

# OUR PRESIDENTS OUT OF DOORS

BY CALVIN DILL WILSON

WITH SKETCHES BY REGINALD B. BIRCH

THE general interest in President Roosevelt's hunting, riding, and other athletic pleasures naturally suggests the habits of his predecessors in office. Some misinformation on this subject has been given from time to time in the press. It has been assumed that the present Chief Executive is the first of our rulers to be an enthusiast about outdoor exercises, with the exception perhaps of Mr. Cleve-

some intimate glimpses into the lives of our Presidents, will be found in appropriate places throughout this article.

In fact as well as in order of time, Washington has just claim to the very first place among our chieftains as a mighty out-of-doors man. He certainly spent a much larger proportion of his life in the open air than did any of the others.

Washington began his career as a



land, whose fame as a fisherman is known to all. But this is wide of the mark.

While certain facts bearing on this topic have been gleaned by reading, we have given further authenticity to this paper by obtaining from living representatives of many of the Presidential families what they know as to the recreations of their relatives who have occupied the White House. These letters, which give

sportsman while still a very young lad. One day, without permission, he ordered a negro to saddle a horse for him, and rode several miles from home to a fox-meet. The grown-ups jibed him, asking if he could stay on his horse and if the horse knew he had any one on his back. On this first hunt he saw two foxes killed. Among his favorite pastimes in youth and in mature life were running, leaping,

wrestling, jumping, and tossing heavy bars. He was a daring rider, and no horse was too fiery for him. As a boy he broke the colts of the neighborhood. Early in life he learned the use of foils and of the broadsword. He threw stones across the Rappahannock, over the Palisades, and to the top of the Natural Bridge. In 1772, the painter Peale said that while he was at Mount Vernon he saw Washington cast a heavy bar much farther than the most expert of the young men who were competing in the trial. Few men cared to wrestle with him.

He was an enthusiastic fox-hunter. He imported all his hunting regalia from England. His costume was made by the best tailors in London; it consisted of a blue coat, scarlet waistcoat, buckskin breeches, top-boots, velvet cap, and a whip with a long thong. His horses were the finest in the country. None could surpass "Blueskin," "Chinkling," "Valiant," "Ajax," and "Magnolia." He had a goodly kennel; and two or three times a week, when at home, he followed the cry of "Vulcan," "Ringwood," "Singer," "Music," "Sweetlips," "Forster," "Rockwood," and the rest. After the war Lafayette sent him hounds. He rode with the hounds everywhere, and was always in at the death.

Washington both shot and fished. In the journal of his surveying tour on Lord Fairfax's lands he noted occasionally the shooting of wild turkey. He hunted stags with Fairfax, who taught him venery. His last hunt was in 1785, when he killed a stag weighing one hundred and forty-six pounds. He shot ducks on many a morning, and was an expert fowler. As to fishing, he practised it from childhood. As boy and man he helped draw in the big seines, laden with shad and herring, and he caught many a fish with the line. While he was President he captured a codfish on the fishing-banks off Portsmouth, New Hampshire.

During the session of the Federal Congress in Philadelphia, he noted in his diary a fishing party near Valley Forge. He was in the habit of taking a breakneck dash on horseback, if anxious in mind, to scatter his cares. On his numerous engineering tours he nearly always slept, even in the coldest weather, in the open with a bear-skin around him. He had been

warned on his Western trip that the Indians had a jocular custom of squeezing the hand very hard when greeting a stranger. When he met Big Bear, he gave the chief a grip that made him cry out, to the amusement of the other Indians. He could wade breast-high across a swollen, rushing stream by carrying a heavy stone to keep him on his feet. He laughed at the suggestion that any horse could throw him. One day while he was Commander-in-Chief of the Continental armies he visited the headquarters of his friend Colonel Pickering, who at the time was absent. Pickering had a negro named Primus, whom Washington told that he was in need of exercise and that he must help him. He bade the negro tie a rope breast-high to a neighboring tree, and had him stand off and keep the rope taut. Then Washington ran back and forth, leaping over the rope until he said he had had enough exercise.

We must omit many details of his recreations—his walks about the Battery when he was President, his long drives and horseback rides up the old King's Road, One Hundred and Eighth Street, across to Bloomingdale, and down on the west side of the island to the city, as well as hunting memoranda of his expeditions with the Fairfaxes and others after game. Time fails also to tell of his Indian fights and the wild creatures he killed for food or in self-defense when in the wilderness.

JOHN ADAMS apparently made no effort to follow in the footsteps of Washington in physical culture. His great-grandson, Mr. Charles Francis Adams, writes me:

I know nothing in this respect of President John Adams, but I have no reason whatever to think that he ever took outdoor exercise simply because he loved to be out of doors and enjoyed physical movement. He took it in connection with his farm and the work thereon. I doubt, for instance, whether he ever dreamed of handling a scythe or cutting a tree with his own hands. The exercise he took was of a pottering character. In his younger days he rode on horseback. I doubt whether he ever rode on horseback after he went to Europe in 1780.

THOMAS JEFFERSON belongs distinctly among the physically strenuous Presi-

dents, and he revived the traditions of Washington, which had lapsed during the term of John Adams. Like the first President, he was a notable horseman and fox-hunter. From his youth up he followed the chase. Before his father died, when Jefferson was fourteen years of age, he had learned to "ride his horse, fire his gun, boldly stem the Rivanna when the swollen river was 'rolling red from brae to brae,' and press with unflagging foot through the rocky summits of the contig-

sonal habits from my father, and largely also from the old negroes. As a youth he was very fond of hunting, and spent a great deal of time in the mountains back of Edgehill and Shadwell, which in that day were filled with wild turkeys, possums, and coons. He and his companion, afterward his brother-in-law, Dabney Carr, were said to be very successful. I have heard that his erect carriage and long and healthy life were due to his habits at that period. There is a tree on the mountain side of Monticello under which the young men spent the days in study.

