

LOVE FOR CHILDREN

2009.08.05

DRAWER

3A

Personality

Abraham Lincoln's Personality

Love for Children

Excerpts from newspapers and other
sources

From the files of the
Lincoln Financial Foundation Collection

**NOVELIST SOUTHWORTH: LITTLE FREDDY
WILL SHAKE PRESIDENT LINCOLN BY
THE HAND, MARCH FOURTH, 1864**

I

Prospect Cottage,
Monday Morning.

My Dear Sir

The proofs came only this morning. I send them by the return mail, with the first chapter of the new number. I will send the other numbers to-morrow.

My headache turned out to be a bilious attack but I am better now than I have been for a long time past.

I am very glad that you will let little Freddy come on with Richmond to see the Inauguration. Please tell Freddy about it, that he may have it to think about and talk about and take his attention off his hip. You know he can go to see Mr. Lincoln too and shake hands with him, which all little boys like to do. And I would take him over to see all the fortifications across the river. And to a great many other scenes of interest.

As to the story no one is more sensible to its shortcomings than I am. I will stick to Owen now.

With love to little Freddy and warm regards to all the rest, I remain

Faithfully yours,

E. D. E. N. SOUTHWORTH,

(A. L. S. 8vo, two pages).

"Life in Letters"

LINCOLN LIKED BOYS.

— 2-7-1909

Used to Take the Lads of Springfield on Fishing Trips.

St. Louis Globe-Democrat: When William B. Thompson, of the St. Louis bar, was a boy he went fishing with Abraham Lincoln. That was before Mr. Lincoln was a candidate for president; earlier even than the historic Lincoln-Douglas debates. It was when Mr. Lincoln was practicing law in Springfield and wanted a day off. Then he would put the neighbors' boys into the family carryall, as many as could be crowded in, and drive away to the banks of the Sangamon. The Lincoln whom William B. Thompson remembers best was not the lawyer, the orator, the candidate, the president, but the friend and associate of every boy in the street where he lived in Springfield.

"I lived half a block from Mr. Lincoln's," said Mr. Thompson, "and visited at the house, but more frequently I met Mr. Lincoln in the street as I went to and from school. Mr. Lincoln was not an observant man in the street; in fact, he hardly ever saw us unless we spoke to him. He walked along with his hands behind him, gazing upward and noticing nobody. But it was usual for all of the boys in the neighborhood to speak to him as we met him. He had endeared himself to all of us by reason of the interest he took in us. When one of us spoke to him as he was walking along in his absorbed manner he would stop and acknowledge the greeting pleasantly. If the boy was small Mr. Lincoln would often take him up in his arms and talk to him. If the boy was larger Mr. Lincoln would shake hands and talk with him. If he didn't recall the face he would ask the name, and if he recognized it he would say: 'Oh, yes; I remember you.' If the boy was a comparative stranger Mr. Lincoln would treat him so pleasantly that the boy always wanted to speak to Mr. Lincoln after that whenever he met him.

"But besides showing interest in us Mr. Lincoln was exceedingly popular with the boys in the neighborhood because of the fishing trips to the Sangamon river he took with us. He owned a bay horse, which was called a 'shaved tail' horse. He had a 'calash,' as the roomy vehicle was known. Into the calash Mr. Lincoln would put all of the boys of the neighborhood who could crowd in, and drive out to the Sangamon. We carried our lunches and spent the whole day. After we were pretty well tired tramping about we spread out the lunches. Mr. Lincoln sat down with us. When we had eaten he told us stories and entertained us with his funny comments. No boy who had accompanied Mr. Lincoln on one of these fishing trips willingly missed another."

From "Stories and Speeches of Abraham Lincoln," by Paul Selby: As one stretcher was passing Mr. Lincoln he heard the voice of a lad calling to his mother in agonizing tones. His great heart filled. He forgot the crisis of the hour. Stopping the carriers he knelt, and, bending over the boy, asked tenderly, "What can I do for you, my poor child?" "Oh, you will do nothing for me," the boy replied. "You are a Yankee. I cannot hope my message to my mother will ever reach her." Mr. Lincoln, in tears, with a voice of tenderest love, convinced the boy of his sincerity, and the lad gave his good-by words without reserve. These the President directed to be copied and sent that night, under a flag of truce, into the enemy's lines. 1910

Lincoln as a Porter.

A LADY who was a little girl in Springfield, Ill., before the war tells this pleasing story of Abraham Lincoln's kindness. He was then a lawyer and member of Congress, but he was not too proud to carry a trunk on his shoulder through the streets:

"The very children knew him, for there was not one of them for whom he had not done some kind deed. My first impression of Mr. Lincoln was made by one of his kind deeds. I was going with a little friend for my first trip alone on the railroad cars. I had planned for it and dreamed of it for weeks.

"The day came, but as the hour of the train approached the hackman, through some neglect, failed to call for my trunk. As the minutes went on I realized, in a panic of grief, that I should miss the train. I was standing by the gate—my hat and gloves on—sobbing as if my heart would break, when Mr. Lincoln came by.

"'Why, what's the matter?' he asked, and I poured out all my story.

"'How big's the trunk? There's still time if it isn't too big,' and he pushed through the gate.

"My mother and I took him up to my room, where my little old-fashioned trunk stood, locked and tied.

"'O-ho,' he cried. 'Wipe your eyes and come on quick.'

"And before I knew what he was going to do he had shouldered the trunk, was down stairs, and striding out of the yard. Down the street he went, as fast as his long legs could carry him, I trotting behind, drying my tears as I went. We reached the station in time. Mr. Lincoln put me on the train, kissed me good-bye, and told me to have a good time. It was just like him."—McClure's Magazine.

MR. LINCOLN AND THE DYING SOLDIER BOY.

One day in May, 1863, while the great war was raging between the North and South, President Lincoln paid a visit to one of the military hospitals, says an exchange. He had spoken many cheering words of sympathy to the wounded as he proceeded through the various wards, and now he was, at the bedside of a Vermont boy of about 16 years of age, who lay there mortally wounded.

Taking the dying boy's thin, white hands in his own, the president said, in a tender tone:

"Well, my poor boy, what can I do for you?"

The young fellow looked up into the president's kindly face and asked: "Won't you write to my mother for me?"

"That I will," answered Mr. Lincoln, and calling for a pen, ink and paper, he seated himself at the side of the bed and wrote from the boy's dictation. It was a long letter, but the president betrayed no signs of weariness. When it was finished he rose, saying:

"I will post this as soon as I get back to my office. Now, is there anything else I can do for you?"

The boy looked up appealingly to the president.

"Won't you stay with me?" he asked. "I do want to hold on to your hand."

Mr. Lincoln at once perceived the lad's meaning. The appeal was too strong for him to resist, so he sat down by his side and took hold of his hand. For two hours the president sat there patiently as though he had been the boy's father.

When the end came he bent over and folded the thin hands over his breast. As he did so he burst into tears, and when soon afterward he left the hospital they were still streaming down his cheeks.—Christian Advocate.

Lincoln Took Her to the Circus.

There died near Danville, Ill., recently a woman who, in her younger days, learned to love Abraham Lincoln as a father, and who met in a most peculiar manner. He saw her crying one day because she could not attend a circus in that city. He promptly took her by the hand and together they walked to Danville and saw the show.

1910

The woman was Mrs. Anna Pierce. She lived on a farm in her younger days, and the family had but little money. Circuses were not every-day occurrences, and when one came to the city the family supply of cash had been exhausted. The little girl sat on the front doorstep and was bemoaning her disappointment when Lincoln, walking down the middle of the road, as was his wont, saw her in her sad plight.

