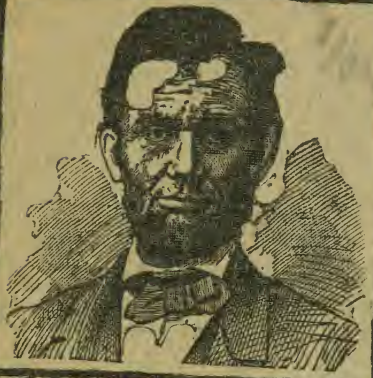
Lincoln



A BOOK OF STORIES OF ABRAHAM LINCOLN

FIFTH EDITION.

SECOND SERIES.

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HUMOROUS AND PATHETIC STORIES

OF

ABRAHAM LINCOLN.

A Collection of Anecdotes and Stories Told by and of

PRESIDENT LINCOLN;

Many of them Heretofore Unpublished.

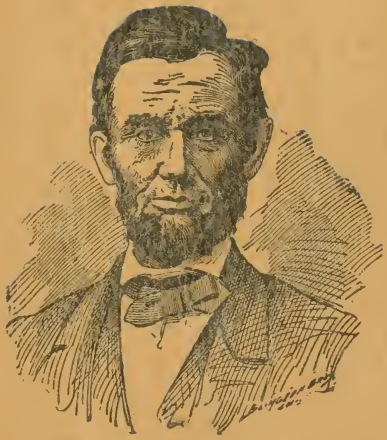
THE LINCOLN PUBLISHING COMPANY,

FORT WAYNE, INDIANA.

PREFACE.

In presenting to the readers Lincoln's stories, there is a feeling of satisfaction that they will be well received. No man has lived, in the history of this country, who holds a more sacred place in the minds of the people than Honest Abe Lincoln, as he was familiarly known. His steadfastness of purpose, clear discernment, and equity of judgment peculiarly fitted him for the high position of Chief Executive of this Nation at a time when the seeds of disunionism were being scattered broadcast throughout the land.

Abraham Lincoln had a marked penchant for story telling. There is hardly an instance in even the most serious of his interviews, that the familiar phrase "That reminds me of a story," was not introduced. In collecting these memoirs of Lincoln we are indebted to the press, to friends and to Barretts McClure's "Anecdotes of Abraham Lincoln."



CHARACTERISTICS OF MR. LINCOLN.

Secretary Usher, a member of Lincoln's Cabinet, and an old friend of his, gives the following interesting information:

ABRAHAM LINCOLN.

In person he was tall and rugged, with little semblance to any historic portrait, unless he might seem, in one respect, to justify the epithet which was given to an early English monarch. His countenance had even more of a rugged strength than his person. Perhaps the quality which struck the most, at first sight, was his simplicity of manners and conversation without form or ceremony of any kind, beyond that among neighbors. His handwriting had the same simplicity. It was as clear as that of Washington, but less florid. He was naturally humane, inclined to pardon, and never remembering the hard things said against him. He was always good to the poor, and in his dealings with them was full of those "kind little words which are of the same blood as good and holy deeds." Such a character awakened instinctively the sympathy of the people. They saw his fellow-feeling with them, and felt the kinship. With him as President, the idea of republican institutions, where no place is too high for the humblest, was perpetually manifest, so that his simple presence was like a proclamation of the equality of all men. While social in nature, and enjoying the flow of conversation he was often singularly reticent. Modesty was natural to such a character. As he was without affectation, so he was without

pretence or jealousy. No person, civil or military, can complain that he appropriated to himself any honors that belonged to another. To each and all he anxiously gave the credit that was due. His humor has also become a proverb. He insisted, sometimes, that he had no invention, but only a memory. He did not forget the good things that he heard, and was never without a familiar story to illustrate his meaning. At times his illustrations had a homely felicity, argument, which he always enforced with a certain intensity of manner and voice. He was original in mind as in character. His style was his own, formed on no model and springing directly from himself. While failing, often, in correctness, it was sometimes unique in beauty and in sentiment. There are passages which will live always. It is not exaggerating to say that, in weight and pith, suffuse in a certain poetical color, they call to mind Bacon's Essays. Such passages make an epoch in state papers. No presidential message or a speech from a throne ever had anything of such touching reality. They are harbingers of the great era of humanity. While uttered from the heights of power, they reveal a simple, unaffected trust in Almighty God, and speak to the people as equal to equal.

There was one thing in which latterly he was disposed to conduct the public mind. It was in the treatment of the rebel leaders. His policy was never announced, and, of course, it would always have been subject to modification, in the light of experience. But it is well known that, at the very moment of his assassination, he was occupied by thoughts of lenity and pardon. He was never harsh, even in speaking of Jefferson Davis, and only a few days before his end, when one who was privileged to speak to him in that way said: "Do not allow him to escape the law—he must be hanged," the President replied calmly in the words which he adopted in his last inaugural address, "Judge not, that ye be not judged." And

when pressed again and again by the remark that the sight of Libby Prison made it impossible to pardon him, the President repeated twice over these same words, revealing unmistakably the generous sentiments of his heart.

A ROMANTIC INCIDENT OF LINCOLN'S EARLY LAW PRACTICE.

Having chosen the law as his future calling, he devoted himself assiduously to its mastery, contending at every step with adverse fortune. During this period of study, he for some time found a home under the hospitable roof of one Armstrong, a farmer who lived in a log house, some eight miles from the village of Petersburg, in Menard county. Here young Lincoln would master his lessons by the fire light of the cabin, and then walk to town for the purpose of recitation. This man Armstrong was himself poor, but he saw the genius struggling in the young student, and opened to him his rough home and bid him welcome to his coarse fare. How Lincoln graduated, with promise—how he more than fulfilled that promise—how honorably he acquitted himself, alike on the battlefield, in defending our border settlements against the ravages of savage foes, and in the halls of our national legislature, are matters of history. But one little incident of a more private nature, standing as it does as a sort of sequel to some things already alluded to, I deem worthy of record. Some few years since the oldest son of Mr. Lincoln's old friend Armstrong, the chief support of his widowed mother—the good old man having some time previously passed from earth—was arrested on the charge of murder. A young man had been killed during a riotous melee in the night time, at a camp meeting, and one of his associates stated that the death wound was inflicted

by young Armstrong. A preliminary examinatian was gone into, at which the accuser testified so positively that there seemed no doubt of the guilt of the prisoner and, therefore, he was held for trial. As is too often the case, the bloody act caused an undue degree of excitement in the public mind. Every improper incident in the life of the prisoner, each act which bore the least semblance of rowdyism, each school boy quarrel, was suddenly remembered and magnified, until they pictured him a fiend of the most horrid hue. As these rumors spread abroad, they were received as gospel, and a feverish desire for vengeance seized upon the infuriated populace, while only prison bars prevented a horrible death at the hands of a mob. The events were heralded in the newspapers, painted in the highest colors, accompanied by rejoicing over the certainty of punishment being meted out to the guilty party. The prisoner, overwhelmed by the circumstances in which he found himself placed, fell into a melancholy condition, bordering upon despair; and the widowed mother, looking through her tears, saw no cause for hope from earthly aid.

At this juncture, the widow received a letter from Mr. Lincoln, volunteering his services in an effort to save the youth from the impending stroke. Gladly was his aid accepted, although it seemed impossible for even his sagacity to prevail in such a desperate case; but the heart of the attorney was in his work and he set about it with a will that knew no such word as fail. Feeling that the poisoned condition of the public mind was such as to preclude the possibility of impaneling an impartial jury in the court having jurisdiction, he procured a change of venue and a postponement of the trial. He then went studiously to work unraveling the history of the case, and satisfied himself that his client was the victim of malice, and that the statements of the accuser were a tissue of falsehoods. When the trial was called the prisoner, pale and emaciated, with hopelessness written on every feature, and

accompanied by his half-hoping, half-despairing mother, whose only hope was in a mother's belief of her son's innocence, in the justice of the God she worshiped, and in the noble counsel, who, without hope of fee, or reward upon earth, had undertaken the cause, took his seat in the prisoner's box, and with a "stony firmness," listened to the reading of the indictment.

Lincoln sat quietly by, while the large auditory looked on him as though wondering what he could say in defense of one whose guilt they regarded as certain. The examination of the witnesses for the state was begun, and a well arranged mass of evidence, circumstantial and positive, was introduced, which seemed to impale the prisoner beyond the possibility of extrication. The counsel for the defense propounded but few questions, and those of a character which excited no uneasiness on the pert of the prosecution—merely, in most cases, requiring the witness to be definite as to time and place. When the evidence of the prosecution was ended, Lincoln introduced a few witnesses to remove some erroneous impressions in regard to the previous character of his client, who, though somewhat rowdyish, had never been known to commit a vicious act; and to show that a greater ill feeling existed between the accuser and the accused than the accused and the deceased. The prosecutor felt that the case was a clear one, and his opening speech was brief and formal. Lincoln arose, while a deathly silence pervaded the vast audience, and in a clear but moderate tone began his argument. Slowly and carefully he reviewed the testimony, pointing out the hitherto unobserved discrepancies in the statements of the principal witness. That which seemed plain and plausible, he made to appear crooked as a serpent's path. The witness had stated that the affair took place at a certain hour in the evening, and that, by the aid of the brightly shining moon, he saw the prisoner inflict the death blow with a slung-shot.

Mr. Lincoln showed that at the hour referred to, the moon had not yet appeared above the horizon, and consequently the whole tale was a fabrication. An almost instantaneous change seemed to have been wrought in the minds of his auditors, and the verdict of "not guilty" was at the end of every tongue. But the advocate was not content with this intellectual achievement. His whole being had for months been bound up in this work of gratitude and mercy, and, as the lava of the overcharged crater bursts from its imprisonment, so great thoughts and burning words leaped from the soul of the eloquent Lincoln. He drew a picture of the perjurer, so horrid and ghastly that the accuser could sit under it no longer, but reeled and staggered from the court room, while the audience fancied they could see the brand upon his brow. Then in words of thrilling pathos, Lincoln appealed to the jurors, as fathers of sons who might become fatherless, and as husbands of wives who might be widowed, to yield to no previous impressions, no ill-founded prejudice, but to do his client justice; and as he alluded to he debt of gratitude he owed to the boy's sire, tears were seen to fall from many eyes unused to weep. It was near night when he concluded by saying, that if justice was done, as he believed it would be, before the sun should set, it would shine upon his client as a free man.

The jury retired, and the court adjourned for the day. Half an hour had not elapsed, when an officer of the court volunteered the announcement that the jury had returned to their seats. All repaired immediately to the court room and while the prisoner was being brought from the jail, the court room was filled to overflowing with the citizens of the town. When the prisoner and his mother entered, silence reigned as completely as though the house was empty. The foreman of the jury, in answer to the usual inquiry from the court, delivered the verdict of "Not Guilty." The widow dropped into

the arms of her son, who lifted her up, and told her to look upon him as before, free and innocent. Then, with the words, "where is Mr. Lincoln?" he rushed across the the room and grasped the hand of his deliverer, while his heart was too full for utterance. Lincoln turned his eyes toward the west, where the sun still lingered in view, and turning to the youth, said: "It is not yet sundown, and you are free." I confess that my cheeks were not wholly unwet by tears, and I turned from the affecting scene. As I cast a glance behind, I saw Abraham Linceln obeying the divine injunction of comforting the widow and the fatherless.

AS A LAWYER.

Lincoln belonged to the reasoning class of men. He dealt with his own mind and turned things over there, seeking the truth until he established it and it became a conviction. As a lawyer, he never claimed everything for his client. He stated something of both sides of the case. I have known him to say, "Now, I don't think my client is entitled to the whole of what he claims. In this point or that point he may have been in error. He must rebate something of his claim." He was also very careful about giving personal offense, and if he had something severe to say, he would turn to his opponent or to the person about to be referred to and say: "I don't like to use this language," or "I am sorry that I have to be hard on that gentleman," and, therefore, what he did say was thrice as effective, and very seldom wounded the person attacked. Throughout Mr. Lincoln's life that kind of wisdom attended him, and made him the great and skillful politician he was in handling people. He had a smooth, manly, pleasing voice, and when arguing in court that voice attracted the jury, and did not tire them, so that they followed his argument throughout. He was not a graceful man. He would lean on the back

of a chair, or put the chair behind him, or stand hipshotten, or with arms akimbo, but yet there was a pleasure in listening to him, because he seemed so unmercenary.

HIS AMBITION.

I do not think Lincoln was ambitious at all. It seems to me that his object in life was no greater than to make a living for his family. The dream of avarice never crossed him. He took no initial steps to reach the presidency or the senate, and was rather pushed forward than a volunteer. I can't recall in those days when he attended court that he ever spoke about himself or took any satisfaction in victory over an adversary, or repeated any good thing he had done or said. As a partisan he always reasoned for the good of the party, and not concerning his own advancement. Consequently, when the people had made up their minds that there was talent in him of a remarkable kind, they came to his assistance with a spontaneity and vehemence that was electrical. He reaped the great reward of unselfishness as few men have ever done.

ABRAHAM AND THE LADIES.

He was almost wholly possessed with a sense of duty and responsibility. He was not shy in the company of ladies, but I don't think he thought anything about them until they came before him as guests and callers. Some of the women gave him a good deal of trouble. Some of his wife's people were Southerners, and public attacks were made on them; as, for instance, it was said that one of them had gone through the lines with a pass from Mr. Lincoln, and taken a quantity of medicine, etc. I remember that an old partner in law of mine brought his wife to Washington, and they wanted to see Mr. Lincoln. There was a great crowd awaiting around his door,

but the door-keeper admitted us at once, and Mr. Lincoln came forward with both hands extended and shook the lady's hand, rather divining that she was the wife of my partner. He told a little anecdote or two and said some quaint things, and when the lady came out she said to me: "Why, I don't think that he is an ugly man at all." He was almost a father to his wife. He seemed to be possessed of the notion that she was under his protection, and that he must look out for her like a wilful child.

HIS NATURE.

