

LINCOLN'S PLUG HAT.

A VERITABLE "JOINT OF STOVEPIPE" WITH ROMANTIC BRIM.

It Served as a Tilt Rack and at One Time Was the Postoffice of New Salem—Its Liveliest Experience Was When It Served as a Football For Ladies.

There are enough of funny incidents reported of Mr. Lincoln's hat to make it "fabled in song and illumined in story." For example, it served as a football on the night of his election to the presidency, when the ladies at the old homestead testified their glad over his good fortune. The scene would have done credit to the great game between Yale and Princeton on Manhattan field. This is the story as told by an eyewitness:

"A few of us ladies went over and helped Mrs. Lincoln prepare a little supper for the friends of Mr. Lincoln, who had been invited in to hear the returns. Every half hour or so we would pass around coffee and cakes. About 1 o'clock in the morning enough had been learned to warrant the belief that the rail splitter had been elected. I think it was when we heard the news from New York. The men rushed on Mr. Lincoln and shook his hands, while some of the women actually hugged him, and I might as well admit it—I kissed him.

"Then some one went into the hall and took from the rack the old silk hat that he wore, and which was as long as a joint of stovepipe and about as shapeless to my mind, and it was thrown up to the ceiling. As it came down some one gave it a kick, and then the women joined in the fun, and we played football with that hat until it was an indistinguishable mass. We were simply beyond control. What a ridiculous scene it would have been to one looking in without knowing what prompted it!

"It was all the more so, so far as I was concerned, for originally I had been a Seward woman. While the convention was in session in Chicago we were waiting to hear the news. It had been arranged in case Lincoln received the nomination to fire a cannon. My nearest neighbor was a Mrs. Dubois, with whom I had several friendly spats during the campaign preceding the nomination. I heard the cannon shot, and the next moment I saw Mrs. Dubois running across the street. She had been making a shirt for her husband, who was about the size of the late Judge David Davis, so you may have some idea of the size of the garment she was wearing. She rushed into the house and flouted it in my face. It made me mad, and I sat down and began crying. The good woman put her arms around me, begged my pardon and kissed me, and from that time we were Lincoln women. She took part in the football match."

"As if not content with his 6 feet 4 or 5 inches of giant stature, Lincoln had his now historic hat made fully a foot high, with a brim almost as big as a southern sombrero. It seemed to have been a combination of all styles then in existence, and in this respect it reflected his own only eccentricity in having been a storekeeper, soldier, surveyor, and finally a legislator. It was a veritable "joint of stovepipe," and its remarkable and romantic brim made it alike serviceable in rain or shine. It might have been called with propriety a "plug ugly," after the name of the mob in Baltimore that threatened him in his journey to the capital.

"During Lincoln's great debate with Douglas the hat fairly loomed into space. The smallness of the latter's stature caused him to be nicknamed "The Little Giant," and when Lincoln stood beside him with his hat on the difference between the two seemed all but immeasurable. Curiously enough, when Mr. Lincoln came to be inaugurated at Washington and took off his hat on the stand preparatory to making his inaugural address Douglas held the high hats that no careless person might put his foot in it.

Representative Springer, who hails from Lincoln's old home, knew the hat well, and in speaking of it recently said: "Mr. Lincoln's hat was the best indispensable thing of his whole outfit. In it he carried all his valuable papers. In fact, it was a sort of file rack. Here were all the briefs of his various law cases. Curiously enough, he carried the accounts in his head, and that is why he lost so much money. Had he reversed the process and kept his accounts in his hat and the cases in his head, he would have been better off. His hat served for his satchel on a journey, and all that was needed besides this were his saddlebags and his horse. It was large and capacious, and a great many documents and data could be crowded into it without seriously discommoding the wearer."

But Mr. Lincoln had still a better use for his valuable file, which seems to have had more virtues than those rehearsed in the nursery tale of "Jack and the Beanstalk." When he was postmaster at New Salem, his hat became a most important part of his office equipment. As soon as the mail was received each day the young postmaster would put the letters in his hat and take a stroll through the village. The villagers knew that he was a peripatetic postoffice, and of course everybody was anxious to know the contents of the hat, which seemed to promise as much to them as a hat in the hands of a sleight-of-hand performer.—Washington Cor. St. Louis Republic.

A Remarkable Diary. A man who died in Berlin, Rensselaer county, at the age of 73 left a record which he began when 18 years old and continued for 52 years. The book, filled with methodical entries, shows that in these 52 years the man had smoked 629,715 cigars, of which he received 43,629 as presents, while for the remaining 585,086 he paid about \$10,433. In 52 years, according to his bookkeeping, he had drunk 28,736 glasses of beer and 36,081 glasses of spirits, for all of which he spent \$5,350. The diary closes with these words: "I have tried all things. I have been many. I have accomplished nothing."—Albany Express.

Talking and Writing. What a difference there is between talking and writing! It is mighty dull correspondence when one person has to do all the writing, but it is no unusual thing to find a person whose idea of perfect conversation is where he does all the talking.—Boston Traveller.

THE YOUNG QUEEN VICTORIA.

Her Majesty's Actions on Being Notified of the King's Demise.

William IV. was dead. The archbishop of Canterbury and Lord Conyngham were dispatched to inform the Princess Victoria of the fact. It was a warm night in June. The princess was sleeping in her mother's room, her custom from childhood, and had to be summoned out of her sleep. The messengers awaited her in the long, unlofty room, separated only by folding doors from that which was inhabited by the Duchess of Kent and her daughter. The young girl entered alone, in her night-dress with some loose wrap thrown hastily about her. The moment she was addressed as "Your majesty" she put out her hand, intimating that the lords who addressed her were to kiss it and thereby do homage. Her schooling and her instincts were admirable from the first. Self-possession combined with perfect modesty came naturally to her. A few hours later, at 11 o'clock in the morning, the child queen met her council. In the corridor at Windsor there is a picture which commemorates the event. Never, it has been said by an eyewitness, was anything like the first impression she produced or the chorus of praise and admiration which was raised about her manner and behavior, certainly not without justice. Her extreme youth and inexperience and the ignorance of the world concerning her—for she had lived in complete seclusion—excited interest and curiosity.

