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania, where he speedily became known as the leading attorney of the city.

One of his most famous cases at Pittsburgh was the "State of Pennsylvania vs. the Wheeling and Belmont Bridge Company" (1849-1856) in which, as counsel for the state, he successfully invoked the aid of the Federal government in preventing the construction of a bridge across the Ohio River at Wheeling, Virginia, (now West Virginia) his plea being that the structure would interfere with navigation of the river by Pennsylvania vessels.

Stanton's extensive practice before the United States Supreme Court caused his removal to Washington, D. C., in 1857. The next year saw him in California as counsel for the United States in many important land cases.

In December, 1860, he succeeded Jeremiah S. Black as United States Attorney General. As such, he rendered extremely valuable services to the country by tenaciously resisting the efforts of leaders who were then active in sowing seeds of secession. At a cabinet meeting in which Secretary of War John Buchanan Floyd demanded the removal of Federal troops from forts in Charleston harbor, he indignantly declared that the surrender of Fort Sumter would be a crime equal to the treachery of Benedict Arnold, who sought to surrender West Point to the British in July, 1780. He further stated that all who were in any way connected with the removal should be punished for treason. Stanton's

administration of the Attorney General's office terminated at the close of Buchanan's administration in March, 1861.

Acting upon the suggestion of Simon Cameron, the resigning Secretary of War, President Lincoln appointed Stanton as head of the War Department in January, 1862. As was stated at the time by a United States senator, "He (Stanton) certainly came . . . with patriotic and not with sordid motives, surrendering a most brilliant position at the bar, and with it the emolument of which, in the absence of accumulated wealth, his family was in daily need."

As Secretary of War, Stanton shared with the President the heavy burden of extensive war operations. A vigorous military policy followed his assumption of the office, and it was just a week later that the first of the President's orders, insisting upon a general movement of troops, was issued. Stanton's work was characterized by his customary integrity, determination, judgment, and force. It is true that he was possessed of a violent, uncertain temper, and that his disposition may have been far from perfect, but those were merely incident to the terrible nervous strain under which he labored, and because of his intense devotion to duties which would have prostrated most men, and which eventually prostrated Stanton. He sought no personal benefit, however, and made himself the hated enemy of the greedy.

After the assassination of Lincoln, who, upon one occasion said that he never took a serious step without first consulting his Secretary of War, Stanton presented his resignation. President Johnson persuaded him to remain in office, but the friendship of the new President was but shortlived. When the latter disagreed with Congress upon certain reconstruction questions, Stanton supported Congress and Johnson requested Stanton's letter of resignation. The Secretary refused to resign before the next session of Congress, saying that to do so would hinder the several reconstruction projects. Johnson, therefore, suspended him, appointing General Grant as Secretary of War "ad interim." Stanton was restored by Congress, and Grant vacated in February, 1868; the President again ordered Stanton out of office and appointed General Lorenzo Thomas in his stead.

The same day, the Senate refused, under the new Tenure of Office Act, to concur in the suspension. Mr. Stanton, thus supported, refused to vacate. The impeachment of President Johnson followed—a matter which had long been contemplated by the extreme wing of the Republican party. Among the charges was the allegation of a conspiracy between the President and General Thomas. It has been alleged that the action of the Senate in thus impeaching Johnson was without right or authority, since the President was really charged only with violating the recently passed but entirely unconstitutional "Tenure of Office" bill, framed expressly to limit his guaranteed powers of removal.

On May 26, 1868, the Senate returned a "not guilty" verdict with 35 votes for conviction against 19 for acquittal. One more "guilty" vote would have made the required two-thirds majority for conviction. Stanton resigned and reentered his civil law practice. His health began to fail, although he was yet a comparatively young man.

President Grant nominated him an associate justice of the United States Supreme Court on December 20, 1869. The Senate immediately confirmed the appointment, but the ink was hardly dry upon his commission when, on December 24, 1869, the former Secretary of War died at Washington, D. C.

**MISS JAHNCKE AND
CHARLES W. DOTSON
TO MARRY IN SOUTH**

Washington, D. C., Oct. 7.—[Special.]—Commodore and Mrs. Ernest Lee Jahncke announce the engagement of their daughter, Miss Adele Townsend Jahncke, to Mr. Charles William Dotson, the wedding to take place in New Orleans during the late autumn or early winter season.

Miss Jahncke is a graduate of Newcomb college, a member of the Pi Beta Phi sorority, and the Junior league.

Miss Jahncke made her debut in New Orleans and Washington two winters ago and was presented the following spring at the Court of St. James.

She is the great-granddaughter of Edwin M. Stanton, Lincoln's war secretary. She was queen of the Mistick Krewe of Comus during the Mardi Gras in New Orleans two years ago.

Mr. Dotson is a member of the Sigma Alpha Epsilon fraternity, a graduate of the University of Illinois, and the law school of George Washington university in Washington, D. C.

He is a practicing attorney with the law firm of Messrs. Herrick & Herrick and is located temporarily in Farmer City, near Champaign, Ill.

LINCOLN LORE

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STANTON AT LINCOLN'S BEDSIDE

The name of Edwin A. Stanton appears in the story of Abraham Lincoln's assassination more often than that of any other character except the assassin himself. The dispatches which Stanton sent from the bedside of Lincoln that fateful April night seventy-five years ago, brought to the people of the United States the most tragic news that the nation has ever read.

Notwithstanding the recent attempts to make it appear as if Stanton himself was the moving figure who instigated the assassination plot, the statement which he made at the hour of the President's death, that Lincoln belonged to the ages, will outlive any malevolent remarks about Lincoln's Secretary of War.

It would seem timely on this seventy-fifth anniversary of Lincoln's death to record the activities of Stanton from the time he learned of Lincoln's assassination, a short time after 10:30 on Friday night, April 14, until the President breathed his last at 7:22 A. M. on the following day—a period of approximately nine hours.

After Stanton reached his home that fateful Friday evening, he spent some time playing with his children in a back room of his residence. He was just preparing to retire when a messenger brought him the news of an attack on Secretary Seward. He immediately set out for the Secretary's home, and it was there that he first learned of Lincoln's assassination.

Secretary Welles states in his diary that he had just retired about 10:30 when a messenger, James Smith, came to the door and announced that the President had been shot and Secretary Seward and his son assassinated. Welles dressed and went immediately to Seward's home which was just across the square from his own residence. He found a large crowd of people assembled in front of the place, the lower hall and office were full of people, and there were already three physicians in attendance upon the injured men.

Welles made note that Stanton arrived at the Seward home "after but almost simultaneous with me." Following the visit to the rooms of Seward and his son, Welles and Stanton made immediate preparations to go to Lincoln. General Meigs, the military authority in charge at the Seward house, "begged Stanton not to go down to Tenth Street," and Welles also claimed that the remonstrators gathered around Stanton and, after he had placed his foot on the step of the carriage, detained him and pleaded with him not to go. Just as they were leaving Major Eckert rode up on horseback beside the carriage and protested vehemently against Stanton's going to Tenth Street, as he considered it "very unwise for the Secretary of War to expose himself." To all these entreaties Mr. Welles states that Stanton said he should certainly go.

It must have been approaching 11:00 when Stanton arrived at the Petersen home where the body of Lincoln had been taken. One of the first moves Stanton made after visiting the room where the President reposed was to send a message for Charles A. Dana, Assistant Secretary of War, to come to him immediately. Dana states that upon his arrival at the Petersen House all the members of the Cabinet and the Chief Justice were already there, and Stanton began immediately to dictate orders to him one after another. A paragraph from Dana's reminiscences gives one some idea of the load which fell on Stanton's shoulders. He states:

"Mr. Stanton alone was in full activity. . . . Then he began and dictated orders, one after another, which I wrote out and sent swiftly to the telegraph. All these orders were designed to keep the business of the Government in full motion until the crisis should be over. It seemed as if Mr. Stanton thought of everything, and there was a great deal to be thought of that night. The extent of the con-

spiracy was, of course, unknown, and the horrible beginning which had been made naturally led us to suspect the worst. The safety of Washington must be looked after. Commanders all over the country had to be ordered to take extra precautions. The people must be notified of the tragedy. The assassins must be captured. The coolness and clearheadedness of Mr. Stanton under these circumstances were most remarkable."

One of Stanton's biographers, Frank Flower, gives in further detail some of the tasks which involved upon Stanton during those early morning hours:

"He sent for several army officers to act as aides; directed General Thomas M. Vincent (assistant adjutant-general) to take charge of affairs in the Petersen building; telegraphed to General Grant at Philadelphia that Lincoln had been shot and to return at once to Washington; issued orders, oral and written, to the police and military authorities of the District to be prepared for emergencies; telegraphed to Chief Kennedy of New York to send on his best detectives immediately; ordered General L. C. Baker to return from New York to search for the assassins."

But Dana was not the only scribe whom Stanton was keeping busy during those exciting hours. James Tanner, employed as a stenographer at the Capitol, was immediately summoned by General Augur. Chief Justice Carter of the Supreme Court of the district had come to the Petersen house with Stanton from the Seward home, and had already set up a court of inquiry when young Tanner arrived. This is Tanner's story of the proceedings:

"General Augur conducted me into the rear parlor, where I found Secretary Stanton sitting at one side of the small library table and Chief Justice Carter of the supreme court of the District at the end. They had started in to take what testimony they could regarding the assassination, having someone write it out in longhand. This had proved unsatisfactory. I took a seat opposite the secretary and commenced to take down the testimony. . . . We had Harry Hawk, who had been on the stage, Laura Keene, and various others before us. No one said positively that the assassin was John Wilkes Booth, but all thought it was he.

"Many distinguished people came in during the night. Our work was often interrupted by reports coming in to Secretary Stanton and more often interrupted by him when he halted the testimony to give orders. Through all that awful night Stanton was the one man of steel.

"I finished transcribing my notes at 6:45 A. M. and then passed back to the room in the L where the President was dying.

"I repeat, Stanton had been steel all through the night, but as I looked at his face across the corner of the bed and saw the twitching of the muscles I knew it was only by a powerful effort that he restrained himself and that he was near a break."

John Hay, personal secretary of Abraham Lincoln, wrote a letter to Stanton on July 26, 1865, which is now preserved in the Library of Congress. It is irrefutable testimony of the esteem in which the President held Edwin A. Stanton, his Secretary of War, who carried on at the bedside of his chief to the last hour. An excerpt from the letter follows:

"If any human names are to have the glory of this victory, it belongs to you among the very few who stood by the side of him who has gone to his better reward, and never faltered in your trust in God and the people.

"Not every one knows as I do how close you stood to our lost leader, how he loved you and trusted you, and how vain were all the efforts to shake that trust and confidence not lightly given and never withdrawn, and this will be known sometime of course to his honor and yours."

WAS STANTON A SUICIDE?

By SAMUEL H. THOMPSON

The dedication of the Andrew Johnson Tailor Shop at Greeneville, Tenn., May 30, 1923, at which United States Senator Guy D. Goff of West Virginia was the principal speaker, brought forth several newspaper articles from different people of more or less note, some of them revealing seldom-told facts or alleged facts. In two or three newspapers of that time, including the Greeneville Democrat-Sun, a copy of which is not before me at the moment, a well attested account of an interview, or rather a visit, with Andrew Johnson, former President of the United States, is given in which Mr. Johnson was reputed to have said that Edwin M. Stanton, Secretary of War in the Lincoln-Johnson Cabinets, committed suicide by cutting his throat. The account before me is from a copy of the Johnson City, Tenn., Sunday Staff of May 27, 1923, and was considered worthy of attention by the Hon. John Trotwood Moore, at that time Tennessee state historian, librarian and archivist, as shown by the Staff introductory paragraph:

"An important contribution to the state archives department, of which John Trotwood Moore, state librarian and archivist, is head, received from W. E. McElwee, of Rockwood, Tenn., in the opinion of Mr. Moore tends to clear up two important points which history has left in doubt in the minds of students."

The contribution to which the Staff and Mr. Moore refer was written by Captain W. E. McElwee of Rockwood, Tenn., who was formerly a captain in the Army of the Confederate States of America. He passed away October 6, 1929, as the result of an automobile accident, at the age of 94 years. His granddaughter, Mrs. Permelia M. Dunn of Albany, Ga., has written me recounting the story as she knew it from the Captain, and confirming in every detail the story in the Staff.

While recently a guest of the hospitable Pattersons in Greeneville, Tenn., a statement of Stanton's alleged suicide came up by way of a scrap-book, and later it came out in a discussion with Honorable Carroll Reece who is making an analytical study of Andrew Johnson the lawyer.

