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THE  
MAGAZINE OF HISTORY

WITH  
NOTES AND QUERIES

Extra Number—No. 34

RARE LINCOLNIANA—No. 6

COMPRISING

- THE IRREPRESSIBLE CONFLICT (Play) - - - S. D. Carpenter
- THE ASSASSINATION OF PRESIDENT LINCOLN  
*Captain John T. Bolton* ✓
- "IN MEMORIAM" - - - - - F. B. Carpenter
- ABRAHAM LINCOLN - - - - - Anon
- MR. LINCOLN'S FAVORITE POEM, AND ITS AUTHOR  
*(The late) Gen. James Grant Wilson*

WILLIAM ABBATT

410 EAST 32d STREET

NEW YORK

1914



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**R**ES ARDUA VETUSTIS NOVITATEM DARE; NOVIS AUCTORITATEM; OBSOLETIS, NITOREM;  
OBSCURIS, LUCEM; FASTIDITIS, GRATIUM; DUBIIS, FIDEM; OMNIBUS VERO NATURAM,  
ET NATURAL SUA OMNIA.

ITAQUE ETIAM NON ASSECUTIS, VOLUISSE ABUNDE PULCHRUM UTQUE MAGNIFICUM EST.

(It is a difficult thing to give newness to old things, authority to new things, beauty to things out of use, fame to the obscure, favor to the hateful (or ugly), credit to the doubtful, nature to all and all to nature. To such, nevertheless as cannot attain to all these, it is greatly commendable and magnificent to have attempted the same.

PLINY,—preface to his *Natural History*.

# THE IRREPRESSIBLE CONFLICT

BY

S. D. CARPENTER.

MADISON, WIS.

1862

JUDD STEWART

NEW YORK

1914

### NOTE

This play is printed just as it was originally issued (errors of all sorts being retained). Only the notes are added.

## PREFACE

**D**URING the last three evenings of 1862 Mr. S. D. Carpenter, then Editor of the *Wisconsin Patriot*, of Madison, Wisconsin, prepared for the "New Year's Message" of the carriers of that paper "THE IRREPRESSIBLE CONFLICT," herein reproduced.

Since the death of President Lincoln a number of plays have been written which have dealt principally with the assassination and the conspirators, but this production of Mr. Carpenter seems to be one of the earliest efforts to dramatize the character of President Lincoln; and since the original issue of 1863 has entirely disappeared, it seems to me proper to reproduce it.

In my collection of Lincolniana are the following additional dramas regarding President Lincoln:

The Administrative Telegraph, or How It Is Done. (A three act play contained in "The Washington Despotism Dissected" in articles from the *Metropolitan Record*. New York, 1863).

Lincoln's Anfang, Glück und Ende, a drama in twelve acts by Edward Renlöm, Coburg, Germany, 1865.

The Play of Destiny as played by actors from the Kingdom of the dead, etc.—By Stephen W. Downey, New Creek, West Va., 1867.

A National Drama (in *The Beautiful World* for July, 1872).

The Tragedy of Abraham Lincoln, in five acts, by an American Artist—Glasgow, Scotland, 1876.

Madame Surratt, A Drama in five acts by J. W. Rogers—Washington, D. C. 1879.

J. Wilkes Booth, or the National Tragedy, in five acts by William A. Luby; Kalamazoo, Mich. 1880.

The Tragedy of Abraham Lincoln, or the Rise and Fall of the Confederate States, in five acts, S. Whitaker Grove—1881.

Abraham Lincoln, Historical Tragedy in five acts, by Col. J. W. Bryant, Copyright 1886.

Abraham Lincoln, Drama in five acts by "F. S. Heresford" (Schnaacke) Omaha, Neb. First act in print; balance in manuscript.

Abraham Lincoln—An Historical Drama, by McKee Rankin, (and Archibald Forbes) in four acts. In manuscript.

OCTOBER, 1914

JUDD STEWART



# THE IRREPRESSIBLE CONFLICT,

(BEGINNING OF THE END)

OR

## THE RISE, PROGRESS AND DECLINE OF "ONE IDEA,"

INCLUDING THE PRINCIPAL ACTS IN THE LIFE OF ABRAHAM THE FIRST

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IN ELEVEN ACTS

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### PROLOGUE

The laugh comes in *here*—things now  
Doth wear a weighty and a serious brow!  
Sad, foul and bloody—full of crime and woe—  
Such mournful scenes as cause the eye to flow,  
I'll anon present. Those with hearts, may here,  
If they feel that way inclined, let drop a tear!  
My subject will deserve it. Such as give  
Me money, out of hope that they may live  
To see the end of war and tragedy's alarm—  
Rejoice in Peace—fearing naught of harm;  
And read my "drama," how soon they'll see  
That might and folly hunt in pairs for misery!  
And if you can be "merry" then I fear,  
A son may dance upon his mother's bier!

---

### ACT I.

SCENE—*In the Chicago Wigwam.*

[*Enter Politicians, Cormorants and others.*

1st Pol.— *Hoc considerationi tuæ est, my Lords,*  
We this day convene for most holy purpose,  
To name a ruler that shall much improve

On the sorry ill-haps of King James, the Fourth.

Our choice must be an hermafrodite;  
Who hath a mealey mouth for utterance  
Of sweet things, concerning sable Knights  
Of yam, hoe cake and cruel cat-o'-nine-tails !

The leader of our tribe must have no taint  
Of ill omen, or Fuss and Feathers 'bout him !  
With all the points of most honorable ignorance,  
He must be fit for any point of compass—  
And for treason, stratagem and spoils;  
One that in town and ranche conservative,  
May 'list the rabble, with no ill precedent  
To 'pear in judgment 'gainst his sure success !  
And who, in districts radical, at once,  
May carry all before him, as the embodiment  
Of the most rabid, redundant dogmas !

We must the deepest current follow,  
For that doth the proper channel indicate,  
To the sea, where fishes do most school,  
And where our nets, if cast within aright,  
May, in fruition, become our *finished* hopes.

We must our flaunting banners fitly garnish  
With emblems and mottoes the public nerves to tickle,  
Such as *Retrenchment, Freedom and Reform* !  
These will careless eyes amuse, and then,  
The public ear to charm, send out our Ciceroes,  
To mount the rostrum, and this catch-vote trinity  
Expound, and condemn with hortor's holy unction,  
The rascally counterparts that doth afflict us,  
Under King James, the Fourth!<sup>1</sup>

Such, my Lords,

Is in short, my plan, success to master;  
What say you to't?

<sup>1</sup> James Buchanan, then President—the other Jameses being Madison, Monroe and Polk.

2d Pol.

For one,

I'm most charmingly delighted, faith,  
 With all the noble Lord hath uttered !  
 My only fault-finding in this doth lie:—  
 That sundry details hath His Grace omitted  
 Which alone can vouchsafe success!  
 'Tis known to all, the Western Little Giant<sup>2</sup>  
 Stands at this time, like a wall of fire  
 Betwixt us and our goal of hope.

*A Voice—(Interruptingly)—*We must dispatch him.

2d Pol.—*(Continuing)—* Yea, that we must !

But how? That's the most important question.

*[Scratches his head, exclaiming:]*

I have it, by Jupiter!—at last I have it.  
 The Democratic Sachems are in quarrel !  
 I would encourage their Charleston split  
 By a lever and entering wedge, at Baltimore.  
 The enemies of the famous Little Giant  
 Are bent on revolt—yea, secession,  
 And if we give but one grain of 'couragement  
 They will secede, and thus so weaken  
 The Democratic hosts, that we'll be sure  
 To win—not by our strength, but their weakness !  
 I've had a word with their great Benjamin,<sup>3</sup>  
 The Senatorial Jew from Molasses town.  
 He hath a most ferocious speech agreed  
 To utter in the forum of the "Pantheon,"  
 Which, in return, did I stipulate,  
 To print and circulate two million copies,  
 As seed for Northern fallow fields.  
 Thus, may we use our foeman's steel

<sup>2</sup> Stephen A. Douglas.

<sup>3</sup> Judah P. Benjamin then senator, "Molasses Town" is probably New Orleans.

To conquer, though dragons follow after.

*Office Seeker*—

Bravo! bravo!!

The plan will office and the spoils secure us—  
A most welcome dish to stomachs long in fast!  
For, outside the crib so long we've anxious stood,  
Like the fifth calf, our turn still waiting,  
That any means to reach the pap, I welcome!  
And mock all fear of consequences!

*Compunction*.—

Be cautious, friends, I chide,

There may in this tub lie concealed, a cat,  
Or acid, that may cramp us with the bellyache!  
Honesty may, e'en in politics be virtue;  
And as Harry Clay did on occasion utter,  
"I would rather be right than President!"

Therefore, mock I these villainous propositions.

*Voices in the Pit*.—

Hustle him out!

He's got a conscience, a quite conclusive fact,  
That he to our tribe belongeth not!

*Voices from the Rostrum*.—Away with him!

[*Exit Comp. in a shower of hisses.*]

*Delegate*.—

Come, come my Lords, to business.

With the platform, and campaign *rôle* I'm pleas'd.  
But who shall be the Patriarch to lead  
Our forces thro' the gloomy valley 'fore us?  
Our aching bones do need a goodly med'cine!  
We hate the south, and the south hate us!  
No shock of earth shall sunder our two hates!  
The question is, who'll so lead us o'er Charybdis,  
That we may 'scape dark, yawning Scilla?

As a fit beginning, will I name

ABRAHAM, the tall, and jocose Sucker Barrister;  
Who, though a lion in a Western bar-room,  
Will a juvenile sheep become—at court!

So docile, as to mould like Burgundy wax,  
 And as King Henry to Exeter remarked,  
 True, when the lion fawns upon the lamb,  
 The lamb will never cease to follow him.  
 Give me a flexible prince—mules I 'bominate.

*New Yorker*— Most noble Lords,  
 If I am permitted here my mouth to ope,  
 I will suggest the noble Duke of York,<sup>4</sup>  
 Who hath too oft been shelv'd by expediency.  
 If we his claims now do overlook,  
 We dry the fount from which the sea of thought  
 Sucks its everlasting fill.

Give us brains,  
 And less expediency, in alopathic doses—  
 A mind that greatness blends with actions—  
 An intellect above rail or hair-splitting quacks—  
 A something better than mere nose of wax.  
 Above all others, 'tis my oft expressed belief  
 That William, the Conqueror, is the man  
 To lead our conquering hosts.

*Contractor*.—I agree, in part, with the noble wight  
 Who hath regaled our ears with brains and sense,  
 And that so urgently the Duke of York doth press.  
 I too, like him, am a devotee of brains !  
 But I confess, my faith is somewhat shattered  
 In the insinuation that all the brains extant  
 Are by the Duke of York monopolized.

All admit that where graces challenge grace  
 And brains oppress the skulls that hold them,  
 That our Simon<sup>5</sup> hath no proud party peer !

<sup>4</sup> William H. Seward.

<sup>5</sup> Simon Cameron.

Brains and money are his strongest holt !  
 These are graces, that when once combined  
 Will sweep the board, and let us into clover !  
 I therefore propose that Simon be  
 Our candidate and nominee !  
 He would lead us to the vast public larder,  
 Where, we'd fill our pinch'd and billious stomachs !

*New Yorker*,—(*Aside*.)— [Provided always,  
 That Simon himself, had *first* been gorged !]  
 [*Laughter and hisses in the pit.*]

*Sir Puke*.— Since thus your favorites are urg'd  
 I offer Edward,<sup>6</sup> the noble Barron von St. Louis;  
 He will great Border strength conciliate,  
 And our platform fringe would soil the least.  
 I warn you, slight not his stronger claims.

*Sucker*.— Talk not of Edward's "claims!"  
 Bear to the slaughter-house his mangled corpse !  
 Away with such bloody-bones pretenders; for,  
 Honest Abraham shall, of our victorious tribe,  
 Become the Patriarch, *de jure*.

I move the previous question !  
 Put out the lights—each one take care of self—  
 Clear the pit, and let the vote be quickly taken !  
 The motion's carried—now to honest ballot !  
 One—twice—yea to twenty rounds, at least—  
 All hail to honest Abe, our gallant chief !  
 [*Exit omnes, after a short "collection."*]

## ACT II.

SCENE . . . *After Election . . . Springfield Hermitage.*

## A MEDLEY:

DESCRIPTIVE . . . PATHETIC . . . POETIC—PROPHETIC AND NATURAL

[*Enter numerous Cormorants.*]

*1st Cor.* . . .           How now, my liege Lord,  
 The returns do indicate thou art chosen King.  
 Egad, I knew the Wide Awakes would save you !  
 'Twas *my* influence that carried things in our parts !  
 In fact, no one did e'er such forces muster !  
 At great expense, did I sweat and work for thee,  
 And of all the jokes thou hast e'er perpetrated,  
 The joke of thy success doth the climax cap,  
 And, as your Grace is mighty fond of jokes,  
 'Tis safe to guess you *this* do extra relish !  
 By the way, your Grace, how about the offices !  
 Is my sight good for the Tumbuctoo Charge?  
 I see you hesitate. I'll not o'erpress my suit  
 Now, since I fear the news hath o'ercome you.  
 What, your Grace, are you ill . . . displeased . . .  
 Or, what's the matter? I ne'er did see you  
 Put on so solemn airs, 'pon honor . . . never !

*Abraham* . . .           Nay, away, good bore,  
 I'm neither ill nor sore displeased, withall.  
 'Tis only a modest fear that I may meet  
 With troubles worse than Liliput encountered !  
 I'm no Jackson, as the world will see anon !  
 Troubles are thick'ning in the southern zone,  
 Like unto steaming mush o'er the peasant's fire !  
 Our late allies who did assist to kill off "Dug,"  
 And thus to the Imperial Throne lift me,  
 Hath at my success snuff'd great offence

And now do threaten dissolution, which if it come,  
 Will force me to sue for Democratic succor !  
 For, our Wide Awakes, I fear, tho' good to burn  
 Their midnight *ile*, and to vocalize the streets  
 With nocturnal music, harsh to ears polite,  
 Will hardly prove efficient in the tug of war !

[*Enter the Dauphin (Bob<sup>7</sup>) with the latest newspaper.*]

*Dauphin* . . . Good sire, from the post am I come, amain,  
 To signify that the rebels' backs are up,  
 Who, many loyal victims do put to sword !  
 Send succor quick, and stop the rage, betime,  
 Before the wounds do grow incurable,  
 For, being fresh, there is yet much hope of help.

*Abraham* . . . As I feared, this spark will prove a raging fire,  
 If wind and fuel be bro't to feed and fan it !  
 But, Dauphin, I'm neither King or Regent yet,  
 And if I were, I might well question  
 Whether I could roll back the flaming tide,  
 With more success than hath King James.  
 Tho' rather than jeopard all, as he hath,  
 Would I have lost my life betimes,  
 Than bring a burden of dishonor home,  
 For as Julius Cæsar, am I chivalric,  
 But, like the ostrich, that in Sahara's sands  
 Doth hide its head, and thinks nobody sees  
 Its form, because it sees nobody,  
 I must, from vulgar eyes conceal my purpose !  
 'Twill be time enough for secondary matters,  
 When I've toss'd to friends the bones of office.

*2d Cor.* . . . Most noble Sucker,  
 Thou dost wisdom almost divine betray !  
 The loaves and fishes ! Ah, most gracious Sire !

<sup>7</sup> Robert T. Lincoln



*Them's* of our edifice the corner-stone . . .  
 The *alpha* and *omega* of our Chicago Platform !  
 I do most freely applaud your Grace's views,  
 And I trust your Grace will, in due time,  
 Heed my claims for the mission to St. Cloud !  
 Here's my papers, which my faith will prove,  
 In the irrepressible conflict, I love.