Men of that time were generally much more accomplished horsemen than are we of the present day. Mr. Jefferson was said to be second only to General Washington as a horseman. He rode constantly, and carried his horse with him to the College of William and Mary, to Philadelphia and to Washington. He was said always to ride a Virginia thoroughbred, the best he could get. The old negroes used to tell amusing stories of his particularity as to the keep of his horse. For instance, they said that he wiped a white silk handkerchief over his horse, and woe to Cæsar if it was soiled. I recollect distinctly his last horse, which died at Edgehill at thirty years of age. He was a handsome bay and was used by my brother and me in learning to ride. It used to amuse my father very much when we were riding with him on the public road that he would be remonstrated with for trusting those two little children on such a fiery horse. He would reply, he "would n't do it except the horse knew more about it than we did." Mr. Jefferson lived largely out of doors. He rode two hours every day, even in his old age. He never would allow a servant to accompany him, but always rode alone.



uous hills in pursuit of deer and wild turkeys." Parton says that without leaving his father's land he could shoot turkeys, deer, foxes, and other game. His father in his last hours specially charged his mother not to permit him to neglect the exercise requisite for his health. The advice was not needed, however, as the youth was then, and continued to be, a keen hunter.

He was all his life fond of riding and was a bold horseman. He had always a taste for fine horses. Dr. W. C. Randolph of Charlottesville, Virginia, a great-grandson of Jefferson, writes me:

Mr. Jefferson died eight years before I was born, but I obtained knowledge of his per-

While at the College of William and Mary, it was Jefferson's habit to run daily at twilight a mile out of Williamsburg and back again. He was fond of races, attended them frequently, but ran only one. While he was President, he took horseback exercise daily from one to three o'clock. He kept up this practice until within three weeks of his death. He was fond of lonely rides in the region about his home. At the White House he had four horses, but seldom drove them. After long outings, he was accustomed to receive guests in his riding-habit, whip in hand. He was always master of his horse,

and if the animal rebelled, he gave him a sound thrashing such as would shock us if a modern President should administer the like to his steed. But in those days Virginia gentlemen were permitted to exhibit their spirit without censure.

That Jefferson knew a great deal about the wild game of America, and took a deep interest in it, is shown in his "Notes in Virginia." He supplied the naturalist Buffon with American skins, skeletons, horns, and similar objects for his collection. Indeed, he was more of a naturalist than any President before Mr. Roosevelt.

WE obtain glimpses of the habits of President Madison in the following letters from members of his family. Mrs. W. B. Willis of Orange, Virginia, is the great-granddaughter of General William Madison through her mother and the great-granddaughter of Ambrose Madison through her father; these gentlemen were brothers of President James Madison, to whom she is thus doubly related. President Madison himself had no children. Mrs. Willis writes:

My acquaintance with the character and habits of President Madison is derived from my father and his mother, the latter being a favorite niece of the President and the former her only son. His habits were always spoken of as simple and domestic. His outdoor pursuits were of a pastoral nature. He was fond of farming, especially of gardening and beautifying his homestead, Montpelier. An artistic ice-house, the first ever made in this section, a terraced garden fashioned in a semicircle in imitation of the House of Representatives, and many beautiful trees, remain as monuments of his individual taste.

Mrs. Jane C. Richardson, also a relative of President Madison and now living in St. Joseph, Missouri, states:

I am quite sure President Madison was a good horseman. He gave personal oversight to his large estate in Orange County, Virginia, and horseback was the usual mode of travel in that section in his day. I have often heard of his driving from Montpelier to Monticello, but presume he was driven by a servant.

Another member of the Madison connection, Mr. R. C. Macon of Orange County, Virginia, says:

So far as I am informed, Mr. Madison was always a close student to his death, and took little pleasure in out-of-door amusements. He did watch his farming interests closely. These were very extensive. Montpelier was then a farm of about five thousand acres, with one hundred or one hundred and fifty slaves. I have tried to find out if he ever had a dog that he cared for, but my father, who was his nephew and saw much of him, could never recall his owning one.

There is in the Library of Congress a curious old book, classified with the negro bibliography, which is the narrative of Paul Jennings, the body-servant of Mr. Madison. Jennings states that Mr. Madison had a pronounced love of horse-flesh, and that no jockey ever cheated him. While President, he never had fewer than seven horses in his Washington stables.

PRESIDENT JAMES MONROE was accustomed to ride both morning and evening, and, in passing, always bowed to and spoke to every one, even a slave, as respectfully as if he had been the finest gentleman. He was a man of very great endurance. During the War of 1812, after the retreat of the British from Washington, when the burden of the State, Treasury, and War departments were on him, he did not undress himself for ten days and nights, and was in the saddle the greater part of the time.

OF President John Quincy Adams, Mr. Charles Francis Adams says:

He was passionately fond of swimming, and during his term as Secretary of State at Washington, and afterward as President, he took daily baths in the Potomac, swimming long distances. He was a very early riser, and it was his custom every morning to watch the rising of the sun from the hill near his house. He also had a great love of trees, and would potter round his grounds observing their growth.

A further passage from the letter of Mr. Adams is of interest because it gives expression to a current opinion, which, however, is not entirely accurate:

So far as I know, it was not the custom in those days for men to take exercise as they take it now. For instance, before the year

1850 no man dreamed of such games as golf; nor did they ride on horseback, or otherwise take what it is not uncommon for men of mature life now to take in the way of exercise. What exercise they took was in a formal way and in the medicinal spirit; that is, they took exercise as necessary to health, not because of the enjoyment they derived from it. In fact, I gravely question whether any President we ever had took any exercise because he loved it and for the enjoyment he got out of it anterior to the President we now have—Roosevelt. They were all sedentary men. Probably Washington moved about a good deal upon his estate, and kept up his



horseback exercise to the end. I doubt whether any of the others did. I am very confident that neither of the Massachusetts Presidents ever did.

