

WOMEN WHO KNEW LINCOLN.

By GERALD PRIME.

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DESPITE his rather gloomy temperament and always present realization of the fearful responsibility which the civil war had fastened upon him, Mr. Lincoln never held himself aloof from the various forms of popular amuse-



ADELINA PATTI, 1864.

ment prevalent in the early sixties. Although they had found little opportunity in early life to cultivate a taste for the theater, both the president and his wife were especially fond of the play and were familiar figures at the capital's rather primitive places of amusement. Although his musical appreciation did not extend beyond a hearty enjoyment of the homely singing of the Hutchinson family, whose ballads had contributed so powerfully to the spread of anti-slavery sentiment throughout the Union, Mr. Lincoln sometimes went to the opera. On one of these occasions he heard Adelina Patti, then in the first flush of her fame as a prima donna. The opera was "Marta," and the diva sang "The Last Rose of Summer" in English. The president was delighted with the song, sought an introduction to the singer and invited her to come to the White House.

The following day when the wonderful young song bird arrived at the executive mansion Mr. Lincoln was deep in the discussion of some perplexing war problem with the members of his cabinet. When he entered the parlor in which the singer was waiting rather impatiently his solemn countenance was almost convulsed with anxiety and apprehension. At sight of the diva his drawn features lightened perceptibly.



CHARLOTTE CHANTREE, 1865.

and he greeted her warmly and told her of the pleasure her singing had given him.

"I hope to hear you sing 'The Last Rose of Summer' again," he said. "I'll sing it now," said Patti impulsively, drawing off her gloves and sending herself at the piano.

She was in fine voice, and the inspiration of her distinguished and highly appreciative audience of one made her singing especially effective. Despite the fact that on that very evening she was billed to sing a most exacting role in opera, she poured forth a wealth of melody with unstinted generosity, "Home, Sweet Home," "Su-



ANNA E. DICKINSON, 1862.

wanee River," "Old Kentucky Home," "Comin' Thro' the Rye" and half a dozen other folk songs following in quick succession.

Throughout this impromptu concert Mr. Lincoln sat motionless with his long arms folded and his eyes half closed. When Patti had finished she

turned on the piano stool with a naive "Mr. President, is that enough for today?"

The tired, homely face of the great president relaxed into a smile which the Baroness Cederstrom has not forgotten to this day, so kindly was it and so expressive of wonder and admiration for the singer's art.

"I look upon your visit to me as a special providence," he said. "I shall always remember it."

Another woman whose talent afforded Mr. Lincoln many moments of respite from his arduous and soul racking labors was Charlotte Crabtree, who under the stage name of Little Lotta was the favorite American comedienne of that period. Although Miss Crabtree was still in her teens, she had already achieved a national reputation as a brilliant impersonator of light comedy roles and had sung and danced herself into the affections of the theater going public with a cleverness that speedily brought her fame and fortune. Not long before the dreadful tragedy in Ford's theater she played an engagement in Washington, and the president and his family were among her most appreciative admirers.

A famous woman whose intellectuality and remarkable oratorical power made her a person of remarkable interest to the Lincoln family was Anna E. Dickinson, who at that time was at the zenith of her fame as a lecturer against slavery and disunion and kindred topics. Miss Dickinson was an early advocate of emancipation and was accustomed to make frequent visits to the White House to urge Mr. Lincoln to take the step. On these occasions Miss Dickinson was received with the most generous hospitality, and her ultra radical views were given respectful consideration.

A fourth woman who has carried with her during her long and successful professional career the happy mem-



TERESA CARRENO, 1861.

ory of once having been the means of contributing to the entertainment of Abraham Lincoln is Teresa Carreno, now the most distinguished female piano artist of the day. In those days she was being exploited as a "musical prodigy," and even at that early age she was the mistress of a wonderful technique. The Lincolns went to hear the little Venezuelan maiden play and were delighted with her. She was invited to the White House and played for the president.

All of these women of genius whose blessed privilege it was to dispel a little of the gloom which was even then enshrouding the personality of the greatest man of his age are still in the flesh. Adelina Patti, now the Baroness Cederstrom, is growing old gracefully in her castle in Wales; Lotta, who is as thrifty as she is mentally alert, lives in New York city in a beautiful home of her own; Mme. Carreno, whose art has developed into splendid fulfillment of her youthful promise, is still America's premiere pianist, and Anna Dickinson, broken physically and mentally wrecked, is living in retirement in New York city.

Lincoln's Favorite Poem.

