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HERNDON AND MRS. LINCOLN

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ANN RUTLEDGE was the only woman Lincoln ever loved. But after his removal to Springfield he was trapped by the ambitious and aggressive Mary Todd into a promise of marriage. The appointed day came, the feast was prepared, the guests were waiting, the bride was decked out in her finery — but the groom did not appear. Lincoln felt he could not marry this woman he did not love. Later, however, consideration of his plighted honor forced him to go through with the ceremony, and Mary Todd became Mrs. Abraham Lincoln. From that day in November 1842 Lincoln's home life was a domestic hell. Mary Lincoln made it so unpleasant for him that he was forced to interest himself in politics. He was driven from home into the White House.

The majority of the people of the United States believe that this is the story of Abraham Lincoln's married life. Many can cite one story or another to "prove" their point. These ideas have become so widespread as to be an accepted part of a great national tradition. Yet they are one hundred per cent incorrect.

There is a fascination in tracing back this legend to its origin and in seeing how it developed and grew. The Ann Rutledge story, the defaulting bridegroom incident, and anecdotes of married strife all go back to one man, to Abraham Lincoln's law partner and biographer, William Henry Herndon. This man Herndon was in many senses as interesting as Lincoln himself. A curiously divided personality, he was on the one hand a fighting idealist, a champion of causes, a man of drums and trumpets; on the other side he was a man of the common people, of barnyard vulgarity, who knew men's talk about drinks and cockfights and horses and women. Born in Kentucky in 1818 (just twelve days after Mary Todd saw the light in cultured Lexington), he was early taken by his father to pioneer in Illinois, along the wild Sangamon country. In the 1820's Herndon's father moved to the little hamlet of

Springfield, where he opened the "Indian Queen," the first tavern in the community. Here young Billy got to know the leaders of the ambitious village, learned to laugh at their jokes and to understand their talk of politics. Here, too, he acquired that taste for spirits that was so tragically to blight his later years.

But there was more to this youth than the hanger-on at the tavern. He did well at the Springfield schools and his proud father sent him at an almost unheard of expense to Illinois College at Jacksonville, where the devout Yale Band* was erecting a New Haven in the West. He had one exciting year there: he dimly saw vistas of sweeping fields of knowledge; from the library, where he was permitted to borrow two small volumes or one large book each week, he caught an insatiable appetite for reading. At the end of the year, however, his Virginia-born father snatched his son from college in order to prevent his becoming a "damned abolitionist pup."

Back in Springfield Herndon clerked for Joshua Speed, sleeping with Speed, Abraham Lincoln, and another clerk in the big room above the store. Then he married and began raising a family. And, most important of all, he started studying law with the two best lawyers the Illinois capital could offer — Logan and Lincoln. Lincoln wrote that Herndon was "a laborious, studious young man," "far better informed on almost all subjects than I have been." It was not surprising, therefore, that when Lincoln in 1844 was looking for a new law partner he should choose this promising student. The association thus formed lasted without interruption until Lincoln went to Washington; the partnership was ended by the assassin's bullet. Herndon became a competent lawyer and did the "book work" for the firm. In politics, too, he helped, so well that the Springfield papers labeled him "Lincoln's man Friday."

There was something almost pathetic in the way Herndon sought knowledge. He loved books, the deeper and more "philosophic" the better. He was fascinated by the rolling periods of grandiloquent oratory and by the lofty abstractions of the metaphysician. He read Kant and Comte, Holyoke and Hobbes. He reveled in speculations of the more abstruse sort: What is law? What is the nature of the mind? What is the ultimate source of knowledge? His speculative turn was stimulated by a long series of letters which he exchanged with Theodore Parker, the noted Boston Unitarian. Herndon poured out his soul to this man; he told him all: of politics and philosophy and the slavery controversy and the law office, and sometimes of his partner, "Mr. Lincoln."

*A group of Yale students "who, full of missionary spirit, helped get Illinois College started." C. H. Rammelkamp: *Illinois College*.

It is important to understand how Herndon went about his almost desperate search for Truth. Truth was not something that could be found merely in books, not even the Bible; nor was Truth spoken by the Sage alone. Given a Divine Providence and a soul in the individual man, it was the belief of the Transcendentalists — Parker, Emerson, Phillips, Thoreau, for all of whom Herndon had an almost painful admiration — that Truth could be found by introspection. If you wished to explain a man's actions, look to your own soul, where you would find identical motives reflected. All men operate on the same laws, and these laws can explain any human behavior.