This is, however, by no means a complete statement in regard to John Quincy Adams. He was, in fact, fond of horse-racing and used to walk to Holmead Course, two miles from the White House and back, whenever there was a race. He seems to have given up horseback riding when he was about fifty-five years of age. He was during his whole life a systematic walker, though possibly for the medicinal reasons suggested by Mr. Adams. In his "Memoirs" occur frequent references to his daily walks. Sometimes he gives a résumé of his habits at the close of the month's journal. At the end of December, 1796, under the heading "Day," he details his routine. Among other facts noted is "Walk of three or four miles immediately before or after dinner." June 5, 1797, being then in Holland, he notes,

"After dinner took a long walk with Mr. Cutting, out at the Haarlem gate, and went round the Canal beyond the walls." During his mission to Prussia, he writes, "As we were going out this forenoon to walk, we met Count Golowkin, who was coming to see us." On the 26th, "Walked again after breakfast"; and on the 28th he made a similar entry. On January 28, 1802, he wrote, "Walked in the mall just before night." While in Washington he continued this custom. In October, 1803, at the end of the month, in giving his usual résumé of his habits, he states that "soon after ten begin my walk to the Capitol. The distance is two miles and a half, and takes me forty-five minutes." In February, 1805, he writes: "Walk to the Capitol. Walk home, which I usually reach much fatigued and exhausted, between eight and nine."

In some verses called, "A Winter's Day. To Louisa," he writes, in the fourth and fifth stanzas:

Then forth I sally for the day,  
And musing politics or rhyme,  
Take to the Capitol my way,  
To join in colloquy sublime.  
The labors of the Senate o'er,  
Again with solitary pace,  
Down to Potomac's glassy floor,  
My morning footsteps I retrace.

On his way to Russia, in August, 1809, he writes: "Occasionally visit the deck for a walk until seven in the evening." December 21, 1809: "I took this morning a long walk over the part of the city we inhabit." During the same month he notes: "I left the Count after an interview of about half an hour, and then went with Mr. Smith to the French Ambassador's ice hills at Kammenoi-ostrow. We got there about half an hour before dinner, just in time to see a little sliding down the hills and take part in the amusement. There was a company of about fifty persons, the men with fur-lined spencers and caps, pantaloons over boots, fur caps, and thick leather mittens, the ladies with fur-lined riding-habits." January, 1810, he writes: "Walk one or two hours." "I passed this day altogether at home, excepting the time taken for a walk of exercise." March 17, 1811: "In taking my walk, I met upon the quay General Pardo, and



walked with him." There are few allusions in his journals to driving; such as there are refer to carriages used in going to official assemblies at night.

During his term as President, Mr. Adams had a narrow escape from drowning, which, in his "Journal," he attributes to his vanity as a swimmer. He one morning started in a skiff in company with another man to row across the Potomac to a point where they could strip and bathe. Half-way over the river, the boat took in so much water from a leak that they were forced to get overboard with their garments on, and it was with great difficulty that they made shore. He recorded his resolution that thereafter he would swim for exercise and pleasure, and not to show what he could do.

From these facts, John Quincy Adams must be considered to some extent an outdoor man, a swimmer, a walker, fond of horse-races, a rider until fifty-five years old, and, on one occasion, presumably oftener, a tobogganer.

PRESIDENT ANDREW JACKSON'S physical prowess was considerable. As a boy he became skilful with the rifle and hunted in the woods of Woxham for deer, wild turkeys, and other kinds of game, which were then plentiful. He did his killing at that period of his life from necessity; the household needed meat for the table. He seldom missed his mark. He was expert in all boys' games and sports, and was always ready for a wrestling match. He excelled in running and jumping. A horse-race was always a delight to him, and it must be confessed that during part of his career he took more interest in chicken fights than would now be deemed worthy of a coming President. His horse-racing was done before he was elected to the office of Chief Executive. He bet freely on the races, and now and then ran his own horses. Any one who wished for a duel could have it on application.

In the immediate neighborhood of Nashville, the Indians at that period murdered, on the average, one person every ten days. From 1788 until 1795 Jackson made the journey of nearly two hundred miles between Nashville and Jonesboro twenty-two times. On these trips there were frequent attacks by Indians; several times these grew into a forest campaign.

In one of these fights, having nearly lost his life in a daring adventure, Jackson made the characteristic remark: "A miss is as good as a mile. You see how nearly I can graze danger." John Fiske says: "It was this wild experience that prepared the way for Jackson's eminence as an Indian fighter." While President, his favorite exercise was riding and driving.

Mrs. Amy A. Jackson of Nashville, Tennessee, writes me in regard to President Jackson:

I have heard Mrs. Rachel Jackson Lawrence, who lives near the Hermitage, say that General Jackson would often take her on horseback with him when making his morning rounds on his plantation, and I do not think he ever had time or inclination, after reaching mature years, for other sport save racing his fine horses. I do know from the mass of his home correspondence from 1789 to his death that he was passionately fond of country life and attached to his home, the Hermitage, expressing continually therein the most minute directions for the care of the land, the stock, and for his "poor slaves," that they should be humanely treated.

THAT President Van Buren indulged in the pleasures to be found on the back of a horse and on the banks of a stream, we learn from his granddaughter, Miss M. Van Buren of Fishkill, New York. She writes:

I am afraid I cannot give you many details as to Mr. Van Buren's outdoor pursuits, except that in early life he was probably too busy a man to give much time to them. Later, when he had retired to Kinderhook, he was very fond of riding and fishing, which were his principal out-of-door occupations, combined with the general supervision of his estate.

While at the White House, President Van Buren had a fine team. The carriage was considered very elegant for the time; it was of olive color, with bright ornaments; the footman and the coachman were in livery.

PRESIDENT WILLIAM HENRY HARRISON was habitually an active man, and he was a noted horseman. Even on the day of his inauguration, he refused a carriage and rode on a white horse, in cold and

wind, without an overcoat, and hat in hand. As he was already weakened by age, this trying experience brought on the illness which caused his death. When out of office he was a practical farmer, and in the cultivation of his land labored with his own hands.

