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of the Kaffirs' hopeless doom, the tears of anger and compassion welled to his eyes. Rosebushes grew from the ground where they fell, and you can see them to this day in perennial purple pomp in the garden of his palace.

"But in the morning, after he had held secret council with his soul, he summoned his warriors and chieftains before him and went to war against the people of the South. The flames of battle leaped from his sword and consumed the youth of the country. For many years the ground was red with the best blood of North and South. Myriads of people fell like blades of grass under the sickle of the mower, and towns afire turned night into day with their funeral glare. In nights bereft of sleep the puissant Khan did wrestle with the Angel of Doom. The lines of secret sorrow were furrowing his face, each line a furrow plowed by the death of those he loved. At last he overcame the heroes of the South in his might. Those that were struck in irons had been freed, and home he went with his host, victorious and beloved of his people. And with them he will abide for ever and ever, leading them in the path of the generous and the brave."

Such was the burden, told in brief, of Mostansir's astounding tale.

VI.

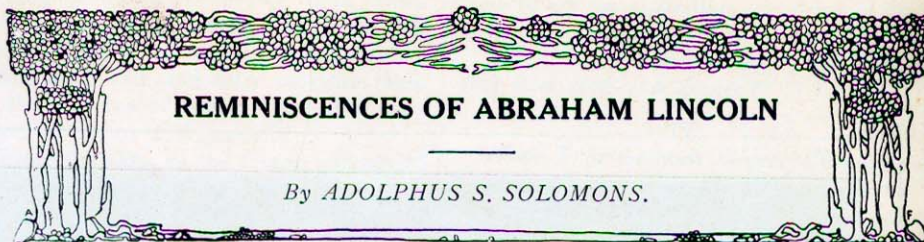
The poet had concluded and the eyes of the court were again upon me. With a mighty effort I pulled myself together and began:

"Listen, Abdul Abbas, and you, mollahs and chieftains of His Royal Highness the Amir!

"It matters not if no one told you that a son of Eblis slew our mighty Khan. What Mostansir, the son of Latuff, said of his everlasting reign is true, our sorrowful bereavement notwithstanding. His spirit rules throughout the length and breadth of our land, but the reins of government are held now by my master, Grover Cleveland. Does not your Amir reign still over you, though far away, with the reins of government in the hands of his trusty Vizir? Your bard and teacher hasn't told you all there is to tell. Among those who drew the sword for our great Khan"

VII.

But before I could pronounce his magic name the folding doors of the audience chamber flew thunderingly asunder, and in came, jostled by loudly indignant servitors of the court, my chief clerk, Mr. Elmer Woodward, a walking pillar of dust, hoarse-voiced, shaking, and bathed in perspiration. He had seen my papers lying on my desk, grasped the situation, ridden a horse to death to fetch them in time, fought the palace servants to gain admission, and now he made his apologies to the Grand Vizier for his intrusion and sorry appearance, brief and to the point, in the best style of unabashed Nebraska. That potentate, remembering his own offence, was apologetically kind himself, and Mr. Woodward went to my quarters and out of the presence. I resumed, acknowledged now as the true representative of a mighty and warlike nation:



REMINISCENCES OF ABRAHAM LINCOLN

By ADOLPHUS S. SOLOMONS.

To know where to begin and where to end in sorting my recollections of our beloved President Lincoln is a somewhat difficult task. His memory both in gladness and in sorrow lingers with us all so heartfully, I feel as though treading on holy ground, lest my words may appear disrespectful to his sacred memory.

Where so much has been collated and written of this great man, it occurs to me that some little incidents and anecdotes of which I was personally cognizant, might have a greater interest at this time than those facts which have become matters of history.

It is well known how keen was his sense of humor—a humor so gentle and kindly that it never wounded the feelings of the most sensitive.

One day while in the White House, awaiting to see the President, I found myself in line with perhaps fifty others awaiting my turn to come. Immediately in front of me was a rather tall and stupid appearing fellow, and I wondered what in the world his mission was. It was soon after these "contrabands" had begun bringing in information relating to the enemy, and I was not surprised to hear him say to Mr. Lincoln in answer to his question, "Well, my friend, what can I do for you?" "I see you are rather busy to-day and I will come in some other time to tell you about what a 'contraband' told me, and"—here the President interrupted him by a slap on the shoulder, and with a steady gaze beginning at his muddy boots with his trousers tucked into them and looking upward to his shaggy red hair—exclaimed, "Sit right down here and tell me all you know," and winking at me over the stranger's shoulder, added: "And

by telling all you know it certainly cannot take you very long." Evidently the man did not see the joke, and sitting down told a short story and was soon out of the room.