I can recall a certain incident that illustrates Lincoln's nature. Somewhere near the town of Paris there was a Whig population with strong prejudices in favor of protecting slavery. These people liked Lincoln and believed in him, and saw with pain that he was becoming a Radical. They came to him during court and said: "We want you to come up and talk to us. We don't want to quarrel with you, and will hear all you have to say; but something must be wrong when as fair a man as you is drifting over to Abolitionism." "Very well." said Mr. Lincoln, "I will come up such a day and give you my views." Lincoln went on that day, and made a temperate, sweet-toothed, cordial address on the issues of the day. He said: "My friends, I perceive you will not agree with me, but that ought to make no difference in our relations with each other. You hear me, as you always have, with kindness, and I shall respect your views, as I hope you will mine." They heard Lincoln through, and dismissed him with respect, but did not agree with him. There was another person up there by the name of Stephens, who was lame, and he undertook to emphasize Lincoln's views, and put his foot in it. A certain doctor, of Southern origin, interrupted Stephens, and said he would thrash him. Stephens turned around and replied:

"Well, doctor, you can thrash me or do anything of a violent sort to me, if you don't give me any of your pills." Lincoln used to tell this with a great deal of delight. You see, in those days the settlers in Illinois would live on the edges of the timber, which grew in spots and patches, and left naked prairie between the groves. It was at such a place that Lincoln made that speech on the slavery question.

LINCOLN'S TEMPER.

"I remember one event showing Lincoln's temper. He had issued a proclamation stating that when one-tenth of the voters of a Congressional district, or a part of a state, resumed their position in the Union, and elected a member of Congress, they should be recognized as much as the whole constituency. Chase remarked: 'Instead of saying voters, I suggest that you put it citizens!' I saw in a minute what Chase was driving at. This question had arisen, as to who were citizens, and Mr. Bates, the Attorney General, had pronounced negroes to be citizens. The law of the administration, therefore, was, that negroes were included in citizenship. As I walked away from the Cabinet that day Chase was at my side, and he said: 'Mr. Usher, we must stick to it that citizens, and not voters, be named in that proclamation.' I turned about when we had got to the Treasury, and walked back on the plank which at that time led to the White house, and I told Lincoln that Chase was very pertinacious about the word citizen instead of voters. 'Yes,' said Lincoln, 'Chase thinks that the negroes, as citizens, will vote to make him President.'

HIS SADNESS.

Lincoln was, in his fixed quality, a man of sadness. If he were looking out of a window when alone, and you happened

to be passing by and caught his eye, you would generally see in it an expression of distress.

He was one of the greatest men who ever lived. It has now been many years since I was in his Cabinet and, some of the things which happened there have been forgotten, and the whole of it is rather dreamy. But Lincoln's extraordinary personality is still one of the most distinct things in my memory. He was as wise as a serpent. He had the skill of the greatest statesman in the world. Everything he handled came to success. Nobody took up his work and brought it to the same perfection.

HIS KINDNESS.

Lincoln had more patience than anybody around him. Sometimes, when he was considering a thing of importance in the Cabinet, his little son would push open the door and come in with a drum and beat it up and down the room, giving us all a certain amount of misery. Mr. Lincoln, however, never ordered the boy to be taken out, but would say: "My son, don't you think you can make a little less noise?" That Thaddeus was a stubborn little chap. We could not make up with him when he got offended. Robert was as well behaved a young man as I have ever seen. He went to Hartford and graduated, and we entertained high respect for him.

HE KEPT HIS VOW.

In 1831 Lincoln saw in New Orleans a colored girl sold at auction. The scene filled his soul with indignation and horror. Turning to his companions he said: "Boys, if I ever get a chance to hit slavery, I'll hit it hard." Thirty-one years afterwards the chance came, the oath was kept and 4,000,000 slaves, men, women and children, were restored to liberty.

LINCOLN'S LAUGH.

Lincoln had a great laugh—a high musical tenor—and when he had listened to or told a story which particularly pleased him, he would walk up and down the room, with one hand on the small of his back and the other rubbing his hair in all directions, and make things ring with laughter.

LINCOLN AND SEWARD.

I think that Lincoln had a real fondness and admiration for Seward. There was no suspicion of rivalry whatever between them. Seward supported Lincoln in every position or scruple that he had. My impression is, that those two men were as cordial and intimate as any two persons of such prominence could be.

After Caleb Smith, of Indiana, was made a member of the Cabinet, he desired me to be his Assistant Secretary. Mr. Smith was nominated District Judge of the United States, in course of time, and then Mr. Lincoln promoted me at Smith's request. I was in the Cabinet somewhat more than two years, and a part of the time was under Mr. Johnson. That Cabinet was very ill assorted. My predecessor, Judge Smith, was a kind man, but without much discrimination as to his followers. There hardly was ever such a thing as a regular Cabinet meeting in the sense of form. Under Johnson and under Grant, I have seen a table with chairs placed in regular order around it, as if for Cabinet council. Nothing of that kind ever occurred in Mr. Lincoln's cabinet. Seward would come in and lie down on a settee. Stanton hardly ever staid more than five or ten minutes. Sometimes Seward would tell the President the outline of some paper he was writing on a State matter. Lincoln generally stood up and walked about. In fact, every member of that Cabinet ran his own department

in his own way. I don't suppose that such a historic period was ever so simply operated from the center of powers. Lincoln trusted all his subordinates and they worked out their own performances. I regard Seward as, on the whole, the strong man of the Cabinet, the counsel of the President.

LINCOLN AND MRS. FREMONT.

Well, there was the case of John Fremont. He had made up his mind to run a little enterprise of his own. When he got into Missouri he soon quarreled with Frank Blair, and Montgomery Blair started on to St. Louis. Meantime Mrs. Fremont came East, passing Blair on the road, and the same night she arrived went up to the President. She demanded to know what Montgomery Blair had gone to Missouri for. Mr. Lincoln said he didn't know. "Has he gone out to remove my husband?" said Mrs. Fremont. "You cannot remove Gen. Fremont. He would not be removed." Mr. Lincoln instantly began to talk about the difficulties of making a journey from St. Louis to Washington alone. Three or four times during the conversation she repeated, "Gen. Fremont can not be removed." Lincoln evaded that part of the talk every time, and she left unsatisfied."

HOW HE BECAME PRESIDENT.

Mr. Lincoln became President mainly on account of his debate with Douglas. He had never been in any great prominence as an office holder. His thorough-going devotion to his party brought him universal good-will, however, and he grew so harmoniously into the advocacy of Republican principles and opposition to Douglas' notion of squatter sovereignty, that there was a general desire to see him come forward and debate with Douglas. I can tell you something in-

teresting about the debate. Lincoln had no money. He was in no position to match a man of Douglas' financial resources. The people in Lincoln's following, however, put their hands in their pockets and subscribed for a band of music to appear with him, and that band was procured in Indiana. They put the band on a wagon to send it by the roads from point to point of meeting. Douglas meantime came on to New York and borrowed $100,000. I think he got some of it from Ben. Wood and Fernando Wood. He then took a special train of cars and made a sort of triumphal tour of the State, designing to carry the senatorship by storm. Lincoln said after the contest was over, with a certain serious grimness, "I reckon that the campaign has cost me fully $250." It was generally understood in the West that the same campaign cost Douglas $100,000. Lincoln's speeches against Douglas were extemporaneous, and he never revised them. My impression is that young McCullagh, now an editor in St. Louis, was the stenographer of Lincoln's speeches. Douglas did revise his remarks. They met seven times, if I remember. Lincoln reasoned so closely and carefully on Douglas' false statements that he came out of the campaign covered with respect, and instantly the movement started to make Lincoln President. I think it is due to Mr. Seward's memory to say that his extreme views on the slavery question helped to beat him.

LINCOLN'S FIRST TALK.

With friends after receiving telegram of his nomination for the first time.

(This telegram was received at the *Journal* office in Springfield. Immediately everybody wanted to shake his hand, and so long as he was willing they congratulated)

GENTLEMEN: (with a twinkle in his eye) You had better come up and shake my hand while you can; honors

elevate some men, you know. Well, gentlemen, there is a little short woman at our house, who is probably more interested in this dispatch than I am, and if you will excuse me, I will take it up and let her see it."

VERY CARELESS.

Lincoln was too careless. He would go out of his house at night and walk over to the War Department, where Stanton was receiving dispatches, unattended. I said to him: "Lincoln, you have no business to expose yourself in this way. It is known that you go out at midnight and return here sometimes at two o'clock in the morning from the War Department. It would be very easy to kill you." The President replied that if anybody desired to assassinate him he did not suppose any amount of care would save him.

HIS PLAN OF RECONSTRUCTION.

"Lincoln would have made, says Mr. Usher, "a powerful white Republican party in every Southern State. He had that in him which would have made the Southern people support him in preference to the radical Northern politicians. Lincoln would have said in private to their leaders, 'You will have to stand in with me and help me out; otherwise Sumner and Stevens and those fellows will beat us both.' He would have said, 'You go back home and start some schools yourselves for the negroes, and put them on the route to citizenship. Let it be your own work. Make some arrangements to give them some land ultimately out of the public domain in your States. In that way you will have them your friends politically, and your prosperity will not be embarrassed.' Only Mr. Lincoln could have carried out this platform. His temperament, eminence and quality all adapted him for such a great part."

MR. LINCOLN'S IMPORTANT LETTER.

"Old time politicians," says a writer, "will recall the heated political campaign of 1843 in the neighboring State of Illinois. The chief interest in the campaign lay in the race for Congress in the capitol district, which was between Hardin—fiery, eloquent and impetuous Democrat,—and Lincoln—plain, practical and ennobled Whig. The world knows the result: Lincoln was elected.

"It is not so much with his election as with the manner in which he secured the nomination with which we have to deal. Before that ever memorable spring Lincoln vascillated between the courts of Springfield, rated as a plain, honest, logical Whig, with no ambition higher, politically, than to occupy some good home office. Late in the fall of 1842 his name began to be mentioned in connection with congressional aspirations, which fact greatly annoyed the leaders of his political party, who had already selected as the Whig candidate one Baker, afterward the gallant Colonel, who fell so bravely and died such an honorable death on the battle-field at Ball's Bluff, in 1862. Despite all efforts of his opponents within his party the name of the 'gaunt rail-splitter' was hailed with acclaim by the masses, to whom he had endeared himself by his witticisms, honest tongue and quaint philosophy when on the stump or mingling with them in their homes.

The convention which met in early spring in the city of Springfield, was to be composed of the usual number of delegates. The contest for the nomination was spirited and exciting. A few weeks before the meeting of the convention the fact was found by the leaders that the advantage lay with Lincoln, and that, unless they pulled some very fine wires, nothing could save Baker. They attempted to play the game that has so often won, by 'convincing' delegates under instructions for Lincoln to violate them and vote for Baker.

They apparently succeeded. 'The best laid plans of men and mice aft gang aglee;' so it was in this case. Two days before the convention Lincoln received an intimation of this, and late at night indited the following letter. The letter was addressed to Martin Morris, who resides at Petersburg, an intimate friend of his, and by him circulated among those who were instructed for him at the county convention. It had the desired effect. The convention met, the scheme of the conspirators miscarried, Lincoln was triumphantly elected, thus paving the way for his more extended and brilliant conquests This letter, Lincoln has often told his friends, gave him ultimately the Chief Magistracy of the Nation. He has also said that, had he been beaten before the convention, he would have been forever obscured. The following is a verbatim copy of the epistle:

APRIL 14, 1843.

"'FRIEND MORRIS:—I have heard it intimated that Baker has been attempting to get you or Miles, or both of you, to violate the instructions of the meeting that appointed you, and to go for him. I have insisted, and still insist, that this cannot be true. Surely Baker would not do the like. As well might Hardin ask me to vote for him in the convention. Again, it is said there will be an attempt to get up instructions in your county requiring you to go for Baker. This is all wrong. Upon the same rule, why might not I fly from the decision against me in Sangamon, and get up instructions to their delegates to go for me? There are at least 1,200 Whigs in the county that took no part, and yet I would as soon stick my head into the fire as to attempt it. Besides, if any one should get the nomination by such extraordinary means, all harmony in the district would inevitably be lost. Honest Whigs (and very nearly all of them are honest) would not quietly abide such enormities. I repeat, such an attempt on

Baker's part can not be true. Write me at Springfield how the matter is. Don't show or speak of this letter.'

"Mr. Morris did show the letter, and Mr. Lincoln always thanked his stars that he did.' "

MR. LINCOLN'S SECOND INAUGURAL ADDRESS.

(Delivered March 4, 1865, at Washington.)

Mr. Lincoln was inaugurated into the Presidential office on the 4th of March, 1865. An immense crowd was in attendance—a crowd of affectionate friends, not doubtful of the President, and not doubtful of one another and the future, as at the first inauguration. Chief Justice Chase administered the oath of office, and then Mr. Lincoln read his inaugural address, concerning which it has been well said that it was a paper whose Christian sentiments and whose reverent and pious spirit has not a parallel among the State papers of the American presidents. It showed the President still untouched by resentment, still brotherly in his feelings toward the enemies of the government, and still profoundly conscious of the overruling power of Providence in national affairs. The address is as follows:

"FELLOW COUNTRYMEN: At this second appearing to take the oath of the Presidential office, there is less occasion for an extended address than there was at first. Then a statement somewhat in detail of a course to be pursued seemed very fitting and proper. Now, at the expiration of four years, during which public declarations have been constantly called forth from every point and phase of the great contest, which still absorbs the attention and engrosses the energies of the nation, little that is now could be presented.

"The progress of our arms, upon which all else chiefly depends, is as well known to the public as to myself; and

it is, I trust, reasonably satisfactory and encouraging to all. With high hope for the future, no prediction in regard to it is ventured.

"On the occasion corresponding to this four years ago all thoughts were anxiously directed to an impending civil war. All dreaded it; all sought to avoid it. While the inaugural address was being delivered from this place, devoted altogether to saving the Union without war, insurgent agents were in the city seeking to destroy it without war—seeking to dissolve the Union and divide the effects by negotiation. Both parties deprecated war; but one of them would make war rather than let the nation survive, and the other would accept war rather than let it perish; and the war came. One-eighth of the whole population were colored slaves, not distributed generally over the Union, but localized in the southern part of it. These slaves constituted a peculiar and powerful interest. All knew that this interest was somehow the cause of the war. To strengthen, perpetuate and extend this interest was the object for which the insurgents would rend the Union, even by war, while the government claimed no right to do more than to restrict the territorial enlargement of it.

