

An incident in the life of Abraham Lincoln.

I had been sauntering, dreamily, for days, through the wild forges and deep ravines of the valley of the Lehigh; or following the Artists trail among the shimmering lights of Delaware Water-Gap — bearing away, as I believed, much treasure true. I was now turning homeward with hopeful visions of the effects I should produce on the waiting canvass in my den in town.

In this mood for delicious silence I sought a remote corner on the fast train for Philadelphia, tossed satchel and portfolios into the rack above my head, pulled the visor of my cap to its acutest angle over my eyes, and gave myself to high revelry among the various ^{studied} sketches I was now fain to immortalize.

The halting of our train at Pottsville brought me sufficiently out of my dreams to notice the entrance of several passengers into the nearly empty car which I had mentally chartered — among them ~~and~~ a man

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who took the vacant seat beside me. - saying "good morning" so heartily that I felt compelled to respond.

Thereafter, possibly for an hour, he made various futile attempts to engage me in conversation, receiving for each endeavor a civil but laconic rejoinder. There was no ill-breeding in ~~these~~ the manner of these friendly attacks - but the bearing of a genial Christian gentleman, so charged with good will that he could not altogether repress the over-flow, even though, in this instance, it came in monosyllables or ejaculations that gave me comfortable ~~assurance~~ reason to hope it would soon entirely cease.

I am not a taciturn man. At almost any other time I would have welcomed the advent of such a fellow-traveller. But on this occasion I recoiled from remotest social contact, lest the spell of my dreams should be broken.

Just then a remark dropped by the Conductor of our train, in passing, and the response of my unwelcome neighbor led me to recognize the latter as the

3. Widely Known Methodist Divine, Alfred Cookman. The apologies which followed this discovery opened, without "malice" and without stint, the stores of anecdote and adventure for which, in the memories of the passing generation, Mr. Cookman was distinguished, sharing with me, during the remainder of our journey, choice bits of experience and incident, ^{and} ending, as we neared the city of his residence and my own, with the outlines of the incident I am about to repeat.

The Emancipation proclamation had just been declared. The seething elements were at white heat. The entire country felt the glow and the tremulous vibrations from the fire the great leader had stirred, while he stood wary, anxious, and sometimes disheartened at his post.

Mr. Lincoln had been all night in grave counsel with his Cabinet. The morning found him exhausted. He was about retiring to his private apartment when a subordinate appeared with a message from a lady who, he said, was waiting for audience, and would not be

4. denied. Mrs. T. had just arrived by train from hospital service near the lines. A resident of Philadelphia high in position and influence, with leisure, heart, and purse to serve her country, she had offered all to relieve the suffering soldiers - ordering from ^{her home} the luxuries the government could not undertake to supply, and distributing them discreetly into her own liberal hands in hospital wards. Her plain Quaker garb was well known on the trains going to and fro. Her saintly face was tenderly revered by the hospital boys - and to the noble heart beneath the scant soft folds of drab, the hopes of the living and the farewells of the dying were a sacred trust to be faithfully rendered.

On the morning of which I write Mrs. T. appeared at the ~~entrance~~ to the Executive mansion at that early hour, well primed with these responsibilities. Official hindrance was no hindrance to her. She came to see the President and, quietly though she said it, the President she would see. She was