

CHAPTER IX

GOOD-BYE TO FRANCE

The Napoleon sketch had not been finished before Mr. McClure was urging me into a new job, not writing this time, but editing, editing according to his receipts. "Out with you - look, see, report." Abraham Lincoln was the subject. My heart fell. "If you once get into American history," I told myself, "you know well enough that will finish France. It will also finish your determination to solve the woman question and determine the nature of Revolutions. They will go the way of the microscope and your search for God. Are you to spend your life running, now here, now there, never follow a path to its end?" Or was I taking my ambitions too seriously? It seemed probable. However, I was to have five thousand a year if I went along. There was no question in my mind but it was my duty to earn that money.

Lincoln was one of Mr. McClure's steady enthusiasms. I once saw him in ^{puzzled} ~~amazing~~ frequent efforts to find the reason for the continued life of a certain great American magazine going through the file from the Civil War on, solely to find out what attention had been given to Lincoln. "Not a Lincoln article in this volume, nor in this," he cried. "It is not a great magazine, it has over-looked the most vital

factor in our life since the Civil war, the influence of the life and character of Abraham Lincoln."

His insight told him that people never had had enough of Lincoln. Moreover, he believed that there was to be had for the seeking a large amount of "unpublished" reminiscences. It was on this conviction that he started me off.

He was right about "unpublished" material. Lincoln had been dead only about thirty years and hundreds of those who had known him in one connection or another were still living. His secretaries Nicolay and May had finished their great documentary life of their chief. They should have personal material not in their volumes. There were members of his Cabinet still living, members of Congress of his time, editors like Joseph Medill of the Chicago Tribune, Horace White of the Chicago Tribune and later of the New York Evening Post, Colonel McClure of the Philadelphia Enquirer. There were scores of men in Illinois towns who had traveled the Circuit with him, for whom he acted as counsel, scores of people who had as a youth heard the Lincoln-Douglas Debates, and had been stirred to say "Lincoln's got it right." They had followed him in his fight against the extension of slavery and later into the war to save the Union. There was indeed no point of his short trail from birth to death where living men and women had not known him as colleagues, friends, opponents, critics.

Also, there had never been a time from the day he had become a presidential candidate to the hour of his assassination that his life had not been under scrutiny. Yet it had been difficult to find out much about him. "There is not much of me," he told a friend searching for biographical material. But there had been enough always to touch deep springs in American hearts and consciences. Men like William Dean Howells and J. G. Holland, later to occupy high places in our literary life, had written campaign lives of him. Hardly was he in his coffin before his brilliant, if unstable, law partner William Herndon was gathering from all sources reminiscences, estimates, documents on his life up to the presidency, and from his gathering had made a story of extraordinary vitality and color. Most important - always to remain most important - was the Collection of his Letters and Speeches and the ten volume History of his Life by Nicolay and Hay.

Why do more? What was there to be had? Mr. McClure insisted that there was plenty if one searched.

I went to talk it over with John Nicolay, who with his fine daughter Helen were honored members of the famous old Washington Literary Society where I was a frequent guest. I told him what Mr. McClure proposed. Did he not have something he could give me? He was emphatic in saying there was nothing of importance to be had. The collection of letters and speeches he and Mr. Hay had made was complete; they had told all

there was worth telling of Lincoln's life. He would advise me not to touch so hopeless an assignment. I think Mr. Nicolay never quite forgave me for going ahead. Later when the results of my search began to appear and gradually to shape themselves into a Life of Lincoln he came to me one evening to protest. "You are invading my field. You write a popular life of Lincoln and you do just so much to decrease the value of my property."

I was deeply distressed. He thought me a poacher. I told him I believed he was mistaken. I pled that if I could write anything which people would read I was making readers for him. To know a little of Lincoln was for the serious a desire to know more. He and Mr. Hay had written something that all students must have. I could never hope to make an essential lasting contribution. But he went away unconvinced.

