LINCOLN'S PERSONAL APPEARANCE.

PARTLY as a blind inference from his humble origin, but more from the misrepresentations made, sometimes in jest, sometimes in malice, during political campaigns, there grew up in the minds of many the strong impression that Mr. Lincoln was ugly, gawky, and ill-mannered; and even in recently written reminiscences the point is sometimes insisted on. In one of the little bits of autobiography which he wrote in the campaign of 1860 at the request of a friend, he thus describes himself: "If any personal description of me is thought desirable, I am in height six feet four inches, nearly; lean in flesh, weighing, on an average, one hundred and eighty pounds; dark complexion, with coarse black hair and gray eyes."

To these points we may add the other well-known peculiarities of Lincoln's form and features: Large head, with high crown of skull; thick, bushy hair; large and deep eye-caverns; heavy eyebrows; a large nose; large ears; large mouth; thin upper and somewhat thick under lip; very high and prominent cheek-bones; cheeks thin and sunken; strongly developed jawbones; chin slightly upturned; a thin but sinewy neck, rather long; long arms; large hands; chest thin and narrow as compared with his great height; legs of more than proportionate length, and large feet.

The reader's first impression will naturally be that a man with such long limbs and large and prominent features could not possibly be handsome; and this would be true of a man of ordinary height. But it must be borne in mind that Lincoln's height was extraordinary. A six-footer is a tall man; put four inches on top of that and you have a figure by no means common. Long limbs and large and strong features were fitted to this unusual stature, and harmonized perfectly with it; there was no effect of disproportion or grotesqueness. The beholder felt that here was a strong man, a person of character and power. As an evidence of this I cite two opinions concerning his personal appearance, made by impressions upon observers who noted not only the general effect, but somewhat minute details. The first is from a Philadelphian who visited him at Springfield, soon after his election to the presidency, and wrote this description, which was printed in the Philadelphia "Evening Bulletin," under date of November 14, 1860:

He is about six feet four inches high, and about fifty-one years old. Unfortunately for his personal appearance his great height makes his lankness appear to be excessive, and he has by no means been studious of the graces; his bearing is not attractive, and he does not appear to advantage when standing or walking. Seated, and viewed from the chest up, he is fine looking. His forehead is high and full, and swells out grandly. His eyes are deeply set, and, when his face is reposing, are not remarkable for brightness, but kindle with his thoughts and beam with great expression. His eyebrows are heavy, and move almost incessantly as he becomes animated. The lower part of his face is strongly marked by long angular jaws; but, unlike such a formation generally, his chin is broad and massive. His prominent cheek-bones, angular jaws, heavy chin, and large, full, but closely compressed mouth, with the deep lines about it, impress one with vivid ideas of his sternness, determination, and will. The hollowness of his cheeks gives him a somewhat haggard look, but as he is now cultivating whiskers and a beard, his appearance in that respect will soon be improved. His hair is very dark, almost black; is luxuriant, and falls carelessly but not ungracefully around his well-formed head. No facial muscles show more mobility than his, and consequently his face is an ever-varying mirror in which various expressions are continually flashing. Unlike most very tall men, he is lithe and agile and quick in all his movements and gestures. He talks fluently, uses good strong Saxon, avoids all attempts at display and affectations of any kind. His voice is strong and clear, and his articulation is singularly perfect.

My second citation is from a personal description of him written by Thomas D. Jones, the Cincinnati sculptor, who went to Springfield in December, 1860, and made a bust of Mr. Lincoln. This description was printed in the Cincinnati "Commercial" of October 18, 1871. Doubtless the lapse of years had somewhat dimmed the writer's first impressions; yet as the sculptor's profession had trained him in the art and habit of critical examination of lines and proportions, we may trust his statement both in whole and in detail as that of an accomplished expert.