Asked whether she would enter the room accompanied by the great officers of state, she said she would come in alone. Accordingly when all the lords of the privy council were assembled the folding doors were thrown open, and the queen entered, quite plainly dressed and in mourning, and took her seat for the first time, a young girl among a crowd of men, including all the most famous and powerful of her subjects. She bowed and read her speech, handed to her by the prime minister, Lord Melbourne, in a clear and firm voice and then took the oath for the security of the Church of England.

Immediately the privy councilors were sworn, the royal Dukes of Cumberland and Sussex first by themselves. It was observed that as these two old men, her uncles, knelt before her, swearing allegiance, she blushed up to the eyes, as if she felt the contrast between their civil and natural relations. Her manner was very graceful and engaging, and she kissed them both, and rising from her chair moved toward the Duke of Sussex, who was too infirm to reach her.—Fortnightly Review.

Boredom. The great secret of boredom is to be found in two leading qualifications: A bore must be unable to find amusement in himself, and he must also be unable to find amusement in any one else. He must depend for his amusement neither on his own mind nor on the minds of his friends, but simply on the gratification which it is to him to give a special direction, or at least to suppose that he gives a special direction, for he is a creature of the most unlimited credulity in the art of magnifying his own influence—to the minds of his friends. He is in despair unless he can imagine himself a person of influence, and unluckily he can never imagine himself a person of influence—for he is a man of very limited imaginative power—unless he is taking every step to convince somebody of something, whether it be of some technical doctrine like Dugald Dalgetty's strategic principle, or simply of his own importance, or even of the importance of his patrons, like Mr. Collins in "Pride and Prejudice." To be a first rate bore you must have no resources in yourself and no resources in your friends, but must depend for your satisfactions on the real or fancied power of making your friends either think or do what they would otherwise not think or do.—London Spectator.

His Point of View. An odd illustration once given by Emerson, the philosopher, of the fact that the laws of disease are as beautiful as the laws of health is reported in his lecture on "The Comic." "I was hastening," he says, "to visit an old and honored friend, who I was informed was in a dying condition, when I met his physician, who requested me in great spirits. "And how is my friend, the reversed doctor?" I inquired. "Oh, I saw him this morning. It is the most correct apoplexy I have ever seen—face and hands livid, breathing stertorous, all the symptoms perfect. And he rubbed his hands with delight, for in the country we cannot find every day a case that agrees with the diagnosis of the books."—Youth's Companion.

The "Tomb of Cain." The early traditions concerning the city of Damascus are curious and interesting, even though untrustworthy and contradictory. By some of the ancient writers it was maintained that the city stands on or near the site of the garden of Eden, and just outside there is a beautiful meadow of red earth from which, it is said, God took the material from which he created Adam. This field is called Ager Damascenus, and near its center there formerly stood a pillar which was said to mark the precise spot where our first parent was created. A few miles out there is an eminence called the Mountain of Abel, supposed by some to be the place where the first two brothers offered their sacrifices, also the spot where the first murder was committed. The most interesting spot pointed out, however, is about three leagues from the city, where an old ruin is shown which all the orient believe to be the tomb of Cain. The traditions respecting this famous spot are known to antedate the Christian era by several hundred years. Up to the time of Vespasian the interior of the tomb is said to have been lighted and warmed by one of the "ever burning" lamps so commonly used by the ancients.—St. Louis Republic.

Hard to Distinguish. Auntie—Well, did Uncle George tell you an interesting story? Little Nicco (from Boston)—Yes, auntie, it was full of delightful wonders, but some visitors called, and I hadn't time to inquire whether it was a fairy tale or a theological hypothesis.—Good News.

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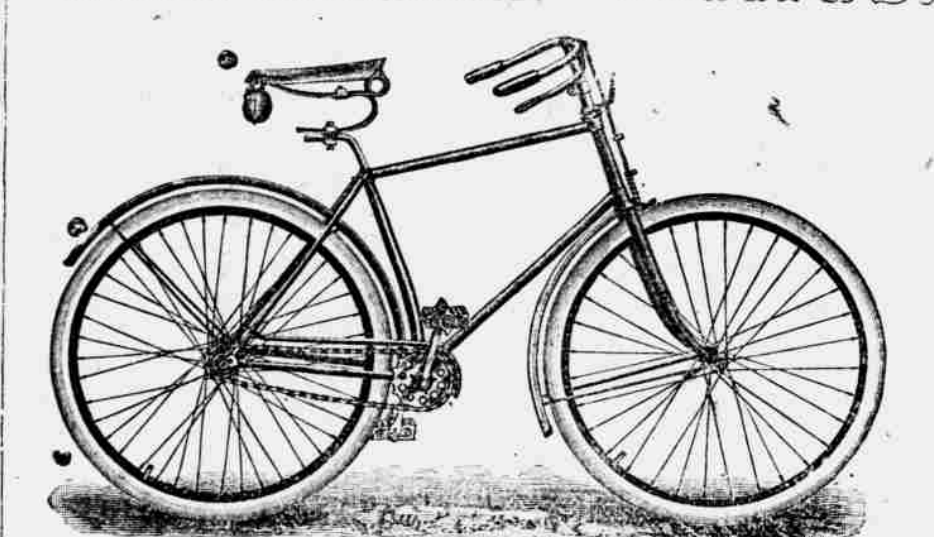
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