*3d Cor* . . . .                   Aye, yes, my friend hath fitly spoken;  
 Thou art the hero for these dreadful times !  
 I pray your Grace, *my* claims to also note.  
 But little do *I* care, your Grace, for pelf and place,  
 But then *my friends* do urge with grave concern  
 That as 'Charge to Quito I'm most fit to serve.  
 What says your Grace ? Can I count upon  
 The gratification of my most urgent friends ?

*Abraham* . . .               Most valued friends,  
 You presume much and do squeeze my honor,  
 As old Mrs. Battles said when being hugged  
 By the ungallant bear, in wanton mood !  
 I fain would to you all, serve pottage,  
 Yea, as ye have served myself, of late;  
 But, yet, 'tis meet young eagles should not feed  
 Outside the natal crib.

  Therefore, wait I pray,  
 Until my advent to the Fed'ral Mecca,  
 And when ensconced within the palace kitchen,  
 I may cogitate upon your several "claims,"  
 Until then, my friends....*adieu!*

  [*Exit Abraham and the Dauphin.*]

*4th Cor.* . . .               Well, my waiting friends,  
 In the language of our old joker *ice*-gerent,  
 I think this devilish cool ! Yes, and I may add,

The North Pole is a monster red-hot poker,  
 Compared with this frigid, gruff "Adieu!"  
 Why, his Grace dismissed us so curtly,  
 That my recommendations lie congealed  
 To the nether end of my untouch'd pocket!  
 The great altitude his Grace hath reached,  
 Reminds me of the monkey up the pole!

5th Cor. . . . Ha! ha! So! so!  
 Must we not take such as our betters give,  
 And ask no questions? Our Honest Abraham  
 Will soon become *the* Government...all-in-all,  
 And who that lispeth aught 'gainst *him*  
 Will against the *Government* inveigh...  
 That will be treason.

6th Cor. . . . True...it may be true.  
 But then what 'comes of the great corner-stone  
 Of our most solemn litany...*freedom?*

7th Cor. . . . O, ye worse than geese,  
 To be thus hissing out complaints.  
 Let's return and wait events!  
 [*Exeunt Omnes, meeting at the door another swarm of Cor-*  
*morants.*]

---

ACT III.

SCENE...*On the Road to Washington.*

[*Enter (the cars) Abraham, Q. Margaret, the Dauphin and Suit.*]  
 Abraham... (*in a soliloquizing and musing mood*)... [*Aside.*

[Ah, who'd have tho't some thirty years ago,  
 When on the turbid, roaring Wabash  
 I did a sea-worthy flat boat command,  
 Or, when among the Hoosiers, mauling rails, ...

Or jokes in some country grocery cracking,  
That I, alone, of all this mighty people,  
Should thus have been found most worthy  
To rule as monarch.

Verily,

How little man doth know his mental powers,  
Until by circumstance they luminate!

From small beginnings to lofty heights  
Have I ascended by the ladder Douglas made,  
Until I'm the observed of all observers!  
And my name upon all tongues is hing'd.

I'm to that Mecca on my winding way,  
Where politicians most do congregate!  
With garlands hither my path is garnish'd,  
And at each station will I meet acclaims  
Of curiosity-seeking multitudes.

Yet,

Alas! I fear, that in the sequel of that path,  
There lies concealed, a bed of thorns,  
And envenomed dragon's teeth, by acres.]  
The air feels chilly . . . the ague threatens!  
Dauphin, pass the bottle!

[*Here the train arrives at I——s Station....Multitudes flock  
around and clamor for a speech.*]

Abraham— My generous friends,  
I am rejoiced to see you, and should judge that you  
Are right smart glad to welcome me.

[*Loud huzzas and cries of "Tell us what you're going to do."*]

Abraham— Well, my friends, my mood is none too amiable,  
Yet, since you ask it, I've not the least objection  
To 'quaint you that to yonder Mecca do I haste,  
And what I there do, depends upon the fates,  
And what the good Duke of York may urge.

The horizon with vast events o'erhangs,  
 And womanish minds with fear are wrung.  
 But, as "nobody's hurt," I'll pass—adieu!  
 [*Tremendous cheering—as the train starts.*]

SCENE 2d—*Hotel at Harrisburg—Midnight.*  
 [*Enter Messenger in great haste.*]

*Mess* . . .                   How, now sir Boniface,  
 Is Father Abraham thy guest? I would see him.  
 I am son<sup>8</sup> of the Duke of York, and  
 Have I business of the most pressing moment  
 With His Highness, our beloved Abraham.  
 I would see him instanter. The occasion presses.

*Boniface* . . .       Abraham is now my honor'd guest;  
 Some two hours past did he and suit retire,  
 To woo Nature's sweet restorer, for  
 He's journey'd long, and needs repose.  
 He bad me to his slumbering presence  
 Admit no mortal wight.  
                                   Thou must disturb him not,  
 For on his health depends the nation's life.

*Mess* . . .                   I must, and will disturb him,  
 For on his instant knowledge of my mission  
 Depends his own most precious life!  
 I ask an instant audience . . . yea, *demand* it,  
 With His Highness, for I possess a fearful secret,  
 Sent by the Duke of York, in lightning haste!  
 On which may'st depend our weal or woe.  
 Come, this instant, point out the way  
 To Abraham's apartments, or by St. George,  
 I'll grind your bones to fertilizing plaster.  
 Betwixt yon ceiling and my sledge hammer fists.

<sup>8</sup> Frederick W. Seward

*Boniface . . . (Aside) . . .*

[By hokey !

This fellow's either crazy, drunk or earnest.  
There's something in his eye that tokens resolution  
I'll to the chamber of my guest announce him,  
But should he prove to be a fiendish regicide,  
And should His Highness slay while he's my guest,  
I'm busted as a Boniface, forever.]

Well, stranger, since your demand doth seem  
So urgent, honest, and of so vast concern,  
I will at once comply; but mind you, sir,  
The least attempt at harm will 'rouse  
All slumbering Harrisburg, and 'pon my word,  
The Susquehanna fishes shall sate their greed,  
And dine upon your carcass.

Come, sir, as I lead the way, follow thou,  
With steps as light as unwrought cotton.

[*Boniface and Messenger depart for No. 1, bearing  
each a flambeau.*]

SCENE 3d. . . *They arrive at No. 1, and give heavy raps.*

*Abraham (within, half waking.)* What's up, my  
spouse?

Heard you not that racket? Strike a light!  
The Dauphin out of bed hath fallen!

[*The visitors rap again.*]

The Dauphin hath his neck quite broken—and  
There goes the j—n. Fire! Thieves!

[*More and louder rapping.*]

Who's at my chamber this late hour o'night?  
Speak without, or my Derringer I'll level;  
And wo be to him that my nocturnal sanctum  
Doth invade at this unseasonable hour!



Sent me to warn you of the fatal danger;  
That the vile Plugs of the Monumental City  
Hath a hatching for your swift destruction.

A trusty friend, who had the secret gained,  
Did, on the wings of extra pressure steam, fly  
To 'quaint my father of the plot and plotters.

By the information, the story runneth thus:.....  
To-morrow, as the Programme's gazetted,  
You are through seething Baltimore to pass,  
The Rebels hath their machinations well arranged  
To give yourself and suit a fitting welcome,  
And as you the leading thoroughfare do pass,  
The Plugs, in dissembling curiosity,  
Will in vast array press upon you;  
And at the concerted signal from their chief,  
A row and tumult will commence, amain,  
And waxing hotter 'till it doth culminate  
Into a riot of fearful motive power!

Bowie knives, rifles and revolving shooters,  
In that *melée* are all to play their purpose;  
And, when the seed of this infernal plot be ripe,,  
A "chance shot" . . . perhaps a dozen . . . will pierce you.  
And yet, no one aimed it . . . 'twas random "accident,"  
And *accidents*, you know, are seldom honored  
By compunctions that at the death go weeping.

Such, your Highness, is the full programme,  
And such your danger, most imminent.  
Here is a note from the Duke's own hand,  
With particulars full. Read, and at once fly  
Hence, by other routes, *incog*.

[*Abraham takes letter and tremblingly reads.*]

*Abraham* . . . But what, pray, *can* I do?  
This note doth post me of your father's fears,

That on all the highways to the Palace  
There may assassins lie concealed.

*Mess...* For such contingency  
Have we made provision, ample!  
I have raised the *Curtin*<sup>9</sup> from his couch,  
The noble ruler of this Commonwealth,  
Who hath arranged to cut the wires,  
So they give no tongue that's contraband;  
And thus announce, as *à la Mahomed*,  
Your flight by night to Mecca.  
The track is clear, and a special train  
Awaits your Highness at the depot.

[*Presents a large bundle to Abraham.*]

Take this Scotch cap and monkish cloak,  
And, when disguised therein, you've naught to fear,  
For, by my soul, you'll cut such grotesque figure,  
That e'en your spouse won't know you.

*Abraham...* Alas, I feel the pressure  
Of your most kind regards. My inward fear  
Doth move me your lead to follow;  
But what of the morrow? What fresh excuse  
Can our friends invent, to reconcile the crowd,  
That will by thousands, flock to see me?  
What will say the press, when in the wind  
Of such a dodge....so very ludicrous?  
Will they not post me as an arrant coward,  
When as brave as Cæsar I should appear?  
I must summon counsel, e'er I start  
On such a steeple chase, *incognito*.  
Hail the Gov'nor and his trusty friends,

<sup>9</sup> Governor A.G. Curtin, of Pennsylvania.



That I may with him and them divide  
This vast responsibility.

[Rings the bell.

[Enter Boniface in great concern.]

*Boniface* . . . I am your most obsequious servant . . .

What will'st your Highness?

*Abraham* . . . I would you the Gov'nor summon.

I would confer with His Excellency, instantly.

*Boniface* . . . Aye, your Highness !

His Excellency is e'en now in waiting, just below.

I will announce him at once.

[Enter Governor and friends.]

*Abraham* . . . Welcome to my perturbed chamber,

Most excellent Gov'nor. I did thee summon

For counsel in this perplexing throe of fear !

Hast thou learned the story? If yea, at once

Proffer me advice, most just and honorable.

*Gov* . . . That I will, your Highness.

I know it all, and have contrived a mode

Which, though it will provoke much criticism,

Will save you, harmless as a suckling dove !

By all means, depart at once, in this disguise . . .

Yea, before your route with prying eyes

Shall be astir.

I will explain

Your absence on the morrow; so now depart . . .

Yea, go at once, for time is precious

*Abraham* . . . As you will; but O,

That I were a god, to shoot forth thunder

Upon those Baltimorean, abject "Uglies !"

Small things make base men proud. Those villains

Being captains of a gang, threaten more

Than Bargulus, the dread Illyrian Pirate !

But they shall yet pay interest on their folly !  
 Drones suck not eagles' blood, but rob bees !  
 It seems, indeed, impossible that I should die  
 By such dastard vassals as these Plug Uglies,  
 Whose vice move rage, but not remorse, in me ;  
 I go, of message from the Duke of York, but  
 I charge ye, take me swiftly to the Palace !

By vile Bezonians great men have died.  
 It was a Roman sworder and bandito slave  
 That great Tully murdered. Brutus' bastard hand  
 Stabbed Julius Cæsar, . . . savage Islanders  
 Pompey the Great, and Suffolk died by pirates . . .  
 But Abraham the First shall never fall  
 By Baltimore Plug assassins !

So, don my guise  
 And hence I post, a monkish refugee.

*[Exeunt omnes, in great haste and secrecy.]*

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ACT IV.

SCENE . . . *4th of March.*

[Abraham chooseth his counsellors, consisting of the Duke of York, Simon, the Leper, Gideon, the Foggy, Edward, the Barrister, Salmon, the Foxey, Caleb, of the family of Smiths, and Montgomery, the paragon.<sup>10</sup>

The time arrives for Abraham to doff the Scotch cap, &c., and put on the robes of power, and at 12 o'clock he, with his counsellors and soothsayers, leads a dashing pageantry for the Capitol to do some "tall swearing." The East portico, surrounded by thousands bayonets and civilians.]

*[Enter King James,<sup>11</sup> sundry Lords, Nobles, &c.]*

<sup>10</sup> Seward, Cameron, Welles, Bates, Chase, Smith, Blair.

<sup>11</sup> Buchanan.

*Abraham . . . [ Holding up his right hand and fixing his eyes on the  
nude Statuary before him.]*

I now before this vast array  
Of soldiers and civilians, am about to swear  
To protect and preserve the nation's *Magna Charta*.  
Witness, O, people and my God, that solemn oath.

*Judge Taney . . .* Most elevated Abraham !  
Thou chosen ruler of the Jews and Gentiles  
Of this great, dissevered commonwealth !  
Know thou that I am the distinguished author  
Of that little-understood and misquoted tale, Dred  
Scott,  
And that by our great charter, am I empowered  
To exact of thee, before God, an oath,  
That thou, abjuring all other potentates,  
Powers, platforms, creeds and principalities,  
Will faithfully execute the statutes,  
Uphold the Constitution as I expound it,  
And place in trust or office, none except  
The faithful of your creed and party,  
So help you, Simon and the "Balance."

*Abraham . . .* Most learn'd and ven'erable expounder  
Of the law's delays and constitutional perplexities,  
With profound delight have I heard thy speech,  
And in the presence of thy August Self,  
God and the people, do I offer solemn oath,  
To abjure all other Potentatés and Powers,  
(Except Powers' Greek Slave and other Slaves,)  
And that I will most faithfully execute the laws,  
(And the rebels, if I can catch them,)  
The Constitution in all things will I obey,  
(Providing with my wish it interfereth not,)  
And to office not a soul will I appoint,



Georgia, Alabama and Texas threaten . . .  
 The Mississippians are becoming huffy . . .  
 The Old Dominion wavers, and I fear  
 The whole caboodle will give us slip !  
 What shall be done, is now the question . . .  
 What *can* be done, is still a harder one.

*Simon* . . . I pray your Highness  
 Take little heed of these flying rumors.  
 Rest at ease 'till the offices be fill'd !  
 Our *friends* should be waited on  
 Before we pay attention to our foes !  
 Charity, your Highness, begins at home !

*Gideon* . . . Simon hath most fitly spoken.  
 'Tis clear that charity should *at home* begin:  
 And what greater charity than to give the spoils  
 To our most needy (yea, and seedy) friends,  
 Who hath swarmed around your Highness,  
 As a protecting armor, in your late peril,  
 And at the polls were most servicable?

*Salmon* . . . From such a *rôle* I must dissent;  
 Our country first, and afterwards the spoils,  
 Would be my motto at such time as this.

*Simon* . . . "Country" be d—d !  
 I've too many friends awaiting army contracts,  
 To trifle 'bout the "country," yet awhile !

[*Enter Messenger.*]

*Mess.* . . . Most mighty sovereign,  
 On our Eastern coast, the puissant rebels  
 Have attack'd and battered down Fort Sumter,  
 And they seem bent on more despr'ate mischief.  
 'Tis said that Beauregard commands them !  
 I assure your most Excellent Highness,  
 The very air is full of rumors. [Exit Messenger.]



*Queen Margaret* . . . Ah, were the Little Giant King,  
These fiendish Rebels would be soon appeased !

[*Enter another Messenger*]

*3d Mess* . . . Sad news, my Lords!

Stonewall's varlets hath near reached Long Bridge !  
The citizens fly and forsake their homes !  
The rascally people, thirsting after prey,  
Join with the traitors, and they jointly swear  
To spoil this City and your loyal court.

Our legions that did yesternight go forth  
Into the Bull Run gorge to meet the Rebels,  
Hath been repulsed in most disastrous slaughter,  
And panic-struck, are flying hither;

And your highness,  
Each soldiers wears a look of o'er-exhaustion;  
While curses long and loud do rend the air !  
All talk of treachery, and most affirm  
That Patterson<sup>12</sup> is a knave or fool!

*Abraham* . . . Merciful Heavens!