"Neither party expected for the war the magnitude or duration which it has already attained. Neither anticipated that the cause of conflict might cease with, or even before, the conflict itself should cease. Each looked for an easier triumph and a result less fundamental and astounding.

"Both read the same Bible and pray to the same God, and each invokes his aid against the other. It may seem strange that men should ask a just God's assistance in wringing their bread from the sweat of other men's faces; but let us judge not, that we be not judged. The prayers of both could not be answered fully. The Al-

mighty has His own purposes. 'Woe unto the world because of offense, for it must needs be that offenses come: but woe to that man by whom the offense cometh.' If we shall suppose that American slavery is one of these offenses, which in the providence of God must needs come, but which, having continued through his appointed time, he now wills to remove, and that he gives to both North and South this terrible war as the woe due to those by whom the offense came, shall we discern there in any departure from those divine attributes which the believers in a living God always ascribe to him?

"Fondly do we hope, fervently do we pray, that this mighty scourge of war may soon pass away. Yet, if God wills that it continue until all the wealth piled by the bondsmen's two hundred and fifty years of unrequited toil shall be sunk, and until every drop of blood drawn with the lash shall be paid with another drawn by the sword, as was said three thousand years ago, so still it must be said, 'The judgments of the Lord are true and righteous altogether.'

"With malice toward none, with charity for all, with firmness in the right, as God gives us to see the right, let us strive on to finish the work we are in, to bind up the nation's wounds, to care for him who shall have borne the battle, and for his widow and orphans, to do all which may achieve and cherish a just and lasting peace among ourselves and with all nations."

IN AT THE FINISH.

Crossing a field one day, President Lincoln, it is said, was pursued by an angry bull. "He made for the fence," says "Life's Calendar," "but soon discovered that the bull was overtaking him. He then began to run around a hay-stack in

the field and the bull pursued him, but in making the short circles around the stack Lincoln was the faster, and instead of the bull catching him, he caught the bull and grabbed him by the tail. It was a firm grip and a controlling one. He began to kick the bull, and the bull bellowed with agony and dashed across the field, Lincoln hanging to his tail and kicking him at every jump, and as they flew along Lincoln yelled at the bull: "Darn you, who began this fight!"

THE UGLIEST MAN HE EVER MET.

It is said that Mr. Lincoln was always ready to join in a laugh at his own expense, concerning which he was indifferent. Many of his friends will recognize the following story—the incident having actually occurred—which Lincoln always told with great glee:

"In the days when I used to be on the circuit court," said Lincoln, "I was accosted in the cars by a stranger, who said:

"'Excuse me, sir, but I have an article in my possession which belongs to you.'

"'How is that?" I asked, considerably astonished.

"The stranger took a jack-knife from his pocket. 'This knife,' said he, 'was placed in my hands some years ago, with the injunction that I was to keep it until I found a man uglier than myself. I have carried it from that time to this. Allow me to say, sir, that I think you are fairly entitled to the property.'"

MR. LINCOLN'S KINDNESS AND CONSIDERATION.

"President Lincoln," says the Hon. W. D. Kell, "was a large and many-sided man, and yet so simple that no one, not even a child, could approach him without feeling that he had found in him a sympathizing friend. I remember that I apprised Mr. Lincoln of the fact that a lad, the son of one of

my townsmen, had served a year on board the gunboat Ottawa, and had been in two important engagements: in the first as a powder monkey, when he conducted himself with such coolness that he had been chosen as captain's messenger in the second; and I suggested to the President that it was in his power to send to the Naval School, annually, three boys who had served at least a year in the navy.

"He at once wrote on the back of a letter from the commander of the Ottawa, which I had handed to him, to the Secretary of the Navy: "If the appointments for this year have not yet been made, let this boy be appointed.'

"The appointment had not been made, and I brought it home with me. It directed the lad to report for examination in July. Just as he was ready to start, his father, looking over the law, discovered that he could not report until he was fourteen years of age, which he would not be until September following. The poor child sat down and wept. He feared that he was not to go to the Naval School. He was, however, soon consoled when told that 'the President could make it right.' It was my fortune to meet him the next morning at the door of the Executive Chamber with his father.

"Taking by the hand the little fellow—short for his age, dressed in the sailor's blue pants and shirt—I advanced with him to the President, who sat in his usual seat, and said:

"'Mr. President, my young friend, Willie Bladen, finds a difficulty about his appointment. You have directed him to appear at the school in July; but he is not fourteen years of age.' But before I half finished, Mr. Lincoln, laying down his spectacles, rose and said:

"'Bless me, is that the boy that did so gallantly in those two battles? Why, I feel that I should bow to him, and not he to me.' The little fellow had made his graceful bow.

"The President took the papers at once, and as soon as he learned that a postponement until September would suffice,

made the order that the lad should report in that month. Then putting his hand on Willie's head, he said:

"Now, my boy, go home and have good fun during the two months, for they are about the last holiday you will get.' The little fellow bowed himself out, feeling that the President of the United States, though a very great man, was one that he would nevertheless like to have a game of romps with."

GAVE A RIGHTFUL DECISION.

Attorney-General Bates was once remonstrating with the President against the appointment of a western man of indifferent reputation as a lawyer to a judicial position of considerable importance.

"Well, now, Judge," returned Mr. Lincoln, "I think you are rather too hard on ———. Besides that, I must tell you he did me a good turn long ago. When I took to the law, I was walking to court one morning, with some ten or twelve miles of bad road before me, when ——— overtook me in his wagon.

"'Hello, Lincoln,' said he, 'going to the court house? Come in and I will give you a seat.'

"Well, I got in and ——— went on reading his papers. Presently the wagon struck a stump on one side of the road; then it hopped off to the other. I looked out and saw the driver was jerking from side to side in his seat; so said I, 'Judge, I think your coachman has been taking a drop too much this morning.'

"'Well, I declare, Lincoln,' said he, 'I should not much wonder if you are right, for he has nearly upset me half a dozen times since starting.' So putting his head out of the window, he shouted, 'Why, you infernal scoundrel, you are drunk!'

"Upon which, pulling up his horses and turning round with great gravity, the coachman said, 'Be dad! but that's the first rightful decision your honor has given for the last twelve months!'"

GOD WANTED THE CHURCH FOR SOLDIERS.

Among the numerous applicants who visited the White House one day was a well-dressed lady. She came forward without apparent embarrassment in her air or manner, and addressed the President. Giving her a very close and scrutinizing look, he said:

"Well, madam, what can I do for you?"

She told him that she lived in Alexandria; that the church where she worshipped had been taken for a hospital.

"What church, madam?" Mr. Lincoln asked, in a quick, nervous manner.

"The —— Church," she replied; "and as there are only two or three wounded soldiers in it, I came to see if you would not let us have it, as we want it very much to worship God in."

"Madam, have you been to see the Surgeon at Alexandria about this matter?"

"Well, we put him there to attend to just such business, and it is reasonable to suppose that he knows better what should be done under the circumstances than I do. See here! You say you live in Alexandria; probably you own property there. How much will you give to assist in building a hospital?"

"You know, Mr. Lincoln, our property is very much embarrassed by the war;—so, really, I could hardly afford to give much for such a purpose."

"Well, madam, I expect we shall have another fight soon, and my candid opinion is, God wants that church for poor, wounded Union soldiers as much as he does for secesh people to worship in." Turning to his table, he said, quite abruptly, "You will excuse me; I can do nothing for you. Good day, madam."

SIGNING THE EMANCIPATION PROCLAMATION.

The Emancipation Proclamation was taken to Mr. Lincoln at noon on the first day of January, 1863, by Secretary Seward and Frederick, his son. As it lay unrolled before him, Mr. Lincoln took a pen, dipped it in ink, moved his hand to the place for the signature, held for a moment, and then removed his hand and dropped the pen. After a little hesitation he again took up the pen and went through the same movement as before. Mr. Lincoln then turned to Mr. Seward and said:

"I have been shaking hands since nine o'clock this morning and my right arm is almost paralyzed. If my name ever goes into history it will be for this act, and my whole soul is in it. If my hand trembles when I sign the Proclamation, all who examine the document hereafter will say, 'He hesitated.'

He then turned to the table, took up the pen again, slowly and firmly wrote "Abraham Lincoln," with which the whole world is now familiar. He then looked up, smiled and said: "That will do."

COULDN'T MAKE A MINISTER.

Mr. Lincoln is credited with the following anecdote:

"Once, in Springfield, I was going off on a short journey, and reached the depot a little ahead of time. Leaning against the fence, just outside the depot, was a little darkey boy whom I knew, named Dick, busily digging with his toe in a mud puddle. As I came up I said, 'Dick, what are you about?'

"'Making a church,' said he.

"'A church?' said I; 'what do you mean?'

"'Why, yes,' said Dick, pointing with his toe, 'don't you see; there is the shape of it; there's the steps and front door—here the pews where the folks set—and there's the pulpit?'

"'Yes, I see,' said I, 'but why don't you make a minister?'

"'Laws,' answered Dick with a grin, 'I hain't got mud enough!"

A SOMEWHAT DOUBTFUL ABUTMENT.

In Abbott's "History of the Civil War," the following story is told as one of Lincoln's "hardest hits." "I once knew," said Lincoln, "a sound churchman by the name of Brown, who was a member of a very sober and pious committee having in charge the erection of a bridge over a dangerous and rapid river. Several architects failed, and at last Brown said he had a friend named Jones, who had built several bridges and undoubtedly could build that one. So Mr. Jones was called in.

"'Can you build this bridge?' inquired the committee.

"'Yes,' replied Jones, 'or any other. I could build a bridge to the infernal regions, if necessary!'

"The committee were shocked, and Brown felt called upon to defend his friend. 'I know Jones so well,' said he, 'and he is so honest a man and so good an architect, that if he states soberly and positively that he can build a bridge to—to—why, I believe it; but I feel bound to say that I have my doubts about the abutment on the infernal side."

"So," said Mr. Lincoln, "when politicians told me that the northern and southern wings of the Democracy could be harmonized, why, I believed them, of course; but I always had my doubts about the 'abutment' on the other side."

MR. LINCOLN'S POWER OF ENDURANCE.

On Monday before the assassination, when the President was on his return from Richmond, he stopped at City Point. Calling upon the head surgeon at that place, Mr. Lincoln told him that he wished to visit all the hospitals under his charge, and shake hands with every soldier. The surgeon asked if he knew what he was undertaking, there being five or six thousand soldiers at that place, and it would be quite a tax upon his strength to visit all the wards and shake hands with every

soldier. Mr. Lincoln answered, with a smile, he "guessed he was equal to the task; at any rate he would try, and go as far as he could; he should never probably, see the boys again, and he wanted them to know that he appreciated what they had done for their country."

Finding it useless to try to dissuade him, the surgeon began his rounds with the President, who walked from bed to bed, extending his hand to all, saying a few words of sympathy to some, making kind inquiries of others, and welcomed by all with the heartiest cordiality.

As they passed along, they came to a ward in which lay a rebel who had been wounded and was then a prisoner. As the tall figure of the kindly visitor appeared in sight, he was recognized by the rebel soldier who, raising himself on his elbow in bed, watched Mr. Lincoln as he approached and, extending his hand, exclaimed while tears ran down his cheeks:

"Mr. Lincoln, I have long wanted to see you, to ask your forgiveness for ever raising my hand against the old flag."

Mr. Lincoln was moved to tears. He heartily shook the hand of the repentant rebel, and assured him of his good will, and with a few words of kind advice, passed on. After some hours the tour of the various hospitals was made, and Mr. Lincoln returned with the soldier to his office. They had scarcely entered, however, when a messenger boy came, saying that one ward had been omitted, and "the boys" wanted to see the President. The surgeon, who was thoroughly tired, and knew Mr. Lincoln must be, tried to dissuade him from going; but the good man said he must go back; he would not knowingly omit one; "the boys" would be so disappointed. So he went with the messenger, accompanied by the surgeon, and shook hands with the gratified soldiers, and then returned again to the office.

The surgeon expressed the fear that the President's arm would be lame with so much hand-shaking, saying that it

certainly must ache. Mr. Lincoln smiled, and saying something about his "strong muscles," stepped out at the open door, took up a very large, heavy axe which lay there by a log of wood, and chopped vigorously for a few moments, sending the chips flying in all directions; and then pausing, he extended his right arm to its full length, holding the axe out horizontally, without its even quivering as he held it. Strong men looked on—men accustomed to manual labor—could not hold that axe in that position for a moment. Returning to the office, he took a glass of lemonade, for he would take no stronger beverage; and while he was within, the chips he had chopped were gathered up and safely cared for by the hospital steward, because they were "the chips that Father Abraham chopped."

LINCOLN ADOPTS STANTON'S SUGGESTION.

One night the Secretary of War, with others of the Cabinet, were in the company of the President, at the Capitol, awaiting the passage of the final bills of Congress. In the intervals of reading and signing these documents, the military situation was considered—the lively conversation tinged by the confident and glowing account of General Grant of his mastery of the position and of his belief that a few days more would see Richmond in their possession, and the army of Lee either dispersed utterly or captured bodily—when the telegram from Grant was received, saying that Lee had asked an interterview with reference to peace. Mr. Lincoln was elated, and the kindness of his heart was manifest in intimations of favorable terms to be granted to the conquered rebels.

Stanton listened in silence, restraining his emotion, but at length the tide burst forth. "Mr. President," said he, "to-morrow is inauguration day. If you are not to be the President of an obedient and united people, you had better not be inaugurated. Your work is already done, if any other

authority than yours is for one moment to be recognized, or any terms made that do not signify you are the supreme head of the nation. If generals in the field are to negotiate peace, or any other chief magistrate is to be acknowledged on this continent, then you are not needed, and you had better not take the oath of office."

