

THE SCRAP BOOK.

LINCOLN'S TERRIBLE ANXIETIES.

DURING these long days of terrible slaughter the face of the President was grave and anxious, and he looked like one who had lost the dearest member of his own family. I recall one evening late in May, when I met the President in his carriage driving slowly towards the Soldier's Home. He had just parted from one of those long lines of ambulances. The sun was just sinking behind the desolate and deserted hills of Virginia; the flags from the forts, hospitals, and camps drooped sadly. Arlington, with its white colonnade, looked like what it was—a hospital. Far down the Potomac, towards Mount Vernon, the haze of evening was gathering over the landscape, and when I met the President his attitude and expression spoke the deepest sadness. He paused as we met, and pointing his hand towards the wounded men, he said: "Look yonder at those poor fellows. I cannot bear it. This suffering, this loss of life is dreadful." Recalling a letter he had written years before to a suffering friend whose grief he had sought to console, I reminded him of the incident, and asked him: "Do you remember writing to your sorrowing friends these words: And this too shall pass away. Never fear. Victory will come." "Yes," replied he; "victory will come, but it comes slowly."

His friends and his family, and especially Mrs. Lincoln, watched his careworn and anxious face with the greatest solicitude. She and they sometimes took him from his labours almost in spite of himself. He walked and rode about Washington and its picturesque surroundings. He visited the hospitals, and, with his friends, and in conversation, and visits to the theatre, he sought to divert his mind from the pressure upon it. He often rode with Secretary Seward, with Senator Sumner, and others. But his greatest relief was when he was visited by his old Illinois friends, and for a while, by anecdotes and reminiscences of the past, his mind was beguiled from the constant strain upon it. These old friends were sometimes shocked with the change in his appearance. They had known him at his home, and at the courts in Illinois, with a frame of iron and nerves of steel; as a man who hardly knew what illness was, ever genial and sparkling with frolic and fun, nearly always cheery and bright. Now, as the months of the war went slowly on, they saw the wrinkles on his face and forehead deepen into furrows, the laugh of old days was less frequent, and it did not seem to come from the heart. Anxiety, responsibility, care, thought, disaster, defeats, the injustice of friends, wore upon his giant frame, and his nerves of steel became at times irritable. He said one day, with a pathos which language cannot describe: "I feel as though I shall never be glad any more." During these four years, he had no respite, no holidays. When others fled away from the heat and dust of the capital, he remained. He would not leave the helm until all danger was passed, and the good ship of state had weathered the storm.—From Arnold's new "Life of Abraham Lincoln."

SLEEPLESSNESS.

SLEEP is a perfectly natural function. It is not a negative act, but a positive process. Herein lies the difference between real sleep and the poison-induced torpor which mimics the state of physiological rest. We ought to be able to sleep at will. Napoleon and many busy men—the late Mr. Wakeley, for example—developed the power of self-induced sleep to such an extent as to be able to rest whenever and wherever they pleased, for longer or shorter periods, as the conditions admitted. We have been led to believe that Mr. Gladstone at one time possessed this faculty. If that be so, his recent insomnia must be assumed to have been the result of such intense brain worry as inhibited the control of the will; or there may, of course, be physical causes which render the apparatus of the cerebral blood supply less manageable by the nerve-centres. In any case, it is much to be deplored that, in the study and treatment of insomnia, the profession generally does not more clearly and constantly keep in memory that what we call sleeplessness is really wakefulness, and that before it is justifiable to resort to the use of stupefying drugs the precise cause of disturbance should be clearly made out. This, of course, takes time, and involves a scientific testing of the relative excitabilities of the sense-organs, central or radical and peripheral. The discovery of the cause, however, affords ample recompense for the trouble of searching for it. With the sphygmograph and a few test appliances, such as Galton's whistle, an optometer, and other instruments, the recognition of the form and cause of sleeplessness can be made in a brief space, and then, and then only we protest, it can be scientifically—i.e., physiologically—treated.—*The Lancet.*

THE BOOKS OF LINCOLN'S BOYHOOD.

THERE were no libraries and but few books in the "back settlements" in which Lincoln lived. Among the few volumes which he found in the cabins of the illiterate families by which he was surrounded were the Bible, Bunyan's "Pilgrim's Progress," Weems' "Life of Washington," and the poems of Robert Burns. These he read over and over again, until they became as familiar as the alphabet. The Bible has been at all times the one book in every home and cabin in the Republic; yet it was truly said of Lincoln that no man, clergyman or otherwise, could be found so familiar with this book as he. This is apparent, both in his conversation and his writings. There is hardly a speech or state paper of his in which allusions and illustrations taken from the Bible do not appear. Burns he could quote from end to end. Long afterwards he wrote a most able lecture upon this, perhaps next to Shakespeare, his favourite poet. Young Abraham borrowed of the neighbours and read every book he could hear of in the settlement within a wide circuit. If by chance he heard of a book that he

