

STANTON and LINCOLN.

I happened to be at Washington when Stanton was called to the Cabinet of President Lincoln. It was a strange event. Stanton was not only a Democrat of so fierce a sort that his Democracy seemed his religion, but he felt, and had openly expressed, his contempt for Abraham Lincoln. I remember an instance of this last that is a painful memory, looking back, as I do, with loving admiration for both these great men. Stanton had won his way to the front as an able advocate, and found himself leading counsel in an important case involving millions. He learned, a few moments before going to trial, that Lincoln had been retained, and expected to make an argument. He told me this, and described, in wrath, the long, lank creature from Illinois, wearing a dirty linen duster for a coat, on the back of which the perspiration had splashed two wide stains, that, emanating from each arm-pit, met at the centre, and resembled a dirty map of a continent.

"I said," snorted Stanton, "that if that giraffe appeared in the case, I would throw up my brief and leave."

Lincoln was ruled out, and the worst part of the transaction was that he knew of the insult. Nothing has so impressed the belief I hold of the greatest of all Presidents as this utter ignoring of a brutal affront. It was no assumption of a Christian forgiveness. Lincoln could hate with an intensity known only to strong natures; and, when just retribution demanded it, he could punish with an iron will no appeals for pity could move. But he possessed that

But he possessed that strange sense of power that lifted him above personal insult. In a word, he could not be insulted. In his quiet dignity, he put shame on the aggressor. He illustrated this in his own humorous way, when told by a friend that Horace Greeley was abusing him in a most outrageous manner.

"That reminds me," he said, "of the big fellow whose little wife was wont to beat him over the head without resistance. When remonstrated with, the man said, 'Let her alone. It don't hurt me, and it does her a power of good.'"

I do not wonder at President Lincoln selecting Stanton to control, at the time, the most important arm of the Government; but I was amazed at Stanton's acceptance.--

Donn Piatt.

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"Secretary Stanton," says Donn Piatt, "was wont to pass some time, almost daily, at our room at the hotel, where, in the society of my dear wife, he seemed to relax from the sombre reserve of busy life. It was a relaxation quite removed from the kindly impulsive nature of early youth. There was the same sense of humor; but it was cynical, and stung as well as amused. Some days before he entered upon his new duties, I asked him, in the privacy of our room, if the strange report was true.

"'Yes,' he responded: 'I am going to be Secretary of War to Old Abe.'

"What will you do?" I asked, meaning as to how he could

"'What will you do?' I asked, meaning as to how he could reconcile his contempt for the President, and their widely dissimilar views, with his service under him. His reply ignored my meaning.

"'Do?' he said. 'I intend to accomplish three things,-- I will make Abe Lincoln President of the United States; I will force this man McClellan to fight or throw up; and, last but not least, I will pick Lorenzo Thomas up with a pair of tongs, and drop him from the nearest window.'

"Strange as it is, this last and apparently easiest task was the one he did not accomplish. Lorenzo defied him, and, as Sumner wrote Stanton, 'stuck' to ~~the~~ last."--

Donn Piatt.

TOO MANY BRIGADIERS.

A lady once called to see Mr. Lincoln on business of importance. No one was waiting, and, at the invitation of the messenger, she passed directly into the President's room. She found a gentleman engaged in conversation with the President, but neither noticed her presence. Taking a seat at a distance from the two gentlemen, she waited her opportunity. The visitor handed a paper to Mr. Lincoln. He looked it over carelessly and said,--

"Yes, that is a sufficient endorsement for anybody. What do you want?"

The reply was not heard, but the promotion of some person in the army was strongly urged. She heard the sarcastic words from the

applicant:-

"I see there are no vacancies among the brigadiers, from the fact that so many colonels are commanding brigades."

At this the President threw himself forward in his chair in such a way as to expose to the lady the most curious, comical expression of features imaginable. He was looking the man squarely in the face; and with one hand softly patting the other, and the funny look prevailing every line of his countenance, he said, "My friend, let me tell you something about that. You are a farmer, I believe; if not, you will understand me. Suppose you had a large cattle-yard full of all sorts of cattle,-- cows, oxen, and bulls,-- and you kept killing, and selling, and disposing of your cows and oxen in one way and another, taking good care of your bulls. By and by you would find that you had nothing but a yard full of old bulls, good for nothing under heaven. Now, it will be just so with the army if I don't stop making brigadier-generals."

The man was answered, and he tried to laugh; but the effort was a feeble one. Mr. Lincoln laughed, however, enough for both parties. He laughed all over, and laughed his visitor out of the room.--
J. G. Holland.

TOO MANY HOGS.

There used to be a clerk in the Register's Office in Washington who belonged to one of those Washington families which, ever since the foundation of the government, have considered themselves, by pre-

scriptive right, entitled to be provided for by it. At the same time, his father was chief of one of the bureaus in the War Department, and he had a brother who was employed in the Interior Department. He had also another brother who had been in the army, but, becoming disabled by illness, he had been honorably discharged. For this brother, too, he was determined to secure a place in the civil service. With this object he went from department to department, but always without success. Finally he determined to go ^{directly} to the President himself, to appeal to him to intervene in behalf of the discharged soldier. Mr. Lincoln, it would seem, had heard of the case before the Treasury clerk secured the audience with him which he sought. When the interview had terminated, the disappointed clerk commenced, in the indiscreet and intemperate manner, to express his disgust with the President. "It is a disgrace to the country," he said, "that such a boor should be President of the United States!" The story of what had occurred between the President and himself was something like this: Mr. Lincoln received him kindly, and listened to his request. "Why don't you go directly to the Secretaries?" he said asked. "I have been to them all, and failed with all," was the answer. "Hasn't your brother sufficiently recovered his health to enable him to return to the army?" inquired Mr. Lincoln. "No, sir, he has not," was the reply. "Let me see," continued the President "I believe that you yourself are a clerk in one of the departments,- which one is it?"- "The Treasury Department, sir."- "I thought so. Has your brother as good clerical capacity as you possess?"- "Yes, sir."- "I think that I have

