

INDIANA MAGAZINE OF HISTORY

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Lincoln in Indiana

By J. EDWARD MURR

INDIANA UNCLE AND COUSINS

"When I send a man to buy a horse for me I expect him to tell me his points, and not the number of hairs in his tail."

The removal of Josiah Lincoln, uncle of the President, to Indiana was some four years prior to the admission of the State into the Union. It appears that he, like many others who lived in slave territory, hearing of the fine prospects in the "Indian country to the north," joined the tide of emigrants coming up from the south, and with no particular objective in view journeyed out into this wilderness, not knowing whither he went save that, in common with substantially all of the pioneers, he did not stop until the great oak forests in the hills were reached, where there was abundant, ever-flowing springs of clear water.

The location chosen was in Harrison county, where, at the little town of Corydon, was then located the seat of government of the territory, which four years after his arrival became the capital of the State. The land which he selected was originally covered with a heavy growth of timber, was well watered and doubtless was considered a good location by the pioneer; but it is now largely barren and comparatively valueless.

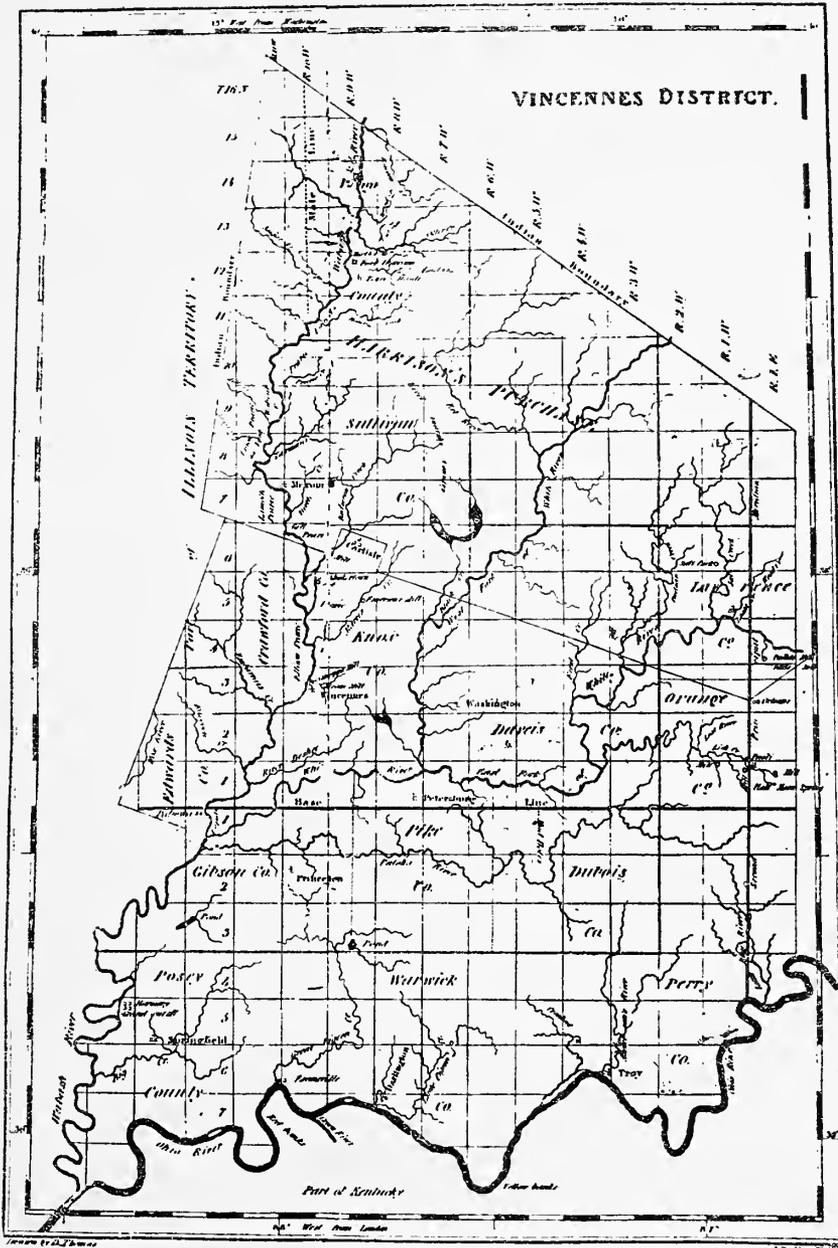
Thomas Lincoln, the father of the President and younger brother of Josiah, came on a visit to this section of the State

a short while prior to his own removal from Kentucky to Spencer county, Indiana. The inhabitants of the territory at the time of Thomas Lincoln's visit were looking forward to its early admission into the Union. It was while visiting his brother that Thomas Lincoln decided to seek a home in the wilderness of Indiana, making choice of a place a few miles farther west.

Comparatively little is known of Josiah Lincoln. However, what is remembered possesses at least some value as setting forth certain family traits. In personal appearance he somewhat resembled his brother Thomas, being rather rugged, compactly built, of dark complexion—as were all of his descendants. Moreover, he had a broad, hearty laugh and was given to story telling. The writer personally knew the older descendants of Josiah Lincoln, as well as those of the generation following.

All of the Lincolns in Indiana during the campaign of 1860 were Democrats and voted for Judge Douglas for President in preference to their illustrious kinsman, with the single exception of Benjamin. He was early influenced politically and otherwise by his mother's relatives, who were Republicans, and this accounts for the support given to his relative rather than any ties of consanguinity or mere family loyalty. Moreover, the larger portion of the younger Lincolns have ever been and are now Democrats. Only one of this branch of the family became a Civil war soldier, and he, Warden Lincoln, having volunteered and been mustered into the ranks under the excitement of the times, found occasion later, as claimed by some of his relatives, to express regret at having enlisted, but he made a good soldier, serving as a private. He had the misfortune of being taken prisoner and for a time was in Libby prison, but being later placed on Belle Isle, was exchanged and reached home. Doubtless, had it been known by those in authority at the prison that he was a cousin of the Abolitionist in the White House, he would not have been granted his freedom.

Mordecai and Joseph, brothers of Warden, were drafted. Mordecai, not desirous of personally serving, sent a substitute, while Joseph, entertaining the same attitude in the



INDIANA IN 1816.—From Thomas' Travels

matter, and not being possessed of sufficient means to obtain a substitute, took French leave, so his relatives assert, of Indiana and succeeded in eluding the authorities by repairing to the State of Illinois until after the close of hostilities. The political attitude of these Lincolns toward their kinsman in the White House, and their criticism of the conduct of the war by the administration, were in keeping with the attitude of many of their neighbors in southern Indiana, and indeed of many throughout the entire North.

Southern Indiana and southern Illinois, both having been very largely peopled from the South, it was not strange that there was a large element whose sympathies were favorable to the Southern Confederacy. But there were large numbers in both States, many of them friends and supporters of Judge Douglas, who were intensely loyal to the Union.

Illinois, however, was more fortunate than was Indiana in one very important particular, in that General John A. Logan, a Democrat up to the fall of Fort Sumter and for some time thereafter, resided in that section of the State, and being loyal to the flag wielded a salutary influence over his followers.

The southern portion of Indiana did not possess a leader of the prominence of Logan to turn the tide in favor of the Union in this crisis. There is small wonder that the Knights of the Golden Circle and kindred disloyal organizations flourished. But notwithstanding this, the majority of the soldiers who went out from first to last during the great war from southern Indiana were Democrats.

The writer's father was a Douglas Democrat, casting his vote for the "Little Giant" in preference to the "Railsplitter," and never manifested at any time any partiality for Lincoln. While he saw no military service, being an invalid, three of his brothers served the Union.

Practically all of the numerous descendants of Josiah Lincoln were and are rather short of stature, maintaining to the latest generation those characteristics manifested in their progenitor and which may be said to be distinctively Lincoln traits.

They almost uniformly have coarse black hair, dark eyes,

and somewhat given to humor which in certain instances has been quite marked. For the most part they have been small farmers, the exception being that two of them for a time, like their cousin Abraham, attempted to keep a general store, and it was attended with about as much success as was his venture—"it winked out." One of the younger generation, Joseph, the son of Mordecai, is an auctioneer, and he especially possesses some degree of wit and humor.

This branch of the President's family have always been regarded by their neighbors as good citizens, possessing splendid neighborly qualities. All of them have been, and are poor, yet honesty has ever characterized them. They have always had the reputation of being peaceful and inoffensive, possessing in substantially every instance a high sense of honor; and if any liberties were attempted with this, or intentional provocation in any form given, it was met with a challenge to a personal encounter. The absence of personal fear or cowardice is very marked among them and in certain ones there was a venturesome spirit. The writer well recalls hearing "Mord" Lincoln say: "My rule for fording Big Blue when she's on a tear is: watch for the hosses' ears and as long as I c'n see 'em I'm all right."

While none of the Indiana Lincolns possessed unusual physical strength or marked mental ability, yet they were generally hardy and rugged, and occasionally there was one who in the common schools gave evidence of possessing more than ordinary ability. However, their schooling has been confined to the grades in substantially every case.

They have maintained certain family names, such as Mordecai, Joseph, Thomas and Benjamin, but there has never been an Abraham among them, and it is highly probable that there never will be. It should be stated, however, that one son of Warden, who served in the Union army during the Civil war, is called "Abe," not by the family, but by his school-mates and others merely as a nickname.

During the Civil war when there were those in this section of the State accustomed to indulge in caustic criticism of the administration at Washington in conducting the war and of Mr. Lincoln in particular, calling him "the Black Abolitionist,"

etc., none of his Indiana relatives resented this, and while they did not agree with their kinsman in the White House politically, they refrained from indulging in the use of severe and clearly objectionable personal remarks themselves. Yet they were pleased rather than not when others pointed out mistakes of the administration.

After the close of the war they assumed an attitude of silence to the rising fame of the President, neither manifesting pleasure nor indicating any displeasure, and this attitude has been kept up to the present time; so much so, in fact, that in almost every instance when approached and engaged in conversation concerning the Great Emancipator they assume a listening attitude, apparently proud of the great fame of their kinsman Abraham, but loath to say anything themselves. The writer does not recall ever hearing an Indiana Lincoln indulge in any language that could by any possible construction be construed to mean a boast of his relationship to the President.

It may be said, therefore, that the attitude of this branch of the Lincolns toward the President is that they are proud of the fact that their kinsman became illustrious and made for himself a great name, but they are in every case quite content to look upon this in common with the millions, not desirous at all of receiving any notoriety by reason of their kinship to him. This rather exceptional disposition is not due to any petty jealousy, certainly not attributable to ignorance or any remnant of ante-bellum political prejudice, but is rather due to a distinctive family trait so remarkable as to be true of all of them; that is, they possess a mingled modesty and honesty which forbids undue personal exaltation or any disposition whatever to reap where they have not sown.

The political predilections of the Indiana Lincolns is not a thing to be regarded as at all strange or such as to occasion wonder, since the earlier members of the family, including Thomas, the father of the President, and even the President himself, were all Democrats in politics originally. Before his leaving Indiana for Illinois Abraham was a pronounced Jacksonian Democrat, priding himself in this, and John Hanks is the authority for saying that he offered to whip a man in Illinois soon after their arrival in that State who was speaking

rather disparagingly of Jackson. So pronounced was Lincoln's attitude during the Adams and Jackson campaign that some of the old pioneer friends recalled a couplet or two of a song that "Abe" and Dennis Hanks were in the habit of singing :

"Let auld acquaintance be forgot,
And never brought to mind,
And Jackson be our President
And Adams left behind."

The manner of life of the older members of the Indiana Lincolns, their personal appearance, their contentment and indeed joy amid struggles with poverty, bear a marked similarity to that of Thomas, the father of the President, so that it may be said that their life was lived on a somewhat similar plane to his. Although the location of the President's boyhood home in Spencer county is but a few miles from where Josiah Lincoln settled and where may still be found many of his descendants, yet none of these has ever visited this section, and not one of them was present on the occasion of the unveiling of the Nancy Hanks Lincoln monument in the year 1902. Likewise, none of these Indiana relatives has ever made a pilgrimage to Springfield to see the grave of the President, or gone to the nation's capitol.

If there is discerned in the President's paternal relatives a reticence somewhat exceptional, as well as a disposition to avoid any accusation of desiring to take advantage of or in any way profit by the good fortune of a kinsman, it certainly stands out in bold contrast to the behavior of all of his maternal relatives, the Hankses, who straightway importuned Mr. Lincoln to befriend them on his accession to the presidency, a thing, however, which he failed to do. The Indiana branch of the President's family never so much as wrote him a letter or in any other way attempted to communicate with him for any assistance looking to the liberation of Warden Lincoln from a southern prison, where he was known to be undergoing all of the usual discomforts of prison life, perhaps suffering some indignities by reason of his name and blood.

In seeking to account for Mr. Lincoln's greatness it is therefore not at all necessary to resort to certain doubt-

ful expedients or envelop his fame in mystery, as some have been disposed to do. Such persons have gone to the extreme of lightly esteeming both his maternal and paternal ancestry, and have attributed his uncommon endowment to the example and influence of his stepmother, Mrs. Sally Bush Lincoln. Others, by reason of the obscure origin of his mother, Nancy Hanks, have supposed that his greatness is traceable to this source, and yet still others, going on the theory that it was necessary to have a great ancestry in order to account for such a remarkable man as was Mr. Lincoln, eagerly sought to trace some connection with the noted Lincoln family of the East, and when it became apparent that they were of common origin this was seized upon and became all that in their estimation had hitherto been found wanting.

The proper attitude concerning the matter, it seems, would be that Mr. Lincoln was indebted equally to both the Lincolns and the Hankses for certain well-known traits of his character, but since the Lincoln traits unquestionably predominated in him and his connection with the Massachusetts Lincolns has been established, the historian is relieved from the temptation of overshadowing his life with certain elements of mystery. For no matter what currents swept into his blood, and whatever in his character may be attributable to these, the fact remains that the President possessed those well-marked family characteristics, both physical and mental, so peculiar to the Lincolns.

LINCOLN'S POVERTY

A friend came to him to borrow a "biled" shirt. "I have only two," said Lincoln; "the one I have just taken off and the one I have on. Which will you take?"

The elder Abraham Lincoln, father of Thomas, appears to have been a man of passing wealth for that day. On his reaching Kentucky from Virginia in the year 1780, he entered on large tracts of land, and was apparently destined to prosper; but subjected as the pioneers were to the depredations of marauding Indians, he fell a victim to these vindictive and merciless foes in the year 1788. The story of the manner of his death and some of the attendant circumstances have often been related by biographers of his grandson.

This story was one of the legacies of pioneer days bequeathed to his sons by Josiah Lincoln. This and other stories, they allege, were often related by him about the fire-side on winter evenings, describing somewhat in detail this particularly tragic scene. He told of the father being shot and killed from ambush by the bloodthirsty savages while he was laboring in a clearing a short distance from the house, accompanied by his three sons, Mordecai, himself, and Thomas, the father of the President. When the shot was fired and the father fell, both Mord and Josiah immediately fled, Mord going to the house to secure a gun. Taking deliberate aim at an ornament on the breast of an Indian brave, who, with uplifted tomahawk, was in the act of dispatching his baby brother Thomas, he fired, killing him instantly. Josiah having left his brother Mord to the protection of the two sisters and his mother, ran for neighborly aid, which he straightway procured, and on their return all the Indians had departed, save a wounded one, who had crawled into the top of a fallen tree. No quarter was shown to this unfortunate, and while the circumstance produced in Mord such ungovernable hatred for the redskins as to cause him to slay them on the least provocation, or no provocation at all, ever afterward, yet it does not appear that it so affected either Thomas or Josiah.

Although the elder Lincoln possessed large tracts of land, yet the old law of primogeniture caused his entire estate to pass into the hands of his eldest son, Mord, who, it appears, did not in any way aid his brothers. He managed so poorly as to possess but little more than either Josiah or Thomas on the occasion of his removal from Kentucky, which date is not certain, but is known to have been after approaching old age.

At the time of the father's death in the year 1788, Thomas, the fourth child and youngest son, was ten years of age. Thus left fatherless at the same age that his illustrious son was bereft of a mother, he led a somewhat checkered career. He became more or less a wanderer, for we catch glimpses of him visiting and laboring as a "hired man" for his uncle Jacob on a tributary of the Holston river in Tennessee; then in Breckenridge county, Kentucky, where at one time he whipped

a noted bully in "just three minutes," coming out of the encounter without a scratch. In 1803, at the age of twenty-five, he purchased a farm, and in the year 1806 he was in Hardin county, learning the carpenter's trade with Joseph Hanks. His vagrant and wandering career had given him a plentiful supply of anecdotes and yarns, which it is said he could tell very cleverly, and which was perhaps one of the best, if not the only, trait ever certainly bequeathed by him to his son Abraham.

The father of the President has been described by numerous writers as being in person comparatively short and stout, standing five feet, ten inches in his shoes. His hair was dark and coarse, complexion brown, his face round and full, his eyes gray, and his nose large and prominent. He weighed at different times from one hundred and seventy to one hundred and ninety-six pounds. He was so "tight and compact" that Dennis Hanks declared, "he never could find the points of separation between his ribs, though he felt for them often." He was a little stoop-shouldered, and walked with a slow, halting step. He was sinewy and brave, but his habitually peaceable disposition once fairly overborne, he became a tremendous man in a rough-and-tumble fight.

At the time of his marriage to Nancy Hanks, June 12th, 1806, Thomas Lincoln could neither read nor write, an accomplishment that his wife possessed, thereby causing her to be esteemed and looked upon with more or less wonder by the illiterate pioneers. This circumstance, by way of contrast with her husband's deficiency in this and certain other things, unfortunately caused many of her son's biographers, in attempting to eulogize the wife and mother, to esteem lightly whatever of excellence Thomas Lincoln possessed.

It has been the fashion of many of these biographers of President Lincoln to speak disparagingly of his father, and no word in any caricature of his supposed shortcomings has been used more often than that of "shiftless." They have accused him of improvidence; made the occasion of his learning the carpenter's trade a mere pretext; and refused to allow that he was anything more than a pretender with tools after actually learning the trade and doing more or less work. They

have found fault with his lack of ambition. They charge him with inability to pay for a farm of some two hundred acres which he purchased at the age of twenty-five years, three years prior to his marriage. They have professed to see in his three removals in Kentucky, his going from that State to Indiana, thence to Illinois, and two or three changes of location in that State, nothing but evidence of a confirmed nomadic wanderer. These and many similar accusations against him have been made from the first biography of his son to the last.

When the governor of a certain State on one occasion expostulated with his aged mother for granting certain indulgencies to his little son, she straightway admonished him by saying: "When you, sir, shall have reared as good and great a son as I have, then you may come to me with your theories and they shall receive due and proper consideration, but not before." So in like manner, when these ruthless, not to say heartless, critics of Thomas Lincoln, the father of the President, shall take into consideration the fact that while he did have certain defects of character, even to the point of being actually shiftless, yet be it said to his everlasting credit that no man since the world began has ever been father of such a son.

It is submitted that for a boy fatherless at ten, "kicked and cuffed about from pillar to post", with no money nor influential friends, with absolutely no school advantages—certainly not having the chance that his son had, and yet accomplishing certain things—he deserves some credit at least. He appears to have been steady enough and sufficiently settled in life not only to learn a trade, but to become the owner of a farm at twenty-five, which fact alone indicates at least that he had some native ability and force of character. It is related that he possessed the best kit of carpenter's tools in his county. He was regarded as a man possessed of sufficient ability to warrant the civil authorities in appointing him road surveyor or supervisor, which, while a position of no great moment, meant something in the way of leadership and responsibility. When all these facts are taken into consideration it must be said that Thomas Lincoln was a man of some

ability, and certainly not deserving the treatment that he has received at the hands of the biographers of his son.

Some time during the late summer of the year 1816 Thomas Lincoln built a raft on Rolling Fork of Salt river, on which he loaded most of his effects, consisting of a tool chest, a number of barrels of whiskey, and such other things as he possessed, save a few lighter and more needful household articles which his family would make use of in his absence. He proceeded to make a journey down Salt river to the Ohio and thence to Indiana, where he had decided to seek his fortunes in an effort to better his condition.

That the elder Lincoln was of a restless and roving disposition is beyond dispute, and his repeated removals "to better his condition" to some extent justify the many charges of his biographers of his being a mere wanderer and squatter. In spite of the apparent justness of these accusations, most of these proposed ventures promised well, and certainly in some one or two instances there was abundant excuse for the venture made. We have the best of authority—his illustrious son—for believing that he was actuated by good and sufficient motives for his removal from Kentucky to Indiana; and it appears that no better reasons were ever offered by any pioneer for a change of location than those in favor of Lincoln's removal from Indiana to Illinois in 1830. President Lincoln, in discussing the reasons for their leaving the State of Kentucky, said that it was "partly on account of slavery, but chiefly on account of the difficulty in land titles in Kentucky." It should be remembered also that for some seven generations the family had been pioneers in as many States or counties, and Thomas Lincoln was but manifesting the same disposition that appears to have possessed his forbears.

