

when some irate member of the Continental Congress in 1776 moved the abolition of the English language in America, seconded the motion, with the amendment that we compel the British to learn Greek, and keep English for ourselves.

In fact, whether the subject he is treating be linguistic or literary, whether it be spelling reform or the English language, whether it be the prose novels of Cooper or the poetic

tales of Chaucer, Professor Lounsbury handles it with the same firm grasp, with the same understanding and sanity, with the same wholesome good humor. A scholarship as wide as it is deep, a common sense as unusual as it is vigorous, a humor unfailling always, and never obtruded or beyond control—these are characteristics not often found together; and they are to be found in all of Professor Lounsbury's works.

VITA BENEFICA.

BY ALICE WELLINGTON ROLLINS.¹

ON softest pillows my dim eyes unclose,
 No pain—delicious weariness instead;
 Sweet silence broods around the quiet bed,
 And round me breathes the fragrance of the rose.
 The moonlight leans against the pane and shows
 The little leaves outside in watchful dread
 Keeping their guard, while with swift noiseless tread
 Love in its lovelier service comes and goes:
 A hand I love brings nectar; near me bends
 A face I love: ah! it is over! this
 Indeed is heaven. Could I only tell
 The timid world how tenderly Death sends
 To drooping souls the soft and thrilling kiss!—
 And then I woke—to find that I was well!

PRESIDENT LINCOLN'S VISITING-CARD.

THE STORY OF THE PAROLE OF A CONFEDERATE OFFICER.

BY JOHN M. BULLOCK.

IN the early summer of 1864, my eldest brother, Waller R. Bullock of Kentucky, was wounded and captured while acting as captain of a detachment of General John H. Morgan's dismounted Confederates at Mount Sterling, Kentucky, Morgan's men being defeated by the troops of General Stephen G. Burbridge of the Union army. After having been left for dead upon the battlefield, and finally brought back to life in an almost miraculous manner, he was allowed, through the kind efforts of some of my father's Union friends, to be carried to the home of a relative and cared for until he

¹ This poem was written by Mrs. Rollins in her last illness, at a time when she believed herself recovering. She died on Sunday, December 5, 1897.

was in a condition to be sent to prison at Johnson's Island, near Sandusky, Ohio. After his removal to prison, we often received letters from him, telling us of his daily life of enforced idleness, but nothing regarding his health that caused us any uneasiness until the cold and icy winds of winter had set in. Then it was he wrote of a cough and some slight indisposition, but nothing that could awaken the watchfulness of even a mother's love. Early in February, 1865, Colonel Holliday of Kentucky, a Confederate officer, came through Baltimore on special exchange. My father, the Rev. Dr. Bullock, had left Kentucky at the beginning of the war, and accepted a call to the Franklin Street Presbyterian Church of Baltimore,

where he resided for ten or eleven years. He afterward removed to Alexandria, Virginia, where he resided when he was elected chaplain of the United States Senate. Later he made his home in Washington city. Colonel Holliday took tea with us the evening of his arrival; but although we asked him many questions regarding my brother's condition of health, he gave us no cause for alarm, only telling us that he suffered occasionally from his wounds, which had not entirely healed, and was troubled more or less by a cough. After bidding the family good-by, he requested me to walk with him to Barnum's Hotel, as he was not familiar with the streets of our city. After leaving the house, he delivered to me a message from my brother, to the effect that he was a very sick man, and had not long to live, owing to trouble with his wounds and a severe attack of pleurisy and pneumonia. As I was the only son living at home, he had sent this word to me in order that I might break the sad news to my parents. My mother being an invalid, it was my brother's wish that the information should be given to her in such a way as to alarm her as little as possible. That night I lay awake, in deepest anxiety and perplexity as to what was the best course to pursue to keep my mother in ignorance of my brother's real condition while I could put into execution some plan that would enable me to win the race from death. Though a school-boy at the time, my mind was made up before the morning dawned; and so, after a few hours of troubled slumber, I arose, dressed myself with unusual care, ate my breakfast, and then took my way, not to school, but to the station of the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad; and in about an hour I was in Washington city.

As soon as I arrived in the capital I inquired the way to the home of Postmaster-General Montgomery Blair. Mr. Blair was a relative of my mother's, and had been a classmate of my father's at Transylvania University, Lexington, Kentucky, when they were both young lads. I found Mr. Blair at home, and apparently not very busy. In as few words as possible I stated the object of my visit—namely, that I desired to secure from President Lincoln the release from prison, upon parole, of my brother, Waller R. Bullock, who was sick and wounded; and that the first step toward the accomplishment of my mission was an introduction to Mr. Lincoln through some influential person or common friend. I further informed him that I had come to request his good offices in the matter of the introduction to the President.