Thus my interest as to facts either way was aroused. I shall make this as brief as possible to tell properly the interesting story as it appears to me.

Captain McElwee states that on Sunday July 28, 1875, he and Captain Dave Jenkins were on a train from Knoxville, Tenn., to Johnson City and Elizabethton, Tenn. Former President Andrew Johnson boarded the train at Greeneville, Tenn., en route to Elizabethton to visit his widowed daughter, Mrs. Daniel Stover. These three men were well acquainted, each with the others, and visited together as they journed. Mr. Johnson talked of his varied experiences, particularly of the presidency. He had vital disagreements with Edwin M. Stanton, Secretary of War, and spoke feelingly of the same, finally making the statement that Mr. Stanton committed suicide by cutting his throat. He stated further that Mr. Stanton's influence with other members of the cabinet prevented President Lincoln from suspending the death sentence of a friend of John Wilkes Booth which caused the latter in a tragic moment to assassinate the President. But it is of the alleged suicide we are concerned for the moment. The talk with these two men may have been the last public conversation Mr. Johnson had, as he died July 31, 1875, at the Stover home.

Limited research has been carried on and since the Lincoln National Life Foundation, Ft. Wayne, Ind., is generally regarded as having as complete Lincoln file as any a letter was sent to them as to their knowledge of the alleged suicide. Their reply June 11, 1946, is as follows:

"You will find the story about the alleged suicide of Edwin M. Stanton in the book by Eisenschiml entitled 'In the Shadow of Lincoln's Death.' The reference is found on page 228 and states 'that Stanton did not die a natural death but committed suicide by cutting his throat.'"

This book by Mr. Otto Eisenschiml was published in 1940 by Wilford Funk, Inc., New York, N. Y., and was examined in the Library of Congress by the writer. Mr. Eisenschiml's discussions on Mr. Stanton are, for the

most part, on pages 228-231, as follows:

"That Stanton did not die a natural death but committed suicide by cutting his throat has been asserted over and over again. Although denied by his friends with indignation and force, the rumor would not down and is still accepted as fact in many quarters. Even such a cautious historian as David DeWitt hinted at something unusual, 'Stanton slinks mysteriously into the shadow of death,' he wrote, leaving the remainder to conjecture. One account had it that the undertaker, left alone with the corpse of the War Minister a few moments, discovered his neck to be plastered over with tape, meant to hide an ugly cut that reached from ear to ear."

Mr. Eisenschiml refers to a statement made by Ben Perley Poore, in his "Reminiscences." The title is "Perley's Reminiscences of Sixty Years in the National Metropolis," by Ben Perley Poore, published by Hubbard Brothers, Publishers, Philadelphia, Pa., 1886. It is two volumes and is to be found in The Thomas Jefferson Room, genealogical section of the Annex to the Library of Congress. In Vol. II, page 303, is the following:

"There are many at Washington who believe that Mr. Stanton committed suicide by cutting his throat with a razor. Caleb Cushing (a prominent Democrat) was positive that he did, and investigated the matter as far as he could, but the Hon. E. D. McPherson of Pennsylvania, for many years the efficient clerk of the House of Representatives, procured from the attendant physician a statement that it was not so, but that Mr. Stanton died a natural death."

Concerning the last hours of Mr. Stanton, Mr. Eisenschiml has this to say in his book published in 1940:

"At least Dr. Starkey, a minister of the Episcopal Church, was secured and spoke to Stanton until he died half an hour later (4 a. m., December 24, 1869, aged, 55 years and a few days). David Jones, a former waiter in the Stanton family, was rubbing the dying man when the end came; he then assisted in dressing and preparing the body, and was quite positive there were no marks of violence anywhere."

Research work is tedious and time-killing and a consumer of patience,

with none of which is this writer over endowed. Still it would be unfair to omit favorable references to the brilliant though unmanageable Secretary of War. In the Library of Congress under the Stanton file on examination one will find the titles and references to many short essays, articles and eulogies on the life and

work and character of Edwin McMasters Stanton but only one "Life of Stanton;" at least that is all I could find. However, I am by no means an expert on research and often overlook much that is valuable. I did try to be careful on this. This "Life of Stanton" is by Frank A. Flowers, published in 1905 by Weston W. Wilson, 14 Thomas Street, New York, N. Y.

Really Mr. Flowers makes of Mr. Stanton one of the great men of the Nation and even of the world, and does not hesitate to point out, one would think, how he saved the Nation more than once through Mr. Lincoln, and it does not take a wide stretch of the imagination to see that, in the opinion of Mr. Flowers, Mr. Stanton overshadows Mr. Lincoln.

Mr. Flowers speaks of the financial difficulties that beset Mr. Stanton in his last years and particularly as death approached. Other happenings are mentioned that made his last months and even days and hours very miserable. He seems to have refused \$100,000 raised by friends, one would presume, saying he would not or could not accept charity or gratuity. There were other friendly gestures toward the end such as the nomination as an Associate Justice of the United States Supreme Court by President Grant, and other offerings by admirers.

At the very last, much privacy was kept and few were permitted to attend the funeral or to look upon the features "scarred by the crooked autograph of pain"—quotation marks made by Mr. Flowers. The last rites were on December 27, 1869. And so passed on a man but for his unmanageable temper, selfish aims, hatred of individuals and possessing a domineering disposition, at times dominating, might have been recorded as among the Nation's greatest.

Mention is made of an interview with David Jones who was with Mr. Stanton until the end and who stated there were no marks of violence anywhere; a statement was had from the attending physician certifying to a natural death, yet a national figure like Caleb Cushing continued to be-

lieve the suicide story. Mr. McPherson, a personal and political friend, evidently did all he could to hush up the rumor that would not down, or so we are led to believe. It appears that several people of more or less prominence knew of the rumor at the time of the funeral or soon thereafter but if any investigation for facts, official or otherwise, was made it has not shown up in this somewhat limited but rather careful study.

One may interpret "scarred by the crooked autograph of pain" as one likes. This writer is making no conclusions. It is difficult to explain why more has not been said, by the public or by those interested in historic accuracy, of Mr. Poore's statement in 1886, for he was an author of note and widely known. Then why Mr. Eisenschiml in 1940 would seemingly go afar and write a book to bring the alleged suicide before the public again? His book appears almost for that purpose. Still more difficult is to see why these statements remain unchallenged and do not evoke more discussions, unless the general public thinks it best "to let sleeping dogs lie." Doubtless the public is right. Stanton was a forceful man and indications are that his first law case of importance in the District of Columbia was his defense of Daniel Sickles for killing Phillip Key, paramour of Mrs. Sickles as confessed by her to her husband. President Buchanan is said to have remarked, "I'm glad Dan was acquitted." It has been stated that the Sickles case was the first time "The Unwritten Law" was used for the defense.

And now as a sort of after-thought I am tempted to explore the alleged cause of Booth's crime.

J 1043 STANTON, Edwin M. Secretary of War under Lincoln. L.S., 4pp., 4to, War Department, Washington City, June 23, 1862. To Gen. Benjamin F. Butler, in command of the troops at New Orleans. An extraordinary letter of the greatest historic importance. Stanton announces that Colonel Shepley has been appointed Military Governor of Louisiana and adds: ". . . In regard to military matters, the newspapers give you all the news possessed by the Department in regard to other Departments. Jackson's dash at Banks, and the affair with an advanced and exposed detachment of Shield's command, were serviceable to the enemy only in reviving their spirits, and whetting up the edge of their hostility to the Government. It is hoped that General McClellan will make a decided and successful movement upon Richmond very speedily. Buel is advancing on East Tennessee. . . . Halleck . . . expects a battle between the rebels and Buel's force near Chattanooga. Your suggestion in regard to Vicksburg is one of great importance, apparently easy of execution," etc. \$25.00

May
1946
The
Collection

A 1925 STANTON, Edwin M. Secretary of War under Lincoln. A.D.S.; 1p., 4to, War Department, Washington, Oct. 11, 1862. Statement that leave of absence from the Alexandria Hospital has been granted to Lt. Col. Carrishell of the 83d Penna., "who was wounded at the battle of Bull run Aug. 30. he will report for duty on his recovery." Three endorsements written across the certificate by A. McD. Lyon showing that the officer was paid through Feb. 28, 1863. \$7.50

A 1926 STANTON. A.L.S., 1p., 4to, Columbus, Jan. 19, 1845. To Hon. Jacob Brinkerhoff, Washington. Congratulating him warmly on his speech on the Texas question. ". . . There is too much inclination among Northern men, to submit, in silence to the insolent demands of the South. And one of the chief duties that will devolve upon us, as citizens of free and independent States, will be to curb the spirit of domination that has, too long, been suffered to prevail," etc. \$10.00

A 1927 STANTON. A.L.S., 1p., fol., Steubenville, Nov. 13, 1852. To Mrs. Martha McCormick. On legal matters ". . . Your papers . . . were presented by me to the Court at the time you were here and the judges promised carefully to examine and consider them. But they have not yet delivered any opinion," etc. Slightly torn. \$6.00
Collection Dec 1947

LINCOLN LORE

Bulletin of the Lincoln National Life Foundation - - - - - Dr. Louis A. Warren, Editor
Published each week by The Lincoln National Life Insurance Company, Fort Wayne, Indiana

Number 990

FORT WAYNE, INDIANA

March 29, 1948

EDWIN McMASTERS STANTON

This series of brief sketches on President Lincoln's Cabinet members has been confined, primarily, to a few human interest stories of the incidents which caused them to be considered for the different portfolios they occupied. Among all the episodes recorded, none offers such dramatic possibilities as the first meeting of Lincoln and Stanton. It is very difficult, however, to learn for a certainty just what took place at Cincinnati, Ohio, in September, 1855, when they were first introduced in connection with the McCormick vs. Manny Reaper Case. Statements available differ widely as to what actually happened, but all are agreed on the point that Lincoln was treated with great disrespect by Stanton.

If we can believe Herndon who wrote down in 1887 what he remembered about the incident which occurred thirty-two years before, Lincoln overheard Stanton say to Manny, the defendant in the suit, "What did you bring that d---d long-armed ape up here for? He does not know anything that can do you any good."

One of the attorneys associated with Stanton and Lincoln, is responsible for the recording of this incident which took place in the Willard Hotel, while Lincoln was stopping there at the time of the inauguration. The attorney in question claimed that he was staying in the same hotel, and Lincoln invited him to the presidential suite and spoke as follows:

"I am about to do that for which I seem to owe an explanation to all the people of the United States. I can make it to no one but you. Mr. Stanton, as you know, has been serving conspicuously in the cabinet of Mr. Buchanan, faithful among the faithless. There is a common appreciation of his ability and fidelity, and a common expectation that I will take him into my cabinet, but you know that I could not possibly, consistently with my self-respect, pursue that course in view of his personal treatment of me at Cincinnati."

This same attorney met Lincoln about a year later in Washington and claimed the President addressed him as follows, "I am about to do an act for which I owe no explanation to any man, woman or child in the United States except you. You know the War Department has demonstrated the great necessity for a Secretary of Mr. Stanton's great ability. I have made up my mind to sit down on all my pride, it may be a portion of my self-respect, and appoint him to the place."

This is Ward H. Lamon's version of how Lincoln happened to appoint Stanton: "Secretary Chase talked with Lincoln about the Trent affair and Lincoln asked if any prominent Democrat had expressed opinion on this issue. Chase said Stanton had sup-

ported Lincoln's actions Tell Stanton I would like to see him."

When the nomination of Mr. Stanton was sent to the Senate for confirmation there was general dissatisfaction that a life-long Democrat should be recommended for the important post. It appears to have been Senator Sumner who took the initiative in approving the appointment with these words, "I urge that confirmation. Mr. Stanton, within my knowledge, is one of us."

Stanton wrote to Buchanan on May 8, 1862, explaining his elevation to Lincoln's cabinet in these words, "I hold my present position at the request of the President, who knew me personally, but to whom I had not spoken from the 4th day of March 1861, until the day he handed me my commission."