Being a carpenter, it is to be presumed that the elder Lincoln had no difficulty in constructing a craft that under ordinary circumstances would prove seaworthy. It is believed that in view of the fact that he had made at least two flat-boat trips down the Mississippi river to New Orleans, he was a fairly good waterman. On this trip soon after entering the Ohio from the mouth of Salt river his boat or raft capsized, causing the loss of the larger part of his cargo. We are told,

however, that he succeeded in righting the raft, fishing up some of the whisky and tools, and contenting himself as best he could with the loss of the remainder, he continued his journey, finally docking at Thompson's, now called Gage's Landing, a short distance below the town of Troy, Indiana. His reason for choosing Spencer county rather than settling near his brother Josiah in Harrison county was largely due to the fact that he was dependent upon the river for conveyance of his effects to a new location, and having "run the river" he had some knowledge of this region where he eventually located.

After making his lonely journey and effecting a safe landing at Thompson's, he placed his cargo under the care of a settler by the name of Posey. Since this man preferred the river front to the interior, and could make use of the boat, it was sold to him, and the pioneer "struck out on foot" in the wilderness in search of a new home. After going inland some fifteen miles he met with a man by the name of Carter, with whom he had more or less acquaintance. (Lincoln City is in Carter township.) This circumstance seems to have largely determined his choice of the location which he made in the "midst of the bush". There were seven families residing in this region when Thomas Lincoln made choice of his future home.

The site chosen by Thomas Lincoln was admirable from every standpoint save one, and that defect outweighed all of the splendid advantages it otherwise possessed. It did not have a never-failing spring; in fact, there was not at that time any water on it. Later, as Dennis Hanks stated, "Tom Lincoln riddled his land like a honey comb for water, but did not succeed in finding it."

Although Lincoln proceeded to take possession of the quarter section of land in true pioneer fashion by cutting and piling brush at the corners, he became in fact a squatter until the month of October, 1817, when he journeyed to Vincennes and formally entered the land, although the patent was not issued until June, 1827.

The site chosen for his "camp" was on a rather high knoll sloping in every direction. In ten days after landing his craft

at Posey's he announced that his "half faced camp" was ready for occupancy, having in that time cut the poles or logs and notched them, doubtless being assisted by Carter and others. Crossing the Ohio, he walked back to the old home in Kentucky—a distance of about one hundred miles—and securing the friendly aid of his brother-in-law, who supplied him with two horses, he took his little family, consisting of his wife, his daughter Sarah, aged nine, and son Abraham, aged seven, and "packed through to Posey's".

The town of Troy was at this time a place of some importance; indeed, of all those towns in the southern and western portion of the State, it was second only to Vincennes in size. In the year prior to the coming of the Lincolns a settler by the name of Hoskins had been employed to blaze a trail from Troy to the village of Darlington, the county-seat town to the west, in order that "the mail carrier might not get lost". This blazed trail passed through the region where Gentryville was a little later laid out, and it was over this trail, a "bridle path", that Thomas Lincoln moved his family and household effects to his new home. A wagon had in some manner been procured for this purpose, although such vehicles were not at all common, for the first wagon brought to this part of the State was by one John Small, a Kentuckian, in the year 1814.

After encountering considerable difficulty on account of felling trees and the removal of logs, making their comparatively short journey of fifteen miles a very tedious and trying one, they at length reached the half-faced camp. The time of the arrival of the new "settlers" was during the last half of the summer of 1816. At any rate, it appears that sufficient time was left after their arrival to enable them to cultivate "a few vegetables and a little corn."

The new home to which Thomas Lincoln took his little family was a singular one indeed. As has been indicated, it was made of small sapling logs or poles and had but three sides closed, the fourth being left open, where a bonfire or log heap was kept burning during cold weather, and not only served to ward off the wintry blasts, but afforded the only means they had for cooking. The little, one-room, pole cabin was fourteen feet square, without windows, ceiling or floor,

and of course there was no necessity for a door. The household and kitchen furniture was only such in name. Aside from a small amount of bedding, a Dutch oven, skillet and some tinware, there was at first nothing with which to furnish the home. A rude bedstead was constructed in one corner, and in another corner a pile of leaves gathered from the surrounding forest constituted the couch of the future President.

The woods surrounding the cabin furnished an abundant harvest of wild grapes, crab apples (Johnny Appleseed had unfortunately never reached this section), service (sarvis), black and strawberries were quite plentiful.

The writer recalls hearing his grandmother (who came from the South a short while after the coming of the Lincolns) tell of the abundance of wild strawberries in this region. They drove through acres of these berries, and so luxuriant were the vines and so plentiful the harvest that the limbs and even portions of the body of a white horse were discolored, as if the animal had waded in blood. There were nuts of various sorts to be had in the forest, such as hickory, pecan, hazel, and the white and black walnut. Moreover, the virgin forest was a hunter's paradise, there being bears, deer and choice wild fowls, such as turkeys, geese and ducks. In addition to these, there were the smaller game birds and animals. Any undue amount of pity and sympathy bestowed on pioneers dwelling in such a land of plenty is wasted. While not perhaps flowing with milk and honey, yet in so far as the mere matter of supplying the larder was concerned it could scarcely have been more highly favored. There is small wonder that Dennis Hanks was moved to exclaim in his old age, when recalling these years spent in Indiana: "I enjoyed myself then more than I ever have since."

The first winter spent in Indiana was, so far as bodily comfort was concerned, the most trying time in the life of the future President, as he lived quite on the level, if not below, that of thousands of slaves whom he afterward liberated. With one side of their little cabin open to the elements and the rebellious smoke again and again sweeping into the camp, it furnished not only a striking contrast to the later life of the President, but so far surpassing anything in history as to leave little chance for a parallel.

The elder Lincoln has been censured from first to last for his failure to provide better accommodations not only during the first year of his Indiana life, but is charged with continued improvidence and neglect, being called lazy by many of the biographers of his son. It must be remembered in speaking of Thomas Lincoln's poverty that while he was poor indeed, yet poverty was quite the rule of all the pioneers of this early period. Though it can not be claimed that he was especially "work brittle" and ambitious enough to go out and seek labor, yet he never avoided work offered. He seems to have rested upon that passage of Scripture which says to let every day provide for itself. Nevertheless, the writer failed to find among his pioneer neighbors any charge that Thomas Lincoln, and his son Abraham in particular, were "lazy". On the contrary, it was asserted that while the elder Lincoln lacked initiative, taking life quite easy, he was content if perchance crops were abundant and labor to be had. When the morose and gloomy made doleful prophecies as to a hard winter and failure of crops, he was buoyant in spirit, optimistic, laughing and even joking with his neighbors concerning their fears. Although not regarded as a hard-working man for himself, he made a "good hand for others" and was at work almost continually.

So much has been said concerning the poverty of Lincoln's youth that it is proposed here to examine the evidence from an angle hitherto not taken. One of the boyhood friends of Lincoln, Wesley Hall, some two years younger than the President, related a number of incidents concerning this period, and one in particular bearing upon his poverty.

Wesley Hall's father was a Kentuckian who had moved to Indiana, settling some four miles from the Lincoln cabin, but reaching this section some time after the coming of the Lincolns. The elder Hall was regarded as quite prosperous for one in those days. Furnishing some justification for this claim, he operated a tanyard, in addition to owning and cultivating a large farm, making shipments of leather by way of the river to southern markets. This necessitated at certain times the employment of a number of men, and he frequently employed both the elder Lincoln, as well as his son Abraham.

On one occasion during the early winter Wesley Hall was sent to mill beyond Gentryville, a short distance from the Lincoln cabin, but since the Halls lived to the east some four miles it was more than a five miles' journey. According to the pioneer custom, no favors were shown youth or age in certain things, and the rule especially obtained in the matter of going to mill, for each one had to "take his turn." Such was the law.

Young Hall found upon his arrival on this occasion that a number of men and boys had preceded him, and by the time his turn came the entire day had almost passed. During the last half of the afternoon a severe snow storm had set in, and by the time the miller carried out his "grist" and assisted him to mount preparatory to making the homeward journey some inches of snow had fallen. This alarmed the pioneer lad, lest some mishap should befall him and he should lose his way through the forest, become a prey to wild animals, or succumb to the cold. More especially was he so impressed since nightfall was fast approaching and the snow was driving furiously in his face. On reaching the turn in the road leading up to the Lincoln cabin he decided to go there for the night. Riding up in front of the silent, snow-mantled house, he halloed in true pioneer fashion a time or two: "Hel-lo! Hel-lo!" Just here it will be proper to permit Mr. Hall to tell the remainder of his story:

Bye and bye I heard the door begin to creak on its wooden hinges, and then through the storm I saw old Tom a shadin' his eyes with his hand a tryin' to see who I wuz. And purty soon, satisfyin' himself that it wuz me, he leaned back and laughed a big broad laugh, and then a startin' out to where I wuz he says, says he: "Is that you Wesley? You get down from thar and come in out of the weather." So I commenet to git ready to slide off my sack and by the time I got ready to light, old Tom wuz there and helped me down. Then a turnin' around lookin' towards the cabin, he calls out a time or two, big and loud: "Abe! O. Abe! Abe!" And he aint more'n called till I seen Abe a comin' through the door, and when he asked what wuz wanted, and seein' who I wuz at the same time, old Tom says: "Come out here and git Wesley's grist while I put his hoss in the stable. Wesley's mighty nigh froze I reckon." Then he laughed again. Well, I wuz cold I c'n tell you fer I hadn't had anything to eat ceptin' parched corn since mornin'. Well, as I say, old Tom told Abe to come and get my sack, and I noticed as Abe come out to

where I wuz he hadn't but one shoe on, and thinks I to myself, what's up with Abe fer I saw Abe wuz a walkin' on the ball of his heel so's to hold his big toe up which wuz all tied up, and by this time I reckon there wuz mighty nigh six inches of snow on the ground. Yit Abe's foot wuz so big and long it didn't make no difference if the snow wuz that deep. Abe hadn't any trouble about a keepin' his sore toe above the snow line. When I asked him what wuz the matter with his foot he told me he'd split his big toe open with an ax out in the clearin' that day. Well, Abe then wuz as big and stout as he ever wuz, and so he jest reached over and took that sack of meal with one hand and layin' it across his arm, him and me went into the house while old Tom put the hoss in the pole stable.

I set down in front of the fireplace and commenct to thaw out, and in a little bit old Tom come in, and a settin' down by me a slappin' his hands together and then a rubbin' em so, like he allus' done, he says, says he: "Wesley, you got purty cold I reckon, did you?" And when I commenct to say I did, Mrs. Lincoln come in and she says, after we'd passed the time of day, she says, says she: "Wesley, I reckon you're hungry." And I told her I wuz; and then I told her about the parched corn. And she says: "We haint got no meal to bake bread. We're out just now, but a pointin' to the big bank of embers that I'd already noticed in the fireplace and of course knowd what it meant, she says, says she, "we've got some potatoes in thar a bakin' and we'll git a bite fer you purty soon." At that I spoke up and I says, says I: "Mrs. Lincoln, jist help yerself out of my sack thar." And so she done as I told her.

Well, old Tom and Abe and me went on a talkin' and purty soon I heard a funny grindin' noise back of me, and I looked around to see what it wuz, and it wuz Mrs. Lincoln a hollerin' out a big turnip.

Just at this point in Mr. Hall's narrative he paused and asked the writer if he could guess what Mrs. Lincoln was "hollerin' out that turnip fer". When some two or three attempts had been made to solve this mystery and all proved to be clearly wrong, to the evident amusement of the old gentleman, he resumed his narrative by saying:

She was makin' a grease lamp. Course I'd seen a many one. She hollered it out and cut a small groove in it on the lip, and after she'd filled it with hog's lard and laid a wick in the noteh, and lit it, she handed it to me, and a butcher knife to Abe, and she says: "Boys, go and get me some bacon." So me and Abe went out to a little pole smoke house and I held up the light while Abe cut a half moon out of a side of bacon. So Mrs. Lincoln went on with gittin' supper, and bye and bye she says: "Supper's ready." So when we set down to it we had corn

cakes, baked potatoes and fried bacon. After the supper dishes was washed up old Tom, a slappin' his hands together and a rubbin' em like I say, he says, says he: "Now, Abe, bring out your book and read fer us." Old Tom couldn't read himself, but he wuz proud that Abe could, and many a time he'd brag about how smart Abe wuz to the folks around about. Well, Abe reached up on a shelf where he kept his books and then a stirrin' up the fire on the hearth with some dry stuff he had piled in one corner by the jamb, he commenced to read.

When the writer asked as to whether the narrator remembered what book it was that Abe read from, he straightway replied:

Oh, yes! It wuz the life of Ben Franklin. He read to us till bed time, and that night Abe and me slept together up in the loft. We got up there through a scuttle hole in one corner of the ceilin', and to git up to it we had to climb up a peg ladder made by boring holes in the logs and insertin' wooden pins. I remember the bedstid which of course I saw many a time. It wuz a mighty sorry affair; still it answered the purpose. A hole wuz bored in the north wall and a rail-like piece wuz sloped off to fit this. The same thing wuz done on the west wall, and these two rails wuz brought together and fastened in the same way to an upright post out in the floor and then acrost these wuz laid split boards or whipped plank, or some thin slats rived out, and on these wuz a gunny sack filled with leaves gathered from the woods. On this Abe and me slept covered with bear skins.

Lincoln's bedfellow on this snowy winter night lived to see him in the White House.

LINCOLN'S BOYHOOD ASSOCIATES

"Gold is good in its place, but loving, brave patriotic men are better than gold. For my part I have striven, and will strive to avoid placing any obstacle in the way. So long as I have been here I have not willingly planted a thorn in any man's bosom."

In the thousands of pamphlets and more extended notices of the life of Abraham Lincoln there is, for the most part, comparatively little said concerning the adolescent or formative period in his career. Because of the universal interest in Mr. Lincoln's life, any contribution bearing upon any phase of his career should be of interest and not wholly without value. Nevertheless, it is true that there has been but meager notice of his youth, since those who have undertaken this

task possessed but little data, and thus in consequence the conviction inevitably forced itself upon all that there was but little that transpired during Mr. Lincoln's youth particularly prophetic of the years that followed. In many instances, therefore, the formative period in Mr. Lincoln's life has been, in consequence of the meagerness of knowledge and reliable data, dismissed as being commonplace. Professing to see nothing exceptional during these formative years, his biographers in many instances have passed on to the days of his early manhood, and sought to call attention to what they regard the real beginnings of his remarkable career. In doing so, in their unwarranted haste to pass to the scenes of his public career, they do not fail to quote the well-known lines of the poet which Mr. Lincoln was accustomed to apply to himself: "My life was but the short and simple annals of the poor," as if this would prove a sufficient refutation of any charge of meager notice of the years prior to the day of his appearing on the prairies of Illinois. To put it in another way, the Lincoln admirers have been made to believe that he was a Hoosier prodigal who came to himself about the time, or soon after, reaching the State of Illinois; and at this time, or subsequent to it, there were certain super-added things affixed to his character that made for honesty, truthfulness, and fixity of purpose.

The fact of Mr. Lincoln's honesty, which was so prominent in his later life, is not doubted for a moment, but since substantially all the recorded instances of this trait of his character found their setting in some event in later life, there is a belief that this trait was not particularly noted in his early career, or if so, it was not sufficiently prominent to call forth especial attention; whereas, all of his early associates interviewed by the writer stated that this was quite marked, and so much so as to cause them to remember him by it.

The writer is convinced, by reason of some years' residence among the early associates of the great war President, that the boy Lincoln was father of the man. We are indebted to the many biographers of Mr. Lincoln for so many things, and to some of these in particular, it would be something approaching sacrilege, for one now at this late day, to even

appear to take any liberties with any long established beliefs concerning our martyred President. Happily this does not appear to be necessary. But however well meant the efforts were on the part of these numerous historians touching Mr. Lincoln's early career, unfortunately they have succeeded in focusing the gaze of the world either upon the spot in the State of Kentucky that gave him birth, or upon the prairies of Illinois where he took his rise to fame, and where his ashes now rest. Those years in his life which he spent in Indiana—from seven to twenty-one—which ordinarily make a period in the life of most men of momentous importance, have been more or less neglected. To undertake at this late day the task of correcting the perspective of the Lincoln admirers by focusing the attention upon his youth is an exceedingly difficult one, and ordinarily would prove discouraging, but since it is believed that sufficient data is at hand to substantiate the claim, the task has been undertaken with a view at least of supplementing the work of recognized authorities in this field, as well as rendering tardy justice to Lincoln's youth.

It is to be regretted that some of the earlier biographers of Mr. Lincoln did not make a greater effort to collect information touching his youth, since the field was at that time white unto harvest; particularly soon after the death of the President, at which time some two or three biographers came to visit the scenes of Mr. Lincoln's boyhood and young manhood in Spencer county, Indiana. Some of the more recent writers met with experiences well calculated to discourage further effort in this field, since they possessed erroneous notions of Hoosier manners and customs. In consequence of this handicap some very amusing, not to say ludicrous, things transpired during attempted interviews with certain ones of Lincoln's old associates. Many of the historians in speaking of the citizens now residing in the region where Gentryville is located, regarded them as quite below the average; characterizing them as "listless", "poor", "free and easy", "devoid of ambition", and reference has been made to the "antiquated business methods", "dog-fennel streets" and with many other such statements they seem to pay a tribute to the wisdom and foresight of the Lincolns in having the good sense to leave

that region, since the country and its inhabitants at the present time do not meet with their approbation.

That there is apparent justification for such a characterization of both the inhabitants of that section today, as well as the region itself, is quite true, and perhaps this would more especially appear so to strangers, although it may be permissible to suggest that these allegations are particularly in bad taste relative to the country itself, since they were made by those who happen to reside in that section of the United States where abandoned farms are the rule, whereas there are few abandoned farms in Spencer county, Indiana. Appearances are often woefully deceptive, and it is believed that a better knowledge of Hoosier manners and customs, particularly among the pioneers, would in itself serve a splendid corrective in certain things.

It may be true that Gentryville and Lincoln City are "dog-fennel towns", yet there are several hundreds like them in Indiana. Gentryville is much the same place that it was during the boyhood of Lincoln. One may still see the Saturday group of loungers seated on dry goods boxes, whittling and chewing favorite brands of tobacco, and "swapping yarns", from which point of vantage they gaze betimes down the little streets to the barren knolls in the distance. The scene is common and to be met with not only in this section of the State of Indiana, but in certain portions of Kentucky and Illinois. Such scenes are not particularly inspiring, and are not calculated to impress a visiting stranger with the belief that from such an environment there would come forth any youth who could by any possibility rise to fame; yet, nevertheless, just such places have produced, and may yet be destined to produce, some of our most eminent men. Some two or three incidents and circumstances are here related that occurred within the Lincoln zone, all of them of comparatively recent date and coming under the personal observation of the writer.

A man with long gray locks, somewhat loose and disheveled, was seated in the witness chair in the circuit court. It was during the month of January, and the weather was cold. He wore a pair of "eastern" boots whose heels had a predilection for rolling over and upward as if in sport of one

another. His "foxed" trousers were baggy and tattered, and whether the bottoms were too badly worn for service or whether it was merely a habit of the owner, no matter; in any case they were crowded down into the boot tops. A faded brown hand-me-down overcoat, held to its moorings by a bit of binder-twine looped through the torn buttonhole and about the button, served to keep out the cold, this being the only outer garment worn over a shirt not too immaculate. On his knees rested a somewhat dilapidated hickory-straw hat, with the preponderance of evidence in favor of its having done service for at least two summers and certainly until far into mid-winter.

An attorney (now holding a government position of national importance) from a distance, with evident preconceived notions concerning the old gentleman, was cross-examining the witness.

"Mr. Witness, can you read and write?"

"No, sir."

"You spoke of the payment of taxes" (resting his eyes for a moment upon the boots). "Do you own property?"

"Well, yes, sir."

"Now then, just state to the jury what your holdings consist of, whether real estate, etc., etc."

"Well," began the witness, looking down as if greatly embarrassed, "well, I own a leetle land in this county and some in the county a-jinen."

"You own a little land, you say, in this and the adjoining county?" (Another glance at the boots, which on taking its leave swept past the straw hat and then fixed itself steadfastly upon the apparently disconcerted face of the witness.)

"Now, sir, just tell the jury about how much land you own."

"Well," still looking down, "well, sir, I've got a leetle the rise of three thousand acres here in this county, and some time back I got hold of a leetle jag of money, and not havin' any place jest then to put it, I bought a few hundred acres over in tother county. Besides what leetle land I own, and a few hundred head of cattle, horses and sheep, I've off and on ever now and then been loanin' a leetle money an' ginerally took

mortgages on land, so I've got plasters you might say, mountin' to nigh on to right about \$30,000 or better, and I've got government"——

"That will do, Mr. Witness, that will do."

The witness here referred to was about the same age as Lincoln and lived but a few miles from Gentryville. The writer was present on the occasion referred to, and remembers the chagrin and crestfallen air depicted upon the countenance of the imported attorney, and furthermore he recalls the apologetic remarks subsequently made by the attorney, he being more especially induced to do this on learning that the witness was not only a fine type of old fashioned honesty and truthfulness, but was the wealthiest man in the county.