Mr. Blair's reception of me had been most cordial; but as soon as he learned the true object of my visit, the warmth of his manner visibly cooled, and in very decided language he said: «Such a request to the President will be altogether useless. I can assure you that there are many members of Congress, and others high in authority, that would be glad to have their friends and relatives released from prison on such terms as you ask, and are unable to accomplish it. Don't bother your head about such matters, my son. Come, take your lunch with us, and then go out and see some of the sights of Washington; and I assure you it will be time far more profitably spent than in seeking an interview with the President that will do you no sort of good.» In a most emphatic manner I declined both Mr. Blair's advice and hospitality; and learning that Mr. Lincoln was that morning holding a levee at the White House, I took my leave of the Postmaster-General, after thanking him for all he had done for me, and strolled over in that direction. I had never before been present at a Presidential reception, and the sight was indeed a novel one.

Mr. Lincoln was standing in the center of one of the small rooms—the «Blue Room,» I believe; and near him, and a little in his rear, were Mrs. Lincoln and some half-dozen ladies, wives of members of the cabinet. In animated conversation with Mrs. Lincoln and her guests were a number of officers of the army and navy, several generals and admirals among them. The President stood alone. There were no introductions. Each person came up and shook his hand, and passed on to give place to those that followed. During this ceremony the Marine Band, stationed in the «East Room,» played for the marching throng. I had noticed one thing of which I had determined to take advantage. In the interval between the time the band ceased to play one selection and the beginning of another piece, the people stopped passing through the Blue Room, and for the time being left the President entirely alone. He stood with his hands clasped in front of him, his head slightly bowed, in his eyes that far-away look so often spoken of by those who knew him well. I thought this a splendid opportunity to get speech of him. Had I been older, I should not have thrust myself upon him at such a time; but youth does not stop to inquire too closely into the courtesies of life. Just as the band ceased playing, I stepped up to Mr. Lincoln, shook him by the hand, and said: «Mr. President, I am a son of the Rev.

Dr. Bullock of Baltimore, whom you know; and I have come to ask that you will parole my brother, Waller R. Bullock, who is a Confederate lieutenant, now in prison at Johnson's Island, wounded and sick.» I of course supposed Mr. Lincoln would reply to my petition by granting it or dismissing me with a refusal. But ignoring what I had said altogether, he asked in quite a loud voice—enough so to attract the notice of all those about him: «You are a nephew of John C. Breckinridge, ain't you?» «Yes, sir,» I replied. «Then I suppose, when you are old enough, you will be going down to fight us,» said Mr. Lincoln, in rather a laughing tone. «Yes, sir,» I replied; «I suppose, when I am old enough, I will join the army.» Mr. Lincoln seemed to be somewhat amused at my answer, and placing his hand upon my shoulder, said in a kind, fatherly way: «My son, you come back here at four o'clock this afternoon, and I will see you then.» I could see, from the cessation of all conversation by the persons about the President, including both Mrs. Lincoln and her guests, that they were interested listeners to our interview.

As the first person came up to take Mr. Lincoln's hand after the band began to play once more, I retired, bowing myself out, only too well pleased to have an engagement with so important a person as the President of the United States, the man who held the life of my brother in his keeping. Thinking I would speak to the doorkeeper at the main entrance of the mansion as to my prospects of gaining admittance to Mr. Lincoln's presence, at four o'clock, I asked that official how it would be, telling him what the President had said. «He just said that to keep from hurting your feelings, young fellow; for I have positive orders from Mr. Lincoln in person to close these doors at two o'clock sharp, and not allow anybody to come in—not even members of the cabinet.» I had more confidence in Mr. Lincoln's word than the doorkeeper of the White House, and went my way without fear and full of hope. After satisfying a growing boy's appetite at Willard's Hotel,—a matter of time,—I counted the minutes until the hour named.