Soon after reaching Springfield I attended one of Mr. Lincoln's evening receptions; it was there I really saw him for the first time to please me. He was surrounded by his nearest and dearest friends, his face illuminated, or, in common parlance, lighted up. He was physically an athlete of the first order. He could lift with ease a thousand pounds, five hundred in each hand. In

height, six feet four inches, and weighed one hundred and seventy-six pounds. He was a spare, bony, lean, and muscular man, which gave him that great and untiring tenacity of endurance during his laborious administration. Mentally he reasoned with great deliberation, but acted promptly, as he did in all of his rough-and-tumble encounters in the West. His arms were very long and powerful. "All I had to do was to extend one hand to a man's shoulder, and with weight of body and strength of arms give him a trip that generally sent him sprawling on the ground, which would so astonish him as to give him a quietus." Well might he "send them sprawling." His great strength and height were well calculated to make him a peerless antagonist. Get any man out of balance and he will lie down of his own gravity. His head was neither Greek nor Roman, nor Celt, for his upper lip was too short for that, or a Low German. There are few such men in the world; where they came from originally is not positively known. The profile lines of the forehead and nose resemble each other. General Jackson was one of that type of men. They have no depression in their foreheads at that point called eventuality. The line of the forehead from the root of the nose to the hair above comparison is slightly convex. Such men remember everything and forget nothing. Their eyes are not large, hence their deliberation of speech; neither are they *bon vivants* nor baldheaded. Mr. Lincoln was decidedly one of that class of men. His habit of thought and a very delicate digestion gave him a lean face and a spare figure. He had a fine suit of hair until the barbers at Washington attended to his toilet.

Mr. Jones adds a strong emphasis to his word-picture by recording how Mr. Lincoln's coming official responsibilities, growing into an overwhelming burden through the serious beginnings of southern secession, wrought an impressive change in his looks.

About two weeks before Mr. Lincoln left Springfield for Washington, a deep-seated melancholy seemed to take possession of his soul. . . . The former Mr. Lincoln was no longer visible to me. His face was transformed from mobility into an iron mask.

In the first of the extracts quoted, mention is made of the fact that he did not appear to advantage when walking or standing. This was not due to any disproportion in his figure, but to the general western habit of an easy-going, loose-jointed manner of walking — a manner necessarily acquired by the pioneers in their forest life, where their paths over inequalities of ground, over logs and stones, made impossible the stiff, upright carriage of men on the unobstructed pavements of cities. So also the sedentary habits which Lincoln's occupation as a lawyer brought upon him in later years had given him what appeared to be a slight stoop of the shoulders, though in reality it was little else than the mere forward inclination of the head common to nearly all studious and reflective men. As a standing figure he was seen to best advantage on the orator's platform. At certain moments, when, in summing up a connected series of logical propositions, he brought them together into a demonstration of unanswerable argument, his form would straighten up to full height, the head would be slightly thrown back, and the face become radiant with the consciousness of intellectual victory, making his personal appearance grandly imposing and impressive.

Again, the question of looks depended in Lincoln's case very much upon his moods. The large framework of his features was greatly modified by the emotions which controlled them. The most delicate touch of the painter often wholly changes the expression of a portrait; his inability to find that one needed master touch causes the ever-recurring wreck of an artist's fondest hopes. In a countenance of strong lines and rugged masses like Lincoln's, the lift of an eyebrow, the curve of a lip, the flash of an eye, the movements of prominent muscles created a much wider facial play than in rounded immobile countenances. Lincoln's features were the despair of every artist who undertook his portrait. The writer saw nearly a dozen, one after another, soon after the first nomination to the presidency, attempt the task. They put into their pictures the large rugged features, and strong prominent lines; they made measurements to obtain exact proportions; they "petrified" some single look, but the picture remained hard and cold. Even before these paintings were finished it was plain to see that they were unsatisfactory to the artists themselves, and much more so to the intimate friends of the man; this was not he who smiled, spoke, laughed, charmed. The picture was to the man as the grain of sand to the mountain, as the dead to the living. Graphic art was powerless before a face that moved through a thousand delicate gradations of line and contour, light and shade, sparkle of the eye and curve of the lip, in the long gamut of expression from grave to gay, and back again from the rollicking jollity of laughter to that serious, far-away look that with prophetic intuitions beheld the awful panorama of war, and heard the cry of oppression and suffering. There are many pictures of Lincoln; there is no portrait of him. In his case there was such a difference between the hard literal shell of the physical man, and the fine ideal fiber, temper, and aspiration of his spirit; the extremes were so far apart that no photograph or painting of the former could render even an approximate representation of the latter.