The old gentleman was not a miser nor yet miserly. He merely continued the habits and customs of the pioneer days. His dress as above described, which is not in the least exaggerated, was subject to a marked change on Sunday; that is to say, the soiled linen was replaced by a garment destined to do duty until the next Sabbath. With slight variation in the matter of dress—on the whole somewhat better—but in all other points essentially the same, the foregoing description would be that of the father of a man born in this region during the Civil war, who today occupies a chair in one of the great universities of our country.

A case was being tried in the Federal court. A number of witnesses were subpœnæd, among them being an elderly man with a snow-white crescent encircling his chin. His shoes, originally black, were now brown. He wore no such conventional apparel as a collar or necktie, and his clothing otherwise was not at all pretentious. He had spent most of his life in the school room, and was quite generally addressed by all classes of citizens in this Lincoln country as "Professor," and being well known to the officer of the court he very naturally in calling the witness thus addressed him. An attorney, thinking to make capital out of this circumstance, especially since he noted the character of his dress, began his examination of the witness by requesting to know why he was called "professor."

"I do not know, sir, why I am thus so regarded and so addressed, for I make no claim whatever to that honorable title. It is true that I have been a teacher for some time, in fact nearly all my life; but I do not suppose that I am at all entitled to such consideration."

The attorney, not yet satisfied, pursued the matter further.

"Well, professor, you are a graduate of course, and can doubtless read Latin." (not at all supposing that the witness was a graduate nor possessing such knowledge as the question implied.)

"Yes, sir," replied the professor, "Yes, sir, I am a graduate of our State University, and in obedience to your desire to know whether I possess ability sufficient to enable me to read Latin I should say that in addition to my mother tongue I speak French and German rather fluently, Spanish only indifferently well, but I read Hebrew, Latin, Sanscrit and Greek quite well. Indeed, I have even been told by those who have manifested a decided partiality for me that I could have been a linguist had I taken up this study, say at your time of life, but I attribute this great claim of my friends to some little acts of kindness which I have rendered them from time to time through a somewhat lengthened life, rather than to any real excellence that I may possess."

It was within a half dozen miles of Gentryville that a stranger was impertinent enough to ask an old Hoosier who had an extraordinarily large-sized nose: "How does it happen that you have such a big nose?"

"I kept it out of other people's business, sir, and let it get its growth."

As an aid to credulity and at the same time serving in part at least as a fair excuse for the treatment here offered, it may be stated that the writer was born among and reared with later generations of the Lincolns.

It does not appear to be generally known that all three sons of the elder Abraham Lincoln, grandfather of the President, eventually emigrated to Indiana. The first to come was Josiah, the second son, who settled on Big Blue river, in Harrison county, Indiana. This was in the year 1812. To

this wilderness home came Thomas Lincoln, father of the President, on a visit, and in part at least his removal from Kentucky to Indiana a little later, in the year 1816, was due to the persuasions of his brother, Josiah. His reasons for leaving Kentucky are given elsewhere in this narrative, but on deciding to leave Kentucky he was induced by his brother to try his fortunes in the new State north of the Ohio river.

The writer's forbears came up from the South to this section of Indiana, also settling in Harrison county, and were neighbors to Josiah Lincoln. Thus the writer grew to manhood with the descendants of the uncle of the President.

Later the writer resided for some years in that region where the future President spent his childhood and boyhood, and attained his majority. Here he personally knew a number of Mr. Lincoln's boyhood and girlhood friends and associates. Repeated interviews were obtained with these pioneers, some of whom up to that time had never so much as been interviewed by a newspaper reporter, much less by any of the biographers of Mr. Lincoln. It may be said, however, that this latter statement, apparently incredible, is to some extent accounted for by reason of the fact that these in particular had removed from the Spencer county home to other points in the State, and in one or two instances to other States.

Some of these boyhood friends of Lincoln here referred to were parishioners of the writer or were members of his congregation, and in a few instances he officiated at their funerals and the funerals of members of their families.

It is believed that much confirmatory information was obtained from quite a number of the older citizens, who, while being mere children during the residence of the Lincolns in Spencer county, yet being children of the neighbors of the Lincolns and accustomed to hear the fireside discussions concerning the great President, especially after his rise to fame, what they related was in certain instances quite as valuable and trustworthy, and perhaps in an instance or two even more so, than was that offered by some who spoke from personal knowledge.

With no well-defined purpose of ever making any use of

the data obtained, beyond personal gratification, having been reared a Democrat in the belief that Douglas was transcendently great as compared to Lincoln, and having had a gradual political "conversion" my interest in Lincoln grew accordingly. Much time was thus pleasantly spent in interviewing those who either personally knew Lincoln as a boy, or those who were mere children during his stay in Indiana, or those who were born about the time of his leaving the State in the year 1830.

Considerable care has been exercised to distinguish between matter of fact truth and mere tradition. Of this latter there was considerable and occasionally there was an intermingling of fact and tradition. The traditions in every case came but little short of well established facts, and some of these were quite as interesting and suggestive as any statement based upon personal knowledge.

The mooted question as to the President's maternal ancestry was altogether in favor of the position taken by almost all of his earlier biographers, particularly by Herndon. With no desire whatever of attempting to reopen a discussion that appears to be closed, a statement or two is made. In every case when Lincoln's pioneer neighbors were asked as to the obscure origin of Nancy Hanks, the reply was invariably the same—that she was the daughter of Lucy Hanks, and a Virginian.

On one occasion after the writer had delivered a lecture on Lincoln in the region where the President had lived as a boy, and having some of Lincoln's old friends in the audience, he was approached by a rather elderly lady who requested an interview on the following day. This was gladly granted. After some questions as to what "the books said concerning the origin of Nancy Hanks," the following statement was made:

I am the daughter of a woman who was about the same age as Lincoln and lived neighbors to the Lincolns both in Kentucky and in Indiana. My grandmother and Nancy Hanks were girl friends, and my grandmother often told me that she was present at the birth of President Lincoln. I've heard both my mother and grandmother tell many incidents concerning Nancy Hanks and the Lincolns and Abraham in particular. As to Nancy Hanks' origin I've heard my grandmother say again

and again that Lincoln's mother was a fine lady and wasn't to be blamed for some things; that she was the daughter of Lucy Hanks and some unknown man in Virginia. My mother said that was what the older people told her, and no one ever said anything to the contrary.

Inquiry was made as to the reliability of the testimony offered, and it not only appeared abundantly trustworthy, but was corroborated by the statement of others. In no case among the pioneers was there a disposition to accept any other story relative to the origin of Lincoln's mother. That Mr. Lincoln himself held to this belief concerning his mother is certainly true. Herndon, *Life of Lincoln* states:

Beyond the fact that he (Lincoln) was born on the 12th day of February, 1809, in Hardin county, Kentucky, Mr. Lincoln usually had but little to say of himself, the lives of his parents, or the history of the family before their removal to Indiana. If he mentioned the subject at all it was with great reluctance and significant reserve. There was something about his origin he never cared to dwell upon.

Herndon further asserts that on one occasion while he and Lincoln were driving across the prairie in a buggy the statement was made to Herndon by Lincoln that his mother, Nancy Hanks, was the daughter of Lucy Hanks and a well-bred but obscure Virginia planter or farmer. He argued that from this last source came his power of analysis, his logic, his mental activity, his ambition and all the qualities that distinguished him from the other members and descendants of the Hanks family.

A biography of Lincoln was prepared by Mr. Scripps for campaign purposes. Lincoln was asked to submit data for this, which he rather reluctantly did. In a letter to Herndon after Lincoln's death Scripps stated:

He (Lincoln) communicated some facts to me concerning his ancestry which he did not wish to have published then, and which I have never spoken of or alluded to before.

What these facts were we of course do not know, but presumably they must have had to do with this obscurity. Dennis Hanks, a son of Nancy Hanks, aunt of the mother of Lincoln, was ever insistent that the mother of President Lincoln was named Sparrow instead of Hanks. Certain it is

that both she and Dennis Hanks were for a time in the home of the Sparrows, who, after the marriage of Nancy to Thomas Lincoln and her removal to Indiana, also removed to that State, taking the irrepressible Dennis with them. It was these Sparrows who occupied the half-faced camp abandoned by the Lincolns, and when seized with milk-sick were removed to the Lincoln cabin and both died there. Their deaths took place at the same time as that of Lincoln's mother.

It is passing strange that these pioneers should all be of one mind concerning the obscure origin of Nancy Hanks if there was no foundation for such belief.

However reliable may be the statements of discoveries made by Mrs. Hitchcock, a descendant of the Hanks family, relative to the origin of the President's mother, there never was, and is not now, just ground for any accusation against these pioneer neighbors of the Lincolns for entertaining and freely expressing the belief, since it was indisputably credited by her illustrious son, and by the elder Hankses and others whose testimony is a matter of record.

MANNERS AND CUSTOMS OF THE HOOSIER PIONEERS.

"Quarrel not at all. Yield larger things to which you can show no more than equal right; and yield lesser ones though clearly your own. Better give your path to a dog than be bitten by him in contending for the right. Even killing the dog would not cure the bite."

A proper understanding of the manners and customs of the pioneers of Lincoln's youth and young manhood is essential to appreciate some qualities of his mind and peculiarities of belief and practice which appeared when later he was associated with the learned and skillfully trained statesman and politicians, who were for the most part reared under an altogether different environment. The pioneer was more or less given to superstitious beliefs and committed to the trustworthiness of tokens and dreams. While this characterized substantially all classes during the formative period of our country, yet these strange and weird beliefs in particular

found a congenial abiding place in the minds of the pioneers who came from the South and settled in this wilderness. Indeed, the belief in the efficacy of tokens and dreams, and the faithfulness and almost religious zeal with which signs have been observed have ever characterized the frontier line.

These strange beliefs inevitably begot still stranger customs. This was especially true of the people in and about Gentryville. If in this section there may yet be found some of those strange beliefs still lingering among those of that earlier period, it need not be regarded as strange, since in other centuries the will of the Almighty was determined by the presence or absence of dew upon a sheep's pelt, and kingdoms were lost or won by the casting of lots. It may well be doubted whether there is not yet clinging to most of us, like barnacles upon a ship's hull, some of the age-long beliefs of our fathers. While we are living with the light beating full upon our faces, yet there is discerned in some an indication that these fireside memories and nursery teachings of that dim and distant past so possess us as to lead to the conclusion that it would not at all be difficult to revert to the practices and beliefs of other years. Bishop Matthew Simpson, one of the greatest forensic orators of his time, and an educator of national prominence, himself a pioneer and a great friend and confidential adviser of Lincoln, ever felt a strange and unaccountable pleasure and delight on seeing the new moon over his left shoulder. A certain United States senator from Lincoln's boyhood state on more than one occasion in the midst of political campaigns refused to ride in a carriage drawn by black horses.

Abraham Lincoln was so indoctrinated with many of these beliefs during his youth that they clung to him until the day of his death. He always believed in the trustworthiness of dreams, one of which in particular was viewed as a good omen, because he dreamed it prior to the victories of Antietam, Vicksburg, Gettysburg, the naval battle between the Monitor and the Merrimac, as well as just before the surrender at Appomattox. This dream and others he with a strange simplicity related to cabinets, and doubtless in the very simplicity of his belief failed to realize that these gen-

tle men viewed such as exceptional, if not indicating a decided weakness.

Advantage is taken of the opportunity here of calling attention to a fact not especially enlarged upon by any, yet which is patent and known to all; that is, we do not take liberties with Lincoln as we do with many other great men. We laugh with him, but we do not suffer any criticism of him without registering a vigorous protest. This is not even true of Washington.

To the pioneer in Lincoln's day the carrying of an edged tool, such as a hoe or ax, through the house was an omen of bad luck, foretelling a death in the family during the year. The breaking of a mirror was also another sign of death within that period. The plaintive howling of a dog meant that the morrow would tell of a death somewhere. The crossing of the hunter's path by a dog meant bad luck in the chase unless the hunter locked his little fingers until the dog was out of sight; or, what was regarded as better still, if he returned to the point of starting and began his journey anew, all ill fortune occasioned by the bad start would not be reckoned against him. The writer has frequently witnessed these circumstances.

Friday was a day in the calendar to be avoided in instituting any new departure; that is to say, beginning anything new such as plowing, sowing or reaping in the fields, or the making of a garment, unless the labor could be completed during the day. A bird alighting on the window or coming into the house was a sure sign of sorrow. All planting, sowing, fencing and preparation for the same was to be governed by certain signs of the moon. Plants, such as potatoes, maturing beneath the surface of the soil must be planted in the dark of the moon. And in like manner tomatoes and beans must be planted in the light of the moon.

Clapboards on the roofs of buildings would cup and curl if the sign was not right. The fence would settle and sink or creel if there was a failure to consult the almanac for the proper sign. They believed in witches of various sorts, quite as much as they of New England ever did. Although there was no disposition to burn them, they were feared and

guarded against. They especially believed that some evil-disposed old witch could work evil upon a child.

The writer has a distinct child's recollection of being caught up from his innocent play into the arms of a frightened lady and hurriedly carried away to a point of supposed safety from a reputed old witch who it was presumed was working her spell over him preparatory to actually bewitching him. It is not believed that this old witch in reality succeeded in her efforts at this time or at any subsequent period, but the writer frankly confesses that while he escaped all of the influences and beliefs so generally prevalent in his youth, nevertheless he finds more satisfaction and contentedness than do some if there is never a hoe or an ax carried through his house. Truly the beliefs of our grandmothers live after them.

Although there was no physician nearer than thirty miles to the Lincoln home, yet this settlement had a "Doctor" of a doubtful sort, one "Cy" (Josiah) Crawford, for whom Lincoln and his sister Sarah often labored as "hired man and girl." "Cy," or "Old Blue Nose" Crawford as Lincoln later named him, was what was usually spoken of as a "yarb and root" doctor. As a diagnostician he doubtless did not excel, but it was small matter since his prescriptions were few and generally harmless, even if sometimes unpleasant to take. If there was evidence of inflammation, "a counter-irritant was slapped on," and generally "a heroic old fashioned Baptist foot washing," was urged just before the hour of retiring. Blue mass pills were used on the least provocation, although if these were not to be had a substitute was suggested. The writer recalls one instance when "shoemaker's wax" was in an emergency made into plaster and the patient lived to praise his saviour, if not his remedy in his effort to remove the same. Crawford, in lieu of there not being even a traveling dentist, was an extractor of teeth. Heroic methods were used for a time, but his services being so much in demand he obtained a "twister" pair of forceps, and thereafter the surgery was more scientifically performed. A conversation with some who sat under his "prying, twisting and gouging" revealed the fact that laughing gas would have been more than welcomed.

Since bleeding was quite generally practiced in that day by reputable physicians, Crawford, always abreast with the times, obtained a lancet and thus added this accomplishment to his practice. Generally speaking, every settlement had a man or woman who could stop bleeding in cases where a vein or artery had been severed, without resorting to the barbarous practice of ligating or cauterizing. This was done by pronouncing certain cabalistic words. The secret of possessing such power was on no account to be conveyed to another unless under proper direction and orderly procedure. A man was forbidden, on penalty of losing his skill, to convey to his brother the secret, but he might with perfect safety admit a woman into the secret, and she in turn could with equal safety initiate a man. At the perilous risk of losing forever whatever cunning and skill the writer may possess in this regard, he dares here to put it to a test by indiscriminately publishing the secret. It will be at once apparent that this conveyance is only possible to ladies. The remedy is simplicity itself, and consists in thrice repeating the sixth verse of the sixteenth chapter of the Prophecy of Ezekiel.

Faith doctors were implicitly believed in. Long journeys were made to them, their charms invoked and their skill put to a test. In substantially every case these men behaved something after the manner that Captain Naaman supposed the prophet Elisha would have done in his case. They refused to make any charge for services rendered, but if exceedingly provoked by some who were the beneficiaries of their healing powers, they suffered them, on taking their departure, to leave a token of their appreciation as a thank offering.

There was a commendable reciprocity of neighborliness prevailing among the pioneers. Much of their work was shared in common, particularly such as raisings, huskings and rollings. Associated with these labors by the men, which may not inappropriately be styled field sports, the women of the entire neighborhood assembled to prepare the sumptuous feasts consisting of venison, turkey, pigeon potpie, hominy and corn-dodger.

Spinning contests were indulged in and the hand-made loom was much in vogue, and if there chanced to be the fin-

ishing of a blanket or coverlet, or in some instances a quilt, all the young ladies—and some not so young—would surround this, holding on with both hands, while some one from the crowd of men who were interested onlookers would throw puss, the now thoroughly frightened house cat, into the bagging center. Well might there be manifest interest, for who could tell which way a cat might jump under such circumstances and thus indicate the next bride?

Play parties and dancing (hoe-downs) were much in favor, and the mere announcement of a neighborhood wedding meant an invitation for all to attend who cared to do so. Spelling matches were held every Friday night during the school term, and schoolhouse debates invariably attracted large crowds. Old time school exhibitions, where dialogues were recited and "pieces" declaimed, were frequent. Sometimes these were weeks in preparation and the program so lengthy as to last half the night. Religious services prior to 1820 were conducted in private homes, usually by some chance itinerant preacher. Lincoln never saw a church until he was eleven years of age, and he helped in its erection.

The dress of the pioneer would appear quite as strange to us as some of the modern fashions would have been to him. No woolens were worn in and about Gentryville until the year 1824. Buckskin breeches, sewed with whang, thus making an ornamental fringe, a loose-fitting blouse, and a coonskin cap with the tail hanging down was the usual garb of the men. This was Lincoln's dress during his entire Indiana residence, save that he managed in some manner to get possession of a white shirt a short while before his removal to Illinois.

In all of these farm and community labors, social gatherings, exhibitions and religious worship Lincoln was a familiar figure. He particularly enjoyed the schoolhouse debates and exhibitions. The *Kentucky Preceptor* furnished the major portion of the declamations, as well as subjects or themes for debate. Some of these latter which were debated by young Lincoln and others were: "*Resolved*, That fire is more destructive than water." "Who has the greater right to complain, the negro or the Indian?" Such themes were very gravely discussed not only by the younger generation, but by the older

men as well. It is said that young Lincoln in these debates was calm, logical and clear. He, however, often became quite humorous, causing great laughter by his peculiar antics and original remarks, but his aim appeared to be to cause his side to win. At such times two captains stood forth in the presence of the assembled crowd in obedience to the demand of the society and proceeded to "choose up." A stick some three feet in length, often a walking cane, was tossed into the air by one of the captains, the other captain catching it in one hand, and the first in turn grasping it. They placed their hands alternately in position until one became the possessor of the stick. This was repeated three times, the two best out of three deciding first choice of a debater or the side of the argument—depending upon the original agreement. After the house had been divided, the "jury" was selected by the president, usually from three to five members. Sometimes ladies were privileged to sit as judges. It will be seen that Lincoln's method in debate was such as to win "the jury."

One of his old friends, Nathaniel Griggsby, usually called "Natty", although Lincoln called him "Nat", said that when Lincoln appeared in company

the boys would gather and cluster around him to hear him talk. He was figurative in his speeches, talks and conversations. He argued much from analogy, and explained things, hard for us to understand, by stories, maxims, tales and figures. He would point out his lessons or ideas by some story that was plain and near to us in order that we might instantly see the force and bearing of what he said.

Young Lincoln was a great mimic, entertaining and amusing crowds quite as much in this manner as in any other. The humor of any situation or a mirthful and ludicrous turn seemed to criss-cross with smiles his face, which even at that time his associates alleged was "shrivelled and wrinkled". His smiles and laughter spread in humorous confusion over his countenance long before the vehicle of speech had presented the object or subject of his humor to his auditors.

In his reading he devoured anything and everything that came in his way, never stopping to inquire what it was so long as it furnished his active mind something on which to labor. In like manner the subjects of his mimicry were as varied as occasion might offer, ranging from peculiarities in gait or

speech of a neighbor or passing stranger to the pulpit efforts of the backwoods, hard-shell Baptist preacher. He was much in the habit of repeating the Sunday sermon to the men and boys in the field on Monday. If perchance he made a rare find, and his Monday audience appeared to appreciate his efforts, he repaired to the Gentryville store at night after the days' labor was done, and there repeated it, embellishing, revising and enlarging as occasion seemed to warrant.

The Little Pigeon Baptist meeting house was erected in the year 1820. The elder Lincoln was the boss carpenter, superintending its erection, and, while Abraham was but eleven years of age at this time, it is said that he assisted in felling the trees out of which the building material was obtained. This church was a story and a half high, and, while its proportions were not great,—being twenty-six by thirty feet,—for that period it made a rather pretentious house of worship. It had two windows, each twenty by thirty-six inches, and was heated in extreme weather by means of two old-fashioned fireplaces, there being two mud and stick chimneys, one at either end of the building.

The church was more or less regularly served by pastors duly called, but there were long intervals when the little congregation was largely dependent upon "local" ministers or some chance ministerial visitor. The regular ministry, while more or less helpful, was in the main but little beyond the major portion of their parishioners intellectually. Since most of them were illiterate, and some of them painfully so and much given to certain pulpit mannerisms, they afforded the critical student of human nature, young Lincoln, a fine field for the free play of his powers of mimicry, and his mirth-provoking efforts at preaching were such as indelibly to fix these in the memory of his boyhood associates many years afterward.