As I approached the White House, to my surprise and gratification I saw Mr. Lincoln standing upon the west end of the front portico, with his son Robert by his side. Robert, then a lad, had lately been appointed assistant adjutant-general and assigned to duty with General Grant; and he and his father, I discovered, were negotiating for the pur-

chase of a horse suitable for service in the field. As I stepped up and took a position near the President, an orderly was in the act of riding a stylish-looking animal up and down one of the driveways in front of the mansion. I stood silently by, listening to the comments of the quiet, businesslike father and the more enthusiastic son, until suddenly Mr. Lincoln turned to where I stood, and said: «My son, you are a Kentuckian, and ought to know something about the value of horses. Tell me, what do you think that one is worth?» pointing to the animal in question. I replied, «I should like to see how he is gaited, sir, before I decide.» «Ride that horse around a little more,» called the President to the orderly, «and let us see how he goes.» After looking him over for a few minutes, and noticing the fact that he was a fairly good saddle-horse, I gave my opinion that he was worth about one hundred and fifty dollars. My decision seemed to have coincided with that of Mr. Lincoln; for he said in a rather loud voice, easily heard by the rider, who had stopped his horse near the end of the portico: «Just what I said he was worth—just what I offered him; but he wanted two hundred dollars for him—more than I thought he was worth.» In a few moments, however, the sale was made at the President's figure; and, seemingly much to Robert's delight, the horse was ordered to be delivered to the White House stables. Upon the conclusion of the purchase, Mr. Lincoln walked slowly to the main entrance and passed in, saying to me as he did so, «Follow me, my son.» Very deliberately Mr. Lincoln mounted the stairway, and as he gained the hallway above looked around to see if I had accompanied him. Then, opening a door to his right, we went into an office where was seated John Hay, secretary to Mr. Lincoln, before a large open fire, writing busily. Mr. Lincoln said, «Take a seat, my son; I will be back in a few moments»; and picking up a small package of mail from the desk near him, opened a door to the adjoining office and went out, leaving me to the companionship of Mr. Hay, who soon retired as if on important business.

I occupied myself during Mr. Lincoln's brief absence in trying to collect my thoughts and prepare a set speech to pour into his sympathetic ears. Suddenly the door opened, and the tall form of the President, six feet four inches in height, towered above me. Closing the door quietly behind him, he drew the largest of the easy-chairs to one side of the glowing log fire, and sitting down, leaned his

elbow on the arm toward me, and said, «Now, my son, what can I do for you?» You will note that all through my interviews with Mr. Lincoln he never addressed me without using the words—very kindly they sounded, too—«my son.» Where now was my set speech? That I never knew. All I saw before me was a kind, sorrowful face, ready to listen to my story. I was not in the least embarrassed, as I supposed I should be, and at once began to tell Mr. Lincoln what I had come to ask of him. I said: «Mr. President, I have come to ask you to parole my brother, Lieutenant Waller R. Bullock, from Johnson's Island, where he is sick and wounded. He is extremely ill, and I want you to release him so that he may be brought home to die.» I knew what he would ask me the first thing, and my heart sank as I heard the fateful question put. «Will your brother take the oath?» said Mr. Lincoln. «No, sir; he will not,» I replied. «He will have to die in prison if that is the only alternative.» «I cannot parole him,» said the President. «I should like to do so; but it is impossible unless he will take the oath.» I replied: «Mr. Lincoln, my brother is very ill, and cannot live long in his present condition; and it would be a great comfort to our invalid mother to have him brought home so that he can be tenderly nursed until he dies.» «My son,» said Mr. Lincoln, «I should like to grant your request, but I cannot do it. You don't know what a pressure is brought to bear upon me in such matters. Why, there are senators and members of Congress that would be glad to have their relatives and friends paroled on such terms as you ask, and cannot accomplish it.» (The same words used by Mr. Blair.) Though somewhat disheartened, I again repeated the story of my brother's extreme illness, and the comfort it would be to my mother to have him with her in his dying condition. I said: «Mr. Lincoln, this is a case of life and death. If my brother remains much longer in prison on that bleak, dreary island, exposed to all the severity of an exceptionally cold winter, he cannot last very much longer. You are the only person in the United States that can do absolutely as you please in such matters; and you can release him if you desire to do so, no matter what people say or think.» Mr. Lincoln had so often said that it was impossible for him to parole Waller that I felt my last chance to gain his consent to my petition was to appeal to him as the court of last resort, and throw the consequences of refusal upon him personally. Finally Mr.

Lincoln sank into a state of deep meditation. He sat with his elbows on his knees, his face in his hands, and gazed long and intently into the great wood fire. He was not a handsome man; neither was he a graceful one. His appearance when in repose was rather dull and listless. Indeed, I was struck with his awkwardness while receiving the guests at his levee, walking upstairs, and sitting in his chair. His hair was cut unevenly on the back of his head, his features were rugged, and he had evidently paid but little regard to his tailor. I noticed how large his hands and feet were, how loosely his black suit hung upon his immense frame. And then, too, as I have before remarked, he had that far-away look in his eyes so often spoken of by those who knew him intimately during those awful years of blood and carnage, when his great soul was wrung with the anguish of a nation at war with itself.