"Get on your new dress and I will take you," he said, and while she changed her clothes he sat on the front step and played with a small brother of the girl.

LINCOLN AND THE CHILDREN

— 1912

The very children knew him, for there was not one of them for whom he had not done some kind deed. "My first strong impression of Mr. Lincoln," says a lady of Springfield, "was made by one of his kind deeds. I was going with a little friend for my first trip alone on the railroad cars. It was an epoch in my life. I had planned for it and dreamed of it for weeks. The day I was to go came, but as the hour of the train approached the hackman, through some neglect, failed to call for my trunk. As the minutes went on I realized in a panic of grief that I should miss the train. I was standing by the gate, my hat and gloves on, sobbing as if my heart would break, when Mr. Lincoln came by.

"'Why what's the matter?' he asked, and I poured out all my story.

"'How big's the trunk? There's still time, if it isn't too big.' And he pushed through the gate and up to the door. My mother and I took him up to my room where my little old-fashioned trunk stood, locked and tied. 'Oh, ho,' he cried, 'wipe your eyes, and come on quick.' And before I knew what he was going to do, he had shouldered the trunk, was downstairs, and striding out of the yard. Down the street he went, fast as his long legs could carry him, I trotting behind, drying my tears as I went. We reached the station in time. Mr. Lincoln put me on the train, kissed me and told me to have a good time. It was just like him."—American Magazine.

Northwestern Christian Advocate

February 10, 1909.

LINCOLN'S LOVE FOR THE CHILDREN.

Children liked Lincoln. Their keen eyes seemed to penetrate his sad and rugged countenance and see the good-natured man behind it. Simple persons, young as well as old, instinctively felt a kinship with him and stood in no awe of him. Babies in their mothers' arms reached out trustingly toward him, and romping youngsters were not stilled in his presence. He delighted in their bold freedom and did not care if they were noisy.

He looked upon the hard privations of his own boyhood as an example to be avoided and not followed. For that reason, he was not given to preaching from the familiar text, "When I was a boy I had to do this and that."

* * *

His four children were all boys. Their shouts at play were the only notes of joy that came to the ears of their care-burdened father. Their voices, however loud, did not annoy him, and he never seemed to be impatient of their intrusions upon him, no matter how grave might be the business which he had in hand. Often he went out into the grounds and joined in their games, regardless of his dignity and the amazement of the lookers-on. Sometimes he played ball with them and their playmates, running the bases with his long legs, as if he had no other purpose in life.

* * *

After Willie's death, little Tad received a double share of his father's affection. Generally they slept together, and no time or place was sacred from the boy. He was free to interrupt his father on any occasion and crawl over him even at a meeting of the cabinet. The President liked to go through picture books with him, and laughed carelessly when teachers or tutors complained that he did not pay enough attention to his school books. —From "Abraham Lincoln the Boy and the Man," by James Morgan. By permission of Macmillan Company.

LINCOLN AND THE LAD.

Great War President Was Ever a Friend to the Poor and Lowly.

While officially resident in Washington during the civil war I once had occasion to call upon President Lincoln with the late Senator Henry Wilson upon an errand of a public nature in which we were mutually interested, says ex-Governor Rice in his memorial volume. We were obliged to wait some time in the anteroom before we could be received, and when at length the door was opened to us a small lad, perhaps ten or twelve years old, who had



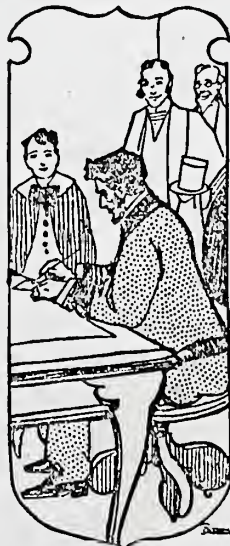
"I AM A GOOD BOY."

been waiting for admission several days without success, slipped in between us and approached the president in advance. The latter gave the senator and myself a cordial but brief salutation and, turning immediately to the lad, said, "And who is the little boy?" The boy soon told his story, which was in substance that he had come to Washington seeking employment as a page in the house of representatives, and he wished the president to give him such an appointment.

To this the president replied that such appointments were not at his disposal and that application must be made to the doorkeeper of the house at the capitol. "But, sir," said the lad, still undaunted, "I am a good boy and have a letter from my mother and one from the supervisors of my town and one from my Sunday school teacher, and they all told me that I could

earn enough in one session of congress to keep my mother and the rest of us comfortably all the remainder of the year." The president took the lad's papers and ran his eye over them with that penetrating and absorbent look so familiar to all who knew him and then took his pen and wrote upon the back of one of them. "If

Captain Goodnow can give a place to this good little boy, I shall be gratified," and signed it "A. Lincoln."



TOOK HIS PEN.

The boy's face became radiant with hope, and he walked out of the room with a step as light as though all the angels were whispering their congratulations.

Only after the lad had gone did the president seem to realize that a senator and another person had been some time waiting to see him.

Think for a moment of the president of a great nation engaged in one of the most terrible wars ever waged among men able so far to forget all as to give himself up for the time being to the errand of a little boy who had braved an interview uninvited and of whom he knew nothing but that he had a story to tell of his widowed mother and of his ambition to serve her!

A SOUTHERNER'S LOVE FOR LINCOLN.

The following interesting anecdote is quoted from a delightful sketch of General Pickett called "My Soldier," in McClure's, and written by Mrs. La Salle Corbell Pickett, wife of the famous Confederate cavalry leader, and who will deliver the address at the Oskaloosa Chautauqua, on Soldiers' Day, Tuesday, August 18, her subject being "The Battle of Gettysburg."

"I was in Richmond when my Soldier fought the awful battle of Five Forks. Richmond surrendered, and the surging sea of fire swept the city. News of the fate of Five Forks had reached us, and the city was full of rumors that General Pickett was killed. I did not believe them. I knew he would come back; he had told me so. But they were very anxious hours for me. The day after the fire, there was a sharp rap at the door. The servants had all run away. The city was full of Yankees, and my environment had not taught me to love them. The fates of other cities had awakened my fears for Richmond. With my baby on my arm, I opened the door and looked out at a tall, gaunt, sad-faced man in ill-fitting clothes. He asked: 'Is this George Pickett's home?'"

"With all the courage and dignity I could muster, I replied: 'Yes, and I am his wife and this is his baby.'

"I am Abraham Lincoln."

"The president,' I gasped. I had never seen him, but I knew the intense love and reverence with which my Soldier always spoke of him. The stranger shook his head and replied:

"No, Abraham Lincoln, George's old friend." 2-29-1908

"The baby pushed away from me and reached out his hands to Mr. Lincoln, who took him in his arm. As he did so an expression of rapt, almost divine tenderness and love lighted up the sad face. It was a look that I have never seen on any other face. The baby opened his mouth and insisted upon giving his father's friend a dewy infantile kiss. As Mr. Lincoln gave the little one back to me he said:

"Tell your father, the rascal, that I forgive him for the sake of your bright eyes."

Abraham Lincoln's kindness to the Fledgling's.



“WHAT YUH GOT, ABE?”

“SOMETHING'S moving in the bushes over there; maybe it's a snake,” observed one of a group of boys who trudged through the woods.

The party halted and listened intently to the rustling of leaves and grass. Then a lad stepped to the side of the road. Leaning over the thicket whence had come the sound, he presently thrust forth two big hands and carefully raised something from the ground.

“What yuh got, Abe?” came in chorus from the others, as with excited interest they gathered round to inspect the prize.

For answer, Abe revealed two tiny fledglings, which lay trembling and frightened in his broad palms.