Most of the stories relating to the association of Lincoln and Stanton during the war show them in disagreement or in controversy. One little

EDWIN McMASTERS STANTON

Born, Steubenville, Ohio, December 19, 1814

Managed a book store

Withdrew from Kenyon College when a junior

Entered law partnership with Chauncey Dewey at Cadiz, Ohio, 1836

Elected Prosecuting Attorney of Harrison County, Ohio, on Democratic ticket, 1837

Delegate to National Democratic Convention in 1840

Ohio Supreme Court Reporter, 1842-1845

Supported the Free Soil presidential candidate, 1848

Appointed Attorney General in Buchanan's cabinet, Dec. 20, 1860

Called by Lincoln to head War Department, Jan. 15, 1862.

scene not often mentioned may indicate there were times when they were in accord.

Possibly the most informal meeting of Lincoln and Stanton occurred in the White House on the night the victory at Gettysburg was announced. Lincoln had been in the telegraph office at the War Department all day and Stanton, observing his near exhaustion, told him he would have immediate information if anything of significance was communicated. About midnight came one of the most important dispatches of the war. Meade had won at Gettysburg. Stanton hurried to the President's House, rushed up the stairs to Lincoln's room and rapped. This is what took place, as A. A. Brandejes recorded Stanton's recital of the incident; "Who is there?" He heard in the voice of Mr. Lincoln, 'Stanton.' The door was opened and Mr. Lincoln appeared with a light in his hand peering through the door in the shortest night

dress and the longest legs as Stanton said he ever saw on a human being. Before Stanton, who was out of breath could say a word, the President, who had caught with unerring instinct the expression of his face, gave a shout of exultation, grabbed him with both arms around the waist, and danced him around the chamber until they were both exhausted."

How successfully Stanton conducted his office may be a matter of speculation for the modern biographer, but there was no doubt in the minds of most of Stanton's contemporaries about the type of service he rendered to the country. A letter written on July 26, 1865, by John Hay, one of Lincoln's secretaries, to Stanton, contains this interesting commendation of the Secretary of War.

"If any human names are to have the glory of this victory, it belongs to you among the very few who stood by the side of him who has gone to his better reward, and never faltered in his trust in God and the people.

"Not every one knows as I do how close you stood to our lost leader, how he loved you and trusted you, and how vain all the efforts to shake that trust and confidence not lightly given and never withdrawn, and this will be known sometime of course to his honor and yours."

Charles F. Benjamin, a clerk in the War Department who had occasion to observe many Lincoln and Stanton contacts during the last few months of the war, made this statement, "For Mr. Lincoln the Secretary had an esteem and affection that put their relations entirely apart from those which he formed or maintained with any other man of the period."

A short article appeared in *Harper's Weekly* for October 1872, which gives a significant tribute to Stanton's integrity: "Honest he was, for the bitterest enemy never changed him with private speculations or with being pecuniarily benefited by the power of his office. As Secretary of War, his endorsements disbursed millions; beyond his salary, he was never benefited a cent. Patriotic he was, for his public record shows the greatest possible devotion to his country."

The abuse of Stanton has by no means been confined to historians of more recent years. An editorial in the *Albany Evening Journal* for July 21, 1865, states, "Secretary Stanton is, by all odds, the best abused man in the Republic. He has, from time to time, been accused of almost every crime in the calendar and held responsible for every misfortune which has befallen the country and the army from the beginning of the war to the present moment. It has been of no avail that every accusation has been speedily followed by a complete vindication."

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OFFICE OF THE
PRESIDENT

April 8, 1948

Dr. Louis A. Warren
Lincoln Foundation
1301 South Harrison
Fort Wayne, Indiana

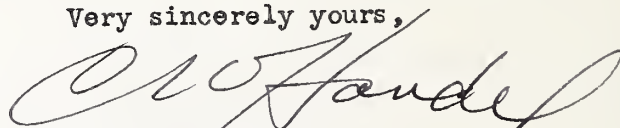
Dear Dr. Warren:

It was a real pleasure to meet you, and my brief time with you in the Lincoln Museum was a most interesting experience to me.

Regarding Dr. S. C. Stanton (Major General, retired), he survived the operation at Hines Hospital, and I believe you could correspond with him now. He is in Section 1-A, Room 130, Hines Hospital, Maywood, Illinois. I believe that Dr. Stanton can give you personal information in regard to his uncle, Secretary Stanton in the Lincoln cabinet. Also, he can give you personal information regarding Abraham Lincoln as he spent time with him when he was six or seven years of age. He will be 92 on the 28th of June this year.

When I have further information regarding him, I will send it on to you. You can find his name and address under S. C. Stanton in the Chicago telephone directory.

Very sincerely yours,



Carle W. Handel
Assistant to the President

Stanton

April 16, 1948

Mr. Carle W. Handel
Denison University
Granville, Ohio

Dear Mr. Handel:

It was very kind of you indeed to call me on the telephone while passing through Fort Wayne, especially I was grateful for the recent letter advising us of Mr. Stanton's survival.

I think quite likely a personal interview with him, if it could be arranged, would be quite satisfactory. Thank you for telling me his address. I am happy indeed to learn that he survived the operation.

Very truly yours,

LAW:EB

Director

3

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December 31, 1948

Dr. Louis A. Warren
Director
The Lincoln Nat'l Life Foundation
Fort Wayne, Indiana

Dear Dr. Warren:

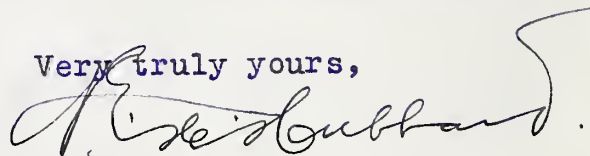
We have a very interesting letter dated April 6, 1868 written in long hand by Edwin M. Stanton, Sec'y of War to a Superintendent of a Sunday School in Boston.

The letter reads in part "....Human wisdom and strength is of itself insufficient to guide the and direct individuals through the perils of the hour; and I share with you a humble reliance on the support of Divine Providence. The good wishes and prayers of devout men may do much to strengthen & uphold personal and official weakness, and it gives me comfort to know that I am remembered in the prayers of the Temple Congregation.....".

Accompanying this letter is the Free Franked envelope bearing the signature of Mr. Stanton, Sec'y of War and a post office cancellation "Washington, D. C. FREE.

If this item is one which you care to purchase we will be pleased to convey to its owner your best offer.

Very truly yours,



nehh/frd

N. B. We are sending out about twenty letters so we will appreciate your prompt reply.

January 3, 1949

Mr. N. E. H. Hubbard
150 Nassau Street
New York, 7, New York

My dear Mr. Hubbard:

While we appreciate your calling to our attention the autographed writing of Mr. Stanton, we would not be in a position to make a bid upon it, having not seen it.

I would like to call to your attention the fact that you have the wrong date on the letter as it could not possibly be 1868 as Stanton was not Secretary of War at that time. It is more likely 1863 as sometimes an 8 looks very much like a 3.

Very truly yours,

Director

LAW:CM
L.A. Warren

I 2164 STANTON, Edwin M. (1814-1869). Secretary of War under Lincoln. A.L.S., 2pp. 4to, War Dept., Washington, Feb. 24, 1865. To Rev. Henry Ward Beecher, noted Congregationalist clergyman. Fine war letter, asking him to go to Charleston. ". . . Your idea of raising the flag over a Colored School, and making our banner the banner of civilization is indeed a noble one . . . It was another signal instance of how this war is guided by Divine wisdom that the braggarts of Charleston fled without a blow . . . & that a negro regiment was the first occupying force . . . We received this morning the news of the Capture of Wilmington yesterday. Surely the end cannot be afar off," etc. \$15.00

The Collector Nov. 49

STANTON, EDWIN M. Sec. of War. A.L.S., one page, March 15 1862. The war pressure is apparent in Stanton's words ". . . *The pressure on my department is so great that I shall not be able to leave it and I therefore pray you to excuse me.*" Fine condition. [94] \$7.50

1862
1853



KUPCINET

KUP'S COLUMN

Many **Lincoln** scholars are turning blue and gray in their rage over CBS-TV's "The Lincoln Murder Trial," presented last Saturday night. They feel the show, in implicating **Sec. of War Stanton** with Lincoln's assassination, toyed with Truth, capital T, and failed to exercise the responsibility so necessary in dealing with history. But the Lincoln authority who should have been most disturbed, Chicagoan **Otto Eisenschiml**, is limiting his comment to, "It was a darn good show, period." Eisenschiml did considerable original research on the assassination of Abe Lincoln and his book, "Why Lincoln Was Murdered," is a major contribution to Lincolniana.

"**THE LINCOLN MURDER TRIAL**" was based on a book, "The Web of Conspiracy," by **Theodore Roscoe**, who used much of Eisenschiml's original research and gave him credit. The TV show, however, failed to recognize Eisenschiml and went a lot farther than he did. The TV show, while excellent drama, unfortunately took undue liberties with truth. Eisenschiml, in his book, set up a hypothesis as a guide for future investigation on the possibility that Sec. Stanton was involved with Lincoln's death. The show went a step too far in leaving the definite impression that Stanton was involved, something that Eisenschiml especially had warned against pending additional evidence.

Stanton, A Great Civil War Leader, Done To The Life

STANTON: The Life and Times of Lincoln's Secretary of War. By Benjamin P. Thomas and Harold M. Hyman. 643 pages. Alfred A. Knopf. \$8.50.

By **BRUCE CATTON**
Herald Tribune News Service

I INTEND to accomplish three things. I will make Abe Lincoln president of the United States. I will force this man McClellan to fight or throw up; and last but not least I will pick up Lorenzo Thomas with a pair of tongs and drop him out of the nearest window."

According to Donn Platt, a journalist, this is what Stanton, who had just become secretary of war, proposed to do.

Platt, unhappily, is not the most reliable recorder of Civil War events, and his account of this conversation must be taken with reserve; and even if he reported it faithfully, Stanton failed in two of his three projects. He was quite unable to make Gen. George Brinton McClellan fight—nobody was ever able to do that—and Lorenzo Thomas, the hide-bound adjutant general of the army, who was widely considered a substantial handicap to the Union war effort, turned out to be Stanton-proof; he was dropped from no windows, and somehow he held his job to the end of the war, even though the secretary of war did find ways to plow around him. But the first point was fairly solid.

ABRAHAM LINCOLN did become president of the United States in the deep sense of Stanton's meaning; he ran the country, the army and the war, and in the end he ran Stanton too, and although it would be going a little too far to say that Stanton made him president, Stanton at least was in office when Lincoln recognized, asserted and used his immense authority. If Stanton did not make all of this happen he was in any case the instrument through which it took place. He was by all odds one of the most useful, important, exasperating and baffling men in the cabinet.

For some reason no good study of Stanton has ever been made—up to now. The man falls into no convenient category. Half marplot and half hero, he has been a hard man to appraise. He gets his due, now, in a magnificent biography, "Stanton: The Life and Times of Lincoln's Secretary of War," written by the late Benjamin P. Thomas and Harold M. Hyman.

This book actually is largely Hyman's. Thomas began it, and his untimely death kept him from doing more than block out the job and assemble a good deal of the research. Hyman picked the project up where Thomas left it, finished the research, wrote the present book, and the result is excellent. All of us who write on the American Civil War are apt to feel a slight draft down the back of the neck on the appearance of this book. Mr. Hyman is very good indeed, and in "Stanton" he has written a definitive biography of one of the three or four most important figures in the Civil War period. Here is Stanton's story. It will not need to be done again.

WHEN STANTON TOOK office the secretary of war was nobody to speak of. The office had grown flabby. The War Department bureaus ran themselves and the army commanders did about as they chose. Nobody really controlled anything. In time of peace, or in a small-scale war like the one with Mexico, this made little difference. But in the Civil War it made all the difference in the world. "Not since the days of Valley Forge," says Mr. Hyman, quite correctly, "had the destiny of America been so dependent upon its military power." Lincoln would succeed or fail depending on what happened in the War Department, and Stanton became his strong right arm. Lincoln finally succeeded; Stanton was one of his essential helpers.

Stanton's political development is a little hard to trace. He was a Democrat, no great admirer of Lincoln, no great friend of emancipation, and his appointment was welcomed by no one more heartily than by General McClellan and the ultra-conservative Democrats who believed that Lincoln and his Republicans would presently fail and that the Democrats would then take over, winning the war on a basis that would retain the old rights and privileges of the South. Mr. Hyman sees Stanton as essentially a good lawyer and a good father, whose guiding star was a belief that the side that employed him ought to win no matter what. He ran the War Department efficiently, he enforced executive control on the generals—which, considering some of the men he had to work with, was no small job—and he became the man through whom the dominant strength of the North was applied to the task of winning the war.