Suddenly, without warning, and when, from his long silence, I had concluded my cause was lost, Mr. Lincoln sprang to his feet, his whole being alert, his eyes no longer dull, but clear and strong with the light of intense feeling and power, all the awkwardness gone, his face not handsome, but full of strength and intelligence, making it a pleasant face to look upon—one a child would not refuse to caress. Straightening himself to his full height, he brought his clenched hand down upon the desk with a bang, and said, as he looked me full in the face, «I'll do it; I'll do it!» Walking over to his desk, he picked up a small paper card-case which held visiting-cards such as ladies generally use. Mr. Lincoln held it between his first finger and thumb up to his ear, and shook it to see if there were any cards left. I could distinctly hear the rattle of a single card. Finding what he was looking for, the President sat down, and placing the card before him, wrote very slowly and deliberately. I supposed he was writing an order to some clerk, or to John Hay, to have the parole papers made out. Such was my ignorance of the forms necessary to liberate prisoners that I imagined I should see a large official document with signatures and counter-signatures, seals, etc. Therefore I was much surprised when Mr. Lincoln arose, and, holding the card between his forefinger and thumb, read it aloud to me as follows:

Allow Lieut. Waller R. Bullock to be paroled and go to his parents in Baltimore, and remain there until well enough to be exchanged.

A. LINCOLN.

Mr. Lincoln then held out the card to me; and seeing that I was somewhat disappointed in the size of the document, and hesitated to accept it, he said, as a smile played about the corners of his mouth: «That 'll fetch him; that 'll fetch him.» I thanked the President with all the warmth of my being. I felt that by the act of clemency he had just shown my brother had a chance for his life, and that it was to Mr. Lincoln's kindness of heart and love of humanity that I owed the success of my mission. After once more expressing my thanks to the President, and assuring him of the gratitude of my father and mother and of our entire family, I prepared to take my leave, filled with joy. After handing me the card, Mr. Lincoln drew up one of the easy-chairs before the fire, and throwing himself into a comfortable position, began to ask me several questions. Said he: «Do you ever hear from your uncle John C. Breckinridge?» «Yes, sir,» I replied; «we hear once in a while from prisoners coming through on special exchange; and sometimes we have been enabled to receive letters via City Point by flag of truce.» «Well,» said Mr. Lincoln, «I was fond of John, and I was sorry to see him take the course he did. Yes, I was fond of John, and regret that he sided with the South. It was a mistake.» And then he made some further remarks about my uncle which showed his kind feeling for him. He also referred to his visit to Kentucky soon after his marriage, and the pleasant recollection he had of that period. (He had spent a few weeks in Fayette County at my grandfather Bullock's, whose second wife was an aunt of Mrs. Lincoln.) Altogether he was very kind, and I left the White House with my heart overflowing with gratitude to the President. One incident took place during my visit that goes to show how true and genuine was Mr. Lincoln's feeling of kindness toward others. Just as he was in the act of writing my brother's order of release on that little card, his son Robert came in, full of enthusiasm over the good qualities of his recent purchase. He was leaning over the back of his father's chair, and talking rapidly about his horse, when, suddenly remembering something he had forgotten to communicate, he said: «Father, Governor Hicks is dying.» Senator Hicks was an ex-governor of Maryland, and had been very ill for some days. Mr. Lincoln paused in his writing for a moment, and said in very sympathetic tones, without looking up: «Poor Hicks! Poor Hicks! Robert, order

the carriage; I must go and see Governor Hicks.»

In my haste to carry the good news to my parents, I arose from my seat at the first pause in the conversation, and bowed myself out of Mr. Lincoln's presence. I found the doorkeeper still on guard at the main entrance; and as he unlocked and unbarred the door he said: «It was well the President was out on the portico buying that horse, or you would never have entered these doors.»

The night I reached home, a number of gentlemen were collected in my father's study. The success of my mission was the theme of conversation, and it was decided unanimously that I was the proper person to convey that parole to Johnson's Island, and bring my brother home. Mr. Henry Garrett, a brother of John W. Garrett, president of the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad, was one of those present. He was a true friend of our family, and kindly gave me a letter of introduction, which was directed «To All Railroad Employees,» and was as follows:

This will introduce to your favorable notice our young friend Mr. John M. Bullock, who is traveling with a sick brother. Any attention that you may show him will be highly appreciated by

ROBERT GARRETT AND SONS.

