

PEN PHOTOGRAPHS.

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ABRAHAM LINCOLN.

BEING supplied with a letter of introduction to the late President Lincoln, by a member of the Canadian Government, the writer had an interview with him in the autumn of 1864. The President's office for the transaction of business was in the well-known "White House," immediately above the southern part of the reception room in the east wing. From the window there is a fine view of the placid Potomac and Arlington heights. The room was not carpeted, and contained a few substantial oak chairs and one long and high writing-desk, which was loaded with official documents and referential books of law and statutes. Adjoining his room to the west is a small waiting room, also furnished very sparingly. The walls were decorated with a few maps, and there were some plaster busts of distinguished statesmen on the mantelpiece. In one corner of the room, near the door, were the remains of a portion of the machinery of the ill-fated "Merrimac," presented by the Hon. Mr. Washburne to the President. After waiting nearly an hour, with about three dozen other expectants—the temper of some of these seething over in intermittent ejaculations of a laconic and pointed kind, against some distinguished member of the diplomatic corps, whose *tete-a-tete* with Lincoln was more lengthy than agreeable to the most of us—we were indiscriminately admitted to the audience chamber. Mr. Lincoln could be recognized among a thousand by the portraits of him seen everywhere. He was tall and angular in body, with long, sinewy arms. The large mouth, sunken eyes and prominent cheek bones, made the contour of his face decidedly Scottish. When he shook hands with you his grip was such as would make a Sayers wince; and although at that moment I had no anxieties, griefs or regrets, I confess the tears came into my eyes, I presume in sympathy for my unfortunate digitats, which were at that moment in limbo. When he spoke to you he looked you straight in the face, as if he desired and was determined to read your inmost thoughts and wishes. You were sure, from the impression produced upon you from his searching gaze, that he possessed an intuitive tact in reading much of a man's character from his countenance, and that he himself was not destitute of moral courage; and the firmly compressed lips indicated great determination if the quiescent lion was once thoroughly aroused. In the eyes, however, there was an ever-present twinkle of humour, which no volition could suppress. The mouth might utter stern words, but the eyes would belie all. His voice was a baritone, with no edges to its sound. His speech was slow, distinct, deep and mellow; and he spoke with an earnestness which carried conviction to the hearer. It was evident to all who came in contact with him that he meant all he said, and that is no small commendation in this age of consummate cunning, deception, intrigue and pretentious honesty of purpose. The great fund of anecdotes at Lincoln's command was constantly used to pourtray some character, or to illustrate some principle, or to relieve his presence of some obsequious office-seeker. The latter class was the very bane of his life. While the writer was present he decided