There were also current many flippant and

ill-natured remarks concerning Mr. Lincoln's dress, giving people the idea that he was either very rude by nature, or given to hopeless eccentricities. Nothing could be more untrue. If in so trivial a matter the exact state of his mind is thought worth analyzing, it can be done by recalling the conditions and surroundings under which he grew up.

From his birth until he became of age, his home was a rude frontier log cabin. These cabins were far from being desirable schools of elegant dressing. As a rule they had only a single room, in which the whole family cooked, ate, and slept. They contained only the most indispensable articles of furniture. Changes of clothing were managed when the greater part of the household was out of doors, as was almost constantly the case. Even a tin wash-basin was a rare luxury. Young readers of THE CENTURY will no doubt wonder how the ordinary ablutions were performed. The devices were simple enough; the grown men went to the spring or creek, and the women and children brought the coöperative system into requisition. One person would go to the water-pail, fill the gourd dipper, step a few yards outside the cabin door, and pour water on the hands of the other; and so each was helped in turn. Such a thing as shoe-blacking was rarely to be obtained, except as an article of home manufacture, burnt straw being sometimes mixed with grease into a paste for the purpose. But had there been a ton of blacking, it would have been of little general service, even to those who had shoes; for there were no pavements or sidewalks, and everybody's walk was necessarily either in the mud or in the dust.

Yet it must not be hastily inferred that frontier people were habitually slovenly or always dirty. As a rule they did the very best with their poor facilities for personal neatness and adornment; and in this, as usual, the women were the more enterprising and persistent. According to their means they "tidied up" their bare little households, scrubbed their puncheon floors, washed, mended, knit, spun, and in many instances wove, with such skill and application as to contribute materially to the health, comfort, and cleanliness of the family, and often of the neighborhood.

Thus two influences contributed to the formation of Mr. Lincoln's habits and ideas about dress. The principal one was, of course, that of necessity. As a boy in Indiana, as the youth who drove one of the ox-teams that moved the family to Illinois, and cleared and fenced their first field for cultivation, he no doubt wore the ordinary pioneer garb; which in the warm summer weather was reduced to the shirt of coarse unbleached cotton, then commonly called "domestic," trousers of butternut or blue jeans, and coarse cow-skin shoes; and no doubt, like other country boys, he was often compelled to substitute for missing suspender-buttons "pins" of the sharp thorns of the honey-locust, or little wooden pegs whittled out with his jack-knife. For head-covering, home-made caps of coon-skin were common in winter, and for summer hats of braided oat-straw, which every boy and girl knew how to make.

So long as he remained in his father's family he was necessarily subjected to these pioneer conditions. When he finally floated down the Sangamon River in his canoe to New Salem in 1831, there were doubtless chances for improvement, for New Salem had ten or fifteen houses and a store; and every self-respecting young stripling, launching out into the world as Lincoln did, paid an intuitive tribute to society even in this early form, by making himself presentable to the utmost extent of his means. But day labor in flatboat-building could not immediately furnish him either time or means for personal adornment. His opportunity probably came after the flatboat had arrived in New Orleans, the cargo had been sold, and he had received his pay. We may reasonably surmise that he wore a new suit of clothes when in June he returned by steamboat up the Mississippi to St. Louis, and walked thence to his father's home; and this betterment in his dress was probably continued, as far as might be, when he returned to become a permanent citizen of New Salem, first as the clerk in Offut's store, and later as one of the partners; for the inquisitive eyes of the country beauties who came to trade at his counter, or whom he saw at the little church gatherings on Sunday, could not fail to prompt an ambitious young fellow, early in his twenties, to such care of his person as he could afford.