Matilda Johnson, his step-sister, said "he was an indefatigable preacher". It was his usual custom when his father and mother went to church and he and other members of the family remained at home to take down the Bible, read a verse, give out a hymn, and after this had been rendered he proceeded to "preach" a sermon. On one occasion when in the

midst of a sermon-lecture in the grove near the cabin, John Johnson, his step-brother, and others who had doubtless heard the Sunday morning sermon out in the fields during the week, came up with a land terrapin which they had picked up in their morning rambles along the creek, and desiring to witness the quick but clumsy movement of the creature, placed a coal of fire on its back. Young Lincoln remonstrated, but in the midst of the fun occasioned by the frantic efforts of the fire-bearing creature to escape its tormentors Johnson picked it up and hurled it against a tree, breaking its shell. As it lay quivering and dying the preacher quickly adapted himself to his audience and began an exhortation on "Cruelty to Animals", saying among other things that "an ant's life is just as sweet to it as our lives are to us."

Young Lincoln was in the habit of delivering the Sunday sermon to his stepmother when for any cause she was not privileged to attend worship. The entire family would sit and listen to Lincoln, who would not only repeat the sermon, but the text, and in almost every way reproduce the morning effort, even to the amen. Mrs. Lincoln greatly enjoyed these reports and professed to think that she derived more benefit from Abe's sermonizing than she did from the minister himself.

The Lincoln home was the stopping place for the ministers. This furnished such an opportunity for Lincoln to argue that he invariably availed himself of it. On one occasion he had "cornered" an illiterate preacher on some point in the story of Jonah, and in the midst of his confusion Lincoln suddenly asked him who was the father of Zebedee's children. The pastor confessed that he did not know. This Zebedee witticism was one of Lincoln's earliest attempts, although the first recorded humorous effort was when going to mill and witnessing the slow grinding of the old horse mill, he remarked that "his hound pup could eat all the meal it would grind in a day and then bawl for his supper."

It was in the pulpit of this Little Pigeon Baptist meeting house, Mr. Herndon states, that young Lincoln witnessed an amusing incident which befell one of these transient preachers, an incident that Lincoln in later years frequently related, and is as follows:

The meeting house was located in the woods a mile and a half from our home and some distance from any other residence. Regular services were held only once each month. The preacher on this occasion was an old-line Baptist, and was dressed in coarse linen pantaloons and shirt of the same material. The trousers were manufactured after the old fashioned style, with baggy legs and flaps in front, commonly spoken of as "barn doors", which were made to attach to the frame without the aid of suspenders. A single button held his shirt in position, and that was at the collar. He arose in the pulpit and in a loud voice announced his text: "I am the Christ whom I shall represent today." About this time a little blue lizard ran up underneath his roomy pantaloons, and the old preacher not wishing to interrupt the steady flow of his sermon slapped away on his legs, expecting to arrest the intruder, but his efforts were unavailing and the little fellow kept ascending higher and higher. Continuing the sermon the preacher slyly loosened the button which held the waistband of his pantaloons, and with a kick off came the easy fitting garment. Meanwhile Mr. Lizard had passed the equatorial line and was exploring the part of the preacher's anatomy which lay underneath the back of his shirt. Things by this time were growing interesting, but the sermon kept grinding on. The next movement on the part of the preacher was for the collar button, and with one sweep of his arm off came the tow linen shirt. The congregation sat for an instant as if dazed. At length one old sister in the rear of the room rose up and glancing at the excited object in the pulpit shouted at the top of her voice: "If you represent Christ, then I am done with the Bible."

On another occasion a traveling minister happened in the settlement one Sunday morning and was invited to preach. It appears that his pulpit mannerisms, gestures and platform eccentricities were quite out of the ordinary. He had the habit among other things of rolling his eyes not unlike the old-time colored preacher, and when he warmed up to his theme he pounded the Bible and the hymn book mercilessly, accompanied by certain pauses that might have been eloquent but for the fact that the speaker's zeal got the better of his judgment, for just at this juncture he introduced sundry groans and windy suspirations which no doubt he supposed would greatly aid in fastening the word as a nail in a sure place. In addition to the foregoing the preacher possessed an unfortunate physical defect, perhaps acquired, which was so characteristic of not a few public speakers. He had a mingled sybillant sonorous nazal twang which he pitched into that peculiar key in rendering his sing-song address.

Lincoln was present on this occasion, as were many others

of his age, and some of these boyhood friends of Lincoln, among whom was Nat Griggsby, related that young Lincoln again and again repeated this sermon to the farm hands and the group of loungers at the Gentryville store, and so faithful was the presentation not only in words, but in pulpit mannerisms—the rolling of the eyes, pounding of the Bible, and the nazal twang—that it was the judgment of those who heard Lincoln's effort, as well as the original presentation, that it was impossible to tell wherein the one differed from the other.

It will become at once apparent from some of the foregoing incidents that there never was any justification for the position taken by some of Mr. Lincoln's biographers in assuming, as they did, that he was inclined to make sport of the church or religion as such. The attitude assumed by some of his biographers was not only based upon this habit of Lincoln in repeating the Sunday sermon, but upon some poetic effusions composed "in Bible language", usually after the manner and style of the ancient Chronicles, wherein he caricatured "Sister Gibson and Brother Gibson", members of the Little Pigeon church, who had been derelict in duty and in consequence had been called upon to undergo the ordeal of a church trial. After diligent inquiry touching Mr. Lincoln's religious convictions, nothing whatever was found indicating any tendency toward infidelity or atheism; certainly no semblance of a disposition to criticise or lightly esteem the church or religion. This position of his earlier biographers, who were themselves personally so inclined, is absolutely without any foundation.

When it is recalled that young Lincoln's habit of mimicry and his subjects and objects of caricature were promiscuous, there is small wonder that these crude efforts in the pulpit were seized upon by him as quite the best for the exercise of his powers, since this field was more inviting than any other that presented itself and he very naturally availed himself of it.

Being naturally more or less a comedian, and adapting himself to his audiences, he gave way to buffoonery indiscriminately, making selection of anything especially appealing

to him. He not only mimicked the noisy traveling preacher who was much given to polemic discussion, but was also in the habit of repeating any public address heard, whether on the stump or before the bar. If the address appealed to him as being eloquent or possessing any excellence in any other way, he brought into play his exceptional powers of memory, repeating such portions with evident attempt at seriousness, noting their effect, taking this opportunity to "hear his voice", of which his associates maintained that he was especially vain. Not that his vanity led him to suppose that his voice was musical or fitted for public address beyond others, but his consuming ambition to become a public speaker gave free play to his fancy, and in such boyish efforts he flattered himself into the belief that he was preparing against the day when he could and would take the stump in real earnest.

He early manifested a desire to indulge himself in public address. If the school exhibitions may be taken into account, his age was about eleven years when he began on his own account. This disposition grew upon him through the years, until by the time he had reached seventeen he was continually "on the stump". His stepmother stated that after a few efforts before boys of his age he at length ventured to try his powers before larger groups. He particularly made choice "of the hands in the fields" until, as she put it, "it soon became an amusing sight to see and hear him make these speeches." She further confessed that her "husband was forced to break it up with a strong hand", since it kept the men from their work.

There appear to be few such characters as Shakespeare, Burns and Lincoln who, if left to dwell apart and follow the plow or make use of the ax and maul, deprived of the privilege of a university or college, develop those great faculties which nature has so abundantly endowed them with, and happily reach their destined goal by a route, if circuitous and accompanied by exacting and patient toil, is nevertheless apparently best suited to them.

Perhaps if Lincoln had been privileged to enjoy the curriculum of a great university, we would doubtless have had a master mind so skilled and trained as to have enabled him

to occupy a commanding and enviable place in history, but it may well be doubted whether or not the very discipline imposed by such a course of training would not have marred or altogether lost to the world some of those rare qualities of mind and heart which were so prominent in him and which above all else distinguishes him from most great men of his time.

Since Lincoln was destined to rise by the sheer force of his own personality and imperious will, and to develop the great qualities of mind in this almost unbelievable manner, it was his good fortune to spend those years of strange preparations among a simple-minded, yet honest and patriotic folk, hedged in by a wilderness but freed thereby from those conventional restraints and hindrances that older and more settled communities usually impose. At the same time he was removed from the blighting effects of vice which, had he been subjected it, might have prevented the maturing of a character, embodying all of the essential basic elements of the plain people. Lincoln did not, as some have supposed, live the cabin life in the White House so much as he lived the White House life in the cabin.

Any attempt to analyze his character or in any measure seek to account for the sustained, universal interest in him by substantially all classes of people, as well as youth, and claimed by all political faiths, leads to the fact that in him was embodied all of the essential and vital elements of manhood, as well as the willingness and sincerity of purpose to give executive expression to the wishes of the people. There is discerned in this universal admiration of Lincoln not only an unconscious expression of resentment of such encroachment, but an indication of an instinctive desire to throw off all mere artificialities of life. We recognize that in him dwelt the fullness of the simplicities of life to the extent that he became the apotheosis of the plain people.

Leonard Sweet, a political friend and associate of the great President, stated that Lincoln in speaking of his Indiana life always spoke of it as the story of a happy childhood. There was nothing sad or pinched about it, and no allusion to want in any part of it. His own description of his youth

was that of a happy, joyous boyhood. It was told with mirth, illustrated by pointed anecdotes, and often interrupted by his jocund laugh.

If the Civil war crisis in our national life necessarily demanded a leader who was the embodiment of all that the people themselves stood for or desired, then Providence anticipated this by making choice of a youth without a distinguished name, reared him in the seclusion of the wilderness, just as He has almost all of His great leaders and when he appeared he so far met the high expectations of the Almighty and received the gratitude and applause of mankind that Major John Hay, his private secretary, voices the sentiment of many when he said:

"Abraham Lincoln was the greatest character that has appeared in the history of the world since Jesus Christ."

(To be continued)

Lincoln In Indiana

(Continued)

By J. EDWARD MURR

LINCOLN A HOOSIER

"I am not afraid to die, and would be more than willing, but I have an irrepressible desire to live till I can be assured that the world is a little better for my having lived in it."

Although Mr. Lincoln was born in Kentucky, it is not possible by any proper method rightly to classify him as a Kentuckian in the sense that he stood forth as typical and representative of the citizenship of that great State. The extreme poverty of his parents, together with their utter lack of social standing with that dominant class usually regarded both in Kentucky as well as by those without as possessing those distinguishing traits that differentiated them from citizens of other States, makes any attempt to exalt one of Lincoln's class as typical or representative in any way of Kentucky, but little short of preposterous.

Kentucky, as has been stated, has not only produced many great sons, but has been especially fortunate in adopting others. It may be said to her credit that she has been quite as kind to the one as to the other, but the class whom she has delighted to honor has not been that one to which Lincoln belonged. Henry Clay, an adopted son, was more nearly representative of the genuine Kentuckian in the estimation of Kentuckians themselves, and certainly by those without the State, than any whom Kentucky has ever produced.

It it be true that in him were to be found those distinguishing traits more prominently than in others—traits which historians and writers generally have regarded as peculiarly differentiating—then it may be said that there are discerned

even today among the class to which he belonged these same marked traits; and being generally true as it is of her citizens, and so much so as to justify the pride they have in such a heritage, it would appear that but for the unprecedented fame of Lincoln there would have been great hesitancy to classify him as one of their number in view of the fact that he possessed nothing in common with the ruling portion of them. Certainly there was nothing in common between Lincoln and Henry Clay save their political predilections; for on the social side and in all that distinguished Clay in addition to his brilliant genius, Mr. Lincoln bore absolutely no resemblance. Lincoln was awkward, ungainly and homely to a marked degree; uneasy to the extent of being bashful in the presence of ladies; lacking culture, ease and grace; a total stranger to many of the conventionalities of polite society. And thus had he been destined to remain in the State of his birth, he would have more nearly represented the mountaineer type and such as they, rather than that other class so accustomed to such a man as Clay.

Clay was a Chesterfield in the drawing room, a Marlborough in dignity and bearing before public assemblies; so polished and refined in his manners, brilliant and fascinating in conversation, and so prepossessing in personal appearance as scarcely to have an equal; withal a statesman the peer of any and all of his day, and so persuasive, convincing and eloquent an orator, with a voice so charming as to awe vast assemblies, command listening senates and cause his one-time enemy, John Randolph of Roanoke, who sat in his invalid chair, to exclaim to his attendants: "Lift me up so that I may hear that voice once more." Henry Clay, and such as he, will ever be regarded as embodying those eminent traits bespeaking the genuine Kentuckian, rather than Abraham Lincoln, who would have been the last person to assert such a claim for himself.

Without, therefore, purposing to make invidious distinction against any, it cannot be justly charged that the claim degenerates to the level of a mere puerility when it is asserted that Abraham Lincoln was a typical Hoosier rather than a Kentuckian, and he was such not only during his residence in

Indiana, for one-fourth of his life, but it is further claimed that he remained a Hoosier throughout his great career.

State lines, of course, do not ordinarily mark the boundaries of racial characteristics or peculiarities in manners and customs of representatives of the same people, save perhaps in those instances where large rivers or mountain ranges form the boundary lines. Hence the change of residence of Mr. Lincoln to the Sangamon river country was not such as to occasion any difficulty in adjusting himself to the purely local manners, habits and customs of the people. But it is nevertheless true that there was a marked individuality and certain well-defined characteristics in speech and in habits of life typical of the Hoosier. These dominant traits of character which Mr. Lincoln acquired during a residence in Indiana of fourteen years, clung to him to the day of his death.

In his pronunciation (he began his Cooper Institute address by saying "Mr. Cheerman") his peculiar idioms, homely illustrations, figures of speech, his quaint humor and rare wit, his personal appearance, his refusal—at least failure—to readily conform to mere conventionalities in dress and many other things of that sort were pre-eminently characteristic of the pioneer Hoosier. Mr. Lincoln's hands had held the ax and maul so long as to prove rebellious when the conventionalities of men attempted to glove them. His custom was to carry his gloves on occasion, but he rarely wore them.

The genius and all that has made for fame in Indiana has in the main been south of the National Road, which runs through the State centrally from east to west. The Hoosier north of this line was as a rule an Eastern product—a Yankee—while the southern half of the State was peopled by Carolinians, Tennesseans, Virginians, Kentuckians, and a few Yankees, the latter class coming by way of the Ohio river. If there is apparent contradiction to the foregoing statement in the pride that the State of Indiana has had or now has in such men as General Lew Wallace, Senator John W. Kern and Vice-President Thomas R. Marshall and others, let it be remembered that their blood and lineage are wholly that of the southern Hoosier; the tide of emigration coming up from the South merely carried them somewhat farther north than it did others.

That there was marked illiteracy during the pioneer period goes without saying, and that there was a sad lack of refinement and culture is also quite true. But it seems to have escaped the earlier writers' notice for a time that the blood which peopled the southern portion of the State in particular was for the most part quite as good as any in the New World, and since it was this strain that was destined to produce the first typical American, Abraham Lincoln, there is the highest reason for asserting that it was of the best.

Prior to the Civil war the eastern portion of our country looked upon the West somewhat after the manner that Europe viewed the New World, in the matter of letters, up to the time of Washington Irving. The country had been accustomed to look to the Atlantic coast for leadership in substantially everything, and so strongly intrenched was this notion in the minds of the people generally that even the people of the West themselves were slow to realize that it was this section of our country that was to produce the typical American. During the formative period of our country's history the Atlantic coast was of necessity but Europe transplanted to the New World. So it became necessary to allow the tide of emigration to reach that region somewhat remote from these influences to bring forth "upon our new soil" this real dominant Americanism.

As great as was Mr. Lincoln in the estimation of the East, there are certain sections today that have never yielded the ancient notion of the East's own rightful leadership, and they refuse to allow that any good thing can come out of the West, which surpasses or even equals the East. Not that there is any vulgar opposition to the claim made by the West, so much as there is a dogged disposition to ignore the West to the point of thinking in terms of the East, and apparently not at all realizing that what we as a nation had been unconsciously striving for has been in fact consummated west of the Alleghenies.

That southern Indiana was of all places best suited to rear this great character destined to furnish the nations of the earth an example of the possibilities of the plain people is the position here taken. The odium, not to say the shame, of

being a Hoosier has, as heretofore indicated, undergone a marked change since Lincoln's time. While Mr. Lincoln was a resident of this portion of Indiana, or soon after his reaching Illinois, there were many domiciled in log cabins in this Indiana wilderness who were afterward to become famous.

It is significant that the private secretary to Mr. Lincoln, Major John Hay, who later became one of our greatest secretaries of State, was born a few miles north of where Lincoln lived; and in fifteen miles from the birthplace of Hay and a few miles to the east of Lincoln there lived Walter Q. Gresham, afterward an eminent jurist, a great soldier and also a secretary of State. Here resided Eads, of Eads jetties fame; and it was from this portion of the State that there came Generals Harrison, Hovey, Wallace, Burnside, Rosencranz and others of Civil war fame; the Lanes, James, Joseph and Henry S., and what shall we say of Generals Jefferson C. Davis, John Tipton, Governor Jennings and Joaquin Miller; of writers, jurists, orators, educators and statesmen, who subdued this wilderness, fought valiantly at Shiloh, Vicksburg, Antietam, gettysburg, or marched with Sherman to the sea? Among such a people capable of producing and rearing these, and such as these, Mr. Lincoln spent those years between seven and twenty-one. If we may be permitted to assume that the Almighty desiring early to surround his destined leader through a terrible Civil war with those influences best calculated to bring about the deliverance of a people in bondage, as well as preserve the unity and continuity of a great nation, by taking him to a free State among a people who had strong convictions against human slavery, then we may see no departure from His ancient methods in dealing with His chosen.

Jefferson Davis, who was born in a slave State and within a few miles of Mr. Lincoln, and reared in the belief of the justice of such an institution, said by way of rejoinder to President Lincoln's Emancipation Proclamation, in a message to the Confederate congress, that "it was the most execrable measure ever recorded in the annals of guilty man." Thus we may perhaps be allowed to surmise that had Lincoln continued to reside in Kentucky his attitude, if not favorable toward slavery, at least might have been so lenient as to have

eliminated him from leadership in the nation's crisis. The Indiana residence, while freeing Mr. Lincoln from that favorable inclination that seems usually to have prevailed with those reared under its sway, was at the same time in close juxtaposition, and thus permitted him to occasionally look in upon its cruelties. It is quite generally understood that Mr. Lincoln's first view of slavery after reaching maturity was on the occasion of his celebrated flatboat trip down the Mississippi river with Allen Gentry, this being when he was nineteen years of age.

The writer, while residing in Spencer county, Indiana, a number of years since, serving a church there in the capacity of minister, had in his congregation a number of elderly men and women who remembered very well that Lincoln, while a ferryman at the mouth of Anderson creek, accompanied their neighbor, Mr. Ray, a flat-boatman, down the Mississippi river some two years prior to the celebrated trip with Allen Gentry.

The circumstance and the occasion of the trip were as follows: Lincoln, while serving as ferryman at the mouth of Anderson creek, had cultivated a crop of tobacco on the site of the present little village of Maxville, some three-fourths of a mile below the town of Troy. The tobacco field had been planted and cultivated by Lincoln during the lull of business as a ferryman, and while the tobacco had ripened, had been cut, cured and otherwise prepared for the market, Mr. Ray, well known to Lincoln, "was building a flatboat up the mouth of Anderson" preparatory to making the southern trip. Accordingly Lincoln, thinking that he saw a way for marketing his "two hogsheads of tobacco", proposed to Ray that they "strike up a trade", and on Ray asking "what sort of a trade he meant", Lincoln replied: "I've got my tobacco crop cured up and ready for market and I've got no way to get it south unless I send it by boat, and it struck me you'll need hands. You and me might get together some way. I'll tell you what I'll do. I'll go along with you at the oar if you'll take my tobacco and then pay me the difference." This proposition appealed to Ray and the bargain was accordingly made, Lincoln going along as a hand "at the oar".

William Forsythe, for many years a business man in

Grandview, Spencer county, born and reared in the town of Troy, remembered "long Abe", the ferryman. He often related to the writer the circumstance of his having been "set across Anderson by Lincoln". He stated that the boys of Troy would frequently go down to the mouth of Anderson creek to hear "Long Abe talk and tell yarns." While he failed to recall any of "Long Abe's yarns," yet he stated that when the boys had "prowled about town" and time hung heavily on their hands, some one would at such times speak up and say: "Boys, I'll tell you what let's do. Let's go down to Anderson and listen at Long Abe talk." Usually this suggestion was acted upon and they would straightway repair to the ferry. When asked as to what "Long Abe" talked about, he replied: "He would just set down and the boys 'd all get around him and he'd say things that would make them all laugh." Forsythe often related the circumstance of Lincoln's making the flatboat trip down the Mississippi river with Ray. Jefferson Ray, a son of the flatboatman, was likewise a business man, and he, as was Forsythe, was officially connected with the church of which the writer was pastor. Thus these and many others—some having personal knowledge and others relating the circumstance as received from Ray—establish beyond any doubt that Lincoln looked in upon slavery at least two years earlier than we have been accustomed to suppose.

