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"Mr. Lincoln had written his message at his Springfield home, and had had it put in type by his friend, the local printer. A number of sentences had been reconstructed several times before they were entirely satisfactory, and then four copies had been printed on foolscap paper. These copies had been locked up in what Mr. Lincoln called a "grip-sack," and intrusted to his oldest son, Robert. "When we reached Harrisburg," said Mr. Lincoln, "and had washed up, I asked Bob where the message was, and was taken aback by his confession that in the excitement caused by the enthusiastic reception he believed he had let a waiter take the grip-sack. My heart went up in my mouth, and I started down-stairs, where I was told that if a waiter had taken the article I should probably find it in the baggage-room. Hastening to that apartment, I saw an immense pile of grip-sacks and other baggage, and thought that I discovered mine. The key fitted it, but on opening there was nothing inside but a few paper collars and a flask of whisky. Tumbling the baggage right and left, in a few moments I espied my lost treasure, and in it the all-important document, all right; and now I will show it to you--on your honor, mind!" The inaugural was printed in clear-sized type, and wherever Mr. Lincoln had thought that a paragraph would make an impression upon his audience, he had preceded it with a typographical fist--.

"One copy of this printed draft of the inaugural message was given to Mr. Seward, and another to the venerable Francis P. Blair, with the request that they would read and criticise. A few unimportant changes were made, and Mr. Nicolay, who was to be the President's private secretary, made the corrected copy in

a fair hand, which Mr. Lincoln was to read. Mr. Nicolay corrected another copy, which was furnished to the press for publication and is now in my possession."

Ben Perley Poore Reminiscences
V. 2. p. 65