According to those who knew him most intimately, Mr. Lincoln was never again the same man after the death of Ann Rutledge, the "best beloved" of his early manhood. He had always been subject to attacks of mental depression, but after her death they became more frequent and alarming. It was about that time that he came across some verses in the "Poets' Corner" of a rural newspaper which made a strong impression on him. This was the poem beginning "Oh, why should the spirit of mortal be proud?" None who ever heard him repeat these wonderfully plaintive yet curiously empty lines in after life realized that they served to keep in his memory a grief which remained with perpetual insistence in his heart, to which he could not with becoming delicacy allude directly, but there is little doubt that Lincoln never recovered wholly from the loss of his youthful fiancée.

For many months after the passing of this beautiful young woman Lincoln was utterly disconsolate and made no secret of the fact. It was then that these ultra somber lines seemed to furnish him with a vehicle by means of which he might give expression to some of the sadness of soul which overshadowed him. In the words of one who knew him at the time: "He was heard to murmur them to himself as he slipped into the village at nightfall after an evening visit to the cemetery, and he would suddenly break out with them in little social assemblies after periods of silent gloom. They seemed to come unbidden to his lips."

That poem is now Lincoln's very own. The name of the obscure poet is lost to posterity, but his unpretentious work is associated imperishably with the memory of one of the world's greatest men and interwoven with the history of his supreme sorrow.



Abraham Lincoln

By FRANK H. SWEET

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Only a baby, fair and small,
Like many another baby
Whose smiles and tears came
swift at call,
Who ate and slept and grew;
that's all—
Our Abraham Lincoln.

Only a boy like other boys,
With tasks and studies,
Fond of his books and games
and toys,
Living his childish griefs
and joys—
Our backwoods boy,
Lincoln.

Only a lad, awkward and
shy,
Skilled in handling his ax
and gun,
Mastering knowledge that
by and by
Should aid him in duties
great and high—
Our sturdy lad, Lincoln.

Only a man of finest bent,
Hero of battles fought
and won,
Woodchopper, lawyer,
president,
Who served his country and
died content—
Our patriot true, Lincoln.

Only! Ah, what was the
secret, then,
Of his being America's
honored son?
Why was he famed above
all men,
His name upon every
tongue and pen—
The illustrious Lincoln?

A mighty brain, a will to
endure,
Passions subdued, a slave to
none,
A heart that was brave
and strong and sure,
A soul that was noble,
great and pure—
Our Abraham Lincoln.

WHEN LINCOLN DIED.

By JAMES A. EDGERTON.
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When Lincoln died a universal grief
Went round the earth. Men loved him in
that hour.
The north her leader lost, the south her
friend;
The nation lost its savior, and the slave
Lost his deliverer, the most of all.
Oh, there was sorrow mid the humble
poor.
When Lincoln died!

When Lincoln died a great soul passed
from earth,
A great white soul, as tender as a child
And yet as iron-willed as Hercules.
In him were strength and gentleness so
mixed
That each upheld the other. He possessed
The patient firmness of a loving heart.
In power he out-kinged emperors, and yet
His mercy was as boundless as his power.
And he was jovial, laughter-loving; still
His heart was ever torn with suffering.
There was divine compassion in the man.
A godlike love and pity for his race.
The world saw the full measure of that
love.
When Lincoln died.

When Lincoln died a type was lost to
men.
The earth has had her conquerors and
kings
And many of the common great. Through
all
She only had one Lincoln. There is none
Like him in all the annals of the past.
He was a growth of our new soil, a child
Of our new time, a symbol of the race.
That freedom breeds, was of the lowest
rank,
And yet he scaled with ease the highest
height.
Mankind one of its few immortals lost
When Lincoln died.

When Lincoln died it seemed a providence.
For he appeared as one sent for a work
Whom, when that work was done, God
summoned home.
He led a splendid fight for liberty.
And when the shackles fell the land was
saved;
He laid his armor by and sought his rest.
A glory sent from heaven covered him
When Lincoln died.

She hurried home.
When South Carolina declared for
secession Mrs. Lincoln was visiting in
the south, where she had gone to at-
tend the wedding of an intimate friend

LINCOLN A BRIGHT BOY.

