

of Greek and Roman life and single figures of women—Mr. Millet is as successful as in the treatment of English *genre*, and he has also won a reputation as a painter of portraits. Mr. Millet passes the winter season in New York, but lives the rest of the year in London and at his charming home at Broadway in Worcestershire, where he has for neighbors Alma-Tadema, Alfred Parsons, Sargent, and other Englishmen and Americans of note. He was born at Mattapoisett, Massachusetts, and was graduated at Harvard in the class of 1869. He is vice-president of the National Academy of Design, a member of the Society of American Artists, of the American Water Color Society, and of the Royal Institute of Painters of London. He obtained his art schooling at the Antwerp Academy, and received first-class medals at the Antwerp exhibitions in 1873 and 1874. A prize of \$2500 was awarded to him at the American Art Association Exhibition in 1886 for the picture, mentioned above, which is in the Union League Club, and at the Paris Exhibition of 1889 he received a silver medal in the British section. Mr. Millet is widely known as the brilliant war-correspondent of the London "Daily News" in the Russo-Turkish war, and as a clever writer of fiction and descriptive articles. In the field of illustration he has contributed to the magazines a large number of excellent drawings, those of

life and campaigns in the Balkans being particularly noticeable for freshness and vividness in transcription, and marked by great truth of observation and artistic feeling for the picturesque.

*William A. Coffin.*

#### Corrections with Regard to the Washington Family.

MR. THOMAS M. GREEN of Danville, Kentucky, writes to correct two errors in the article on "The Mother and Birthplace of Washington" in *THE CENTURY* for April, 1892. On page 833 it is stated that Augustine Washington died April 12, 1740, the writer having supplied the last figure, which is obliterated in the entry in the family Bible, with a cipher. Mr. Green quotes from General Washington's letter to Sir Isaac Heard to show that the correct date of Augustine Washington's death was April 12, 1743. Mr. Green also says:

In a note at the bottom of page 832 referring to the godmother of General Washington, who held him in her arms at the baptismal font, the statement is made that "the godmother, Mrs. Mildred Gregory, was an aunt of the infant. She was the daughter of Lawrence Washington, brother of Augustine." The word "brother" in the note was evidently an inadvertence or a misprint. Lawrence Washington was the father of Augustine and of Mildred.

EDITOR.

## IN LIGHTER VEIN.

### Lincoln's Goose Nest Home.

NEAR the graveyard where Lincoln's father and stepmother rest, seven miles south of Charleston, Illinois, in a place then known as Goose Nest, the Lincolns made their final settlement on removing from Indiana. Here Abraham Lincoln assisted his father in "getting settled," as they called it. He helped him build a log cabin, and cleared for him a patch of ground, and when he saw him "under headway" in the new country, bade him good-by and started north afoot. He found employment not far from Springfield, Illinois, where the active part of his early life was spent. Though he did not linger long in the Goose Nest cabin, he was there long enough to stamp his individuality on every heart for miles around, and many are the stories told of his sojourn among these people. It was my lot to be born and reared a few miles from the early home of the Lincolns, and the incidents I shall relate were picked up in conversation with the old settlers about our neighborhood, all of whom knew Lincoln well. I was shown a bridge he helped to build, and many other relics of his boyhood days.

One very old man told me that he once rode up to Thomas Lincoln's cabin and inquired if he could spend the night there. He was informed that the house afforded only two beds, and one of these belonged to a son who was then at home; but if he would get the consent of this boy to take him in as a bedfellow, he could stay. The stranger dismounted, and soon

found the six-foot boy in the back yard lying on a board reading. The boy consented, and the man slept with him that night. The boy was Abraham Lincoln, and the other never tires of telling how he spent the night with the future President.

Tarlton Miles, a veterinary surgeon of Charleston, told me that he had seen Lincoln driving an ox-team into town with cord-wood to sell. One night Lincoln was detained till late selling his wood. It grew dark, and "Abe" thought best not to attempt to drive home. As the Miles homestead was just out of town toward the Lincoln cabin, Lincoln stopped there overnight. His entire outfit, in the way of wearing-apparel, consisted of homespun jeans trousers, knit "galluses," a linsey shirt, and a straw hat. Miles's father sat up till midnight talking with Lincoln, and was amazed at the wisdom he displayed.

I spent four years in Charleston, as salesman in a large dry-goods house there, and as most of the country folks traded at this store, I often enjoyed rare treats in the way of chats with the old settlers about "Abe," as they loved to call him. As I measured off calico for them they measured off "yarns" for me. I said to one old settler, "Did you ever have a hint of Lincoln's greatness while he lived near you?" "No," he said, as he took a chew of "Lincoln green," "I never did. I had six boys, an' any one of 'em seemed as peart to me as Tom's Abe did—'cept perhaps in book-readin'. He always did take to that, an' on that account we uns uset to think he

would n't amount to much. You see, it war n't book-readin' then, it war work, that counted. Now, talkin' about rail-splittin', any of my boys could beat Abe any day he lived, an' any one of 'em could run him a middlin' tight foot-race; an' thess why he should beat 'em in the big race for fame, I can' tell."

