An incident in the life of
Abraham Lincoln.

I had been sauntering, dreamily,
for days, through the wild forests and
deep ravines of the valley of the Lehigh;

on following the artist's trail among
the shimmering lights of Delaware Water
Gap — bearing away, as I believed —
the much treasure hoped for. But the
homeward win — hopeful visions of the
writing effects I should produce on the waiting
canvas in my den in town.

In this mood for delicious silence
I sought a remote corner on the fast
train from Philadelphia, tossed my satchel
and portfolio into the rack above my
head, pulled the visor of my cap to
its cental angle — over my eyes, and
let myself to high revelry among the
studies. I was now fain to
immortalize.

The halting of our train at Potterville
brought me sufficiently out of my dreams
to notice the entrance of several passengers
into the nearly empty car which I had
mentally chartered — among them a man
who took the vacant seat beside me—
saying "good morning" so heartily
that I felt compelled to respond.
Thereafter, possibly for an hour,
he made various futile attempts to
engage me in conversation, receiving for
such endeavor a civil but laconic
rejoinder. There was no ill-bearing
in the manner of these friendly
inquiries, but the bearing of a serial
attack—of charges might
Christian gentleman, so aimed as to
cause not altogether
good will that he could not altogether
resist the overflow, even though, in
this instance, it came in monosyllables
I came almost immediately to
realize that for me comfortable
encounters were unlikely, and
could not have been wished.

I am not a taciturn man. At almost
every other time I might have welcomed
the advent of such a fellow-traveler.

But on this occasion I recoiled from
the spell, more from the remonstrance of social contact, lest the spell
of my dreams should be broken.

At last, then, a remark dropped by the
conductor of one train, in passing, and
the response of my "unwelcome neighbor"
led me to recognize
widely known Methodist Divine, Alfred Cookman. The apologies which followed this discovery opened without "malice" and without stunt, the stories of anecdote and adventure for which, in the memory of the passing generation, Mr. Cookman was distinguished, sharing his men in the remainder of our journey, choice during the remainder of our journey, choice and incident inclining, as we neared the city of his residence, to the outlines of the incident I am about to relate.

The Emancipation proclamation had just been declared. The seething element was at white heat. The entire country was at white heat. The entire country felt the glow and the tremulous vibrations felt the glow and the tremulous vibrations, from the fire the great leader had stoked, from the fire the great leader had stoked, while he stood many, anyins, and sometimes disappointment at his post.

Mr. Lincoln had been all night in his Cabinet. Then grave counsel with his Cabinet. Then grave counsel with his Cabinet. He was morning found him exhausted. He was morning found him exhausted. He was morning found him exhausted. He was morning found him exhausted. He was morning found him exhausted. He was morning found him exhausted. He was morning found him exhausted. He was morning found him exhausted. He was morning found him exhausted.
Mrs. J. had just arrived by train from hospital service near the lines. A resident of Philadelphia high in position and influence, with leisure, heat, and purse to serve her country, she had offered all to relieve her home suffering soldiers—ordering from home the luxuries the Government could not undertake to supply and distributing them discreetly into her own liberal hands. The plain Quaker in hospital hands. Her plain Quaker heart was well known on the trains. Her saintly face was going to and fro. Her saintly heart and hands were as tenderly revered by the hospital boys as the saintly heart and hands of God. The hopes of the living and the farewells of the dying were a sacred trust to be faithfully rendered.

On the morning of which I write Mrs. J. appeared at that early Executive Mansion at this responsibility hour. Well primed with these responsibilities official hindrance was no hindrance to her. She came to see the President, and quietly, though she said it, visit her as President she would see.