But circumstances also followed to moderate this temptation. The Clary's Grove boys would not have tolerated any pronounced form of country dude; the store soon failed; the Black Hawk campaign gave him fresh experience in habits of primitive living; and on his return from soldiering, the occupation of deputy surveyor compelled him to a daily routine of encounter with brushwood, briars, and stones, in which his clothing, of whatever texture or cut, suffered the brunt of the battle. It is therefore likely that when he first went to Vandalia, as member of the legislature, the economy of his wardrobe was as remarkable as its neatness.

Here at Vandalia he saw a convocation of samples of all the good clothes and good manners in the State; but this showing could not have been very imposing. The settlement of northern Illinois was scarcely begun. Chicago had only a population of 550, but 27 of whom

were voters, while two years before New Salem precinct alone had given Lincoln 277 votes. The lead-miners who made up the settlement of Galena had reached that place by ascending the Mississippi River. The southern end of the State contained the bulk of its population, largely made up of pioneers from Virginia, the Carolinas, and Kentucky, and had St. Louis, Missouri, for its metropolis; though that city contained only six to eight thousand inhabitants, and did not as yet shed a very wide radiance of refinement in dress and manners, being more than anything else a flourishing *entrepôt* of the western fur-trade. Society, therefore, as Lincoln found it at Vandalia, was, as afterwards at Springfield, of the make-up and spirit of slave-State pioneers — Virginia customs and ambition modified by the tedious filtration through Kentucky and Indiana forests, and tempered by the craft and the sturdy personal independence taught by the use of the rifle and the ax. They were men generally well through the transition from buckskin to blue jeans, but not yet far on the road from blue jeans to broadcloth. They valued dress and costume as a means, not as an end; they looked more closely at the light in the eye of the neighbor or stranger, than at either the cut or texture of his garb, or the form or gesture of his salutation.

In fact there was such an absence of need for fine dress, that external display, except in men of position and well-established reputation, was rather regarded with suspicion. Western river commerce was just beginning a remarkable era of expansion and prosperity, fed by a constantly growing immigration; and river steamboats were haunted by a class of gamblers expert in the various games of cards, who made inexperienced or careless travelers their easy prey. These gamblers as a rule wore extra good clothes — shining silk hats, fine broadcloth coats, sparkling diamond breastpins; and they assumed all the elegance of manner compatible with their want of breeding and character, and the recklessness and desperation of their vocation. When an over-dressed individual appeared in a western village or community, it was all right if the people knew him to be Governor A. or Judge B. or General C., but if his name and standing were unknown, public opinion was quite sure to set him down as some accomplished professor of draw-poker.

The analysis thus far made of the surroundings and probable impressions of Mr. Lincoln during the pioneer period, which lasted, with but slight modifications, from his birth in Kentucky, through the days of his boyhood and youth in Indiana, the trip of emigration to Illinois, his experiences at New Salem, including the flatboat trip to New Orleans and the Black Hawk campaign, and his mixed occupation as legislator at Vandalia during the winter, and practical surveyor of roads, farm lines, and town sites during the summer, covering in all a period of about thirty years, may seem somewhat prolix, but is very essential because those experiences and surroundings formed the solid and enduring elements of his character. It was this thirty years of life among the people that made and kept him a man of the people — which gave him the characteristics expressed in Lowell's poem:

> New birth of our new soil; the first American.

Or, rather, it would be more accurate to say that there was an inborn quality in the individual, a finer essence, a nobler spirit which absorbed and combined in his character the people's virtues, while remaining untouched and untarnished by the people's vices. There is the constant manifestation of the nobler traits, the steady conquest of adversity through industry, patience, courage, self-denial, cheerfulness, ambition, and study.