“Oh, little birds! Guess they must uv fell from their nest,” remarked his companions. Their interest waning, the tough brown feet began to plow forward through the dust. Seeing that Abe paused, they shouted:

“Come on, Abe. Throw 'em away if yuh don't want 'em.”

But Abe remained where he stood. A tall boy he was, loosely put together and with a face whose features were so irregular as to make him quite homely. Yet it was a kindly face, and the tender look that lighted in his eyes made it appear almost handsome, as Abe replied:

“Boys, I couldn't sleep tonight if I didn't put these little birds back into their nest.”

The youths laughed at this, and chaffed him, but as Abe was such a decent,

lovable sort of chap, they finally said, good-humoredly, “All right; see you later,” and went upon their way.

Thereupon Abe proceeded in his search for the birds' home. It took him at least two hours to find it. However, when he had shinned up the trunk and gently replaced the fledglings in their nest, the joy of the poor mother bird more than compensated him for the trouble.

And, in later years, the great President of the United States, Abraham Lincoln, was still as kind-hearted and as easily touched by an appeal as the boy, Abraham Lincoln, who had rescued the fledglings from their pitiable plight.

Abraham Lincoln

and the

Slum Children

THROUGHOUT his life, that was marked by many sorrows, Abraham Lincoln frequently expressed his sympathy, deep and sincere, for the poor and downtrodden. It was his feeling for the slave that set his feet first in the path which led him to the presidency and to martyrdom. In New York city, during the visit which included the making of the famous speech in Cooper Institute, he came most closely into contact with the very poor. The meeting took place in February, 1860. Its story is told as follows in "The Everyday Life of Abraham Lincoln:"

It appears that on the Sunday which Mr. Lincoln spent in New York city he visited a Sunday school in the notorious region called Five Points and there made a short address to the scholars. After his return to Springfield one of his neighbors, hearing of this, thought it would be a good subject for bantering Mr. Lincoln about and accordingly visited him for that purpose. This neighbor was generally known as "Jim," just as Lincoln was called "Abe."

The following account of Jim's visit, furnished by Edward Eggleston, shows that he did not derive as much fun from the bantering as he had expected:

"He started for 'Old Abe's' office, but, bursting open the door impulsively, found a stranger in conversation with Mr. Lincoln. He turned to retrace his steps, when Lincoln called out, 'Jim, what do you want?' 'Nothing.' 'Yes, you do. Come back.' After some entreaty Jim approached Mr. Lincoln and remarked, with a twinkle in his eye: 'Well, Abe, I see you have been making a speech to Sunday school children. What's the matter?' 'Sit down, Jim, and I'll tell you about it.' And with that Lincoln put his feet on the stove and began:

"When Sunday morning came I didn't know exactly what to do. Washburne asked me where I was going. I told him I had nowhere to go, and he proposed to take me down to the Five Points Sunday school to show me something worth seeing. I was very much interested by what I saw. Presently Mr. Pease came up and spoke to Mr. Washburne, who intro-



HE WAS REPEATING THE LITTLE SONG FROM MEMORY.

duced me. Mr. Pease wanted us to speak. Washburne spoke and then I was urged to speak.

"I remembered that Mr. Pease said they were homeless and friendless, and I thought of the time when I had been pinched by terrible poverty. And so I told them that I had been poor; that I remembered when my toes stuck out through my broken shoes in winter; when my arms were out at the elbows; when I shivered with the cold. And I told them there was only one rule. That was always do the very best you can. I told them that I had always tried to do the very best I could, and that if they would follow that rule they would get along somehow. That was about what I said.

"And when I got through Mr. Pease said it was just the thing they needed. And when the school was dismissed all the teachers came up and shook hands with me and thanked me for it."

"Just here Mr. Lincoln put his hand in his pocket and remarked that he had never heard anything that touched him as had the songs which those children sang. With that he drew forth a little book, remarking that they had given him one of the books from which they sang. He began to read a piece with all the earnestness of his great, earnest soul.

"In the middle of the second verse his friend Jim felt a choking in his throat and a tickling in his nose. At the beginning of the third verse he saw that the stranger was weeping, and his own tears fell fast. Turning toward Lincoln, who was reading straight on, he saw the great, blinding tears in his eyes, so that he could not possibly see the pages. He was repeating that little song from memory. How often he had read it or how long its sweet and simple accents continued to reverberate through his soul no one can know."

Mr. Lincoln and "Dick" Randall.

Abraham Lincoln loved boys. There never was a time in the busiest hours of his service as war president when his own boys were not welcome to his presence, whoever else might be in the room, or whatever the purpose of their being there. The death of his son, Willie, in the first year of his administration laid a deep personal sorrow atop his other bitter testings of soul.

Mr. Lincoln's boy life was lacking in most of the joys that make radiant the hearts of children. The average boy of today sees more and hears more in a month than Abraham Lincoln, the boy, saw or heard in years. Perhaps it was all for the best. The very circumstances of the case made the boy serious and thoughtful beyond his years, without making him narrow and cold. Lacking other boys with whom to make friends, he made friends of the books he read, and never did a boy read books to better purpose.

When Mr. Lincoln grew to mature years the memory of his childhood remained sharp upon his mind. He could see that other boys of those later times had a much better time than he had had, and he understood better than most men that children had a right to joy. He was keenly sympathetic toward youth, and particularly toward boys. This brings us to the story of "Dick" Randall and the tragedy of his missing clothes.

Dick Randall had lived in Rushville, Ill. He was apprenticed to Simeon Francis, editor of the Sangamo Journal at Springfield, and went there to live. That was back in 1840, the year of the "Log Cabin and Hard Cider" campaign that resulted in the election of William Henry Harrison to the presidency.

One evening in June, 1840, Dick stood in the doorway of the Journal office, weeping as if his heart had broken wide open. Mr. Lincoln came along and saw him.

"Why, why, my boy, what are you crying about?" He placed a strong hand caressingly on the lad's shoulder and bent low to look into his face.

Dick knew instantly from the tone of the voice and the bearing of the man that here was a real friend and sympathizer.

"Somebody took my clothes," answered the boy.

It appeared that the Chicago delegation to the Whig convention in Springfield had stored its surplus effect in a corner of the Journal office. Dick's little old hair trunk was there, too. When the Chicagoans went away they unwittingly loaded up the trunk with other things and took it with them.

Travel between Chicago and Springfield then was overland, and Mr. Lincoln knew

*The Minneapolis Star Tribune
Feb 13-1921*

Tribute of the Children.

A Lincoln's Birthday Celebration in a Private School.

NY Herald Feb 13-1927
To THE NEW YORK HERALD: May I
thank you for publishing on February
6 the beautiful picture of Gutzon Borg-
lum's statue of Lincoln with the little
children playing happily and peacefully
around it?

Its tender and profound significance
was illustrated by an experience which
I was privileged to have to-day, and
which I feel does not alone belong to
me but must be shared by all the chil-
dren of a larger growth who know and
love Abraham Lincoln.

A group of children, ranging from
eight to eleven years, in one of our
large private schools invited me to join
with them in paying loving tribute to
Abraham Lincoln during a children's
hour of their own arranging. Every-
thing that was said and sung was chosen
by the children themselves with no out-
side suggestions. They began with the
salute to the flag and then sang the
national anthem "Our America." These
are a few of the chosen sayings of Lin-
coln's which followed:

The Bible is the best gift God has
given to man.

I plucked a thistle and planted a flower
where I thought a flower would grow.

I know I am right because Liberty is
right.

Be sure you put your feet in the right
place, then stand firm.

It is all in one word—"thorough."