In regard to President W. H. Harrison, Colonel James Findlay Harrison of Mound City, Kansas, writes:

I was in constant companionship with General William Henry Harrison from early youth until his death in 1841. I never knew or heard of his having a gun or fishing-tackle in his hands. The only exercise he indulged in was riding. He always had a fine saddle horse and took great pleasure in riding every suitable day. He was a splendid horseman. He kept a carriage for his wife, but I never saw him in it.

The Hon. Carter B. Harrison of Murfreesboro, Tennessee, writes:

Having been born the year my grandfather William Henry Harrison died, I have no personal recollection of the matter of which you speak. There is no tradition in the family of my grandfather's fondness for either the gun or rod. In the stirring days of the settlement of the Northwestern Territories all the pioneers were perforce handy with their rifles, and I take it he was no exception, especially as I never saw one of his descendants who was not fond of the sports on both land and water.

Colonel David W. McClung of Cincinnati, whose wife is a granddaughter of President William Henry Harrison, states:

It is not known that President W. H. Harrison was given to either hunting or fishing, as was the case with his grandson Benjamin. He was, however, much given to riding on horseback, a habit probably formed in Virginia and made almost permanent by his military experience and the bad roads of early days. He had an extensive landed estate at North Bend, and in supervising it his horse was in use. His journeys to Cincinnati, fifteen miles away, were always made on horseback. An equestrian statue was very appropriate for him.

WHILE President John Tyler was in office, he kept a carriage, and he used

both this and the saddle during his residence in the White House. His daughter, Mrs. Letetia Tyler Semple, sends me this letter:

I am in receipt of your letter asking my father's preference for out-of-door sports. In all you mention, shooting, fishing, riding, etc., he took delight, though generally too fully occupied with affairs of state and country to give himself many such pleasures. But, as was the custom of all Virginia gentlemen living on their own plantations, he followed the way of his people. He was especially fond of horses. In the graveyard at Sherwood, Charles City County, his last evidence of this is the grave of his horse "The General," known by his family and friends in the days of his youth. The grave is marked by this inscription, "Here lies the body of my good horse 'The General.' For twenty years he bore me around the circuit of my practice, and in all that time never made a blunder. Would that his master could say the same! John Tyler."

PRESIDENT JAMES K. POLK in early life worked on his father's farm and assisted him in his surveying excursions. He was often absent for weeks in the forests and cane-brakes. He was very fond of sports and pastimes, and indulged in them whenever it was possible for him to do so. As President he kept a carriage and four horses, and drove about Washington a great deal. On retiring from office, he gave much time to the improvement of his grounds. His nephew, Mr. Tasker Polk, states in reply to my inquiries:

I was too young to have any personal knowledge of my uncle's, President Polk's, habits. I have been looking over a lot of his letters to my father, who was Major William H. Polk of Tennessee, in the hope that they might throw some light upon his outdoor habits, but none of them touch upon that subject. My mother thinks he did not take especial interest in any open-air exercises.

PRESIDENT ZACHARY TAYLOR tilled the soil as a young man. He became a splendid horseman. His boyhood was spent amid Indian adventures, and frequently the house was barricaded at nights. There was an alarm nearly every week, and on the way to and from school he was often

in danger from Indians. On one occasion several of his companions were killed by Indians a few moments after parting from him. When he was seventeen years of age he swam across the Ohio River from the Kentucky to the Indiana shore in March, when the water was filled with floating ice. He took great delight in hunting and fishing, and was often absent, roaming through forests and over prairies, for days and nights together in pursuit of game. He took part in many bold and dangerous adventures. The old horse that he had used in the Mexican War accompanied him to Washington. It was a fine-looking, white, spirited animal, and pricked up its ears at the sound of martial music.

Mrs. C. A. Doremus, who is not related to President Taylor, but is writing a history of the Taylor family, sends me the following:

President Zachary Taylor, "Old Rough and Ready," was more of a fighter than anything else, and was very fond of horseback exercise. He took more interest in agriculture in every form than he did in almost anything else. He loved planting cotton and corn,—in fact, everything useful that would grow,—and he was passionately fond of flowers. His love of simplicity was excessive. He wore plain clothes, and his speech and manner were directness itself. He was almost blunt, but never unkind, for he had a most tender heart, and was one of the kindest and best of men. He was passionately devoted to his farm near Baton Rouge, and would never have left it had he not been forced into the Presidential chair, and he always looked forward with the keenest pleasure to returning to his farm. Unfortunately his death within two years of his election put an end to that, and his grave without even a monument is as simple as his life was in every respect.

PRESIDENT FILLMORE, according to his biographer, rarely as a youth engaged in the sports of other boys. He was never known to hunt or fish as a boy, but spent his time in reading. Mr. L. G. Sellstedt of Buffalo, New York, who was an intimate friend of Mr. Fillmore, informs me:

There was absolutely nothing in President Fillmore's life that savored of the sportsman.

In his boyhood he probably may have tried to get a trout out of some brook in East Aurora, but I am sure he never owned or handled a fish-rod or gun after he began to study his profession. The nearest he ever came to acquaintance with deadly weapons was in the first year of the Civil War, when the older citizens organized a military company for the defense of this city. They called themselves the Continentals and made him captain. I remember they had special light muskets made, as they were almost all somewhat "descended into the vale of years." They were not expected to leave the city unless the enemy threatened its safety. They wore the Continental hats. I was then about forty years of age, and with many others looked upon the organization more as fun than otherwise.

Neither have I any idea that Mr. Fillmore's pleasures out of doors had anything to do with piscatory matters, though Mr. Harlem and Mr. Hall, his former law partners and intimate friends, in the later days of their lives found much enjoyment and relief from work in sport on our Niagara River. I am very sorry I cannot give you a better account of Mr. Fillmore's good sense in these matters, as I used to be a devotee in the direction you speak of; for personally I cannot comprehend how so good a man as Mr. Fillmore could have had so little regard to Walton's directions for happiness.