Had I known how to use that letter, I would have ridden free from Baltimore to Johnson's Island and return, such was the power of the Garretts during the war; but, being young, I failed to appreciate the true import of the communication, so learned its value only when too late to be of service. I found that Mr. Lincoln's name was a power wherever I went. That little card was an «open sesame»; and wherever and whenever I showed the signature «A. Lincoln,» that settled the matter, and all further discussion ceased. As I stepped upon the ice to cross from Sandusky to Johnson's Island, a guard standing near by said, «Where are you going?» I replied, «To Johnson's Island, to see Colonel Hill.» «You had better obtain a permit first,» said he. I handed him Mr. Lincoln's card. As soon as he saw the order signed by Mr. Lincoln, he very politely remarked that I was «free to go over to the island,» and pointed out to me the shortest route across. The ice was from three and a half to four feet thick, and heavy army-wagons were hauling freight to and from the island. Upon my arrival at Colonel Hill's headquarters, I was introduced to him by a young lieutenant named Phillips, whom I had met while he was in charge of prisoners

brought through Baltimore from Johnson's Island on special exchange. I handed the colonel Mr. Lincoln's card. He took it, glanced carelessly at the writing; but his indifference lasted only for a moment, for as soon as he saw and realized what the order was,—the release of a Confederate officer on parole, no oath required of him, and limited to the city of Baltimore,—he was a truly astonished man. «Well,» said he, «this is the first time such an order has been received at this prison since the war began. However, this is the President's handwriting—this is Mr. Lincoln's own signature, for I know it well. But, by Heaven! sir, I can't understand it. It is unusual, sir, to parole a prisoner on such terms.»

Just as we were leaving Colonel Hill's office, I asked him, as a favor, to give me the card on which President Lincoln had written the order for my brother's parole, so that I might keep it as a memento of my visit to Washington and its important results. Colonel Hill declined to accede to my unbusinesslike request, and said: «No, sir; I cannot part with this document, as it contains my authority for releasing your brother from prison, and will be retained and filed with all other papers relating to the affairs of this office.» But the official papers, granting the parole, were gratefully received, and proved to be an inviolable protection.

It was indeed a race with death to get my brother home before disease overcame all that was left of a once healthy man, worn to a skeleton from the effects of wounds and, later, pleurisy and pneumonia. The trip from Sandusky to Baltimore in the depth of a severe winter was a truly trying one, and a week was required to accomplish it. Upon our last night out, February 21, 1865, we stopped at Cumberland, Maryland, the trains of the Baltimore and Ohio not venturing to run at night, owing to the frequent attacks by Confederate rangers whenever they attempted it. There was a Union force of about five thousand men in and about Cumberland, commanded by Major-General Crook. General Kelley was also stationed at this point as second in command. General Crook's headquarters were at the Revere House, while General Kelley's were at the City Hotel, three or four doors below. Upon our arrival at Cumberland, my brother's Confederate uniform at once attracted attention, and it was not long before several Union officers called upon us, and asked to see by what authority a Confederate officer

was traveling free over the country. As always, when they found that his parole was given by authority of that magic name «A. Lincoln,» they bowed themselves out of the room.

I did not retire until late, the only creature visible being a little darky lying curled up, sound asleep, in an arm-chair before the stove. It must have been scarcely daylight when I was awakened by some one blowing the fire in my room. I looked up, and saw the same little darky blowing the kindling into a blaze. He was kneeling before the grate; and after blowing a long breath he would sit back upon his heels, throw his head up, and grin from ear to ear. He went through this pantomime several times, evidently believing both my brother and myself to be asleep. Suddenly I called out to him, «What are you laughing at, sir?» In a second he wheeled around, and said: «Boss, de rebels done come in here las' night, and stole Generals Crook and Kelley clean away.» Before I could reply by asking particulars, a new messenger from the seat of war rushed upstairs, dashed past my room, and, knocking on my neighbor's door, cried out in a gasping voice, as if he had been running for his life: «The rebels came in here last night, and captured Generals Crook and Kelley.» It was the same information given us by the little darky, but couched in slightly different language. Our next-door neighbor, leaping from his bed, landed in the middle of the room at one bound; and his informer rushed down the hallway, shouting his evil tidings to the half-awakened inmates of the hotel. Immediately drums began to beat, bugles to sound the alarm, and men galloped by on horseback, singly and in squads. All was uproar and confusion. In a few minutes after I had finished my toilet, and while my brother was lying on the sofa ready dressed for traveling, several officers came up to reëxamine his parole papers, thinking that possibly he might be connected with the capture.