A champion wrestler among the Clary's Grove boys, he did not become a braggart and bully. His trip to New Orleans gave him no allurement to cards or petty gambling. In his New Salem store he neither learned to chew tobacco nor to drink whisky. His Black Hawk captaincy created no craving for military titles. His appointment to the New Salem postmastership failed to make him a chronic office-seeker. His work of surveying did not convert him into a land speculator. Sorely harassed by debt, he employed no subterfuge that savored of repudiation, but allowed even his surveying instruments to be levied upon by his exacting creditor. He overcame his want with persistent work, and subdued his constitutional melancholy with genial, hopeful cheerfulness. Nay, more, while bearing his own sore privations, he was constantly helpful to others. His popularity was not accidental. He was always and everywhere in request, because he could always and everywhere render a service. The idle crowds wanted him because he could tell a good story. Horse-races and wrestling-matches wanted him as a just and fair umpire. The weak and defenseless wanted his stalwart frame and strong arm. Cross-roads disputants needed his intelligence and reading for explanation or instruction. The volunteers needed him to command them. Politicians needed his advice in caucus, and his speeches on the stump. Everywhere it was actual service rendered that yielded him leadership and influence.

This same clearness of apprehension, this same solidity of judgment, this same intuitive selection of that which was better and higher, which made him so useful to others, served him in directing his own career. He had read

law in borrowed books during the moments of leisure which he could find between his duties as legislator at Vandalia, his work of practical surveying, and the time necessarily devoted to electioneering and speech-making to secure his reëlection to the legislature; and at the age of twenty-eight secured his license and moved from New Salem to Springfield to enter on a new career as a lawyer. A law had already been passed, largely through his own exertions, changing the capital of Illinois from Vandalia to Springfield; and the removal of the archives of the State government took place in 1839.

This removal of Lincoln's residence from a village of 20 houses to a "city" of 2500 inhabitants placed him in strikingly new relations and necessities as to dress, manners, society, and politics; and yet here again, as in the case of his removal from his father's cabin to New Salem six years before, peculiar conditions rendered the transition less abrupt than would appear at first thought. Springfield, notwithstanding its greater population and prospective dignity as the capital, was in many respects no great improvement on New Salem. It had no public buildings; its streets and sidewalks were unpaved; its stores, in spite of all their flourish of advertisements, were staggering under the hard times of 1837–39; and general stagnation of business imposed a rigid economy on all classes. If we may credit tradition, this was one of the most serious crises in Lincoln's life. His intimate friend, William Butler, related to the writer that, having attended a session of the legislature at Vandalia, he and Lincoln returned together at its close to Springfield, by the usual mode of horseback travel. At one of their stopping-places over night, Lincoln in one of his gloomy moods told Butler the story of the almost hopeless prospects which lay immediately before him — that the session was over, his salary all drawn, and his money all spent; that he had no resources, and no work; that he did not know where to turn to earn even a week's board. Butler bade him be of good cheer, and without any formal proposition or agreement took him and his belongings to his own house, and domesticated him there as a permanent guest, with Lincoln's tacit compliance, rather than any definite consent. Later Lincoln shared a room and genial companionship, which ripened into closest intimacy, in the store of his friend Joshua F. Speed, all without charge or expense; and these brotherly offerings helped the young lawyer over present necessities which might otherwise have driven him to muscular handiwork at weekly or monthly wages.

From this time onward, in daily conversation, in argument at the bar, in political consultation and discussion, Lincoln's life gradually broadened into contact and contest with the leading professional minds of the growing State of Illinois. The man who could not pay a week's board bill was twice more elected to the legislature, was invited to public banquets and toasted by name, became a popular speaker, moved in the best society of the new capital, made what was considered a brilliant marriage, grew to important party influence, and was sent to Congress. His congressional service, though restricted by the traditions of his district to a single term, again widened his influence. He became a force in the nomination and election of General Taylor, made campaign speeches for him, not only in Illinois, Indiana, and Kentucky, but also in the eastern States; and easily maintained his position as a leader in politics, while rapidly growing into fame as a leader at the bar.