BRUCE CATTON

DOING ALL OF THIS, Stanton cut plenty of corners. He was not always scrupulous or frank, and because he scorned to make public explanations of his conduct his course at times looked more subterranean than it really was. After Lincoln's death he was wholly unable to get along with President Johnson, nor could he understand the subtleties that lived in the soul of U. S. Grant, and it has been too easy to make him the villain of the tragic, imperfectly understood story of the Reconstruction years. One trouble was that Grant had the feeling that the army was ultimately answerable to Congress, while Stanton believed that the line always ran through the White House. When Grant and Johnson split, after the war, Stanton came to distrust both men and was squarely in the middle and on the spot. The final years of his life were not happy, nor were they altogether creditable. But through them all he was playing the game as he saw it.

The war years are what count, and here Stanton was irreplaceable. He was hard, ill-tempered, cross-grained, dictatorial, and he took office at a time when only such a man could have been effective. He served Lincoln faithfully, doing the things Lincoln himself could not do, he backed Grant when it really mattered, and if he had a canny eye for political requirements—well, political requirements were extremely important just then. He was a power in the War Department and it is hard to see how he could have been replaced.

Here, as Mr. Hyman looks back over the war years, is his estimate:

"WITH LEE'S SURRENDER foretelling an early end to the war, Stanton took on stature as the organizer of victory. He had made a far greater impact on the public consciousness than any of his predecessors and had lifted the office of secretary of war out of obscurity. His countrymen knew his name as they recognized Lincoln's and Grant's . . . He was not a great man. But unlike the Blairs or McClellan, he never deluded himself with the idea that he was. Stanton recognized his own simple abilities and grave limitations. . . . Stanton's idealistic streak had brought him to the bypass of selfless government service. His talents, combined with a puritanical standard of official and personal honesty, were precisely what were required when he took over the war office. . . . He was the man for those extraordinary times, and he did a titanic job in the face of immense difficulties."

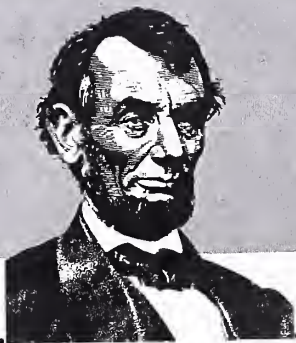
One thing more. During recent years an odd myth has developed: a myth which says that Stanton was the consummate villain of American history, that he actively connived at Lincoln's murder, and that the whole Ford's Theater tragedy was largely of his doing. In some way this myth has attained wide circulation, so that it has actually become impossible to make a speech on the Civil War without having someone ask the question: Did Stanton have Lincoln murdered? Mr. Hyman wastes no time with this myth. He sets forth the facts underlying the assassination, and then, in a curt footnote, remarks that those who support this odd theory "offer conclusions from these facts which seem unsupportable."

Anyway, here is Stanton, done to the life: a thoughtful, serious, well-written biography which is about as final as anything we are likely to get. It is a wholly admirable and satisfactory piece of work.

Books in Review



EDWIN M. STANTON: *'He was the man for those extraordinary times, and he did a titanic job in the face of immense difficulties'*



Lincoln Lore

Bulletin of The Lincoln National Life Foundation . . . Dr. R. Gerald McMurtry, Editor
Published each month by The Lincoln National Life Insurance Company, Fort Wayne, Indiana

Number 1553

FORT WAYNE, INDIANA

July, 1967

From Our Archives

Editor's Note: For the last several months the Foundation Staff has been re-filing and cataloguing some of the manuscripts that are a part of the great accumulation of Lincoln and related material that has been collected since 1928. In going over these letters and documents one occasionally finds items, some of which are unpublished, that merit mention (with some elaboration) in *Lincoln Lore*. This issue of our bulletin is given over to a few of these interesting manuscripts. The reader will note that the manuscripts selected represent a cross section of our holdings.
—R. G. M.

Edwin M. Stanton Named Supreme Court Justice

Edwin McMasters Stanton is remembered today as Abraham Lincoln's Secretary of War (nominated and confirmed on June 15, 1862), and his abilities as a lawyer and versatile administrator have never been questioned. Few people are cognizant of the fact that Stanton, a Democrat, also served as attorney-general in James Buchanan's Cabinet having been appointed to that position on December 20, 1860, when the President reorganized his Cabinet. Even fewer people are aware of the fact that President Ulysses S. Grant appointed Stanton to a justiceship on the United States Supreme Court and that his nomination was confirmed on December 20, 1869.

Since the date of Lincoln's death, Stanton's reputation has suffered a sharp decline. He retained his post under Andrew Johnson and very soon came into conflict with the new President and his administration. He has been charged with playing into the hands of the radicals, of being guilty of intrigue with the rising opposition, and of fostering a punitive Southern policy. Some biographers, rightly or wrongly have criticized Stanton for defects of temperament, of disloyalty and duplicity in official relations which, be they true or not, detract from his stature as a public official.

Some biographers and historians who have made a detailed study of Andrew Johnson's administration have surmised that Stanton was disloyal for political purposes, and that he was motivated by egotism, a mistaken brand of patriotism, and the desire for some unknown reason, to stand well with the congressional opposition. Interestingly enough, while Stanton's reputation has declined, Johnson's reputation has undergone a gradual rehabilitation.

Stanton is an interesting figure in United States history, and until recent years has been badly in need of a competent biographer. This need has certainly been met with the publication of *Stanton—The Life and Times of Lincoln's Secretary of War*, by Benjamin P. Thomas and Harold M. Hyman, which came from the press in 1962 and was published by Alfred A. Knopf.

Stanton resigned as Secretary of War after the Johnson impeachment charges failed (May 26, 1868). Over-exertion and internal ailments undermined his health, necessitating a complete rest. However, he was able, before the year was over, to support Grant's candidacy for the Presidency and to resume a limited law practice.

After Grant's election, friends prevailed upon the President to give Stanton a place on the Supreme Court bench as a replacement for Roger Brooke Taney who died on October 12, 1864, and the former Secretary worked untiringly for the appointment. Stanton for many years had delighted in the sermons of the Methodist bishop, Matthew Simpson, and they became close friends. Working through the clergyman, who enjoyed considerable prestige, Stanton asked him to intervene with the President on his behalf.



From the Lincoln National Life Foundation

Edwin M. Stanton
1814 - 1869

The Lincoln Library-Museum of the Lincoln National Life Foundation has three letters written by Stanton to Simpson, two of which are dated October 26, 1869 and one, November 3, 1869. One of these letters is a formal statement of regret over the Secretary's and Mrs. Stanton's inability to be present for the wedding of Bishop Simpson's daughter. This letter was enclosed with another of the same date marked "Private & Confidential."

"My Dear Friend

"This note is accompanied by the regret of Mrs. Stanton and myself that we are unable to attend your daughter's marriage, and by our good wishes for her and her husband's happiness. What I add herein, you will please to consider as *strictly personal* and confidential.

"You have been aware of my infirm health during the past year, and will be glad to know that by relaxation from labor, & travel it has very much improved so as to encourage hopes that it may be fully restored to enable me to enjoy some years longer of usefulness. But this may depend upon how I am employed. When I left my private pursuits for the public interest I had the best professional practice in the United States, was rapidly accumulating wealth, & living at ease. My expenses above my salary exhausted my surplus resources and with years ad-

vanced, and diminished strength I must toil for my living. There is a vacancy on the Supreme Bench for which I have adequate physical power, & so far as I can judge of my intellect, its powers are as acute & vigorous as at any period of my life—and perhaps more so.

"General Grant in justice to the Country, to himself & to me, ought to give me that appointment. So far as relates to himself not all his friends in the United States, upheld & advanced him as firmly & successfully during the war as I did in my official acts. There is no man who would uphold the principles of the war on which his usefulness & fame must rest, with more or equal vigor from the Bench. The Bench has now a great part to play in history during his administration, and upon no experienced resolute jurist, can he rely with greater confidence. My appointment would gratify the great mass of republicans, & rally them around Grant—it would be considered as disinterested, unpurchased, and a sure proof of the President's loyal determination. My residence here in the District is also a recommendation being free from Geographical discriminations.

"I have said nothing to General Grant on the subject and shall not—but I would be glad to have you talk with him fully & freely and report to me his views on this question. To me it may in considerable degree be a question of life—it certainly is of health, for I must go to the Bench or Bar. His name & fortune he owed at a critical moment to me. He can preserve me to my family under Providence. I have communicated to you more fully than ever before to mortal man, & in confidence you will do what seems right of which you are a better judge than I am.

"Hoping to see or hear from you soon I am ever

Yours Edwin M. Stanton

Rt Rev Bishop Simpson"

Grant reacted favorably at first to the Methodist Bishop's entreaties, but George W. Childs, a Philadelphia banker who was friendly with the President, insisted

that Stanton's health was a factor to take into consideration when the former War Secretary's name was presented for appointment to the Supreme Court bench. Bishop Simpson reported to Stanton as to how the matter of the appointment stood, and Stanton replied on November 3, 1869:

"My Dear Friend

"I am under much obligation for your note received this morning. When I heard that your daughter & her husband were to start so soon for Europe it caused me much regret to have troubled you with any affair of my own, but I hope it gave you no inconvenience. The result of your conference is very plain to me, and gives me no surprise, being what I have expected, and I am quite sure that you will conform to my wish that the matter be strictly confidential and confined to your own bosom. In regard to Childs, who for several years has been an active bitter enemy of mine because of my annulling a bargain between him & Gen'l Cameron which I disapproved—he doubtless knows the President's purpose, and my health is made an evasive excuse by Childs for a predetermined purpose, influenced by quite different consideration from that assigned. I shall take no step in the matter, and no allusion to it has ever been made except in my letter to you.

"So far as my health is concerned it is in the hands of Providence, and as respects Gen'l Grant he will be influenced by his judgment as to his own interest.

"I regret that it was not in my power to leave home to witness your daughter's marriage ceremony and make her husband's acquaintance. I hope they have a pleasant location in Italy. Their residence in that favored climate may tempt you to take the relaxation of a visit where there is much of interest and thus guard your own health from the dangers that I have apprehended you were incurring by too much labour and care.

"With many thanks and most sincere affection I am

Truly Yours

Edwin M. Stanton

Rt. Rev. Bishop Simpson"

Despite Stanton's insistence that Bishop Simpson cease to push his case, the Methodist clergyman continued to press Grant for the appointment, and he was assisted by other friends of Stanton. On December 20th, 1869 Grant named Stanton for the supreme bench, and his nomination was confirmed on December 20th, the day following his fifty-fourth birthday. Four days later Edwin McMasters Stanton was dead.

Lincoln's Proposed Cabinet

Editor's Note: In the archives of the Lincoln National Life Foundation is to be found a three page manuscript, in handwriting that resembles that of John G. Nicolay, which describes in some detail the manner in which President Abraham Lincoln selected his first Cabinet.

"It was, with two exceptions, the same as that which, four months later, he commenced his administration. His first cast of persons to compose the administration was as follows:

Lincoln	Judd
Seward	Chase
Bates	Blair
Dayton	Welles

"The four names in the first column, including that of Mr. Lincoln himself, were of men who in their political antecedents had been Whigs, while the four in the opposite parallel column were democrats in their principles and convictions, though Mr. Chase never identified himself with the democratic organization. He was distinctly anti-slavery, but concurred with the democrats in supporting the rights of the States and an advocate of a strict construction of the Constitution.