Mr. Nicolay's point of view, if not generous, was certainly honest. I understand it better now than I did then. He had lived through the great years of the Civil War, always at Lincoln's elbow. He had been the stern, careful, humorless guardian of a man who carried his mail in his hat and a laugh on his lips. His reverence for him was a religion. He had given years of conscientious hard labor to the editing of the "Complete Works" and the writing of the history, and now he was retired. Lincoln was his whole life. We all come to

rest our case on the work to which we have given our best years, frequently come to live on that so to speak. When the time comes that our field is invaded by new workers, enlarged, reshaped, made to yield new fruit, we suffer shock. We may put up a no trespassing sign, but all to no use.

Mr. Nicolay's tragedy was in not having found a fresh field. How different it was with his colleague John Hay whose secretaryship with Lincoln had been an episode in a diplomatic career of unusual distinction and usefulness. In 1894 everybody recognized that he had a greater future before him. His part in the Life of Lincoln had been but one of many contributions to the literature of his day. His social circle was the choicest and he was rich. Hay had everything; Nicolay only Lincoln, and he looked on all who touched his field as invaders.

Mr. Nicolay's rebuff settled my plan of campaign. I would not begin at the end of the story with the great and known, but at the start in Kentucky with the humble and unknown; I would follow the train chronologically; I would see for myself what sort of people and places those were that had known Lincoln, reconstruct the life of his day as far as living men and women backed by published records furnished reliable material. I would gather documents as I went, bits of color, stories, recollections; I would search in court houses

and country histories and newspapers; I would pick up pictures as I went, a picture of everything that directly or indirectly touched on what I was after. I would make sure if among these people who had known him there might not be letters not in the "Complete Works" and if I were lucky it might be that somewhere on the trail I would turn up the important unpublished reminiscences which Mr. McClure was so certain existed. It was a gamble, the greater because I was so profoundly ignorant of American life and history.

It was in February of 1895, the Napoleon work still unfinished, though far enough ahead to give me a month for a preliminary survey, when I started for the Lincoln Country of Kentucky to begin work on this program. It was characteristic of Mr. McClure as he saw me off in the deadly cold to take sudden alarm for my comfort. "Have you warm bed socks?" he asked anxiously. "We'll send you some if not. It will be awful in those Kentucky hotels." It was - Louisville aside - awful in more than one hotel and train in my first month of Lincoln hunting.

The results were not exciting. They were too fragmentary; bits of unrecorded recollections, a picture, a letter, a newspaper paragraph, a court record which had passed notice. What was to be done with them? Here was no smashing new contribution such as an article of unpublished recollections from Mr. Nicolay might have been, but here were bits of value if you were to enlarge and retouch the popular notion of the

man Lincoln. It was soon clear to Mr. McClure and Mr. Phillips that what I was collecting must be dovetailed into the published records and that they told me was my business, and so before I knew it I was writing a Life of Lincoln though the first three chapters carried the legend, "Edited by Ida M. Tarbell." The office seemed gradually to conclude that the editor had become the author, though I think they were ahead of me in this decision.

We had a lucky break at the start which launched the undertaking even better, I think, than the big article we were looking for. Among my Washington acquaintances was a delightful Chicago woman, Mrs. Emily Lyons. She belonged to the group of early settlers who were still at this time in the thick of the exciting struggle to make the city the richest, the finest physically and socially in the country. Their energy, their daring, their confidence, their eagerness to learn, to adapt, was one of the social phenomena of the day. Now Mrs. Lyons' husband was important in the wealth-producing class as she was in the social. She knew practically everybody. When she learned that I was interested in new material on Lincoln she said at once, "Come to Chicago. I'll see that you meet Robert Lincoln and I'll see that he gives you something." Too good to be true. But Mrs. Lyons kept her promise when I reached Chicago on my first expedition, producing Mr. Lincoln at once.

"Now Robert," she ordered as she filled our cups, "I want you to give her something worthwhile."