Is it come to this? My very palace gates  
By a mob of ragged rebels threatened,  
Whom we could beat by ballots, but not by swords !  
I'll go the oysters, there's treachery in camp !

*Simon* . . . Then linger not, my Lord! Away! take horse !

*Abraham* . . . Come, my Queen, Scott and our platform  
Will, in this trying hour, succor us.

*Q. Mar* . . . My hope is gone, now Douglas is deceased.

*Abraham* . . . Farewell, my Lords,  
Beware the Kentish rebels. To my palace  
Will I retire, and note events.

[*Exeunt omnes.*]

<sup>12</sup> General Robert Patterson.

## ACT VI.

SCENE—*Cabinet Convention.**Abraham . . .*

How now, my Lords,

Have you pondered well the fearful "situation?"  
 The ill mishaps on Manassas' gory plains  
 Have wrought my mind to most nervous pitch.  
 What think you of a change in commander  
 Of our grand Potomac Army!

There's Achilles,<sup>13</sup>

The chivalrous West Virginia hero,  
 Who can from Stonewall bring those honors off,  
 Which alone can rid us of Jeff Davis,  
 The centrifugal Hector of the South!

What say you to Achilles, the young Napoleon?  
 Yet, in the trial, much opinion dwells—  
 For now, our party taste our dear repute,  
 With their finest palates. They trust to me,  
 And yet, *they* choose, and only ask my sanction—  
 Using me as a manikin, merely.

It is supposed,

That he who goes forth to meet the Southern Hector,  
 Issues from our own well studied choice,  
 And should disaster follow, wo betide us.

*Simon . . .*

Give pardon to my speech;

Therefore, 'tis meet that Achilles meet not Hector!  
 Let us, like merehants, show our foulest wares,  
 And think, perchance, they'll sell, if not  
 The luster of the better shall exceed,  
 By showing the baser lot at first!

Consent not that Achilles and Hector meet,  
 For both our honor and our party interest  
 Are dogg'd by two strange followers—

<sup>13</sup> Mc Clellan.



I mean the radical and conservative *pressure*.—

Achilles is a chieftain of Democratic stock,

He's valiant, and may win too many laurels!

We must to our party interest have an eye!

*Abraham* . . . In that light, I don't exactly see it.

*Simon* . . . What glory Achilles wins from Hector,

Were he of our party, we should all share,

But success would make his party insolent,

And we had better parch in Afric's sun,

Than in the pride of Achilles' glory!

No, let us make a lottery,  
And by device, let blockhead Ajax draw

The man to fight with Hector. Among *ourselves*,

Give him allowances for the better man,

For that will physic most, the proud Democracy,

Who rail in loud applause, and make them fall

Their crests, that prouder than blue iris bends!

If the dull, brainless Ajax comes safe off,  
We'll dress him up in voices! Should he fail,

Yet, go we under our good opinion still,

That we have *better* men. But, hit or miss,

Our plan one good shape of sense assumes—

Ajax employed, plucks down Achilles' plumes!

*D. of Y* . . . My Lord Simon

Hath woven a most ingenious web, which

Might, and then it might not catch

The silly summer flies that buzz around

The purlieus of our royal palace. But I,

More foxey, would web for gallinippers—

They do bite and sting.

No, we must not  
Our brave Achilles jump by any noodle;  
For should aught of ill betide our arms,

'Twill be to party scheming charged!

The public is a tiger, which, when by degrees,  
Tamed and docillated to one's own will,  
Can by silken strings of sophistry be led:  
But when fresh from jungles of the native herd,  
'Tis no common plaything, and might, anon  
Prove dangerous. We must be cautious!

[Enter Page.]

*Page* . . . Please your Highness,  
I am press'd by a seedy courtier, just arrived,  
With pale and livered face, and greasy wardrobe,  
To ask him audience with your Lordships.  
Shall I announce him?

*Abraham* . . . Who is he, and what his purpose?

*Page* . . . Please your Highness,  
I know him not, and can but from his exterior jib  
Describe him.

*Simon* . . . Well, well, what looks he like?

*Page* . . . And by the Powers that made me,,  
I should be puzzled to daguerreotype him.  
He's crowned with a slouched hat, *à la Mose*—  
Coat and jacket drab as pale charity—  
Pants of the same fabric, closely pack'd  
Inside his monstrous stogas.

Such, your Lordship,  
Are his quaint externals, which to other eyes,  
More vulgar, 'pear as though once were clean,  
Tho' now with grease and ink befuddled!  
The sheepish looking stranger did flat refuse  
To send his card, and I would you caution,  
Scan him well, lest some cannibal spy  
Shall for supper take your measure.

*Abraham (aside.)* . . . [Greeley, by thunder!

There's no mistaking that quaint description.

Wonder what the cuss desires of me?

Perhaps some contract, or foreign mission—

Or, to bore me about the duties of my oath,

Or, in the contraband *rôle* impress me!

Well, a few sugar plums must quiet him.]

Admit the stranger, I know him well.

*Page* . . . Your Highness,

I haste to do your bidding.

[*Aside.*]

[His Highness "knows him well," egad!

He seems familiar with all the greasy fellers!

However, I'll keep a vigil eye on the gold spoons

And silver plate, while that rustic stays.]

[*Exunt Page, and enter Gen. Greeley.*]

*Abraham* . . . Welcome, to our palace,

Thou most proficient mental engineer!

Wait, betimes, while I do call the lacquey,

To sponge thy dusty wardrobe.

*Gen. Greeley* . . . O, trouble not, sweet Abraham,

About my wardrobe, for on July 4th,

One year ago, it was quite renovated.

But, good Abraham, I'm come not, I'll swear,

All the way from York, to shake my dust

Into your royal court. I am come, commission'd

To plead before your august Lordships,

The bleeding cause of contrabands, in general!

I do demand, that ignoring all other acts,

The Confiscation Act you follow, to the letter.

Issue the Proclamation, and "on to Richmond!"

Then, by St. Paul, the rebels soon must yield,

For I have nine hundred thousand warriors

That to arms will spring, the very moment  
You sound the Proclamation trump.

*D. of Y. (aside.)* . . . [As I have oft prognosticated,  
That Greeley will yet ruin the House of Abraham.  
I would he were ten leagues in Dixie.]

Well, my honest friend,  
It, doth me honor to thus greet thee !  
I pray thee be thou quite at home.  
But, with aught valuable, meddle not—  
Touch nothing here, and I'll give the "pass"  
To enjoy the liberty of the palace yard !  
Adieu, kind General—adieu!

*Gen. Greeley (aside.)* . . . Umph! Since these snobs  
Are dressed in a little brief authority,  
They put on airs, that cast the Bowery Thugs  
Quite in the shade. Faith I'll tickle 'em  
With my trusty goose quill.]

[*Exit Gen. Greeley.*]

*D. of Y.* . . . Thank God for that good riddance !  
[*Enter Page.*]

*Page* . . . May it please your gracious Highness  
A delegation in the ante-room doth wait  
An audience with your Highness.

*Abraham* . . . Admit them not.  
These interruptions doth spoil our purpose.

*Salmon* . . . Tell them we are not at home to-day.

*Page* . . . But, my Lords they did me press  
Most urgent, and besides, they are your allies,  
Most potent in this crisis.

*Gideon* . . . Speak, rat,  
What their wish? Come, make short tongue !

*Page* . . . My Lord, I can but say,  
They're black as ace o'spades, and only talk  
About "Freedom" and His Highness' "policy."

*Simon* . . . Ah, I smell the rat  
These are our party *protégés*. I vow,  
We must not these turn off in grief.

*All voices* . . . Admit them! Admit them!

[*Enter Delegation of Contrabands.*]

*Abraham* . . . Welcome, welcome!  
Most sable allies in freedom's cause!

*D. of Y.* . . . Welcome, thou motive power  
O' the conflict, irrepresible.

*Gideon* . . . What can we do to serve thee!

*1st Contraband* . . . We hab come, Massa Abraham.  
In behalf ob de gemmen ob de purest blood,  
To enquire 'bout de collyzashun question.

*Abraham* . . . Aye, aye, ye do flatter me,  
To thus take notice o' that important point,  
Which is the Alpha and Omega of my reign.

[*Enter Messenger.*]

*Simon* . . . Why this interruption, bastard?

*Mess* . . . Pardon, your Lordships,  
But Achilles; failing of ample reinforcements,  
By Ajax, as he would, hath, by vast numbers,  
Been quite repulsed, by Hector's Rebel Chiefs,  
And hence, to Yorktown is retreating.

Achilles did chide me,  
As I lov'd our country, to fly with speed  
That should distance the fleetest stag,  
To reach the palace, and beg your Lordships  
The send him succor, instantly, or  
As he bade me say, all may be lost.

[*Enter Edwin, Simon having withdrawn.*]

- Edwin* . . . Begone, ye lousey interloper,  
 And tell Achilles to give o'er Richmond—  
 That Ajax to guard our royal palace  
 Hath been directed. Tell Achilles to flee  
 Or fight, for no succor shall he have from me.
- Salmon* . . . Avaunt! Avaunt!  
 We've more important business now!  
 Our colored cousins await our pleasure!  
 [Exit Messenger in grief.]
- 1st Con* . . . As I war sayin', Massa—
- Abraham* . . . O,—aye, I do remember,  
 Thou wouldst learn my arch device  
 To make you equals of the famed Aztecs.
- 2d Con* . . . No, Massa, no,  
 You won't 'mong dem alligators send us!  
 We am told you make dis war on our 'count—  
 Dat you promise to make us "free" and "equal,"  
 Just as de Declarashun 'spresses it.  
 But, Massa, if you send us off from friends,  
 Agin our wish and our free inclinashuns,  
 What 'comes of de "freedom" and de "quality?"  
 We ax you to carry out de one great principle,  
 Dat Massa Greeley and Sumner 'splain so much!
- Abraham* . . . Ah, most illiterate ignoramuses!  
 Thou dost ill-comprehend our party teachings.  
 We by no means assert you free and equal  
 As ourselves, among our noble selves.  
 Such admission would most preposterous be.
- 2d Con* . . . Well, Massa, den what you mean!
- Abraham* . . . We mean that you are "free" to emigrate,  
 And "equal" to my plan of gradual extradition,  
 If I but give your brethren all free passes,  
 And my subjects foot the bills, in "freedom's" name,

That's what we mean. We all do know  
That you are much inferior to our noble race,  
And so long as we all remain together,  
The inferior must be slaves.

1st Con . . . Massa, dem's most 'culiar sent'ments.  
You can't dese chiles fool by any such a stuff.

2d Con . . . We won't go to Quito or Liberia.

3d Con . . . No, dat we won't.  
We'll wid de white folks be free and equal,  
Just as you say Massa Jefferson foretold us.

4th Con . . . If de darkies all dis land do leab,  
What will the bobolishioners do for votes?

5th Con . . . Da can't do widout us,  
And, Massa Abraham, we all see you d—d  
Afore we go wa to hunt up "freedom!"  
Good da, Massa- -good da.

[*Exeunt Contrabands.*]

*Abraham (to the Duke of York)* . . . I say, good Duke,  
This contraband question is a double knot,  
That more and more puzzles, as we make effort  
To untie it. I'd rather beat the jungle,  
And seize the hyena's snarling whelps,  
In presence of their exasperated dam,  
Than meddle with this contraband wolf.

*D. of Y.* . . . I see the troubles thicken, and irrepressible  
Are becoming.

*Edwin*<sup>14</sup> . . . This was the fatal rock,  
On which my late master, (or, rather, dupe,)  
King James, did split. His affliction  
Was of the Lecompton type.

<sup>14</sup> Stanton.

*Gideon* . . . We too late find it an *ignus fatuus*,  
And our party its Frankenstein creator,  
Deliver us from the monster of our own creation.

*Caleb* . . . And may we 'scape Acteon's fate,  
Who by his own dogs was eaten up.

*Montgomery*<sup>15</sup> . . . Long have I known  
It was a phantom, which, for our classic party  
'Twere death to hug, and no less fatal  
To disembrace.

[*Enter Page.*]

*Page* . . . Please, your Highness,  
The Lord Chancellor of the new Exchequer,  
Doth urge your instant presence 'fore him.  
Monster frauds have been discovered!  
He fears that not less than five hundred millions  
Hath thro' sundry agents taken wings!—  
Parliament is all a-rage, and Van Wyck  
Hath his portfolio filled with proofs!—  
The press is loud—sedition stalks abroad?  
The people are becoming restive!

*Edwin* . . . This sedition must be stopped.

*Abraham* . . . But how?

*Edwin* . . . Leave that to me.  
If your Highness will sign a proclamation  
Against "disloyal practices," egad, I'll warrant  
To gag these malcontent editors, who  
Because our favorites may appropriate  
A few paltry millions, do stir up sedition!  
A few exampled victims in Ft. Lafayette  
Will affright the rest to silence.

*Abraham* . . . I will do anything your Lordship urges,  
Tho' Proclamations are not my best holt!

<sup>15</sup> Blair.



*Caleb* . . . Come, let's adjourn,  
And con the matter o'er betimes.  
[*Exeunt omnes.*]

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ACT VII.

SCENE—*The Irrepressible Conflict—Storm in the Cabinet.*

*Salmon* . . . Good morrow, your Highness,  
May I hope your health's par excellent?  
You seldom 'pear in more rosy plight.

*Abraham* . . . Alas, your Lordship,  
Appearances do oft, e'en the elect, deceive.  
My physical, perhaps, wern't never better,  
But in spirit am I most sorely troubled!  
Yet, for that, good Lord, no matter!  
I would enquire the state of our Exchequer.  
The Wall St. barometer bodes storms, I fear!  
The tempest swiftly comes. We must take in sail,  
For by a private telegram it is announced  
That our Legal Tenders won't stand the metal test,  
And 'tis feared our plethoric batch of Green Backs  
May sink to that old Continental standard,  
When a solid cord of picture currency  
Would hardly purchase one good brandy sling,  
Such as I, for a levy, did once to Suckers sell!  
Now, what can be done to save our credit?

*Salmon* . . . Good Father Abraham  
I pray you on that score rest quite at ease,  
For my ample "system" will ere long restore  
The equilibrium 'twixt mint drops and our rags.  
But that's neither here nor there—it's small concern,  
Compared with the other matter pressing.

*Abraham* . . . What "other matter" mean your Lordship?

*Salmon* . . .                    Why, 'tis that peerless one,  
 Your counsellors have so often urged,  
 (Save Montgomery, Caleb and the Duke of York.)  
 I mean the *Proclamation*. It will at one fell swoop,  
 Crush the rebels and liberate the contrabands.  
 'Tis *cheaper* warfare than maintaining armies.

*Abraham* . . .                    No, no, I'll die,  
 E'er I'll so foul offense commit—  
 I cannot—will not listen to't—  
 So long as my spinal nerve holds out.  
 'Twould let loose a thousand vilest passions,  
 That breed in savage breasts, and loathing maggots  
 Would pray upon the foetid, decomposing stench,  
 Until a servile rising should in butchery end.  
 When our jealous neighbors across the sea,  
 Would seize the first occasion, as it ripened,  
 And add to rebel strength their own vast power!  
 And in such event, 'tis clear, we'd lose our throne,  
 And our contraband rabbit i' the bargain.  
 We'd be like the greedy sow, seeing the moon's disc  
 Reflected in the well, her corn did drop,  
 To seize upon the new-made cheese,  
 And by her greed lost all her supper.

[*Enter Religious Delegation from Chicago.*]

*1st Divine* . . .                    We are come, your Highness,  
 To present from our great Western Synod,  
 A petition, urgent—that you will, at once  
 The *Proclamation* issue, and thus to Freedom  
 Lend the bent of your almighty power!  
 Say, shall we despond, or hope?