"Stanton, you are right!" said the President, his whole tone changing. "Let me have a pen."

Mr. Lincoln sat down at the table, and wrote as follows:

"The President directs me to say to you that he wishes you to have no conference with General Lee, unless it be for the capitulation of Lee's army, or on some minor or military matter. He instructs me to say that you are not to decide, discuss, or confer upon any political question. Such questions the President holds in his own hands, and will submit them to no military conferences or convention. In the meantime you are to press to the utmost your military advantages.'

The President read over what he had written, and then said:

"Now, Stanton, date and sign this paper, and send it to Grant. We'll see about this peace business."

The duty was discharged only too gladly by the energetic Secretary.

GETTING RID OF A BORE.

President Lincoln was quite ill one winter at Washington and was not inclined to listen to all the bores who called at the White House. One day just as one of these pests had seated himself for a long interview, the President's physician happened to enter the room, and Mr. Lincoln said, holding out his hands: "Doctor, what are those blotches?" "That's variloid, or mild smallpox," said the Doctor. "They're all over me. It is contagious, I believe?" said Mr. Lincoln. "I just

called to see how you were," said the visitor. "Oh! don't be in a hurry, sir," placidly remarked the executive. "Thank you, sir; I'll call again," said the visitor, making towards the door. "Do, sir," said the President. "Some people said they could not take very well to my proclamation, but now I have something that everybody can take." By this time the visitor was quite out of sight.

HE DID NOT GET THE PASS.

Judge Baldwin, of California, being in Washington, called one day on General Halleck, and, presuming upon a familiar acquaintance in California a few years before, solicited a pass outside of our lines to see a brother in Virginia, not thinking that he would meet with a refusal, as both his brother and himself were good Union men.

"We have been deceived too often," said General Halleck, "and I regret I can't grant it."

Judge B. then went to Stanton, and was very briefly disposed of, with the same result. Finally, he obtained an interview with Mr. Lincoln, and stated his case.

"Have you applied to General Halleck?" inquired the President.

"Yes, and met with a flat refusal," said Judge B.

"Then you must see Stanton," continued the President.

"I have, and with same result," was the reply.

"Well, then," said Mr. Lincoln, with a smile, "I can do nothing; for you must know that I have very little influence with this administration."

THE SWEARING WAS NECESSARY THEN.

General Fisk, attending the reception at the White House, on one occasion saw, waiting in the ante-room, a poor old man from Tennessee. Sitting down beside him, he inquired

his errand, and learned that he had been waiting three or four days to get an audience, and said that on seeing Mr. Lincoln probably depended the life of his son, who was under sentence of death for some military offense.

General Fisk wrote his case in outline on a card, and sent it in, with a special request that the President would see the man. In a moment the order came; and past senators, governors and generals, waiting impatiently, the old man went into the President's presence.

He showed Mr. Lincoln his papers, and he, on taking them, said he would look into the case and give him the result on the following day.

"To-morrow may be too late! My son is under sentence of death! The decision ought to be made now!" and the streaming tears told how much he was moved.

"Come," said Mr. Lincoln, "wait a bit, and I'll tell you a story," and then he told the old man General Fisk's story about the swearing driver, as follows:

"The General had begun his military life as a Colonel, and, when he raised his regiment in Missouri, he proposed to his men that he should do all the swearing of the regiment. They assented; and for months no instance was known of the violation of his promise. The Colonel had a teamster named John Todd, who, as roads were not always the best, had some difficulty in commanding his temper and his tongue. John happened to be driving a mule team through a series of mud-holes a little worse than usual, when unable to restrain himself any longer, he burst forth into a volley of energetic oaths. The Colonel took notice of the offense, and brought John to account.

"John," said he, "didn't you promise to let me do all the swearing of the regiment?"

"Yes, I did, Colonel," he replied, "but the fact is, the swearing had to be done then or not at all, and you were not there to do it."

As he told the story, the old man forgot his boy, and both the President and his listener had a hearty laugh together at its conclusion. Then he wrote a few words which the old man read, and in which he found new occasion for tears; but these tears were tears of joy, for the words saved the life of his son.

MR. LINCOLN AS A HORSE TRADER.

When Abraham Lincoln was a lawyer in Illinois, he and a certain Judge once got to bantering one another about trading horses; and it was agreed that the next morning at 9 o'clock they should make a trade, the horse to be unseen up to that hour, and no backing out, under a forfeiture of $25.00.

At the appointed hour the judge came up, leading the sorriest looking specimen of a horse ever seen in those parts. In a few minutes Mr. Lincoln was seen approaching with a wooden saw-horse upon his shoulders. Great were the shouts and the laughter of the crowd, and both were greatly increased when Mr. Lincoln, on surveying the Judge's animal, set down his saw horse and exclaimed: "Well, Judge, this is the first time I ever got the worst of it in a horse trade."

ADVICE TO A BACHELOR AMBASSADOR.

Upon the betrothal of the Prince of Wales to the Princess Alexandria, Queen Victoria sent a letter to each of the European sovereigns, and also to President Lincoln, announcing the fact. Lord Lyons, her ambassador at Washington,—a "bachelor," by the way—requested an audience with Mr. Lincoln, that he might present this important document in person. At the time appointed he was received at the White House, in company with Mr. Seward.

"May it please your Excellence," said Lord Lyons, "I hold in my hand an autograph letter from my royal mistress, Queen Victoria, which I have been commanded to present to

your Excellency. In it she informs your Excellency that her son, his Royal Highness, the Prince of Wales, is about to contract a matrimonial alliance with her Royal Highness, the Princess Alexandria of Denmark."

After continuing in this strain for a few minutes, Lord Lyons tendered the letter to the President and awaited his reply. It was short, simple and expressive, and consisted simply of the words:

"Lord Lyons, go thou and do likewise."

It is doubtful if an English ambassador was ever addressed in this manner before, and it would be interesting to learn what success he met with in putting the reply in diplomatic language when he reported it to Her Majesty.

HIS FIRST SPEECH.

The following first speech of Abraham Lincoln was delivered at Poppsville, Ill., just after the close of a public sale, at which time and in those early days speaking was in order. Mr. Lincoln was then but twenty-three years of age, but being called for, mounted a stump and gave a concise statement of his policy:

"GENTLEMEN, FELLOW-CITIZENS:—I presume you know who I am. I am humble Abraham Lincoln. I have been solicited by my many friends to become a candidate for the legislature. My politics can be briefly stated. I am in favor of the internal improvement system, and a high protective tariff. These are my sentiments and political principles. If elected, I shall be thankful. If not, it will be all the same."

MR. LINCOLN'S SHORTEST AND BEST SPEECH.

The following speech is pronounced by Mr. Lincoln himself as the best one ever made by him.

A short time before Lincoln was assassinated, two ladies

from Tennessee went before the President, asking the release of their husbands, who were held prisoners of war at Johnson's Islands. They were put off until the following Friday, when they came again, and were again put off until Saturday. At each of the interviews one of the ladies urged that her husband was a religious man, and on Saturday when the President ordered the release of the prisoners, he said to the lady:

"You say your husband is a religious man; tell him when you meet him that I say I am not much of a judge of religion, but that, in my opinion, the religion that sets men to rebel and fight against their government, because, as they think, that government does not sufficiently help some men to eat their bread in the sweat of other men's faces, is not of the sort of religion upon which people can get to heaven."

LINCOLN'S FIRST SPEECH IN THE SUPREME COURT.

The case being called, Mr. Lincoln appeared for appellant, and, according to Judge Treat, spoke as follows:

"Your honor:—This is the first case I have ever had in this Court, and I have examined it with great care. As the Court will perceive by looking at the abstract of the record, the only question in the case is one of authority. I have not been able to find any authority sustaining my side of the case, but I have found several cases directly in point on the other side. I will now give the citations and then submit the case."

PRESIDENT LINCOLN'S FIRST DOLLAR.

During an evening in the executive chamber there were present a number of gentlemen, among them Mr. Seward. A point in the conversation suggesting the thought, Mr. Lincoln said. "Seward, you never heard, did you, how I earned my first dollar?" "No," said Mr. Seward. "Well," replied Mr. Lincoln, "I was about eighteen years of age. I belonged,

you know, to what they called down south the 'scrubs'—people who do not own land and slaves are nobody there. But we had succeeded in raising, chiefly by my labor, sufficient produce, as I thought, to justify me in taking it down the river to sell. After much persuasion I got the consent of my mother to go, and constructed a flatboat, large enough to take the barrel or two of things we had gathered, with myself and a little bundle, down to New Orleans. A steamboat was coming down the river. We have, you know, no wharves on the western streams, and the custom was, if passengers were at any of the landings, for them to get out in a boat, the steamer stopping and taking them on board. I was contemplating my new flatboat and wondering whether I could improve it in any particular, when two men came down to the shore in carriages, with trunks, and looking at the different boats, singled out mine, and asked 'Who owns this?' I answered, somewhat modestly, 'I do.' 'Will you, said one of them, 'take us and our trunks out to the steamer?' 'Certainly,' said I. I was very glad to have the opportunity of earning something. I supposed that each would give me two or three bits. The trunks were put on the flatboat, the passengers seated themselves on the trunks and I sculled them out to the steamboat. They got on board, and I lifted up their trunks and put them on deck. The steamer was about to put on steam again, when I called out that they had forgotten to pay me. Each of them took from his pocket a silver half-dollar and threw it on the floor of my boat. I could scarcely believe my eyes as I picked up the money. Gentlemen, you may think it a very little thing, and in these days it seems to me like a trifle; but it was a most important incident in my life. I could scarcely credit that I, a poor boy, had earned a dollar in less than a day—that by honest work I had earned a dollar. The world seemed wider and fairer before me. I was a more hopeful and confident being from that time."

HIS FIRST FIVE HUNDRED DOLLARS.

Soon after Mr. Lincoln entered upon his profession at Springfield, he was engaged in a criminal case, in which it was thought there was little chance of success. Throwing all his powers into it, he came off victorious, and promptly received for his services five hundred dollars. A legal friend, calling upon him the next morning, found him sitting before a table, upon which his money was spread out, counting it over and over.

"Look here, Judge," said Lincoln; "see what a heap of money I've got from the —— case. Did you ever see anything like it? Why, I never had so much money in my life before, put it all together," Then crossing his arms upon the table, his manner sobering down, he added, "I have got just five hundred dollars; if it were only seven hundred and fifty, I would go directly and purchase a quarter section of land, and settle it upon my old step-mother."

His friend said that "if the deficiency was all he needed he would loan him the amount, taking his note," to which Mr. Lincoln instantly acceded.

His friend then said: "Lincoln, I would not do just what you have indicated. Your step-mother is getting old, and will not probably live many years. I would settle the property upon her for her use during her lifetime, to revert to you upon her death."

With much feeling, Mr. Lincoln replied: "I shall do no such thing. It is a poor return, at the best, for all the good woman's devotion and fidelity to me, and there is not going to be any halfway business about it;" and so saying, he gathered up his money and proceeded forthwith to carry his long cherished purpose into execution.

HOW HONEST ABE DIVIDED MONEY.

A little fact in Lincoln's work will illustrate his ever present desire to deal honestly and justly with men. He had always a partner in his professional life, and, when he went out upon the circuit, this partner was usually at home. While out, he frequently took up and disposed of cases that were never entered at the office. In these cases, after receiving his fees, he divided the money in his pocket-book, labeling each sum (wrapped in a piece of paper,) that belonged to his partner, stating his name and the case on which it was received. He could not be content to keep an account. He divided the money, so that if he, by any casually, should fail of an opportunity to pay it over, there could be no dispute as to the exact amount that was his partner's due. This may seem trivial, nay, boyish, but it was like Mr. Lincoln.

MR. LINCOLN'S CHARITABLE NATURE.

It was not possible for Mr. Lincoln to regard his clients simply in the light of business. An unfortunate man was the subject of his sympathy. A Mr. Cogdal, who related this instance to Mr. Holland, met with a financial wreck in 1843. He employed Mr. Lincoln as his lawyer, and at the close of the business gave him a note to cover the regular lawyer's fees. He was soon after blown up by an accidental discharge of powder, and lost his hand. Meeting Mr. Lincoln some time after the accident, on the steps of the State House, the kind lawyer asked him how he was getting along.

"Badly enough," replied Mr. Cogdal, "I am both broken up in business and crippled." Then he added, "I have been thinking about that note of ours."

Mr. Lincoln, who had probably known all about Mr. Cogdal's troubles and had prepared himself for the meeting, took

out his pocket-book, and saying, with a laugh, "Well, you needn't think anything more about it," handed him the note.

Mr. Cogdal protesting, Mr. Lincoln said, "If you had the money I wouldn't take it," and hurried away.

At the same date he was frankly writing about his poverty to his friends, as a reason for not making them a visit, and probably found it no easy task to take care of his family, even when board at the Globe Tavern was only four dollars a week.

MR. LINCOLN AMONG THE CHILDREN.

It was during a visit to New York that the following incident occurred, as related by a teacher in the Five Points House of Industry in that city. Our Sunday School in Five Points had assembled, one Sabbath morning, a few months since, when I noticed a tall and remarkable looking man enter the room and take a seat among us. He listened with fixed attention to our exercises, and his countenance manifested such genuine interest that I approached him and suggested that he might be willing to say something to the children. He accepted the invitation with evident pleasure and coming forward began a simple address, which at once fascinated every little hearer and hushed the room into silence. His language was strkingly beautiful, and his tones musical with intense feeling. The little faces around him would droop into sad conviction as he uttered sentences of warning and would brighten into sunshine as he spoke cheerful words of promise. Once or twice he attempted to close his remarks, but the imperative shout of "Go on," "Oh, do go on," would compel him to resume. As I looked upon the gaunt and sinewy frame of the stranger, and marked his powerful head and determined features, now touched into softness by the impressions of the moment, I felt an irrepressible curiosity to learn something more about him, and when he was leaving the room, I begged to know his name. He courteously replied, "It is Abraham Lincoln, from Illinois."

MR. LINCOLN'S LEGAL ACUMEN.