had not read, he would walk many miles to borrow it. Among other volumes, he borrowed of one Crawford, Weems' "Life of Washington." Reading it with the greatest eagerness, he took it to bed with him in the loft of the cabin, and read on until his nubbins of tallow candle had burned out. Then he placed the book between the logs of the cabin, that it might be at hand as soon as there was light enough in the morning to enable him to read. But during the night a violent rain came on, and he awoke to find his book wet through and through. Drying it as well as he could, he went to Crawford and told him of the mishap, and, as he had no money to pay for it, offered to work out the value of the injured volume. Crawford fixed the price at three days' work, and the future President pulled corn three days, and thus became the owner of the fascinating book. He thought the labour well invested.—From Arnold's new "Life of Abraham Lincoln."

MUSIC.

MATERIAL assistance in the spread of good music is not usually expected from charitable societies or athletic clubs, and a departure from the established rule in this respect deserves to be chronicled. The Metropolitan Athletic Club and the Irish Protestant Benevolent Society, of Ottawa, have this season abandoned the variety shows, compounded of sepulchral tableaux and melancholy comic songs usually affected by such institutions, and have tried the experiment of giving in their stead really high-class concerts. The concert of the "Metropolitan" was a miscellaneous one, in which violin solos admirably executed by Mr. F. Boucher, one of our leading Canadian violinists, and the Beethoven G Major Trio for Piano, Violin, and Cello were the principal numbers. On this occasion it is gratifying to be able to say that the audience, not a very musical one, showed the greatest pleasure at the most classical numbers, notably the G Major Trio. This concert was also interesting from the *début* of a coming Canadian violin virtuoso, in the person of Master B. Breiver, aged eleven, who created a most favourable impression.—The Concert of the Irish Protestant Benevolent Society was of greater importance musically, as it introduced to an Ottawa audience for the first time our Canadian pianist, Mr. Waugh Lauder. So much has been heard of this gentleman's powers that not only did all the musical people of Ottawa assemble to hear him, but these musical people came in an ultra-critical spirit. However, before the first piece was finished the player had completely won his audience by his wonderful technique, combined with solid musical qualities. This artist is not only a fine pianist, he is an executant of the highest rank, and undoubtedly stands among the foremost pianists of the day. He won golden opinions in Ottawa, not alone for his magnificent performance, but also for his unassuming manners, both at the piano and in society, where he was much sought after during his short stay in the capital. Mr. Lauder was also invited to give a private recital at Government House, where he gave as much satisfaction to his audience as at his public performance.

THE Hamilton Philharmonic Society will give a performance of "The Messiah" on Feb. 24th, in commemoration of the bi-centenary of Handel's birth. The soloists are W. H. Stanley, Mrs. Hamilton, Mrs. Wyman and Mr. Warrington.

WHETHER the *on dit* that Mr. Gladstone is fond of negro melodies is true, or whether it is as foundationless as many other statements about the veteran statesman, it remains a fact that amongst even people of taste and culture there is a latent admiration for "nigger minstrelsy." The bumping houses that nightly assemble to hear the Moore and Burgess Minstrels in London, the Hague Minstrels in Liverpool, or the Haverley's in New York, bear testimony to this remarkable fact, and though the Toronto Opera House owed a not inconsiderable proportion of its large audience last Thursday to friends of the performers, there were many present who went for the love of that class of entertainment. The amateurs who on that occasion scored so great a success as vocalists and comedians performed to an audience the like of which is not often assembled even to hear vocal or histrionic stars. The beauty and fashion of the city were there and, faith to say, appeared to be highly amused. Albeit the management attempted to give a rather too extended programme; but, as one said, the doors were open, and listeners were at liberty to retire when satisfied. No doubt we shall have more of these entertainments.—*Com.*

"YES," said Mrs. Parvenu, "my daughter is to be married at an early day." "To a titled German," I believe?" queried the friend to whom she was talking. "Ah? A baron? What is his name?" "The Baron of—Baron of—Pshaw, it's funny I can't remember his name; my dear," she said, turning to her husband, a gruff old chap, behind a newspaper, "what is our new son-in-law's title? He's baron of something, but I can't remember it." "Don't know," he growled; "Barren of Funds, I fancy."

DR. BURNEY, who wrote the celebrated anagram on Lord Nelson after his victory of the Nile—*Honor est a Nilo* (Horatio Nelson)—was shortly afterwards on a visit to his Lordship at his beautiful villa at Merton. From his usual absence of mind, he forgot to put a nightcap in his portmanteau, and, consequently borrowed one from his Lordship. Previously to his retiring to rest, he sat down to study, as was his common practice, and was shortly afterwards alarmed at finding the cap in flames. He immediately collected the burnt remains and sent them to Lord Nelson, with the following lines:—

Take your nightcap again, my good lord, I desire;
I would not detain it a minute;
What belongs to a Nelson, wherever there's fire,
Is sure to be instantly in it.