To be drinking tea with the son of Abraham Lincoln was so unbelievable to me that I could scarcely take note of his reply. I searched his face and manners for resemblances. There was nothing. He was all Todd, a big plump man perhaps fifty years old, perfectly groomed, with that freshness which makes men of his type look as if they are just out of the barber's chair, the admirable social poise of the man who has seen the world's greatest and has come to be sure of himself; and this in spite of such buffeting as few men had had - the assassination of his father when he was twenty four, the humiliation of Mary Lincoln's half-crazed public exhibition of herself and her needs, the heartbreaking necessity of having ^{her mother} ~~her~~ committed for medical care, the death of his brother Tad and more recently the loss of his only son. Robert Lincoln had had enough to crush him, but he was not crushed. At the moment he looked and felt, I think, that he had arrived where he belonged. The Republican party would have been happy no doubt to have made him its leader if he had shown political genius recalling that of his father. They tried him out. Hayes made him his Attorney General, Harrison named him for the Court of St. James, but nothing happened. He was not political timber, but by this time big business wanted him. It was his field. He was now President of the Pullman Company.

I devoured him with my eyes. He was very friendly. To Mrs. Lyons' order to do his best for me he laughingly replied, "Of course if you say so, Emily." But he went on to say he was afraid he had little that would help me. Herndon had taken all his father's papers from the law office. I think he used the word stolen, but I am not sure, at least I knew he felt stolen. He had protested, but was never able to get anything back. As for the presidential period, all the correspondence was packed away in Washington but it had been fully used by Nicolay and Hay. However, he had what he believed to be the earliest portrait made of his father - a daguerreotype never published. I could have that.

I held my breath. If it was true! I held my breath still longer when the picture was finally in my hands for I realized that this was a Lincoln which shattered the widely accepted tradition of his early shabbiness, rudeness, ungainliness. It was another Lincoln and one that took me by storm.

Of course we made it the frontispiece to our first installment, and ^{the Office} ~~Mr. Phillips and Mr. Phillips~~ saw to it that those whose opinions were of value had fine prints of it. It called out some remarkable letters. Woodrow Wilson wrote that he found it "both striking and singular - a notable picture." He was impressed by "the expression of the dreaminess, the familiar face without its sadness." Charles Dudley Warner wrote

that he found it "far away the most outstanding presentation of the man" he had ever seen. "To my eyes it explains Mr. Lincoln far more than the most elaborate engraving which had been produced." A common enough comment was that it "looked like Emerson." Edward Everett Hale wrote us that he had shown the picture to "two young people of intelligence who each asked if it was not Waldo Emerson."

A valuable and considered comment came from John T. Morse, the author of a Life of Abraham Lincoln, as well as editor of a series on leading American statesmen.

"I have studied this portrait with very great interest," wrote Mr. Morse, "all of the portraits with which we are familiar show us the man as made; this shows us the man in the making. And I think every one will admit that the making of Abraham Lincoln presents a more singular, puzzling, interesting study than the making of any other man in human history. I have shown it to several persons without telling them who it was. Some say a poet; others a philosopher, a thinker, like Emerson. These comments also are interesting, for Lincoln had the raw material of both these characters very largely in his composition though political and practical problems so overlaid them that they show only faintly in his later portraits. This picture, therefore, is valuable evidence as to his natural traits."

Robert Lincoln was almost as proud as I was of the character of the comment. If he felt, as he well may, that he was taking a chance in responding so generously to his friend Mrs. Lyons' order, he was rewarded by the attention the picture received from those whose opinions he regarded highly. Always thereafter he was quick to see me when I took a Lincoln problem to him, as I did when I had exhausted all other sources. He was always frank and down-right. One puzzle I brought amused him no little. It was the recurring rumor that Abraham Lincoln had written a letter to Queen Victoria early in the war begging her not to recognize the confederacy. He was said to have sent it direct. Now no hint however unlikely, no clue however shadowy, was passed by in what had become in the McClure office a veritable bureau of Lincoln research. Anything is possible, was our watchword. I was carrying on a wide-spread correspondence and continually dashing in one direction or another on what turned out often to be wild goose chases, but which also not infrequently brought in valuable game. Mr. McClure was especially excited over this latter. The State Department pooh-poohed the idea; the curator of documents in London was non-committal. I interviewed people who were in position to know what was going on, but learned nothing. Finally I went to Chicago to see Robert Lincoln. His eyes seemed harder to me in his office than over Mrs. Lyons' tea table but he quickly put me at ease. I was certain that my quest was going to seem ridiculous to him. Indeed, it had

become a little so to me, but he didn't throw it aside. He picked it up and played with it. He had never heard of such a letter and doubted if it had been written.