Senator McDonald states that he saw a jury trial in Illinois, at which Lincoln defended an old man charged with assault and battery. No blood had been spilled, but there was malice in the prosecution and the chief witness was eager to make the most out of it. On cross-examination Lincoln gave him rope and drew him out, asking him how long the fight lasted and how much ground it covered. The witness thought the fight must have lasted an hour, and covered an acre of ground. Lincoln called his attention to the fact that nobody was hurt, and then, with an inimitable air, asked him if he didn't think it was "a mighty small crop for an acre of ground." The jury rejected the case with contempt, as beneath the dignity of twelve grave, good men and true.

LINCOLN'S FIRST PROCLAMATION OF FREEDOM.

J. H. Wickizer, a lawyer, gives the following as Lincoln's first proclamation of freedom. It was given one day when the two lawyers were riding in a buggy from Woodford County Court to Bloomington, Ill. When passing through a grove, they suddenly heard the terrific squealing of a little pig near by, occasioned by an old hog that was about to eat up one of her young ones. Quick as thought Lincoln leaped out of the buggy, seized a club, bounced upon and beat the hog, and saved the pig, remarking as he jumped back in the buggy: "By jing! The unnatural old brute shall not devour her own progeny!"

THE SHIELDS-LINCOLN DUEL.

The late Gen. Shields was Auditor of the State of Illinois in 1830. While he occupied this important office he was involved in an "affair of honor" with a Springfield lawyer—no less a personage than Abraham Lincoln. At this time, James

Shields, Auditor, was the pride of the young Democracy, and was considered a dashing fellow by all, the ladies included. In the summer of 1842 the Springfield Journal contained some letters from the "Lost Township," by a contributor whose nom de plume was "Aunt Becca," which held up the gallant young Auditor as "a ball-room dandy, floatin' about on the earth without heft or substance, just like a lot of cat-fur where the cats had been fightin'."

These letters caused intense excitement in the town. Nobody knew or guessed their authorship. Shields swore it would be coffee and pistols for two if he found out who had been lampooning him so unmercifully. Thereupon "Aunt Becca" wrote another letter, which made the furnace of his wrath seven times hotter than before, in which she made a very humble apology, and offered to let him squeeze her hand for satisfaction, adding:

"If this should not answer, there is one thing more I would rather do than get a lickin'. I have all along expected to die a widow; but as Mr. Shields is rather good looking than otherwise, I must say I don't care if we compromise the matter by —really, Mr. Printer, I can't help blushin'—but I—must come out—I—but widowed modesty—well, if I must, I must,—wouldn't he—maybe sorter let the grudge drop if I was to consent to be—be—his wife? I know he is a fightin' man, and would rather fight than eat; but isn't marryin' better than fightin', though it does sometimes run into it? And I don't think upon the whole, I'd be sich a bad match, neither; I'm not over sixty, and am just four feet three in my bare feet, and not much more around the girth; and for color, I wouldn't turn my back on nary girl in the Lost Township. But, after all, maybe I'm countin' my chickens before they're hatched, and dreamin' of matrimonial bliss when the only alternative reserved for me may be a lickin'. Jeff tells me the way these fire-eaters do is to give the challenged party the choice of

weapons, which being the case, I tell you in confidence, never fight with anything but broomstick or hot water, or a shovelful of coals or some such thing; the former of which being somewhat like a shillalah, may not be so objectionable to him. I will give him a choice, however, in one thing, and that is whether, when we fight, I shall wear breeches or he petticoats, for I presume this change is sufficient to place us on an equality.

Of course someone had to shoulder the responsibility of these letters after such a shot. The real author was none other than Miss Mary Todd, afterward the wife of Abraham Lincoln, to whom she was engaged, and who was in honor bound to assume, for belligerent purposes, the responsibility of her sharp pen-thrusts. Mr. Lincoln accepted the situation. Not long after the two men, with their seconds, were on their way to the field of honor. But the affair was fixed up without any fighting, and thus ended in a fizzle the Lincoln-Shields duel of the Lost Townships.

THE AGE IS NOT DEAD.

[Delivered in the Court House at Springfield, Ill., in 1855, to only three persons. Mr. Herndon got a huge poster out, announcing the event, employed a band to drum up the crowd, and bells were rung, but only three persons were present. Mr. Lincoln was to have spoken on the slavery question.]

GENTLEMEN: This meeting is larger than I knew it would be, as I knew Herndon (Lincoln's partner) and myself would be here, but I did not know anyone else would be here; and yet another has come—you, John Pain (the janitor).

These are bad times, and seem out of joint. All seems dead, dead, dead; but the age is not yet dead; it liveth as sure as our Maker liveth. Under all this seeming want of life and motion, the world does move nevertheless. Be hopeful. And now let us adjourn and appeal to the people.

HIS NOISE DIDN'T HURT ANYBODY.

When General Phelps took possession of Ship Island, near New Orleans, early in the war, it will be remembered that he issued a proclamation, somewhat bombastic in tone, freeing the slaves. To the surprise of many people, on both sides, the President took no official notice of this movement. Some time had elapsed, when one day a friend took him to task for his seeming indifference on so important a matter.

"Well," said Mr. Lincoln, "I feel about that a good deal as a man whom I will call 'Jones,' whom I once knew, did about his wife. He was one of your meek men, and had the reputation of being badly henpecked. At last, one day his wife was seen switching him out of the house. A day or two afterward a friend met him on the street, and said: 'Jones, I have always stood up for you, as you know; but I am not going to do it any longer. Any man who will stand quietly and take a switching from his wife, deserves to be horsewhipped.' Jones looked up with a wink, patting his friend on the back. 'Now, don't,' said he; 'why, it didn't hurt me any; and you've no idea what a power of good it did Sarah Ann.' "

MR. LINCOLN TELLS A SECRET.

When the Sherman expedition which captured Port Royal went out, there was a general curiosity to know where it had gone. A person visiting President Lincoln at his official residence importuned him to disclose the destination.

"Will you keep it entirely secret?" asked the President.

"Oh, yes, upon my honor."

"Well," said the President, "I'll tell you." Assuming an air of great mystery, and drawing the man close to him, he kept him a moment awaiting the revelation with an open mouth and in great anxiety, and then said in a loud whisper, which was heard all over the room, "The expedition has gone to—sea."

LINCOLN'S TRIBUTE TO AMERICAN WOMEN.

[Extract from a Short Speech.]

"Ladies and Gentlemen: I appear to say but a word. This extraordinary war in which we are engaged falls heavily upon all classes of people, but the most heavily upon the soldier. For it has been said, all that a man hath will he give for his life; and while all contribute of their substance, the soldier puts his life at stake and often yields it up in his country's cause. The highest merit, then, is due to the soldier.

In this extraordinary war extraordinary developments have manifested themselves, such as have not been seen in former wars, and among these manifestations nothing has been more remarkable than these fairs for the relief of suffering soldiers and their families. And the chief agents of these fairs are the women of America."

AN APPROPRIATE ILLUSTRATION.

At the White House one day some gentlemen were present from the West, excited and troubled about the commissions or omissions of the Administration. The President heard them patiently, and then replied. "Gentlemen, suppose all the property you were worth was in gold, and you had put it in the hands of Blondin to carry across the Niagara River on a rope, would you shake the cable, or keep shouting out to him, 'Blondin, stand up a little straighter—Blondin, stoop a little more—go a little faster—lean a little more to the north—lean a little more to the south?' No! you would hold your breath as well as your tongue, and keep your hands off until he was safely over. The Government is carrying an immense weight. Untold treasures are in its hands. It is doing the very best it can. Don't badger them. Keep silence, and it will get you safely across."

HE PREFERRED GRANT'S WHISKY.

Just previous to the fall of Vicksburg, a self-constituted committee, solicitous for the morals of our armies, took it upon themselves to visit the President and urge the removal of Gen. Grant.

In some surprise Mr. Lincoln inquired, "For what reason?"

"Why," replied the spokesman, "he drinks too much whiskey."

"Ah!" replied Mr. Lincoln, dropping his lower lip. "By the way, gentlemen, can either of you tell me where General Grant procures his whiskey? Because, if I can find out, I will send every General in the field a barrel of it!"

THE GLOVES KNOCKED HIM OUT.

Mr. Lincoln's habits at the White House were as simple as they were at his old home in Illinois. He never alluded to himself as "President," or as occupying "the Presidency." His office he always designated as "this place." "Call me Lincoln," said he to a friend—"Mr. President" had become so very tiresome to him. "If you see a newsboy down the street send him up this way," said he to a passenger, as he stood waiting for the morning news at his gate. Friends cautioned him against exposing himself so openly in the midst of enemies; but he never heeded them. He frequently walked the streets at night entirely unprotected; and he felt any check on his free movements as a great annoyance. He delighted to see his familiar Western friends, and he gave them always a cordial welcome. He met them on the old footing, and fell at once into the accustomed habits of talk and story-telling.

An old acquaintance, with his wife, visited Washington. Mr. and Mrs. Lincoln proposed to these friends to ride in the Presidential carriage. It should be stated in advance that

the two men had probably never seen each other with gloves on in their lives, unless they were used as protection from the cold.

The question of each—Mr. Lincoln at the White House and his friend at the hotel—was, whether he should wear gloves. Of course, the ladies urged gloves; but Mr. Lincoln only put his in his pocket, to be used or not, "according to circumstances."

When the Presidential party arrived at the hotel, to take in their friends, they found the gentleman, overcome by his wife's persuasions, very handsomely gloved. The moment he took his seat he began to draw off the clinging kids, while Mr. Lincoln began to draw his on.

"No! no! no!" protested his friend, tugging at his gloves. "It is none of my doings; put up your gloves, Mr. Lincoln."

So the two old friends were on even and easy terms, and had their ride after the old fashion.

HE SWORE LIKE MR. SEWARD.

Secretary Seward was an Episcopalian. On one of the occasions when President Lincoln's patience was tried by a self-appointed adviser who got warm and used strong language, Mr. Lincoln interrupted him by saying: "You are an Episcopalian, aren't you?" And when asked why he thought so, said: "You swear just like Mr. Seward, and he is." This was Mr. Lincoln's way of getting rid of such advisers.

A PERVERTED PASSWORD.

An amusing story is attributed to President Lincoln about the Iowa First, and the changes which a certain password underwent about the time of the battle of Springfield.

One of the Dubuque officers, whose duty it was to furnish the guards with a password for the night, gave the word

'Potomac." A German on guard, not comprehending distinctly the difference between B's and P's, understood it to be "Bottomic," and this, on being transferred to another, was corrupted into "Buttermilk." Soon afterward the officer who had given the word wished to return through the lines, and on approaching a sentinel was ordered to halt and the word demanded. He gave the word "Potomac."

"Nicht right; you don't pass mit me dis way."

"But this is the word, and I will pass."

"No, you stan'," at the same time placing a bayonet at his breast, in a manner that told the officer that "Potomac" didn't pass in Missouri.

"What is the word, then?"

"Buttermilk."

"Dat is right; you pass mit yourself all about your piziness."

There was then a general overhauling of the password, and, the difference between Potomac and Buttermilk being understood, the joke became one of the laughable incidents of the campaign.

LETTER TO A WIDOW WHO HAD LOST FIVE SONS IN THE WAR.

EXECUTIVE MANSION,
WASHINGTON, Nov. 21, 1864.

DEAR MADAM: I have been shown in the files of the War Department a statement of the Adjutant-General of Massachusetts, that you are the mother of five sons who have died gloriously on the field of battle. I feel how weak and fruitless must be any words of mine, which should attempt to beguile you from the grief of a loss so overwhelming. But I cannot refrain from tendering you the consolation that may be found in the thanks of a republic they died to save. I pray

that our Heavenly Father may assuage the anguish of your bereavement and leave you only the cherished memory of the loved and lost, and the solemn pride that must be yours, to have laid so costly a sacrifice upon the altar of freedom.

"Yours very sincerely and respectfully,

A. LINCOLN."

TRIPLETS NAMED BY MR. LINCOLN.

In South Starksboro, Addison County, Vt., according to the Burlington Free Press, there are residing triplets, sons of Leonard Haskins, born May 24, 1864, and named by President Lincoln. They have in their possession a letter from the hand of the martyred President, and the names given were Abraham Lincoln, Gideon Welles and Simon Cameron. They are the children of American parents (who are still living) of limited circumstances, and have led a very retired life; are robust, intelligent and moral, and have always been abstainers from liquor and profanity. There is an almost perfect resemblance between two, who are light-complexioned, while the other is a striking contrast, having dark hair and eyes.

LINCOLN'S VALUE OF A BRIGADIER.

In the early part of the war a lady devoted to the cause of the confederate states and who resided just outside of the Union lines in Virginia, managed to fascinate Gen. Staughton, a young West Point cavalry officer, and one evening, while he was enjoying her society, during a serenade by a regimental band, he, with his band and orderlies, was surprised and captured, and they were sent as prisoners of war to Richmond. "I do not mind losing the Brigadier," said Lincoln, in talking of the capture, "for they are easily made, but there were some twenty horses taken, and they cost one hundred and twenty-five dollars apiece."

HOW ALEXANDER H. STEVENS IMPRESSED MR. LINCOLN.

In January, 1865, a committee of peace commissioners from the confederate states, of which Mr. Stevens was a member, arrived at City Point, Va., and requested General Grant to telegraph President Lincoln that they desired to meet him. A few days later Mr. Lincoln met them at Hampton Roads. At the time Mr. Stevens, who was a very small man, weighing less than one hundred pounds, was wearing a heavy woolen overcoat which reached nearly to his feet, giving him the appearance of an average-sized man. He took off his overcoat, after meeting the President, who seemed struck with Mr. Stevens' apparent change of size, in the coat and out of it. On meeting General Grant, Lincoln asked him if he had seen that overcoat of Stevens. Grant replied that he had. "Well," said the President, "did you see him take it off?" Grant replied that he did. "Well," said he, "didn't you think it was the biggest shuck and the littlest ear that you ever did see?"

HIS TITLE AT A DISCOUNT.

