

wife (relatives), were deposited in the same earth with that of Mr. Lincoln. The graves of two or three children, belonging to a neighbour's family, are also near theirs. They are all crumbled, sunken and covered with wild vines in deep and tangled mats. The great trees were originally cut away to make a small clear space for this primitive graveyard; but the young dogwoods have sprung up unopposed in great luxuriance, and in many instances the names of pilgrims to the burial place of the great Abraham Lincoln's mother are carved on their bark. With this exception, the spot is wholly unmarked. The grave never had a stone, nor even a board, at its head or its foot, and the neighbours still dispute as to which of these unsightly hollows contains the ashes of Nancy Lincoln." If Democracy in the New World sometimes stones the prophets, it is seldom guilty of building their sepulchres. Out of sight, off the stump, beyond the range of the interviewer, heroes and martyrs soon pass from the mind of a fast-living people, and weeds may grow out of the dust of Washington. But in this case what neglect has done, good taste would have detested; it is well that the dogwoods are allowed to grow unchecked over the wilderness grave.

Thirteen months after the death of his Nancy, Thomas Lincoln went to Elizabethtown, Kentucky, and suddenly presented himself to Mrs. Sally Johnston, who had in former days rejected him for a better match, but had become a widow. "Well, Mrs. Johnston, I have no wife and you have no husband, I came a purpose to marry you. I knowed you from a gal and you knowed me from a boy. I have no time to lose, and if you are willin' let it be done straight off." "Tommy, I know you well, and have no objection to marrying you, but I cannot do it straight off, and I owe some debts that must first be paid." They were married next morning, and the new Mrs. Lincoln, who owned, among other wondrous household goods, a bureau that cost forty dollars, and had been led, it seems, to believe that her new husband was reformed and a prosperous farmer, was conveyed with her bureau to the smiling scene of his reformation and prosperity. Being, however, a sensible Christian woman, she made the best of a bad bargain, got her husband to put down a floor and hang doors and windows, made things generally decent, and was very kind to the children, especially to Abe, to whom she took a great liking, and who owed to his stepmother what other heroes have owed to their mothers. "From that time on," according to his garrulous relative, Dennis Hanks, "he appeared to lead a new life." It seems to have been difficult to extract from him "for campaign purposes" the incidents of his life before it took this happy turn.

He described his own education in a Congressional handbook as "defective." In Kentucky he occasionally trudged with his little sister, rather as an escort than as a school fellow, to a school four miles off, kept by one Caleb Hazel, who could teach reading and writing after a fashion, and a little arithmetic, but whose great qualification for his office lay in his power and readiness "to whip the big boys." So far the American respect for popular education as the key to success in life prevailed even in those wilds, and in such a family as that of Thomas Lincoln. Under the auspices of the new mother, Abraham began attending school again. The master was one Crawford, who taught not only reading, writing and arithmetic, but "manners." One of the scholars was made to retire, and re-enter "as a polite gentleman enters a drawing room," after which he was led round by another scholar and introduced to all "the young ladies and gentlemen." The polite gentleman who entered the drawing room and was introduced as Mr. Abraham Lincoln, is thus depicted.

"He was growing at a tremendous rate, and two years later attained his full height of six feet four inches. He was long, wiry and strong, while his big feet and hands and the length of his arms and legs were out of all proportion to his small trunk and head. His complexion was very swarthy, and Mr. Gentry says that his skin was shrivelled and yellow even then. He wore low shoes, buckskin breeches, linsey woolsey shirt, and a cap made of an opossum or a coon. The breeches clung close to his legs, but failed by a large space to meet the tops of his shoes. Twelve inches remained uncovered, and exposed that much of shinbone, sharp, blue and narrow." At a subsequent period when charged by a Democratic rival with being "a Whig aristocrat," he gave a minute and touching description of the breeches. "I had only one pair," he said "and they were buckskin. And if you know the nature of buckskin, when wet and dried by the sun they will shrink, and mine kept shrinking until they left several inches of my legs bare between the tops of my socks and the lower part of my breeches, and whilst I was growing taller they were becoming shorter, and so much tighter that they left a blue streak around my legs, which can be seen to this day."

Mr. Crawford, it seems, was a martinet in spelling, and one day he was going to punish a whole class for failing to spell *defied*, when Lincoln telegraphed the right letter to a young lady by putting his finger with a significant smile to his eye. Many years later, however, and after his entrance into public life, Lincoln himself spelt *apology* with a double p, *planning* with a single n, and *very* with a double r. His schooling was very irregular, his school days hardly amounting to a year in all, and such education as he had, was picked up afterwards by himself. His appetite for mental food, however, was always strong, and he devoured all the books, few and not very select, which could be found in the neighbourhood of "Pigeon Creek." Equally strong was his passion for stump oratory, the taste for which pervades the American people, even in the least intellectual districts, as the taste for church festivals pervades the people of Spain, or the taste for cricket the people of England. Abe's neighbour, John Romine, says, "he was awful lazy. He worked for me; was always reading and thinking; used to get mad at him. He worked for me in 1829, pulling fodder. I say Abe was awful lazy, he would laugh and talk, and crack jokes all the time, didn't love work, but did dearly love his pay." He liked to lie under a shade tree, or up in the loft of the cabin and read, cipher, or scribble. At night he ciphered by the light of the fire on the wooden fire shovel. He practised stump oratory by repeating the sermons, and sometimes by preaching himself to his brothers and sister. His gifts in the rhetorical line were high; when it was announced in the harvest field that Abe had taken the stump, work was at an end. The lineaments of the future politician distinctly appear in the dislike of manual labour as well as in the rest. We shall presently have Lincoln's own opinion on that point.

Abe's first written composition appears to have been an essay against cruelty to animals, a theme the choice of which was at once indicative of his kindness of heart and practically judicious, since the young gentlemen in the neighborhood were in the habit of catching terrapins and putting hot coals upon their backs. The essay appears not to have been preserved, and we cannot say whether its author succeeded in explaining that ethical mystery—the love of cruelty in boys.

[To be continued.]