"If father had done that," he said with emphasis, "and Mr. Adams" - Charles Francis Adams then minister to Great Britain - "had learned of it he would have resigned. Father knew of course that all communication between governments must be carried on by the credited ambassadors."

And then he fell to talking laughingly of his own experiences at the Court of St. James. He said he had received all sorts of things to be presented to the Queen - patch work quilts, patent medicines, books, sheet music. "I suppose," he said, "that lots of Americans fancy that their ambassador smokes cigarettes a while every morning after breakfast with the Queen. They take it for granted he can drop in for tea any time and present quilts and what not." And he laughed until the tears ran down his face.

That interview put an end for the time being to the search for "the letter to the Queen" as the item had come to be called in the office.

When the Life was finally complete Mr. Lincoln wrote me, "It seemed to me at first that the field had been too many times gleaned to hope for much from the work you were undertaking, and I must confess my astonishment and pleasure upon the result of your untiring research. I consider it an indispensable adjunct to the work of Nicolay and Hay."

Mr. Nicolay however never agreed.

If Robert Lincoln was always friendly he threw me once into the greatest panic I suffered in the course of my Lincoln work, though this was long after the Life was published. I had gone to him to ask if he would arrange for me to consult the collection of Presidential papers. "Impossible," he said, "they are in the safety vault of my bank. I won't allow anybody to see them. There is nothing of my fathers there, that is of value. Nicolay and May have published everything, but there are many letters to him which if published now would pain, possibly discredit able and useful men still living. Bitter things are written when men are trying to guide a country through a war, particularly a Civil War. I fear misuse of those papers so much that I am thinking of destroying them. Beside somebody is always worrying me about them, just as you are, and I must be ungenerous. I think I will burn them."

I was scared; I feared he would do it, but Herbert Putman, the head of the Congressional Library, had already seen to that. He did not burn them; the Library got them finally, but with the condition that they were not to be opened until twenty years after Robert Lincoln's death. He died in 1926. The papers will not be available to students until 1946, which probably lets me out!

The early portrait set the key for the series, and as it turned out a much higher key than I had believed possible. I found that court records did yield unpublished

documents, that every now and then I ran on a man or woman who said more or less casually, "Why, we have a letter of Lincoln's written to father in _____. Copy it if you wish." Occasionally I found a speech not in the "Complete Works." By the time the work was put into book form in 1899 I had an appendix of three hundred unpublished speeches and letters. This did not mean that none of them had ever been in print. Many of them had appeared in newspapers or historical magazines. "Unpublished" meant uncollected. On the whole this collection stood the scrutiny of experts very well, though I think I was swindled in the case of at least one document, a forgery by a man recommended to me by an honest scholar who had used the man frequently for years. # Forgery was easy, so was pilfering of documents in those days, so little attention did clerks give to their old papers, so glad were they to get rid of them. There was frequently no objection to a student carrying off anything that interested him. One of the most important documents in the controversy over the legitimacy of Lincoln's mother is now to be found in the Barton collection which the Chicago University bought. Mr. Barton probably asked permission to take it home for examination, a common enough practice in Illinois as well as in Kentucky and forgot to return it. Probably most of the legal documents in the private Lincoln collection have been stolen. The original thief would have been horrified to have that harsh word applied to him. He simply put it in his pocket with or without asking saying, "I'll just take this along."

But while I did get together some three hundred pieces I came no where near turning up all the letters and speeches then at large. I was under a time limit. Since I ended my search scores of items, some of value, have been published in one or another collection. I shall be surprised if as time goes on there does not turn up every now and then a genuine letter, though now more than ever caution must be taken in accepting a new piece. The forging of historical documents has become a lucrative trade.