Lieutenant McNeill of the Confederate army, with only ten or a dozen men, had entered Cumberland during the small hours of the night, and going quietly to the rooms of the two generals in command, one at the Revere House, and the other at the City Hotel,—after having first captured the sentinels posted in front and rear of the two houses,—ordered them to arise, put on their clothes, except boots, make not the slightest unnecessary sound, and follow them. In the rear of the City Hotel they found the rest of the squad awaiting them. The generals were

placed on the horses of their captors, while the Confederates took the fresher and finer animals belonging to their captives, and quietly and quickly rode out of the town and off to the mountains. The intense cold weather aided the Confederates in their daring adventure; for the guards were probably not looking for their enemies, and had sought shelter in some place of warmth. A curious feature of the affair was the fact that General Kelley was to marry the daughter of his host of the City Hotel, Mr. Dailey, on the next night after his capture; all the preparations had been made for the wedding; and, to make the matter still more annoying, young Dailey, brother of the prospective bride, Confederate soldier, was the leader and guide for Lieutenant McNeill, thus making it easy for him to discover the room occupied by General Kelley. The little ducky at the Revere House, with a pistol to his ear, and a promise of being skinned alive if he opened his mouth until daybreak, piloted Lieutenant McNeill to General Crook's apartment. History informs us that in a few months, after the two generals had been exchanged,—the captivity was very short,—the gallant Kelley returned and completed the nuptials so ruthlessly disturbed by his future brother-in-law.

Much has been said and written in regard to Mr. Lincoln's character for kindness, his disposition to be merciful, his gentleness toward those in trouble, his leniency to those in distress, his clemency, and desire, when possible, to pardon those who were condemned to death. All this is no doubt true. The testimony of those who knew him best confirms all that can be said in his praise as to the noble nature of the man. I wish, however, to bear witness to one fact regarding Mr. Lincoln that impressed me, boy as I was, in a marked degree during my interviews with him. Before approaching the President I felt a natural diffidence, not to say awe, of the man who was Chief Executive of the nation, commander-in-chief of the army and navy, as well as the man who held the life of my brother in his keeping. To a boy of fifteen this feeling was only natural. The closer I approached the great man, however, the less I feared him, the higher my courage rose; and before the interview was over I was as much at my ease with President Lincoln as if talking to my own father. The reasons for this are to be found in just the qualities of heart with which he is accredited, and rightly so, by all the world.

No sooner had he laid his hand upon my shoulder and said, «My son,» than I felt drawn to him, and dreaded less and less the interview he had granted me; and each successive question he asked put me more at my ease, until, when I was alone with him in his private office, all my embarrassment vanished, and I saw before me the countenance of a man I could trust, one which invited confidence. And thus it was that I saw this man at the head of a great nation engaged in the most stupendous war in the history of the world. All of his hours were spent in labor. His time was priceless. Senators, representatives in Congress, ambassadors of foreign courts, officers of the army and navy, were anxious and pressing for an interview, however brief; members of the cabinet were debarred, according to the testimony of the doorkeeper. And yet, at such a time, this man of the people, this man among men, with the burden of a nation at war upon his shoulders, his mind bowed down by such responsibilities as no man ever bore alone since the world began,—not even Napoleon at the height of his fame,—left all these mighty questions and affairs of state long enough to enter into the pleasure of his soldier boy; long enough to give ear to the petition of a young lad praying for a brother's life—and that brother, in his eyes, an enemy of the state; long enough to leave his home to go and pay respect to a dying friend in his last hours. Such was Abraham Lincoln as I saw him in 1865.

Mr. Lincoln was slain by a madman. No section should be held responsible for such a deed. The South mourned as truly for his death as did the North. The assassination of Mr. Lincoln deprived that portion of our country of a protector both able and willing to stand their friend during all those days of struggling poverty and misery consequent on four years of war.

None more truly felt genuine sorrow for the death of Mr. Lincoln than my father and his family. To each one of us it came as a personal loss. And when, as one man, the nation bowed its head in the presence of death, and with mournful hearts and kindly hands draped its homes with the trappings of woe, no heart in all the land beat with truer sympathy, and no hands touched with greater reverence the funereal emblems that gave utterance to our respect for the nation's dead, than his to whom Abraham Lincoln had granted liberty and life.