*Abraham* . . .                    If thou'lt convince me  
 That Ethiopes are of more due concernment  
 Than thirty millions of the Anglo Saxon race,

And that all our treasure, time and blood,  
 Should on black "extractions" be exhausted,  
 Then might I listen to your importunities.  
 But what can I do—of what avail  
 Would be my proclamation, in those parts  
 Where I have not the power to send an agent  
 To collect a shekel of our revenue?  
 Such a proclamation would do no more good,  
 Than the "Pope's Bull against the Comet!"  
 Or Crocket's swear against the earthquake.

[*Exeunt Delegation, in a huff.*]

*D. of Y.* . . . Bravo! Bravo!

*Edwin* . . . I echo bravo, (in a horn.)

*Salmon* (*aside, to the balance.*) . . . [My Lords, go steady

We must these foibles humor, yet awhile, until  
 We can, by strategy, more *pressure* bring!

His Highness and the Duke of York doth fear  
 Too much the puissant Democracy,  
 And the conservatives of our own household.  
 But never mind—I've most cheering news  
 Of events, which, when ripe, will bring  
 His Highness down, as Scott did cooney.]

*Gideon, (aside, in reply.)* . . . Ah, indeed, my Lord,

And to what new *rôle* do you refer, I pray,  
 That e'en in hope looks cheering?]

*Salmon* (*aside—responsive*) . . . [I will explain:—

You must know that our most faithful friends,  
 The Royal Gov'nors of all New England,  
 Have convened at Providence, of late—  
 A plan of *moral coercion* to devise; and  
 By secret correspondence, am I advised,  
 That they, with sundry others, at Altoona,  
 Soon will meet, for more decisive action:

Then, we'll have their ultimatum—*no more troops!*  
 Unless the proclamation be forthcoming.  
 Thus you see, His Highness must succumb.]

Pardon, your highness,  
 My *t^te à t^te* with Gideon. 'Tis only  
 A private affair of honor!

*Abraham . . .* With all my heart, my Lord;  
 I observed you not. No inconvenience.

[*Aside.*]

[But I've heard enough to *settle* me  
 In the firm conviction that foul treachery  
 Doth in my very court go stalking!  
 I must probe this matter, and if 'tis thus,  
 I must yield per force of mad circumstance,  
 For I'll not abdicate—'twere too much  
 To yield up power—salary—glory—all—  
 Barely to show the mettle of my vertebræ,

No, no;

I'll make the most on't, and before the vile traitors  
 Meet, will I the Proclamation issue,  
 Tho' it blow the realm to atoms.]  
 But come, my Lords, the clock's advancing;  
 'Tis time to sup. Full bellies stimulate good nature.  
 Page, draw the curtain.

*D. of Y. . . .* And we the corks will draw.

[*Exeunt omnes.*]

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ACT VIII.

SCENE—*Altoona in the foreground.*

[*Enter twelve Royal Governors.*]

*Cardinal Andrew*<sup>16</sup> . . . Welcome to our conclave, noble Dukes!

<sup>16</sup> Governor John A. Andrew, Massachusetts.

This convocation is most opportune, indeed,  
 Since the main purpose on't is gained !  
 Read you not the Proclamation, just o'er the wires ?  
 Egad ! His Highness hath been bro't to milk !  
 Tho' I confess, he's fired 'twixt wind and water !  
 The Proclamation is as much a vain abortion,  
 As the choice we made of ruler at the polls !  
 However, we must *seem* to applaud it,  
 Or else the radical votes we lose.

*Duke of Hampshire*<sup>17</sup> . . . Thou hast spoken wisely,  
 Most gracious Cardinal. We must the potion swallow,  
 And feign convalescence, tho' the fell disease  
 In time becomes incurable !

*Barron de Accident*<sup>18</sup> . . . Ich weis nicht was sie sagen wollen,  
 Hoffe es aber bald auszufinden.

*Buckeye Pasha*<sup>19</sup> . . . Away with all other questions,  
 And let us serve the notice on Hi Highness,  
 That unless Achilles be deposed, at once,  
 And Ajax raised to favor, no more troops  
 Shall e'er go forth by our commands.  
 What say you all?

*Bishop Curtin* . . . To consent  
 To displacement of the brave Achilles,  
 Since he hath my Commonwealth defended.  
 With so much strategy and good omen,  
 Would most foul ingratitude betray,  
 And, besides, I know, the rebel Hector  
 Would glory in the change, since all else  
 Our Chieftains, Hector feareth not  
 More than the sportive winds.

17 Governor Ichabod T. Goodwin, of New Hampshire.

18 Governor (?) apparently meant for Edward Bates, but Claiborne F. Jackson was Governor of Missouri.

19 Governor William Dennison, of Ohio.

*Sucker*<sup>20</sup> . . . Well, since of his removal  
 The valiant Bishop doth not agree  
 With the greatest number of us all,  
 Let us take our satchels and haste to meet  
 His Highness at the Central Palace,  
 That we may His Highness congratulate  
 On the great wisdom of his Proclamation,  
 And then we may such other measures urge  
 That will dismiss Achilles, and Ajax favor.  
 Come, the cars are waiting—All aboard.  
 [*Exeunt twelve Royal Governors.*]

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 ACT IX.

SCENE.—*In the Green Room.*

[*Enter Abraham, Councillors and Politicians, Nov.—*]

*Edwin* . . . Well, your Highness'  
 How think you the elections are decided? I fear  
 From the blue complexion of the October fashions,  
 That we may suffer still greater losses.  
 I e'en do fear New York deserting.

*Salmon* . . . Poh! Impossible!

*Edwin* . . . I Sey-mour than perhaps you think I do,  
 And I begin to distrust, most seriously,  
 The policy of our *lettres de cachet*. That, I fear,  
 Hath played the d—l with our purpose.  
 The people, instead of being cowed, as 'twas intended,  
 Have been stung to madness. Look out,  
 I warn ye, for November gales!

*Caleb* . . . If we are beaten, then the jig is up,  
 And we must the Dictatorship abandon,  
 Until the people, in more mellow mood,  
 Shall off their guard be napping.

<sup>20</sup> Governor Richard Yates, Illinois.

*Abraham . . .* Thy prognostications, my Lords,  
Remind me of a story, about the jackass  
And the kid, which I'll relate—

*Edwin . . . (interrupting.)* O, d—n the stories.  
I'm sick of stories, and besides, here comes the Page  
With a telegram. Now look out for thunder!  
[*Enter Page.*]

*Edwin . . .* How, now—any news from York?

*Page . . .* Aye, yes, my Lord, sad news, indeed.  
Seymour, the "tory," and all his confederates,  
Art chosen by most fearful odds,  
And Wadsworth, alas, is *hors du combat!*

*Salmon . . .* Great Moses! Can this be so!  
Then I have lost the oysters!

*D. of Y. . . .* I knew it aforetime, and thus my wager  
sav'd;  
Your radical measures hath overturn'd our porridge.  
As I have oft predicted.

*Gideon . . .* Well, Page, what news from other quarters?

*Page . . .* Ah, your Lordships, most doleful.  
The Badger State hath topsy-turvy turned,  
And the Suckers—right at the very door sill  
Of His Highness' hermitage, have "played h—ll,"  
While the Wolverines, no more grateful,  
Have nearly kicked the beam!

*Abraham . . .* Alas, a fit response  
To the bitter cup of my Proclamation.  
O, foul conspirators! Thou hast ruined Rome,  
Thou hast Cæsar stabbed. *Et tu Edwin!*  
*Et tu Salmon!* O, Tempore! O, Mores!  
Bring me no more news to night!

[*Exeunt omnes.*]

## ACT X.

SCENE—*Cabinet Meeting.**Abraham...*

Alas, my Lords,

What an unkind hour is this to me !  
 For scarcely from delirious slumber did I wake,  
 On this bright, yet ill-boding morn,  
 E'er a courier, drunk, with dread affright,  
 Did call me from my couch, to pour  
 Into my unwilling ears, results, astounding,  
 Of the Proclamation in Kentucky, where,  
 As his story runs, the exasperated masses  
 Do join the rebels by scores and grand divisions !  
 The Border States are said to be in uproar !  
 The Contrabands don't "rise" as first you urg'd !  
 But such as have no power or will to work,  
 Are pressing on our lines in such vast numbers,  
 That loyal men do stagger 'neath the weight  
 That's eating out their substance. I fear,  
 My Lords, that we've too well succeeded  
 In uniting the heretofore diverse feuds  
 That cooled and tempered Southern rage,  
 And that the loyal North we have divided !

While I did the middle course conserve,  
 While I did Ajax o'erthrow, and did "modify"  
 Simon, and Brave Hunter, and while I did  
 Our Simon from my counsel banish,  
 All things went merry as a marriage bell !  
 The North was then a unit of power !  
 She did freely bleed her many millions;  
 And from her hill sides, plains and valleys,  
 Came forth her sturdy and brave legions—  
 Mighty and terrible as the hosts of Xerxes !  
 In the West—my own proud West—



The car of our triumphs was moving on !  
 Into our hands fell Henry and Donelson,  
 By the valor of troops that never quailed—  
 The prestige of my victorious army was felt  
 At Shiloh, Pea Ridge and Island Ten,  
 While Memphis and Mississippi's Queen,  
 Fell easy preys to my chivalrous legions !

And, no less mark'd were achievements  
 On our Eastern coast, where to attack,  
 Was victory, and victory us deserted not,  
 Until Parliament and Cabinet essayed  
 To lead, and dictate plans beyond their ken,  
 Or power to execute. Politicians took the field—  
 Not in person—for they were chivalric bastards !

Instead of trusting to our war chieftains,  
 They chalk'd campaigns in the caucus room,  
 And did them execute in the civil forum !  
 Heroes they made of cornstalks, alas !  
 To be riven by the first ill-omened blast !  
 Military science they whistled down the wind,  
 And mock'd at "spades" and "strategy !"   
 They've press'd me night and day—"on to Richmond,"  
 By measures, routes, and geometric curves,  
 Of which they, themselves, as the unborn babe,  
 Were ignorant. *Cause*, they seldom study,  
 But jump at theories, to reach *effect* !  
 When our prosperity was at its highest flow,  
 Did they howl like packs of arrant wolves !  
 To stop enlistments, and to the Proclamation  
 Leave the job of crushing treason.

Well,

To please the malcontents, I the Bull did issue.  
 Behold what followed !—the forthwith call

For six hundred thousand victims, new hecatombs  
 To fill, and mines to blow up more treasure !  
 And behold disaster on disaster, since,  
 Without a parallel, excuse, or palliation:  
 And all to please the whim of party hucksters !  
 Thrice hath our Grand Army—Potomac's pride !  
 Been repulsed and flayed by Hector's ragged serfs,  
 And now I find me in that dread dilemma  
 Where to "modify," my new rôle—under pressure  
 chosen,  
 Would my reputation forever compromise,  
 And I be styled fool—dastard—nose of wax !  
 And yet, to persevere, on the chart ill drafted,  
 Would destroy my country, and dethrone my power.  
 So much for Buckingham ! [Aside.]  
 [O, fell disasters !—ripe fruits of giving o'er  
 To clamors of a rabble mob, insatiate.  
 O, Heaven's vengeance, swift as lightning's bolt,  
 Resign my Cabinet—make room for Holt !]  
 [Faints, and subsides into an easy chair.]

*D. of Y.*— See, His Highness swoons !  
 His griefs do overcome him. Call the Page,  
 And summon quick the Knight of Physic.

*Edwin.*—Ho ! there, without ! Help !

[Enter Citizen.]

*Cit.* . . . Pray, my Lord, what's the matter ?

*Edwin.* . . . O, nothing, save His Highness hath a fit ;  
 That's what's the matter.

*Abraham (recovering)* . . . Cease for me, your pother,  
 For, in body am I quite well, indeed !  
 'Tis my country's cause that hath o'ercome  
 My agitated spirit . . . and *thou* the cause !

*Edwin (agitated)*—*Me* the cause !

*Abraham* . . . *You* . . . aye, and the whole pack of Radicals,  
Who hath forc'd me to this unlucky blunder.

[*Enter Messenger.*]

*Mess* . . . Your most worshipful Highness,  
I am come, by order of your chieftain Ambrose,  
To' quaint you of reverses diabolical,  
That your Grand Army hath just befel,  
At Fredericksburg, on the fatal Rappahannock;  
Your faithful legions are badly cut to pieces,  
And Ambrose<sup>21</sup> hath across the stream retired,  
Shorn of warriors, near fifteen thousand!  
As brave as e'er did charge a bayonet!

*Abraham* . . . What needs Ambrose . . . succor?

*Mess* . . . Nay, your Highness;  
He did chide me, that of troops and ammunition  
He had abundance, but, less rash orders  
Would better suit his, and the nation's purpose!

*Edwin* . . . That Ambrose is an arrant fool,  
To thus cast suspicion on my orders!  
I bade him take Fredericksburg at any cost,  
And then "on to Richmond," by the shortest cut,  
As pre-arranged in our party caucus;  
And if he's failed, the blame be on his skirts!

*Abraham* . . . Enough, enough!  
My heart doth within me freeze to zero,  
And more than ever am I now convinc'd  
That party caucus can ne'er take Richmond!  
The Proclamation have I uttered . . . fatal blunder!  
And deposed Achilles . . . thrice fatal error!

Alas! I feel like one  
Whom the vile intrigues of petty politicians  
Have so incensed, that I am reckless

<sup>21</sup> Burnside.

What I do to spite ill-fortune.

Alas, alas!

I am so weary of these sad disasters  
That on any chance would I set my life  
To mend it, or to be rid on't.

So cowards fight when they can fly no longer . . .  
So doves do peck the falcon's piercing talons . . .  
So desp'rate soldiers, hopeless of their lives,  
Breathe out invectives 'gainst the officers!  
Dreadful is the fate whom despair hath forced  
To censure Fate . . . and pious hope forego!

All hope is lost . . . welcome any fate!  
Save hope deferred, to be destroyed.  
My Court's dismissed, and to my sad pillow  
Will I pour out my silent grief.

*Exeunt omnes.]*

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ACT XI.

SCENE . . . *Senatorial Caucus in the Capitol.*

*[Enter thirty-one Senators.]*

*Fessenden* . . . Most noble Senators,

We are to this solemn purpose call'd  
To take action on the late disaster!  
Unless something shall be quickly done,  
To rescue our army, from oblivion,  
The feast of fatal blunders, we might  
As well all at once resign.

*Wade* . . . But what can we do?  
Will the noble Sen'tor some "Maine" end state  
That we can by this caucus 'complish?

*Fes* . . . We must revolutionize  
The Cabinet. Abraham, we cannot stir,

But we must demand a change at once,  
Among his effete counsellors.

At least, the Duke of York  
Must walk the plank! So should Edward,  
In fact, the more the better, for then,  
We all do stand a better chance!

*Trum* . . . That's what's the matter.

*Fes* . . . I do affirm the Duke of York  
To be the cause of our sad reverses.  
He is the Jonah of the Cabinet, and then,  
He doth denounce the proclamation  
As an idle bagatelle.

*Sumner* . . . He must go out, or else no peace  
Will Abraham enjoy, Mark that.  
I move that we His Highness do address  
A firm, yet most decisive protest  
Against the further party toleration  
Of the imbecile clogs around him.  
The motion's carried, and five of our number  
Shall bear to Abraham our potent wishes.  
Our purposes done, I declare this caucus  
Dissolved till further orders.<sup>22</sup>

[*Exeunt omnes.*]

SCENE 2d—*Cabinet Meeting.*

[*Enter Committee of five Senators.*]

*Abraham* . . . Good morrow, your honors;  
What's now agog in Parliament?

*Fes* . . . We are come, your Highness,  
As select men from last evening's caucus,  
To favor your Highness with this Protest.

[*Hands out a paper, which Abraham reads.*]

<sup>22</sup> William P. Fessenden, Maine, Benjamin F. Wade, Ohio, Lyman Trumbull, Ill., Charles Sumner, Mass.

