

Father afterwards told me that he could not have accepted the platform. He had written a letter stating his views before the convention was held and his position on all questions was well known."

#### SHE DID NOT CARE FOR THE WHITE HOUSE.

"How about yourself, Mrs. Chase? It is said that it was your ambition that made your father most desire to enter the White House."

"I do not think that is so," replied Mrs. Chase. "If you will reason a little you will see how unfounded it is. I was anxious that my father might be President in order that he might carry out his ideas. As to social ambition I had been in society all of my life. I was forced into it very young. At the age of fourteen I was the social head of my father's establishment at Columbus where he was the governor of the state and I had at this time three children that I had to care for. When I came to Washington my father was Secretary of the Treasury, and as the wife of Governor Sprague my social duties were equally great. The mere name of being mistress of the White House had never been a great attraction to me and my father's health was such that I did not want to see him become President and undergo all of the worries and cares which are associated with the Chief Executive of the country. He nearly broke himself down while he was Secretary of the Treasury and he has just begun to recover. From his earliest youth the Supreme bench had been the goal of his ambition and he felt as I did that to be Chief Justice of the Supreme Court was an honor fully equal to that of the Presidency. He liked his life and work as Chief Justice, and he was especially fitted for the position."

#### WHY MRS. LINCOLN HATED KATE CHASE.

"How about your father as Secretary of the Treasury?" "You speak of the wear and tear of the office."

"It was terrible, he did not want the position and it was against his inclination that he accepted it. President Lincoln offered it to him while he was still at Columbus. He sent for father to come to Springfield, I think. I do not remember whether he went or not but Lincoln afterwards came to visit him at Columbus. It was just at the time of the celebration of the anniversary of the Perry victory at Cleveland and I had gone to Cleveland to be present at this. It was at this time that I met Governor Sprague for the first time, my fate. Mrs. Lincoln came with the President to Columbus and they were entertained by Governor Denison. Mrs. Lincoln was piqued that I did not remain at Columbus to see her and I have always felt that this was the chief reason why she did not like me at Washington."

#### HOW CHASE REFUSED THE TREASURY.

"Well, President Lincoln offered father the Secretaryship of the Treasury, but my father refused it. He had just been elected to the United States Senate and he felt that he could do more there than in the Treasury. He felt the same when he came down to Washington and was sworn in as United States Senator. Pressure, however, from all parts of the country and among his friends at Washington led him to finally resolve to take the place. He realized the enormity of the undertaking when he accepted the

portfolio. The raising of money to carry on the war was as great an undertaking as the raising and equipment of men for the field. We had no foreign credit and the making of greenbacks without interest a legal tender when the country had never been on anything but a gold basis was a success as great as the surrender of the Confederate any four years later. The world will never know the strain that the Secretary of the Treasury had to undergo at that time. My father lived at the Department and he slept with his ear at the telegraph. An order would come that millions must be had at once and it was his business to raise the money. How he did it, how he organized the national banking system, how he placed hundreds of millions abroad, these are matters of history.

FRANK G. CARPENTER.

#### WAKEMAN'S WANDERINGS.

GLASGOW, SCOTLAND, Sept. 28, 1893. —The little lads and lasses of Scotland are a rugged and merry lot. In no land in which I have wandered are children more self-sustaining in olden or improvised pastimes and games. I have often thought, too, that where their denials are greatest, where poverty pinches hardest, there could always be found the cheeriest little souls and the heartiest expression of childhood hilarity among the "rosy-cheekit," blithesome Scottish bairns. Geography, condition and weather can furnish no exception.

It is the same with highland as with lowland children; with the ragged, hungry little folk of the western isles as with the romping rollickers of Glasgow; with the wee peerie lairds and ladies and fishermen's children of the Shetlands and Orkneys as with the hard-headed, hard-fisted bairns of "Auld Reekie's" wynds and closes; and precisely the same with the little nabobs of iron or stone-girt parks of the cities as with children of the border towns and those of the misty glens and corries of the North. Childhood in Scotland may know asperities of environment and rigor of discipline unusual in some other lands; but the compensation is here in the fact that Scottish children never "mope." Once released from duty or relieved from discipline they leap to their games free as their own wild winds and mists; and the savagest Scottish storm that howls up the foaming firths or wails among the lochs and glens has for them no more terror than sunshine, when there is liberty for sport and play.

The children's folk-lore of Scotland is peculiarly rich in counting-out rhymes which are here called "titting oot" and "chapping out." As with the counting-out rhymes of the children of all countries, the one "chapped oot" is to bear the disagreeable or distinguished part in whatever game may be proposed. In illustration I shall give a few of the most popular of these in Scotland. The first examples are chiefly in use in the west of Scotland.

Mr. Foster's a very good man  
Scoops the college now and than,  
When he's done he takes a dance  
Up to London, o'er to France;  
With a black beaver and a red snout,  
Stan' yon you, for you are out!

Eery, orrey, o'er the mill dam  
Fill my pock, an' let me gang.

Zeeny, meeny, fickety, fick,  
Delia, dolia, ah-min-ick;  
Harrio, block, strong rock,  
Zanty, panty, on a rock—toosh!

Easy, ose;  
mon's nose;  
Kail parritch,  
Pease brose.

Here is one in use by the children of the border shires:

Yen-rie, twa-rie, tickery, seven;  
Alaba, crack, tinaba, seven;  
Tin, tan, masky' dan—  
Teedle-dum, toodledum, twenty-one!

Among those peculiar to Edinburgh, Glasgow, and the midland Scotch countries are:

Ink, pink, papers, ink,  
Am, pan-push

Queen, queen, Caroline,  
Dipped her hair in turpentine,  
Turpentine made it shine,  
Queen, queen, Caroline.

Inty, tinty, tethery, methery,  
Bank for over, Dover, ding  
Aunt, tant, tooch;  
Up the Causey, down the Cross,  
There stands a bonny white horse;  
It can gallop, it can trot,  
It can carry the mustard pot.  
One, two, three, and out goes shel!

Aberdeen, has a "chapping-oot" rhyme which, in its French affinities, carries with it suggestion of the admixture of French with the Scottish blood in this portion of Scotland, hundreds of years ago:

Eenerty, feenerty, fickety, fac,  
El, del, domum, aicht;  
Erkie, birkie, stole a roque,  
An, tan—toot est lock!

Originally, no doubt, "*tu est Jacques*," transformed into the present Scottish "Jock" who is thus "chapped oot."

To these should be added a few of the more characteristic counting-out rhymes common to all portions of Scotland.

Benery, teenery, tickery, teven;  
I'll go Mary, ten or eleven;  
Pin, pan musky dan;  
Nineteen, twenty, twenty-one!

One-ery, two-ery, tick-ery seven.  
Anarby, crackery, ten, eleven.  
Pin, pan, musketan,  
Black fish, white trout—  
That means you are put out  
Of this G-a-m-e,  
Ne'er to come in again.

One-ery, two-ery, tickery ten,  
Bobs of vinegar, gentlemen,  
Bird in the air, fish in the sea,  
Bonny we lassie singing to thee;  
One, two, three—o-u-t!

There are hosts of games in which the little folk of both sexes unite, in and out of doors, and which are particularly enjoyed in holiday time when their elders are occupied in more serious festivities. One of these is "Lubin Loo," and it is always productive of screaming merriment, owing to errors by players in obeying the leader's commands. The children form in a ring, joining hands when they all sing:

Here we play Lubin Loo,  
- Here we play Lubin Light;  
Here we play Lubin Loo,  
A' of a Saturday night!

The entire game consists in correctly following the sung injunctions, as—

Now all your right hands in;  
All your right hands out.