"Uncle Johnny" Gordon is an odd character known in Charleston as the "Sassafras Man." In the spring months he may be seen offering for sale neat little bunches of sassafras root, which he has carefully gathered, and which he declares is a "balm for all wounds." For "yarns" of the early days on Goose Nest prairie, and for recollections of Thomas Lincoln, one has only to buy a bunch of sassafras, then make his wants known, and Uncle Johnny will supply them, heaped up and running over. The quality of Gordon's recollections may not be the best, but the quantity can't be questioned.

At the time the Lincolns settled at Goose Nest Dan Needham was the champion wrestler in Cumberland County. This county joins Coles, the one in which the Lincolns lived. Needham had often been told that he would find his match in Tom Lincoln's boy Abe, but he would boast that he could "fling him three best out of four any day he lived." At last they met. It was at a house-raising on the Ambraw River. "Raisin's" at that time brought "neighbors" from many miles around, and I am told that at this one they came from as far south as Crawford County, more than forty miles away. Thomas Lincoln came, and with him his boy Abe. After the work of the day, in which Abe and Dan matched handspikes many times, a "rassle" was suggested. At first Abe was unwilling to measure arms with Dan, who was six feet four and as agile as a panther; but when Thomas Lincoln said, "Abe, rassle 'im," Abe flung off his coat, and the two stood face to face. Four times they wrestled, and each time Needham was thrown.

At the close of the fourth round the combatants again stood face to face, Abe flushed but smiling, Dan trembling with anger. However, one glance at the honest, good-natured face of his opponent cooled his rage, and, extending his rough palm, he said, "Well, I'll be ——!" Ever after this they were warm friends. Needham survived Lincoln many years, and though he was a strong Democrat, he had nothing but good words for Abe. Several of his boys still live near the old homestead in Spring Point township, Cumberland County, Illinois. One daughter, the wife of W. P. Davis,—a brother of the writer,—resides on a farm near Roseland, Nebraska. Uncle Dan, as we called him, now sleeps in a quiet churchyard hidden away in a deep forest. A braver heart never beat; and though his life was humble, I am sure that he did not lack for a welcome into the Eternal City.

*Alonzo Hilton Davis.*

#### A Counter.

So knavishly they played the game of hearts,  
She counted him a victim to her arts,  
He thought her snared. So, pleased both went their way;  
And yet, forsooth, old strategists were they!

*Edith M. Thomas.*

#### An Experience.

##### *Tempo Moderato.*

I HAD a dream last night in which I seemed  
To see myself a man immortal deemed.  
My poems, lately placed upon the mart,  
Had gone straight home to every reader's heart,  
And fairly falling o'er each other's feet,  
Demanding copies, mortals thronged the street  
Before the doors of him who had to sell  
The dainty verses that I loved so well.  
Then, as I watched the scramble for my work,  
An angel came and beckoned — with a smirk —  
"Fitz-Alfred Massinger De Greene," she said,  
"Lift up your optics blue and look ahead."  
The which I did — for you must understand  
At all times I obey the soft command  
Of angels, whether winged ones or those  
Who here do lighten or increase our woes.  
And as I looked I saw a wondrous sight  
That dazzled, 't was so marvelously bright,  
As well it might be, for the scroll of fame  
Stood straight before my eyes, and there the name —  
Sensation sweet! Sensation, oh, how blest! —  
Fitz-Alfred M. De Greene led all the rest.

##### *Andante.*

I swooned with very joy, and then I woke  
As yonder church bells sounded forth the stroke  
Announcing morn!

I need not here unfold  
Just how I rose and dressed. The crisp and cold  
Of winter lingered in the atmosphere,  
Yet not for me could anything be drear.  
The while that dream of bliss did haunt my soul,  
Life was all joy unmixed with tearful dole.

##### *Allegretto.*

But hist! What sound is that I seem to hear?  
The postman's whistle breaks upon my ear.  
A missive from my publisher he brings  
In confirmation of my dream — he flings  
It through the open door.

Be quick to ope  
O trusty paper-knife, this envelope.

##### *Allegro.*

Egad, it must be true; a check falls out,  
And here 's a statement of the sales, no doubt.

##### *Crescendo Appassionato Presto.*

Let 's see: one thousand copies printed, two  
Hundred and sixty-seven for review,  
And still on hand when this year was begun —  
Ye Gods! no less than seven thirty-one.  
"Inclosed find twenty cents in royalty —  
Two copies sold!" Scott! *They were bought by me!*

##### *Doloroso.*

Roll on, drear world, nor stop to think of me.  
I go to-day across the salt, salt sea.  
I'll head for Russia, where, the Czar defied,  
I'll save myself th' expense of suicide.

*John Kendrick Bangs.*