

It is not in my especial province.

But I neither seek to evade nor assume responsibility.*

The conscientious historian must ask the reader to pause and re-read this most remarkable and pregnant document. It is a little difficult to imagine what must have been the feelings of a President, and particularly of a frank, loyal, and generous nature like that of Lincoln, to receive from his principal councilor and anticipated mainstay of his Administration such a series of proposals. That he should delegate his presidential functions and authority; that he should turn his back upon the party which elected him; that he should ignore the political battle which had been fought and the victory for moral government which had been won; that he should by an arbitrary act plunge the nation into foreign war; that he should ask his rival to rule in his stead — all this might be romantic statesmanship, but to the cool, logical mind of the President it must have brought thoughts excited by no other event of his most eventful life. What was to be said in answer? The tender of a grave issue like this presupposed grave purposes and determinations. Should he by a fitting rebuke break up his scarcely formed Cabinet and alienate the most powerful leader after himself, who might perhaps carry with him the organized support of all the Northern States which had voted for this rival at Chicago?

The President sent his reply the same day. He armed himself with his irresistible logic, his faultless tact, his limitless patience, his kindest but most imperturbable firmness. Only the "hand of iron in the glove of velvet" could have written the following answer:

EXECUTIVE MANSION, April 1, 1861.

HON. W. H. SEWARD.

MY DEAR SIR: Since parting with you I have been considering your paper dated this day, and entitled "Some thoughts for the President's consideration." The first proposition in it is, "*First*, We are at the end of a month's administration, and yet without a policy, either domestic or foreign."

At the beginning of that month, in the inaugural, I said, "The power confided to me will be used to hold, occupy, and possess the property and places belonging to the Government, and to collect the duties and imposts." This had your distinct approval at the time; and, taken in connection with the order I immediately gave General Scott, directing him to employ every

* Unpublished MS.

means in his power to strengthen and hold the forts, comprises the exact domestic policy you now urge, with the single exception that it does not propose to abandon Fort Sumter.

Again, I do not perceive how the reënforcement of Fort Sumter would be done on a slavery or party issue, while that of Fort Pickens would be on a more national and patriotic one.

The news received yesterday in regard to St. Domingo certainly brings a new item within the range of our foreign policy; but up to that time we have been preparing circulars and instructions to ministers and the like, all in perfect harmony, without even a suggestion that we had no foreign policy.

Upon your closing proposition, that "whatever policy we adopt, there must be an energetic prosecution of it,

"For this purpose it must be somebody's business to pursue and direct it incessantly,

"Either the President must do it himself, and be all the while active in it, or

"Devolve it on some member of his Cabinet. Once adopted, debates on it must end, and all agree and abide," I remark that if this must be done, I must do it. When a general line of policy is adopted, I apprehend there is no danger of its being changed without good reason or continuing to be a subject of unnecessary debate; still, upon points arising in its progress I wish, and suppose I am entitled to have, the advice of all the Cabinet.

Your Ob't Serv't,

A. LINCOLN. †

In this reply not a word is omitted which was necessary, and not a hint or allusion is contained that could be dispensed with. The answer was conclusive and ended the argument. So far as is known, the affair never reached the knowledge of any other member of the Cabinet, or even the most intimate of the President's friends; nor was it probably ever again alluded to by either Lincoln or Seward. Doubtless it needed only the President's note to show the Secretary of State how serious a fault he had committed, for all his tireless industry and undivided influence continued to be given for four long years to his chief, not only without reserve, but with a sincere and devoted personal attachment. Lincoln, on his part, easily dismissed the incident from his thought with that grand and characteristic charity which sought only to cherish the virtues of men — which readily recognized the strength and acknowledged the services of his Secretary, to whom he unselfishly gave, to his own last days, his generous and unwavering trust.

† Unpublished MS.

UNDER THE FOAM.

LIGHTNESS and laughter are with such as he
Only the surf upon the soul's deep sea;
Passions of time but froth the upper main,
While far beneath, eternal passions reign.

Charlotte Fiske Bates.

THE DUSANTES.*

A SEQUEL TO "THE CASTING AWAY OF MRS. LECKS AND MRS. ALESHINE."

BY FRANK R. STOCKTON,

Author of "Rudder Grange," "The Lady, or the Tiger?" etc.

III.



R. ENDERTON'S letter astonished and angered me, but in spite of my indignation I could not but feel amused at the crafty way in which he had put a stop to the probable perpetual peregrinations of the ginger-jar. I handed the letter to Mr. Dusante, and when he had read it his face flushed, and I could see that he was very angry, although he kept his temper under excellent control.

"Sir," he said presently, "this shall not be allowed. That jar, with its contents, is my property until Mrs. Lecks has consented to receive it. It is of my own option that I return it at all, and I have decided to return it to Mrs. Lecks. Any one interfering with my intentions steps entirely beyond the line of just and warrantable procedure. Sir, I shall not go westward to-morrow morning, but, with my family, will accompany you to Chicago, where I shall require Mr. Enderton to return to me my property, which I shall then dispose of as I see fit. You must excuse me, sir, if anything I have said regarding this gentleman with whom you are connected has wounded your sensibilities."

"Oh, don't think of that!" I exclaimed. "Pitch into Enderton as much as you please, and you may be sure that I shall not object. When I took the daughter to wife, I did not marry the father. But, of course, for my wife's sake I hope this matter will not be made the subject of public comment."

"You need have no fear of that," said Mr. Dusante; "and you will allow me to remark that Mr. Enderton's wife must have been a most charming lady."

"Why do you think so?" I asked.

"I judge so," he answered, with a bow, "from my acquaintance with Mrs. Craig."

I now went immediately to Ruth, who, I found, knew nothing of what had occurred, except that her father had gone on to Chicago in

advance of our party, and had had time only to bid her a hasty good-bye. I made no remarks on this haste which would not allow Mr. Enderton to take leave of us, but which gave him time to write a letter of some length; and as Ruth knew nothing of this letter, I determined not to mention it to her. Her father's sudden departure surprised her but little, for she told me that he always liked to get to places before the rest of the party with whom he might be journeying. "Even when we go to church," she said, "he always walks ahead of the rest of us. I don't understand why he likes to do so, but this is one of his habits."

When I informed Mrs. Lecks and Mrs. Aleshine of what had happened, they fairly blazed.

"I don't know what Mr. Dusante calls it," exclaimed Mrs. Lecks, "but I know what I call it!"

"Yes, indeed!" cried Mrs. Aleshine, her round eyes sparkling with excitement; "if that is n't ex-honesty, then he ain't no ex-missionary! I pity the heathen he converted!"

"I 'll convert him," said Mrs. Lecks, "if ever I lay eyes on him! Walkin' away with a package with my name on it! He might as well take my gold spectacles or my tortoise-shell comb! I suppose there's no such thing as ketchin' up with him, but I 'll telegraph after him; an' I 'll let him know that if he dares to open a package of mine, I 'll put the law on him!"

"That's so," said Mrs. Aleshine. "You kin send telegraphs all along the line to one station an' another for conductors to give to him in the cars, an' directed to Mr. Enderton, a tall man with gray-mixed hair an' a stolen bundle. That's the way they did in our place when Abram Marly's wife fell into the cistern, an' he 'd jus' took the cars to the city, an' they telegraphed to him at five different stations to know where he 'd left the ladder."

"Which ain't a bad idea," said Mrs. Lecks, "though his name will be enough on it without no description; an' I 'll do that this minute, an' find out about the stations from the clerk."

"You must be very careful," I said, "about

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