The fact that Lincoln thus had an earlier view of slavery than is generally believed is, of course, of no great moment in any effort made to establish his opposition to that institution. That he possessed a life-long conviction that all men should be free is indisputably true; but if he did in fact, as here recorded, make this flatboat trip south at such an impressionable age (that of seventeen), and it is as clearly established as anything could well be, then it does become more or less valuable not only as furnishing him a more extended view of the effects of slavery, but doubtless in no small measure served also as a preparation for the two later journeys south in more mature years; thus enabling him to profit during the interval by meditation and reflection such as must have necessarily arisen on the occasion of the journey made in the earlier period of his life.

In addition to the foregoing, the fact of Lincoln's having made this journey South should be told now since the earlier biographers have failed to record it, and the passing of all those who could supply data and subject matter precludes the possibility of any future historian being able to glean in a field which is of course now largely, if not wholly, barren.

It should perhaps be stated in this connection that the writer found no authentic account of any definitely expressed convictions by Lincoln, covering this period, on the question of African slavery. However, James Gentry, when interrogated as to this particular, exclaimed: "Why, Abe always was against slavery!" And then he added: "But Abe followed Henry Clay around wherever he'd go in mighty nigh everything, and old Harry's notions was responsible fer Abe a bein' so slow to send out his Emancipation Proclamation. Abe'd a done it long before he did, I reckon, if his head hadn't been so full of Henry Clay's notions."

That Henry Clay was Lincoln's political ideal and possessed marked influence upon him is true, and to no small extent justifies the conviction here expressed by his old boyhood friend and associate. Lincoln, naturally conservative and of the Clay school in politics, not only saved the border States to the Union during the Civil war, but on the other hand was able sufficiently to modify his Clay notion of gradual emancipation to issue finally the Emancipation Proclamation when it appeared to be warranted by military necessity.

ONE-FOURTH OF LINCOLN'S LIFE SPENT IN INDIANA

"I tell my Tad that we will go back to the farm where I was happier as a boy when I dug potatoes at twenty-five cents a day than I am now."

Mention has been made of the fact that in many instances those who have undertaken the task of writing extensively concerning the life and character of Mr. Lincoln have professed to see comparatively little which appeared to justify special treatment beyond a few anecdotes and stories in the events of his career prior to his becoming a resident of Illi-

nois. It is strange indeed that in this day, when educators are calling attention particularly to the adolescent period of youth, that there has not been some effort beyond that hitherto attempted to note particularly this period in the life of our martyred President.

The failure to do this, especially in more recent times, is doubtless attributable in part to the fact that those who have attempted to gather suitable data have generally made hasty journeys to this field, and meeting with comparatively little success, have yielded to the belief that this period was so elusive as not to warrant any extended effort.

In view of the fact that Lincoln is so generally regarded as a model in the higher reaches of statesmanship, politics, and morals, and possessing as he did substantially all of the cardinal virtues, so that writers and speakers, both on the platform and in the pulpit, editors of magazines, the press, educators in the great universities, the schoolmaster in the "little red schoolhouse", and the plain people in the highways and about the firesides in millions of homes, are accustomed daily to recount his virtues, laud and magnify his name, therefore, if it can be shown with any degree of certainty that the formative years had much to do in shaping Mr. Lincoln's unprecedented career, then it would appear that a somewhat extended investigation of this period of his life is not without considerable interest. Moreover, if these neglected years may be made to yield a fruitful harvest, then it is but just to the memory of Lincoln that this be done, especially since he reached the heights of fame from a lower level than any other great character in history.

The only great men in American history comparable to President Lincoln by reason of early disadvantages are Horace Greely, Henry Wilson and Benjamin Franklin. If in the judgment of some there be yet others, distinctively American, deemed worthy of such comparison, these named are at least representative. They were all born in a zone of alluring chance and opportunity as compared with Lincoln. Greely and Wilson were each within a three days' tramp of educational centers, while Franklin was born and lived in one. The beaten path of travel crossed their horizon. There was no

lack of incentive and inspiring examples of patriotic men prominent in public affairs, while Lincoln's youth was far remote from any and all of those influences calculated to uplift and inspire, things usually deemed so essential in attaining unto excellence.

Lincoln's poverty, like Franklin's and Wilson's, was exceedingly great, but was in his case more easily and contentedly endured than the more exacting thing of being deprived of a chance to quench his consuming thirst for knowledge. His youthful ambition to rise in the world was native, dominating and irresistible. Denied as he was the privileges of school, access to libraries, and the association of the educated and learned, it was left for him to demonstrate the possibility of going forth to conquer, unaided by artificial and external means, save a borrowed library of seven books and becoming as he did such a master of them as to enable him in turn to master men, cope with rising events and challenge the admiration of mankind. So great were his achievements and so enduring his fame that he staggers royalty on its road with burdens of oppression into soberness and justice, and provokes and inspires by his illustrious deeds along the path from the dust-covered floor of his wilderness cabin to the nation's capitol, the peasant's son to hope. The boy Lincoln needed no incentive to acquire knowledge. To know with him was from the first a passion. He did not wish so much for examples of what learning might accomplish or produce as he did for the necessary tools with which he might fashion the boy of his day-dreams—himself—into the man he really believed himself capable of becoming.

He early learned to believe in himself, implicitly, trustfully and overwhelmingly, and no one thing was more conspicuous throughout his entire career than this, save perhaps his honesty. No President of the United States ever received more advice and listened to it more patiently than he, but no man who ever sat in the executive chair of the nation needed it less or used it more sparingly. This was characteristic of him as a youth. He gave a patient hearing to all and then followed his own counsel. He was quite self-contained and abundantly resourceful, accustomed as he was in youth, and

later in his public career, to be much on the "stump", yet his caution was so great as to make him a rather poor extemporaneous speaker. He must first think it over and then he was ready without fear or favor. He never doubted his ability to meet any emergency or master any task, and he cared but little for precedent, although he established more precedents than any other President in American history. He wrote his first inaugural address without consultation with anybody, and read this "as if he had been delivering inaugural addresses all his life." He kept his own counsel. In mature years he rarely confided in his most intimate friends. He never did fully in any of them. In youth this trait was noticeable. He was diffident on occasions, and impressed all of his associates with the idea that what he said on any given subject was but little as compared to much that he could say. He never left any one in doubt, however, as to any position taken on any subject. From the day of his youthful opposition to intemperance down to the "house divided against itself" speech, and the famous letter to Horace Greely wherein he stated that his "paramount object was to save the Union", he stood out in the open. He rescued politics from the charge of trickery and double-dealing and restored it to a place of honor, and if it has at any time since sunk down into the "mud and scum of things", it is no fault of his.

What Lincoln purposed doing or saying in any given case he carried out to the letter. Where most others jumped at conclusions, he patiently reasoned his way, and when once reached no one could by any possibility, either by persuasion or force, move him. Mrs. Lincoln once said of him: "When he has made up his mind no one can change him."

As a youth his obstinacy would have passed for stubbornness but for the manifest fairness and justness of the position taken. This, together with the fact that his sense of justice and honesty ever caused him to make amends for any mistake in judgment which he made, caused him to be invariably chosen by his associates to adjudicate differences.

Any boyhood quarrel leading to fight ended by Lincoln's opponent becoming his friend. He "got mad", but was a stranger to malice. When he said in a great state paper—

his second Inaugural Address,—“with malice toward none, with charity for all,” he was not voicing a thing learned during the terrible four years’ war; he was but announcing to the world that his lifelong disposition to hold no malice, after having been tried in the fires of four years of civil war, had come out unchanged. Had General Andrew Jackson been in his stead and given utterance to such a sentiment, we would perhaps have deemed it so at variance with his accustomed manner as to call it hypocrisy. Jackson, however, would never have uttered this sentiment at the close of a great war for the preservation of the Federal Union. It may be doubted whether we have ever had any other President who would have done so.

Young Lincoln had a fight with William Grigsby when sixteen years of age, and not only did they “make up” and become friends, but during the Civil war on one occasion when party spirit ran high, a man in Gentryville was freely indulging in criticism of Lincoln and “Bill Grigsby hauled his coat off and made him take it back”. The Lincoln critic was a local bully, and after the trouble, when Lincoln’s honor had thus been saved by proxy, Grigsby exclaimed: “No man can talk about Abe around here unless he expects to take a lickin’.”

The great Lincoln lecturers, such as Bishop Charles Fowler, Vice-President Schuyler Colfax and Col. Henry Watterson, listened to with attention and great profit by multitudes, always placed the emphasis upon other periods in Mr. Lincoln’s life rather than upon the formative years. Indeed, it cannot escape the notice of the least observant that substantially all that has ever been said upon the platform concerning Mr. Lincoln’s youth, especially as pertaining to or influencing in any way his public career, has been very largely confined to those years (the first seven) spent in Kentucky, the State of his birth.

Some of his biographers, in desiring to have him secure the supposed benefits of a longer residence in his native State than it was his fortune to have, took some liberties with certain incidents transpiring at a later period and gave them a Kentucky setting. Two biographers at least distinctly as-

sert that Lincoln was called "honest Abe", while yet a resident of Kentucky; and some of them attribute to him the ability to read and write while a mere infant, making much of his schooling in that State, and otherwise making assertions that are incompatible with reliable testimony.

The boy Lincoln learned to read quite young, and while yet a resident of Kentucky. He was, however, indebted to his mother for this rather than to Riney or Hazel, his two teachers there. The attendance at the Riney school was at the age of four, only for a very brief time, and he went simply to accompany his sister Sarah. He was seven years old when he attended the next term. Evidently he was greatly profited and made rapid progress during this session.

Col. Henry Watterson in his great lecture on Lincoln, as well as in other public addresses where incidental reference to Lincoln is made, invariably speaks of him as the "great Kentuckian", making no mention whatever of that period in Mr. Lincoln's life spent in the State of Indiana. But as if fortifying himself against the possibility of this assertion being called in question, since the whole of that life save the first seven years was spent outside of Kentucky, he straightway asks: "For what was Springfield, Illinois, but a Kentucky colony?"

In view of the foregoing logic, what would be the claim in behalf of Henry Clay, who was a bearded man from the State of Virginia when taking up his residence in Kentucky? And to use the interrogatory of Colonel Watterson, and apply it to Mr. Clay, we may ask: "For what was Kentucky but a Virginia colony?" Again in the case of Gen. Albert Sidney Johnston of New England lineage, that great military captain who came so nearly planting the Stars and Bars on the banks of the Ohio river; does it follow that he was a Puritan when his impressionable years of training were spent among Cavaliers? And yet again, because the last remaining member of the old school of brilliant editors, Col. Watterson himself, honored as he is throughout the nation, and ever regarded as a truly great Kentuckian, because he himself happened to be born elsewhere than in the State of Kentucky, does it in the least lessen the just claim to such distinguished consider-

ation, since he like Mr. Clay is the very embodiment of all of those eminent traits bespeaking a Kentuckian?

When the bill before the United States Senate proposing to appropriate \$2,000,000 for the erection of a Greek memorial temple to the memory of Lincoln was under discussion, Senator Ollie James of Kentucky, in speaking in behalf of the measure and in opposition to the proposed substitute, that of erecting a memorial highway from Washington City to the battlefield of Gettysburg, spoke of Mr. Lincoln as "that great Kentuckian", and suggested that if it was deemed advisable to construct a Lincoln roadway anywhere, it would be more fitting to build one from Lincoln's birthplace in Kentucky to the State of Illinois. The presumption is that in that event this highway would pass through Indiana, although, as usual, no mention was made of that State.

Ex-Presidents Roosevelt and Taft both visited the birthplace of Mr. Lincoln in official capacity, and both of them in addresses on those occasions did not fail to note the fact (and very properly so) that Mr. Lincoln was a Kentuckian by birth, but no mention was made of the fact that when Illinois received him he was a bearded man, and when Kentucky dismissed him he was a mere child, departing with little more than a memory of his native State.

Colonel Roosevelt in particular spoke of Mr. Lincoln as "the great Kentuckian", and associated him with the Kentucky pioneers. Indeed, some of Mr. Lincoln's biographers have repeatedly denominated him as a Kentucky pioneer, whereas his parents were both Virginians; and while he was born in Kentucky, in leaving that State while yet so young it cannot rightly be claimed that he was in any sense a Kentucky pioneer. As Colonel Roosevelt asserts, he was associated with these pioneers, although but very briefly and merely as a child. However, some of his Indiana neighbors were Kentuckians.

A search through numerous addresses delivered on great public occasions, in lectures, periodicals and books reveals the unmistakable fact that but small space has been allotted to those years in the life of the great President spent in Indiana, but much has been said by the many concerning Mr. Lincoln's

birthplace, and a labored effort made to account for his greatness by the mere fact of his having had a Kentucky origin. The reasons for this are perhaps not difficult to ascertain, at least some of them.

Kentucky had the proud distinction of early producing or adopting many great men. Being the gateway to the North through which the emigrant tides poured to the newer States and Territories, she took toll of these, often selecting the best, but not always. Being a slave State and fostering an institution that materially contributed to the creation of a regime generally prevailing over a large portion of the State, although not all, there was in consequence lodged with this favored class all the political power, as well as the intellectual, financial and social prestige. It was this class that was met with and spoken of, and being especially fortunate in her adoption of Henry Clay, the world without readily came to regard Clay, and such as he, as typifying Kentucky as a whole.

Her mountaineers and poor whites did not at that time disturb averages as they now do. They were then content to enjoy their feudal fights. The currents of life swept around them. No John Fox, Jr., was at that period portraying their life and character, but whatever was said in song or story was of the other dominant and ruling class. So true was this that when Stephen Collins Foster from farther north looked in upon this scene he was induced to locate "The Old Kentucky Home" in the Blue Grass region with "darkies gay" and pickaninnies playing on the cabin floor.

Indiana was not so fortunate in some particulars. During the pioneer period of her history, and therefore while Lincoln was a resident of that State, the term "Hoosier" was given to her citizens, a name at that time, and for a considerable period thereafter, conveying the idea of, whatever else it may, inferiority, boorishness in manners, deplorable ignorance and crudity; and thus the name was indicative of that something bespeaking an inhabitant of a State whose community life was believed to be faithfully portrayed by Edward Eggleston in the *Hoosier School Master*. Although Eggleston perhaps never meant that his fictitious portraiture of the

early pioneers was to be taken so seriously, but, fiction though it was, and portraying as it did the life and character of the pioneer type of that day, not only in the State of Indiana but throughout the Middle West as well, no matter of fact history was ever more faithfully and literally received. It is believed that in remote sections of our country there are those today who still hold to the ancient belief, and apply it to the present generation of Hoosiers. Therefore, for one seeking to eulogize a great character, and particularly such a one as Lincoln, deficient as he was in the training of the schools, certainly anything else but polished in the manners and customs peculiar to the older and more settled communities, and above all, one who apparently by nature was so democratic in his tastes and appetencies, there is small wonder that the earlier historians and eulogists (all of whom save one were from without the State) studiously avoided the Hoosier period in Mr. Lincoln's life, save that in tracing his itinerary they bridged these formative years spent among Hoosiers with a few incidents and anecdotes of more or less interest, and briefly noted the beginnings of his career, then passing on to the more active years of his manhood in the State of Illinois.

At this late day when we are so far removed from those things once generally prevalent, when the title "Hoosier" has become quite as honorable as that borne by the citizens of any State in the Union, and more especially when we come to consider the life and services of such a world character as was Mr. Lincoln, some things may be justly asserted concerning the Hoosier period in his life with a reasonable expectation that adequate emphasis be allowed and it in consequence be placed in its proper relation.

Three States, Kentucky, Indiana and Illinois, had to do in producing, rearing and offering to the world this great character. It is a distinguished honor that the State of Kentucky has in being able to point with pardonable pride to the spot that gave birth to our greatest American. This spot has been highly and very fittingly honored by the expenditure of a vast amount of money in the erection of a suitable memorial building. This has caused Presidents, congressmen, govern-

ors of States, and multitudes of the plain people to make pilgrimages there and thus pay homage to his memory.

The prairie State of Illinois that twice offered Mr. Lincoln as her successful candidate for the presidency, and in whose soil his body now reposes beneath a costly and imposing monument, has just cause for pride. But if Kentucky gave Mr. Lincoln birth, it was as if she deemed that quite sufficient honor and speedily dismissed him at the tender age of seven to be received by the new State of Indiana with a pioneer's welcome. Here amid the heroic frontier hardships he reached his majority, spending fourteen years, or just one-fourth of his entire life on Indiana soil.

In an address to an Indiana regiment of Civil war soldiers President Lincoln said: "I was born in Kentucky, raised in Indiana, and now live in Illinois." Since it is particularly with these years spent in Indiana with which we have to do, the inquiry is here made: What period in the life of any man is of as much interest or ordinarily calculated to influence and shape the destiny as those years between seven and twenty-one? What happened during those formative years in Mr. Lincoln's life? Was his stay in Indiana a mere chance, one of the accidents in the fortune of a roving, nomadic father, or is there rather discerned a leading of Providence?

It may not be inappropriate here to raise the question, would his career have been what it afterward became had he spent these formative years elsewhere, even in the State of Illinois? Or, reversing the order of history, had he been born in Indiana, spending the first seven years there, removing to the State of Kentucky, remaining there until attaining his majority, and then going to Illinois as he did, would his career have been what it was? It is believed that certain influences would have produced marked changes in him, and so much so as to have prevented Lincoln from becoming the great anti-slavery advocate and leader. Moreover, it cannot be doubted that had he spent all of these fourteen formative years in Kentucky, even though born in Indiana, his greatness would have almost wholly been attributed to a residence and rearing among Kentucky pioneers, and the accident of his birth would have doubtless received somewhat less consideration than it

has. Unquestionably, had Mr. Lincoln been reared elsewhere than in Indiana, particularly in a slave State, the plans and purposes of his life might have been hindered or defeated altogether. In raising such questions we are not wholly in a field purely conjectural.

THE EVERY-DAY LIFE OF LINCOLN

I personally wish Jacob Freese, of New Jersey, appointed colonel of a colored regiment, and this regardless of whether he can tell the exact color of Julius Caesar's hair.

Many people have from time to time expressed a desire to know somewhat more in detail concerning the "every-day life of Lincoln's youth;" something as to his "manners, habits and customs;" whether he "possessed vicious tendencies;" whether he was "given to idleness or not," as has been alleged; whether he was "of a quarrelsome nature," and many other things of this sort, so that some adequate idea might be formed as to just what extent, if any, there was a basis for supposing him at that time making any preparation, however unconsciously, for the unprecedented career that awaited him.

A painstaking effort was made covering this field of inquiry, and it is believed that these repeated interviews with his former associates elicited information which will aid in reaching conclusions as to the influence some things transpiring in his youth had in shaping his destiny.

It should be stated first of all that Lincoln himself was accustomed to assert from his fifteenth year onward, in a sort of half jest, half earnest way, that "he didn't always expect to grub, dig and maul." When asked at such times what he expected to do he invariably replied: "I'll do something and be somebody," and often closed by saying: "I'll be President, I reckon." If Lincoln possessed visions of a future altogether different from the ceaseless round of menial toil, which did not particularly promise to better his condition since he failed to receive remuneration commensurate thereto, his boyhood associates in no single case asserted that they at any time anticipated the great career of Mr. Lincoln. As we now look back upon Mr. Lincoln's career and witness his rise to fame, it ap-

pears so utterly at variance with all that is deemed essential to achieve greatness as to occasion momentary doubts of the truthfulness of history. Had he lived in an earlier age his life story would have speedily passed into romance and fiction.

Contrary to the usual representation, a number of these boyhood friends, while not especially schooled, were quite well informed, and many of them had prospered until they possessed at least passing wealth. No better citizen could be found anywhere than the Gentrys, Larmars, Halls, Forsythes, Brooners, and others. These men asserted that "Lincoln as a boy was jokey and lively, entering into all of their boyish sports heartily." These sports and games consisted of jumping half hammon (now called hop, step and jump), the broad jump, running, slap jack, town ball, stink base, wrestling, I spy, etc.

On one occasion when quite a number of the young folks had gathered at the Lincoln cabin and were engaged in a game of "hide and go seek," Lincoln among them, Granny Hanks came to the door with a Bible in her hands, and calling to young Lincoln, said: "Abe, I want you to come in hyar and read a chapter for me out'n the Bible. I aint hearn it read fur a right smart spell." It should be stated that it is not certain just who this old lady was, but there was a lady called "Granny Hanks" who for a time at least, resided with the Lincolns. These pioneer neighbors of the Lincolns frequently alluded to her in conversation. No mention has ever been made of her by any of Mr. Lincoln's biographers, and it is quite immaterial for our purpose to establish the identity, save that there might arise the charge that this character was purely fictitious. That substantially all of the immediate relatives of Nancy Hanks followed her to Indiana is the statement made by the Hankses themselves, and thus there need be no scruples as to the identity of this particular lady.