There were many problems that Herndon wanted to solve. He wanted to know the laws of the "All-all" and of the "zo-ophyte being." He wanted the secrets of the winds and of the hibernacle surrounding the tiny leaf bud, the mystery of the sun and the rain. But there were human problems facing him too. One of them was his office mate. Herndon could never quite figure Lincoln out. He behaved queerly — i.e., differently from Herndon; he seemed to drip melancholy as he walked; his gusty outbreaks of humor would alternate with fits of deep depression. There must be something the matter with this man.

In his groping for an explanation Herndon did not go far. He concluded promptly that the trouble with Lincoln was Mrs. Lincoln. Herndon had never liked Mary Todd. When she first came to Illinois he had met her at a ball given by Colonel Allen. This youth back from college had danced with the belle, and, thinking to compliment her, had informed Mary that she waltzed with the grace of a serpent. Miss Todd, never distinguished by a sense of humor, had flashed back, "Mr. Herndon, comparisons are odious," and had left him on the dance floor. Neither ever forgot the scene. Twenty years later when Herndon visited the Lincolns at the White House he wrote a friend that Mrs. Lincoln was becoming more "excentric" every day; that she had to his personal knowledge made Lincoln's life desolate since they were married. Of course, it was not all friction between them, for a wife cannot completely snub her husband's partner, and Mary Lincoln occasionally borrowed small sums from Herndon while her husband was out on the circuit, and after Lincoln's death she spoke graciously to Herndon of "my beloved husband's truly affectionate regard for you." So far the amenities of life would carry her, but not further; she never invited Herndon to have a meal at her home.

It was in this atmosphere of mutual dislike that Herndon did his thinking about his partner's melancholy and his sudden moods. By a comparison with his own home life, he could easily tell what was wrong. Herndon hated to spend a night away from home; Lincoln would go off

sometimes as much as three months on the circuit without returning to Springfield. It was obvious, thought Herndon, that he must lead an unhappy life at home. Herndon would invite a casual acquaintance in to dinner without giving his wife any notice; Lincoln had guests only when Mary specially asked them. It must be, said Herndon, that the wife was of a shrewish and inhospitable temperament. When the Herndon children came to the law office — which was not too often — they were given law books and told to sit quietly on a bench; when the Lincoln boys were brought down by their father, Herndon wrote, "they would take down the books from the shelves — scatter them over the floor — mash up gold pens — spill the ink all over the floor." Clearly, Herndon thought, the Lincolns lacked discipline.

Before Lincoln's death Herndon had kept his views largely to himself, but in 1865 he determined to write a biography of the man he had known so well, and at the same time so little. It was to be a subjective, personal biography, explaining why Lincoln acted and thought as he did. One of the springs of Lincoln's nature Herndon found in gathering up reminiscences from New Salem acquaintances; from twisted recollections of events more than thirty years past, from hearsay and gossip, from inductions and inferences as to what must have been, and from speculations as to what might have been, he wove the fabric of the Ann Rutledge story, which he spread before the Springfield people in a lengthy lecture in 1866. In lush periods of purple phrases he told his fellow-citizens that Ann was the only woman that Lincoln had ever loved, that as late as 1860 he had still cherished his affection for her alone.

Mrs. Lincoln, her sons, and her friends were outraged. It was, it should be remembered, a romantic age, this mid-Victorian period when ladies had limbs and not legs, where marriage meant — or was supposed to mean — invariable connubial bliss, where debunking was not dreamed of. The true lady, the etiquette books of the day proclaimed, should be mentioned in the newspapers only twice in her life: when she was married and when she died; if her name occurred in print at any other time it was a signal for a male relative to visit the editor with a shotgun. Mrs. Lincoln was a proud, sensitive lady, the more so now that she was alone in the world. She retaliated on Herndon by declaring that her husband had always thought of him as a drunkard and a wastrel. And Herndon came back with a blistering excoriation: Mrs. Lincoln, he proclaimed, was a liar, subject to spasmodic fits of madness. From then on it was open warfare. Year after year went by, and Herndon became more and more bitter. Drink cast a cloud over his brilliant mind and made trivial details stand out with sharp poignancy. Mrs. Lincoln, he

thought, "was a tigress"; a woman "imperious, proud, aristocratic, insolent witty and bitter," a "she wolf," "sour . . . gross . . . material . . . avaricious." He brooded over real and imagined slights, and stirred up his memory. Twenty years after Lincoln's death he concluded that Mary Lincoln was "the female wild cat of the age." He had simmered his soup until it scorched.