On another occasion an army officer called upon the President to tender his resignation, whereupon the President said: "All right, I accept your resignation, but nothing can compensate me for the loss of you, for when you retire I will then be the ugliest man in the employment of the government"—and yet Mr. Lincoln was not ugly, for his tall, stooping, ungainly figure was forgotten in the loving expressions coming from a God-given joy of heart, which became instantly contagious.

His love for fun served to hide many an inward pang. One day I accepted an invitation to be present at a review of the First Army Corps of the Potomac under the command of General Reynolds, held near to Washington, and the driver of the ambulance in which he rode, becoming angry at his wild team of six mules, used some rather original "cuss words." Smiling, Mr. Lincoln touched the man on his shoulder and said, "Excuse me, my friend, are you an Episcopalian?"

The man greatly startled, looked sheepishly around, and replied, "No, Mr. President, I am a Methodist." "Well," said Mr. Lincoln, "I thought you must be an Episcopalian, because you swear just like Governor Seward, who is a very strict church warden."

When Mr. Lincoln returned from his famous trip to Richmond after his surrender, I chanced to be in the neighborhood of the White House early one morning, when I saw a detachment on the

VIII.

"Abdul Abbas, and you, men of Bochara, listen to words of truth:

"Among those who drew the sword for our great Khan, there were five thousand able warriors of the very people you are holding now in bondage. They came from the farthest corners of the earth to fight his battles and die in his cause, which is theirs all the world over—the cause of liberty, enlightenment and even-handed justice. Their blood mingled freely on untold battlefields with the blood of all the other heroes of the war, and their ashes rest in sacred soil, wherever slain valor found its final resting place. And the brothers of this people our Khan took under the mighty wings of his protection—the brothers of the people whose warlike faith has been attested by his firman of the year Twelve-hundred and Forty-one, under Linkum Khan's own hand and seal—you have shed their blood and these men

are crying out now to our government for help against the grievous yoke of your oppression!"

IX.

The thundercloud hanging over the councils of Abdul Abbas was dispelled. A Koran *Surah* in favor of the Jews couldn't have impressed them more deeply than this reference to a firman of the Iskander of the West. The courtiers stood in respectful silence, the whilst their overlord was wrapped in meditation. A *divan* was finally ordered and I withdrew. But the shades of night had not sunk as yet over the city of Bochara when the two American Jews were delivered over into my custody by the officials of the court. Three thousand unhappy beings of the ancient faith were liberated the next day; and over them all hovered tenderly the spirit of the martyred friend of all that are oppressed and in bondage.

"route step" with "arms at will." Between their shouts they cheered most lustily. Their wheezy and unmusical band then added to the clamor by injecting snatches of national airs with added cries for "Lincoln, Lincoln." Presently there appeared at the second story window the tall frame of the President, who wore a brown linen duster much wrinkled and spotted with mud. Immediately the band emphasized his presence by a blare of brass instruments; the screaming of fifes and the beating of drums, fearful to hear.

An orderly stepped up to Mr. Lincoln, and said, "Mr. President, the band is playing 'Dixie,' shall I order it to stop?" "No," said the President. "let them play; when we captured the Southerners, we captured their tunes." The crowd called, "Speech, speech, speech," until they were speechless themselves, and after much more racket Mr. Lincoln waved his brawny arms for silence and began a speech, which, coming from his manly, good heart, breathed such a loving, kindly feeling toward the South, that had his words been put into cold type, would have incensed the Northern masses, who were still burning with such intense enmity against the South, that he would most surely have been blamed beyond measure for his hasty expressions of forgiveness for the hated enemy of but yesterday. But he was so overjoyed with the prospects of peace that he could not restrain himself and closed by saying, that Dixie, which was the song of the Confederacy, was as much the national air of the republic now as the 'Star Spangled Banner' was before the war.

Fortunately the hour was too early for reporters to be present, and I was happy when I saw no mention of the event in the afternoon papers of the day nor in subsequent editions. I afterwards learned that the body of soldiery alluded to, came on the same boat from Richmond with the President, who had dodged them after landing, but who were determined to see him once before disbanding to their homes.

On one occasion when business took me to the White House, I had the good fortune to find Mr. Lincoln in one of his most jocular and reminiscent moods. He told me the following story of "How the Reverend Mr. Shofle acquired riches:"

"When I first entered upon my duties as President," said Mr. Lincoln, grasping my arm in his peculiar way with one of his long, bony hands, while he ran his fingers through and brushed back his shaggy black hair, "I fully made up my mind to appoint to office those only whom I knew to be honest and who had suitable ability.