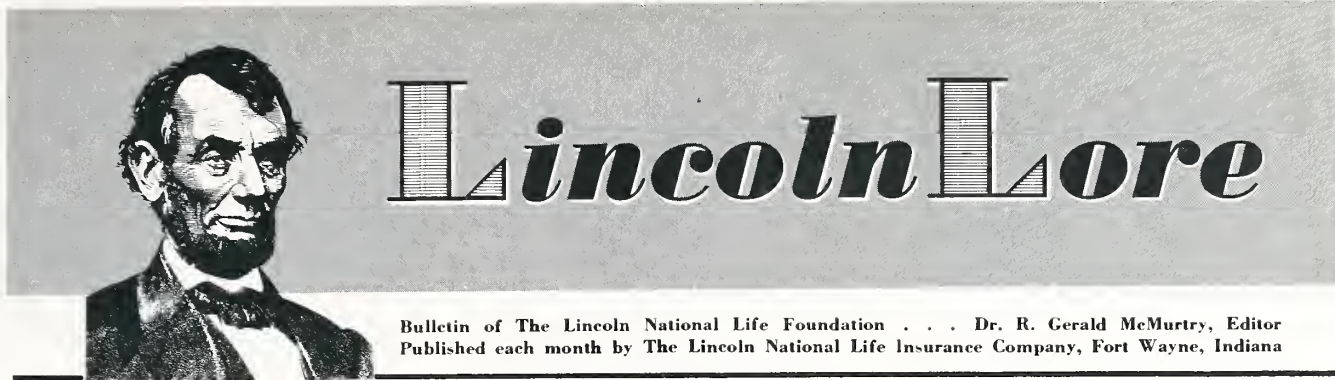
"Nathaniel (Norman) B. Judd of Chicago was an active and influential politician of Illinois, and for many years a leading member of the legislature of that state. He was also a member of the Republican National Committee, and probably did more than any other individual to bring forward and secure the nomination of Mr. Lincoln, for whom he had high regard and friendship, which was fully reciprocated. The President informed me that he had, personally a stronger desire that Judd should be associated with him in the administration than any one else but he was from Illinois, and there were political and other circumstances which intervened. Instead of a



From the Lincoln National Life Foundation

Matthew Simpson
1811 - 1884

American Methodist Episcopal Clergyman. Spoke widely in support of Union cause during the Civil War and delivered eulogy at Lincoln's burial service in Springfield, Illinois.



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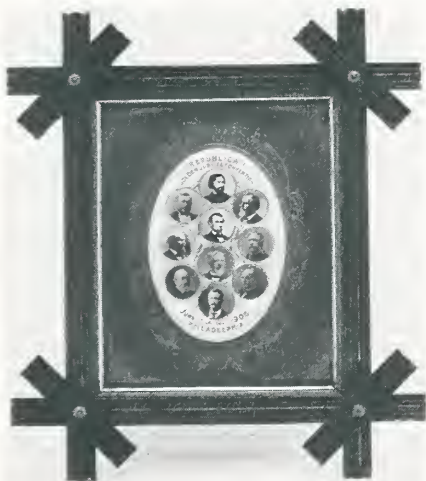
FORT WAYNE, INDIANA

March, 1970

Recent Library-Museum Acquisitions

At the end of every year a record is compiled of the acquisitions of our Lincoln Library-museum. Some of the 1968-1969 acquisitions are considered to be of major importance in the field of research: such as three folios of letters, documents and signatures relative to the ancestral Virginia Lincolns; a document by Benjamin Helm of Hardin County, Kentucky, dated 1809, which mentions Thomas Lincoln as a guard of prisoners; documents signed by the Sixteenth President; letters addressed to Lincoln; autographs of Presidents; legal documents in the handwriting of Stephen A. Douglas and letters and documents of Lincoln's contemporaries and associates.

One particularly fine acquisition is a Woodford County (Illinois) circuit court docket (1851-1855) kept largely by Judge David Davis. The docket contains fifty-two Abraham Lincoln entries indicating that thirty-one times he represented the plaintiff and twenty-one times he represented the defendant.



From the Lincoln National Life Foundation
This political button bears the inscription "Republican Jubilee Convention June 17th 18th 19th, 1906." The ten portraits have been identified as Fremont, Grant, Garfield, Harrison, Roosevelt, McKinley, Arthur, Hayes, Lincoln and Blaine.

Other minor items include carte-de-visite photographs, stereoscopic slides, Magnus prints, Lincoln lithographs, Lincoln postage stamps, miscellaneous philatelic material, currency, sculpture, plaques, medals and medallions, eagle torch light (Wide Awakes, 1860) and souvenir Lincoln spoons.

While some of the material described above does not lend itself for exhibit purposes, a few of the relics and novelties that have been recently acquired (not previously mentioned) and are now on display are here illustrated and described. Some of the objects are of historical significance, while some of the novelty items appeal to the casual visitor and have become "conversation pieces."

R. G. M.

Lincoln Badges and Buttons

In recent months quite a number of Lincoln badges and buttons have been acquired for the collection. These were issued by the Republican party at their conventions, the Grand Army of the Republic at their re-unions, the Lincoln National Life Insurance Company at its sales conferences, the American Legion at its conclaves and numerous Lincoln clubs at their annual meetings.

Two small celluloid Lincoln buttons in the collection often occasion some comment. One bears the inscription: "Friend of the Abraham Lincoln Battalion" which has reference to the ill-fated American (Communist inspired) military group which fought in the Spanish Civil War. The other button bears the inscription: "Penna Klan Reunion. Gettysburg, Pa. Sept. 19th and 20th, 1925."

A recent and most significant addition to this collection is a framed celluloid button (the word button is used for the want of a better name) which measures 6¾" x 4½". It bears the inscription: "Republican Golden Jubilee Convention June 17th 18th 19th, 1906." Ten portraits appear on the huge button. They are Fremont, Grant, Garfield, Harrison, Roosevelt, McKinley, Arthur, Hayes, Lincoln and Blaine.

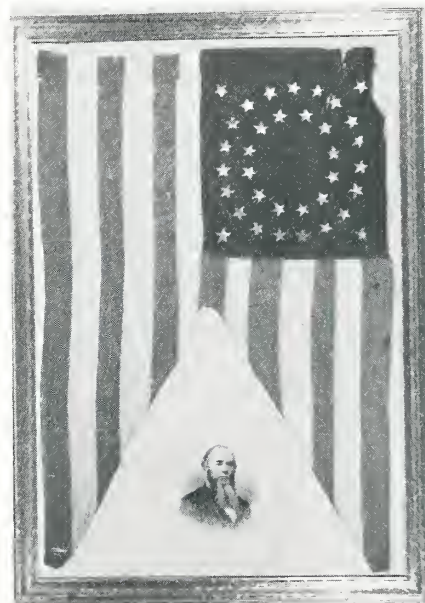
Stanton's Flag

This flag or pennant hung in Secretary of War Edwin M. Stanton's office during the Civil War. It came to the Lincoln Library-museum as a gift from Mr. Henry Clark Ottiwell of Vineyard Haven, Massachusetts.

Mr. Ottiwell came into possession of the flag on the death of his aunt, Mrs. Adelaide Butler, the widow of Dr. Winthrop Butler of Vineyard Haven, a veteran of the war.

Dr. Butler served in the Navy and was on board the *Saratoga* during the blockade of the Confederate ports. After the war he practiced medicine at Vineyard Haven until the early 1900's. He died in 1907.

The flag was given to Dr. Butler by Mrs. Habersham, the daughter of Secretary Stanton. She lived at Martha's Vineyard for many years and was a friend and patient of Dr. Butler.



From the Lincoln National Life Foundation
Flag which hung in Secretary of War Edwin M. Stanton's office during the Civil War.



From the Lincoln National Life Foundation
A white plaster head of Lincoln sculptured by Avard Fairbanks when he was a member of the staff of the University of Michigan Institute of Fine Art.

Lincoln Head By Avard Fairbanks

Avard Fairbanks is a well known American sculptor whose work in the Lincoln field has led to the erection of heroic bronze statues in New Salem, Chicago, Berwyn and at the Ewa Plantation School near Honolulu. All of his statues depict a bearded Lincoln; however, he has produced some notable bearded as well as beardless busts of the Sixteenth President.

The Foundation has recently acquired a very handsome beardless bust in white plaster bearing the sculptor's name and the date 1942. This bust was made by Fairbanks while he was a member of the staff of the University of Michigan Institute of Fine Arts.

Coins Of The Lincoln Administration

In the January, 1969 issue of *Lincoln Lore*, page 3, a list of the "Coins Minted During the Administration of Abraham Lincoln" was published. Since that date, fifteen of the sixteen coins have been acquired. As yet, we have not secured the most expensive coin of the lot, which is the three dollar gold piece. However, it is hoped that it will eventually be obtained to complete the collection. The most common dates of this coin are 1861, 1862 and 1863.



From the Lincoln National Life Foundation
Wood carving bearing the initials A. L. which is believed symbolic of Lincoln's Emancipation Proclamation.

Wood Carving

This wood carving, measuring 8 inches wide, 6 inches deep and 8 inches high bears in Old English letters the initials A. L. on the shield next to the figure of Liberty. Made of burl maple, the exquisite carving has inscribed on the back the following information: "Lorenz Waldhauser 1863 Fort Lyon."

On June 10, 1863 President Abraham Lincoln visited Fort Lyon in Virginia, accompanied by Secretary Stanton, General Heintzelman and staff. It is believed that on that occasion the artist presented the wood carving, perhaps symbolic of the Emancipation Proclamation, to the President. At least, that is the tradition that has been handed down in the Fort Wayne family that has long owned the relic.

This unique work of art is at present on loan to the Lincoln Library-Museum; however, it is our firm belief that it will eventually become a permanent acquisition for our museum collection.

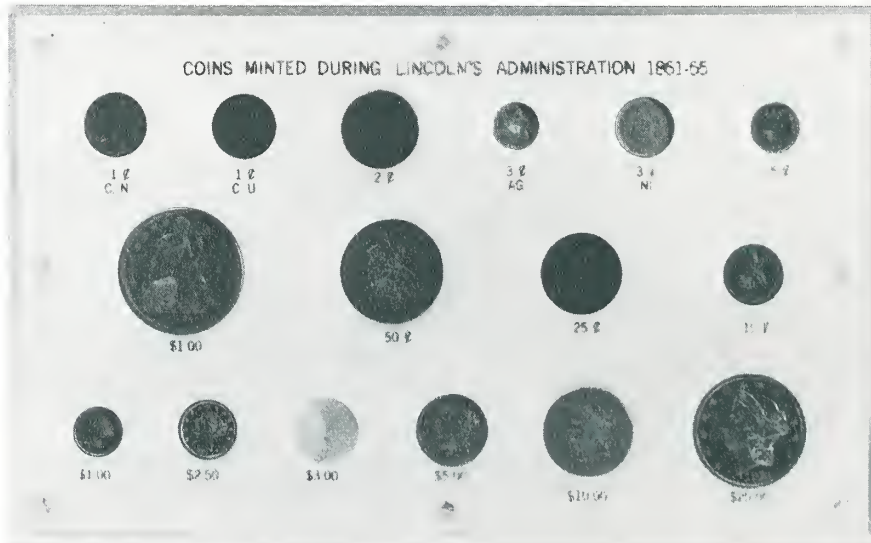


From the Lincoln National Life Foundation
This silver profile of Abraham Lincoln was originally the property of Harper J. Wentz, Shippensburg, Pennsylvania. It was sold to the museum by the widow, Mrs. Katharine F. Wentz.

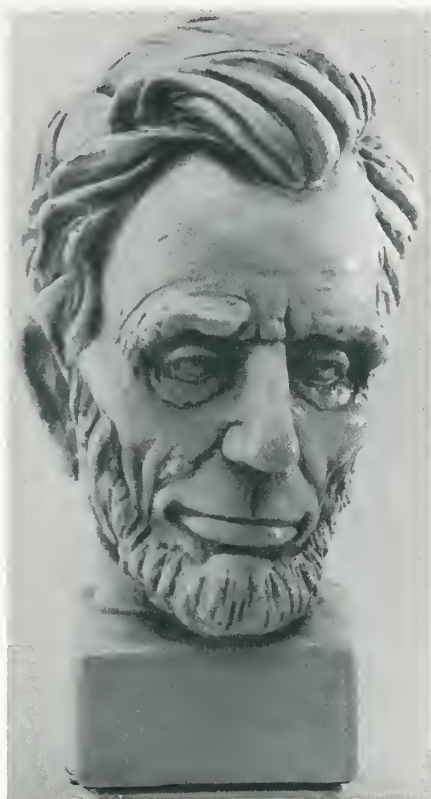
Silver Profile

Recently purchased by the Foundation is a small silver head of Lincoln, done in profile. It measures two inches by one and one-half inches, and rests on black velvet in a black oval case such as was used for early daguerreotypes. The frame is lined with ivory silk.

This item formerly belonged to Harper J. Wentz, Shippensburg, Pennsylvania, whose widow, Mrs. Katharine F. Wentz, sold it to our museum. Mrs. Wentz knows nothing of the history of the piece other than that it had been in her husband's possession for many years. We are delighted to add this attractive portrait to our collection of Lincoln miniatures.



From the Lincoln National Life Foundation
United States coins minted during the Lincoln Administration. The most expensive one of the lot is the \$3.00 gold piece which the Foundation has not yet acquired.



From the Lincoln National Life Foundation
Front view of the bald-headed Lincoln believed to have been sculptured by a Canadian artist.