It is only by discounting these belated recollections and garbled introspections that one can hope to arrive at a true picture of Mrs. Lincoln. Herndon assiduously collected backstairs gossip about Mary Lincoln and spread it as truth. It was not that he consciously misinterpreted facts, for he had a real determination to "do justice" to Mrs. Lincoln. It was simply that he was eager to accept stories that fitted in with his preconceived ideas. Any thinking person will realize how very difficult it is to remember correctly the back fence gossip of twenty to forty years before, even assuming that the gossip was ever correct in the first place.

By following strictly contemporary accounts one gets a different picture of Mary Lincoln. When Miss Mary Todd came to Springfield in 1839 to make her home with her sister, Mrs. Ninian W. Edwards, she came as a belle, as an interesting and attractive young woman destined to be the center of social life and gaiety. The Todds were a proud and distinguished family in Kentucky, numbering two governors, a couple of cabinet members, and a score of less distinguished officials as close relatives. It was the Todds, together with the Crittendens and the Clays, who set the social tone for Lexington. Yet the Todd name carried with it something less desirable also: a sort of mental taint, a tendency toward abnormally intense personalities, ill adapted to severe crises or harsh shocks. The medical record shows that Mary Todd's own brother became a mental case.

But this was all in the future. For Miss Todd was a brilliant addition to Springfield society in the '30's. She had been well educated at Madame Mentelle's both in English fundamentals and in French, which she spoke well. She could write a gracious and well expressed letter. She could dance and hold a sprightly conversation with men. She was a born coquette. When life with her step-mother in Kentucky became unendurable, it was natural that she should come to visit her Springfield sister. For here in Springfield she might find an attractive husband and a home, as two others of her sisters had done. Women are always at a premium in a frontier society, and it is not surprising that the Edwards home in the winters of '39 and '40 was a center of gaiety. There were balls and sleigh rides and excursions and parties. Half a dozen young men were dancing in attendance on the new queen — James C. Conk-

ling, Joshua Speed, Stephen Douglas, and a gawky young lawyer called Abraham Lincoln. Mary Todd was excited and delighted by such attentions. In a letter of the time a friend described her as "the very creature of excitement . . . and never enjoys herself more than when in society and surrounded by a company of merry friends."

"Mary," as her niece remembered her, "although not strictly beautiful, was more than pretty. She had a broad, white forehead, eyebrows sharply but delicately marked, a straight nose, short upper lip, and an expressive mouth curling into an adorable, slow-coming smile that brought dimples into her cheeks and glinted long-lashed, blue eyes." Observers remarked her "Plump round figure," her "lovely complexion," her "soft brown hair." One of the clearest pictures of Mary Todd at this time comes from the hand of Herndon himself: ". . . when Mrs. Lincoln was a young and unmarried woman . . . she was rather pleasant — polite — civil — rather graceful in her movements — intelligent, witty, and sometimes bitter too: she was a polished girl — well educated — a good linguist — a fine conversationalist — . . . a little proud — sometimes haughty." Others were to note Miss Todd's sharp tongue, even while admitting her charm. She could be gracious, but she could also flash out with an ungovernable temper — possibly a reflection on her lack of early training in the home.

She was ambitious, and intelligently so. She was going to pick a husband, and she intended to make a good choice. Half-laughingly Mary said she was going to marry the man who would become President of the United States. It is not hard to understand why she rejected the hand of a widower, referring to his motherless children as "two sweet little objections." The extent of Stephen Douglas's attentions has probably been exaggerated, but even he honored the Edwards parlor with his presence. But it was Abraham Lincoln with whom she finally fell in love. It must have been an amusing courtship — for an outsider, at least. Lincoln, awkward and rough and a little embarrassed in the presence of ladies, would sit and listen to Mary's prattle fascinated but could not carry on the conversation himself. Friends advised Mary against the match, pointing out Lincoln's poor prospects and his even poorer present. Exactly what happened during those winter months of 1840-41 is not clear, but apparently there was an engagement of some sort, or at least an understanding.