We are accustomed to believe that in those days respect on the part of young folks for old age was especially characteristic. At any rate, in this case Lincoln immediately quit the game when so requested and went into the house followed by all the rest of the young folks. The future humorist and wit, who read a chapter from Artemus Ward to members of his

cabinet just before announcing his intention of publishing the Emancipation Proclamation, now gravely seated himself opposite the old lady and presently began thumbing the leaves of the book which had been handed to him in search of a suitable chapter. The young people had crowded into the room, some being seated on the backless bench, some two or three on chairs, and a number were standing about the room. Presently the reader began a chapter, presumably in the Prophecy of Isaiah, but he had not read very far until he began making use of Bunyan's *Pilgrim's Progress* and such other volumes as he was familiar with, all this time making solemn but ill-concealed sly observations as to just how this rendering was being received by Granny Hanks. After a number of verses (?) had been read the old lady's suspicion became aroused, and finally when the reader ventured to make a rather free translation she suddenly interrupted him by exclaiming: "Abe, I've hearn the Bible read a great many times in my life, but I never yit hearn them things in it afore." Lincoln, perceiving that he was fairly caught, threw off his make-believe solemnity and abandoned himself to guffaws of hearty laughter, at the same time lifting the book high above his head and occasionally striking his knees a resounding whack with the free hand. After indulging himself in this manner for a time and occasioning more or less merriment among the older boys and girls present, his laughter at length subsided and he remarked: "Granny, you caught me that time, didn't you?" He then began deliberately reading again, this time following the text.

The character of Lincoln's humor, and his disposition to make free use of it at the least provocation by associating it, as in this instance, with the more serious things of life, were apparently prominent enough at an early period readily to account for some of the surprises produced in the minds of cabinet officers and others high in authority during the days of his occupancy of the White House.

It is exceedingly difficult for those of this century and age of plenty, accustomed to the numerous conveniences of modern life, to appreciate adequately the social standing, self denial and lack of the many things once regarded as luxuries,

but now considered as necessities and which in many instances are now to be had merely for a trifle. Moreover, the early settlers, particularly in Lincoln's day, had to contend with some things which their descendants are free from altogether. In addition to the afflictions peculiar to the pioneer period, as well as the danger of being exposed to wild animals, there were many annoyances to which the people were subjected. They had the mosquito without the modern conveniences of meeting his attacks; the woods tick, still met with in certain sections; burrs, such as the "stick tight's," "Spanish needles," cockle and "beggar's lice;" venomous serpents, such as the deadly rattlers and copper heads—the latter being, if not quite as venomous, certainly more treacherous—chiggers and numerous inconveniences. In addition to the foregoing there were the body and head lice, particularly the latter. It was Lincoln's favorite poet, Burns, who wrote a poem "on seeing a louse on a lady's bonnet." Had the Scotch bard been a resident of this section in the early days, he would have had occasion to witness the "crawlin beastie" again and again, for no term of school ever closed without a siege by this species of vermin.

Wesley Hall stated:

One morning bright and early Abe came to our home, and after being seated and asked by my mother in true neighborly fashion, "how are all the folks?" he replied: "They are all well, Mrs. Hall, but mother thinks the children have got the creepers, and she sent me over here this morning to borry your fine-tooth comb." When this information was imparted, Mrs. Hall threw up her hands and exclaimed: "My Lordy, Abe, d'ye reckon it's a fact?" Whereupon Abraham observed that "he reckoned they had, but not having a comb with teeth close enough together to ketch 'em, he had been dispatched on the hunt of one that would."

The accommodating possessor of this household article brought it forth and knowing that her own children, and Wesley in particular, had been at play with the Lincoln children, she suddenly suggested the possibility of the "creepers" having found lodgment on the heads of the younger members of her own household and desiring to verify her supposition, she put it to the test by proceeding to comb the head of young Wesley and found abundant evidence to justify all of her suspicions. After young Hall had been subjected to this rigid examination,

with Lincoln seated near, occasionally offering humorous remarks, Mrs. Hall made bold to suggest the possibility of the "creepers" being upon Lincoln's head; whereupon he acquiesced to the effect that there was a possibility of this being true. Then Mrs. Hall further pointedly suggested that she be privileged to make examination, and Lincoln getting down on his knees before her and bending his head over, facing a newspaper spread out on the floor, it was not long before all concerned were satisfied that the investigation was timely.

Lincoln was given to indulging himself in the sport of fishing, coon and opossum hunting at nights, but found sport distasteful if he had to stalk a deer cautiously, approach a flock of turkeys or sit quietly on the bank of a stream without a companion. Such distaste grew out of the fact that it divorced him from his companions or necessitated refraining from conversation. His enjoyment of the night-hunting was attributed to the fact that on such expeditions there was small need of refraining from hilarious conversation, and since it placed him in company of a goodly number of men and boys he engaged in this particular diversion quite frequently. His overmastering desire to be found in the company of others—the more, the better—led him to attend all social functions of the neighborhood such as weddings, corn-huskings, log-rollings and raisings. In fact, he could usually be found mingling with the crowd no matter what had called it together. His presence, therefore, on some of these occasions, was not due to any especial interest in the things done, but because he loved the fellowship of men. He frequented all horse races held in the settlement, and if a fight between two "bullies" was scheduled, he was invariably present. These horse races, of course, were nothing more than a test of speed of "brag horses" in that and adjoining neighborhoods, the owners having usually placed a bet and challenged one another to a test. They partook somewhat of the nature of Indian pony races rather than regular race track meets. The race was run on a straight-away, often a public road. Such gatherings afforded opportunity also to ascertain who was the champion "wrestler" and the best broad or half-hammon jumper. Foot races were indulged in; "town ball," "stink base," and "chicken" were played not only before

and after the races, but on many other occasions where crowds were gathered. Horseshoe pitching, throwing a heavy maul as a shot put, lifting a dead weight—usually a boulder or log—and many other such things tested physical endurance and prowess. In all feats of strength Lincoln excelled, such as throwing the maul and wrestling. Being exceedingly awkward, his movements, while surprisingly quick, were ludicrous and provoked more or less merriment. Fistic encounters were quite common, but resort to the use of a weapon such as a knife or gun was exceedingly rare. Men bearing any grudge against each other, or taking umbrage at any fancied slight or insult, would say: "I'll meet you Saturday at town and I'll settle with you there." Hence Saturday afternoon fights were numerous. Usually the fight was fair, that is, "no gouging or biting" was permitted and no interference on the part of the bystanders was suffered on penalty of a personal chastisement by a "backer." If the under man "hollered enough," that was usually satisfactory to both the victor and onlookers, but if in the heat of passion other punishment was still meted out, there was no lack of friends and sympathizers for the "under dog" in the fight, who speedily came to his rescue. Lincoln was much given to wrestling, but seldom fought. He was not averse to this, but his well-known strength for a youth—a minor—prevented difficulties with men; and since he reached his gigantic stature of six feet, four inches, when sixteen years of age, and possessing great strength, he was "too big to fight a boy and too young to fight a man." It should not be inferred by any of these remarks that Lincoln was quarrelsome or usually disposed to "pick a quarrel." Indeed, the very opposite was true of him, but in the phraseology of the day, "he allus toted his own skillet." When provoked and jeered at by the uninitiated because of his awkward appearance, he received the banterings at first quite good naturedly, and his tormentors were easily led into the belief that he was a coward. When forbearance ceased to be a virtue, Lincoln stood up for his honor and invariably "thrashed" his assailant.

Rothchild in *Master of Men*, in speaking of Lincoln during this period, said: "He was the shyest, most reticent, most uncouth and awkward appearing, homeliest and worst dressed of

any in the entire crowd." This characterization in some particulars is not in accordance with the facts as detailed by many of Lincoln's early friends. Young Lincoln was not shy of anything or any one, save that he manifested more or less uneasiness in the presence of ladies. This was certainly true of him while reading law at New Salem, Illinois, when it is related that he changed his boarding place because a number of strange ladies came there to take their meals. When called upon in Washington City to make an address before ladies, he stated that "he was not accustomed to the eulogy of women." Lincoln was not reticent at any time in life, and no more during his youth than at a later period, but if by reticence it is aimed to show that he could keep his own counsel and otherwise prevent encroachment upon his reserve, then no youth nor adult was any more reticent than he. But as a youth "he was a talker," and an incessant one, although he was a good listener. He was not dictatorial or inclined to monopolize conversation, but so incessant a talker was he that he was charged, and doubtless justly so, by his associates as being "vain about hearing his own voice." However, it should be said that this allegation was made, having in view his habit of "preaching" or "stump speaking."

Major John Hay, his private secretary, asserted that Lincoln's intellectual arrogance and unconscious assumption of superiority was the one thing that such men as Senator Sumner and Governor Chase could never forgive. Secretary Seward, that astute politician and sage of Auburn, after three months of the untried Lincoln in the White House, wrote his wife that "the President is more than a match for us all."

When Mrs. Lincoln early in the administration said to her husband that certain politicians were asserting that Secretary Seward would "run things," Lincoln calmly remarked:

I may not rule myself, but certainly Seward shall not. The only ruler I have is my conscience, following God in it, and these men will have to learn that yet.

Lincoln had a becoming respect for age—provided age set the example. A lady whom Lincoln had occasionally called on and accompanied to social gatherings, said:

One evenin' Abe and me wus standin' out in the yard at our house a talkin', and we heard a clatter of horses' hoofs comin' up the road that run past the house, and purty soon we seen who it was. It was a neighbor that wus always braggin' about his horses, a claimin' he had the fastest horse in all the country 'round, and he had a proud way of ridin' just to show off. So as I say, up he come, like as if he wus going after a doctor, and when he got opposite to us he stopped and begun as usual to brag about his horse, sayin' among other things that he could ride him in a lope all the way to Boonville and he'd never even draw a long breath, and a whole lot more things like that. Abe stood there and 'peared to listen to him like if 'twas the first time he'd ever heard him tell them things, and then when he finally got through Abe up and says: "I've heard you say that time and agin. In fact your always a braggin' on what you've got and what you c'n do or a goin' to do. Now suppose jest for once in your life you quit your braggin' and blowin' around and really do something. Strike out for Boonville, and when you git theré, take a right good look and see if your brag horse aint fetchin' some mighty short breaths."

As to Lincoln's being "the worst dressed youth in the crowd," that is an overdrawn statement, for they were all dressed about as nearly alike as coon skin caps, hunting shirts or a blouse and buckskin breeches could make them. If there was any difference, it would be in Lincoln's favor on the score of cleanliness, for his mother frequently commented upon the fact of his being so careful with his clothing, and certainly no better evidence could be desired in such a matter than that of a mother. If the assertion that he was the worst dressed one in the crowd should be from the tailor's point of view, then there need be no difference of opinion concerning it. He appears to have always had more or less difficulty in obtaining garments large enough. His trousers were usually from five to twelve inches too short, and since he almost invariably wore moccasins or low topped shoes, there was an unprotected area between the ankle and the knee that was quite large. Lincoln himself, in speaking of this when accused of being associated with the well-to-do and prosperous, said that this part of his anatomy "had been exposed to the elements for so long that his shin bone was permanently blue"; and he submitted that "there was nothing about the circumstance indicating aristocracy."

As has been clearly indicated, Lincoln was often selected by the uninitiated as a target for sport, and his good nature was frequently regarded as an indication of cowardice. On one

occasion he was attacked as he stood near a tree, by a larger boy with a crowd of others at his back. It was supposed, of course, that the big awkward boy would run when the charge was made, but not so. Instead, Lincoln quickly laid out the first, second and third boy in rapid succession, and then placing his back against a tree, he turned tormentor, daring the remainder to make any further demonstration, and when they elected not to do so he taunted them for being cowards.

There was at least one instance when Lincoln yielded to the temptation to deviate from his accustomed fairness, yet it would appear that there was some extenuation in the matter. Colonel Lamon, in his biography of Lincoln, relates what purports to be the correct version of this circumstance, but that there are some statements in it wholly incompatible with the general deportment of Lincoln, as well as in the subject matter itself, is the assertion of a number of eye witnesses of the affair. Wesley Hall, James Gentry, Redmond Grigsby and Joseph Gentry were all living at the time that this incident was investigated by the writer. They were all present when the incident took place and were much given to relating this circumstance and for some cause reverted to it more frequently than any other that came under their observation during the early life of Lincoln.

A crowd of boys and young men had gathered, for no particular purpose, when Lincoln and William Grigsby, after a time, got into a dispute over the ownership of a certain spotted pup. Each alleged that a neighbor had promised to make him a present of this particular pup. The dispute finally assumed the proportions of a quarrel. Grigsby stepped squarely in front of Lincoln and angrily dared him to fight. Whereupon Lincoln said: "Bill, you know I can lick you, so what's the use of you making such a proposition?" Grigsby, whom it was generally asserted feared no man and was a great fighter, replied: "I know you c'n whip me, but I'll fight you for the dog jest the same." Finally Lincoln said: "I'll tell you what I'll do, Bill. Although I know that pup belongs to me, and you know it too, I'm willing to put up John Johnson here in my place. He's more your size, and whichever whips gets the pup." This was readily agreed to by Grigsby, and "hauling their coats off as

the boys formed a circle, they began the fight." They had not fought long until it became evident to all, and to Lincoln in particular, that Grigsby was having the best of the argument. Suddenly, without any warning, Lincoln stepped into the ring, seized Grigsby by the collar and trousers and bodily hurled him over the heads of the crowd. He then "dared the entire Grigsby crowd to come into him." There being no disposition to do so, Lincoln's anger subsided quickly and presently he was laughing and joking.

Hall and the Gentry brothers asserted that "Abe always acted fair," and they couldn't understand at first why he should interfere as he did in this instance, until it was ascertained subsequently that the pup had in fact been given to Lincoln, and Grigsby knowing this, had conceived this plan of obtaining it. Both of the Gentrys and Hall stated that this altercation took place on the exact site of the railroad depot at Lincoln City, which stands one hundred and fifty yards west of the Lincoln cabin site.

The assertion of Mr. Lamon in this instance, as well as in others, that "Lincoln drew forth a whiskey bottle and waived it dramatically above his head" on the defeat of Grigsby, or that he "was accustomed to take his dram," and such other similar statements, is not at all in accordance with any of the testimony given by Lincoln's early friends. They expressly stated that no such thing transpired during this fight as Lincoln exhibiting a bottle of whiskey, but they were unanimous in stating that Lincoln never at any time so much as tasted intoxicating liquor of any sort, nor did he use tobacco, either in chewing or smoking.

It was this same William Grigsby who later became such a warm friend of Lincoln that he offered during the Civil War to whip any man in Gentryville who was disposed to speak disparagingly of his old friend, "Abe Linkern." Amos Grigsby, brother of William, a short while after the fight, married Sarah Lincoln, sister of Abraham. At this time she was eighteen years of age and her brother was sixteen. While they were very much attached to one another, the Grigsbys did not like young Lincoln by reason of the affair with William, and the wedding was arranged to take place in the two-story log house

of the groom's father. In fact, there was to be a double wedding since one of the Grigsby girls was to be married at the same time. Young Lincoln was not privileged to be present and witness the marriage of his only sister in consequence of the trouble aforementioned. Lincoln meditated revenge for this slight in a manner quite unusual indeed and unheard of in this section. It was as follows:

Lincoln quietly sought an interview with a young man who he knew was an invited guest at the double wedding and requested that he do him a favor. "Certainly, Abe, I'll do anything for you. What is it?" "Well, you know I'm not to be at that wedding. It seems they don't care to have me around for some reason or other, and I've picked on you to look things over and somehow manage to do the honors of conducting the grooms to the bridal chamber." Careful and detailed instruction was given as to diplomatic procedure so that suspicions might not be aroused on the part of any. It appeared that these were carried out to the letter and worked admirably. When, according to the pioneer custom, the grooms were escorted up the perpendicular sassafras ladder in one corner of the room, which led up through a "scuttle hole" in the ceiling to the now darkened bridal chamber on the second floor, there resulted more or less confusion for a time in ascertaining identity just as Lincoln had planned.

Lincoln, considering this a clever practical joke, wrote an account of the affair in verse, calling the poem "The Chronicles." These verses as recited by Lincoln on the least provocation to all who would give him audience, gave the Grigsbys great offense. When Lincoln ascertained that they were aggrieved, he went to the Grigsby home and disclaimed having any purpose whatever of casting any aspersion upon their character or good name, stating that he only purposed having some fun. He closed by turning over to them the original manuscript containing the objectionable Chronicles, accompanying this action with the promise that so far as he was concerned nothing more would be said concerning them, a promise that he faithfully kept. This generosity of character so appealed to the offended Grigsbys that they all became his friends.

As a sequel to this incident, it may be stated that James

Gentry, when some reference was made by the writer to the "Chronicles of Reuben," laughed uproariously, and straightway began reciting certain portions of "Abe's poetry" in great glee. Gentry stated that "when Abe wrote his Chronicles they kicked up a big hulla-ba-loo, but finally it all got quiet when Abe handed them over to the Grigsbys."

Redmond Grigsby was yet living at the time of the interview with Gentry, and in the course of Mr. Gentry's remarks he incidentally mentioned the fact that only the day before this he had met Grigsby and "they fell to talking about this double wedding and the Chronicles in particular." Gentry remarked to Grigsby: "Red, everybody's dead now but you, by gum! I'd let 'em come out." (Meaning the publication of the Chronicles.) But Mr. Grigsby said: "Jim, there's plenty time fer that yet." It would appear from this remark that the original document was in the possession of Redmond Grigsby, a brother of Aaron. Mr. Grigsby died a short while after this, and what became of the Chronicles, if he did in fact have them in his possession, is not known.

LINCOLN'S HONESTY AND TRUTHFULNESS

With malice toward none, with charity for all, with firmness in the right as God gives us to see the right, let us strive on in the work we are in, to bind up the nation's wounds; to care for him who shall have borne the battle, and for his widow and his orphan; to do all which may achieve and cherish a just and lasting peace among ourselves and with all nations.

All of the discussions of Lincoln's life make pointed reference to his uncompromising honesty and truthfulness. So prominent were these traits in his character as to induce his friends to denominate him "Honest Abe" while he was quite young.

Unfortunately, most of the emphasis has been so placed as to leave the impression upon the minds of our youth that Lincoln learned honesty some time after reaching maturity; leaving the implication that either this trait was not noticed during his youth; or, if so, no reliable and trustworthy evidence of it was obtained, justifying specific mention of it at any length. This attitude is not only unjustifiable, judging by the facts and

evidence testified to by his boyhood associates, but it is quite at variance with all the generally accepted standards and theories of life governing such matters.

It is, of course, not charged that dishonesty characterized Mr. Lincoln's youth save in the single accusation made by some of the earlier biographers against him in recounting the advice given his flatboat partner, Allen Gentry, to pass counterfeit money for genuine money. When all the circumstances connected with this transaction are known, the inference and implication of doubtful honesty proves to be groundless.

In the days when Lincoln and Gentry made their celebrated flatboat trip down the Mississippi river "wildcat" money was quite as common as any other, particularly along the Ohio and Mississippi rivers. Wildcat money was so frequently offered in payment in the smaller transactions at that time that it occasioned no more comment or concern than the depreciated "trade dollar," Canadian quarter or dime did later in this section. Thus, when Lincoln advised the passing of wildcat money received in the course of their bartering during the day, he was but following the custom practiced by the people of that time.

There never was any occasion for a revolution in Mr. Lincoln's character or a deviation in any particular from his youthful customs, as he did not at any time practice deception or dishonesty. It may be said that whatever he may have learned or acquired in the State of Illinois, certainly honesty was not learned there. If his associates in that State, noting his steadfast adherence to the old-fashioned trait of honesty, denominated him "Honest Abe," it is but an indication that his early training in the Indiana wilderness was so rooted and grounded in him that he could not only withstand the social, business and political temptations of life in Illinois as to challenge their admiration; but the inference is that he was much unlike most, if not all, other men in public life at that time.

Most men of mature years draw heavily upon the teachings of childhood and youth. To put it in a way calculated to meet with general acceptance, what a man becomes in morals and in the practice of the great principles of honesty and truthfulness is largely determined in childhood and young manhood. Never were these teachings better exemplified than in the life of Abraham Lincoln.

When Lincoln, a bearded man, walked down Sangamon river bottom, Illinois, for the first time, his character was already formed. He brought with him from Indiana his rare wit, humor and inexhaustible fund of anecdotes. He possessed no bad habits. His school days were over. It is true that he took a post-graduate course in Shakespeare and Burns, and when John Calhoun, of Lecompton fame, offered him the position as assistant surveyor, this graduate of the Indiana wilderness, fresh from his reading of the classics—the King James version of the Bible, Aesop's *Fables*, Lives of Franklin and Washington—reported to Calhoun in just six weeks for duty, having mastered this science in that incredibly short time, to the astonishment of his benefactor.

One of Lincoln's teachers in Indiana was a man by the name of Crawford. Lincoln was in his fourteenth year while in attendance upon this particular term. On one occasion the teacher observed that some liberties had been taken with the pair of antlers over the door of the school room, one prong having been broken, and on making this discovery he straightway instituted an inquiry to find the guilty culprit. Lincoln, being quite tall and seeing this prong presenting a temptation to swing upon it, yielded, with the result that the prong failed to support his weight and fell to the ground. When the irate teacher asked who was guilty, Lincoln stepped forth and quickly volunteered the information:

I did, sir. I did not mean to do it, but I hung on it and it broke. I wouldn't have done it if I'd a thought it'd a broke.

It is not at all necessary to suppose in attempting to show the honesty and truthfulness of Lincoln that there were no others in the school at that time who would have done as he did under similar circumstances. Indeed, in every little school-house of the land today there are those who would do this, but since this circumstance did transpire as here related it is important in that it sets forth the inherent trait at such a period in his life.