PRESIDENT FRANKLIN PIERCE was a fine horseman and was very fond of horses. While he was at Washington he rode a fiery but blind animal. He kept eight horses in the White House stables. As a youth his dreams were of war, and he played at mimic warfare. He had a strong constitution, and when, in the war with Mexico, he was at one time wounded, he remained on his horse and, in spite of his pain and loss of blood, continued to fight. His nephew, Mr. Kirk D. Pierce, writes:

The sports in which President Pierce indulged were horseback riding, walking, occasional fishing, and frequent hunting. He was particularly devoted to riding, and most of his leisure moments were spent galloping over the hills and cantering along the smooth roads of his native town. He frequently took long tramps into the dense forest and secluded pastures, always having with him



in the hunting season a trusty rifle with which to bring down a partridge. He possessed an intense love for nature, and enjoyed more than anything else his riding and driving in the open country. For fishing he had a strong passion, it being a frequent occurrence for him to visit the brooks and rivers in search of the finny tribe.

WHEN President Buchanan was a youth, the forests of Pennsylvania often resounded with the crack of his rifle. He learned how to handle this weapon at an early age, and so dexterous was he with it that he considered it a disgrace to go home with squirrels or similar game unless the ball had been sent directly through the head. Throughout life he had wonderful powers of endurance. He was very fond of his home at Wheatland, and spent much of his time in superintending the care of it. As President he had what was then considered a magnificent turnout; one set of his harness cost eight hundred dollars; but he seldom drove, and never rode on horseback. His niece Harriet Lane was fond of the saddle. Mr. Buchanan rode on horseback, however, on his circuit as a lawyer, and he exercised much in the open air from his youth up.

Mr. James R. Patterson writes me in regard to President Buchanan:

Although my mother, who was his cousin, often talked of Mr. Buchanan's character and habits, I do not remember anything in regard to his fishing, hunting, etc. As he lived during his boyhood in the country, and in later years on his country place, "Wheatland," he no doubt frequently rode about on horseback.

Miss Alice C. Patterson writes:

I have inquired of my cousin, Mrs. Susan Reynolds Smith of Springfield, Ohio, who states: "I never heard of Mr. Buchanan's fishing or hunting. He walked a great deal, and rode in his carriage often. I had a letter from him in his 77th year, in which he said he could walk and ride and attend to all his business without the aid of glasses.

Mrs. A. J. Cassatt, whose husband was the late president of the Pennsylvania Railroad Company, is a niece of President Buchanan; she writes me:

My uncle, James Buchanan, was not interested in outdoor sports in any way, having been a very hard-working lawyer, and led a very sedentary life.

As to President Lincoln, his son, Mr. Robert Lincoln, sends me the statement that he knows absolutely nothing about his father's shooting, although he supposes that in common with other boys of his time and circumstances his father used a rifle and probably shot a great many turkeys. But Mr. J. H. Barrett, author of a life of President Lincoln, writes me:

In early life Mr. Lincoln shot, fished, rode, drove, swam, and indulged in all the exercises, like other backwoodsmen. He took special interest in wrestling and other contests of an athletic sort. He was a good walker all his days, and not an unskilled horseman, though appearing somewhat awkward in the saddle. After he became President, he rode much on horseback, particularly in going to and from the Soldiers' Home, and on his many visits to the army in camp. I have heard of his spending a day, during this time, on a shooting excursion, in which he was said to have shown himself expert with the rifle. I do not think he was specially fond of fishing, or that he often, if ever, indulged in that sport after he settled down in his profession at Springfield.

May it not be that the use of the rifle mentioned by Mr. Barrett was in shooting at a mark rather than killing game? In Lincoln's day nothing was more common than for villagers and farmers to give their holidays and odd hours to rifle practice. Indeed, it is difficult to get at the truth in regard to Lincoln's attitude toward killing game. In spite of the fact that he lived in the woods when they were full of game, I can find no mention, apart from Mr. Barrett's personal letter, except by one biographer, of his ever having used a gun for slaughter. That writer states that when Lincoln was quite young he one day saw a wild turkey near the house; he rested a gun on a log, fired and hit the turkey, which that biographer asserted was the only thing he was ever known to kill.

Whether or not President Lincoln was entirely out of the class of gunners and fishers, he was distinctly in the class of all-round athletes. He was physically

one of the most powerful men of his day, and he was the tallest and strongest of the Presidents with the exception of Wash-



ington. He was a mighty wrestler and a strong runner, and could hurl a bar farther than any of his competitors, and could bend in his sinewy hands a bar of iron or break a stick of wood that most other men could not move from a straight line. It was a striking coincidence that the two men who broke the shackles of slavery in the modern world, the Russian Alexander and Lincoln, were physical giants. The Czar is said to have been able to bend a silver coin between thumb and finger.

Lincoln as a youth thought nothing of walking many miles for any end he had in view. He had all kinds of muscular exercise in the various employments of his early days, on the farm and on flatboats, so that he was a man of steel. He once challenged a bully who insulted a woman in the store where he was clerking, daring him to accompany him outside; there he threw the fellow down and rubbed his face with smart-weed until he screamed with pain and promised to behave better. Lincoln did this in a good-natured way, and the two were friends ever after. Mr. Lincoln was exceedingly fond of quoits (colloquially "quates," usually horseshoes), and never missed an opportunity, when practising law in Illinois, to tie up his horse and join in a game for shoes nearest the "meg"; and a "ringer" gave him pure joy. While President he walked much about Washington, rode in a carriage, and frequently on a horse.