- Abraham...* And is this your *rôle*?  
 My Court will understand the purpose:  
 Those doughty Senators do of me demand  
 A modification of my Cabinet. faith;  
 And the Duke of York, most faithful,  
 At least shall go. What say my Court?
- D. of Y. . . .* I say, your Highness,  
 Here's my portfolio . . . take it back.  
 I can't be useful unless I'm wholly black.
- Salmon . . .* And here's my portfolio, full of checks;  
 Take it, and I'll run my chance for Senator.
- Montgomery . . .* And, your Highness,  
 I, too am ready for the slaughter.
- Edwin . . .* I'll see 'em d . . . d e'er I  
 Will yield an Inch. I'd rather die.
- Abraham . . .* Take back your folios, all;  
 We're all upon ill fortune's track,  
 And together we will sink or swim.  
 Go back, ye intermeddling Solons,  
 Do your worst, but unless your'e the stronger,  
 I'll stand *this* "pressure" a little longer.
- [*Exeunt Committee, exasperated.*]
- Edwin . . .* A pretty bold attempt, your Highness  
 For little boys to *Wade* beyond their depths,  
 Without bladders 'neath their arms.
- [*Enter Halleck.*]
- Edwin . . .* Here comes the fatal cause  
 Of all our most malicious ills.
- Halleck . . .* Such epithets address you sir, to me?  
 I'll not brook such contemptuous slurs.  
 Sir, you are a coward, and never fought for spurs.
- Edwin . . .* *Me* a coward . . . then you're a lying whelp.  
 And dare not resent, without procuring help.

*Halleck* . . . (Slaps his face.) Take that, poltroon, my  
legal tender,

And show how brave you play your own defender.

[*They clinch and have a savage set-to.*]

*Abraham* . . . My rabid Lords,  
It grieves me sore to see this cruel sport,

Strewing blood and hair about my virtuous court.

*D. of Y.* . . . Most vicious mastiffs,  
I pray you both, preserve your strength;

You'll need it all on ropes, at length.

*Chandler* . . . Let them fight.

I admire the pluck they're now begetting;

It so pleaseth me to see blood-letting.

See the claret; good Lord, how Stanton reels,

And Halleck chucks him out . . . head, neck and heels.

[*Exeunt, actors, drama and all.*]

MORAL.

Sad is the moral . . . brother shouldn't war with brother,

Nor in the Cabinet sho'd they maul each other.

May God in future forbid such exhibitions,

And rid the country of *such* vile politicians,

Lest they our rights and liberties destroy,

Is the ardent prayer of the Carrier Boy.

*F I N I S*





**THE ASSASSINATION**  
**OF**  
**PRESIDENT LINCOLN**

**AS TOLD BY**  
**CAPTAIN JOHN T. BOLTON,**  
**THEN A LIEUTENANT OF THE PROVOST GUARD**  
**IN WASHINGTON, D. C.**



## THE ASSASSINATION OF PRESIDENT LINCOLN

AS TOLD BY CAPTAIN JOHN T. BOLTON, THEN A LIEUTENANT  
OF THE PROVOST GUARD IN WASHINGTON, D. C.

**W**HILE in Washington, D. C. last year (1910), attending the banquet given by the Loyal Legion, I visited the house in which President Lincoln died. This was the first time I had been there since the morning of the 15th of April, 1865, when his lifeless body was brought out and placed in the hearse. There is now at this house the "Oldroyd Lincoln Memorial Collection", gathered and owned by Mr. Osborn H. Oldroyd, who is in charge of the building and shows to the numerous visitors the relics and mementos connected with the last days of the great President, and points out the objects and places of interest in the old house made historical by his death.

I was in company with a friend, and while pointing out to him the death-chamber, the position of the bed and how the President lay, Mr. Oldroyd came in behind us, and hearing my remarks to my friends, said to me: "You appear to be pretty well informed." I turned to him with the remark, "I ought to be, I had charge of the dying President the night he was assassinated, and had him brought over to this house." He seemed incredulous, and stated that a number of people had claimed to have taken a prominent part that night. I then told him of my connection with this tragedy and convinced him of the truth of my statements, and he asked me to write for him an account of the assassination as witnessed by me, and the duties I had to perform that night, stating that what I told him supplied missing links in the different accounts which he had been able to gather. Heretofore I had been unwilling

to go into public print about this occurrence, but Mr. Oldroyd has persuaded me to put in writing for him a record of events as I saw and participated in them, which account he is going to place with other data collected by him on this subject.

I felt that it would be well to have someone substantiate my story and vouch for my character. I had remained in the service a year after the close of the Civil War; the officers of my command had all scattered, and I did not know the address of a single one. I decided to write to Mr Asa Bird Gardiner, of New York, who was Adjutant of my regiment. This was successful, and the correspondence that passed between us (personal references omitted) is here given for the purpose of identifying me and corroborating the story which follows:

Norfolk, Va. February 7, 1910

Mr. Asa Bird Gardiner, New York, N. Y.

My Dear Old Friend and Adjutant of the 7th V. R. C.

No doubt you will be surprised to hear from me at this late day. It has been my desire to call on you during some of my trips to New York, and I would have availed myself of this pleasure, but for the fact that I did not know your address.

On the first of this month I attended a banquet in Washington, of the Loyal Legion, of which I am a member, and while there visited, for the first time since 1865, the house where I carried President Lincoln the night he was assassinated at Ford's Theatre. At that time I was a Lieutenant of the Provost Guard, and on duty at that place.

The house is now a kind of museum, where an enterprising citizen has gathered facts and relics bearing upon the tragedy. He was very much surprised when I showed a friend who accompanied me the position of the room and bed and how the President lay the

night he died, and on hearing of my connection with events he was anxious that I should write an account of same, stating that it would furnish a number of missing links which he had been unable to gather for a book which he has written on the subject.

You are no doubt aware that from time to time numerous articles have appeared in the press and in magazines in regard to President Lincoln's death—some true, some partly true and some erroneous. I have several times been tempted to reply to some of them, but on advice of friends have simply kept quiet. But in an instance like this, after an interval of so many years, it would not be right for me to withhold the facts after they have been asked for. To identify me and to verify my statements as far as your know-

ledge and recollection goes, I am writing to ask that you will be kind enough to write me a letter stating that you were Adjutant of the 7th Regiment, V. R. C., stationed in Washington, D. C. that I was a Lieutenant in this regiment; that I was detailed as Lieutenant of the Provost Guard and was on duty at Ford's Theatre the night President Lincoln was assassinated. Thanking you in advance I am, with best regards,

Yours very cordially,  
JOHN T. BOLTON

Mr. Gardiner replied to this with a very warm personal letter and enclosed with it the following certificate:

February 11th, 1910.

My old and respected friend, John T. Bolton, of 170 Botetourt St., Norfolk, Va. having requested a certificate from me bearing upon his knowledge of the circumstances connected with the assassination of President Abraham Lincoln in 1865, I have to certify that at that time he was Lieutenant of the Seventh Regiment, United States Veteran Reserve Corps, and stationed at War Department Barracks in the rear of the War and Navy Departments,

Washington, D. C. He was very frequently detailed as Lieutenant of the Provost Guard for the city of Washington, and in my capacity as Adjutant of that Corps, it was my duty to make such detail. While we were stationed at the Barracks, I recall very distinctly the story he told me in May 1865, of how he carried President Lincoln after his assassination at Ford's Theatre to the house where he died, which is now a sort of museum.

ASA BIRD GARDINER

Lieut-Col. U. S. Army, Ret'd.

7th Regt. U. S. Veteran Reserve Corps  
Formerly 1st Lieutenant and Adjutant.

In 1864, I was stationed in Washington, commissioned as Lieutenant in the 7th Regiment, U. S. Veteran Reserve Corps, and detailed as Lieutenant of the Provost Guard for the city. In this service there were three Lieutenants, who among other duties had to visit the different theatres and examine the passes of all officers and soldiers attending. From the fact that a large part of the audiences of theatres was composed of army men and Washington was under military law, the Provost Guard was kept in charge of the law and order, the police having no authority to arrest soldiers. On the night that a lieutenant was on duty at Grover's theatre he had to leave there about half past eight; after most all the audience had come in, put a sergeant in charge with a detail of guards and meet a reinforcement of his patrol at 7th street and Pennsylvania Avenue. From there he went to a place of amusement called the "Canterbury," then to 9th street, to the "Varieties," and to other resorts, examining passes. It took him until two or three o'clock in the morning to complete the route. But on the next night when he went on duty at Ford's Theatre, after examining the passes, by placing a sergeant in charge of the guard he could consider himself off duty, if he so desired.

It happened that on the night of April 14th, 1865, I was on duty at Ford's Theatre and remained to see the performance, taking

a seat in the orchestra about thirty-five feet from the stage. The play "Our American Cousin" was being presented by Laura Keene. It had been announced in a newspaper that President Lincoln, Mrs. Lincoln, General and Mrs. Grant would attend the performance there that evening. General Grant left Washington that afternoon; it was reported among the officers that a dispatch had called him to Baltimore. The President and his wife arrived accompanied by a major and a young lady, I have since been told that they were Major Rathbone and Miss Harris, a daughter of Senator Harris. They occupied an upper box on the left-hand side of the stage, and as they entered the orchestra struck up "Hail to the Chief," the audience all rose to their feet and applauded the President.

I was well acquainted with John Wilkes Booth, as I was with many other actors, my duties frequently throwing me in their company. While I was standing at the door that night examining passes, he passed in and out several times. I noticed nothing peculiar about his countenance or actions. As he was a very amiliar figure there and had access to the theatre at all times, his being there was taken as a matter of course.

A few minutes after ten o'clock, during the third act of the play, the report of a pistol-shot rang out through the building; immediately a man emerged from the President's box, lowered himself by his left hand from the plush cushion on the railing in front of the box and dropped to the stage, coming down on one knee and hand. He sprang to his feet at once and limped across the stage shouting "Sic Semper Tyrannis." I thought that all of this was a surprise in the play, and so did everyone there that I conversed with about it afterward. Not another sound was heard nor any outcry made. The first intimation we had was after Booth had crossed the stage, when "Bill" Ferguson, who kept a saloon next door to the theatre, rose from his seat in the orchestra near the stage and pointing to the President's box, cried out: "My God—

The President's shot." The whole audience was on their feet in an instant and the aisles were immediately filled with a bewildered and excited throng. I rushed over the empty orchestra seats, got on the stage and made for the entrance. I was told there that the assassin had escaped on horseback.

My duty was then with the President. There was no way of reaching his box by the entrance, on account of the crowd that blocked the way, and running across the stage just under the box a number of citizens lifted me until I could reach the railing of the box, which was nine feet above the stage. I climbed in and found the President lying at full length on his back; his right eye was black and swollen and he was breathing heavily. Three or four persons had already come into the box from the dress circle entrance, and we immediately stripped his clothing to find where he was wounded. Mrs. Lincoln was not in the box when I entered it; she came back while we were searching for the wound, and grasping my elbow, exclaimed, "My husband, my husband." I led her to the adjoining box and returned to the President. In turning him over on his side, we located the wound. He was shot in the back of his head, a little to the left and about two and one half inches from his ear, the bullet—as was found later—lodging just behind his right eye.

At this point I went to the front of the box and ordered the house cleared. This was practically a waste of breath. The women as well as the men made no attempt to leave, but held their ground in their anxiety to learn whether it were a reality that such foul murder had been done. A few of my guard had reached the box by this time, and calling upon a few citizens to help them, I ordered the President carried out of the theatre so that he could be taken to some place where he could receive medical attention. This was accomplished with great difficulty; those in front of us were willing to give way, but those in the rear under the terrible



excitement were pressing forward, and I had to threaten them and actually use the flat of my sword before a passage way was opened. We finally succeeded in getting him out of the building, and as we reached the sidewalk a young man coming from across the street called out; "Bring him over here." There was no other place that we knew of to take him, so we accepted the invitation and carried him across the street into this young man's room, which was on the floor above the basement and at the end of the hall. The bed was pulled out from the corner and placed near the center of the room, and we laid the President upon it. Some surgeons had come in with us, and leaving him in their charge I returned to the street and made an effort to clear the block. While I was so engaged, a vidette approached on horseback, exclaiming; "A plot, a plot! Secretary Seward's throat is cut from ear to ear; Secretary Stanton is killed at his residence; General Grant is shot at Baltimore and Vice-President Johnson is killed at the Kirkwood House." The excitement then was intense; words fail to describe it. I have in mind now an army captain in the street who lost his reason, becoming raving mad, and I was compelled to place him in charge of two of my guards and send him to the central guard house. Finding it an impossible task to clear the street with the small force under my command, I asked the vidette just referred to, to ride with all speed to the "Circle" and tell them there to send a squadron of cavalry. These soon arrived and the block was cleared and guards stationed across the street above and below Mr. Peterson's house, where the President lay.

Soon after the guards were established with orders to let no one pass, Secretary Stanton made his appearance and I escorted him to the bedside of the President. I afterward took orders from and reported to him at intervals during the night. His orders were 'Admit only general surgeons.' No one knew how far the plot extended or who was involved in it, and as an extra precaution I placed a guard at the rear of the house, not knowing but that an

attempt might be made on the lives of some of those present. From time to time I was called by the guard, to find different people who wanted admittance, claiming to be Senators, Congressmen, friends of Mr. and Mrs. Lincoln &c. I told them of my orders from Secretary Stanton, and some of them asked to have their names mentioned to him. In some instances he would say "Admit him quietly." In others he would make no reply. A few minutes after seven o'clock on the morning of April 15th, Mr. Lincoln breathed his last. Mrs. Lincoln was summoned from the front parlor, where she had been waiting all night, to the death chamber. At this time I was in the hall and I recall very vividly the words she said as she passed me; they were; "Oh; why didn't you have me to him." (*sic*) After he died, Colonel Vincent—since promoted to General—asked me if I could get him a silver half-dollar; one of the officers had one and he wanted another to place over the President's eyes, to keep them closed after death. I obtained one from the landlady of the Falstaff House next door, giving her a dollar greenback for it, which was then the value of silver as compared with paper currency. This coin is still in my possession.

Forming my guard in line, we presented arms to the body of the President as it was carried past us to the hearse, after which I was relieved from duty.

From the *Norfolk, Va. Ledger*, 1914

(Captain Bolton served in the United States Army until a year after the close of the war, when he was retired with the rank of Captain).

“IN MEMORIAM.”

I LEAVE to other and abler pens the proper eulogy of Mr. Lincoln, as a ruler, and a statesman, and the estimate of his work and place in history. Favored during the past year with six months' familiar intercourse with him under the same roof, be it my pleasant task to recall and record for the gratification of those who never came into personal contact with the great and good man, some incidents, of interest now as illustrations of his character and daily life, mostly the result of my own observation.

There is a very natural and proper desire, at this time, to know something of the religious experience of the late President. Statements are in circulation in this connection, which, to those who knew him intimately, seem so *unlike* him, that for one I venture to enter my protest, and to assert that I believe such stories, either to be wholly untrue, or the facts in the case to have been unwarrantably embellished. Of all men in the world, Mr. Lincoln was the most unaffected and truthful. He rarely or never used language loosely or carelessly, or for the sake of compliment. He was the most utterly indifferent to, and unconscious of, the effect he was producing, either upon dignitaries or the common people, of any man ever in public position.

Mr. Lincoln could scarcely be called a *religious* man, in the common acceptation of the term, and yet a sincerer *Christian* I believe never lived. A constitutional tendency to dwell upon sacred things; an emotional nature which finds ready expression in religious conversation and revival-meetings; the culture and development of the religious element till the expression of religious thought and experience becomes almost habitual, were not among his characteristics. Doubtless he felt as deeply upon the great questions of the soul and eternity as any other thoughtful man, but the

very tenderness and humility of his nature would not permit the exposure of his inmost convictions, except upon the rarest occasions, and to his most intimate friends. And yet, aside from emotional expression, I believe no man had a more abiding sense of his dependence upon God, or faith in the Divine government, and in the power and ultimate triumph of Truth and Right in the world. In the language of an eminent clergyman of this city, who lately delivered an eloquent discourse upon the life and character of the departed President, "It is not necessary to appeal to apocryphal stories, in circulation in the newspapers—which illustrate as much the assurance of his visitors as the depth of his own sensibility—for proof of Mr. Lincoln's Christian character." If his daily life, and various public addresses and writings, do not show this, surely nothing can demonstrate it.