From the beginning I did my best to re-construct the physical surroundings of Lincoln's homes and activities. I was particularly interested in the setting of the Lincoln-Douglas debates which I followed in their order, but it was not until I reached Galesburg, Illinois, where on October 7, 1858 the fifth debate was staged that I found the stirring and picturesque material I sought for picturing the scene of a debate. I was delighted that it should have been the fifth debate which I have always considered the most important of the series, for it was then Lincoln brought his argument down to what to him was the crux of the whole matter, that is, that slavery was wrong and must be kept back or it would spread over the whole country.

The debate had taken place on the campus of Knox College on the East front of its historic Old Main, one of the most beautiful college buildings of that period in the

Middle West.

I had the luck to find in Galesburg a helper who not only enthusiastically seconded my conviction that here was the place for the illustration which we wanted, but set out heartily to help me find material. This was John H. Finley, my old friend on the Chautauqua Assembly Daily Herald. Dr. Finley was now President of the College - "the youngest college president in the United States," he was popularly called, and doing a piece of work which was winning him more and more recognition. It was through him that I was able to find the newspaper reports of the debate. It was through him that I was able to meet people who could give me recollections of the day.

The picture which resulted from our joint efforts was made by that excellent artist William R. Leigh who did many of the illustrations for the series. It has had a continuing life being reproduced again and again on the occasion of the commemorative celebrations of the debate which Dr. Finley inaugurated in 1896. It was at this celebration that Robert Lincoln made his first and only public address about his father.

The real fun of the Lincoln work, as well as some of the worthwhile results, came from setting myself little problems. I was curious, for instance, to know more of Lincoln as a speaker. Whenever I found an Illinois man who had been with him on the Circuit or in public life I would bombard him with questions. He would tell me how Lincoln looked, what his voice was like, how he used stories. They all talked more about the Lincoln and Douglas debates, than any other exhibit, but frequently would conclude by saying, "Well, those were good speeches, but they were nothing like the Lost Speech. That was the greatest thing Lincoln ever did." Or a man would begin by saying, "Well, you can never know much about him as a speaker, nobody can that never heard the Lost Speech."

It was they said a speech which so stirred his audience that the very reporters forgot to take their notes. Knowing reporters I was skeptical about that, so I looked up some

of them. They all told me that when Lincoln finally ended his speech they found themselves standing on, instead of sitting by their writing tables - and without a note!

Still I could not believe but that somebody must remember something about the speech - enough at least to give an idea of the argument. Perhaps, I said to myself, I may pick up some of the phrases - get some real notion of it, so I went prowling about asking questions and finally learned that down in the State of Massachusetts was a man who was said to have taken notes - a cool-headed man - a lawyer not a reporter. His name was H. C. Whitney. He knew Lincoln well, had travelled the Circuit with him, had published a Life of Lincoln with which I was familiar.

Of course there was nothing to do but look up Mr. Whitney and that I did. To my great satisfaction I found he had a bunch of yellowed notes. He had always intended to write them up, he said, but when he tried it the result seemed so inadequate that he gave it up.

After much persuasion Mr. Whitney did get out a version of the Speech. When he turned it over to me I took it to the men in Illinois with whom I had talked and asked them what they thought of it. There were those who said, "It's impossible to write out that Speech." But there were others who said, "Yes, Whitney has caught the spirit, he has the argument, he even has many of the phrases, as of course he would have if he made notes."

The most emphatic and enthusiastic statement came from a man of importance - Joseph Medill, the editor of The Chicago Tribune. Mr. Medill had been one of the reporters at Bloomington in 1856 when the speech was made who found himself in the end on top of the table without a note! He thought Mr. Whitney's version was close to the original. Indeed, he wrote to Mr. McClure a long and interesting letter giving his recollections of the Convention. In that letter he said,

"Mr. Whitney has reproduced with remarkable accuracy what Mr. Lincoln said, largely in his identical language and partly in synonymous terms. The report is close enough in thought and word to recall the wonderful speech delivered forty years ago with vivid freshness."