CONCERNING the habits of President Johnson, Mr. A. J. Patterson, his grandfather, sends me this note:

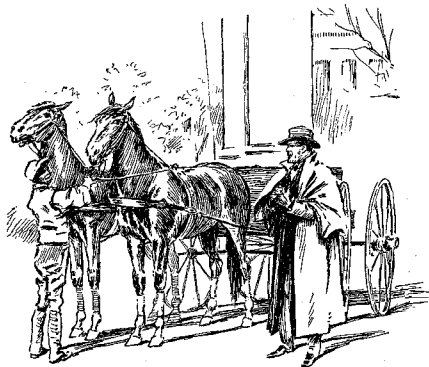
My grandfather, President Johnson, in early life, I have been informed, was very fond of fishing. But since I can recollect he never showed any marked interest in outdoor sports.

As President, he kept eight horses, one team of fiery blacks. He bought his horses out of those which the army sold at the close of the Civil War.

PRESIDENT U. S. GRANT tells in his "Memoirs" much about his own boyhood and the liberties allowed him by his parents. He states:

There was no objection to rational enjoyments, such as fishing, going to the creek a mile away to swim in summer, taking a horse and visiting my grandparents in the adjoining county, fifteen miles off, skating on the ice in winter, or taking a horse and sleigh when there was snow on the ground.

General Grant had an unusual love for horses. He had a stock farm near St. Louis before he became President, where he kept one hundred horses. Among his famous horses used in Washington were "Cincinnati," "Egypt," "Jeff Davis," and "Butcher Boy." He visited his stables daily while President. His record for a feat of horsemanship as a cadet at West Point has never been equaled there. In the period immediately before the Civil War, while living on his farm near St. Louis, he was distinctly an outdoor man, cutting down trees and hewing and build-



ing with his own hands. This doubtless had much to do with his extraordinary endurance during the Civil War,

when it was declared he could stand more than any soldier in the army, sleep out in the rain, and bear exposure and hardship of all kinds without ill effects.

General Frederick D. Grant writes me:

In answer to your questions, I hasten to reply that my father had no taste for hunting or fishing. His chief pleasure was in driving, and riding on horseback for out-of-door sport and exercise. As a horseman he was quite remarkable.

PRESIDENT R. B. HAYES was a capital shot with the rifle, and he allotted a due share of his time to hunting as well as to fishing, and to swimming and skating, to which he was even more devoted. As a boy he loved all manly sports. While at college, one Christmas time, he walked the forty miles to his home in Delaware, Ohio, in twelve hours, and after Christmas walked back to Gambier in four inches of snow. In college Hayes was a champion on the foot-path. He was never sick a day, and was indefatigable. His greatest amusements were fishing and chess.

As to President James A. Garfield, his son Harry A. Garfield, now President of Williams College, Massachusetts, writes:

My father enjoyed out-of-door sports and had a native skill which enabled him to do fairly well whatever he undertook. Occasionally he hunted and fished. I remember several trips he took with small parties for duck or quail, and some white fish brought home from Lake Erie. But he found very little time for the sport, and so far as I know never hunted big game.

PRESIDENT CHESTER A. ARTHUR kept good horses. He seldom drove about Washington without a coachman in livery. During the latter part of his term he rode horseback a good deal. His son-in-law, Mr. Charles Pinkerton, states:

President Arthur was devoted to fishing, particularly for salmon, and was a member of the Restigouche Fishing Club in Canada. Up to within three years of his death he had the record of having killed the largest salmon in those parts; it weighed fifty pounds, and was afterward on exhibition in the United

States. However, he never fished there while President, as he did not believe in leaving the United States while occupying the chair of Chief Executive, and that would have put him over the border. He was considered a very fine fisherman. He also hunted somewhat, and made a trip to Yellowstone Park while President, and was escorted there by General Sheridan and others. He had a beautiful gun presented to him by the Emperor of Germany. Some years ago my wife picked up in London a beautiful card-case of leather on which was painted President Arthur salmon-fishing. The picture was a very fair likeness. Mr. Arthur regarded a day's fishing as the greatest rest and pleasure he could get.

PRESIDENT GROVER CLEVELAND looms large as an outdoor President. The country knew and esteemed him in the double capacity of statesman and fisherman. He also penned charming essays in defense of the piscatorial art. His flies were cast upon many waters, and his impressive shadow fell from banks of uncoun- ted lakes and mountain streams upon the homes of finny tribes. One of his friends and companions writes me:

Mr. Cleveland was a perfect specimen of the genus out-of-doors man. He could sit longer waiting for a bite than almost any other fisherman, and he had studied thoroughly the habits of the fish and their traits. Once when he was fishing in a lake on Cape Cod his companions lost patience and sat down on a bank to talk, but Mr. Cleveland kept on changing his position, bait, and method until at last he caught a fine bass. His friends went over to look at it as he proudly held it up. He showed them the fly by which he had succeeded, and said, "I call this my restaurant fly." When asked why, he replied, "Because the fish can get anything he likes on it." Sure enough, it was a wonderful collection of feathers, etc., of all colors and shapes. Mr. Cleveland was also a duck-hunter and a very good shot from a boat or a blind, and showed the same care and skill as in fishing. He was not a hunter of big game, as that requires riding or walking, neither of which he did well.

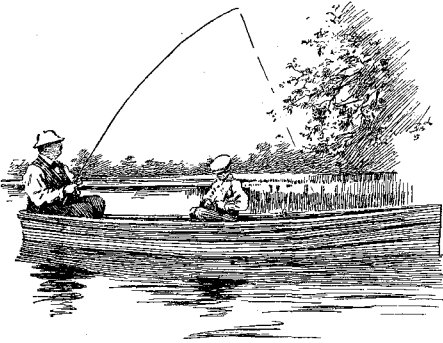
Professor John Uri Lloyd writes me:

For several years in succession it was my good fortune to be one of a party invited by

Mr. Le Roy Brooks to be his guests at his cottage on Middle Bass Island, Lake Erie. During those years the party consisted of our host, Mr. Brooks, Mr. Cleveland, the Honorable Judson Harmon, the Honorable Charles Foster, Admiral Robley D. Evans, Admiral B. P. Lamberton, Mr. Jethro Mitchell, Mr. Edward E. Dwight, and myself. During two or three weeks each year we were together by the fireside of the cottage and in the outings that such an occasion affords.

