The first two months after I reached America in June of 1894 I spent at home reassessing myself that my family in spite of the trials it had been suffering was unchanged in its ways, its loyalties and its philosophy of life was not as easy materially for my father and mother as their long years of labor and self-denial gave them the right to hope. I found that they were enjoying that most precious experience, the evidence of the continuity of their life. My brother and his fine wife with three children, two girls and a boy, lived only a few doors away and were as much at one home as the other. They gave I found a continual fresh zest to the household and its doings. My father again had an indescribable excuse for going to the circus which our growing up had taken from him - "The children want to go." My mother had as strong a justification for family picnics and celebrations. "The children enjoy them so," she would say in self-defense when we claimed she tired herself out in preparation. But the children did not enjoy these festivities more than their elders. As a matter of fact those of us left still keep them up though the third generation is far away.
There are a few by-products of this Lincoln work, strong enough to stand on their own feet. The most important was the "Recollections of the Civil War" by Charles A. Dana, the most important piece of ghost writing which I ever did.

Mr. Dana, who had been active as editor of the New York Sun, had the kind of intimacy with Mr. Lincoln which I wanted to hear from his own lips. The most telling incidents were in print, but they did not satisfy me.

How could I get to him? The truth was I was afraid of Mr. Dana as I knew him in the pages of The Sun - his unwillingness to be fooled, his passion for the thing - was so. Dana had gone from The New York Tribune, sharply dismissed by Mr. Greeley, to the war Department. He became at once a confidential of Mr. Stanton, and an official observer at the headquarters of every campaign.

He was with Grant in and around Vicksburg, through the siege to the surrender. He had followed the great game between Grant and Lee, carried back and forth the confidential messages with frank letters of personal impressions, judgments - a precious storehouse of experiences if one could only tap it.

He was with Lincoln on the morning of the last day, April 14th. And he had been called that night from his bed by Mr. Stanton to the house on Ninth Street where the President lay dying. He sat there until the end, taking Stanton's messages - what a precious storehouse of experience if it could be tapped.

But however I had only thought of it in terms of
Tricked fully by Mr. Clayton's plan. They had
never thought...
Mr. Dana had consented to give his war recollections if I would do the work, and if we could make a practical arrangement. Mr. Moulure told me, "You'll have to do the work."

Mr. Moulure told me, "Mr. Dana is too busy."

I went to see him but not until after I had spent a little time in Washington going over the war records then in process of editing and publication under the direction of one of the saltiest and cleverest men I have ever found buried in the job of manuscript editing. That was J. Leslie Perry. He had already helped me a good deal with Lincoln records. He now directed me

(Nothing on balance of roll)
Mr. Lincoln and I delayed trying to see Mr. Dana. The truth was I was afraid of him. I knew him only through the pages of The Sun which I read with frequent indignation at its political opinions. How could my slow mind ever draw anything worth while from this seasoned and quick-acting mind? But now we who had quails were laughed at in the office! Nobody in all the country was held higher than Charles A. Dana for his superior form of professionalism, that is far down right character. He had been a customer of the McInerneys Syndicate from its earliest days. Mr. McInerney and Mr. Phillips had had the entree to his office from the start. He had been a friend of perhaps the Magazine. What they thought of him Eugene Field expressed best in verses they delighted to reproduce.

"Why should you feel this way?" said Mr. Phillips.

Mr. Dana is a gentleman, a great gentleman."

When Mr. McInerney learned of my hesitations he said, "Nonsense, I'll take care of you." And he rushed down to The Sun office. He fixed it and more. He told me with glee that