Concerning a drollery of President Lincoln, this story is told:

During the Rebellion an Austrian Count applied to President Lincoln for a position in the army. Being introduced by the Austrian minister, he needed, of course, no further recommendation; but, as if fearing that his importance might not be appreciated, he proceeded to explain that he was a Count; that his family were ancient and highly respectable; when Lincoln, with a merry twinkle in his eye, tapping the aristocratic lover of titles on the shoulder, in a fatherly way, as if the man had confessed to some wrong, interrupted in a soothing tone, "Never mind: you shall be treated with just as much consideration for all that."

NO SPECIAL TRAIN FOR HIM.

One of the last stories heard from Mr. Lincoln was concerning John Tyler, for whom it was to be expected, as an old Henry Clay Whig, he would entertain no great respect. "A year or two after Tyler's accession to the Presidency," said he, "contemplating an excursion in some direction, his son went to order a special train of cars. It so happened that the railroad superintendent was a strong Whig. On Bob's making known his errand, that official bluntly informed him that his road did not run any special trains for the President.

"'What!' said Bob, 'did you not furnish a special train for the funeral of General Harrison?'

"'Yes,' said the superintendent, stroking his whiskers, 'and if you will only bring your father here in that shape, you shall have the best train on the road.'"

MR. LINCOLN'S APT REPLY.

Lincoln's opponent for the Legislature in 1836 was the Hon. Geo. Forquer, of Springfield, Ill., who was celebrated for having introduced the first and only lightning rod in Springfield at this time. He said in a speech, in Lincoln's presence: "This young man (Lincoln) would have to be taken down, and I am sorry the task devolves upon me;" and then proceeded to try and "take him down." Mr. Lincoln made a reply, and in closing, turned to the crowd and made these remarks:

"FELLOW CITIZENS: It is for you, not for me, to say whether I am up or down. The gentleman has alluded to my being a young man; I am older in years than I am in the tricks and trades of politicians. I desire to live, and desire place and distinction as a politician; but I would rather die now than, like the gentleman, live to see the day that I would have to erect a lightning rod to protect a guilty conscience from an offended God."

STANTON ADVISED TO PREPARE FOR DEATH.

The imperious Stanton, when Secretary of War, took a fancy one day to a house in Washington that Lamon had bargained for. He ordered the latter to vacate instanter. Lamon not only did not vacate, but went to Stanton and said he would kill him if he interfered with the house. Stanton was furious at the threat, and made it known at once to Lincoln. The latter said to the astonished War Secretary:

"Well, Stanton, if Lamon has said he will kill you, he certainly will, and I'd advise you to prepare for death without further delay."

The President promised, however, to do what he could to appease the murderous Marshal, and this was the end of Stanton's attempt on the house.

MR. LINCOLN'S DEDICATION SPEECH AT GETTYSBURG.

[Delivered at the dedication of the Gettysburg National Cemetery, on the Gettysburg battle-field, Nov. 19, 1863.]

"LADIES AND GENTLEMEN:—Four score and seven years ago, our fathers brought forth upon this continent a new nation, conceived in liberty, and dedicated to the proposition that all men are created equal. Now we are engaged in a civil war, testing whether that nation, or any nation so conceived and so dedicated, can long endure. We are met on a great battlefield of that war. We have come to dedicate a portion of that field as a final resting-place for those who here gave their lives that that nation might live. It is altogether fitting and proper that we should do this.

"But in a larger sense we can not dedicate, we can not consecrate, we can not hallow this ground. The brave men, living and dead, who struggled here, have consecrated it far above our power to add or detract. The

world will little note, nor long remember, what we say here.

"It is for us, the living, rather to be dedicated here to the unfinished work which they who fought here have thus far so nobly advanced. It is rather for us to be here dedicated to the great task remaining before, that from those honored dead we take increased devotion to the cause for which they gave the last full measure of devotion; that we here highly resolve that these dead shall not have died in vain; that this nation, under God, shall have a new birth of freedom, and that the government of the people, by the people, and for the people, shall not perish from the earth."

MORE LIGHT AND LESS NOISE.

An editorial, in a New York journal, opposing Lincoln's renomination, is said to have called out from him the following story: "A traveler on the frontier found himself out of his reckoning one night in a most inhospitable region. A terrific thunder-storm came up to add to his troubles. He floundered along until at length his horse gave out. The lightning afforded him the only clue to his way, but the peals of thunder were frightful. One bolt, which seemed to crash the earth beneath him, brought him to his knees. By no means a praying man, his petition was short and to the point —'O, Lord, if it is all the same to you, give us a little more light and a little less noise.!' "

DRANK NOTHING BUT ADAM'S ALE

Immediately after Mr. Lincoln's nomination for President at the Chicago Convention, a committee, of which Governor Morton, of New York, was chairman, visited him in Springfield, Ill., where he was officially informed of his nomination.

After this ceremony had passed, Mr. Lincoln remarked to the company, that as an appropriate conclusion to an interview so important and interesting as that which has just transpired, he supposed good manners would require that he should treat the company with something to drink; and opening a door that led into a room in the rear, he called out, 'Mary! Mary!" A girl responded to the call, to whom Mr. Lincoln spoke a few words in an undertone, and, closing the door, returned to converse with his guests. In a few minutes the maiden entered, bearing a large waiter, containing several glass tumblers, and a large pitcher in the midst, and placed it upon the center-table. Mr. Lincoln arose and, gravely addressing the company, said: "Gentlemen, we must pledge our mutual healths in the most healthy beverage which God has given to man—it is the only beverage I have ever used or allowed in my family, and I can not conscientiously depart from it on this present occasion—it is pure Adam's ale from the spring;" and, taking a tumbler, he touched it to his lips, and pledged them his highest respects in a cup of cold water. Of course all his guests were constrained to admire his consistency, and to join in his example.

LINCOLN ON TEMPERANCE.

In response to an address from the Sons of Temperance in Washington, on the 29th of September, 1863, Mr. Lincoln made the following remarks:

> "As a matter of course, it will not be possible for me to make a response co-extensive with the address which you have presented to me. If I were better known than I am, you would not need to be told that, in advocacy of the cause of temperance, you have a friend and sympathizer in me. When a young man—long ago—before the Sons of Temperance as an organization had

an existence, I, in an humble way, made temperance speeches, and I think I may say that to this day I have never, by my example, belied what I then said.

"In regard to the suggestions which you make for the purpose af advancement of the cause of temperance in the army, I cannot make particular response to them at this time. To prevent intemperance in the army is even a part of the articles of war. It is a part of the law of the land, and was so, I presume, long ago to dismiss officers for drunkenness. I am not sure that, consistent with public service, more can be done than has been done. All, therefore, that I can promise is (if you will be pleased to furnish me with a copy of your address) to have it submitted to the proper department, and have it considered, whether it contains any suggestions which will improve the cause of temperance in the army any better than it is already done. I can promise no more than that.

"I think the reasonable men of the world have long since agreed that intemperance is one of the greatest, if not the very greatest, of all evils among mankind. That is not a matter of dispute. I believe. That the disease exists, and that it is a very great one, is agreed upon by all. The mode of cure is one about which there may be differences of opinion. You have suggested that in an army—our army—drunkenness is a great evil, and one which, while it exists to a very great extent, we cannot expect to overcome so entirely as to leave such success in our arms as we might have without it. This, undoubtedly, is true, and while it is, perhaps, a bad source to derive comfort from, nevertheless, in a hard struggle I do not know but what it is some consolation to be aware that there is some intemperance on the other side, too, and that they have no right to beat

us in physical combat on that ground. But I have already said more than I expected to be able to say when I began, and if you please to hand me a copy of your address, it shall be considered. I thank you very heartily, gentlemen, for this call, and for bringing with you these very many pretty ladies."

WOULD NOT COME A SECOND TIME.

Among the visitors on one of the President's reception days was the Hon. Thomas Shannon, of California. Soon after the customary greeting, Mr. Shannon said:

"Mr. President, I met an old friend of yours in California last summer, Thomas Campbell, who had a great deal to say about your Springfield life."

"Ah!" returned Mr. Lincoln, "I am glad to hear of him. Campbell used to be a dry fellow," he continued. For a time he was Secretary of State. One day during the legislative vacation a meek, cadavarous-looking man, with a white neck-cloth, introduced himself to him at his office, and, stating that he had been informed that Mr. C. had the letting of the Assembly Chamber, said that he wished to secure it, if possible, for a course of lectures he desired to deliver in Springfield.

"May I ask," said the Secretary, "what is to be the subject of your lectures?"

"Certainly," was the reply, with a very solemn expression of countenance. "The course I wish to deliver is on the Second Coming of our Lord."

"It is of no use," said C. "If you will take my advice, you will not waste your time in this city. It is my private opinion that if the Lord has been in Springfield once, He will not come a second time.

LINCOLN'S LITERARY EXPERIMENTS.

In the April (1894) number of the *Century* John G. Nicolay writes of "Lincoln's Literary Experiments," and quotes a poem written by the President in his early manhood. In a letter enclosing the poem to a friend, Lincoln explains that the verses were written in 1844, when he visited the neighborhood in which he was raised, on a stumping tour. Here are the opening stanzas:

"My childhood's home I see again,
And sudden with the view;
And still, as memory crowds my brain,
There's pleasure in it, too.

"O Memory! thou midway world
'Twixt earth and paradise,
Where things decayed and loved ones lost
In dreamy shadows rise."

"And, freed from all that's earthly, vile,
Seem hallowed, pure and bright,
Like scenes in some enchanted isle,
All bathed in liquid light."

"He loved the thrush—'twas such a gentle bird,
That sang in strains of cheerful melody;
But since he died its note has not been heard,
It droops beneath the weeping willow tree!
Clear as the rill of fountains ere the frost
Of winter lays a seal upon their lips;
Nor broken by the prow of sturdy ships;
Now plaintive as when maids at prayer entreat
For absolution—the bird gushed forth a stream
Of soul-lit music, till one quick heart beat
(Roused by the dying eagle's anguished scream)
Shriveled all to diamond notes, which heaven displayed,
To show his death had even the gods dismayed!"

—*Rollin Cutter.*

Referring to the beautiful legend prevalent among the farmers of the west, that the brown thrush was silent for one year after Lincoln's death, and that a brilliant meteor shower illuminated the heavens on the morning of his passing away.

SIMPLY PRESIDENT.

[From the Fort Wayne Gazette, Feb. 15, 1898, referring to the celebration at Lebanon, Ind.

Mr. William Bender Wilson, of Lancaster, Pa., who entered the War Department as a military telegrapher in 1861, gives the following fresh anecdote:

In the fall of 1861 fires in Washington City were of frequent occurrence, without any organized adequate means for extinguishing them being in existence there. This condition of affairs was a source of so much anxiety to the country at large that no sooner was a Washington fire announced in the newspapers than the mails would teem with patriotic offers to the President from all sections for the formation of fire brigades as a component part of the army for the protection of the Capitol. This was one of the great annoyances of irrelevant subjects thrust upon the President. He bore it all as a part of the responsibilities resting upon him, yet at last was compelled to rebuke it from sheer lack of time to give it any attention.

One night the Washington infirmary burned down, and, as was customary after such disasters, the next day brought the President the usual complement of offers of fire engines and firemen. Philadelphia's patriotism, true to its traditions, could not await the slow progress of the mail, but sent forward a committee of citizens to urge upon the President the acceptance of a fully equipped fire brigade for Washington. On their arrival at the White House they were most courteously and blandly received by Mr. Lincoln. Eloquently did they urge their mission, but valuable time was being wasted, and Mr. Lincoln was forced to bring the conference to a close, which he did by interrupting the committee in the midst of a grand and to be clinching oratorical effort by gravely saying,

as if he had just awakened to the true import of the visit: "Ah, yes, gentlemen, but it is a mistake to suppose that I am at the head of the fire department of the City of Washington! I am simply President of the United States!"

TAD LINCOLN.

Thomas Lincoln, or Tad, as he was familiarly called, was given a soldierly bent by the military displays. Dressed in full uniform and thoroughly equipped, although but 12 years of age at the time, he afterward appeared in the camps of the army, and, mounted upon a Shetland pony, rode beside his father when reviewing the troops as commander-in-chief.

E. A. SPRING,
Formerly Seventh N. Y. Militia Vols.

WHAT LINCOLN SAID.

[Surprising incident related by General Lew Wallace. Why Lincoln was greatly worried.]

One of the most interesting speeches delivered at the Lincoln banquet here, in which 500 people, including most of the State officials, participated, was that of General Lew Wallace. The address for the most part dealt with personal reminiscences of the great emancipator. In concluding his remarks the speaker said:

"I will tell you at this time of an incident which I have never before made public. I do not know that it is proper, but the man whom it is about is dead, and I will relate it. I had made an engagement with Lincoln to call at the White House and present two ladies who desired to meet him. The time set for the call was at 11 a. m. At the appointed hour I presented myself in company with the ladies. As I was ushered in I saw, at the farther end of the room, the tall form of Lincoln leaning against a window. He waved his hand,

indicating that I was to take the ladies to a sofa and then by another wave of the hand he motioned for me to come to him. My heart filled with sympathy for him, for I knew something was wrong.

As I approached him and looked into his face it seemed to me it was the saddest and most troubled countenance I had ever beheld. There were deep lines of suffering about the face, the features were drawn and pinched. His hair, which had grown thin, was uncombed. He was naturally somewhat stoop-shouldered, but seemed to be especially so on this occasion. As I drew nearer and caught his eye I was more deeply impressed with the sadness which permeated his whole being. If I were to live a thousand years I would not forget the anguish of the expression of his face.

"I said. 'Mr. Lincoln, I hope you are not sick?'

"He replied: 'No, I am not sick.

" 'But,' said I. 'You look sad. Something terrible must have happened.'

"He made no reply, but calling a servant, he inquired how long it would be until the boat left the wharf for Harrison's Landing. The answer was, 'In half an hour.' Then turning to me, Lincoln said, and the sadness of his face deepened as he said it, 'I must go on that boat to Harrison's Landing on the James River.'

" 'What for, Mr. Lincoln?' I asked in surprise.