But while impelled to disbelieve some of the assertions upon this subject, much commented upon in public as well as private, I feel at liberty to relate an incident in this connection, which I have not seen published, and which bears upon its face unmistakable evidence of truthfulness. A lady interested in the work of the Christian Commission, had occasion, in the prosecution of her duties, to have several interviews with the President, of a business nature. He was much impressed with the devotion and earnestness of purpose she manifested, and on one occasion, after she had discharged the object of her visit, he leaned back in his chair and said to her; "Mrs.—, I have formed a very high opinion of your Christian character, and now as we are alone, I have a mind to ask you to give me, in brief, your idea of what constitutes a true religious experience." The lady replied at some length, stating that, in her judgment, it consisted of a conviction of one's own sinfulness and weakness, and personal need of the Saviour for strength and support; that views of mere doctrine might and would differ, but when one was really brought to feel his need of Divine help, and to seek the aid of the Holy Spirit for strength and guidance, it was satis-

factory evidence of his having been born again. This was the substance of her reply. When she had concluded, Mr. Lincoln was very thoughtful for a few moments. He at length said very earnestly, "If what you have told me is really a correct view of this great subject, I think I can say with sincerity, that I hope I am a Christian. I had lived," he continued, "until my boy Willie died, without realizing fully these things. That blow overwhelmed me. It showed me my weakness as I had never felt it before, and if I can take what you have stated as a *test*, I think I can safely say that I know something of that *change* of which you speak, and I will further add, that it has been my intention for some time, at a suitable opportunity, to make a public religious profession!"

The desire to know of the *inner* experience of one whose *outward* life had so impressed him, and his own frank and simple utterance thereupon, are so characteristic as to render this account, which was given me by a friend, extremely probable. He was not what I would call a *demonstrative* man. He would listen to the opinions of others on these subjects with great deference, even if he was not able to perceive their force, but would never express what he did not feel in response. I recollect his once saying, in a half soliloquy, when we were alone, just after he had been waited upon by a committee or delegation, with reference to securing his coöperation in having the name of God inserted in the Constitution: "Some people seem a great deal more concerned about the *letter* of a thing, than about its *spirit*," or words to this effect.

Too much has not been said of his uniform meekness and kindness of heart, but there would sometimes be afforded evidence, that one grain of sand too much would break even *this* camel's back. Among the callers at the White House one day, there was an officer who had been cashiered from the service. He had prepared an elaborate defence of himself which he consumed much time in reading to the President. When he had finished, Mr. Lincoln replied

that even upon his own statement of the case the facts would not warrant executive interference. Disappointed, and considerably crest-fallen the man withdrew. A few days afterward, he made a second attempt to alter the President's convictions, going over substantially the same ground, and occupying about the same space of time, but without accomplishing his end. The *third* time he succeeded in forcing himself into Mr. Lincoln's presence, who with great forbearance listened to another repetition of the case, to its conclusion, but made no reply. Waiting for a moment, the man gathered from the expression of his countenance that his mind was unconvinced. Turning very abruptly, he said, "Well Mr. President, I see that you are fully determined not to do me justice!" This was too aggravating even for Mr. Lincoln. Manifesting, however, no more feeling than that indicated by a slight compression of the lips, he very quietly arose, laid down a package of papers he held in his hand, and then suddenly seizing the defiant officer by the coat collar, he marched him forcibly to the door, saying as he ejected him into the passage, "Sir, I give you fair warning never to show yourself in this room again. I can bear censure, but not insult!" In a whining tone the man begged for his papers which he had dropped. "Begone, sir," said the President, "Your papers will be sent to you. I never wish to see your face again!"

Late one afternoon a lady with two gentlemen were admitted. She had come to ask that her husband, who was a prisoner of war, might be permitted to take the oath and be released from confinement. To secure a degree of interest on the part of the President, one of the gentlemen claimed to be an acquaintance of Mrs. Lincoln; this however received but little attention, and the President proceeded to ask what position the lady's husband held in the rebel service. "Oh," said she, "he was a captain." "*A captain,*" rejoined Mr. Lincoln, "indeed, rather too big a fish to set free simply upon his taking the oath! If he was an officer, it is proof positive that he has been a zealous rebel; I can not release him." Here the

lady's friend reiterated the assertion of his acquaintance with Mrs. Lincoln. Instantly the President's hand was upon the bell-rope. The usher in attendance answered the summons. "Cornelius, take this man's name to Mrs. Lincoln, and ask her what she knows of him." The boy presently returned with the reply that "*the Madam*" (as she was called by the servants) knew nothing of him whatever. "It is just as I suspected," said the President. The party made one more attempt to enlist his sympathy, but without effect. "It is of no use," was the reply. "I can not release him!" and the trio withdrew in high displeasure.

One day the Hon. Thaddeus Stevens called with an elderly lady, in great trouble, whose son had been in the army, but for some offence had been court-martialed, and sentenced either to death or imprisonment at hard labor for a long term, I do not recollect which. There were some extenuating circumstances, and after a full hearing the President turned to the representative and said: "Mr. Stevens, do you think this is a case which will warrant my interference?" "With my knowledge of the facts and the parties," was the reply, "I should have no hesitation in granting a pardon." "Then," returned Mr. Lincoln, "I will pardon him" and he proceeded forthwith to execute the paper. The gratitude of the mother was too deep for expression, save by her tears, and not a word was said between her and Mr. Stevens until they were half way down the stairs on their passage out, when she suddenly broke forth in an excited manner with the words, "I knew it was a copperhead lie!" "What do you refer to, madam?" asked Mr. Stevens. "Why, they told me he was an *ugly* looking man," she replied with vehemence. "He is the *handsomest* man I ever saw in my life!" And surely for that mother, and for many another, throughout the land, no carved statue of ancient or modern art, in all its symmetry, ever can have the charm which will forevermore encircle that care-worn but gentle face, expressing as was never expressed before, "MALICE TOWARD NONE—CHARITY FOR ALL."

Never shall I forget the scene early one morning, when, with the help of some of the workmen and special police at the capitol, the large painting upon which I was engaged during the six months I was with Mr. Lincoln, representing the President and cabinet in council on the Emancipation Proclamation, was first lifted to a place, temporarily, in the Rotunda. Shortly after it was fixed in its position over the northern door leading to the Senate, a ray of sunshine came struggling in from the upper part of the great dome, and fell directly upon the face and head of the beloved President, leaving all the rest of the picture in shadow. "Look!" exclaimed one of the policemen, pointing to the canvas, in a burst of enthusiasm, "that is as it should be, God bless him; may the sun shine upon his head for ever!"

My attention has been two or three times called to a paragraph now going the rounds of the newspapers concerning a singular apparition of himself in a looking glass, which Mr. Lincoln is stated to have seen on the day he was first nominated at Chicago. The story as told is quite incorrect, and is made to appear very mysterious, and believing that the taste for the supernatural is sufficiently ministered unto, without perverting the facts, I will tell the story as the President told it to John Hay, the assistant private secretary, and myself. We were in his room together about dark the evening of the Baltimore Convention. The gas had just been lighted, and he had been telling us how he had that afternoon received the news of the nomination of Andrew Johnson, for Vice President before he heard of his own.

It seemed that the dispatch announcing his re-nomination had been sent to his office from the War department, while he was at lunch. Directly afterward, without going back to the official chamber, he proceeded to the War department. While there the telegram came, announcing the nomination of Johnson. "What," said he to the operator, "do they nominate a Vice President before



they do a President?" "Why," replied the astonished official, have you not heard of your own nomination? It was sent to the White House two hours ago." "It is all right," replied the President, "I shall probably find it on my return."

Laughing pleasantly over this incident, he said, soon afterward, "A very singular occurrence took place the day I was nominated at Chicago four years ago, which I am reminded of to-night. In the afternoon of the day, returning home from down town, I went up stairs to Mrs. Lincoln's sitting room. Feeling somewhat tired I laid down upon a couch in the room directly opposite a bureau upon which was a looking glass. As I reclined, my eye fell upon the glass and I saw distinctly *two* images of myself, exactly alike, except that one was a little paler than the other. I arose, and laid down again with the same result. It made me quite uncomfortable for a few moments, but some friends coming in, the matter passed out of my mind. The next day while walking in the street, I was suddenly reminded of the circumstance, and the disagreeable sensation produced by it returned. I had never seen anything of the kind before, and did not know what to make of it. I determined to go home and place myself in the same position, and if the same effect was produced, I would make up my mind that it was the natural result of some principle of refraction or optics, which I did not understand, and dismiss it. I tried the experiment with the same result, and as I had said to myself, accounting for it on some principle unknown to me, it ceased to trouble me." "But," said he, "sometime ago, I tried to produce the same effect *here*, by arranging a glass and couch in the same position, without success." He did not say, as is asserted in the story as printed, that either he or Mrs. Lincoln attached any omen to it whatever. Neither did he say that the double reflection was seen while he was walking about the room. On the contrary it was only visible in a certain position and at a certain angle, and therefore he thought could be accounted for upon scientific principles. I have mentioned this

story only to show upon what a slender foundation a marvelous account may be built !

At one of the "levees," a year ago last winter, during a lull in the hand-shaking, he was addressed by two familiar lady friends, one of whom is now the wife of a member of the cabinet. Turning to them with a weary air, he remarked that it was a relief to have now and then those to talk to, who had no favors to ask. The lady referred to is a strong radical—a New Yorker by birth—but for many years a resident with her husband at the West. She replied, playfully, "Mr. President, I *have* one request to make." "Ah!" said he at once, looking grave; "well, what is it?" "That you suppress the infamous———" (Chicago Times) was the rejoinder. After a brief pause, Mr. Lincoln asked her if she had ever tried to imagine how she would have felt, in some former administration to which she was opposed, if her favorite newspaper had been seized by the government and suppressed. The lady replied that it was not a parallel case, that in circumstances like those then existing, when the nation was struggling for its very life, such utterances as were daily put forth in that journal should be suppressed by the strong hand of authority; that the cause of loyalty and good government demanded it. "I fear you do not fully comprehend," returned the President, "the danger of abridging the *liberties* of the people. Nothing but the very sternest necessity can ever justify it. A government had better go to the very extreme of toleration, than to do aught that could be construed into an interference with, or to jeopardize in any degree the common rights of its citizens."

One more example of the exercise of the pardoning power, will conclude this brief sketch. It may excite a smile, as well as a tear; but it may be relied upon as a veritable relation of what actually transpired. A distinguished citizen of Ohio had an appointment with the President one evening at six o'clock. As he entered the

vestibule of the White House, his attention was attracted by a poorly-clad young woman who was violently sobbing. He asked her the cause of her distress. She said that she had been ordered away by the servants, after vainly waiting many hours to see the President about her only brother, who had been condemned to death. Her story was this: She and her brother were foreigners, and orphans. They had been in this country several years. Her brother enlisted in the army, but, through bad influences, was induced to desert. He was captured, tried and sentenced to be shot—the old story. The poor girl had obtained the signatures of some persons who had formerly known him, to a petition for a pardon, and, alone, had come to Washington to lay the case before the President. Thronged as the waiting rooms always were, she had passed the long hours of two days trying in vain to get an audience, and had at length been ordered away.

The gentleman's feelings were touched. He said to her that he had come to see the President, but did not know as *he* should succeed. He told her, however, to follow him up stairs and he would see what could be done for her. Just before reaching the door Mr. Lincoln came out, and meeting his friend said good humoredly, “Are you not ahead of time?” The gentlemen showed him his watch with the hand upon the hour of six. “Well,” returned Mr. Lincoln, I have been so busy to-day that I have not had time to get a lunch. Go in, and sit down, I will be back directly.”

The gentleman made the young woman accompany him into the office, and when they were seated, said to her, “Now my good girl, I want you to muster all the courage you have in the world. When the President comes back he will sit down in that arm-chair. I shall get up to speak to him, and as I do so, you must force yourself between us, and insist upon his examination of your papers, telling him it is a case of life and death, and admits of no delay.” These instructions were carried out to the letter. Mr. Lincoln

was at first somewhat surprised at the apparent forwardness of the young woman, but observing her distressed appearance, he ceased conversation with his friend and commenced an examination of the document she had placed in his hands. Glancing from it to the face of the petitioner, whose tears had broken forth afresh, he studied its expression for a moment and then his eye fell upon her scanty, but neat dress. Instantly his face lighted up. "My poor girl," said he, "you have come here with no governor, or senator or member of congress, to plead your cause. You seem honest and truthful; *and you don't wear hoops*—and I will be whipped but I will pardon your brother!"

F. B. CARPENTER.

(From *Hours at Home*, N. Y., June, 1865)

## ABRAHAM LINCOLN

“THE Union must and shall be preserved,” said Andrew Jackson; “Free trade and sailors’ rights,” said Madison; “Millions for defence, but not a cent for tribute,” was the stirring apothegm of Randolph; “We are all Federalists, we are all Republicans,” was the famous declaration of Thomas Jefferson. All these speeches have been greatly admired, and regarded as unmistakable evidences of greatness in those who uttered them. They all roused the popular feeling, or, as the saying is, “fired the national heart.” We need not say, how utterly hollow the fourth of them proved to be. The first was undoubtedly made with all sincerity of feeling, with all earnestness of purpose at the time. General Jackson meant to preserve the Union, doubtless; his patriotism was unquestioned, and yet we all know how South Carolina triumphed in that business. Clay compromised, Jackson was willing to have it so, and then the rebellious State withdrew her ordinance of nullification; but it was not until the Tariff had been destroyed to please her. The Union was diplomatically preserved, but with a wound that has made its later preservation cost 3,000,000,000 dollars and 1,000,000 men. Still it was a grand saying. It has become a part of our national speech; it has brought great glory to him who made it. It has been used to the reproach of one who was supposed to fall behind Jackson in spirit and energy. O, if we only had at the helm the Hero of New Orleans! How often was this said in the beginning, and almost to the close, of our great conflict! Friends of Lincoln sometimes said it as well as his enemies: “Why don’t the man talk like Jackson?” The writer confesses to his having had, at times, no small share of the same feeling. Over and over again, during these terrible years, has he been tempted to say: O why is he so slow? Why does he not rise to the greatness of the occasion? Why all this timid cautiousness, this looking before and after, this watching the symptoms of

the times, and the spirit of the nation, until that spirit is paralyzed and destroyed? Why does he not "go ahead?" Why does he not lead the people, instead of seeming to lean upon them, and all but imploring their support? Why could he not say, like Andrew Jackson, "The Union, it must and shall be preserved," or something like it to fire the national heart? We read of times when Mr. Lincoln was called out, as the saying is. Some delegation address him—it may be of foes or friends—or some crowd gathers beneath his windows. We are disappointed in his oratory. He does not fire them. He only argues with them in his homely\* Illinois style. His only object is to *convince*. He seems to think, plain-trust ng soul, that he can surely place in other minds the truth so loved and clear, that lies within his own; and that that is all which is needed. And so he labors with them by fact and argument, by anecdote and reason. O what a time, we say, to have made a speech—a taking speech—to have played the Roman! It might have been done, too, with all sincerity; for *sincerity* is a very cheap and shallow virtue, a mere surface effervescence that may create itself by its own words and imaginings, whilst far below lies that calm spiritual *truthfulness* which formed the deep basis of Mr. Lincoln's character.