From the Lincoln National Life Foundation
Rear view of the bald-headed Lincoln which was acquired in a gift shop in Port Arthur, Ontario.

The Bald Headed Lincoln

One of the novelty items among the Foundation's recent acquisitions is a plaster head of Lincoln revealing a bald spot. This interesting item was presented to the Foundation by Michael Grubnick, West Bearskin Lake, Gun Flint Trail, Grand Marais, Minnesota who found it in a gift shop in Port Arthur, Ontario. So far, all efforts to discover the name of the Canadian sculptor have proved futile. Needless to state, this item of Lincoln sculpture has become a "conversation piece" as Lincoln had a fine head of hair without the slightest sign of a bald spot.

Gutta Percha Vase

Gutta-percha is defined as a whitish-to-brown substance resembling rubber but containing more resin and changing less on vulcanization than the latex of several Malaysian trees of the sapodilla family. Despite its complicated description it became an important substance for the manufacture of daguerreotype cases, which are seen so often today in antique shops. Undoubtedly, gutta-percha was used during the middle years of the 19th century in the production of other objects, one of which is a Lincoln vase recently acquired for the Foundation's collection.

The vase measures 5½" tall by 3½" in diameter. On opposite sides it bears a molded bust of Lincoln with an eagle and wreath along with other decorative features. Undoubtedly, gutta-percha vases are a rare commodity today, but to find one with a Lincoln bas-relief on two sides is an antiquarian's dream come true.

Middleton's Chromo-Lithograph of Abraham Lincoln

While the Lincoln Library-museum has owned for a very long time a copy of the famous Middleton chromo-lithograph of Lincoln, we were most fortunate to secure another copy of the framed portrait that was once the property of Lincoln's third and last law partner, William H. Herndon.

This portrait, copyrighted in 1864, was produced in considerable quantities in 1865, by E. C. Middleton of Cincinnati, Ohio. Upon receiving a proof copy of the portrait, Lincoln wrote Middleton on December 30, 1864: "Your picture presented by Mr. Lutz is, in the main, very good. From a line across immediately above the eye-brows, downward it appears to me perfect. Above such line I think it is not so good, — that is, while it gives perhaps a better fore-head, it is not quite true to the original. If you were present I could tell you wherein, but I can not well do so on paper. The next best thing, I suppose, would be to carefully study a photograph." It is believed that Lincoln's suggested changes were incorporated in the final production.

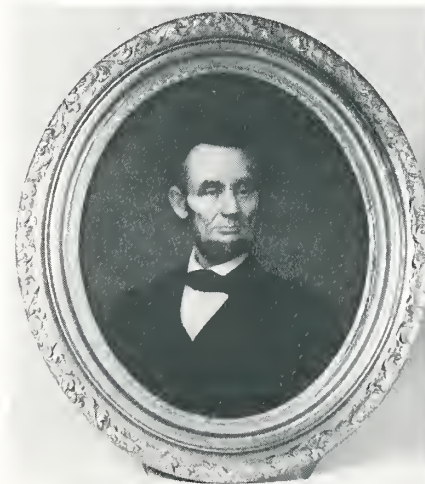


From the Lincoln National Life Foundation
A gutta-percha vase which bears on opposite sides the molded bust of Abraham Lincoln.

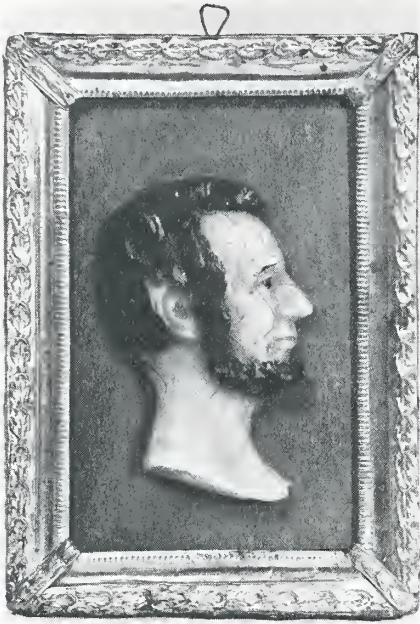
Wax Portrait

Benjamin Franklin, and sometimes George Washington, became favorite subjects for portrayal in wax. As this type of art was developed in Europe in the Eighteenth Century, it would be expected that the great artists in this field would not treat many American subjects. Some of the better known wax modelers were Bernhard Caspar Hardy, Samuel Percy, Christopher Curtius (uncle of Madame Tussaud) and Madame Tussaud.

One could never hope to find a great wax portrait of Abraham Lincoln. Then, too, this type of portrayal in its finer aspects is today practically a lost art. However, a wax portrait of Lincoln has been acquired by the Foundation. A careful study of the physical features of the portrait leads one to believe that it was produced from a crude mold as it seems to lack the finer details of sculptural art.



From the Lincoln National Life Foundation
Middleton's Chromo-Lithograph of Abraham Lincoln which once was the property of William H. Herndon, the President's third law partner and biographer.



From the Lincoln National Life Foundation

A wax portrait of Abraham Lincoln which was likely produced from a crude mold. The artist is unknown and the work seems to lack the finer details of sculptured art.

Lincoln Miniature

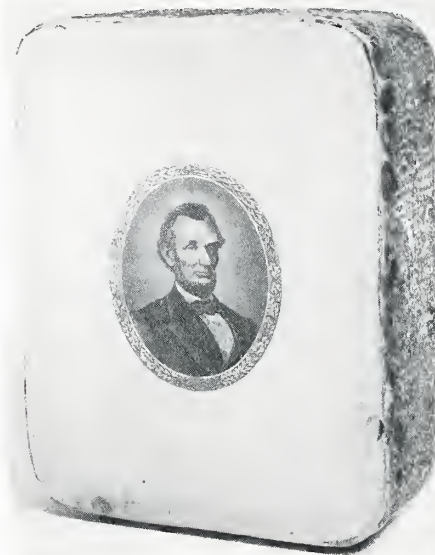
In *Lincoln Lore* No. 1521, dated November, 1964, a miniature portrait of Abraham Lincoln painted by Daniel Huntington was pictured and described. A second one has now been acquired but it is not nearly so valuable as it is not contemporaneous with Lincoln's time, and the artist (so far as our sources are concerned) is unidentified. The artist's name is Benoit.

This portrait, painted on ivory and nicely framed, resembles in many details the large engraving by William E. Marshall.



From the Lincoln National Life Foundation

A Lincoln miniature painted on ivory by Benoit. This miniature is not contemporaneous with Lincoln's time and resembles in many details the engraving by William Marshall.



From the Lincoln National Life Foundation

Lithographic stone, purchased at auction, bears the portrait of Lincoln as he appeared in 1864.

Lithographic Stone

At a recent auction conducted by the Fort Wayne Civil War Round Table, the Foundation purchased a lithographic stone bearing on one side a fine portrait of Abraham Lincoln. Oval in shape, the portrait measures 2¾ by 3½ inches. It centers a 6 by 8 by 2½ inch block of limestone that weighs 12¼ pounds.

On the reverse side of the stone is what appears to be a stock certificate for \$25.00 for the Battle Creek Steam Pump Company in Michigan. Judging from the illustration, which depicts several horse drawn vehicles and a trolley car on tracks, one might assume that the lithographs were drawn sometime between 1864 and 1890. The stone appears quite old. There would appear to be no connection between the portrait of the bearded Lincoln and the illustration on the opposite side of the stone.



From the Lincoln National Life Foundation

These pall bearer gloves were found among the effects of Sullivan D. Green, along with a handwritten note reading: "Pr. Gloves worn at Lincoln Obsequies. Springfield, Ill. S. D. Green."

Lincoln Pall Bearer Gloves

These white cotton gloves were found among the effects of Sullivan D. Green, a Civil War correspondent and newspaper reporter for the *Detroit Free Press*. Someone once called him "one of the most accomplished newspaper writers the West has had." Accompanying the gloves was a note written in ink and signed by Green: "Pr. Gloves worn at Lincoln Obsequies. Springfield, Ill. S. D. Green." It is possible, of course, that these gloves were not actually used in bearing Lincoln's coffin to its resting place, but were merely ceremonial gloves. It is equally possible that these gloves were worn by one of the pall bearers.

NOTICE

Copies of the Lincoln Lore Index covering the first fifteen hundred issues of the bulletin are still available at a cost of two dollars each. Checks or money orders should accompany the orders, and should be mailed to the Lincoln National Life Foundation, 1301 South Harrison Street, Fort Wayne, Indiana 46801.



Lincoln Lore

“Please tell me what is there of the Maryland matter?”

Abraham Lincoln addressed the above question to Secretary of War Edwin M. Stanton on July 7, 1864. Lincoln penned the question at the top of a letter written on June 27, 1864 from one G.F. Kurtz to Maryland Senator Thomas H. Hicks. The Lincoln Library and Museum recently purchased the Lincoln-endorsed letter. Although part of the text appears in Roy P. Basler's *Collected Works of Abraham Lincoln*, the full text of the letter has not heretofore appeared in print. The text of the letter and an explanation of the circumstances surrounding it, follow.

THE LETTER THAT PUZZLED THE PRESIDENT Bonny Brook June 27 1864

Hon. T. H. Hicks

Dear Governor, Your favor of 19th was duely received, and we are anxious to hear further from you -

In the mean time I will mention to you that Lev. Straughn is doing his very utmost to get up a sentiment against the Commissioners, ~~in order~~ thereby ~~to~~ to aiding the infamous designs of those who are endeavoring to gobble up the money that was intended for the negro volunteers - But thus far he meets with poor success - Some of his strongest party friends heretofore, are down on him in this matter - Even J.C. Wright his fast friend, is against him, and says he is ready to go on to Washington if necessary to join in ~~an~~ effort ~~to~~ a protest against the order of Sec. Stanton. Mr Rea says he is ready to lose the 300 \$ due him from the Government for his slave rather than the County Commissioners should give way ~~and~~ in their determination, ~~not to~~ and pay the money of the negroes over to that scoundrel. I have not heard of one respectable man, who ~~does not~~ endorses Straughn - or condemns the Commissioners. I will mention further that he asserted to day in the presence of Mr Rea and others that he has my letter to you in his possession (perhaps he meant a copy of it) and that it is simply a complaint about the threat to ~~make a draft on~~ ~~Dorchester~~ for credit other counties with ~~the~~ our men - without any reference to paying the bounty - This you know is an unjust representation of its purport - for I distinctly mentioned the efforts we are

making to get access to the volunteers so as to pay them off - and that we had written to Col. Fry to know when a pass could be obtained for that purpose -

If the President will not revoke the order of the Secretary of War he will certainly not refuse to enable us to comply with it, by furnishing us with authority to go where the negroes are ~~and~~ to pay them off - This will end the controversy, and secure justice to all parties - If you will present the matter to the President in this aspect it seems to me he will not refuse so reasonable a request - The Commissioners meet on Monday next, and I am anxious to be able to inform them of the result of your effort to secure a favorable decision from the President -

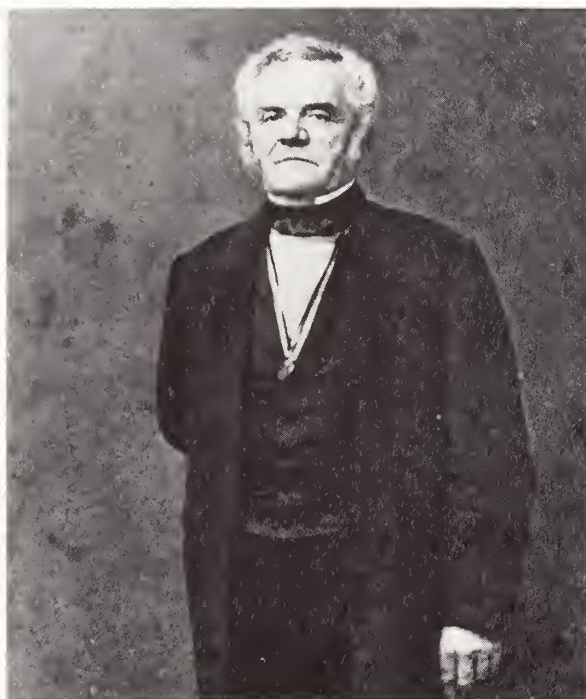
As to the County Commissioners, they do not intend to be either brow-beaten or hoodwinked into a dishonorable submission. We intend to be governed by the law of Maryland in this matter. There is no ~~other~~ authority or right any where else - It is Maryland money ~~and~~ for Maryland soldiers - Let Mr Stanton see to it that they get the Government bounty - and we will see to it they get the state bounty -

I am yours truly G. F. Kurtz

THOMAS HICKS, NEGRO SOLDIERS, AND MARYLAND IN THE CIVIL WAR

President Lincoln announced his decision to recruit black soldiers for the Union army in the final version of the Emancipation Proclamation on New Year's Day, 1863. Thus the New Year ushered in a period of conflict and consternation in the already confused and bitterly divided politics of Maryland, for in Maryland slavery was still a legal institution and armed black men in uniform were a matter of dread for most white men.