In any event honesty should be the prerequisite, as the lack of a little ability might be easily made up by an honest man endeavoring to do his whole duty conscientiously. While this resolve was fresh upon me there came to visit me a very old friend, a Baptist minister, who had traveled so fast that he had not yet shaken the Illinois real estate off his capacious boots.

"Why, what brings you here, Mr. Shofle?" (which was not his name, but it will do just as well.)

"Well," he replied, "I came down here firstly to see you and get an old-fashioned shake of the hand, and secondly to say that the folks of my congregation are so poor that they can hardly afford me a decent living and I thought maybe you

Shofle put in an appearance, and said that the Colonel had recommended him to apply for a certain position in the Revenue Department.

"What is the salary?" said I, while signing in a mechanical way a pile of commissions.

"Two thousand dollars a year."

"Well, do you think that enough? I may be able to do better for you," for I knew he was an honest man and thought he might just as well as not get a place where he could earn more money."

"Oh, plenty, Uncle Abe, for that is more than double the amount I've been earning for years past."

"Now I began to think," said our Martyr President, "that I would have to force him in to a place paying a larger salary, and where the government would have a corresponding return for his valuable services, for I was more than ever—if that were possible—convinced that he was an honest man; but I finally concluded to give him his way, and he was appointed accordingly. Off he went rejoicing but I felt rather mean at my one-horse gift to my good, honest reverend friend.

"Three years elapsed, and the anxieties attending the war had completely driven from my mind, for the time being, the incident just related, when my messenger brought me a card bearing the familiar name, 'Rev. Adam Shofle,' and immediately there flashed across my mind all the circumstances attending my appointing him to office. I directed him to be shown in, and in walked, with creaky boots, one of the best and finest dressed men I had seen in many a day. I recognized his countenance at a glance, but it was his marvelous clothes that troubled me. They sat easily enough upon his body, but somehow or other they did not set so easy upon my mind, but wherefor I could not for the life of me tell, if I had tried, which I didn't.

"Good morning, Mr. President"—no longer 'Uncle Abe,' as before—said he, in a sort of grandiloquent manner; "I hope you are well and getting on nicely."

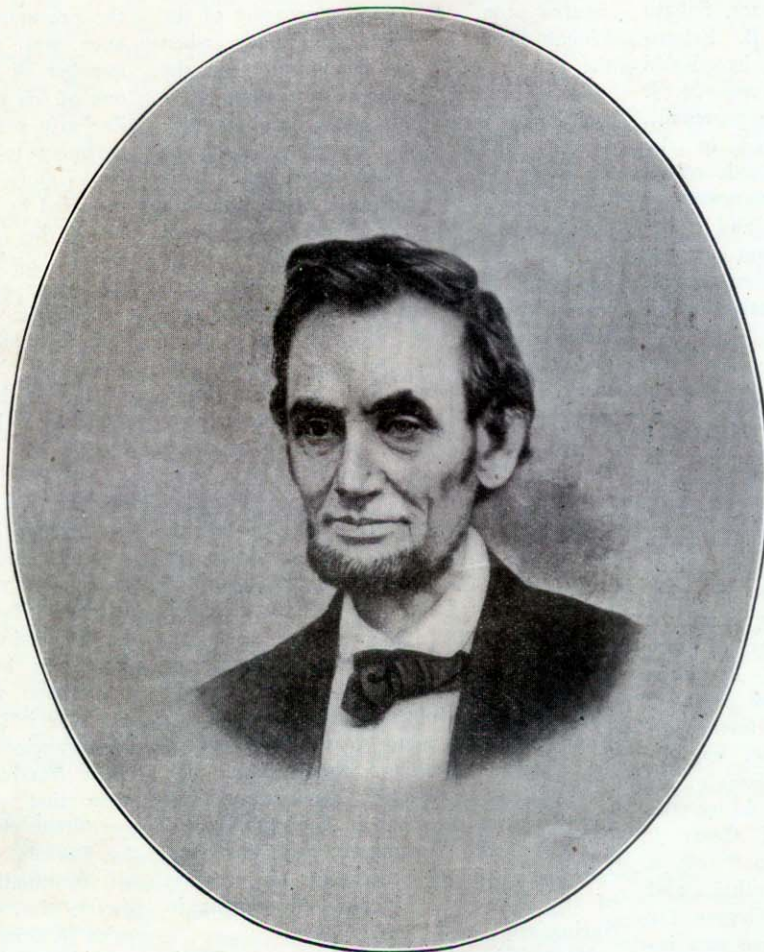
"Oh, yes," said I; "we poor folks eke out a living after a fashion," intending to give him the bit in his mouth, for I knew what an honest man he was, and how much—I couldn't tell then exactly how much, for I had lost the run of him—we were indebted to him.

