

skipping. Hopping from the horse and bidding him stand, he slipped into the shadows. The only consolation he had, so he told the President and Tad, was that he believed from the glimpse he had of the face of the trooper who overtook Jess that he knew and loved a good horse.

"Of course he may be dead," Henry went on, "but if he is ~~I~~ think I shall see him again, Mr. Lincoln. After what I have seen of horses in this war you cannot makeme believe that they will not live again."

"For that which befalleth the sons of men," quoted Mr. Lincoln, "befalleth beasts, as the one dieth so dieth the other; yea, they all have all one spirit; a man hath no pre-eminence above the beasts."

Stories of officers in action, in camp, with themen, with their fellows - Henry Wing's personal impressions dotted his talks. He neither stinted praise nor indignation, he made no effort at estimation - it was the impression that the man made on him at a particular juncture, in a particular action that he gave. They made their way in Mr. Lincoln's mind probably at their proper worth for they joined there a crowd of items about the particular officer that the President gathered from all sorts of sources and pieced together in his effort to get a full and just estimate of the men he must make and unmake. No man, heknew well, could give him all that he wanted of any other man. This boy certainly could not, but he gave him with sincere frankness the impression made on