The commonly accepted story, started by Herndon and spread by fiction writers, is that the two were to be married. To quote Herndon's version: "The time fixed for the marriage was the first day in January, 1841. Careful preparations for the happy occasion were made at the Edwards mansion. The house underwent the customary renovation;

. . . the supper prepared, and the guests invited. The latter assembled on the evening in question, and awaited in expectant pleasure the interesting ceremony of marriage. The bride, dedecked in veil and silken gown, and nervously toying with the flowers in her hair, sat in the adjoining room. Nothing was lacking but the groom." Hours passed, and Lincoln failed to appear; the wedding plans were abandoned and the guests quietly departed.

This is not the place to examine the wedding story in detail. It is enough to realize that the whole episode was created from self-contradictory reminiscences given years after the event; that no contemporary letter by Mary Todd, Lincoln, or their friends mentions a projected marriage for the couple; that Lincoln did not take out a marriage license in 1840; and that Springfield gossips did not spread the tale until after Lincoln's death.

But if there was no deserted bride, no waiting guests or garlanded house, there was certainly a major emotional crisis about this time. Lincoln referred to the day as "the fatal first of January," and he considered himself "the most miserable man living." "If what I feel were equally distributed to the whole human family," he wrote disconsolately, "there would not be one cheerful face on the earth." A friend remarked that "he is reduced and emaciated in appearance and seems scarcely to possess strength enough to speak above a whisper," and laughingly called Lincoln a "poor, hapless simple swain who loved most true but was not loved again."

Mary Todd, though she carried on with the round of parties and entertainment, was none too happy either. Lincoln, she wrote to a bosom companion, "deems me unworthy of notice, as I have not met *him* in the gay world for months. . . . others were as seldom gladdened by his presence as my humble self, yet I would that . . . he would once more resume his station in Society, that 'Richard should be himself again,' much, much happiness would it afford me."

The best reconstruction that can now be made of the whole tangle is as follows: About the first of January, 1841, Lincoln, realizing his poverty and doubting his ability to make a sensitive and cultured woman happy, had asked to be released from his engagement. Mary had consented, though letting it be known that she would consider the question still open. And thus the crisis passed.

It was not until nearly two years later that their marriage actually took place. During that time Lincoln had been comforted by the knowledge that his friend Joshua F. Speed's marriage was most successful. He was also rising to a more established financial position as one of the leading lawyers in Springfield. The estranged couple was brought to-

gether through the agency of Mrs. Simeon Francis, a mutual friend, and the engagement was renewed. There was no public announcement, for Mary said "that the world, woman and man, were uncertain and slippery and that it was best to keep the secret courtship from all eyes and ears." Some months later, on the fourth of November, 1842, the two were married.

The Lincolns at first stayed at the Globe Tavern, where they got room and board for \$4 a week. It was here that their first son, Robert Todd, was born. In 1846 a second child, Edward Baker, came, and the same year Lincoln was elected to Congress. For a part of his term the family lived in Washington with him, rooming at Mrs. Spriggs's. But some of the time Mrs. Lincoln stayed at her father's in Kentucky. The letters between husband and wife during this time reveal the tender affection between Abraham and Mary and their deep devotion to their children. Writing from Washington in 1848, Lincoln found himself lonesome with his wife in Kentucky. To occupy his time he had been shopping for plaid stockings to fit "Eddy's dear little feet." "All the house," he wrote "or rather all with whom you were on decided good terms send their love to you. The others say nothing." He was concerned with his Molly's health. "Are you entirely free from headache?" he questioned. "That is good . . . I am afraid you will get so well and fat and young as to be wanting to marry again."

She replied in kind, telling the family news, how little "Eddy" had recovered from a spell of sickness and how the children had found a homeless kitten and had adopted it. She concluded: "Do not fear the children, have forgotten you, I was only jesting. Even E-eyes brighten at the mention of your name." Other letters at this period reveal a husband anxious to see his wife — provided she would "be a *good girl* in all things" if she came East — and a husbandly caution against the accumulation of debts. Later Lincoln wrote that he had "expected to see you all sooner" and closed with "Kiss and love the dear rascals." These were the sort of letters that an understanding and adjusted couple might write.