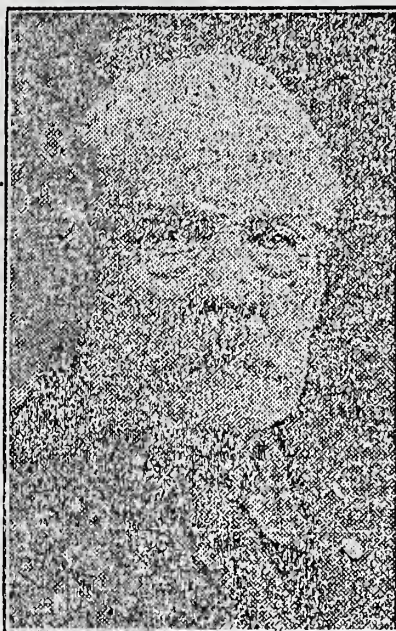
With malice toward none, charity to-
ward all.

This nation under God shall have a new
birth of freedom. Government of the
people, by the people, for the people shall
not perish from the earth.

There were some spontaneous remarks

He Knew Lincoln When Emancipator Was Young Lawyer at Springfield

MARSHALLTOWN IOWA MAY



J. N. GUNNING.

One man yet lives in the city who remembers Abraham Lincoln.

J. N. Gunning, aged 85, 9 West North street, a veteran of the civil war, recalls the immortal Lincoln as a young man in Springfield, Ill. The great emancipator is remembered as the young attorney advancing rapidly in his profession and as the candidate for the presidency.

A common man, odd in manners and habits, a friend to everyone and a "tinker" in his spare time, Lincoln was regarded as a very ordinary citizen in his early days in Springfield.

It was in the court room and on the platform that he first gained attention. His rise was rapid and he was recognized as a man of extreme ability before he had advanced far in his profession or in politics.

He was not recognized beyond the limits of his own community until he had been sent to the Illinois legislature, there he compelled attention.

Lincoln's delight was in stopping to talk with groups of children, Gunning said, and he would "tote" the tots about Springfield streets, would tell them his quaint stories and would engage in their play.

The young attorney knew everyone in Springfield, Gunning remem-

bers, and everyone came to regard him as a kindly friend.

Gunning came to Springfield in the late 50's and he is one who can recall Lincoln's political speeches, which have since come to be regarded so highly.

It was Gunning's good fortune to have known others who won great fame. Springfield in his time was filled with men of capacity and energy. He heard the speeches of Lincoln and Stephen A. Douglas and was an acquaintance of both.

He knew Richard Yates, Illinois' war governor, and when he entered federal service it was in John A. Logan's regiment, serving in Company C, Second Illinois light artillery.

"Abraham Lincoln passed our house every day," said Gunning. "Some times he passed four or five times, going to or coming from the court house or capitol.

"He enjoyed tinkering about his shop at the rear of his home in his spare moments. At one time he worked diligently on a wooden vice and his product was remarkably well done.

"A big oak tree at the southeast corner of his house furnished the only shade in the yard. Here he could be found warm afternoons with his book or paper."

Gunning recalls a visit of Ulysses S. Grant to Springfield before the war and before the young soldier had come to fame.

After Gunning enlisted he did not see Lincoln again. He came out of service in 1864 and moved to Iowa, settling in Tama county. He came to Marshalltown six years ago.

Man of Wisdom and

Long Run Sound Philosophy

Labar Leader Feb 1925
Mr. Lincoln was on the train going to Gettysburg to make that ever-memorable speech. A beautiful little girl, having a bouquet of rosebuds in her hand, was lifted to the window of the car and, with a childish lisp, she said: "Flowerth for the President." Mr. Lincoln stepped to the window, took the rosebuds, bent down and kissed the child, saying: "You're the sweet little rosebud yourself. I hope your life will open into perpetual beauty and goodness." On one occasion, when he had appointed a man to a position and, doubtless for some good reason, had recalled the appointment, he was asked about it; and his reply was, "Yes, I have, and I don't think much of a man who is not wiser today than he was yesterday." A remark full of wisdom and sound philosophy.

The Deaf-Mutes' Friend

February, 1928.

LINCOLN AND CHILDREN

Everyone knows how tenderly Lincoln regarded little children. He understood their little difficulties and they realized it, and would pour into his ears their fears, knowing that his sympathy would be forthcoming. Lincoln's son Tad was his father's greatest pal. Their attachment for one another was beautiful. Tad used to bring his little friends into the great man's study and there they would listen to his tales of the woods where he roamed when a boy. He would tell them wonderful tales of birds and animals, imparting his knowledge of their habits to his interested listeners.

Lincoln must have felt a terrible shock when he saw for the first time black children of his own Tad's age being placed on the block for sale, and being separated forever from their parents. The picture remained stamped on his brain and strengthened his resolve to abolish the evil when the terrible losses of both armies were reported to him.

Shortly after he delivered the immortal Gettysburg address Lincoln was walking one afternoon, unattended, when he suddenly collided with a small boy who was crying. Stooping from his great height Lincoln said, "What is it lad?" Perhaps it was the tone of voice that led the little Rebel to open his heart to the big man and tell him of a favorite brother lying in the prison hospital, and how the boy had tried many times to see him before he died. Lincoln asked to be taken to the Hospital. When the couple approached the door of the hospital the soldiers came to a stiff salute. Wondering, the boy followed Lincoln to the ward where his brother lay.

Nothing could be more beautiful than the manner in which the brothers greeted each other, after many months of separation. The wounded Confederate was presented to Lincoln, and soon after he too was telling his troubles to the President. Picking up the news-

paper which he had been reading he asked, "What do you think of the last address of the President?" "I have not read it," said Lincoln.

"Well," said the man, "it is really the most wonderful set of words I have ever read. Listen—" And he read in a clear voice the great address of Lincoln at the battlefield.

"There is a man whom I admire, Rebel though I am," said the soldier. "My greatest wish is that I may be able to clasp his hand and tell him what a fiery southerner thinks of his words." At this Lincoln took one of his hands, pressed it gently and simply said, "Thank you." He never saw the soldier again, though he constantly kept in touch with the Hospital officials, and saw that the man had every comfort. When he died he sent the body home to his mother with a personal message of condolence.

Stories like these are all evidence of the beautiful character of the martyred President. Children should reverence his memory and keep it alive. They can do it by holding celebrations in their school rooms. Public libraries can supply a fund of information regarding the "Emancipator's" life. Of course all American children know on what date his birthday falls—February 12.—Exchange.

LINCOLN LORE

No. 141

FORT WAYNE, INDIANA

December 21, 1931

LINCOLN LORE

BULLETIN OF
THE LINCOLN
HISTORICAL
RESEARCH
FOUNDATION



ENDOWED BY
THE LINCOLN
NATIONAL LIFE
INSURANCE
COMPANY

Dr. Louis A. Warren - - - Editor

CHRISTMAS AT THE WHITE HOUSE

The social conditions existing during the war between the states makes it improbable that Christmas was featured to any extent at the White House during the time the Lincoln family occupied the executive mansion. There is a story about one incident which happened at Christmas time in 1863 that may serve as an introduction to this monograph.

Long before Christmas a live turkey had been sent to the White House by one of Mr. Lincoln's friends with the suggestion that it be used for the Christmas dinner. Tad, the president's youngest son, won the confidence of the turkey, whom he named Jack, fed him and petted him until the turkey followed him around the White House grounds.

The day before Christmas while the president was engaged with one of his Cabinet members in an important conference, "Tad burst into the room like a bombshell, sobbing and crying with rage and indignation. The turkey was about to be killed. Tad had procured from the executioner a stay of proceeding while he hurried to lay the case before the President. 'Jack must not be killed; it is wicked.' 'But,' said the President, 'Jack was sent here to be killed, and eaten for Christmas dinner.' 'I can't help it,' roared Tad between his sobs, 'He's a good turkey, and I don't want him killed.' The President of the United States pausing in the midst of his business took a card and on it wrote an order of reprieve. The turkey's life was spared and Tad seized the precious bit of paper fled to set him at liberty."