By July, 1863, Colonel William Birney, the son of abolitionist James G. Birney, was recruiting a black regiment in the state. As Charles L. Wagandt shows in *The Mighty Revolution: Negro Emancipation in Maryland, 1862-1864* (Baltimore: Johns Hopkins Press, 1964), Birney saw his chance "of striking a heavy blow at the 'institution' in this state." Apparently, he recruited blacks who were still the property of Maryland citizens as well as free black men. Complaints reached the Maryland governor, and he tried to reach Lincoln.



From the Lincoln National Life Foundation

The durable-looking man above is Thomas Holliday Hicks (1798-1865). Born in Maryland, Hicks was a man of little education and much ambition for politics. He served as a constable at age twenty-one and was elected sheriff five years later. Hicks began as a Democrat, became a Whig, and ran for the Maryland governorship on the American (Know-Nothing) ticket. Despite his differences with Lincoln and Lincoln's Secretary of War, Hicks apparently admired the President. In 1863, an ankle injury led to the amputation of his foot. He wrote Lincoln, asking him to shake his son's hand and apologizing for not being able to walk up the stairs himself to see the President. The picture above is from a carte-de-visite photograph of Hicks in the Foundation's collection.

Augustus C. Bradford was the Governor of Maryland. Hicks had been governor when the war broke out but was United States Senator by the time Kurtz wrote him; Kurtz must have referred to him as "Governor" only as an honorary title like "Judge" for a one-time judge (though Basler's footnote in *The Collected Works* does not note this). Bradford apparently had a conference with Stanton and Lincoln, but the practice of recruiting slaves continued. He could gain no satisfaction until the Maryland Senators, Hicks and Reverdy Johnson, added their voices to the complaints; they arranged another meeting with Lincoln.

On October 1, 1863, Lincoln temporarily suspended Negro enlistments in Maryland, pending his meeting with Governor Bradford on October 3. The upshot of the conference can be surmised from Lincoln's memorandum on recruiting Negroes. As Wagandt points out, this document was actually written about events in Maryland in 1863 rather than in 1862, the date given the fragment in *Basler's Collected Works of Abraham Lincoln* (Volume V, page 338):

To recruiting free negroes, no objection.

To recruiting slaves of disloyal owners, no objection.

To recruiting slaves of loyal owners, *with their consent*, no objection.

To recruiting slaves of loyal owners *without consent*, objection, *unless the necessity is urgent*.

To conducting offensively, while recruiting, and to carrying away slaves not suitable for recruits, objection.

Recruiting resumed, after the conference, under General Orders No. 329. This order followed the outlines of Lincoln's memorandum, the most sensitive provision being that slaves would be enlisted without their master's consent if a county's draft quota were not filled within a thirty-day period. Masters whose slaves were so taken, as well as masters who consented to have their slaves enlist, were to be compensated in amounts up to \$300, for slaves who enlisted became free men thereafter. The master had to file a deed of manumission to receive his money.

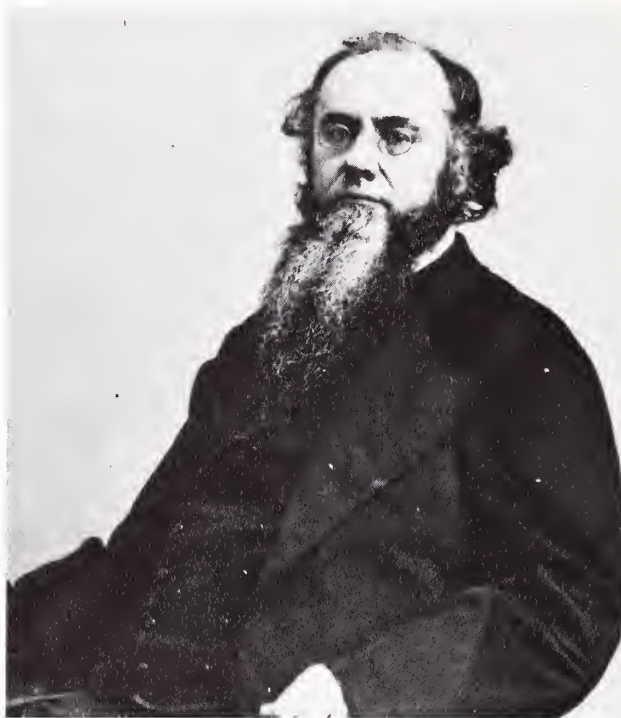
Masters' claims were adjudicated by a three-man commission established in Baltimore on October 26, 1863. The commissioners may have been Lincoln appointees. If so, the President probably chose men nominated by Henry Winter Davis, the leader of the "radical" wing of Maryland's Union party (technically, Maryland had no Republican party because the very name smacked too much of abolitionism for this conservative border slave-state). At any rate, the three appointees came from the "radical" wing of Maryland's anti-Democratic party. One appointee, Judge Hugh L. Bond, was famous for having urged the enlistment of slaves long before events in October of 1863 clearly established the legality of such enlistments. He had already tangled with Governor Bradford publicly over this question. Levin E. Straughn, another appointee of the claims commission, was a friend of Henry Winter Davis and the man referred to in Kurtz's letter to Hicks. Davis had been urging, just a month before, that George M. Russum, United States assessor for the First District of Maryland, be replaced by Straughn. Presumably, Winter Davis got Straughn the next available federal job. The third commissioner was Thomas Timmons, a politician who carried favor with Maryland's poor whites rather than her slave owners by urging Negro enlistments so that poor whites could escape the draft. The board was thus fully staffed with men hostile to the very group that would be bringing claims before the board. Lincoln or Winter Davis stacked the deck against Maryland's slaveowners.

Just five days before the claims commission was appointed, according to a report in the *Washington National Intelligencer*, Lincoln had told a group of Maryland slaveowners protesting the presence of black soldiers who were recruiting black enlistees,

first, that he did not know by what authority the force in question had been sent there, and accordingly he directed Mr. Watson (Acting Secretary of War in the absence of Mr. Stanton on a visit to the army) to communicate with Gen. Schenck upon that point. He then added, in substance, that he thought that negroes might be recruited in Maryland by consent of masters, as they had been in the Army of the Cumberland, but he did not wish to effect the object in any rude or ungentlemanly manner. The President said he had promised Governor Bradford, Mr. Reverdy Johnson, and others that the enlistment of negroes should not take place under ninety days. He thought he would order the withdrawal of the negro troops now upon the Patuxent.

The nature of the appointees to the claims commission certainly negated the tone of mollification of slaveowners in Lincoln's statement.

On February 6, 1864, the Maryland state legislature added a \$100 bounty to the \$300 maximum to be paid slaveowners who filed deeds of manumission for Negro enlistees. It also



From the Lincoln National Life Foundation

Edwin McMasters Stanton (1814-1869) wielded considerable power as Lincoln's Secretary of War, and the conflicts generated by the War Department's administration of the recruitment program for black soldiers are proof. Senator Hicks and many historians since saw Stanton as a political radical. Yet he was not very politically-minded, having held no major public office before 1860, and he was not very radical early in his career. He was apparently a Democrat, he did not protest the Dred Scott decision that so enraged Abraham Lincoln, and he served briefly in James Buchanan's cabinet.

provided for paying \$50 to the slave when he enlisted and \$50 when he was mustered out of the service. Apparently, there was some foot-dragging on the part of state authorities who were supposed to pay the bounties to the slaves. War Department authorities felt compelled to refuse to give lists of descriptions of Negro enlistees or to accept slave owners' claims for slaves enlisted unless the slave received the state bounty of \$50.

Keeping this background in mind, one can make some sense of "the Maryland matter" that puzzled President Lincoln. The "Commissioners" against whom Straughn was reputedly getting up a sentiment were doubtless the county commissioners rather than the other two claims commissioners, who were apparently of Straughn's own factional persuasion in political matters. As Jean H. Baker has argued in her recent book, *The Politics of Continuity: Maryland Political Parties from 1858 to 1870* (Baltimore: Johns Hopkins Press, 1973), the Civil War witnessed a steady increase in the powers of the already powerful Maryland county-government officials. Before February 6, 1864, when Maryland instituted the state bounty system for enlistments, the state legislature had empowered the county commissioners to pay bounties to Maryland soldiers. Maryland citizens payed seven times higher taxes to the county than the state, and it was the county that wielded the largest resources. The county level was also the level at which the conservative Democratic party was entrenched in Maryland, and, according to Mrs. Baker, "For some Marylanders the most important function of county commissioners was to prevent slaves from joining the Union army." Apparently, the county commissioners still administered the state bounty system when it was instituted in 1864.

Kurtz's letter was a defense of Maryland's county commissioners. Straughn had apparently accused them of reluctance to pay Negro enlistees the state bounty — a charge substantiated by the War Department's resort to withholding descriptions of enlistees and refusing to pay slaveholders' claims until enlistees had the state bounty in hand. Kurtz replied that county commissioners needed War Department authority to have access to the soldiers who otherwise had to obtain a pass

to come to their home county to receive payment. Kurtz, on the other hand, accused Straughn of wanting "to gobble up the money that was intended for the negro volunteers." Straughn probably wanted to dispense the state bounty as well as the Federal compensation. This way, he could see the \$50 paid to the soldier by his own hand before deciding whether to grant a slaveholder's claim for Federal compensation for an enlistee.

It should be pointed out, in all fairness to Kurtz, that the claims commission *was* notoriously slow about paying claims; Winter Davis's "radical" political allies obviously were none too anxious to please their conservative slave-owning political enemies. Their foot-dragging was so obvious, in fact, that by October, 1864, a Maryland congressman asked the Board for Colored Troops of the Adjutant General's Office for information on claims paid. The reply follows:

A board or commission charged to award a just compensation to loyal owners in the State of Maryland whose slaves enlisted in the military service of the United States has been in session at Baltimore, Md., since December, 1863. The whole number of claims presented to October 4, 1864, is 2,015, five of these being for men drafted.

Up to Oct. 1, 1864, 244 of these claims had been passed upon by the commission; of these nine were rejected, and upon the remainder awards were made proportionate in each case to the term of service which the recruit had prior to enlistment owed to the claimant.

Thus Straughn's commission had paid just twelve per cent of the claims laid before it in eleven months' time. There is little reason to wonder that Maryland's slaveowners were leary of Straughn's gaining control of the state bounties.

Even so, Maryland was better off than other border slave states. As late as January 25, 1865, Secretary of War Stanton had to say,

In reply to the resolution of the Senate of this date, making inquiry respecting the appointment of "a commission in each of the slave States represented in Congress, charged to award to each loyal person to whom a colored volunteer may owe service a just compensation," I have the honor to state that commissioners have been appointed in the States of Maryland and Delaware, and that in the other slave States, by the President's direction, no appointments have yet been made.

Lincoln had bent over backwards to please Maryland. Even Stanton's War Department had done a lot to mollify this slave state. On May 9, 1864, Governor Bradford had written Provost-Marshal-General James B. Fry to request a postponement of the draft in Maryland on the grounds that the state had not been credited properly for the number of colored troops mustered from the state. He complained of the drain on the labor supply in the rural counties occasioned by the loss of so many black men. Even so, he said, he would in his computation make "all due allowance for those who have been actually lost to the State and their owners but not actually mustered, nor perhaps, technically speaking, a proper credit to our quota." Abolitionist recruiters took Negroes who were obviously unfit for service and then released them when they failed their physicals. Bradford was saying he would not count these as credits, even though they hurt Maryland's labor supply. In a denial which was actually an assertion of the point, he claimed that he would "forbear to dwell at all upon other circumstances in the history of the condition of this State, growing out of the number of her disloyal citizens who have gone South that would justly entitle the loyal ones at home to liberal considerations."

On May 10, Fry replied that due credit had been given Maryland for her black volunteers, including credit for 2,252 colored men recently given "without waiting, as is customary, for more certain and formal rolls and returns." Fry went on to state that Maryland had in fact been given "liberal considerations."