Here we must turn back and again take up the analysis of his personal traits. And first as to dress and manners. It is a significant fact that the only alleged descriptions of his appearance in those early days (and they are evidently inferential rather than literal) are those which represent him as the tall, raw, country stripling in the pioneer garb in which he made his advent in Illinois and New Salem. And according to the rule that he is the best dressed man whose costume is the least noticeable, we must conclude that Lincoln's dress was always, both by compulsion and choice, of that commonplace respectability equally free from shabbiness on the one hand, and pretentious effort at display of gentility on the other. We may also draw the same inference from the character of his contemporaries and associates. Stuart, Logan, Browning, Douglas, Trumbull, Shields, Baker, Hardin, Peck, Davis, and a host of other prominent Illinoisans were his friends, companions, opponents, rivals; and there is neither record nor tradition that in society, or on the stump, or in the local or superior courts of the State, there was any marked distinction or contrast between him and them. Several of these passed through gradations of privation, fortune, and influence similar to his own; and if we would institute a closer comparison, any old inhabitant of Springfield could testify that his first law-partner, John T. Stuart, was always a better, and his second law-partner, Stephen T. Logan, always a worse dressed man than Lincoln himself. The simple truth is, that with those men, in those days, dress was a matter of altogether minor consideration, and played a very unimportant part as the measure of a man's worth or influence. Convenience and comfort, not display, were its ends. These early law-practitioners, who followed circuit courts from county to county, worrying through snow and mud, fording swollen streams, sleeping on cabin floors, could not remain fastidious about cos-

tume; and the judges and juries were more impressed by the wit or argument of counsel than by the condition of his toilet.

And following Lincoln's career from his congressional service onward, through the years when he devoted himself exclusively to law, through the slavery discussion provoked by the Nebraska bill, through the great senatorial campaign with Douglas, through the campaign of 1860, and all his presidential service at Washington, we find, as to dress, that he simply continued the habits which the conditions of his early life impressed upon him. Always and everywhere he was sufficiently well-dressed to command the respect of those before whom he appeared; and quite as certainly he was never clad to that degree of fastidious elegance which would have entirely satisfied the superior being whose dictum regulates the curve of a trouser-leg. Standing side by side with Douglas in the joint debates, or on the platform of the Cooper Institute under the critical eyes of William Cullen Bryant, who presided, or towering before the multitude of great soldiers and civilians on the battlefield of Gettysburg, pronouncing his memorable address, he suffered no wise in comparison as to personal appearance with Douglas the senator, or Bryant the poet, or Edward Everett the polished statesman, diplomat, and orator.

If a few instances occurred where visitors found him in a faded dressing-gown and with slippers down at the heel, such incidents were due, not to carelessness or neglect, but to the fact that they had thrust themselves upon him at unseasonable and unexpected hours. So also there were some critics who, coming with the intention to find fault, could see nothing but awkwardness in his movements and wrinkles in his clothes. In the fifteen hundred days during which he occupied the White House, receiving daily visits at almost all hours, often from seven in the morning to midnight, from all classes and conditions of American citizens, as well as from many distinguished foreigners, there was never any eccentric or habitual incongruity of his garb with his station.

There, as in his father's cabin, or New Salem, or Vandalia, or Springfield, the man Lincoln never gave a fraction of thought or a moment of care to any question of dress. He followed the ordinary fashion and wore what the tailor, hatter, and boot-maker made for him. And so clad, the humblest citizens stood in his presence without awe, and the highest dignitaries with perfect respect. The world has yet to learn that General Scott, or Lord Lyons, or Bishop Simpson, or Prince Napoleon, or Archbishop Hughes, or the Comte de Paris, or Chief-justice Taney ever felt humiliated by the dress or want of dignity of President Lincoln in state ceremonial or private audience. The eyes of these men were not upon the tailor's suit of broadcloth, but upon the President and the man, and in such a scrutiny Lincoln outranked any mortal who ever questioned him eye to eye in his long and strange career from New Salem to the Blue Room of the White House.

As with his dress, so with his manner. Tempered and modified by the gravity of added years, and an ever-widening experience among varied social classes and conditions in many parts of the Union, it nevertheless retained to the last a strong impress of the essential characteristics of the frontier — simplicity, directness, and sincere heartiness. He never learned and never used meaningless or misleading conventional phrases. He would say, "I am glad to see you." He would never say, "I am charmed to see you." He always greeted his visitors with a cordial shake of the hand and a winning look or smile, unless, as very rarely happened, his mind was weighed down with a preoccupation of overwhelming care and suspense. He always listened with patience, even when the request of his petitioner might be frivolous or foolish. That he was fond of wit, and jest, and laughter, the world already knows. He gave others courtesy, kindness, and consideration to the last degree, and never by word or look assumed that he demanded them for himself.