The White House during the term preceding the coming of the Lincolns had been a bachelor's quarters for four years. Three rollicking boys took possession of the premises in the spring of 1861; Robert, age seventeen; Willie, age ten; and Tad, eight years old. While Robert was in Washington for the first few days after the family arrived he soon returned to Cambridge, Massachusetts, where he was a student at Harvard.

Just before the Lincoln family left Springfield, Mrs. Lincoln arranged a party for Willie, whose birthday, December 21, was very close to Christmas. As the party was held on the

22nd, it may have been a joint birthday and Christmas party. One of the invitations has been preserved; it reads as follows:

Willie Lincoln
will be pleased to see you
Wednesday afternoon
at 3 o'clock
Tuesday, December 22nd

The first Christmas in the White House, December 25, 1861, was undoubtedly the happiest one. The children were together on this festive occasion for the last time. There had been one other boy in the Lincoln family but he had been dead for more than ten years. While Christmas probably recalled to the parents the sorrow of his passing, the pleasure they had in the fellowship of their other children would allow them to become reconciled to this earlier loss.

We may feel sure that Abraham Lincoln had visited Joseph Schot's Toy Shop before Christmas and made some purchases which he knew the boys would appreciate. In fact there are well established traditions that he was a rather frequent visitor to this store kept by the old crippled soldier who had fought under Napoleon and who was now content to make wooden soldiers for the children of America's capitol city.

The Christmas season of 1862 was a sad one indeed for the Lincolns. Willie Lincoln passed away when they had been occupying the White House one week less than a year. Mrs. Lincoln is said never to have gone into the room in which the child was laid out, after the funeral services were over.

The loneliness of Tad was pathetic after the loss of his constant playmate, Willie, but two years older than he; and the attempt of the President to serve as a companion to the only son now left at the White House was responsible for the very strong attachment which grew up between father and son.

Robert was ten years older than Tad and was at the executive mansion very little after the Lincoln family took up their residence there.

While Jack, the turkey, did not grace the table at the White House for the Christmas dinner in 1863, some other fowl was substituted, undoubtedly, for this pet bird which had escaped the usual fate of turkeys by Tad's appeal on his behalf.

There was one bit of Christmas joy that came into the lives of Mr. and Mrs. Lincoln on this day which must have made the day in their own family circle a memorable one.

A son of one of Lincoln's close friends in Illinois, who had been serving in the Confederate army, had been captured. Lincoln had an interview with the lad the day before Christmas

with the result that the following telegram was sent to his father in Illinois on Christmas eve:

"Your son has just left me, with my order to the Secretary of War, to administer the oath of allegiance. I send him home to you and his mother."

There must have been a cheerful atmosphere in the White House on Christmas, 1864. Advice of the capture of Savannah had reached the President that morning, and the following day he wrote to General Sherman as follows:

"Many, many thanks for your Christmas gift: the capture of Savannah . . . please make my grateful acknowledgment to your whole army, officers and men."

Another letter written on the day following, suggests a presentation which evidently was received with deep appreciation. He wrote to Dr. John MacLean acknowledging the announcement that the trustees of the College of New Jersey had conferred upon him the degree of Doctor of Laws.

Could he at this time have been reminded of that early political effort when he first offered his services to the people and closed with this announcement:

"If the good people in their wisdom shall see fit to keep me in the background, I have been too familiar with disappointments to be very much chagrined."

Now "a body of gentlemen of such high character and intelligence" had conferred upon him the highest compliment within their power and he replied, "I am most thankful if my labors have seemed to conduct to the preservation of those institutions under which alone we can expect good government—and in its train sound learning and the progress of the liberal arts."

In 1913 the building in which the old toy shop was located was razed. It had seen service for half a century and contributed much to the happiness of the Lincoln children and other Washington boys and girls. It was in reality a monument to the child life of the city and it is to be regretted that it could not have been preserved. It would have recalled many visits of Mr. Lincoln and Tad to this store and especially the memorable one which tradition has recorded as follows:

"Tad teased his father to buy him a company of tin soldiers. These gaily decorated toys stood on wooden pedestals, but the tin general was broken and would not stand. The clerk in charge suggested that a fine upstanding captain might do for a commander and the sale was made." It was this incident which paved the way for the promotion of one of the great generals of the war according to the recorder of this typical Christmas story.

LINCOLN LORE

Bulletin of the Lincoln National Life Foundation - - - - - Dr. Louis A. Warren, Editor
Published each week by The Lincoln National Life Insurance Company, Fort Wayne, Indiana

Number 492

FORT WAYNE, INDIANA

September 12, 1938

LINCOLN AXIOMS FOR YOUTH

The opening of school in the fall always makes one think of the opportunities afforded youth. An intensely interesting letter written by Abraham Lincoln to George Latham, who had failed to pass the Harvard University entrance examinations, is reproduced here along with some Lincoln axioms which have an especial appeal to young people.

Springfield, Ills., July 22, 1860

My Dear George:

I have scarcely felt greater pain in my life than learning yesterday from Bob's letter, that you had failed to enter Harvard University.

And yet there is very little in it, if you will allow no feeling of discouragement to seize, and prey upon you. It is a certain truth, that you can enter, and graduate in, Harvard University; and having made the attempt, you must succeed in it. Must is the word.

I know not how to aid you, save in the assurance of one of mature age, and much severe experience, that you can not fail, if you resolutely determine that you will not.

The President of the institution can scarcely be other than a kind man; and doubtless he would grant you an interview, and point out the readiest way to remove, or overcome, the obstacles which have thwarted you.

In your temporary failure there is no evidence that you may not yet be a better scholar, and a more successful man in the great struggle of life, than many others, who have entered college more easily.

Again I say let no feeling of discouragement prey upon you, and in the end you are sure to succeed.

With more than a common interest I subscribe myself.

Very truly your friend,
A. Lincoln.

There are more mines above the earth's surface than below it.

The honor will be his if he succeeds, and the blame may be mine if he fails.

The difficulty is not in stating the principle, but in practically applying it.

It is a connection in which the words "can" and "will" were never more precious.

To be fruitful in invention it is indispensable to have a habit of observation and reflection.

I claim not to have controlled events, but confess plainly that events have controlled me.

I believe I shall never be old enough to speak without embarrassment when I have nothing to talk about.

A young man, before the enemy has learned to watch him, can do more than any other. Pitch in and try.

Let them adopt the maxim, "Better luck next time," and then by renewed exertion make that better luck for themselves.

All the statements which lie within the range of my knowledge are strictly true; and I think of nothing material which has been omitted.

Even the unsuccessful will bring something to light which, in the hands of others, will contribute to the final success.

I am here; I must do the best I can, and bear the responsibility of taking the course which I feel I ought to take.

If you will state to me some meaning which you suppose I had, I can and will instantly tell you whether that was my meaning.

It is much for the young to know, that treading the hard path of duty, as he trod, it will be noticed, and will lead to high places.

Please excuse what I have said, in the way of unsolicited advice. I believe you will not doubt the sincerity of my friendship for you.

When one is embarrassed, usually the shortest way to get through with it is to quit talking or thinking about it, and go at something else.

So far as possible, the people everywhere shall have that sense of perfect security which is most favorable to calm thought and reflection.

Tell the boys of Children's Village that they must follow truth, justice, and humanity if they wish to become useful and honorable men.

