before him he declared that there was no other translator in England of one tenth her ability.

Her best life was so ungrudgingly given to others, and her modesty was so refreshingly feminine, that Mrs. Austin, either as authoress or as woman, is almost unknown to the new generations. And yet, aside from her peerless juridical labors, she deserves to be well known by her latter-day sisters, if for no other reason than as a possible ideal for the newer womanhood.

Sylvia R. Hershey.

At the Death-bed of Lincoln.

IN THE CENTURY for June, 1890, and February, 1893, were published letters bearing upon the question of who were present at the bedside of President Lincoln when Surgeon-General Barnes, who held the pulse of the dying chief, announced his death at 7:22 A.M. Partly in the interest of the truth and partly as a matter of family pride, I wish to add two names hitherto omitted by THE CENTURY. The names are Richard J. Oglesby, then governor of Illinois, and General Isham N. Haynie, both of Springfield, Illinois, and both warm personal friends of Mr. Lincoln. In a letter written to me by Governor Oglesby he describes the events of that terrible night, and the scene at the bedside as Secretary Stanton broke the silence by saying, «Now he belongs to the ages.»

General Haynie's diary also lies before me, and perhaps I may be justified in quoting a passage which pictures Mr. Lincoln only four hours before his assassination. Under April 14, 1865, General Haynie wrote:

> At five o'clock this afternoon Governor Oglesby and I called at the White House. Mr. Lincoln was not in, but just as we were going away his carriage, with himself, wife, and Tad, drove up. The President called us back. We went up into his reception-room and had a pleasant, humorous hour with him. He read four chapters of Petroleum V. Nasby's book (recently published) to us, and continued reading until he was called to dinner at about six o'clock, when we left him.

The above was written sometime between six and ten o'clock, before General Haynie had heard of the fatal shooting. During that little call Mr. Lincoln was in a specially merry mood. He laughed heartily over Nasby's book, and told his friends of his intention of going to see Laura Keene at the theater that evening. He, in fact, urged Governor Oglesby and General Haynie to accompany him, but a business engagement prevented.

The diary continues:

> At 11 P.M. Governor Oglesby and myself were admitted to the room where the President lay dying. Remained until after the President had passed away. He died at 7.22 A.M. to-day. The excitement baffles description. The horrors of last night have no parallel in memory or history. The cabinet all surrounded the dying chief; General Meigs, General Halleck, General Hardie, Colonel Vincent, Rev. Dr. Gurley — all present. The Secretary of War was busy all night preparing and sending despatches; Surgeon-General Barnes holding the President's arm, feeling his pulse; the cabinet seated around, and some standing; Governor Oglesby at the head of the bed, and myself near the door. The President lay with his feet to the west, his head to the east; insensible; in comatose state; never spoke.

The two friends accompanied the body of the beloved President on its last journey to Illinois. They were a part of the delegation appointed by his native State. General Haynie drafted the resolutions of the citizens of Illinois who met at the National Hotel in Washington to take steps relative to the death of Mr. Lincoln. To Governor Oglesby more than to any other one man is due the fact that the martyred Lincoln sleeps to-day on the green slopes of Oak Ridge in the beautiful city he loved so well. The nation and the national capital claimed his remains, but Governor Oglesby insisted that they belonged by right to Illinois.

Edwin C. Haynie.

«The Century's» American Artists Series.

GEORGE DE FOREST BRUSH'S «MOTHER AND CHILD.»

(See frontispiece.)

THE common belief that the aim of portraiture is to present the likeness of an individual is true so far as it goes; but it is only half of the truth. That a portrait should mean to us the likeness of a certain person is a desideratum; otherwise why call it a portrait? That it should look to us something decorative and beautiful is also a necessity; otherwise why call it a picture or a work of art? In all good portraiture the expressive and

Open Letters Department

Century Magazine
Vol LI No 6
April, 1896

this thoroughly, and it will not escape notice that there is a kinship between the people of Mr. Brush's «Mother and Child» and the people of Italian art. The tenderness of the mother, the infantile shyness of the child, the unconscious interest of the older child at the left, have appeared many times in the Madonna and Child with the infant St. John. The characterization parallels but does not imitate that of the Italians. The picture suggests no Italian school or painter, yet reminds us of the Italian conception. The forms are modern, living people of to-day, while the sympathetic feeling is ancient, common to all lofty art. Local truths of likeness are apparent (the group represents an American family, and the landscape at the side is from Vermont), but above these we feel the universal truths of maternal tenderness and infantile grace. And just there the painter shows his largeness of view. Great art always bases itself upon universal truths.

Decoratively the picture has been very well handled. The composition is exceedingly simple, and the large oval of the group is restfully placed in the square upright of the canvas. The lines of the child's figure, the indicated angles of the knees and the arm, the modeling of the gracefully turned heads, the broad sweep of the flowing robe, the background of bushes with an outlet into distant hills and sky, are all given with truth, force, and charm. Regarded merely for its distribution of light and shade, the picture will be found equally effective. The lower notes of the older child at the left and the sky at the right are quite as necessary to the central high light as the dark thicket is to the dark robe. The color and the handling of the picture are not conspicuous. The painter has not wished to detract from the