somewhere met your father. Doesn't he hold an office in Washington?" -
" Yes, sir; he is chief of the --- - bureau in the War Department."--
"Oh, yes! I now recollect him perfectly well. Has your brother good references as to character?"- "Yes, sir; the very best." - "Is there any other of your family holding office under the government?" - "Yes, sir; I have a younger brother in the Interior Department." - "Well, then all I have to say to you, Mr.-----, is that there are too many hogs and too little fodder!"

PAT'S PRESCRIPTION.

I remember one little incident which I will relate as an anecdote characteristic of Mr. Lincoln. It occurred a day after I reached Washington, and about the time Gen. Meade reached Burkesville with the army. Gen Smith of Virginia had left Richmond with the Confederate States Government, and had gone to Danville. Supposing I was necessarily with the army at Burksville, he addressed a letter to me there, informing me that, as governor of the Commonwealth of the State of Virginia, he had temporarily removed the State capital from Richmond to Danville, and asking if it would be permitted to perform the functions of his office there without molestation by the Federal authorities. Meeting Mr. Lincoln shortly after receiving this despatch, I repeated its contents to him. Mr. Lincoln, supposing I was asking for instructions, said, in reply to that part of Gov. Smith's letter which inquired whether he with a few friends would be permitted to leave the country

unmolested, that his position was like that of a certain Irishman he knew in Springfield, who was very popular with the people,- a man of considerable promise, and very much liked. Unfortunately he had acquired the habit of drinking, and his friends could see that the habit was growing on him. These friends determined to make an effort to save him, and to do this they drew up a pledge, and he consented. He had been so long out of the habit of using plain water as a beverage, that he resorted to soda-water as a substitute. After a few days this began to grow distasteful to him. So, holding the glass behind him, he said, "Doctor, couldn't you drop a bit of brandy in that unbeknownst to myself?"-- U. S. Grant.

LINCOLN and STANTON.

Mr. Lincoln loved loved Edwin M. Stanton, and believed in him from first to last. When inquired of concerning the reasons for his appointment, Mr. Lincoln said he rather wished at first to appoint a man from one of the border States. On the whole, ~~he~~ thought he had better take a man from some intervening territory. "And, to tell you the truth, gentlemen," said he, "I don't believe Stanton knows where he belongs himself." The gentlemen proceeding to discuss Mr. Stanton's impulsiveness, Mr. Lincoln said, "Well we may have to treat him as they are sometimes obliged to treat a Methodist minister I know of out West. He gets wrought up to such a high pitch of excitement in his prayers and exhortations, that they are obliged to put bricks into his pockets to

keep him down. We may be obliged to serve Stanton in the same way, but I guess we'll let him jump a while ~~first~~st."

The country sometimes thought the time for bricks had come; but, on the whole, the leaders of the Rebellion had greatest cause of complaint. Mr. Stanton's place in history will be a proud one.

Malecontents, who felt that everything went wrong because there was some thing wrong in the Cabinet, were much encouraged by the change that had been made, and personally and by letter urged Mr. Lincoln to make further changes. A number of them called upon him to insist upon changes that they considered absolutely necessary. Mr. Lincoln heard them through, and then, with his peculiar smile, said, "Gentlemen, the case reminds me of a story of an old friend of mine out in Illinoise. His homestead was very much infested with these little black-and-white animals that we needn't call by name; and, after losing his patience with them, he determined to sally out and inflict upon them a general slaughter. He took gun, clubs, and dogs, and at it he went, but stopped after killing one, and returned home. When his neighbors asked him why he had not fulfilled his threat of killing all there were on his place, he replied that his experience with the one he had killed was such that he thought he had better step where he was."

This story was told with no disrespect to Mr. Cameron nor to the other members of his Cabinet, for he honored them all; but it was told to get rid of his troublesome advisers. They went away forgetting that they had failed to make any impression on the President, - forgetting

that they had failed in their errand utterly,- and laughing over the story by which the President had dismissed them.-- J. G. Holland.

LINCOLN'S ADVICE to the COMMODORE.

In Mr. P. T. Barnum's "Struggles and Triumphs; or Forty Years' Recollections," he mentions having been in Washington in the year 1862, with Commodore Nutt. President Lincoln sent Mr. Barnum an invitation to visit the White House, and bring his short friend. The Cabinet happened to be there, and the President introduced the little mariner to them. When Mr. Chase was introduced as Secretary of the Treasury, the Commodore remarked,--

"I suppose you are the gentleman who is spending so much of Uncle Sam's money?"

"No, indeed," said Secretary Stanton: "I am spending it."

"Well," said the Commodore, "it is in a good cause, and I guess it will come out all right."

Mr. Lincoln then bent down his long, lank body, and, taking Nutt by the hand, said,--

"Commodore, permit me to give you a parting word of advice. When you are in command of your fleet, if you find yourself in danger of being taken prisoner, I advise you to wade ashore."

The Commodore, placing himself at the side of the President, and gradually raising his eyes up the whole length of Mr. Lincoln's very long legs, replied, "I guess, Mr. President, you could do that better than I could."