"Mr. President, I've come to resign my office."

As though I had been struck by lightning, I managed to exclaim, "Indeed!"

"Yes. I feel that there are many

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Your Obedt. Servt
Abraham Lincoln

FACSIMILE OF LAST LINCOLN PORTRAIT, TAKEN FOR MR. A. S. SOLOMONS

(Owned by Mrs. N. Taylor Phillips.)

could give me some sort of an office that would pay me better."

"Certainly," I answered, quickly, for I knew he was an honest man and I was looking for stock of that kind. "Have you in view any particular office?"

"No," said the Rev. Mr. Shofle, complacently; "I would not know what to select if you were to hand me a list to choose from."

"Nor I what to give you; but I will tell you who will help you out. You know Col. Chootsper, of your county. He is now on duty in the Treasury Department. Go and see him; he is a man of resources, and will get you out of your difficulty. Come back to-morrow and report."

"The next day, according to promise,

Lincoln wrote, "If both factions, or neither, shall abuse you, you will probably be about right. Beware of being assailed by one and praised by the other." Lincoln passed through both stages, having been first assailed by all parties, and now praised by all, even by many great Southerners who do not fail to recognize his great ness. And thus he is doubly right.

The half century that has well-nigh elapsed since his transportation to eternity has dispelled the mists that encompassed him while on this earth. Men now not only recognize the right which he championed, but behold in him the standard of righteousness of liberty, of conciliation and truth. In him, as it were incorporate, stands the Union, all that is best and noblest and enduring in its principles, in which he devoutly believed and served mightily to save. When to-day, the world celebrates the century of his existence, he has become the ideal of both North and South, of a common country, composed not only of the factions that once confronted each other in war's dreadful array, but of the myriad thousands that have since found in the American nation the hope of the future and the refuge from age-entrenched wrong and absolutism. To them Lincoln, his life, his history, his character, his entire personality, with all its wondrous charm and grace, its sobriety, patience, self-abnegation and sweetness, has come to be the very prototype of a rising humanity.

A certain Jewish saint who had the misfortune to survive the death of his greatest disciple, is recorded to have exclaimed: "O Lord, thou shouldst be grateful to me that I have trained for you so noble a soul." This is somewhat too bold, but we may well be grateful to God for having given us such a great soul as Lincoln, "who, under God, gave this nation a new birth of freedom," and to our dear country, which by its institutions and its people rendered possible the greatness for which Abraham Lincoln shall stand forever.

London Demonstration in Turkey's Honor

LONDON, Saturday, February 6.—Prominent Englishmen are arranging a demonstration in honor of the opening of the Turkish parliament. A special Turkish representative is expected to participate in the demonstration. Among those interested in the affair are Lord Rothschild and Sir Edward Sassoon.

Sholom Aleichem Better

Sholom Aleichem, the Yiddish writer, who is in Nerve, Italy, with his family for his health, writes to the *Jewish Daily News* that he narrowly escaped death in the Italian earthquake, but that his present health is good, for, as he writes in his whimsical fashion, "there was no earthquake in Nerve." The writer also says that his illness has taken a turn for the better, and that he is filled with hope. He is under the doctor's orders, and does "what all good, pious people" tell him to do, but one thing he will not do. They tell him not to write a line, but he writes very much. He promises to send what he writes to the *Tageblatt*.

REMINSCENCES OF ABRAHAM LINCOLN

By Adolphus S. Solomons

(Continued from page 387.)

others deserving of the place, and that it is my duty to make way for them.'

"Was there ever such an honest man as that?" said I, to myself, chuckling over my own stupidity on the clothes surprise. 'But,' said I, aloud, 'I'm afraid you are not considering yourself, friend Shofle, and that when you go back to preaching you will be as hard up as when you came here three years ago. Hadn't you better hold on a little longer, say a year more, and let us both go out of office together?'

"No, thank you. I'm going to Europe during that time, but hope to see you here, as President, when I return,' and after a few more kind expressions, off went the Rev. Shofle.

"About a month after, one of the reverend gentleman's neighbors paid me a visit, and among other things remarked casually that I had 'done a pretty good thing for Shofle.' 'Yes,' I replied, 'I gave him a \$2,000 a year position for three years.'