When the term in Congress was over, the Lincolns returned to Springfield, to the practice of law and the pursuit of politics. Mary was a help to her husband; she had influential family connections; she could guard against social blunders; she read books for Lincoln; she understood politics and was a good judge of character; she carried on the church responsibilities for the pair; she could entertain and charm visiting politicians.

How can one summarize twenty-two years of married life — the endless round of domestic duties, the cycle of birth and growth,

the silent adjustments of man and wife? Springfield was home to the Lincolns. The house on Eighth Street was where their children grew up. Every foot, every inch of it had memories, suggestions of the compromises and truces, the shared joys and griefs, the whispered hopes and silent dreams that make up a marriage. Little Eddy died in his fourth year, but his place was filled by two more sons, the ubiquitous and exuberant Tad, with his slight stammer, and bright little Willie, who was to die in Washington in 1862. Everyone agreed that the Lincolns were devoted parents. Perhaps they were overindulgent, and perhaps they loved their children too much. But any mother who could bring up three of four children in an age of terrific infant mortality, when cholera epidemics swept the country, before the days of the most rudimentary sanitation or sewerage, must have been a competent one.

A lawyer's income is irregular and somewhat uncertain, and Mary Todd Lincoln had at times to manage with meager resources. She did her own and the boys' sewing and at times did all the cooking for the family. Mr. Lincoln, when he was home, milked the cow, curried the horse, and chopped wood for the stove. It is hardly surprising that the two had little time for planting and growing flowers about the place; even the garden they tried one year was too much of a load.

Springfield store records tell a great deal about this Lincoln family. The books of John Williams & Co., drygoods merchants, carry such items as "2½ yds. Muslin per Lady," "1 pair Boys Boots," "4½ yds. Velvet Ribbon at .06¼," "½lb. Gun Powder Tea at \$1.25," "2 pair Heavy Drawers at \$1.25," and "36 yds. Buff Linen at .25" — all charged to the Lincoln account. At Corneau & Diller's drug store their purchases included "Castor Oil," "Calomel," "Bottle Vermifuge," "1 paper Horse Powder," "2 bottles Extract Vanilla," "Cough Candy," "Toilet Soap," and more than one "Bottle Allen's Restorative." Tradition has it that Mary Lincoln was a shopper difficult to please and that she frequently exchanged the goods she purchased.

The Lincolns had their share in the social life of Springfield. There were teas and dinners, even though Mrs. Lincoln had sometimes to make up for them by a scanty every-day table. The children had their parties as well as the grown-ups. On one special occasion the Lincolns issued over five hundred invitations to an entertainment, and more than three hundred persons actually attended the gathering at the Eighth Street residence. Letters of the period make frequent mention of "Mr. Lincoln & Cousin Mary" as being present at suppers, at political receptions, at charity socials.

Mary's niece has left a picture of the Lincolns at this time. "They understood each other thoroughly," she wrote, "and Mr. Lincoln . . .

knew that his wife was devoted to him and to his interests. They lived in a quiet, unostentatious manner. She was very fond of reading, and interested herself greatly in her husband's political views and aspirations. She was fond of home and made nearly all her children's clothes. She was a cheerful woman, a delightful conversationalist, and well-informed on all the subjects of the day."

It is a mistake, however, to think of this marriage as one of uninterrupted happiness and tranquillity. The Lincolns had sharply contrasting personalities, and there was friction, as in every home. Mary had difficulties with housemaids, icemen, storekeepers, and delivery boys, and her husband must have understood that her outbursts of temper were connected directly with the violent headaches of which she had complained for many years. When there was trouble Mary Lincoln's temper sometimes got the better of her and she would become momentarily irresponsible. There were many pressures beating on this woman, and she was not adapted either by temperament or by training to make a successful adjustment. Lincoln's law practice kept him on the circuit nearly half of the year, leaving a woman with two or three small children anxiously worrying at Springfield. There is something almost pathetic in Mary Lincoln's confidence to a neighbor: "If Mr. Lincoln had been at home more, I could have loved him better."