From the beginning to the end of our companionship, Mr. Cleveland impressed me as one of the most honest and earnest men it has ever been my good fortune to meet—a man possessed of the utmost sincerity in word and action. His methods of life, even in the freedom of a summer outing on a retired island, with a few intimate friends, were in all respects such as might well be taken by any one as an example.

As a fisherman, Mr. Cleveland enjoyed a



reputation earned by reason both of his expertness as an angler and of his patient methods where other men become discouraged. In one case that I have in mind, after all others had given up after a fruitless morning's efforts and were resting in the cabin of the steamer, Mr. Cleveland persisted for a full hour in sitting in his rowboat, searching the bottom of the lake for a bass that neglected to return the compliment even by a nibble. It seems to me that study of Mr. Cleveland as a fisherman indicates his nature as a man, and accounts for his record as a successful citizen. He was ever an example of persistent determination to yield to no discouragement. Regardless of temporary nonsuccess, he seemed to enjoy angling for the fish that would not bite fully as much as, or more even than, for those that would bite too freely.

I considered Mr. Cleveland a sportsman who fished for recreation. He was not a butcher; never would he take more than twelve fish in a day, and he always carried a measuring-stick, throwing back into the lake all fish less than twelve inches in length.

Mr. Cleveland did much fishing at Buzzard's Bay in the company of Mr. Joseph Jefferson and others. He sometimes went duck-hunting in Virginia and North Carolina. While he was in the Presidency, he frequently waited in sink boxes and blinds on the famous "Flats" at Havre de Grace for the wary redheads and canvasbacks; traditions thereabouts are to the effect that he made some fine "mass shots." Rabbit-shooting in the vicinity of Princeton was one of his chief recreations in his later years, and he made this form of sport the theme of an essay treating in a common-sense way the ethics of the matter and defining the sportsmanlike and the unsportsmanlike methods of tracking down and slaying the cottontails. His essays on fishing and shooting have been issued in book form. Except the hunting books of Mr. Roosevelt, these are the only books on sport written by a President. While Mr. Cleveland occupied the White House he was accustomed to drive every afternoon.

PRESIDENT BENJAMIN HARRISON was from boyhood expert with a gun, particularly the rifle. We find in an account of his life the homely touch that he often helped the negro who served the household as cook to carry wood and water, and even to clean the dishes, that the black man might have leisure to go along with the lad to hunt and fish. Mr. Russell Harrison writes me:

My father's only pastime and recreation was hunting. In later years he did not have opportunity to go often, but he enjoyed it thoroughly, and confined his sport largely to bird-shooting.

While Mr. Harrison was in the Presidency he used frequently to go duck-shooting along the arms of the upper Chesapeake Bay; he belonged to one or more of the numerous shooting clubs in that region.

PRESIDENT WILLIAM MCKINLEY was a good horseman and a notably fine walker. It is said that when at one time he had quit smoking and required vigorous exercise to allay the nervousness that came from absence of the accustomed narcotic, he wore out all the men whom he could persuade to accompany him on his rapid and prolonged foot tours. His friends at that period rather shrank from an invitation of this kind. As a lad, the young McKinley was expert with marbles, bows and arrows, and he seems to have acquired more accuracy with the latter weapons than do most boys, for he was able to kill game by that method. He loved a kite, and was always supplied with a stone bruise. He had no taste for fishing, but was very fond of swimming. The Rev. Dr. Russell A. McKinley, a cousin of the President, writes:

President McKinley was especially fond of walking and driving. However, he never kept fast horses. So far as I know, he never manifested any interest in other sports. He was a home man and a student.

PRESIDENT THEODORE ROOSEVELT is a born naturalist; he has made statecraft his vocation, but his study of nature has con-



tinued throughout his career an avocation. He is just now about to turn to natural history as his vocation, whether perma-

nently or not remains to be seen. We think it more within his nature that he should henceforth grow along the line of a Humboldt than that he should return to office-holding. Incidentally, though on a large scale, he has devoted a share of his energies to physical culture. The enthusiasm of this phenomenal man for bodily exercise arose partly from the ill health of his childhood and youth and partly from the example and encouragement of his father, who was also an outdoor man; an uncle also was well known for his love of the open and was a naturalist. Mr. Roosevelt as boy and man aimed with unwavering purpose at health and not at athletics for their own sake or for competitive honors at college or elsewhere. Physical culture is with him a serious business in order that he may be equal to his responsibilities. He is first of all a great worker, and for the work's sake he trains for bodily condition. While he enjoys thoroughly his exercises, these are a means to an end. Doubtless Washington leaped a rope for the sake of suppleness of body, that it might serve better his purposes; and so Roosevelt has "splendid purpose in his eyes" when he rides, hunts, bouts with single-stick, or handles a tennis-racket.

Mr. Roosevelt has hunted big game almost everywhere in the United States, is an authority on this subject, has written books on hunting which contain as much of natural history as of incident or adventure. His prospective trip to Africa will doubtless yield abundant adventure congenial to his nature and interesting and informing books from this passionate lover of the wilds. Such of our countrymen as do not themselves care for tents and guns have good-naturedly enjoyed Mr. Roosevelt's enjoyment of his hunting trips while President. America likes his healthfulness and the people understand him better because of his love of the open. The report of his interest in the new tent for his African expedition, setting it up on his lawn, "playing about it like a boy, tightening ropes here and there and arranging the folds to the best advantage" gave a glimpse of Mr. Roosevelt as an enthusiast in all matters in which he is interested; it showed that he has all the buoyancy of youth and is fifty years young. One editor commented:



It is a great thing for a man who has rounded the half-century mile-post to feel that he has not outlived the enthusiasm of his earlier years. We can easily imagine him at seventy years of age "playing about a tent." We suspect he will never grow old as his years.