When Lincoln was about nineteen he
was employed by Mr. Gentry of Gen-
tryville, Ind., to go with his son Allen
down the river to New Orleans with
a cargo of bacon and other produce.
While they were loading at Rockport,
on the Ohio, Lincoln saw a good deal
of the pretty Miss Roby who after-
ward became the wife of Allen Gen-
try. At this time the young lady evi-
dently had a strong liking for the fu-
ture emancipator. This, however, did
not prevent her from writing of him in
her diary as follows:

"Abe is a long, leggy, gawky boy,
dried up and shriveled. One evening
he and I were sitting on the boat, and
I remarked that the sun was going
down. He said to me: 'That's not so. It
doesn't really go down. It only seems
to. The earth turns from west to east,
and the revolution of the earth carries
us under, as it were. We do the sink-
ing, as you call it. The sun, as to us,
is comparatively still; its sinking is
only an appearance.' I replied, 'Abe,
what a fool you are!' I found out after-
ward that I was the fool, not Lincoln."

In after years Mrs. Gentry wrote to
one of Lincoln's friends as follows: "I
am now thoroughly satisfied that at
that time Mr. Lincoln knew the gen-
eral laws of astronomy and the move-
ments of the heavenly bodies. He was
better read than the world knows
or is ever likely to know. He was
the learned boy among us unlearned
folk."

Lincoln's Modesty.
When John Locke Scripps went to
him in 1860 for materials for a cam-
paign life Lincoln replied:
"Why, Scripps, it is a great piece
of folly to attempt to make anything out
of me or my early life. It can all be
condensed in a single sentence, and
that sentence you will find in Gray's
'Elegy.'
"The short and simple annals of
the poor."
"That's my life, and that's all you or
any one else can make of it."

HARRIET BEECHER STOWE.

How She Helped Lincoln with "Uncle Tom's Cabin."

In that little heroic advance guard of men and women who battled valiantly for the spread of anti-slavery sentiment in this republic Harriet Beecher Stowe was most conspicuous. Her propaganda was conducted within her own domestic circle, and her potent weapon was her pen, but it accomplished marvels. Her "Uncle Tom's Cabin" was a real invincible armada. Once launched, there was nothing that could silence its guns. On its earliest appearance in serial form it began its career as an educative force, and it grew daily as a maker of sentiment.

Nor did it matter much that it was a work which, measured even by the standards of the time, was not esteemed a notable example of literary hand-craft. That it was never accepted by those whose opinion should have been final as a true picture of conditions as they actually were did not in the least militate against its potency as a reforming agent. It kept right on in its victorious and convincing way regard-



HARRIET BEECHER STOWE, 1864.

less of the protests that there were no Legrees or Markses, that the slave market scene was the product of a diseased imagination and that half the horrors revealed in its pages were non-existent.

It was an avant-courier of Abraham Lincoln and his mission, and the great emancipator always regarded it as such. For its author he had the most appreciative admiration, and she was always welcomed at the White House.

Why Lincoln Told Stories.

Lincoln undoubtedly appropriated all the stories he could acquaint himself with, regardless of their antiquity, and often, no doubt, he adapted their point to the conditions of the people he lived among. His own explanation of his extraordinary propensity to anecdote in speech or conversation is excellently given in the Century Magazine by Colonel Silas W. Burt, who relates a remarkable incident, hitherto unpublished, of civil war history. It is not necessary in this connection to do more than quote the words.

"I believe I have the popular reputation of being a story teller, but I do not deserve the name in its general sense, for it is not the story itself, but its purpose or effect, that interests me. I often avoid a long and useless discussion by others or a laborious explanation on my own part by a short story that illustrates my point of view. So, too, the sharpness of a refusal or the edge of a rebuke may be blunted by an appropriate story, so as to save wounded feeling and yet serve the purpose. No; I am not simply a story teller, but story telling as an emollient saves me much friction and distress."

It may be added that this accords with the view which most students of Lincoln's character had reached.

Lincoln's Cabinet.

Lincoln hated to dictate. He shrank from assuming to control the members of his cabinet until forced by circumstances to take upon himself the responsibility. His natural preference was to work with rather than to lead men. He could not bear to humble any fellow being, however low his rank. But he found as emergencies arose that some one must rule and that as president he alone was responsible to the people. His courage never permitted him to shirk a duty, and thus little by little his power was modestly put forth.

When the members of Lincoln's cabinet first met probably no one among them suspected that their counsels would be ruled by the man who sat at the head of the table. None of them knew him, and most of them felt they were the superiors of the untried and untrained president. They had all been chosen by him for political or party reasons. Four had been his competitors for the nomination at Chicago.

Lincoln's Odd Appearance.