And when Lincoln was at home, there were disagreements that sometimes became tempestuous. Mrs. Lincoln could never get used to her husband reading stretched out on the floor of the parlor; and Lincoln could never break himself of the habit of answering the door bell in his shirt sleeves or of using his own spoon in the sugar dish. He was a man of long silences and deep brooding melancholy; she wanted lively talk and gay company. There were disputes over the children and how they should be trained. And there was the ever present problem of the servants, for the most part idle and inefficient, and utterly unable to get along with the temperamental Mrs. Lincoln. After one particularly bad wrangle with a new servant girl, Mary sighed: "Well, one thing is certain: If Mr. Lincoln should happen to die, his spirit will never find me living outside the boundaries of a slave state."

When the strain became too great, Mrs. Lincoln would, as Herndon put it, "get the devil in her," and fly up in uncontrollable anger. At such times Lincoln would first of all ignore her, and then would take one of the children and leave the house until her fury was spent. There are a number of stories of these rages of hers; Springfield gossips were to smack over them for fifty years. One man recalled passing by the Lincoln house of a Sunday and seeing "a woman chasing a man with a table knife or butcher knife in her hand"; when they came to a group

of Springfield worthies returning from church Lincoln "turned suddenly around, caught his wife by the shoulder with one hand and with the other caught his wife at the heavy end, her hips, if you please, and quickly hustled her to the back door of his house and . . . pushed her in, at the same time . . . spanking her heavy end, saying . . . 'There, d--n it, now stay in the house and don't disgrace us before the eyes of the world.' "

Once, so the story goes, Mary "blazed away with her sharp and sarcastic tongue" at a man who called at the house on business; she called him "a dirty villain, a vile creature, and the like." When he complained to Lincoln, that unchivalrous gentleman is supposed to have said: "*Friend* . . ., can't you endure this one wrong . . . for old Friendship's sake while I have had to bear it without complaint and without a murmur for, lo, these last fifteen years?"

But not all the temper, rumor had it, was on one side. One day Springfield citizens were shocked to see Mrs. Lincoln placed bodily out of the Lincoln house, her husband shouting, "You make the house intolerable, damn you, get out of it."

With no attempt to deny the importance of these stories, it should be pointed out that these incidents were not the usual thing in the Lincoln home. In every marriage there are tensions and stresses, and in many marriages the partners may lose their tempers. Furthermore, such stories are of the kind to be stretched and repeated with endless variations. Most such anecdotes come from unreliable sources, and are given long after the event. That Mary Lincoln lost control at times is admitted. But it should be set against this that she was a faithful and loving wife, that she was a capable, if indulgent, mother, that she managed a growing household with commendable economy, that she performed competently her duties as the wife of a leading politician and lawyer. In every marriage there are storms; if occasionally they struck the Lincoln house with unusual violence, disaster was avoided by the spirit of tender love and deep understanding that united the couple around their home and children. James Gourley, who lived next door to the Lincolns for nineteen years, summarized the situation in his verdict: "Mrs. and Mr. Lincoln were good neighbors."

The history of Mary Lincoln in the White House is another story, too long to be related here. Subject to the pitiless search-light of unfavorable publicity, engulfed in the tidal wave of hate engendered by the war, bruised by the terrific responsibilities of her position, and desolated by intolerable grief first at the death of a dearly loved son and then by the assassination of one more than life to her, her mind gave way under the pressures. She had not been brought up to resist them.

In those last tragic years, in that ceaseless seeking for peace that was to send her searching over two continents, finally to seal herself in a candle-lit, shuttered room in Springfield, her mind must often have wandered back — to the days of her marriage, to the birth of her children, to home and to husband. Almost frantically she counted over her past hours of happiness like a rosary; there was little happiness to remain for her ("A.L. to Mary, Nov. 4, 1842. Love is Eternal.") And as her wretchedly aching brain relived those years, she could remember two things: she was Mrs. Abraham Lincoln, and she had made her husband a home.

Talk given to Friends of the Library
at the Sixth Annual Lincoln Meeting
February 6, 1950.

The following Officers, for the year 1950-1951, were elected at the Annual Meeting of the Friends of the Library, May 8, 1950:

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This work, in ten volumes, will probably appear late in 1951 or early in 1952, and will include practically everything Lincoln ever wrote. The editorial work has been done under grants from the Abraham Lincoln Association and the Rockefeller Foundation. The cost will not be less than \$125. per set; it may be \$200. per set.

It would seem that the library ought to have two sets. Certainly we must have one, but —

Will some FRIEND or FRIENDS help?

BENJAMIN C. CLOUGH

Editor

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