First. The quotas assigned to you since March 3, 1863, have all been based upon an enrollment of the white persons found to be still in the State after the disloyal persons had gone South. The quotas being in proportion to the number of men left, the fact that some men had gone South previous to the enrollment worked no hardship.

Second. After having assigned quotas in proportion to the enrollment of white men as above, the slaves were enrolled and are used for filling the quotas of volunteers and draft, but have not been counted to increase the quota. That is surely not dealing "strictly" with you.

Third. During the years 1861 and 1862 quotas were assigned to your State, as to other States, on the basis of population. Those quotas were not raised, and on a settlement of your accounts for those years you were found to be deficient 9,892 men. Instead of being added to the number now required of you, as has been the case in other States, this large deficit has been entirely omitted from your

account. I think, therefore, that Maryland has received "liberal considerations," and that Your Excellency's claim for "simple justice" has been more than satisfied.

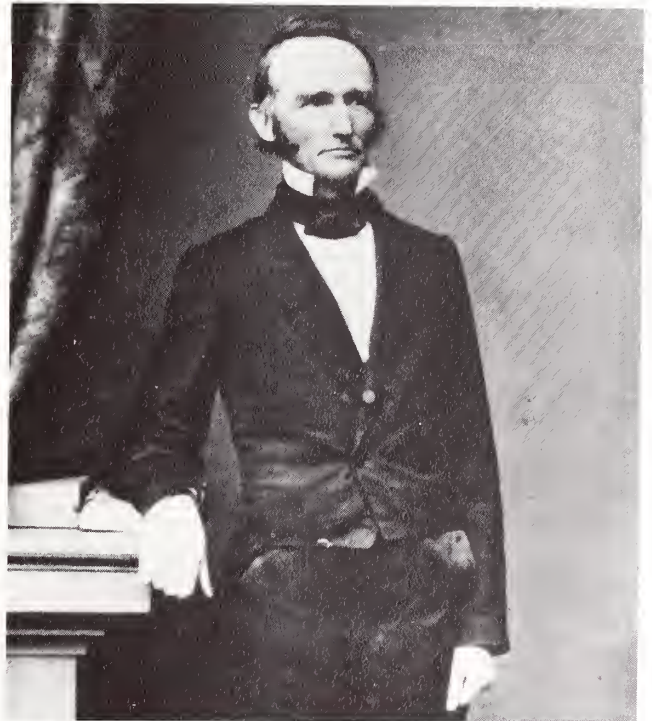
Fry refused to postpone the draft. He also refused to comment on Bradford's insinuation that the War Department had served the political cause of abolishing slavery under the mere cloak of military purpose by carrying off slaves who were physically unfit for military service. He did have an oblique counter to that argument, however, pointing out that Maryland got to credit slave volunteers towards her draft quota which was based on white population alone and not on total population.

The outcome of Kurtz's letter to Senator Hicks is not entirely clear. Lincoln endorsed the letter (written on June 27) on July 7. Nearly a month later, on August 6, 1864, Lincoln telegraphed Colonel Samuel M. Bowman, who had replaced Colonel Birney as the United States officer in charge of recruiting colored troops in Maryland, urging him, to "come and see me." Bowman replied:

Will call with Mr L E Straughn on Monday Have had a very satisfactory interview with Senator Hicks who says he just begins to understand the subject. Good and not evil is likely to result from the present little agitation.

What occurred at the Lincoln-Bowman-Straughn conference is unknown, but the tone of Bowman's telegram seems to indicate that he had brought Hicks around to his way of thinking. This probably took some doing. Although Bowman replaced the abolitionist's son as chief recruiting officer for Maryland's black men, the change does not seem to have been made in order to replace a radical with a conservative. Birney left Maryland for South Carolina, where he was to command two Negro regiments. For a man of abolitionist leanings this hardly constituted banishment to Siberia. Likewise, as late as August 19, 1864, Senator Hicks wrote Abraham Lincoln, complaining that Henry Winter "Davis & his retinue are doing us [political] damage, but not equal to Hon. E.M. Stanton and Colonel Bowman." Clearly Hicks and Bowman remained factional enemies, but Bowman may have brought Hicks to Straughn's support anyway.

Thomas Holliday Hicks was nothing if not flexible. He had



From the Lincoln National Life Foundation

Montgomery Blair (1813-1883) was a border-state politician. Born in Kentucky to a family that became prominent in Democratic political circles, he lived later in Missouri and Maryland. Famous today for his enthusiasm for Negro colonization, Blair was a veteran of anti-slavery politics long before Henry Winter Davis evidenced much concern on the issue. Blair served as counsel for Dred Scott and helped John Brown get counsel too. By 1864, however, he led Maryland's conservative Unionists, and Winter Davis led the "radicals."

been a Democrat, a Whig, and a Know Nothing (it was on the last ticket that he ran for governor and won, to become the Governor of Maryland when the Civil War broke out). Hicks was the son of a slaveholder and a slaveholder himself, but he did much to keep Maryland in the Union. Nevertheless, he was a lukewarm nationalist at most and identified sentimentally with the border slave states. Mrs. Baker quotes two interesting Hicks remarks. The first was in a letter to a Democratic friend in 1860:

I shall be the last one to object to a withdrawal of our state from a Confederacy that denies to us the enjoyment of our undoubted rights; but believing that neither her honor nor interests suffer by a proper and just delay, I cannot assist in placing her in a position from which we may hereafter wish to recede. When she moves in the matter, I wish to be side by side with Virginia — our nearest neighbor — Kentucky and Tennessee.

The second, from an "Address to the People of Maryland" (January 3, 1861) urged a

full interchange of views with the Governors of Virginia, Kentucky, Tennessee, and Missouri with a view to concerted action upon our part . . . I believe firmly that the salvation of the Union depends upon the Border slave states. Without their aid, the Cotton States could never command the influence and credit and men essential to their existence as a nation. Without them, the Northern half of the republic would be shorn of its power and influence.

As early as March 18, 1862, this Maryland slaveholder was urging emancipation on Abraham Lincoln, and he supported the move to emancipate Maryland's slaves by means of a constitutional amendment in 1864. Yet Hicks was no mere self-aggrandizing trimmer. He supported emancipation at some considerable personal loss, as a rather self-pitying letter he wrote President Lincoln in 1864 shows: "I have given up fifteen to twenty thousand dollars worth of slaves, without a murmur and have labored assiduously to bring about Emancipation in Maryland, and yet I suppose I am looked upon by some as a Copperhead . . ."

According to Reinhard H. Luthin's article, "A Discordant Chapter in Lincoln's Administration: The Davis-Blair Controversy" (*Maryland Historical Magazine*, XXXIX [March, 1944]), Henry Winter Davis ironically became a regular White House visitor who had President Lincoln's ear through the good offices of Governor Hicks. By the time Hicks was a Senator, however, he and Winter Davis were factional enemies. Davis led Maryland's Unconditional Unionist party; Hicks was a member of Postmaster General Montgomery Blair's Conditional Unionist faction. In truth, the factions were inappropriately named, for the Conditional Unionists desired a war for the Union without immediate emancipation as a condition of peace. The so-called Unconditional Union men in fact wanted immediate emancipation to be one result of saving the Union.

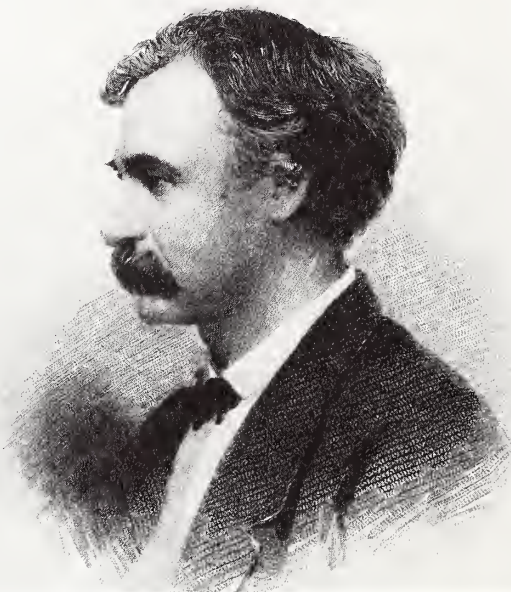
Even after the meeting in Washington in early August, which was meant to resolve the Kurtz-Straughn-Bowman-Hicks feud, Hicks was still complaining to Lincoln about Stanton, Winter Davis, and Bowman. He seems to have had a personal hatred of Stanton. In June of 1864, Stanton had insulted Hicks when he came to the Secretary of War with a request to release a prisoner. Stanton apparently lectured Hicks for trying to gain the release of rebels, and Hicks wrote Lincoln demanding an apology from Stanton and threatening to resign. In late August, Hicks also sent Lincoln a letter from a W. Thomson, who said that Henry Winter Davis was giving jobs to Lincoln's enemies in the Baltimore customs house. Yet these threats of resignation and the reports on the Baltimore customs house were probably just the beginnings of what became a concerted campaign by Hicks's friends in the autumn of 1864 to get him the lucrative job of collector for the port of Baltimore so that he could resign his job as Senator and halt the decline in his health.

In late August he still hated Stanton and Bowman more than the factional enemies in Maryland who blocked him from getting the customs house job. His letter to Lincoln complaining that Stanton and Bowman did the party more damage than Davis and the Baltimore customs house crowd, suggested that the abuses in Negro recruiting would lead to defeat of the emancipation provision in the new Maryland constitution, to loss of the November election in Maryland, and to turning Maryland and Pennsylvania into battlefields of outright civil war. This was a dire prediction indeed and came from a Maryland moderate who supported Lincoln's war efforts and emancipation in the nation and Maryland. Whatever resolution the August 6 Lincoln-Bowman-Straughn conference brought had been but a temporary lull in Maryland's factional warfare.

In fact, the problem of Negro enlistments never reached the proportions Thomas Hicks predicted and not, apparently,

because Lincoln halted Stanton's and Bowman's activities in Maryland nor Straughn's foot-dragging on the claims commission. John W. Blassingame's lucid article on "The Recruitment of Negro Troops in Maryland" (*Maryland Historical Magazine*, LVIII [1963], 20-29) was an immense help in sorting out the complex legal situation in Maryland. He points out that Negro recruiting succeeded because poor whites could use blacks as draft substitutes and because slaveowners could get \$300 or \$400 for property that many sensed would soon be lost anyway.

"This Maryland matter" and others like it, however, do point to a larger conclusion about Abraham Lincoln's policies. A son of the border himself, Lincoln had really left Hicks's world and never looked back. Lincoln, in fact, did more for Maryland (by way of establishing a claims commission for loyal slaveowners) than he did for Tennessee, Missouri, or his native Kentucky. He wanted no ungentlemanly behavior in recruiting black soldiers, but he did want them recruited. Lincoln stood for policies that made even pro-Lincoln Unionists complain. Men who do not believe in policies do not usually implement them effectively. When it came to carrying out his policy, Lincoln relied on Stanton, Bowman, and friends of Henry Winter Davis like Levin E. Straughn. Hicks hated Stanton, the man who instrumented a policy most Marylanders disliked, more than he hated Davis, the man who blocked access to the patronage job Hicks wanted. Policy on race more than factional disputes about jobs separated Hicks from Lincoln's brand of Republicanism.



From the Lincoln National Life Foundation

Henry Winter Davis (1817-1865) may have got his hatred of the Democracy from his Federalist father, who had been removed by Andrew Jackson's supporters from the presidency of Maryland's St. John's College. Winter Davis's party career was erratic, but he never identified with the Democrats. He began as a Whig, became a Know Nothing, and supported the Constitutional Union party in 1860 rather than the Republican party and Lincoln. His five-year feud with Montgomery Blair began when President Lincoln chose Blair rather than Winter Davis for Postmaster General. Some historians argue that Davis's opposition to Lincoln's plans for reconstruction in 1864 was a matter of political pique stemming from his feud with Lincoln's cabinet member rather than a matter of principle. Such an interpretation jibes with Winter Davis's apparent indifference to the slavery issue in 1860. However, it ignores the obvious political clout Davis had in determining Lincoln's patronage selections in the intervening years. A biography of Henry Winter Davis is badly needed, and apparently one will appear soon. The line-and-stipple engraving above was made by F. Halpin from a photograph and published in *Speeches and Addresses . . . by Henry Winter Davis, of Maryland* (New York: Harper & Brothers, 1867).