"Besides the balance!' added my visitor. 'Why, if he is worth a cent he is worth to-day \$200,000, and I can prove it if necessary.'

"What could the idiot mean? To satisfy myself of the falsity of the charge I sent detectives to where he lived, and they brought back word that he had made his \$6,000 salary in the aggregate yield fully \$200,000; but then I knew he was an honest man, and there must be a mistake somewhere!"

"By the way," added Mr. Lincoln, with one of his knowing winks, "we have plenty of 'Shofles' left, but, the mischief of it is, it is hard finding them out, and they are not considerate enough to resign, as did our honest friend Shofle."

As many statements have been made relating to the "last photograph" Mr. Lincoln sat for, I feel assured that the following disposes of the fact:

During the early 60's our bookselling and publishing firm of Philip & Solomons, located at 911 Pennsylvania avenue in this city, had a large photograph branch in the upper part of the building, under the charge of Alexander Gardner who was well known for his celebrated 'Photographic Sketch Book of the War' in two oblong folio volumes, in which Mr. Lincoln was a frequent and conspicuous figure in camp and battle fields.

One day while in his office I casually remarked that I would like very much for him to give us another sitting as those we had been favored with were unsatisfactory to us, and would he permit us to try again, to which he willingly assented.

Not long afterwards he sent word that he could "come on some Sunday," and a date was arranged, which was the second Sunday previous to the Friday night when the assassin, Wilkes Booth, in cold blood shot to death one of the most beloved men God ever created.

At the time named by appointment, he came and at my first glance I saw, with

regret, that he wore a troubled expression, which, however, was not unusual at that eventful period of our country's fitful condition, and throwing aside on a chair the gray woolen shawl he was accustomed to wear, Mr. Gardner, after several squints at his general make-up, placed him in an artistic position and began his work.

After several "snaps," during which the President while making jocular remarks, had completely upset the operator's calculations, I followed Mr. Gardner into his "darkroom" and learned to my sorrow that he had not succeeded in getting even a fair expression of his mobile countenance, and therefore was much discouraged which, however, was but a repetition of former occasions.

I courageously named the result of my investigation to Mr. Lincoln, whereupon he, noticing, perhaps, my disappointment, said to me, "tell Mr. Gardner to come out in the open"—referring to the "dark room,"—and you, Solomons tell me one of your funny stories and we will see if I can't do better."

I complied as best I could, and the result was the likeness as reproduced in these memories.

Catulle Mendes Killed in Accident

The news was received from Paris this week that Catulle Abraham Mendes, the brilliant but erratic French poet, essayist, novelist and dramatist, has been killed in a railroad accident. The unfortunate accident has called forth expressions of sorrow from all sides, it is said, and the general verdict is that literary France has suffered a great loss.

Catulle Mendes came of a line of Jewish bankers established in the south of France and from his boyhood was devoted to the pursuit of literature. His grandfather had cultivated French versification, and no doubt Mendes' taste was inherent. He was born at Bordeaux, and spent his childhood in Germany, and Italy, besides France, being educated by a tutor and not at any college. When the boy was fourteen years old, he gave to the local Varieties of Toulouse, where his family had settled permanently, a vaudeville sketch entitled "The Bailiff's Garters," which was played several times. At fifteen he started a theatrical paper and at sixteen left for Paris to try his fortune in the world of letters.

With the money of his father, after having had some of his poetry published, he started a magazine, the *Revue Fantaisie* when he was eighteen years old, to which such contrasting contributors as Theophile Gautier, Richard Wagner, Baudelaire, and the two Daubets gave their pieces. A short time after its foundation, the *Revue Fantaisie* became defunct, owing to the imprisonment of Mendes for the writing of an indiscreet poem. The young literateur, after his imprisonment, struggled on in his profession—at times able to rely upon his father—and he became one of the best known figures in the literary and artistic world of the Paris of that day. He married Judith, a daughter of Theophile Gautier, but neither were adapted to matrimony, and they soon separated. Mendes took complete leadership of the new school of poets at the time, dubbed the "Parnassians" disdainfully, but Mendes adopted the name and published *Le Parnasse Contemporain*. The newspapers made fun of the school and of the long hair affected by the poets, but the critics soon recognized the value of the verse. During the seventies, Mendes through his *Revue* continued to become associated with men who became greater than himself. He was a most prolific journalist, but as equally prolific of novels and of books. No author, it is said, has published more completed books—years ago the number had already passed one hundred and twenty. Yet his plays and novels have been literary work of the first order.