I will not forbear from doing so merely on punctilio and pluck. If I do finally abstain, it will be because of apprehension that it would do harm.

I do not know one who combines the qualities of masculine intellect, learning, and experience of the right sort, and physical power of labor and endurance, so well as he.

It is not a question of sentiment or taste, but one of physical force, which may be measured and estimated, as horse-power and steam-power are measured and estimated.

So far as it is intended merely to improve in grammar and elegance of composition, I am quite agreed; but I do not wish the sense changed, or modified, to a hair's breadth.

You misquote, to some material extent, what I did say, which induces me to think you have not very carefully read the speech in which the expressions occur which puzzle you to understand.

I can not frame a toast to Burns. I can say nothing worthy of his generous heart and transcending genius. Thinking of what he has said, I can not say anything which seems worth saying.

Constituted as man is, he has positive need of occasional recreation, and whatever can give him this associated with virtue and advantage, and free from vice and disadvantage, is a positive good.

I am most thankful if my labors have seemed to conduct to the preservation of those institutions under which alone we can expect good government—and in its train, sound learning and the progress of the liberal arts.

Adhere to your purpose and you will soon feel as well as you ever did. On the contrary, if you falter, and give up, you will lose the power of keeping any resolution, and will regret it all your life. Take the advice of a friend, who, though he never saw you, deeply sympathizes with you, and stick to your purpose.

How Lincoln Handled Farm Boys

From Mrs. George A. Leonard, a letter: "For many years we read Breeder's Gazette. Then it stopped coming. Two years ago our son, a student at Iowa State (now Dr. G. A. Leonard, D.V.M., Hebron, Neb.), sent us a subscription. We read it again! Glad to note the Gazette is growing in interest and in size. Glad to see in January pictures of three of the fairer sex, each having earned renown. Perhaps this true story of Lincoln is too late for your February issue. If so fire it back." Here's the story:

GRANDPA'S STORY

WHEN Feb. 12th came Grandpa (L. W.) Leonard used to have a reminiscent spell. He remembered hearing a debate between Lincoln and Douglas at Tremont, Ill., in 1858. While his grandsons listened, Grandpa told about the occasion something like this:

It was in the late summer or early fall of 1858. There was to be a speaking—a meeting in Tremont. In the afternoon of the day before my grandfather, Thomas Leonard, came home from Pekin. And riding with him on the high board seat of the lumber wagon was his friend, Abe Lincoln! The two men had become acquainted during the forties while Lincoln practiced law in Pekin. So Abe Lincoln went home with grandfather and stayed over night, a guest of the Leonard home.

The next day after dinner, the people began to gather in the yard around the old courthouse building. (Tremont had been, for a time, the county seat.) My father and I were among the waiting crowd. I was nine years old. Soon we saw Grandfather Leonard and Abe Lincoln coming in at the gate and we went to meet them. Abe Lincoln was being introduced to a number of men and women, but he had time to shake hands with a little boy and to pat him on the head.

Then Stephen A. Douglas arrived in a hired vehicle, a sort of cab with a driver and high-stepping horses. The chairman

Not understanding the debate, a half dozen of us small boys started a little amusement of our own. Mr. Douglas paused in his talk and asked us to be quiet. Our quiet didn't last long. Then Mr. Kellogg interrupted the speaker and said we MUST be quiet. Now Mr. Kellogg was the kind of a man not very well liked by boys: he would put cinders on a good coasting place and he didn't (Please turn to page 22 and continue)

BREEDER'S GAZETTE for February, 1941

Grandpa's Story (from page 15)

believe in firecrackers. So there was soon more merriment among us. We were naughty and we were disturbing part of the audience. Then Mr. Lincoln spoke up and said, "Mr. Chairman, let me have those boys. They are the future men of our country."

Mr. Lincoln turned to us with a smile, saying, "Boys, there is room for all of you to sit right here along the edge of the platform." We arranged ourselves in a row along the front edge of the platform and we were good during the rest of the meeting. I sat about the middle of the row of boys and I was near the toes of Lincoln's great boots while he was speaking. I did not understand nor remember any part of the speeches, but I still remember the two speakers and the difference in their appearance. And all through the years have I remembered Lincoln's way with boys and his kindly smile.



of the meeting, James K. Kellogg, and the speakers took their places on the platform which was the porch of the old courthouse. The crowd was called to order, the speakers introduced and the meeting began.

A Man Who Loved Children

Abraham Lincoln's love for children is well known, for his biographers have devoted considerable space to this subject. Perhaps it was because there was so little time in his own busy boyhood for fun and play that he turned, in later years, so lovingly to the children and entered with such zest into their childish sports, thus endeavoring in a measure to make up for what he had missed in his youth. It is clear that, at heart, Abraham Lincoln ever remained a boy; and that, when he entered into a game of baseball with Tad and Willie and their playmates on the White House grounds, it was not simply to give them pleasure. He derived as keen an enjoyment from it as though he were a rollicking youngster like themselves, instead of President of a great nation, carrying tremendous responsibility.

So somber was the early part of his childhood that little is known of it, for he seldom talked of those days even to intimate friends. At seven, we find him helping his father in the heavy work of clearing away the timber on the land, which he had taken, up near Gentryville, Indiana. From this time on, for he was unusually large and strong for his age, Abraham assumed a man's duties, helping about the farm, grubbing, plowing, hoeing, gathering and shucking corn, splitting rails, an ax almost constantly in his hands; when there was no work to do at home, he was hired out to the neighbors, at 25 cents a day, which money he dutifully turned over to his father. At other times, by candle light and early dawn, he studied, laying the foundation of that education which, in later years, made him so brilliant a lawyer. In spite of the constant toil and deprivations, he was a sociable chap, fond of jokes and fun, only lacking the time and opportunity to indulge in them.

Two instances are related of his life, while circuit judge, which show one his tender love for animals and the other the appeal that childish amusements always had for him. In those days, twice a year, the circuit judge journeyed from one county seat to another, trying cases; Lincoln was judge of the Illinois Eighth Judicial Circuit, which covered more than a dozen counties and 150 miles of territory. The judge traveled on horseback, followed by mounted attorneys who practiced at these courts, and who, like the judge, traveled from county seat to county seat, wherever they had cases. On these journeys, not an animal in trouble could Lincoln pass, without getting down from his horse and going to see if he could relieve it. One time he heard a plaintive chirping and, on investigating, found that two little birds had been blown from their nest. He gathered them up carefully in his great hands and placed them back in the nest. On rejoining his companions, he said, "I couldn't have slept, if I had not restored them to their mother."

At the inns where he stopped on these journeys, he was a great favorite, and the news of his arrival quickly filled them with men, eager to hear him discuss the problems of the day; but he was just as likely to disappear during the evening, so that he might attend some simple magic-lantern show or other childish performance, given in the village.

His own boys were a source of never-ending delight to him. It mattered not how noisily they played, they never disturbed him; and, when he could, he entered into their play. He loved to carry them "piggy-back" and to take them downtown with him. Distinguished visitors who came to see him at Springfield told that, while they talked to him, his two little boys would climb all over him, ruffling up his hair and poking their fingers in his eyes and mouth, without a word of reproof being given them. When he became President and the family moved to Washington, the two boys, Willie and Tad, then eight and ten, kept the White House in an uproar. They were used to the free, independent life of the West and could not

be convinced that existence in the stately, historic mansion should be different. Their father did not want them to see it. He did not care if they were noisy; the privations of his own boyhood were to be forgotten as thoroughly as it was possible to do so. So the boys, with a free rein, ruled over the White House. They organized a minstrel show in the wonderful attic, full of quaint relics of past presidents and their families; they harnessed their dogs and drove them up and down the winding paths of the White House grounds. In the stable were two ponies which belonged to them and on which they galloped all over town. Legend even relates that they each had a goat, which they used to hitch to the big chairs and go tearing up and down the White House halls. No matter how noisy they became in their play, or how busy he was with affairs of state, Lincoln never became annoyed at them, nor did he ever chide them for intruding upon him in his office, which, in those days, was in the White House and not in a separate building as at the present time. This they constantly did, even interrupting Cabinet meetings to tell him some, to them, important happening. Frequently he amazed the people who were flocking to the national Capitol, on all sorts of important business, by doffing his coat and joining the boys in a game of baseball on the White House grounds.