"His voice dropped to a whisper as he replied: 'I must go there to keep McClellan from surrendering the army.'

"It was after the seven days' battle, and the leader of the great army was retreating before the confederates.

"At this point I introduced the ladies and retired. In thirty minutes Lincoln was on board the boat speeding away on his mission. The next I heard of Lincoln he was at Harrison's Landing, and the Union army was not surrendered."

home to rest, throwing myself upon a lounge in my chamber. Opposite to where I lay was a bureau with a swinging glass upon it; and, in looking in that glass, I saw myself reflected nearly at full length; but my face, I noticed, had two separate and distinct images, the tip of the nose of one being three inches from the tip of the other. I was a little bothered, perhaps startled, and got up and looked in the glass; but the illusion vanished. On lying down again I saw it a second time, plainer, if possible, than before; and then I noticed that one of the faces was a little paler—say five shades—than the other. I got up and the thing melted away; and I went off, and in the excitement of the hour forgot all about it,—nearly, but not quite, for the thing would once in a while come up, and give me a little pang, as though something uncomfortable had happened. When I went home, I told my wife about it, and a few days after I tried the experiment again, when, sure enough, the thing came back again; but I never succeeded in bringing the ghost back after that, though I once tried very industriously to show it to my wife, who was worried about it somewhat. She thought it was 'a sign' that I was to be elected to a second term of office, and that the paleness of one of the faces was an omen that I should not see life through the second term."

From this time forth anonymous threats and friendly warnings came thick and fast up to the fatal day when the real event befell. Some of these he kept, labeled "Assassination Letters." Before he left Springfield for his journey to Washington, many ingenious fears were suggested to him; but, except for his change of route toward the close of his journey, none of these presagings visibly influenced him, and his change of purpose concerning the passage through Baltimore was never afterward recalled by him without vexation. From this time forth he resolutely ignored all danger of this kind. During most of the time that he was in office any one could easily call upon him, unguarded, at the White House; he

moved through the streets of Washington like any private citizen; and he drove about the environs, and habitually in the warm season took the long drive to and from the Soldiers' Home, with substantially no protection. When, at last, a guard at the White House and an escort upon his drives were fairly forced upon him by Mr. Stanton (who was declared by the gossip of the unfriendly to be somewhat troubled with physical timidity), he rebelled against these incumbrances upon his freedom, and submitted, when he had to do so, with an ill grace. To those who remonstrated with him upon his carelessness he made various replies. Sometimes, half jocosely, he said that it was hardly likely that any intelligent Southerner would care to get rid of him in order to set either Vice-President Hamlin or, later, Vice-President Johnson, in his place. At other times he said: "What is the use of setting up the gap, when the fence is down all round?" or, "I do not see that I can make myself secure except by shutting myself up in an iron box, and in that condition I think I could hardly satisfactorily transact the business of the presidency." Again he said: "If I am killed, I can die but once; but to live in constant dread of it, is to die over and over again." This was an obvious reflection, easy enough of suggestion for any one who was not within the danger line; but to live every day in accordance with it, when the danger was never absent, called for a singular tranquility of temperament, and a kind of courage in which brave men are notoriously apt to be deficient.

On April 9th the President was coming up the Potomac in a steamer from City Point; the Comte de Chambrun was of the party and relates that, as they were nearing Washington, Mrs. Lincoln, who had been silently gazing toward the town, said: "That city is filled with our enemies;" Thereupon Mr. Lincoln somewhat impatiently retorted: "Enemies! we must never speak of that!" For he was resolutely cherishing the impossible idea that Northerners and Southerners were to be

enemies no longer, but that a pacification of the spirit was coming throughout the warring land contemporaneously with the cessation of hostilities, a dream romantic and hopelessly incapable of realization, but humane and beautiful. Since he did not live to endeavor to transform it into a fact, and thereby, perhaps, to have his efforts cause even seriously injurious results, it is open to us to forget the impracticability of the fancy and to revere the nature which in such an hour could give birth to such a purpose.

The fourteenth day of April was Friday—Good Friday. Many religious persons afterward ventured to say that if the President had not been at the theatre upon that sacred day, the awful tragedy might never have occurred at all. Others, however, not less religiously disposed, were impressed by the coincidence that the fatal shot was fired upon that day which the Christian world had agreed to adopt as the anniversary of the crucifixion of the Saviour of mankind. General Grant and his wife were in Washington on that day and the President invited them to go with him to see the play at Ford's Theatre in the evening, but personal engagements called them northward. In the afternoon the President drove out with his wife and again the superstitious element comes in; for he appeared in such good spirits as he chatted cheerfully of the past and future, that she uneasily remarked to him: "I have seen you thus only once before; it was just before our dear Willie died." Such a frame of mind, however, under the circumstances at that time must be regarded as entirely natural rather than as ominous.

About nine o'clock in the evening the President entered his box at the theatre; with him were his wife, Major Rathbone and a lady; the box had been decorated with an American flag, of which the folds swept down to the stage. Unfortunately it had also been tampered with, in preparation for the plans of the conspirators. Between it and the corridor was a

small vestibule; and a stout stick of wood had been so arranged that it could in an instant be made to fasten securely, on the inside, the door which opened from the corridor into this vestibule. Also in the door which led from the vestibule into the box itself a hole had been cut, through which the situation of the different persons in the box could be clearly seen. Soon after the party had entered, when the cheering had subsided and the play was going forward, just after ten o'clock, a man approached through the corridor, pushed his visiting card into the hands of the attendant who sat there, hastily entered the vestibule and closed and fastened the door behind him. A moment later the noise of a pistol shot astounded every one, and instantly a man was seen at the front of the President's box; Major Rathbone sprang to grapple with him, but was severely slashed in the arm and failed to retard his progress; he vaulted over the rail to the stage, but caught his spur in the folds of the flag, so that he did not alight fairly upon his feet; but he instantly recovered himself, and with a visible limp in his gait hastened across the stage; as he went, he turned toward the audience, brandished the bloody dagger with which he had just struck Rathbone, and cried "*Sic semper tyrannis!*" Some recognized John Wilkes Booth, an actor of melo-dramatic characters. The door at the back of the theatre was held open for him by Edward Spangler, an employe, and in the alley hard by a boy, also employed about the theatre, was holding the assassin's horse, saddled and bridled. Booth kicked the boy aside, with a curse, climbed into the saddle with difficulty,—for the small bone of his leg between the knee and ankle had been broken in his fall upon the stage,—and rode rapidly away into the night. Amid the confusion, no efficient pursuit was made.

PART II.

FACTS ABOUT

THE LINCOLN MEDICINES.

WE BEG to call the attention of the public to the complete line of the Lincoln Medicines. The proprietors have spared no expense to make these remedies the best of their kind on the market. All of the ingredients contained in the Lincoln Medicines are the purest and of the finest quality to be had.

The Lincoln Proprietary Company have observed the advantage of giving to the public even at a great expense, pure medicines which possess merit, at small profit, rather than a cheap medicine with absolutely no merit and big profits. The enormous sale of these medicines and the numerous testimonials for their merit have amply paid the proprietors for giving the public honest goods. We trust whoever picks up this book will read the same, and if you have any ailment for which the Lincoln Medicines are adapted, you will give them a trial and see the good results of an honest remedy.

LINCOLN PROPRIETARY CO.

FORT WAYNE, INDIANA.

LINCOLN TEA

Is a wonderful medicine. It is a remedy that makes people well. First prescribed by the greatest physician this country has ever known, it was at once recognized as a boon to humanity, and has been prescribed and recommended by physicians of every class everywhere.

There are a greater number of imitations of Lincoln Tea, which possess not one particle of merit, but the original and Famous Tea is Lincoln.

The herbs used in the manufacture of Lincoln Tea are collected from different portions of the globe. Some are imported from the land of the Pyramid and Mummy; some grow under the sunny skies of Italy; some are gathered on the shores washed by the Baltic Sea. All contribute some specific quality for which they are noted, and when combined and compounded together form a medicine which stays the ravages of disease, restores the weakened system to its normal condition and HEALTH, the AIM, is reached.

Every family should keep constantly on hand some simple, effective remedy, reliably known to produce healthy conditions to the human system.

Thinking people everywhere agree that simplicity is the great desideratum. What then, is the test by which the enquirer may exactly know what fills the above requirements? We answer: LOOK UP THE RECORD OF LINCOLN TEA. Here you will find a medicine which removes causes, and consequently cures disease. Compare, too, its gentle yet thorough working with the former prevalent methods resulting in violent purging and griping, which left the system in such an exhausted condition that frequent relapses were the result. Lincoln Tea is GUARANTEED NOT TO GRIPE.

CERTAIN CURE FOR SICK HEADACHE.

POSITIVE CURE FOR CONSTIPATION.

Are you not willing to accord a fair trial to a remedy whose virtues have built up senile age to a semblance of youth, have aided those in middle life to turn the treacherous point which makes or mars their future, have enabled blushing and beautiful youth to build up healthy constitutions, the true foundation of happiness and prosperity.

THOUSANDS OF MEN AND WOMEN,

With that "run-down" feeling written all over their faces, unable to work, without courage, have recovered health, heart and ambition through this remarkable remedy for the blood. It purifies the blood. It enriches the blood. It generally stirs liver and kidneys and other organs destined to keep sweet and clean the vital machinery.

Within a very few days after LINCOLN TEA is taken regularly there will be a marked improvement in the general health; strength will become more enduring, the body plumper, the spirits better and the breath sweeter—all declaring in the plainest terms a healthier action of the blood.

WOMEN TROUBLED with pain at the time of the usual "monthly sickness," and those just entering motherhood, will find relief on taking a single dose. If you have Jaundice, or suffer from irregular conditions of the bowels resulting from constipation, try LINCOLN TEA. It will cure you.

CHANGE OF LIFE.

This is a very "critical period" in the life of women, and generally occurs between the age of forty and forty-five years. This stoppage of the menses often produces heart trouble, nervousness, insanity, general debility and serious disorders of the internal organs.

LINCOLN TEA

Positively removes all dangers arising from the changes of life:

Mrs. J. H. Carso, of Streator, Ills., writes as follows: *Lincoln Proprietary Company, Fort Wayne, Ind.:*

GENTLEMEN: I feel that it is my duty to tell you the wonderful benefit your LINCOLN TEA has done me. I had been sick for many months, unable to do anything about the house, had grown very thin and was getting thinner. The cause of my sickness was brought about by a misfortune during the period known as "change of life." My doctor had given me up, and, in fact, I had given up all hope of recovery myself. One day a man left a sample of your blessed medicine at our home. My daughter made the sample up for me according to directions, I drank the cupful, and was astonished at the result. I slept better that night than I had for months. I purchased some of the Tea of the druggist. I have now taken six boxes and feel like a young woman; have gained twenty-three pounds in flesh and am happy. I wish I could let every woman in the world know what a wonderful medicine LINCOLN TEA is. Wishing you all the success in the world, I am your friend. MRS. J. H. CARSO.

FOR THE COMPLEXION.

LINCOLN TEA is incomparable in its effects. Where is there a woman, be she duchess or dairy maid, that does not court a fair skin? Even the lords of creation sometimes find themselves in a blotchy, pimpled condition, offensive to the eye.

Now we place before you, the human family, male and female, young and old, a means by which this adjunct of beauty can be readily attained.

CERTAIN CURE FOR SICK HEADACHE.

WHAT IS THE CAUSE OF BAD SKIN?

Sluggish circulation and bad digestion. Remove the cause of the above condition, and marked improvement will be discovered, often within one week.

Health alone paints upon the cheek the charming rose-tinted symbol desired by nature herself, and which is never successfully imitated by cosmetics.

LINCOLN TEA FOR STOMACH, BOWELS AND LIVER.

Regularity can never be successfully established by the use of drastic medicines—for the reason that the vitality is always lowered by its use below recuperation point. Nature teaches us to husband our energies, not to tear down before we build up. VEGETABLE REMEDIES are confessedly mild in their effects upon the human system, and among these LINCOLN TEA stands paramount. Deceit is impossible, for each one sees for himself. No man, woman or child need misunderstand conditions or their care.

LINCOLN TEA is one of the grandest and most perfect Blood Purifiers in the World.

DYSPEPSIA AND STOMACH TROUBLE.

SYMPTOMS.—Bad taste in the mouth, furred tongue, offensive breath, belching of wind, distress before or after eating, fainting, dizziness, palpitation of the heart, headache, heartburn, blurred vision, colic, imperfect circulation, the mind becomes affected, low spirits, fretfulness and irritability follow and insanity often results.

LINCOLN TEA cures all forms of stomach trouble and indigestion. It invigorates, soothes and heals stomachs where the lining has been impaired by physics and strong drugs.

CERTAIN CURE FOR SICK HEADACHE.

FOR THE LIVER.

Over half of the suicides in this country can be traced to a disordered liver. In fact, there is no other disease that has such a depressing effect on the patient as disease of the liver. Thousands of people are to-day doctoring for some imaginary ailment, who, if their liver were working in a healthy manner, would be in perfect health. The liver acts as a purifier of the blood, and above all other members of the body, should be attended to carefully.

SYMPTOMS.—Yellowish, hue of the eyes and cheeks, a frequent rising of a bitter substance, leaving a bad taste in the mouth, a dull, heavy headache, coated tongue, highly colored urine, wind on the stomach, pain and soreness under the right side under the lower ribs, sick headache, dull spirits and restless nights.

LINCOLN TEA is a guaranteed cure for all diseases of the liver. It acts immediately and leaves none of the bad effects that result from calomel and other poisonous drugs.

FEMALE DISORDER.

Women suffer from many symptoms of the most distressing characters as a result of the womb and ovaries.

SYMPTOMS.—Dragging down pains in small of back, scant flow with clots, or excessive flow, irregular menstruation, leucorrhoea or whites, tired and all-gone feeling, feeling more tired in the morning than when retiring, headache, pain in top of head, sensation as of a ball rising in the throat that causes a sensation of choking, scant or frequent desire to pass water that sometimes causes scalding.

