

with all of this, there was a certain element of simplicity in his character which was child-like. Unless very much preoccupied, he never heard any reference to anything that he did not understand without asking for further information. "What do you suppose makes that tree grow in that way?" he would ask, and he was not satisfied until he had found out. Or he would take one of his boys' toys to pieces, find out how it was made, and put it together again. "Tad," as his youngest boy was called, on more than one occasion, had cause to bewail, loudly, his father's curiosity. One day we were looking at a photograph of the President, taken in a sitting position, with the legs crossed. Lincoln's attention was attracted to the foot of the leg which was crossed above the other, and he said, "Now, I can understand why that foot should be so enormous. It's a big foot, anyway, and it is near the focus of the instrument. But why is the outline of it so indistinct and blurred? I am confident I did not move it." I studied it for a moment, and told him that probably the throbbing of the large arteries inside of the bend of the knee caused an almost imperceptible motion. The President, very much interested in the discovery, as he called it, immediately took the position of the figure in the picture, and, narrowly watching his foot, exclaimed, "That's it! that's it! Now, that's very curious, isn't it." Similarly, when somebody told him of the somewhat fantastic derivation of a word, he said, "Now, that is very queer, and I shall never say capricious again without thinking of the skipping of a goat."

The photograph to which allusion has just been made, and which is reproduced in these pages, has a history. One Saturday night, the President asked me if I had any objection to accompanying him to a photographer's on Sunday. He said that it was impossible for him to go on any other day, and he would like to have me see him "set." Next day, we went together, and as he was leaving the house he stopped and said, "Hold on, I have forgotten Everett!" Stepping hastily back, he brought with him a folded paper, which he explained was a printed copy of the oration that Mr. Everett was to deliver, in a few days, at Gettysburg. It occupied nearly the whole of two pages of the "Boston Journal," and looked very formidable indeed. As we walked away from the house, Lincoln said, "It was very kind in Mr. Everett to send me this. I suppose he was afraid I should say some-

thing that he wanted to say. He needn't have been alarmed. My speech isn't long."

"So it is written, is it, then?" I asked.

"Well, no," was the reply. "It is not exactly written. It is not finished, anyway. I have written it over, two or three times, and I shall have to give it another lick before I am satisfied. But it is short, short, short."

I found, afterward, that the Gettysburg speech was actually written, and rewritten a great many times. The several draughts and interlineations of that famous address, if in existence, would be an invaluable memento of its great author. Lincoln took the copy of Everett's oration with him to the photographer's, thinking that he might have time to look it over while waiting for the operator. But he chatted so constantly, and asked so many questions about the art of photography, that he scarcely opened it. The folded paper is seen lying on the table, near the President, in the picture which was made that day.

So far as I know, this was the last time Lincoln ever sat for his photograph. Unfortunately, the negative plate was broken after a few impressions had been printed from it, and though Lincoln promised to give the photographer another sitting, he never found time. The illustration which forms the frontispiece of this magazine is the first engraving which has ever been made from the sun-picture. Mr. Wyatt Eaton has reproduced with great fidelity and with loving conscientiousness the sentiment and the details of this admirable likeness.

Lincoln always composed slowly, and he often wrote and rewrote his more elaborate productions several times. I happened to be with him often while he was composing his message to Congress, which was sent in while Sherman was on his march through Georgia. There was much speculation as to where Sherman had gone, and the mystery was very well preserved. The President hoped, from day to day, that Sherman would be heard from, or that something would happen to give him an opportunity to enlighten "and possibly congratulate the country," as he put it. But December came and there were no tidings from Sherman, though everybody was hungry with expectation, and feverish with anxiety. The President's message was first written with pencil on stiff sheets of white pasteboard, or box-board, a good supply of which he kept by