Nor was it only his own boys to whom he was kind; he had always loved children, and his biographers delight to tell how, when a boy, he would tramp miles to the home of some fortunate possessor of a coveted book, and would sit, while he read, with one foot on the rocker of a baby's cradle, happy to give it picaresque. Many were the children who came to him at the White House, asking for favors, which were never refused if it were possible for him to grant them.

One day a small boy slipped into the executive office at the same time that a governor was being shown in. He had come, he told the President in answer to his kindly inquiry, from a country town, hoping to be appointed a page in the House of Representatives. The President had nothing to do with such appointments and told him so, naming the proper person to whom he should go. But the boy had come to see Lincoln because he knew he could trust him; and, with a childish faith, he did not want to deal with anyone else. He pulled out his credentials and confidently offered them to the President. Mr. Lincoln read them and then wrote on the back of one letter, "If Captain Goodnow can give this good little boy a place, he will oblige A. Lincoln," sending the boy away happy.

It was at a child's suggestion that Abraham Lincoln wore a beard. Up to the time that he was nominated for the presidency, he had always been clean-shaven; but a little girl, living in Chautauqua County, New York, who admired him greatly, thought he would look better if he wore whiskers, so she wrote him a letter and told him so. He answered her immediately:

"Springfield, Illinois, Oct. 19, 1860.

"Miss Grace Bedell,

"My dear little Miss: Your very agreeable letter of the fifteenth is received. I regret the necessity of saying I have no daughter. 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, never having 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."

However, on thinking it over, he decided to follow her advice and on his way from Springfield to Washington, to take up his duties as President, when his car reached her town, he asked for her. She was among the crowd, waiting at the depot to see him. When she reached his car, the President-elect stepped down from the train, kissed her, and showed her that he had taken her advice.

It was this same love, reflected, which, when he called for more troops, inspired the now famous song:

"We are coming, Father Abraham!
Three hundred thousand strong,"

and which made his former law partner, Mr. Herndon, say of him, "He loves all mankind."

What Would Lincoln Think?

BY FRANK FARRINGTON

"THAT was a funny question Miss Johnson asked us in history class," said Spink Greene, as he and Eddie Taylor were going home from school.

"Well, maybe it wasn't so funny after all," said Eddie. "What d'you say we try it on some of the fellows?"

"All right. You ask them, though. They'd just kid me. You're different and they expect you to know about such things. There comes Sliver now. Ask him."

Sliver Hartman was approaching slowly, as if waiting for them to come along. When they met, Eddie asked, "Say, Sliver, you weren't in history class but we had a little question put up to us by the teacher. She asked us all what we thought of Lincoln, and some of the fellows didn't have much to say and nobody had any very wonderful ideas. I guess we all knew enough about Lincoln, but we hadn't been thinking about him much before class. 'Well, then,' she said, 'I don't know as it makes much difference what you boys think about Lincoln, though you ought to think about him, but what do you suppose Lincoln would think of each one of you?'"

"That was a hot one, wasn't it?" ejaculated Sliver. "How'd she expect you to find out the answer to that?"

"I guess she didn't expect us to find out the real answer, because we couldn't. She said just to think it over. Then she dismissed us."

"What do you think a man like Abraham Lincoln would think of you, Sliver?" asked Spink.

INSTEAD of laughing off the question as Spink thought he would do, Sliver took it seriously.

"That's a pretty good question at that, and I'm kind of interested in it," Sliver replied. "I guess he'd think I'm a fool in most ways."

"You could tell him what a good first base you play and how you're getting so you can get a lot of jazz out of a saxophone," suggested Spink.

"Yes, and I'd have to explain what first base in a ball game is and tell him what a saxophone is. What did he know about either of those things? No, sir, I guess I'd look pretty much of a piker to Old Abe if he should come along and look me over and ask me about the kind of things he used to be anxious to do when he was my age. Look at how he was always reading history by the firelight and walking miles to borrow a book he'd heard about. I've read about how he spoiled a book he borrowed and had to work three days to pay for it, and he didn't care because then the book was his."

"That book was the Life of Washington," said Eddie. "Lincoln never went to school more than six months in his life, but he had an education, all right. I guess he'd think there wasn't much excuse nowadays for a fellow not having an education. I like to read, but gee! if Lincoln had as many books he could get to read as we can get, you wouldn't have found him spending any time like we do with stuff like 'Mushy Stories' and 'Hollywood Hop.'"

"I THINK," said Spink, "if Lincoln came along and got the records of all of us, he'd give Eddie the banner for being the good reader, but I haven't got it all thought out yet about what he'd think about me and when I do think it out, I'm not going to tell anybody."

"Well, it's something to think about, all right," said Sliver, "and I'm going to admit maybe I'll give it a thought. Lincoln would be a dandy first baseman if he were a young fellow today, but that wouldn't keep him from doing all that good reading just the same, and that's an idea. Maybe I'll be as great a bookworm as Eddie after I've thought this over a little."

.

Lincoln's interest in the boys at the hospitals did not cease with convalescence as is demonstrated in the following instructions which he wrote to Stanton with reference to one of them: "As you can see, he is nothing but a boy, has been sick in the hospital but I believe is made of the right kind of stuff. Please see to his release and that he gets transportation home."

CHILDREN were always a delight to Abraham Lincoln. He was never so preoccupied with affairs of deep statecraft, the country was never in such peril that he passed a little one without some sign of recognition. Walking along the streets, passing through a train, at the most crowded White house reception, he would reach down and pick up a surprised and delighted little girl and kiss her. He seemed to belong to the freemasonry of childhood as a past grand master, and he always knew exactly what to say to a boy that would please him most and to make him forget instantly that it was the president of the United States who was speaking to him. Children readily accepted him as a friend and gave him their deepest confidence. They looked on him as one of themselves, which he was in the best sense and ever remained.

It has been said that he exercised no restraining influence on his children, and that he allowed them to behave as tricky elves. This may be true, but his affection for them was all it should be nevertheless. He sometimes regarded their pranks with merriment. He expected boys would run away and do all manner of "boy" things, but thought that that was a stage through which they must necessarily pass. In a letter to a friend he thus speaks of the birth of Willie, the second boy:

"We have another boy, born the 10th of March. He is much such a child as Bob was at his age, rather of a longer order. Bob is 'short and low,' and I expect always will be. He talks plainly—almost as plainly as anybody. He is quite smart enough. I sometimes fear that he is one of the little rare ripe sort that are smarter at about 5 than ever after. He has a great deal of that sort of mischief that is the offspring of such animal spirits. Since I began this letter a messenger came to tell me Bob was lost; but by the time I reached the house his mother had found him and had him whipped, and by now, likely, he is run away again."

A Gentle Reproof.