Lincoln's favorite outer garb as he sallied forth in winter for his office was an ancient gray shawl. He took particular pains never to have his hat brushed or his shoes blacked. His carpetbag threatened at the seams to disgorge its burden of legal documents. His green cotton umbrella had no handle to speak of, and inside was the legend, "A. Lincoln," the letters cut out of white muslin and sewed to the faded cloth. Altogether he looked like the advance agent of a Denman Thompson show. In 1856 a pair of spectacles cost him 37½ cents.

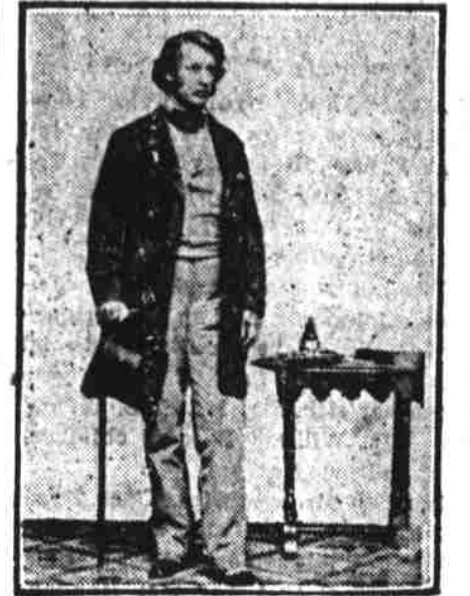
The office was in character with the notorious indifference to appearances of the senior partner of the firm. Once a young law student attempted to blaze a trail through the accumulated rubbish and found that some seeds given by a congressman had taken root and sprouted in the dirt.

PAVED THE WAY FOR LINCOLN.

By WILLARD JAMES.

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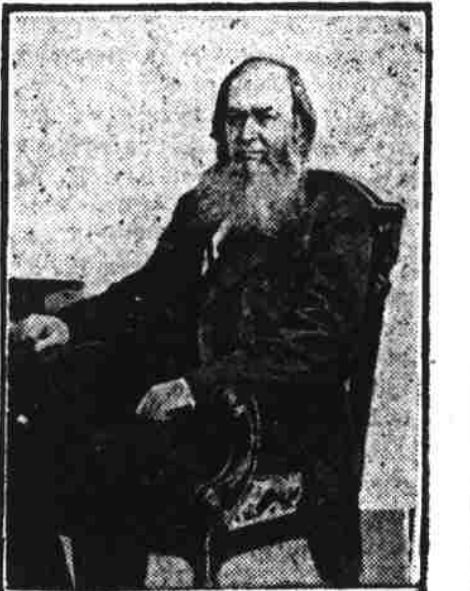
ABOUT the time that Abraham Lincoln began to slip his earliest words in the humble home in Kentucky in 1811 there was born in the old Bay State an individual who was destined to become a powerful molder of the nation-



CHARLES SUMNER, 1860.

al sentiment which bore the great war president into the White House. He was Charles Sumner, whose mission it was to become the successor of Daniel Webster in the United States senate and the uncompromising foe of slavery and disunion. He pitted himself against the advocates of the fugitive slave law in the senate and made a speech which upset all the specious theories of those who were its champions. In the famous debate on the Kansas-Nebraska bill in 1854 he directed all the keenest shafts of his wit and logic against the measure, and he won. Two years later he made the famous speech on the contest in Kansas, which so excited the ire of the bell-couse Preston Brooks that he sought fistic satisfaction. His speech entitled "The Barbarism of Slavery" was read all over the country and produced a tremendous effect.

Gerrit Smith was a pioneer in the dissemination of anti-slavery doctrine. As early as 1835 he practically withdrew from all other enterprises and devoted himself and his substance to the spread of anti-slavery principles.



GERRIT SMITH, 1861.

He inherited one of the largest landed estates in the country, and as an earnest of his devotion to the cause he proceeded to distribute 200,000 acres of it among the needy without distinction of color, which was a daring deed for that time. He was more censured than commended for his indiscriminate generosity, but he met the criticisms of his opponents with a dignity of speech and manner that won him hosts of friends. In those days the term "abolitionist" was used only as an expression of reproach, but Smith assumed it boldly and was prepared to defend it on all occasions. He was pre-eminently one of those who made it possible to elect Abraham Lincoln.

Edward Everett was by temperament firmly conservative. He was first of all a scholar, and his tastes and his principles made him the foe of all discord and violence. He had a profound



EDWARD EVERETT, 1860.

distaste for the storm which was brewing, and his love of concord inspired him to work for conciliation rather than to take sides with those who regarded the struggle as inevitable. It was his very hesitation in avowing himself an abolitionist that contributed to the growth of Lincoln and his principles.