Not the least of Mr. Roosevelt's services to Americans is the effect of his example in keeping young by his interest in outdoors and in physical culture. Tyndall declared that the reading of Carlyle's powerful exhortations to "produce," to "work," got him out of bed at five o'clock of mornings, into a cold bath, and started him to earnest endeavor while he was a student in Germany. Roosevelt has awakened the energies of countless numbers of his countrymen not only by his words, but by his physical example. He has constantly distinguished between physical culture for prize winning, exercise for its own sake, and that which recreates for the duties of life. Somewhere along in his early struggles with disease and for a robust constitution he discovered for himself that first-class bodily condition means power of accomplishment for intellectual tasks. He has done what the Greeks did—made a serious matter of physical culture. Coming in a later generation, under different conditions, he has had to seek for that development by other means than did Washington, Lincoln, and Grant. His athletic exercises have been more exploited by the press than were those of his predecessors; yet he is fairly in line with a good many strenuous Presidents; and the newspapers of Washington's day had more to say about that great man's fishing and hunting than most of us to-day are aware of.

MR. TAFT has taken a moderate interest in athletics all his life. He was from childhood a large and powerful boy. His early companions relate that in their marble-playing days, when the custom of shooting the marble of the winner of a game at the knuckles of the defeated ones, young Taft's capacity to shoot hard and straight at the hands of his opponents was something to be remembered. He was always the protector of the small boys from bullies. At college, as throughout life, he has worked when he worked and played when he played. As Mr. Roosevelt was driven to athletics by a feeble consti-

tution, Mr. Taft has been compelled to exercise to keep down superfluous flesh. Some time ago, through a dietary regimen, he reduced his weight by many pounds and he has kept himself at about two hundred and seventy-five pounds by occasional returns to this regimen, by horseback-riding, by golf-playing, and by systematic use of certain indoor exercises.

In regard to his golf-playing, we can let him speak for himself. It appears that during his campaign for the Presidency, it was intimated that he ought to visit South Dakota and convince the people that he was not an aristocrat or above the



people. In a speech at Wolsey, South Dakota, Mr. Taft said:

They said that I had been playing golf this summer, and that it was a rich man's game, and that it indicated I was out of sympathy with the plain people. I want to state my case before the bar of public opinion on the subject of that game of golf. In Scotland golf is the game of the people, and in this country, where you can get a place to live and play it, it is a game for people who are not active enough to play base-ball or tennis, or who have too much weight to carry around to play those games; and yet when a man weighs 295 pounds you have got to give him some opportunity to make his legs and muscles move, and golf offers that opportunity. It may be that it is the game of rich men, but I beg to assure you that I am personally advised of the fact that a very poor man can play it, and somehow or other my friends were certain that if I could only come out here and show you what kind of man I was in appearance, you would get over the impression that there was anything that resembled a dude.

Taft was a big, rollicking boy who liked play, but still got fun out of work. He did enough in athletics to keep his numerous pounds of muscle in good condition, but gave most of his time to his studies. During the autumn of 1880 there occurred one of the most characteristic incidents of his life. There was a certain man in Cincinnati who was in charge of a blackmailing paper. He had the reputation of being a dangerous man; he had been a prize-fighter and was usually accompanied by a gang of roughs ready to assault any one whom he wanted punished. Alphonso Taft (father of the President-elect) had been the unsuccessful candidate for governor of Ohio at that election, and this man's paper had slanderously assailed him. For once W. H. Taft forgot his judicial temperament and legal training, and instead of setting the law on the blackmailer, he marched down to his office and gave the scamp a terrific thrashing. The blackmailer left Cincinnati that night and his paper never appeared again.

So we find a gentle satisfaction, though

perhaps not one of breathless importance, in reëxhibiting to ourselves the genial pleasures and recreative exercises of our Chief Magistrates. We take it that John Quincy Adams is a more human creature to us because a certain vanity over his swimming mixed with his enjoyment; that Lincoln was not less great when chuckling over a "ringer"; that Grant was most amiably unwarlike when stroking his horses; that Benjamin Harrison was no less a legal heavy-weight because he was a hunter. We know how in our own good times the American heart warmed to Cleveland the fisherman, and that men who hunt with Roosevelt love the man so much that they wish the sport would never end. Many a good time have these Presidents of ours had out in the open, and we suspect that the simplicity of their lives and natures has had something to do with keeping us all at bottom a simple people, lovers of natural things. We are glad our Presidents have so much enjoyed themselves, and we wish for the new Chief Magistrate, and all his successors, in the words of Roosevelt, "a corking time."



## LEIPSIK, THE HOME OF FAUST

ROMANTIC GERMANY—V

BY ROBERT HAVEN SCHAUFFLER

WITH PICTURES BY KARL O'LYNCH VON TOWN

**A**FTER the aggressiveness and modernity of Berlin, it was a relief to mingle with the quiet, matter-of-fact people of Leipzig, to rest my eyes again on a Renaissance gable, again to loiter in streets with quaint and homely names. About many of these old names there is poetry that brings the stranger at once into terms of intimacy with Leipzig. They touch the imagination because they were christened naturally by the wit of the people, and always christened for their most salient feature.

Windmill Alley led in bygone days to a mill beyond the wall and ditch; along

Sparrow Mountain, a thoroughfare almost as flat as Sahara, ran a prison-wall, crowded winter and summer with sparrows. Begging Street pierced the slums. In Barefoot Alley was a cloister of ascetic monks, and the chivalry of the Middle Ages lived in Knight Street. "Along Milk Island" was over against a dairy, while from Pearl-stringer Alley, Tub-maker Street, Golden-hen Alley, Bell-caster Street, Night-watchmen Street, and Rubber Alley the corresponding occupations have not yet wholly passed away. In olden times one tiny lane actually bore three names simultaneously: Town Piper Alley,