One day Mr. Lincoln's little son, Tad, with a companion, came noiselessly into the office, relates Thomas Hicks, who painted the first portrait of Lincoln. His father was sitting at his desk with his back to them, and so absorbed that he did not hear them come in. I was busy with the portrait. The little fellows got among my paints. They took the brightest blue, yellow, and red. Then they squeezed from a tube, into their little palms, a lot of red, and smeared it on the wall; then they took the blue and smeared that in another place, and afterward they smeared the yellow. I saw their excitement and mischief from the beginning, but held my peace and enjoyed watching the enthusiastic colorists, as they made their first effort in brilliant wall decoration, while getting the paint all over their hands, their faces, and their clothes, the little fellows were as still as mice.

At this juncture of affairs, Tad's father turned in his chair and saw their condition and what they had done. He said, in the mildest tone and with the greatest affection: "Boys! Boys! You mustn't meddle with Mr. Hicks' paints; now run home and have your faces and hands washed"; and the little fellows took his advice and left the office without a word. Mr. Lincoln was often silent and thoughtful, but he never wore a frown, and I loved him from my first day with him.

The children in Springfield knew him, says Miss Tarbell, for there was not one of them for whom he had not done some kind deed. "My first strong impression of Mr. Lincoln," says a lady of Springfield, "was made by one of his kind deeds. I was going with a little friend for my first trip alone on the railroad cars. It was an epoch of my life. I had planned for it and dreamed of it for weeks. The day I was to go came, but as the hour of the train approached, the hackman, through some neglect, failed to call for my trunk. As the minutes went on, I realized, in a panic of grief, that I should miss the train. I was standing by the gate, my hat and gloves on, sobbing as if my heart would break, when Mr. Lincoln came by.

"Why, what's the matter?" he asked, and I poured out all my story.

Carried Her Trunk.

"How big's the trunk? There's still time, if it isn't too big." And he pushed through the gate and up to the door. My mother and I took him up to my room, where my little old-fashioned trunk stood, locked and tied,

going to do, he had shouldered the trunk, was downstairs, and striding out of the yard. Down the street he went, fast as his long legs could carry him. I trotted behind, drying my tears as I went. We reached the station in time. Mr. Lincoln put me on the train, kissed me good by and told me to have a good time. It was just like him."

This sensitiveness to a child's wants made Mr. Lincoln a most indulgent father. He continually carried his boys about with him, and their pranks, even when they approached rebellion, seemed to be an endless delight to him. Like most boys, they loved to run away, and neighbors of the Lincolns tell many tales of Mr. Lincoln's captures of the culprits. One of the prettiest of all these is a story told of an escape Willie once made, when 3 or 4 years old, from the hands of his mother, who was giving him a tubbing. He scampered out of the door without the vestige of a garment on him, flew up the street, slipped under a fence into a great green field, and took across it. Mr. Lincoln was sitting on the porch, and discovered the pink and white runaway as he was cutting across the greensward. He stood up, laughing aloud, while the mother entreated him to go in pursuit; then he started in chase. Half way across the field he caught the child, and gathering him up in his long arms he covered his rosy form with kisses. Then mounting him on his back, the chubby legs around his neck, he rode him back to his mother and his tub.

On His Shoulders.

It was a frequent custom with Lincoln, this of carrying his children on his shoulders. He rarely went down street that he did not have one of his younger boys mounted on his shoulder, while another hung to the tail of his long coat. The antics of the boys with their father and the species of tyranny they exercised over him are still subjects of talk in Springfield. Mr. Roland Diller, who was a neighbor of Mr. Lincoln, tells one of the best of the stories. He was called to the door one day by hearing a great noise of children crying, and there was Mr. Lincoln striding by with the boys, both of whom were wailing aloud. "Why, Mr. Lincoln, what's the matter with the boys?" he asked.

"Just what's the matter with the whole world," Lincoln replied; "I've got three walnuts and each wants two."

Another of Lincoln's Springfield acquaintances, the Rev. Mr. Alcott of Elgin, Ill., tells of seeing him coming away from church unusually early one Sunday morning. "The sermon could not have been more than half way through," says Mr. Alcott. "Tad" was slung across his left arm like a pair of saddlebags, and Mr. Lincoln was striding along with long and deliberate steps toward his home. On one of the street corners he encountered a group of his fellow townsmen. Mr. Lincoln anticipated the question which was about to be put by the group, and, taking his figure of speech from practices with which they were only too familiar, said: "Gentlemen, I entered this coil, but he kicked around so I had to withdraw him."

To Market with Son.

On a winter's morning Lincoln could be seen in Springfield wending his way to the market with a basket on his arm and a little boy at his side whose small feet rattled and pattered over the icebound pavement, attempting to make up by the number of his short steps for the long strides of his father. The little fellow jerked at the bony hand which held his, prattled and questioned, begged, and grew petulant in vain efforts to make his father talk to him. But the latter was probably unconscious of the other's existence, and stalked on absorbed in his own reflections. He wore on such occasions an old gray shawl, rolled into a coil and wrapped like a rope around his neck. The rest of his clothes were in keeping.

"He did not walk cunningly—Indian like—but cautiously and firmly." His tread was even and strong. He was a little pigeon toed, and this with another peculiarity made his walk singular. He set his whole foot flat on the ground, and in turn lifted it all at once—not resting momentarily upon the toe as the foot rose nor upon the heel as it fell. He never wore his shoes out at the heel and toe more, as most men do, than at the middle of the sole, yet his gait was not altogether awkward, and there was his manifest physical power in his step.

As he moved along thus silent, abstracted, his thoughts dimly reflected in his sharp face, men turned to look after him as an

don, "dripped from him as he walked." If, however, he met a friend in the street and was roused by a loud, hearty, "Good morning, Lincoln!" he would grasp the friend's hand with one or both of his own, and, with his usual expression of "Howdy, howdy," would detain him to hear a story. Something reminded him of it; it happened in Indiana, and it must be told, for it was wonderfully pertinent.

While harassed by the inaction and obstinacy of McClellan Mr. Lincoln was plunged into a bitter private sorrow, says Miss Tarbell. Early in February his two younger boys, Willie and Tad, as they were familiarly known, fell sick. In the tenderness of his nature Mr. Lincoln could never see suffering of any kind without a passionate desire to relieve it. Especially was he moved by the distress of a child. Indeed, his love for children had already become familiar to the whole public by the touching little stories which visitors had brought away from the White house and which crept into the newspapers.

Made Them Shake Hands.

"At the reception Saturday afternoon at the president's house," wrote a correspondent of the Independent. "many persons noticed three little girls, poorly dressed, the children of some mechanic or laboring man, who had followed the visitors into the White house to gratify their curiosity. They passed around from room to room and were hastening through the reception room with some trepidation when the president called to them, 'Little girls, are you going to pass me without shaking hands?' Then he bent his tall, awkward form down and shook each little girl warmly by the hand. Everybody in the apartment was spellbound by the incident, so simple in itself."

Many men and women now living who were children in Washington at this time recall the president's gentleness to them. Mr. Frank P. Blair of Chicago says:

During the war my grandfather, Francis P. Blair Sr., lived at Silver Springs, north of Washington, seven miles from the White house. It was a magnificent place of four or five hundred acres, with an extensive lawn in the rear of the house. The grandchildren gathered there frequently. There were eight or ten of us, our ages ranging from 8 to 12 years. Although I was but 7 or 8 years of age, Mr. Lincoln's visits were of such importance to us boys as to leave a clear impression on my memory. He drove out to the place quite frequently. We boys, for hours at a time, played "town ball" on the vast lawn, and Mr. Lincoln would join ardently in the sport. I remember vividly how he ran with the children; how long were his strides, and how far his coat-tails stuck out behind, and how we tried to hit him with the ball as he ran the bases. He entered into the spirit of the play as completely as any of us, and was invariably greeted with

[Incomplete]

Loved Little Folks.