Well, that seemed to us reason enough for publishing Mr. Whitney's report along with the story of how I had found it, what the people who heard the speech in the first place said about it, both for and against. And that we did.

But out in Illinois there were a number of people that did not want to give up the tradition. The Lost Speech was the greater to them because it was lost. As long as it was lost you could make it bigger than any speech any man ever made and nobody could contradict you. And so you will find those who claim that the Lost Speech is still lost. And of course you can take it or you can leave it.

More than once when I plumed myself on a "discovery" I encountered the loyalty of men to their legends. There was the Herndon story of Lincoln's failing to appear at the first wedding arranged for him and Mary Todd. I realized he rather lets his "historical imagination" loose in his discription, but I never had questioned his story until by chance I mentioned it to one of the family, a woman who would have been there if there had ever been such a wedding ready. She froze me with her indignation. "Mr. Herndon made that story up out of whole cloth. No such thing ever happened." Amazed I flew around to see what other men and women of the circle said. They all denied it. A sister of Mary Lincoln was particularly indignant because Mr. Herndon had put the bride in white silk. "Mary Lincoln never had a white silk dress until she went to Washington," she sputtered.

But in spite of all the documents and evidences I collected demolishing the episode, I reaped only sour looks and dubious head shakes. I had spoiled a good story or tried to. It still remains a good story. Every now and then somebody tells it to me. A biographer who tries to break down a belittling legend meets with far less sympathy than he who strengthens or creates one.

The most important piece of ghost writing I ever did came in the course of the Lincoln work - Charles A. Dana's "Recollections of the Civil War." Mr. Dana at that time the

editor
 active head of the New York Sun, had had an exceptional war experience, dating from 1862 to 1865 as assistant to Secretary Stanton. He had spent much time in the field; he had been with Grant at Vicksburg, with Rosecrans and Thomas at Chattanooga, again with Grant in the Peninsular Campaign. "The eyes of the government at the front," Mr. Lincoln called him.

No man in the administration had had better opportunity of judging Lincoln particularly in relation to the conduct of the war and none was a better judge of character.

Could I get the whole story as far as it concerned Lincoln? I hesitated to ask it. The truth was I was afraid of Mr. Dana. I knew him only on the editorial page of The New York Sun. He was too clever, too quick-witted, too malicious for me to get on with, I feared. They laughed at me at the office when I voiced my qualms. Nobody was held higher there than Charles A. Dana. He had been a customer of the McClure Syndicate from the beginning and they believed in his professional integrity, admired his detestation and relentless pursuit of fakers, honored and tried to imitate his editorial motto, "If you see it in The Sun it's so."

"Why should you feel this way," reproved Mr. Phillips. "Mr. Dana is a gentleman."

"Nonsense, I'll take care of it for you," said Mr. McClure and he rushed to The Sun office. He did fix it and more for returning he told me with glee that Mr. Dana was

willing to give his whole war story, that is if I would do the work and arrange some practical plan for the interviews. The first step, of course, was to find what Dana material published and unpublished was in the war records. The editing of the records then under way was in charge of J. Leslie Perry. Mr. Perry did not believe in women fussing with history, particularly with Civil War history.

"How can you understand it?" he shouted at me.

However, I insisted on my rights and nobody could have been more helpful when he considered a thing an obligation of his official position. To the end Mr. Perry's chief satisfaction came when he caught me slipping. "That's what comes from allowing a woman to write history," he would say jubilantly.

Between us we brought together a grist of Dana's dispatches and reports. I crammed on the campaigns and by appointment appeared at the end of Mr. Dana's day about four o'clock in the afternoon for my first interview.

His desk was stripped of everything that pertained to the newspaper but held a row of the latest books, not only in English but in three or four other languages, as well as a copy of The Cosmopolis, an ambitious and rather pretentious review in three or four languages issued for a short time in the late '90's.