Again and again has there been in the writer's mind this feeling of disappointment, only to be followed as often by the same experience and the same confession—Lincoln was right, after all. And then, when the event has justified his words, the thought has come up: what higher than human wisdom, or any human heroism, is so steadily guiding and nerving this man to make his way through wilds and thickets when the highest earthly counsel could only say—Rush madly on, and the very boldness of the action, as it may possibly ruin all, so may it, peradventure, ensure success.

\*This word "homely" has often been applied to Mr. Lincoln's speeches. Taken rightly, it is just the thing. *Homely* is *home-like*. They are of very different etymologies, but in some of its applications, *homely* is not far from *comely*.

That Abraham Lincoln could use language well and most effectively, we want no better evidence than his well-known discussion with Mr. Douglas in 1857. And yet he was not distinguished for what is generally styled eloquence. He must have some question of deep interest to discuss. He must have somebody (be it an audience large or small, or even some single individual) to *convince*—to make to feel, calmly, as he ever felt, and to understand clearly as he ever understood. His truthful soul acknowledged no other aim of speech or eloquence than such conviction, as true and clear, and, therefore, as deep and lasting as his own. All else was worthless; all else would be blown away by the next *ad captandum* speech addressed to their likings or their prejudices, their heroic or their unheroic impulses, their higher or their more vulgar emotions.

Mr. Lincoln could have talked like Andrew Jackson. He could not have been as lofty as Webster, or as polished as Everett, but he could have spoken as well as they to the national impulses. Why did he not, then, have more to say about the national flag and the soaring eagle, about "Liberty and Union one and indivisible," and the "manifest destiny" of the American people, and "the Union must and shall be preserved," until he had lifted himself and his hearers into greatness through our sheer American love of saying or hearing great things? The simple answer is that Mr. Lincoln was, in the truest sense, too great to do this—at least in the trying circumstances in which he was placed. It might have done at other times, but now all such *acting* must be put away, for the veritable ACTION, the veritable drama, had come. The stern reality was here. The greatness of Mr. Lincoln's character—and every succeeding age will bring it more to light—was its unsullied truthfulness. He could not say things merely "*for effect*." There is no use in caviling about this term, and saying, what is speech good for at all, if it is not to produce some *effect*? We well understand what is meant by the phrase as thus used. Mr. Lin-

coln could not do it. He could not well do so at any time, much less in the awfully searching ordeal through which he and the nation were called to pass: the ship upon a lee shore, the crew amazed or treacherous, the billows breaking over her in every direction, the storm thunder rolling above, and the "hell of waters" yawning below. There was but one question, how to escape the

*Αδην πόντιον*

the "abysmal Hades" of conspiracy of secession and of anarchy, into which we were plunging. It was no time for heroics, no time we say, for *acting*, but for *action*, patient, strong unwearied. All had been said that could be said. Work and watching were the business of the hour—the eye in every direction, the foot placed firmly for every move, the hand steady for every grasp, that might be required—words, not to be thrown away in vain hurrahs, but reserved for that steady counsel, that well adapted order which the exigencies of each moment might demand for the crew, and which any display of the theatrical, at such a time, might, lead them to neglect. No language was to be used, that might, in any mind, substitute the ideal for the actual, or turn, for an instant, away from truth and duty.

Abraham Lincoln was a most *truthful* man, and this, we say again, was the essential element of his greatness. We have not chosen the word carelessly, as though it denoted merely a good degree of some quite ordinary quality. It is a rare thing—quite rare, among men. *Honesty* is common, *sincerity* is still more common, almost universal we might say, but *truthfulness*, the pure harmony of the inward and the outward man, is a thing not often found on earth, and must, when it occurs, be prized in Heaven. Lincoln has been widely called *honest*. We would not disparage the epithet. Could it rise again to the ancient sense of the Latin *honestas*, it might approach the idea we endeavor to present in the other term; but, as now used, it means but very little. *Sincerity*



means still less. A great many men, it may be said, are honest, but we are, almost all of us, sincere—very sincere—in some way. Men are, sometimes, most sincere when most greatly wicked. Petty crimes are consistent with a wanton hypocrisy that seeks no veil, even from itself; but seldom has there been a great crime committed on the earth without the parties being, in some stages, very sincere, yea, sometimes, very religious in it. Something of both these elements seem almost necessary to what may be called a very great or uncommon sin. We have read history in vain not to see that the amount of sincerity, and even of enthusiasm, that men may have worked themselves into, is often precisely the measure of the evil that is in their hearts; and of the evil they are committing. It is in proportion to the absence of that other quality of deep spiritual truthfulness that might have kept them from the self-deception on which such sincerity is grounded. Who was ever more sincere than Robespierre? Who was ever more sincere than the filibuster Walker? Who had more of this quality than Jefferson Davis? It is the very presence of sincerity without truthfulness that made him, in all these respects, the very opposite of Abraham Lincoln.

“Lord who shall abide in thy tabernacle; who shall dwell in thy holy hill? He that hath clean hands and a pure heart, he that walketh uprightly and worketh righteousness, and speaketh the truth *in his heart*.” Here we have the character divinely limned in the xvth and xxivth Psalms. “That speaketh the truth **IN HIS HEART**”—speaks it to himself—allows of no lie even in his imagining or his thinking, suffers no shadow of self-deception to darken the light within his own soul, has no ideal with which his actual (though falling below it may well be) is not in perfect serial harmony. O how rare is this, and how sublime! Much as we may try to maintain outward truth in our worldly relations, and easy as we may think it thus to do—for what can be easier, one might say than to be honest, if a man chooses to be it—still this character of being

true to one's self amid all the falsities that crowd into our inner as well as our outward being—true in the spirit—“speaking the truth *in the heart*,” and *to the heart*—ἀληθεύων ἐν ᾧ γάπη\* “truthful in love”—“truth in the inward parts,” that truth which God “desireth.”† O this is rare, very rare in the world, rare even in the church. This guilelessness of the spirit makes no show outwardly, for it is a light that reflects itself within, but it shines far up in heaven, as one of the rare and precious things of earth, even as the *Urim* and *Thummim*, the “Light and the Truth,” that symbolize this state of soul, sent up their clear lustre from the breast-plate of Aaron as “he bore the judgment of the children of Israel upon his heart before the Lord continually.”

If there can be such a thing as human merit in the divine sight, it is this perfect truthfulness of soul that loves the truth whenever found, and yet seeks to *appear*, before God and man, no other than what it really *is*. But we are not disposed to magnify any mere human righteousness. Nothing but that heavenly thing we call grace could have produced such a character, as we conceive it to be, none the less divine though so purely human in its exercise and manifestation. And it *was* grace, we may believe, that formed so true, so truthful, this unpretending, unprofessing man—grace working silently in aid of a pious mother during his early life of hardship and obedience—grace supporting him in the trying circumstances in which God had placed him for the salvation of all that was most precious in our American institutions. Mr. Lincoln has been called a self-made man. We do not like the phrase, but are willing to concede that such he might be said to be intellectually, or in respect to the acquisition of mere outward knowledge. We can hardly think it of this his higher spiritual state, so true and so unearthly. And here again the two men, before compared, may be said to be in signal contrast. It was rich outward culture that formed Davis intellectually. *Morally* HE was the

\*Ephesians iv. 15. †Psalm li, 6.

*self*-made man, the product of his own unholy selfishness. It was nothing else but his own dark ambition, connected with an utter want of self-revealing truthfulness, that gave him that intense sincerity in wrong—that wholly evil sincerity which deluged a peaceful continent in blood.

It has sometimes seemed to the writer that among the surprises that will meet the disrobed spirit in its first transition to another sphere of life, the greatest of all will be an overpowering feeling of reality, such as it never experienced, however honest and sincere it had aimed to be, among the abounding, ever surrounding, outward and inward falsities of the present earthly existence. No concealment now, no disguises, no deceiving others, no hiding from one's self. The very conception has become an impossibility. All things "stand naked and open" before the burning eye of truth; or as the Psalmist says it, "Thou dost set our secret sins in the light of thy countenance." All real; everything appearing just as it is, whether vile or holy, beautiful or deformed. Malignity there may be there, evils beyond any present powers of conception, sins of the spirit greater than any sins of the flesh, surpassing any measure now found on earth; but lies forever banished. No word or spiritual utterance can ever go beyond the exact scale of its meaning, either for the soul that hears, or the soul that speaks it. No sentimentalisms, no heroics, no talking "for effect" that does not immediately betray its unmeaningness or its falsehood—it may be to the startling surprise even of him that gives it utterance. No more putting evil for good, or darkness for light. No more confounding the love of opinions with the love of truth. No more misapprehending that oft times intensest form of selfishness, a furious platform zeal, for true philanthropy. No more mistaking our words for our thoughts, our thinking for our becoming, our imaginings for our very being. No more putting an abstract ideal we have *admired* for the low actual we have *chosen*. No more cheating ourselves by substituting specious *reasons* for vile *motives*—

the justifying pleas of the intellect, that are ever at hand, for the real moving powers of sense and selfishness that have reigned in our hearts. All this has ceased forever. All deception, whether of ourselves or others, has become a simple impossibility. The shadows are gone, truth has come. In such a spiritual atmosphere the best of men we have known on earth may experience an unwonted chill, a strange awe of the real and the true, they have never so felt before. Our lamented President has gone to that land of reality. We would speak cautiously and reverently here. Doubtless hath he learned more of himself than he ever knew before. Doubtless in the presence of that higher law hath he seen more of his own deficiencies than his humble spirit, though always so truthfully acknowledging them, ever saw on earth. Still would we express the belief that in the throng of souls that are ever passing from this world of falsehood, few there are, even of the professedly religious, that will find themselves more in harmony with that unclouded sphere, more serenely at rest in that "divine tabernacle," that "holy hill" of truth, than the loved shade for whose departure we have all so lately and so deeply mourned. "Blessed are the meek. Blessed are the merciful, for they shall obtain mercy. Blessed are the pure in heart, for they shall see God."

But this may seem like trespassing on things too holy. Let us return to Abraham Lincoln's earthly life, to that earthly truthfulness of speech and character on which we love to dwell. He would not, or he could not, say things for mere effect, however much the foe may have sneered at him for his supposed incompetency, or the friend have lamented that he did not popularize his influence by playing the sage or the hero. We could have wished him more, in some respects, like Jefferson and Jackson; but he was neither, and it was a part of his substantial greatness that he would never appear, or wish to appear, that which he was not. Nothing, however, could be more false than to deny him the power of truly effective speaking. How well he could retort when the right occasion

arose, and pure truth demanded it, is well known. The men who undertook to lecture him about Vallandigham's arrest will not forget, or, if they are obtuse enough to do so, the nation will long remember, how perfect the reply, how keen the sarcasm—we would call it if its perfect truthfulness, which was its power, did not demand a higher and purer epithet.

It must be confessed however, that there were times when he was not happy in this business of public speaking. It was rather coarsely said by one who had not been a political friend, that "to save his life Mr. Lincoln could never make a good impromptu speech." There was some truth in this. At times when there was really little to be said—on mere occasions of political ceremony, or of party etiquette—he really made very poor work in expressing himself. Mr. Lincoln could not talk *to* nothing, or *about* nothing. It is astonishing what a gift, or rather what a knack, some men have for this sort of thing; how glibly they can talk and write, how many words they can use—all pretty fair, grammatical English, too—and yet mean nothing—actually say nothing. The "inexpressibility of their feelings," the "purity of their motives"—this is ever the rondo with variations, carried through every key of the musical scale. Mr. Lincoln could not do this; he had little or nothing to say of the purity of his motives, and seldom alluded at all to his inward feelings. We remember but one occasion of his ever indulging in such a course, but that was memorable for the deep evidence it presented of truth and heartiness. A crowd had gathered to congratulate him on his re-election. He did not, as he could not, suppress the pure gratification which that event afforded; but another thing was struggling in his thoughts, and he must give it utterance. It was the remembrance of his competitor—of the man who had bravely striven with him against the common foe, and who had as earnestly striven against him in the political contest. He thought of his defeat, and the chafing soreness it must occasion to an ardent and sensitive spirit. It seems to have saddened him that his own

success should have been obtained at such a price. "If I know my own heart," says this great humble man, "it gives me no pleasure to triumph over anybody." No one, whether friend or foe, ever doubted the deep, hearty feeling that prompted the declaration. It was not the words merely, but the fact of their being in such perfect harmony with the entire character of the man, that produced the universal conviction.

Still was it true that Mr. Lincoln could not speak well on mere occasions of ceremony and congratulation. As has been justly said, "he must be argumentative or nothing." He must have something to prove, and somebody to convince. He could gather the men of the prairies, and hold them for long hours as he discussed in his Socratic way, half speech, half dialogue, the vital theme of slavery extension. But he could not talk well from a hurried railway platform; and this thought furnishes the reason why his speeches on his journey from Springfield to Washington, in the winter of 1861, were the poorest he ever made. There were, in fact, two reasons for this, operating together here, though they may seem to stand in paradoxical opposition to each other. The occasions that called for this train-platform oratory were too trifling in themselves, and they were, at the same time, connected with ideas too serious for any mere rhetorical utterance. Too trifling, because they demanded the showman rather than the orator, too important, for it was a time when the truest and bravest hearts were failing, and the wisest among us were "wondering whereunto these strange things would tend." But why not, then, arouse and "fire the popular heart?" Why was he not inspired by the occasion? Alas, it might have been a false inspiration, and Mr. Lincoln dreaded, more than all things else, any imposing on himself or others. He would rather be humbly true than heroically false. He preferred the homeliest speech to any splendid unreality of diction, even though the offspring of that momentary fervor we call sincerity. He could talk to effect when a true effect was evidently to be the re-

sult of what he said. But he must see his way clear before him. To do this, in the circumstances in which our country was then placed, required a superhuman knowledge which (it is no disparagement to say it) neither he, nor any other man, at that time, possessed. But why could he not speak to them of the great things he was going to do? Why not, at least, say, "The Union, it must and shall be preserved?" Alas, he knew not what to do, except to take his solemn oath, towards which he was journeying, and try and keep it, God so helping him. He knew not that "the Union would be preserved," as none of us, at that time knew. He was wiser than the masses, in that he was looking to see how and when the light would break. He was for praying, and asking the prayers of others, as he told his plain Springfield neighbors in that last short and touching speech he made to them. Then he spoke to effect, in the purest sense of the phrase, for he said the only thing that could have been said, or ought to have been said: "Pray for me my neighbors,—O pray for me in bearing this heavy burden, greater than has been laid on any single man since the days of Washington."

Mr. Lincoln could only *appear* what he truly *was*—no more, no less, either to himself or others. This was one of the fixed things of his character, which he could not change. To speak with confidence of what was all unknown was, to him, equivalent to falsehood. He could not boast in the presence of the coming storm; he had too clear a prescience of its magnitude, if not of its result. He could not talk grandiloquently in the rumblings of the threatening earthquake. To stand and listen—that was the true heroic attitude. To "be still and know that God" was passing by—to watch the signs of his presence, the tokens of his frown or favor—"that was wisdom;" to "depart," at such a time, from all boasting speech, from all "vain imaginations"—"that was understanding."

"Pray for me"—never was a request more heartily made.