In saying that Lincoln never gave a thought to personal appearance, I must not omit to mention that this, like all rules, has at least one exception. During the month of October in the campaign of 1860, he received a letter from a little girl twelve years old, then residing at Westfield, New York, which he read with unusual interest. How it came to be written was pleasantly narrated by the person who wrote it, and was printed in the newspapers about a dozen years ago. She says:

My father, who was a stanch Republican, brought one day to me — who followed in his footsteps and was a zealous champion of Mr. Lincoln — a picture of "Lincoln and Hamlin," one of those coarse, exaggerated likenesses which it seems to be the fate of our long-suffering people to have thrust before them in such contests. You are familiar with Mr. Lincoln's physiognomy, and remember the high forehead over those sadly pathetic eyes, the angular lower face, with the deep-cut lines about the mouth. As I regarded the picture I said to my mother: "He would look better if he wore whiskers, and I mean to write and tell him so." She laughingly consented, and I proceeded to give him my name, age, place of residence, my views of his fitness for the presidency, opinion of his personal appearance, and that I thought it would be much improved if he would cultivate whiskers, adding, as an inducement, that if he would, I would try my best to coax my two Democratic brothers to cast their

votes for him. In my heart of hearts I feared that this rather free criticism might give offense, and so tried to soften the blow by assuring him that I thought the "rail fence around his picture looked real pretty," and ended by asking him if he had no time to answer my letter, to allow his little girl to reply for him.

Mr. Lincoln's heart was touched by the unaffected, sincere kindliness of this childish prattle, and he sent her the following equally genuine and sympathetic little note in reply:

Private.

SPRINGFIELD, ILLINOIS, October 19, 1860.
MISS GRACE BEDELL:

MY DEAR LITTLE MISS:

Your very agreeable letter of the 15th is received. I regret the necessity of saying I have no daughters. I have three sons — one seventeen, one nine, and one seven years of age. They, with their mother, constitute my whole family.

As to the whiskers, having never worn any, do you not think people would call it a piece of silly affectation if I were to begin now?

Your very sincere well-wisher,
A. LINCOLN.

It is probable that he thought little of following Miss Grace Bedell's advice at the moment, but the suggestion tempted him to the experiment; and once begun, it was continued, and a three-months' growth of his beard no doubt convinced him of her good taste.

On his memorable journey to Washington in the following February, the train which bore him passed through Westfield, and made the usual stop to enable the crowd which had collected to see and hear their President-elect. The lady's narrative continues:

Mr. Lincoln made a short speech from the platform of the car, and concluded by saying that he had "a little correspondent at Westfield called Grace Bedell, and if she were present he should like to see her." I was present, but the crowd was so great that I had neither seen nor heard the speaker; but a friend helped me forward, and Mr. Lincoln stepped down to the platform where I stood, shook hands and kissed me, saying, as he touched his beard, "You see I let these whiskers grow for you, Grace"; shook my hands again cordially, and reëntered the cars, and that was the last I ever saw of this hero and martyr. That he did not forget me I received occasional assurances, though small would have been the wonder had I been forgotten in those dreadful days which followed.

John G. Nicolay.

A SUMMER POOL.

THIS is a wonder-cup in Summer's hand.
Somber, impenetrable, round its rim
The fir trees bend and brood. The noons o'erbrim
The windless hollow of its irised strand
With mote-thick sun and water-breathings bland.
Under a veil of lilies lurk and swim
Strange shapes of presage in a twilight dim,
Unwitting heirs of light and life's command.
Blind in their bondage, of no change they dream;
But the trees wait in grave expectancy.
The spell fulfils, and swarms of radiant flame—
Live jewels — above the crystal dart and gleam,
Nor guess the sheen beneath their wings to be
The dark and narrow regions whence they came.

Charles G. D. Roberts.