One of the neighbors of the Lincolns was Josiah Crawford, for whom young Abraham often worked as a "hired man" and his sister Sarah worked as "hired girl." "Old Cy Crawford,"

as he was usually called, was more or less given to certain peculiarities, being quite presumptuous and so penurious as to be called "tight" or "close" by his neighbors, but withal possessing many splendid traits. He was not an educated man, but being what was called "handy," he was able to do almost anything. He was a pioneer doctor and dentist, and in addition he was a farmer. In this latter capacity he frequently employed young Lincoln.

Crawford possessed a small library which, to some extent, accounted for whatever superiority he had over some of his neighbors. Lincoln borrowed all of these books, reading and re-reading some of them, one being Weem's *Life of Washington*. It was the custom of Lincoln to carry a book with him in the fields or in the "clearing," and this practice was not dispensed with even when laboring for a neighbor. At every opportunity, whether at the noon hour or rest, or permitting a "horse to breathe," he brought forth the book to read.

John Hanks, who lived with the Lincolns from 1823 to 1827, said, as recounted by Mr. Herndon:

When Abe and I returned to the house from work he would go to the cupboard, snatch a piece of cornbread and sit down and read. We grubbed, plowed, mowed and worked together barefooted in the fields. Whenever Abe had a chance in the field while at work, or at the house, he would stop and read. He kept the Bible and Aesop's *Fables* always in reach and read them over and over again.

He kept up his daily custom of carrying a book with him and reading as he walked, as well as reading until a late hour at night, until established in the practice of his profession. During his boyhood on securing a new book he frequently read until midnight. His artificial light for this purpose was made by gathering dry sticks and splinters and piling them beside the jambs so that when the fire died down he freely laid some of this tinder on the forestic and thus managed to read quite well. One night after having obtained the aforementioned copy of the *Life of Washington* from Crawford he read until quite late, and on retiring to the loft he laid the book between two of the logs—the "chinkin and daubin had worn away." While he was wrapped in sleep a rain storm came and greatly damaged the leaves and warped the cover. On making this dis-

covery the following morning Lincoln was mortified, and realizing the scarcity of books and keenly appreciating their value, he very naturally supposed that Mr. Crawford would be "put out" about it. Nevertheless, he took the damaged treasure home and related somewhat in detail the circumstances of the night before, proposing to do whatever the owner thought was right and proper to make amends for his carelessness. Mr. Crawford was not averse to driving a bargain, for it was his custom with Lincoln "to dock him" when he failed to begin his day's labor early enough or for any cause lost any time. In this instance he proposed that Lincoln "pull fodder for three days and they would call matters even." Lincoln entered no protest at the time and energetically went to work. In relating this circumstance to a gentleman in Rockport afterward, he stated:

At the close of the second day my long arms had stripped every blade off old Blue Nose's corn, and I reckon Cy ought to be satisfied; at any rate I am, but I think he was pretty hard on me.

We are indebted to Silas G. Pratt for an incident illustrative of Lincoln's mingled goodness, truthfulness and honesty:

One morning when Lincoln, with his ax over his shoulder, was going to work in the clearing, his step sister, Matilda Johnson, who had been forbidden by her mother to follow him, slyly and unknown to her mother crept out of the house and ran after him. Lincoln was already a long distance from the house among the trees following a deer path and whistling as he walked along. He, of course, did not know the girl was coming after him, and Matilda ran so softly that she made no noise to attract his attention. When she came up close behind, she made a quick spring and jumped upon his shoulders, holding on with both hands and pressing her knees into his back, thus pulling him quickly to the ground. In falling the sharp ax fell and cut her ankle very badly. As the blood ran out the mischievous Matilda screamed with pain. Lincoln at once tore off some cloth from the lining of his coat to stop the blood from flowing, and bound up the wound as well as he could. Taking a long breath he said: "Tilda, I am astonished. How could you disobey your mother so?" Tilda only cried in reply, and Lincoln continued: "What are you going to tell mother about getting hurt?" "Tell her I did it with the ax," she sobbed. "That will be the truth, won't it?" To which Lincoln replied manfully: "Yes, that's the truth; but it's not all the truth. You tell the whole truth, Tilda, and trust your good mother for the rest." So Tilda went limping home and told her mother all the truth. The good woman felt so sorry for her that she did not even scold her.

If, in speaking of honesty, we may make the term so broad as to include not only right dealings in mere money or business transactions, but fair-mindedness and an implied purpose and intentional disposition to be such under trying circumstances, there is much that may be said illustrative of the fact that Lincoln's life was the embodiment of truth and fair-dealing. The boyhood associates of Lincoln stated that his word was always considered good and that he could be depended upon to do what he agreed to do. He was generally trusted by his neighbors, and if necessity seemed to justify his asking credit, as was sometimes the case, this was granted.

It was pretty generally conceded, however, by the old neighbors of Lincoln and others who had personal acquaintance with members of the family concerned in one transaction, that there was one noted exception to the rule. The town of Gentryville was laid out by Mr. Gentry in the year 1824. Gentry was a North Carolinian who settled in this section in the year 1818, some two years after the coming of the Lincolns. He was a man of some means for that day, as evidenced in his entering twelve hundred acres of land and founding the town. He established a store, encouraged the purchasing of lots and the erection of houses, and offered certain inducements to artisans and trade-folks so that in a short while the little place became somewhat of a commercial center. Among those who had established themselves in business there was a certain Mr. Jones. On his proving to be prosperous and otherwise possessing advantages over Gentry, overtures were made to him and he accordingly disposed of his business to Gentry. In a short while thereafter he embarked in business again, locating this time a little distance from Gentryville, but near enough to cause the trade to follow him. On perceiving that the future of the town site was in jeopardy, Gentry proposed to Jones to move again to Gentryville. This he did, and it was his store that Lincoln frequented on Saturdays, rainy days and in the evenings. Jones was a man of large influence, politically and otherwise. He early professed a great liking for young Lincoln and freely prophesied on more than one occasion that Lincoln would yet be heard from in the world. He was thought to be rather extravagant in some of his assertions and prophesies, however,

and there is little wonder that the citizens should so think when they heard him venture to assert repeatedly that "Lincoln would some day be President of the United States." Jones was a man somewhat after the type of Denton Offut, the storekeeper with whom Lincoln was associated a few years later in Illinois. In fact, it appears that Lincoln's habit of frequenting these small stores invariably impressed himself so strongly upon the owners as to cause them to employ him. Lincoln drove a team for Jones, packed and unpacked boxes of goods, butchered and salted pork and at certain times performed some of the more menial services in the store proper such as the transfer of heavy and cumbersome wares from the cellar to the main floor. These labors, however, were not continuous, but merely occasional for a nominal sum as a wage—thirty cents per day being the usual price. Jones was regarded as somewhat of a politician, and was a pronounced Jackson Democrat. At one time he was the only subscriber to the *Louisville Journal* in this place, and Lincoln availed himself of the privilege of reading it aloud—a habit which became fixed in him as in many another who was brought up in what was termed "blab schools," where every scholar studied his lesson by reading aloud during "books."

In later life Lincoln's practice was to read aloud, and he had difficulty in grasping the meaning of the printed page unless his ears heard as well as his eyes saw.

The fact that young Lincoln became a "Jackson man" was largely due to the association and influence of storekeeper Jones, and it was from this man that he obtained the *History of the United States*, one of the few books that had so much to do in shaping his career. Just before the Lincolns left for Illinois and a short while prior to Lincoln's reaching his majority, he was in the store observing an extraordinarily large pair of shoes. They were so large as to cause him to think that they would "fit him," and being greatly in need of footwear he asked the privilege of trying them on. This, of course, was granted, and Lincoln found that they were just his size. He thereupon indicated his desire to purchase them, but stated that he did not have the money then and would not have it until a date which he specified. The storekeeper shook his head and refused the young man the desired credit.

Years went by and Lincoln was to be inaugurated President. Very naturally some of his Gentryville friends were desirous of witnessing these ceremonies, and a little party of five made the journey to Washington, among them being Jones, the storekeeper. No opportunity readily presenting itself to meet their old friend until after the inaugural ceremonies were over, they resolved to get in line and meet him at the general reception tendered. This suggestion was acted upon, and by a mere chance, not at all by design, the storekeeper Jones came last. As the first man of the little group approached, Lincoln, straightway recognizing him, greeted him with a beaming countenance, grasping the proffered hand in both of his and saying: "Howdy, Jim." He readily recognized each one as they approached, giving them a very cordial greeting, but when Jones approached he was greeted with silence, although Lincoln shook hands with him. The storekeeper going on the supposition that he was not recognized, exclaimed: "Mr. President, I'm from Gentryville also. My name is Jones. I reckon you don't remember me." Whereupon Lincoln inclined his body forward until his face was on the same level with the face of Jones, and whispered in the ear of his old friend: "O yes, Mr. Jones, I remember you very well, and I remember that shoe transaction also," smiling and otherwise giving him evidence of his old-time friendship. It is but just to say that a portion of this story was denied by Jones who said that he never refused Lincoln the shoes, but that they were turned over to him when Lincoln asked for credit. The supposition is that, on seeing his old friend approaching him, Lincoln hit upon this plan to have a bit of his old-time sport even if the occasion was an inaugural reception. The story, however, as here recorded, received general credence by the old friends of Lincoln, and that it took place substantially as here detailed is doubtless true.

"Nat" Grigsby and the storekeeper Jones later on during the Lincoln administration called on the President at the White House. We have the best authority for stating the fact, the occasion and the ludicrous results of that visit—the testimony of both Grigsby and Jones themselves. "Nat" Grigsby and "Blue Nose" Crawford had been caricatured by Lincoln in some

of his doggerel poetry called the "Chronicles of Reuben." Grigsby, long afterward, confessed that at the time this occasioned considerable feeling on his part against Abe, but after a time all was forgotten. That this was true and that Mr. Lincoln thought quite well of Grigsby is evidenced by a circumstance that transpired on the occasion of Lincoln's visit to Gentryville during the campaign of 1844. Lincoln made speeches both at Gentryville and at Carter's schoolhouse. It was at the latter place that Lincoln, in the midst of his address, recognizing Mr. Grigsby who came in late, exclaimed: "There's Nat." Whereupon he quit the speech and platform and went back to greet his old friend with the old-time warmth and boyish enthusiasm, then returned to the front to continue his speech. Whether it was this circumstance, or the numerous other evidences of Lincoln's partiality for him that induced him to believe Lincoln, as President, could and would appoint him to some federal position, it is immaterial for our purpose. At any rate, Grigsby was fully persuaded that he was amply competent to serve in some capacity (and he was a man of some ability). He very naturally presumed upon the old-time friendship of Lincoln, and accordingly called upon Jones and proposed that he accompany him to Washington on a similar mission in his own behalf. This met with hearty approval on the part of Jones, and preparations were made for the journey. They resolved to see the President in person rather than to make formal application for a place in some other way. At length the two old neighbors of the President appeared at the White House. Lincoln, being apprised of their presence, although many were in waiting, stepped into the room in which they were seated and greeted them quite as if he had met them at Carter's schoolhouse or Baldwin's blacksmith shop in Gentryville. Unmindful of who might chance to be in the room or what might be the construction placed upon his democratic demeanor, he said: "Howdy, Nat," and "Howdy, Bill," and otherwise by word and greeting conducted himself much as if he were oblivious of the fact that he was President of the United States.

Lincoln was never justly, at any time, accused of being hypocritical, but that he could act the part well calculated to

carry out his purpose is much in evidence in this as in other instances. Major John Hay asserted that Lincoln "was a trimmer the equal of Halifax, but he never trimmed his principles." There is discerned in this little circumstance with his boyhood associates an ability to manage men and deal with difficult situations in a way quite characteristic of him. After the warm greeting and hand-shaking with his old friends, accompanied by such familiarities as "the laying on of hands," and other evidences of appreciation of their visit, he requested that they both accompany him to an adjoining room. Going on the supposition that they were being taken to his private office where they could have the opportunity of presenting their claims, they quickly followed him, and were ushered into a large room where Mrs. Lincoln sat. Neither of them having ever met Mrs. Lincoln, they were accordingly introduced by the President, and at the same time dismissed or disposed of as follows: "Mrs. Lincoln, here are two of my boyhood friends from Gentryville, Indiana, Mr. Grigsby and Mr. Jones." Whether just at this point there was a sly wink, or some other signal known only to the secret code of the President's family, is, of course, purely in the realm of conjecture, but the preponderance of evidence is much in its favor, for he straightway said after the formal introduction :

Mary, you know I'm pestered and bothered continually by people coming here on the score of old acquaintance, as almost all of them have an ax to grind. They go on the theory that I've got offices to dispense with so numerous that I can give each one of them a place. Now here are two friends that have come to pay me a visit just because they are my friends, and haven't come to ask for any office or place. It is a relief to have this experience. You know the room's full of folks out here (pointing) waiting to see me about something or other, and I want you to see that "Nat" and "Bill" here have a good time while they are with us."

After the first Lady of the Land had given her promise to do as requested, Lincoln returned to his labors. It is not possible to know whether the President went to his private office and sought relief by giving way to unrestrained laughter or not, but he doubtless consoled himself with the fact that if in the field of diplomacy matters of great moment could always be disposed of as readily as was true in this particular instance,

he had reason to regard himself equal to any exigency that might arise. The two office-seekers, accustomed only to the dames and damsels of Gentryville, gowned in linsey-wolsey, and whose colloquial speech was quite their own, were suddenly found in the presence of a "fine lady," and there is no occasion for surprise when they asserted that both of them heartily agreed that discretion was the better part of valor and they accordingly beat a hasty retreat, returning to Indiana without so much as mentioning the real object of their visit to the Capital. When twitted about their failure by some of their neighbors, they both confessed that "Abe was too much for them," and especially after he had said what he did to Mrs. Lincoln about his old friends asking for office.

LINCOLN'S FREEDOM FROM BAD HABITS

In it we shall find a stronger bondage broken, a viler slavery manumitted, a greater tyrant deposed; and when there shall be neither a slave nor a drunkard on earth, how proud the title of that land which may truly claim to be the birthplace and cradle of both those revolutions that have ended in victory.

Lincoln as a youth was remarkably free from bad or vicious habits. He was in general good favor with all of his associates and was dutiful and obedient to his father and mother. His temperamental makeup was such as to win friends and to hold them. He, as has already been indicated, never at any time in his boyhood, used intoxicating liquors, although this custom was generally prevalent. Since Lincoln's habit was to frequent the grocery store in Gentryville in company with Dennis Hanks, where much drinking was indulged in, his refusal to drink intoxicants is somewhat remarkable. He professed to have a distaste for intoxicants of all sorts, and also abstained as a matter of principle. In later life he stated that "he had no desire for intoxicating liquors and did not care to associate with drinking men." His terrible arraignment of the liquor traffic before the Washingtonian society is familiar to all, and it is highly probable that his strong convictions expressed in later years on that subject were to some extent formed by noting, as he did while a resident at Gentryville, the evil effects of its use by many of his associates.

Wesley Hall stated that his father frequently employed both the elder Lincoln and his son Abraham to labor for him as carpenters as well as to perform work incident to the successful operation of a tanyard. Hall asserted that young Lincoln frequently pushed the plane at a workbench preparing planks for the father's use in the construction of cupboards and other pieces of household furniture. In this connection Hall laughingly recalled a boyish act of his. On one occasion when Abraham was laboring at the bench with the plane, Hall crawled beneath the long bench and lay down upon his back just opposite Lincoln's feet. He was peculiarly struck with the great length of the young carpenter's shoes, and reaching forth he selected a wooden ribbon and was busily engaged in measuring the foot when Lincoln noticed this performance and "yanked him out."

In the performance of the work connected with the tannery the elder Hall frequently employed a number of men, and it was the custom, when weather permitted, to take the noon meal in the grove near the tanyard rather than to go to the house. Hall stated that when the food had been made ready and spread out on a rude table, and dinner was announced, Abe invariably walked to a certain large forest tree whose roots had grown in such a manner as to form a sort of rustic bench. There seating himself, leaning back against the trunk, he drew forth from the folds of his loose fitting waumus or blouse a book and began to read, rather than go to the table as the other men did to eat. When asked if Lincoln did not also eat the noon meal, and why he did not do so with the others, he replied :

Certainly Abe et dinner, bnt don't you know he never drank, and them times the black bottle would be passed around purty often, so Abe would say to me "You see, Wesley, I don't drink and the rest of the men do, and if I was to eat when they do and not drink with them, they'd think may be I was smart, and so I jest hit upon this plan of bringing along my book with me and reading while they eat. I eat after they get through—in plenty time to go to work when they do, and that a way I git to read some and at the same time I don't go against a custom that they think is all right even if I don't.

A diligent inquiry among Lincoln's boyhood friends for everything characteristic or peculiar to him elicited the fact among other things that he did not indulge in intemperate

language. It might be alleged that there was an exception in the frequent use of the by-word "I jings," which seems to have followed him by way of Illinois to the White House.

That young Lincoln was extremely awkward and homely to a marked degree is evidenced by the testimony of all of his early friends. Being seated his stature did not impress itself, but a close observer would note that his lower extremities were of such proportions that a marble or ball placed upon his knee would roll toward the body. His gait was exceptional and peculiar to him. He made rather long strides as compared to many tall men who, in attempting to keep step, form the habit of a jerky, premature stride. Lincoln lifted his feet squarely from the ground and in like manner planted them, so that the foot did not bend at the toes or the weight of the body rest momentarily upon the heel; however, he was slightly pigeon-toed. His walk therefore, while not to say cunning, was stealthy, and possessing great bodily vigor he could walk long distances in a short while.

Mrs. Polly Agnew, whose maiden name was Richardson, and who was the mother of a number of children, some of whom became men of considerable local prominence—among whom was Doctor Mason, a physician well-known in his day throughout southern Indiana—often related a circumstance that took place on her arrival in Indiana, in which Lincoln bore a conspicuous part, and which furnishes a splendid field for a painter. The Richardsons were pioneers in Spencer county, floating down the Ohio river in a boat and landing at the site of the present beautiful town of Grandview. Their arrival was sometime after the coming of the Lincolns. The landing had been effected, and they desired to penetrate the interior some distance before locating. They had their ox-teams and wagon (save for the wheels), so the father and son felled a large gum tree, and sawing off blocks or circular slabs of such thickness as would prove suitable for wheels, they soon were ready to begin their journey through the unknown wilderness. No white man had as yet made settlement in this part of the country. The wagon was loaded with bedding, cooking utensils and such other things as they would at first need, and with the mother and daughter, Polly, the narrator of the inci-

dent, they started on their tedious way, leaving behind them many things in the boat for which they had to make a second trip. The choice of a farm location was by midday decided upon. In the midst of the great forest they came upon a cluster of trees so situated as to enable them by cutting brush and laying these on poles placed in forks to erect a brush lean-to or brush house, which would serve them temporarily. The mother and daughter were left in the midst of the great forest alone while the men returned to the boat for another load. A storm came up, nightfall was approaching, and the wagon had not returned. In the midst of their anxiety there suddenly appeared out of the forest a stranger of gigantic stature, dressed in coon-skin cap, hunting shirt and buckskin breeches, and bearing a gun. He came up smiling and, by way of explanation for his presence, stated that he lived a short distance north, and having just learned that a new family was moving into the community he had come down to render any service needed. When informed by Mrs. Richardson that the men folks had gone to the river for another load and were expected to return at any time, the stranger remarked: "Well, ladies, I'm quite sure they cannot get back tonight for the rain has interfered, and so I'll just stay with you and see that no harm comes to you during the night."

This information and proffered help was anything but reassuring to the frightened ladies. The tall stranger, acting upon his own suggestion, now stepped to a large tree fronting the lean-to, and seating himself with the gun placed across his lap, leaned against the trunk, thus evidencing his disposition to remain on guard. Seeing this, Mrs. Richardson stepped into the brush house and she and the daughter held a whispered consultation. It was agreed that while the stranger might prove to be more dangerous than any foe of the woods, yet the mother suggested that "he had a good face." After a few moments in conversation they observed that the stranger had laid down his gun and began dragging a large limb toward the brush house. The mother and daughter both ventured out near him and requested to know what he meant by such procedure. Whereupon he smiled and said: "Ladies, the woods around here are full of wolves and bears, and we've got to have a bon-

fire tonight or they might give trouble." When the mother remarked that they entertained no fear of wolves, the man laughed right heartily and said: "You just wait and we'll see if there isn't about two women around here somewhere that'll get pretty badly scared before long." With that remark he began the search for dry branches and limbs of fallen trees, and this he continued doing until there was collected quite a pile.

When darkness had settled down over them and the wagon had not returned as the stranger had ventured to prophesy, the ladies became more or less reconciled to the presence of the man. He accepted the food they prepared, but refused to go into the lean-to. An hour or so had passed, when the stranger, who all this time was watched from within with some remaining suspicion, called to them that they need have no fears of wolves who by this time were howling in the distance. Ere long these denizens of the night ventured quite near, and the ladies, thoroughly frightened, requested that he come into the lean-to. The stranger then approached the bonfire and requested Mrs. Richardson and her daughter to "step out and take a look at the green-eyes." This they did, and the daughter exclaimed in her fright: "Why, mother, there is a thousand of them. What would we have done alone?" The tall stranger laughed and said, addressing the young lady: "Miss, there is not more than a half dozen of the varmints, and every one of them is a coward. Now you just see if they are not." Taking a fire brand and waving it vigorously, the "green eyes" vanished and the howling was heard in the distance. The manifest danger confronting the ladies by the presence of such animals drew them nearer to their protector, and they acted on his suggestion to "go in and try and get some sleep while he kept watch." When morning broke the stranger announced his intention of returning home, saying as he started: "I'll find out today if your men folks get back all right, which I reckon they will, but if they don't, I'll be back here tonight and we'll keep the 'thousand pairs of green eyes' at a safe distance."

