

*Note in command*

The last time I met Mr. Lincoln was near the middle of September, 1859. I had spent the summer in Springfield and been accustomed to meet him almost daily, ~~A~~ being engaged for a part of the time on some political writing that brought me into consultation with him. One evening I received a message from Mr. Butler, the State Treasurer, requesting me to meet Mr. Lincoln at the Treasurer's office at a certain hour the next morning, which I did. I arrived a little before Mr. Lincoln; but when he came in he had his baggage with him prepared for a journey. He informed me that he had been applied to by the publisher of a Republican newspaper to suggest some one for an editorial position, and he proposed to forward my name. Having entered into an engagement to take charge of a boy's academy in a Southern State, I was compelled to decline. When we parted Mr. Lincoln left for a speaking tour in Ohio, and a day or two afterward delivered his famous speech at Columbus in the State, and still later at Cincinnati. Having returned North in the summer of 1861, I engaged in editorial work at Springfield where I remained during the war. The next time I saw Mr. Lincoln was when he lay silent and inanimate, the victim of the assassin's bullet, almost on the identical spot upon which he stood when he delivered his memorable speech of June 17, 1858. — *The Author.*

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