Digital Image, 2009. The Ida M. Tarbell Collection, 1890-1944, Allegheny College Pelletier Library

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It was in the rotunda of the then unfinished capitol at Washington. It was about six o'clock in the morning, in the latter part of August, 1862. He a president, I a private--thus we met. He was manifestly anxious. The second Bull Run battle had been followed by a precipitate retreat--a retreat for the second time from ill-fated Manassas. Troops, or rather embryotic soldiers, men whose ill-fitting uniforms had scarcely acquired a crease or a wrinkle, men who has never drilled a minute or fired a musket, were rushed on in response to a telegraphic hurry-up, to defend Washington, to drive off the apprehended invader. Mr. Lincoln must have been anxious or he would not have been at the capitol at six o'clock in the morning.

I knew him at once. He addressed me as "My boy," while I, stammering, embarrassed, tried to intelligently answer his questions, telling him that I was from New Jersey, that there were 960 more like me in the Thirteenth, and thousands of other recruits en route. He looked pleased at this, and astonished me by recalling the name of our colonel. How could he remember that, when there were so many colonels? A hearty handshake and a pleasant word of encouragement to me and a little group of my companions, and he was gone. I was greatly impressed with the magnetism of his appearance. For the first time I had seen and spoken to a real, live president. I was a better soldier, a better patriot, after that.

Lieutenant Joseph E. Crowell,
(Late Provate 13th N. J. Vols, Lieutenant Veteran Reserve Corps, Pres't 13th N. J. Vet. Association, Etc.)

Taken from a MS. "Soldiers Reminiscences" The above incident can be used as I wish Mr C. says See correspondence of April 7-11-1896