LINCOLN TEA is generally adapted for the speedy and permanent cure of all diseases peculiar to women. It not only

quiets and soothes the deranged parts, but tones and builds up the entire system and by this means improves the general health and restores the generative organs to a normal and healthy condition.

In suppressed menstruation the LINCOLN TANSY PILLS are recommended.

RHEUMATISM.

In the majority of cases rheumatism is due to derangement of the kidneys, impoverished condition of the blood, or sudden cold.

SYMPTOMS.—Pain, soreness, stiffness and lameness in the neck, shoulders, back, loins, limbs, or feet.

ACUTE CASES are accompanied with high fever, redness and swelling of parts affected, scanty secretions.

CHRONIC CASES are designated by lameness, stiffness, pain, aching and distortion of the limbs.

LUMBAGO.—Pain with sudden catch in the small of the back, worse on rising from bed or chair; or constant dull gains in the back or loins.

SCIATICA.—Severe shooting, drawing pains or continuous dull, heavy aching in the hip, thigh, leg or foot, sometimes accompanied with numbness.

LINCOLN TEA will cure Rheumatism in any part of the body. Acute or Muscular Rheumatism cured in from one to five days; Chronic Rheumatism, Sciatica, Lumbago, are relieved in a short time and permanently cured in a few days.

For external application the LINCOLN PAIN CURE is a sure relief for severe pains.

We wish to caution the public and our friends against imitations of LINCOLN TEA and against vile compounds.

Why pay a dollar for a bottle of nasty mixture which will do you no good, when you can procure for 25 cents, a package of LINCOLN TEA made of pure, fresh herbs, full of merit and guaranteed to cure? Give in a trial.

LINCOLN TEA MAKES WILL SHARP, OF ABINGTON, ILLS., HAPPY AND FAT,—LISTEN.

GENTLEMEN:—I think it my duty to bear testimony to the excellence of your LINCOLN TEA. Some time ago I got hold of a sample package, and from that time to this I have not been without it. Since I first commenced using it I have gained eighteen pounds in weight. It is a most excellent remedy for a diseased stomach. I wish you could get every person suffering with this ailment to use LINCOLN TEA.

Sincerely, WILL SHARP.

Chester Farrell, a noted physician, writes under date of April 8, 1894:

Lincoln Proprietary Company:

DEAR SIRS:—We have used your Tea and found its medical properties for diseases of the kidneys and liver unequalled.

Yours, etc., CHESTER FARRELL.

CURED AFTER YEARS OF SUFFERING.

Oliver Holmes, of Bloomington, writes:

GENTLEMEN:—I am a book-keeper and have suffered for years with habitual constipation, and the natural consequences of such condition, dizzy headache, foul breath, etc. I had used pills by the hundreds and other medicine, all of which afforded me no relielf. I got a sample of your LINCOLN TEA one day

and derived much benefit from the first dose. I have been using it ever since and am entirely cured. My system is regular and my general health much improved.

OLIVER HOLMES.

A BOON TO WOMANKIND.

Aunt Lydia's Anastringent—Vegetable Pastiles.

THE MOST REMARKABLE TREATMENT FOR DISEASES OF WOMEN EVER DISCOVERED.

A Positive Cure for Congestion,
Granulation,
Inflammation
Leucorrhœa, (*Whites*)
Prolapsus,
All Displacements,
Diseases of the Ovaries,
And Menstruation.

The results from the use of Aunt Lydia's Anastringent (Vegetable Pastiles) are astonishing. The medicine proves more effectual than any treatment in the world. It is in advance of any medicine ever offered to suffering women for diseases peculiar to their sex.

To satisfy any woman suffering from female weakness of the wonderful merits of *Anastringent*, and enable them to give the remedy a trial, FREE samples will be sent to any lady sending her name and address to

LINCOLN PROPRIETARY CO.,
FORT WAYNE, INDIANA.

SPRING MEDICINES.

In the spring everybody needs, and should take a spring medicine. Not only is this a common practice, but a very necessary and healthful one. It is a fact which physicians acknowledge and the people recognize generally, that a spring tonic, taken during the months of March, April and May, is more conducive to the restoration of health, in cases of those who are sick, than any other course of treatment that can possibly be adopted.

It is further understood by everybody that even for those who call themselves well, it is very important at this season of the year, if they would maintain good health and vigor, to take a spring remedy to strengthen and invigorate the nerves, tone up the action of all the organs, and thus, by creating a healthy condition of the nerves, blood, liver, kidneys and bowels, assist nature in the efforts she always makes in the spring to cleanse, purify and invigorate the system.

In the spring there are a great many and important changes going on in the body. Perfect health can not be maintained while the system is clogged and the organs sluggish, and the person has a languid and weakened feeling, with more or less nervousness and debility.

WHAT IT SHOULD BE.

The Spring Medicine should be some mild stimulating remedy, known to possess qualities of medicinal character, and not a vile, nauseating mixture of which you know nothing, but a simple, honest, preparation. Herb Remedies are acknowledged to be the best for such cases, and of these none are equal to LINCOLN TEA.

It is mild, pleasant and effective, and is recommended by druggists, physicians and people everywhere.

No remedy in the world is so sure to bring back bloom and color into the wan and faded cheeks, the brilliancy to the hollow and haggard eyes, the lightness and elasticity to the weak and weary steps, the strength and vitality to the unstrung, shattered and worn-out nerves. It is, indeed, the greatest of all spring medicines, for it makes those who use it well and strong.

Beauty lies less in the features than in the condition and expression of the face. The Creator has endowed every woman with beauty, and every woman in good health, who is of a cheerful nature, is beautiful and comely to look upon. A clear, fresh, wholesome look is the result of the possession of good health, and no woman can be beautiful and attractive without good health. The dull, dead, gnawing pain, the sense of nervousness, weakness, oppression and discouragement, the tired, listless, languid feeling, the shooting pains, the aching head, pain in the back, all these are symptoms of a disordered system, and all these are beauty killers, producers of dull, leaden complexions, unnatural flushings, dark circles under the eyes, black-heads, lustreless eyes and other disfigurements which divest women of their natural gift of beauty. Why be homely when you can be beautiful and attractive? Get good health, and with it those looks and attributes which attract, please and fascinate. It is within your power to do so, for it is within every woman's power to be well and strong, and hence look her best, if she will use LINCOLN TEA to give her strong, vigorous nerves, pure, rich blood, a pure complexion, and thus restore the energies and vitality of sound and perfect health.

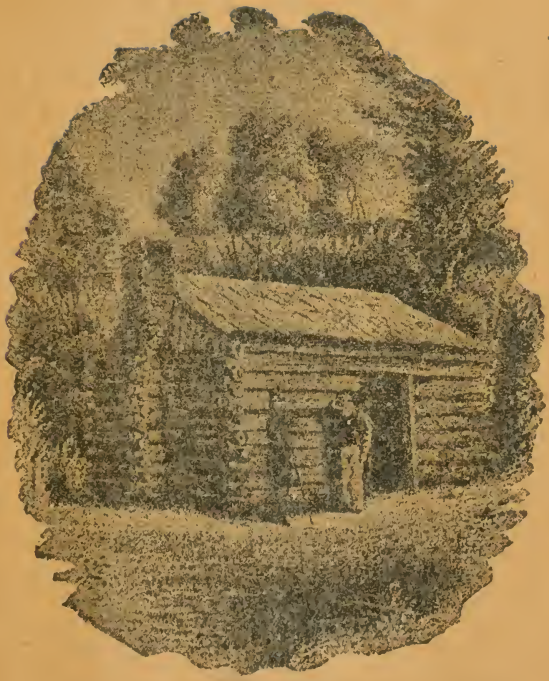
A deranged stomach cannot digest food properly. Undi-

gested food sours or rots in the stomach. That plays havoc with the whole of nature's plan of sustaining life. Gas generates and swells the stomach to large proportions. The nervous system becomes excited. The heart gallops and palpitates. The liver is overloaded with corrupt matter, the bowels are unable to dispose of it fast enough, and the blood is corrupted. What is to be done? Simply assist the stomach, liver and bowels with that greatest of all regulators—LINCOLN TEA. It unloads the bowels, stimulates the liver and invigorates the stomach. Nature does the rest.

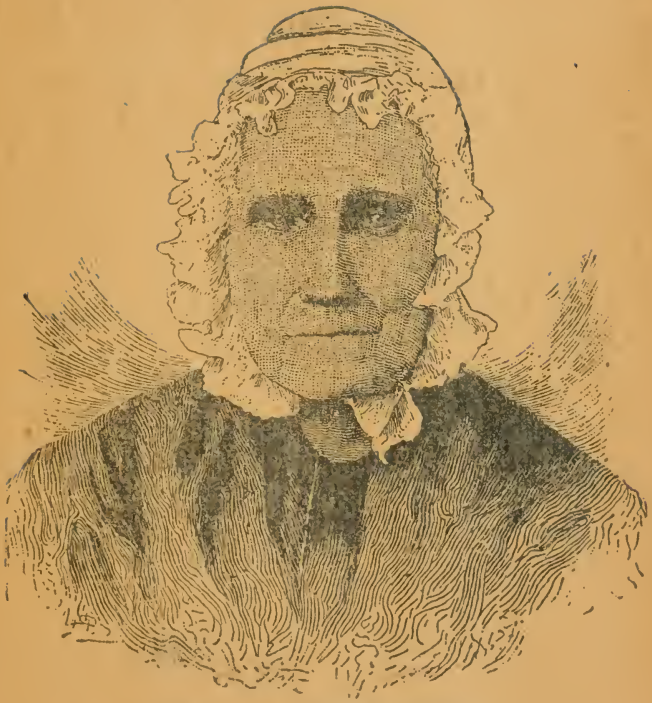
Constipation of the bowels is the result or cause of more ill health and suffering than almost any other complaint. The bowels are to the body what the sewers are to a great city. If the sewer is clogged, the deadly gas permeates every house and scatters the seeds of all diseases throughout the city. Constipated bowels sow the seeds of dyspepsia, liver complaint, impure blood, piles, irregular and painful menstruation and many other derangements from which women suffer. LINCOLN TEA relieves constipation at once, regulates digestion, invigorates the liver, and, by persistent use, makes a permanent cure.

Fill a glass or dish with urine and let it stand twenty-four hours. If it stains the glass, or deposits a sediment, there is trouble for you unless you have treatment. You may not have kidney disease, but you have some derangement of the kidneys, liver, stomach or bowels. LINCOLN TEA has cured hundreds of cases of so-called Bright's Disease, simply by regulating the digestion, unloading the bowels and stimulating the liver.

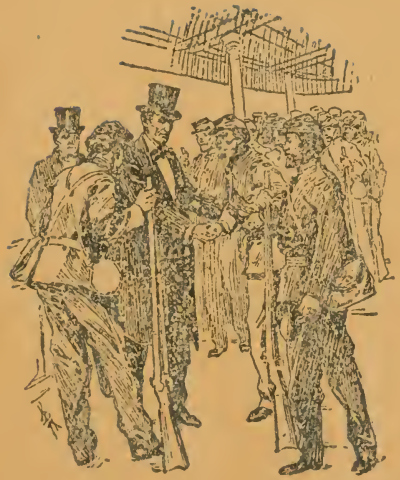
PART III.

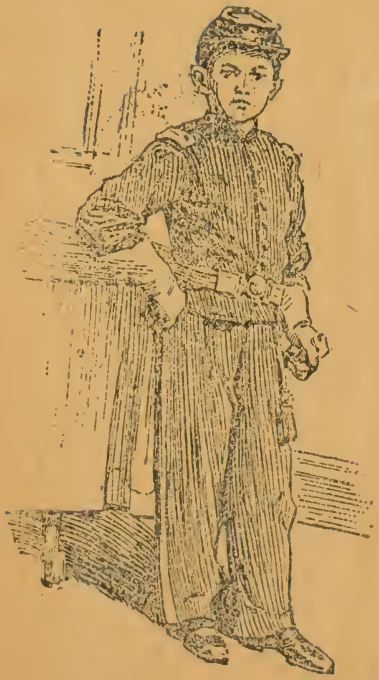


LINCOLN'S EARLY HOME IN ILLINOIS.

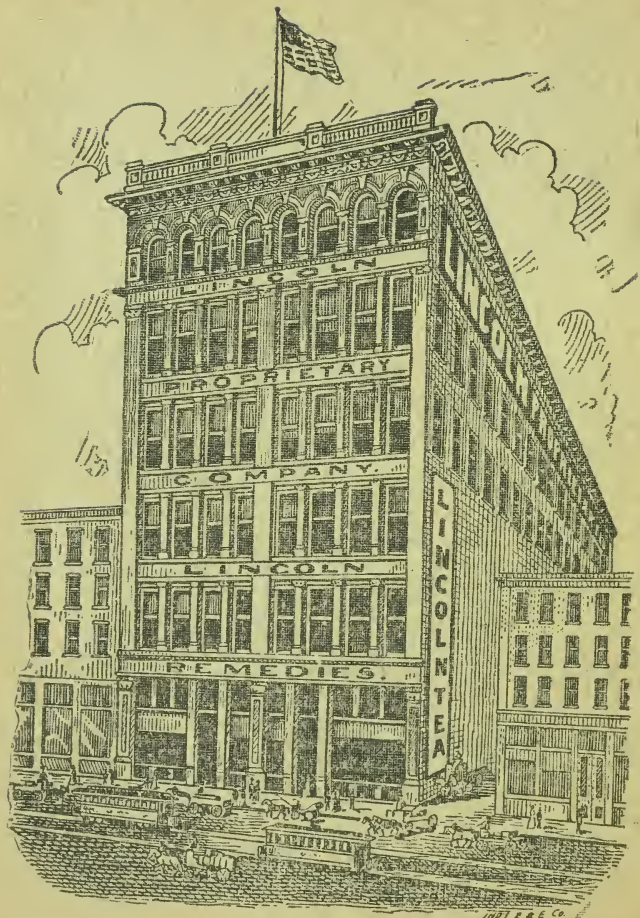


MRS. SARAH BUSH LINCOLN.
Lincoln's Beloved Stepmother.





W. H. HERNDON,
Lincoln's Law Partner, Springfield, Ill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