Mr. Dana had already repented of his promise to Mr. McClure. "I am not interested in what I did in the past," he said irritably. "I am interested only in the present; I am trying to keep up with the world of today. I am studying Russian now - a very fascinating language. I don't want to bother with what I did in the Civil War. What do you propose?"

What I proposed was that he let me come to him with a stenographer and a set of prepared questions say three times a week. He agreed and for a good many weeks of the winter of '96 and '97 I went regularly to The Sun office after the paper was put to press. ~~I encountered only one real~~
~~bunker and that was the stenographer. I had found a woman who~~
~~I knew to be expert but I had warned her she must not interrupt~~
~~Mr. Dana no matter whether she understood or not, get what~~
~~she could. But she couldn't keep out of the picture. At the first~~
~~interruption Mr. Dana glared and closed his mouth. I had to~~
~~argue her but was lucky enough to find an experienced court~~
~~stenographer who knew that the last thing you did in taking~~
~~testimony was to interrupt the witness.~~

By the summer of 1897 I had my manuscript well in shape. Mr. Dana had never seen any of it. "Send me the proofs, I'll read them."

Publication was to begin in November of 1897. Mr. Dana went to London for the summer. I sent the proof of the first chapter over with a good many qualms for it was all in

the first person - "I" and "We." It came back with only a few verbal corrections - no comments. He was never to read more of his Recollections. The number of the Magazine which carried the first chapter carried the notice of his death.

We published the entire story and later the articles were put into a book but with no credit to the ghost!

Taking it all in all it was the most impersonal job that I ever had. I do not remember that Mr. Dana ever volunteered a word in all the many interviews I had with him except on the subject in hand and that in answer to my questions. We never talked of the things of which I knew he loved - pictures - orchids - poetry. It was a business like operation from start to finish. Probably it was his way of punishing me for being afraid of him.

Another and more important series which came out of the Lincoln work was Carl Schurz's "Reminiscences." Here I acted not as a ghost but as an editorial representative. Mr. Schurz had given me liberally for my story from his rich Lincoln experiences - the most important unpublished item being the part he played in helping Mr. Lincoln launch his plan for compensated emancipation.

As I reported these interviews to the Office ~~Mr. McClure and Mr. Phillips~~ became more and more convinced that here was a great series of reminiscences, just the kind of thing that Mr. McClure had hoped for when he first commissioned me to

gather Lincoln material. Could Mr. Schurz be persuaded to write his reminiscences? When I broached the subject he almost immediately said, "No, no, I refused Gilder" (Richard Watson Gilder, editor of The Century) "I cannot do it for anybody else."

But I felt so convinced that he ought to do it that I persisted in my begging and finally he began to yield. The handsome sum McClure's was willing to pay had something to do with it, for Mr. Schurz was not a rich man and here was a chance to leave to his family this extra money. Once he had made up his mind to the task he thoroughly enjoyed it and no one could have been more anxious to use his material to suit the needs of the magazine. Working with him was a joy. He was gay, companionable, full of anecdotes, frank in comment. I remember him best at his summer home at Lake George where it was necessary for me to go two or three times to settle some editorial point. Here you would hear him in the morning as he was getting ready for breakfast giving the Valkyrie cries, singing motive after motive of the Wagnerian operas, in a clear youthful voice. Sometimes he would spring up from the table where he was at work, and seating himself at the piano would improvise dashingly until the mood which had taken him from his desk passed, then back to his labor.

The house stood in the upper corner of a park of fifty or sixty acres of woodland - not over-cleared - and open by winding paths down the hillside to the Lake. Every turn, every rock had its name usually celebrating some Wagnerian scene and as you passed Mr. Schurz would roll out the appropriate song.

There never was a more lovable, or youthful man of seventy than Carl Schurz.

The completion of the Life of Lincoln did not end my interest in the man. He had come to mean more to me as a human being than anybody I had studied. I never doubted his motives and he never bored me. Still, whenever I have the opportunity I pick him up. The greatest regret of my professional life is that I shall not live to write another life of him. There is so much of him I never touched.