*Ora pro nobis*—seldom has the invocation, whether made to saints in heaven, or saints on earth, gone forth from a truer sense of its wisdom and its need. This was what he said continually to the clergymen who called upon him. No cant, no patronizing statesmanlike talk about “our holy religion,” and the great value of Christianity to the State; no high profession, no condescension, none of that accommodation to religious feeling which so often betrays its hollowness in high places. No one can deny to Mr. Lincoln a sharp sagacity. He knew the great influence of the clergy. He must have felt how much they deserved to possess that influence from the noble stand they had taken, and the strong aid they were giving to the government in its hour of need. He had every motive to gain their favor, and to talk very orthodoxly, and very evangelically, if that would secure it. His answers were sometimes even blunt. He never courted them, though ever treating them courteously. The Secretary of State had much more of this in his communications to addresses of religious bodies; and of his true and hearty feeling therein we have no doubt; but the President had ever for them this one speech—“Pray for me.” “Mr. Lincoln, do you pray for yourself?” said one. “How should I do without prayer?” was the only reply. It was no merit that he should pray, no religious excellence to be talked about, or retailed in the newspapers. It was a necessity that was laid upon him. As Paul claimed no merit—“Woe to him if he preached not the Gospel,”—even so, as we may say it without any irreverent comparison, was it with Mr. Lincoln. Pray he must; and so he felt it, and so he doubtless practiced during the many anxious days and watching nights whilst the nation’s burden was pressing so heavy upon his soul. He knew that he must sink if he did not pray; and shall it be deemed extravagant to believe that that relief was often given. How else could he have borne it unless the voice had sometimes come to his heart, if not to his ear of sense: “Fear not, for I am with thee; I hold thee by thy hand;” “let not your heart be



troubled, neither let it be afraid." We would not exaggerate here, but have we not reason to believe that all this is warranted by the fact on which we are dwelling—his earnest, oft-repeated request to "pray for him."?

The speech at Springfield was a most affecting one, but his utterances on the momentous journey referred to were not happy. The popular demand was like that made upon the saddened captives "by the rivers of Babylon." How could they "sing the songs of Zion in a strange land?" Come make us a speech, said the thronging multitudes, as the train passed rapidly through our towns and cities; come sing us a song of the prairies, come tell us a story. He could have done this in some genial society of his Western home, even as he could do it occasionally when there came a brief relaxation from the stern cares of that "great office wherein he bore himself so meekly." At such times he could tell "his little story"—"the words come to mind tenderly now"—but in this momentous journey he could have no heart for it. They asked entertainment, excitement, a wordy oratory, yea, "the spoilers required mirth" of this anxious, praying, deeply burdened man. He could not give it them, or if he attempted it, it was poorly done, and under great embarrassment. How could he talk to effect at such a time, without saying something false, or, what is equivalent to the same thing, that which he could not feel that he was truly warranted in saying in the terrible darkness that then enveloped himself and the nation. He could have said, "The Union must and shall be preserved," and the crowd would have doubtless shouted and that would have been very cheering; but he knew how very common had been such shoutings in our history, and in other history, and what came of them. He well knew this, even without that later experience which showed him how easily the bold bravura, "the nation to be preserved at all hazards," might dwindle down into the squeaking-falsetto, "the constitution as it is," with all the lying sophisms that formed its mean accompaniment. Again,

the vaunted speech, or any thing like it, would have been, either a lie, or an expression of undoubted confidence in his own powers, and that the truthful man could not bring himself to utter. His hope was not in himself, not in his party, not in the people—it was alone in God.

In our strange human nature the pathetic and the sublime are, sometimes, not far removed from the light and the humorous. There may be a deeply solemn side to that, which, at first view, seems only fitted to provoke indignation or a smile. During the late Presidential campaign there met the writer's eye, what seemed to be one of the caricature pictures of the occasion. It represented a tall, stooping man, with a heavy burden upon his back, and carefully picking his way upon a rope drawn across the boiling Niagara. It was a comparison of Mr. Lincoln to Blondin when he carried his freight of a human life along that perilous passage. Indignation was the first feeling at an association of ideas that seemed degrading. An enemy hath done this, we said. A closer examination, however, showed that that was not so certain. At all events, there soon arose a new feeling that dispelled all thought of the light and the ludicrous. Only change the ideal, and no representation, by word or painting, could so picture the thought of vast and perilous responsibility. The freight thus carried by this stooping figure was a nation's life. Across the yawning abyss of anarchy was it to be steadily borne. Beneath was the awful gulf into which one false step, one moment of faintness, one nervous tremor, one rash advance, or one timid stepping back, would have inevitably plunged the priceless cargo. No wanton display this, no foolhardy device to draw together a brutal crowd. Every thought of that kind disappears at once from the spiritual of the picture. It was a dire necessity that forced this lonely man across the fearful passage. The burden was one he could not lay down. There was no other road but this, the untried way, that no American before him had been ever called to travel. One bank had been left, and

the other must be reached, or all was lost. No mere speculative wisdom, no mere political theorizing, could stand him now in stead. He must look away from this and go sounding on

His dim and perilous way,

by other guidance, and by other strength. An undiverted eye, a steady hand, a firm and cautious foot, a nerve that never trembled, a strength that never gave up to weariness—these were the *practical* qualities required. Distrust of self, and yet an unwavering trust in a higher promised wisdom, these were the *moral* requisites which the dangerous hour demanded. Faith in God, a steady looking to the right and the reasons of it, these for the time, superseded those other *intellectual* needs that some would call higher, but which the wants of the occasion placed far below. “Watch and pray”—these were to Mr. Lincoln his all of political wisdom, his all of intellectual statesmanship, at that time, either available or of value. It was the greatness of his character and of his wisdom that made him see this, and enabled him to resist the temptation of being great, or of seeming great, in some other way. And was it little? Who will say so that has any sense of the difficulty that lay in crossing at this dangerous point of our history—or in carrying the nation and the constitution, safe from shore to shore along this narrow way.

Who can estimate the steadiness and strength of soul required for such a performance? “Go on—go on—move faster, or you will fall,” said the clamoring multitude on one side. “Back—back—not another step in that direction,” was ever shouted from another quarter. But nothing could either turn or hurry him. To have lost sight, for one moment, of his pressing responsibility, to have given way to any factitious feeling, to have made boasts that he could not have been certain of performing, to have indulged in any heroics that would not be in strictest harmony with the awful reality—might have brought on the dreadful catastrophe; they

certainly could, at that time, have had no influence in preventing it, if it came from any other failure. Mr. Lincoln would not do these heroic things. Some might say that he could not—that he had not the talent for them. This is assuming much for those who know how poor, in general, are such displays, and how little, either of talent or of genius, they require. But, granting such incapacity of speech and daring, it does not injuriously affect our view of the substantial greatness we are contemplating. It may even be all the greater for the lack. It did, indeed, most sorely try our patience. Oh, how slow he moved sometimes, or seemed to move, as every eye was strained in watching from either shore! With what caution did he place the lever by which he had his balance, now on this side, and now on that; how carefully poised was every step, how firmly held when taken! Had he obeyed the opposite voices that ever shouted in his ears—“rash man”—“time-serving man”—and stayed his step or rushed madly ahead; or, had he given up in bewildered and despairing helplessness, how terrible the fall!—we see it now—how dire the wreck that might have ensued, and, in all probability, would have ensued, from one false move at such a time, and with such a precious freight as the people in their party caprice, perhaps, but God in his all-seeing wisdom, had placed upon him.

And so for the four long years of peril and anxiety. How, at times we held our breath at the contemplation of the scene—the awful dangers of the way, the ever-swinging rope, the alternations of success and fear, that heavy load, that stooping form, that fearful uncertainty. There is no danger of overstating it. There are times when we are fond of boasting, and may, indeed, boast with much justice, that the nation’s destiny is not dependent on any one man’s firmness, or any one man’s wisdom. But that boast could not have been made two years ago. Whatever the causes that produced so strange a state of things, the national life seemed committed to one man’s watching soul, its heavy burden seemed laid on

one man's wearied back; there were others to help, to cheer and counsel him, and yet it may be said that all depended upon his firmness, his wisdom, and his fidelity. To go back to our figure, on which we have dwelt, and for which we hope the reader will pardon us—one misdirected sign, one wrong movement to the right or left, one step too fast or slow, too timid or too rash, might have been a national ruin as inevitable as any plunge into the boiling eddies of the Niagara.

But the long time of agony drew near to its close; the other shore is reached; the precious freight of life is saved. The multitudes are crowding to offer their congratulations to the man whose strength and steadiness had gone through this awful trial. Who had a better right to triumph? But so it was not to be. More favored, in one respect, than Moses, he had reached the expected land, but it was only to die, almost as soon as he had placed his foot upon its shore. We will not speak of the manner of his death; but when—to use the touching language of Mr. Garrison—“when was man so mourned?” That “rain of tears”—was there ever anything like it in our American history? Millions crowded to his funeral. Five hundred thousand, it is estimated, gazed upon that dead face, as onward, by day and night, the sad procession moved through the cities, towns, and hamlets of our land. The writer witnessed it at an inland station, where no outward show of preparation could be made. Still there, as elsewhere, while the dark draped car moved slowly through, was there the manifestation of the same substantial sorrow—the silent crowd, the spontaneously uncovered head, while drops were stealing down the manly cheek, and muffled sobs betrayed the female grief. All hearts were softened, all malice silenced, all party spirit hushed. The spiritual preciousness of that season, its moral value to the nation, who shall estimate? Some faint cavil has been heard that Bishop Potter should have called Mr. Lincoln a martyr. But surely he was such in both the senses of the term. He died in defence of righteousness; his death,

though so deeply mourned as a loss, has had a healing moral influence as striking as any physical cure that truth or legend has ascribed to the graves of martyred saints.

We can not charge our language with extravagance. Surely is there some special lesson that God has intended to teach us by this life and death, and without irreverence may it be said, we think that it is not difficult to find it out. We have had great men, so called, of many kinds, great statesmen, great orators, philosophic Presidents and military ones, all famed for greatness in our glowing eulogies. We boast of acute publicists, talented editors, wise diplomatists, and learned lawyers. We have called ourselves a great and wise people. There has been no measure to our self-laudation. We have been offensive, in this respect, to the other nations of the earth. At last God sends dire calamities upon us, or he suffers us to bring them upon ourselves; but in the midst of them he prepares for us a remarkable man—a model, too, of greatness, but of a different kind from that in which we had taken so much offensive pride. It is a moral, rather than a heroic and an intellectual greatness; though the two latter kinds are by no means wanting. He who was thus raised up was something more than *sincere* and *honest*. He was that rare character, a most TRUTHFUL MAN, in all its rare sublimity. He was purely an American, and yet without the least tincture of our country's greatest fault. He well performed the work that was given him to do "in his great office," and then departed to his rest. He is our model man. This is the heroism we are called to admire as especially becoming us in view of our idols of the past. Let us receive our chastisement, let us learn the lesson, let us revere the memory of this meek greatness; let us reform from our besetting national sin; let us hereafter put away all boasting, with its inseparable attendants, oppression and wrong, from our future American history.

From *Hours at Home*, N. Y. September 1865.

## MR. LINCOLN'S FAVORITE POEM, AND ITS AUTHOR

**T**HE author of the poem which was so great a favorite with our late President, beginning with the line,

Oh! why should the spirit of mortal be proud!

was William Knox, a Scottish poet of very considerable talent, who died at the early age of thirty-six. He was born at Firth, in the parish of Lilliesleaf, in the county of Roxburghshire, on the seventeenth of August, 1789. His father, Thomas Knox, married Barbara Turnbull, and of this marriage, William was the eldest son. He was sent to the parish school of Lilliesleaf, and subsequently to the grammar-school of Musselburgh. In 1812 he became lessee of a farm near Langholm, Dumfriesshire; but his habits were not those of a thriving farmer, and at the expiration of five years he gave up his lease and returned to the shelter of the parental roof. In 1820 the family removed to Edinburgh, and William now devoted himself to the more congenial pursuit of literature, contributing extensively to the public journals. From his early youth he had composed verses, and in 1818 he published *The Lonely Hearth* and other Poems, followed six years later by *The Songs of Israel*, two small 12mo volumes now in our possession. In 1825 appeared a third duodecimo volume of lyrics, entitled *The Harp of Zion*. Knox's poetical merits attracted the attention of Sir Walter Scott, who afforded him kindly countenance, and occasional pecuniary assistance; he also enjoyed the friendly notice of "Christopher North" and other men of letters. Of most amiable and genial disposition, poor Knox fell a victim to the undue gratification of his social propensities; he was seized with paralysis, and died at Edinburgh on the twelfth of November, 1825.

His poetry is largely pervaded with pathetic and religious sentiment. In the preface to his *Songs of Zion*, he says: "It is my

sincere wish that, while I may have provided a slight gratification for the admirer of poetry, I may also have done something to raise the devotional feelings of the pious Christian." Some of his Scripture paraphrases are exquisite specimens of sacred verse. A new edition of his poetical works was published in London in 1847. Besides the volumes already mentioned, and his various contributions to the Edinburgh press, he published *A Visit to Dublin*, and a beautiful Christmas tale, entitled, *Marianne, or the Widower's Daughter*.

Knox was short in stature, but handsomely formed; his complexion fair, and his hair of a light color. He was a great favorite in society, possessing an inexhaustible fund of humor, was an excellent story-teller, and repeated and sang his own songs with great beauty. He was keenly alive to his literary reputation, and could not but have been gratified had he known that one of his poetical efforts would one day go the rounds of our press and that of the Canadas, as the production of a President of the United States, and that President Abraham Lincoln.

As the poem has already appeared but in an incomplete form—the fourth and seventh stanzas being omitted—we give the whole, together with a little gem, *The Lament*, one of his earliest productions, written before he was twenty:

#### MORTALITY

Oh! why should the spirit of mortal be proud?  
Like a swift, fleeting meteor, a fast-flying cloud,  
A flash of the lightning, a break of the wave,  
He passeth from life to his rest in the grave.

The leaves of the oak and the willow shall fade,  
Be scattered around and together be laid;  
And the young and the old, and the low and the high,  
Shall moulder to dust and together shall lie.



The infant and mother attended and loved;  
The mother that infant's affection who proved;  
The husband that mother and infant who blessed—  
Each, all, are away to their dwellings of rest.

The maid on whose cheek, on whose brow, in whose eye,  
Shone beauty and pleasure—her triumphs are by;  
And the memory of those that beloved her and praised,  
Are alike from the minds of the living erased.

The hand of the king that the sceptre hath borne;  
The brow of the priest that the mitre hath worn;  
The eye of the sage and the heart of the brave,  
Are hidden and lost in the depths of the grave.

The peasant, whose lot was to sow and to reap;  
The herdsman, who climbed with his goats up the steep;  
The beggar, who wandered in search of his bread,  
Have faded away like the grass that we tread.

The saint that enjoyed the communion of heaven;  
The sinner that dared to remain unforgiven;  
The wise and the foolish, the guilty and just,  
Have quietly mingled their bones in the dust.

So the multitude goes, like the flower or the weed,  
That withers away to let others succeed;  
So the multitude comes, even those we behold,  
To repeat every tale that has often been told.

For we are the same our fathers have been;  
We see the same sights our fathers have seen;  
We drink the same stream and view the same sun,  
And run the same course our fathers have run.

The thoughts we are thinking our fathers would think;  
 From the death we are shrinking our fathers would shrink;  
 To the life we are clinging they also would cling:  
 But it speeds for us all, like a bird on the wing.

They loved, but the story we can not unfold;  
 They scorned, but the heart of the haughty is cold;  
 They grieved, but no wail from that slumber will come;  
 They joyed, but the tongue of their gladness is dumb.

They died, ay! they died: we things that are now,  
 That walk on the turf that lies over their brow,  
 And make in their dwellings a transient abode,  
 Meet the things that they met on their pilgrimage road.

Yes! hope and despondency, pleasure and pain,  
 We mingle together in sunshine and rain;  
 And the smile and the tear, the song and the dirge,  
 Still follow each other, like surge upon surge.

'Tis the wink of an eye, 'tis the draught of a breath,  
 From the blossom of health to the paleness of death,  
 From the gilded saloon to the bier and the shroud.  
 Oh! why should the spirit of mortal be proud?

#### THE LAMENT.

She was mine when the leaves of the forest were green,  
 When the rose-blossoms hung on the tree;  
 And dear, dear to me were the joys that had been,  
 And I dreamt of enjoyment to be.

But she faded more fast than the blossoms could fade,  
 No human attention could save;  
 And when the green leaves of the forest decayed,  
 The winds strewed them over her grave.

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