This was the introduction the Richardson family had to the future President, for the tall stranger who kept watch through the night was Abraham Lincoln. The Richardsons and the Lin-

colns became fast friends. It was William Richardson who stated that on one occasion when they were preparing to build a corn crib, and some heavy pieces of timber were to be put in place, the men engaged in doing this were making hand spikes with which to carry them. Lincoln chanced to come up and asked what they were going to do with hand spikes. When informed that they were being prepared to carry the heavy timbers Lincoln remarked that he could shoulder and carry the sticks himself, and at once acting upon the suggestion he actually performed the feat unaided. Richardson believed that it would have taken the combined strength of three or four men to do what Lincoln did.

It was this same Richardson who related another circumstance indicating the phenomenal strength of Lincoln. A chicken house was to be moved and some preparation was being made to do this when Lincoln picked it up bodily and carried it for some distance. Richardson thought that it "weighed at least six hundred pounds, and maybe more."

Whether it was this romantic meeting of Polly Richardson in the brush lean-to, or whether it was due to certain traits of character discerned in her by Lincoln, particularly her considerate kindness of heart in befriending him in certain ways, that attracted him, in any case he often "kept company with her." Aunt Polly, as she was generally called, was a lady of more than average intelligence. While she was not educated, yet in her use of language this was not particularly noticeable. She was never any more delighted than when surrounded by those who were anxious to know of some of her pioneer experiences, and particularly those pertaining to Lincoln. She often told of being accompanied by Lincoln to spelling bees, play parties, and to church, and even asserted that she was Lincoln's first sweetheart. If there be any reluctance on the part of anyone to accord this rather enviable distinction to the old lady who thus made the claim, it may be said in her behalf that her frankness in relating certain circumstances pertaining to this, and the regret occasioned by not having wisdom enough to foresee in her girlhood Lincoln's great career may to some extent plead more eloquently than any mere statement of fact by the writer.

Yes, I was Abe's first sweetheart.

He'd take me to spelling bees and play parties and to meetin' and the like, but still I can't say that I wanted him to go with me though. Still Abe was always mighty good, and I never found any fault with him excepting he was so tall and awkward. All the young girls my age made fun of Abe. They'd laugh at him right before his face, but Abe never 'peared to care. He was so good and he'd just laugh with them. Abe tried to go with some of them, but no sir-ee, they'd give him the mitten every time, just because he was as I say so tall and gawky, and it was mighty awkward I can tell you trying to keep company with a fellow as tall as Abe was. But still Abe was always so good and kind I never sacked him, but bein's I didn't have no other company them days when us young folks would all start to meetin' or somewhere else that away, I'd let Abe take me. I'd sometimes get right put out the way some of the girls treated him, a laughing and saying things, and so when we'd get off to ourselves I'd give them a piece of my mind about it. And then they'd all say that it is too bad the way we do, because Abe's so good, but they'd appear to forget all about it, for the very next time they'd do the same way. Abe wanted me to marry him, but I refused. I suppose if I had known he was to be President some day, I'd a took him.

The writer was once a schoolmaster, and was again and again made to think of Lincoln on daily seeing the children of the daughter of Colonel Lehmonowsky, one of Napoleon's old soldiers. The oldest son, Adam, was six feet and five inches in height; Charles, six feet and four inches; John, six feet and three inches; Anna, five feet and eleven inches; Sallie, five feet and nine inches, and Joseph, the baby, at fifteen years of age was six feet and six inches! This family was remarkable not only for their great stature, but were giants mentally as well. The extreme stature of the youngest member, his shuffling, shambling gait, and great good nature, with some degree of humor and wit, reminded one continually of Lincoln.

Not far from where Lincoln was reared there occurred a wedding some years since that made the story of Lincoln's first sweetheart seem all the more plausible, especially that part which relates to his great stature and awkwardness.

A veritable son of Anak, six feet and six inches in stature, married a diminutive little lady four feet and six tall. The nuptial bands were solemnized in a "meeting house" in the presence of the entire countryside. The wedding was quite simple throughout. There were no flower girls, no best man nor bridesmaids; no soloist sang "O, promise me," nor did the

bride reach the Hymeneal Altar leaning on the arm of her father, keeping step to the strains of Mendelssohn's Wedding March. Instead, at the appointed hour, which followed the sermon, the bride and groom came down the center aisle unattended; the groom making long, ungainly strides and the bride holding on to his arm akimbo with the tip of her fingers, while some wag in the choir who had a fine sense of appropriateness pitched the old time camp meeting hymn, "Leaning on the Everlasting Arms," and by the time the happy, but somewhat embarrassed couple reached the chancel, the choir lustily joined in the chorus.

While Lincoln was acting as ferryman at the mouth of Anderson creek, a corn husking took place in the neighborhood which he of course attended. At such times, as at log rollings and raisings, the work was divided equally into two parts and captains elected, who "chose up", thus dividing the crowd preparatory to a race. On the particular occasion above referred to, Lincoln while busily husking away, intent on making his side "beat", kept up a running fire of humorous remarks at the expense of the other side, directing his remarks toward one man. This individual, not possessing a temperamental make-up such as to endure this long, accordingly gave way to his anger and hurled an ear of corn at Lincoln across the rail that divided the pile of corn. Taking good aim he threw the hard, horny nub at Lincoln, striking him full in the breast and cutting such a gash as to leave a scar which Lincoln carried to his grave. Lincoln did not reply in kind against his assailant, but his anger arose.

There were some customs more or less peculiar to this part of the State in Lincoln's day, continuing for years thereafter, and among these was the celebration of the New Year. The ceremony, while lacking the refinement and more poetic sentiments usually supposed to have attended the Yuletide in northern Europe, yet considering that it was a backwoods custom during the holiday week the method of celebration possessed a sense of appropriateness. At the midnight hour, just as the old year was dying and the New Year about to be ushered in, large numbers of men and boys with firearms assembled before a farm residence, and without any warning a voice began re-

citing, rather stump fashion, a bit of crude verse which was called "the New Year's Speech." The person chosen to recite this was usually one possessing the gift of "oratory." Knowing that Lincoln was much given to public exhibitions and disposed to make addresses on numerous occasions, it was presumed that he frequently made the New Year's Speech. This fact, however, was not certainly established. Since the custom of the pioneers has passed away, with many other things peculiar to them, the New Year's Speech brought from the South is here given:

Awake! Awake! my neighbor dear
And to my wish pray lend an ear.
The New Year is now at your door,
The Old Year is past and comes no more;
And I for you wish a Happy Year
That you from bad luck may keep clear;
That your family, and all the rest
May with content be ever blest.
That you may be free and able
To feed the hungry at your table;
That your barns and all your cribs
May with much grain be stocked
Your fields and meadows handsomely flocked
And scarcity not be known,
But mind there is the Blessed Hand
Who gives and takes at His command.
But now before I make an end,
For too much time I cannot spend,
Shall I salute you with my gun,
Or would you wish the report to shun?

Just here the speaker paused and if granted permission to fire his gun, the speech was resumed as follows:

Now, since you gave me leave,
I do now here declare
The noise shall sound throughout the air,
Sausage and pudding will be right
To satisfy our appetite.
Whiskey Bounce or Apple Brandy,
Or any liquor that comes handy,
And we will receive it with thanks to thine
And this is the end and wish of mine.

Just as the speech was finished a volley or two was fired, and when ample justice had been done to sausage and pudding, as well as satisfying the thirst, the guns were reloaded and another house sought. This was kept up throughout the remainder of the night, the speech being repeated at each place.

LINCOLN'S ATTITUDE TOWARD THE CHURCH AND RELIGION

Nobly sustained as the government has been by all the churches. I would utter nothing which might in the least appear invidious against any. * * * God bless all the churches, and blessed be God who in this great trial giveth us the churches.

During Mr. Lincoln's early life he was disposed more or less toward fatalism, not that there was any one act of his, or any single utterance by which this fact could be established, so much as there was discerned an approach toward all undertakings in life with this conviction dogging his footsteps. These fatalistic beliefs were so general among the people of that day as to include practically all.

Lincoln seems to have yielded so far to the ultra Calvinistic teachings characterizing the pulpit efforts and emphasis of that day as to become more or less submissive to what was conceded to be the stern and inevitable decrees of Fate. This strange belief must not be confounded with that bold and open opposition to religious faith, as was the boast of some, but was in fact a religious and Christian interpretation of the teachings of the scriptures, especially peculiar to the primitive Baptists.

Lincoln was not a communicant of the Little Pigeon Baptist church, although his father, mother and sister were; likewise the Johnsons, his step-sisters and step-brother. His father and mother united with this church by letter, thus indicating their connection with the church in Kentucky.

While Lincoln was more or less indoctrinated with the fatalistic tendencies of a theology generally prevalent at the same time he was not at all disposed to accept the common literal interpretation of the Scriptures and in consequence he held aloof from formal union with the church.

That we may more fully appreciate to what extent some of these teachings influenced the parishioners, a circumstance may be detailed that transpired in this region where Lincoln reached his majority, although many years after; but it will perhaps serve quite well by way of illustration to show this same religious emphasis lingering many decades later, and for that matter may yet be found in this region as well as elsewhere.

An aged man, just two years younger than Lincoln (well known to the writer) who was much given to theological disputation, gave as his belief that "what is to be will be, even if it never comes to pass;" that "God had decreed and fore-ordained certain things," and they "were bound to come to pass;" that there was no use to flee from imminent danger since each one of us was to die in a certain way, at a certain time, and no effort on our part could possibly prevent this. If we were to be drowned, or shot, or die of disease, then no matter what might befall us prior to the appointed hour this event would eventually take place according to Divine appointment.

This particular gentleman was quite aged when the horse-power threshing machine was succeeded by the steam thresher. A large crowd had gathered to witness the strange engine, and while many of them were gathered about it the water began foaming. This circumstance alarmed the engineer who was anything else but expert, and he hurriedly indicated his fears by announcing his intention of reaching a point of safety. Acting upon his better judgment he started at a lively pace out into an adjoining field, and without any need of further urging when the crowd witnessed his flight they all joined in. The old brother of fatalistic beliefs brought up the rear, by reason of infirmities of age and not because of any wish to be found in the extreme rear. After a safe distance had been reached and sufficient time had elapsed to allow all danger to pass, the engineer ventured back to his post again and pretty soon he announced that the "Iron Horse was all right." Whereupon certain adherents of the Methodist faith, who had been again and again subjected to humiliation and defeat by the superior ability of the

old Baptist brother to argue, now turned upon him mercilessly. After a good-natured laugh had been indulged in at his expense, the old gentleman remarked: "I've got as good a Baptist heart in me as any man, but I've got a cowardly pair of Methodist legs and they run away with me."

Lincoln would have enjoyed the laugh at the old Baptist brother's expense but the fatalistic teachings so possessed him that he would have still found a lurking belief that all such events were predetermined, and that this grip of Fate possessed us all. Later in life he threw off the major portion of these beliefs, but not all of them.

He retained the basic principle of that theology which taught the wholesome doctrine that "the Almighty hath his purposes." Not only did he believe that "if we did not do right, God was going to let us go our own way to ruin," but expressed the belief that "the Almighty was going to compel us to do right in order that he might destroy slavery, give success to our arms, and maintain our unity as a nation." He further said:

I do not believe that He will do these things so much because we desire them as that they accord with His plans of dealing with this nation. I think He means that we shall do more than we have yet done in furtherance of His plans, and He will open the way for our doing it. I have felt His hand upon me in great trials and submitted to His guidance, and I trust that as He shall further open the way I will be ready to walk therein, relying on His Help and trusting in His Goodness and wisdom.

It is a small matter as to what particular creed or sect this theology might properly belong, as compared to the greater fact that he had thrown himself fully upon the Almighty, and in so doing he worthily took his place along side of Moses, Joshua and Paul.

His early theology made the heavens brass and the unchanging decrees made God stern, exacting and demanding justice. His later faith was so modified by sorrows and trials as to believe in the efficacy of prayer, and he came to see God's beneficence and mercy mingled with His justice. Lincoln's daily habit from early youth was to read the Scriptures and give himself to prayer. It would appear that this fact and the sentiment and spirit of some of his great State papers

would be quite sufficient to have prevented Ingersol and others possessing liberalistic views to assert, as they were accustomed to do, that he was an unbeliever.

That Lincoln, after reaching Illinois, passed through a period of religious doubt, even to the extent of questioning the authenticity of the Bible and denying the divinity and sonship of Christ, is undoubtedly true. However, there was nothing ever uttered by him either in any public manner or in private conversation while a resident of Indiana that even so much as indicated any liberalistic views or tendencies. He made no pretensions, however, of being a Christian during his youth; that is, he made no public profession, and was not regarded as such by his associates. Mr. Lincoln certainly was not a Christian in the orthodox sense until sometime after reaching the White House, if indeed he ever became such as measured by certain formulas. Herndon, Colonel Lamon and Major John Hay all stoutly maintained that he never changed his religious beliefs at all.

In making the simple statement that young Lincoln was not a Christian, nor so regarded by his associates, it would be altogether misleading unless it be properly understood. Their standards and his for presuming upon such a claim were of course measured by the practice of the local church in demanding the observance of certain forms and subscribing to certain tenets. It was, of course, not allowed that any one could be so presumptuous as to set forth the claim that he was a Christian, independent of these. Lincoln not having done this was, of course, not considered as being a Christian.

It may be truly said, without casting any aspersion upon the character and profession of some, that there were others, indeed many, who composed the membership of Little Pigeon Baptist church in Lincoln's day who possessed doubtful morality; certainly they failed to measure up to the requirements of Christian standards of living generally in vogue today. It is not charged that gross and flagrant wrongdoing characterized any one of them, but it is claimed that delinquencies in many matters were the rule.

The ministry themselves were often indeed quite generally given to dram drinking, and certainly this was true of

substantially all the parishioners—women as well as men. It will be seen, therefore, that these well-meaning pioneers hedged up the door of entrance into the kingdom by erroneous theological emphasis upon some matters by demanding of all who sought fellowship with them that they subscribe to these, but too often their own delinquencies and shortcomings were such as to be only too painfully apparent.

Lincoln, given to approaching any and all things along lines of reason, could not fail to note the inconsistencies in profession and practice. Possessing morals quite beyond most people, abstaining from the use of intoxicants and tobacco, temperate in speech and painstakingly honest and truthful, given to reading the Bible daily, and regarded as possessing such a wholesome amount of common sense and sound judgment as to be selected to adjudicate all differences arising among his fellows, it may therefore be seen that while Lincoln made no profession of religious faith in conformity to the standards of the time, yet his character was quite beyond that of others.

For this youth, who if not educated in the ordinary acceptance of the term, possessed more knowledge even then perhaps than most of us are ready to allow, and being acquainted for instance, as we know that Lincoln was, with the movement of the heavenly bodies, and then to hear in the Sunday sermon the maledictions of Heaven hurled at "edicated" folks who presumed to think that the earth was round, that it "revolved upon its axle tree," and similar animadversions, one can deeply sympathize with a disposition to refrain from formal union with such a class.

Again, for young Lincoln to assemble with these worshippers in Little Pigeon church; the preacher and people to engage as they often did in a give and take sort of fashion in the coarse, crude jokes of doubtful propriety anywhere—much less in a place of worship—hurling at one another, albeit good-naturedly, hilarious repartee and scintillating witticisms better suited to the school house debates; and when the minister suggested that it was time for worship, for some old brother to start the hymn, "How Tedious and Tasteless the Hours," pitching it in a strange key, putting in

an unconscionable number of quarter and half rests, and then for the leader, perhaps, at the close of the stanza to expectorate his ambier in a belated sort of manner, no matter where, preparatory to another effort; and when that was finished and the sermon was entered upon, with all of the vials of wrath poured forth, and anathemas heaped upon the heads of offenders (as was often the case) in such a fashion as to indicate enjoyment in anticipation, with a great deal of sound and little sense; therefore, for a youth of Lincoln's purity of character and sense of propriety, faculty of reasoning and freedom from such habits above referred to, to refrain from formal union with the church is after all not a thing to excite wonder or provoke harsh criticism.

In calling attention to some of the foregoing things peculiar to the pioneer days generally prevailing, and even today found in Kentucky and Tennessee, there is no disposition to excuse Mr. Lincoln from the mistake certainly chargeable to him of refraining from formal union with the church at a later period. It is hoped that the treatment here offered concerning the crude manner of worship and erroneous emphasis of the primitive Baptists will not be taken as an intentional slight upon that branch of the church. (The writer's forebears were of that faith.) While some justification for young Lincoln's attitude toward this class is here set forth, yet it is manifestly true that this particular church so generally prevalent in large sections of the country during the formative period, furnished the sole means of worship, and so administered to the spiritual needs of the people as abundantly to justify its existence.

The question of Mr. Lincoln's religious attitude later in life has provoked considerable discussion. Substantially all creeds, like all political parties, have claimed him. Those entertaining liberalistic views have been quite as free as any in asserting the claim that Lincoln was of their number. This was the boast of Colonel Ingersol, of agnostic fame. Mr. Herndon, his law partner, said that his religious faith was best represented by the teachings of Theodore Parker; and he and others possessing religious beliefs that classed them as deists were disposed to claim Mr. Lincoln as possessing a

like faith. This class in particular have challenged those who claim Mr. Lincoln as a Christian to point out in all of his utterances at any time a sentence where the name of Jesus Christ was used. This attitude is wholly unworthy of such men as Herndon, Lamon and others. Lincoln told his particular friend, Bishop Simpson, that he did pass through a period of doubt and distrust of the Scriptures, but that he later came to see the folly of such. It is a noteworthy fact, however, that Mr. Lincoln's language in reference to Deity was such as to give no offense to any faith or creed.

It is believed that no one today would be disposed to undertake the hopeless and thankless task of attempting to substantiate the claim that Mr. Lincoln was not a Christian in view of all the evidence at hand to the contrary. With a sincere purpose of doing the right as "God gave him to see the right," far removed as he was above the loose morality of strong partisan politics, refusing as he did repeatedly to be governed by notable examples of expediency, and mere conventionalities; absolutely unmindful of probable accusations in his departure from an age-long custom of indirection in diplomacy; implicitly trusting in the plain people; relying upon the "gracious favor of Almighty God," with no disposition at any time to substitute expediency for conscience; willing rather to lose popular applause or any mere temporary advantage than even to appear to take liberties with possible success by a firm adherence to the eternal principles of justice and truth; with a sublime patience and unexampled fortitude, he refused to be moved by the clamor of public opinion.

He was a statesman without craft; a politician without cunning; a great man with many virtues and no vices; a ruler without the arrogancy of pride and the bigotry of power; ambitious without mere selfish personal gratification, and successful without becoming vain-glorious. If that Hebrew lawgiver and leader, Moses, in that unprecedented wilderness march with a horde of newly liberated slaves, felt that faith was depleted or courage run low, he could and did betimes climb the mountain stairway and cry to the God of battles, and Jehovah came down "in trailing clouds of Glory;" or if he were harassed by the pursuing foe, or flanked by fiery

serpents, he could afford to be content, for was not the Almighty himself on the picket line in a cloud by day and a pillar of fire by night? But not so this later liberator whose tall form was stooping under the terrible burdens, both North and South. What wonder that betimes we see him on his knees in the White House in prayer with Bishop Simpson, or, as when Lee flushed with victory on the gory fields of Fredericksburg and Chancellorsville turned his victorious legions north once more, Lincoln fell upon his face and cried to the God of Battles: "This is your war. The North can't stand another Chancellorsville. You stand by our boys at Gettysburg and I'll stand by you;" and he did.

YOUNG LINCOLN ON THE STUMP

My opinion is that no State can in any way lawfully get out of the Union. It is the duty of the President to run the machine as it is. I reckon that it will be some time before the front door sets up house keeping on its own account.

The boyhood friends of Lincoln were quite pronounced in stating that while Lincoln was ever ready to enter into all of their boyish sports, especially to accompany them to any place where there was a crowd, he could not be induced either to play, fish, or accompany them on any expedition of any character if he had in his possession a new book. Lincoln himself, in later life said that he borrowed all the books to be found for a radius of fifty miles. His habit was to commit to memory such portions as particularly pleased him, making copious notes on paper, if he had it, but if he did not (as was frequently the case) he made free use of boards, the wooden fire shovel or any smooth surface presenting itself. He was an omnivorous reader, devouring anything offered. He regularly borrowed the *Louisville Journal* from Jones, the storekeeper, and a temperance paper and religious publication from a neighbor by the name of Woods. Lincoln had strong convictions on the subject of temperance, and in reading the publication borrowed from Woods was encouraged to commit some of his own thoughts to paper. He took this to his old friend and was pleased when "Uncle Woods" said that

“for sound sense it was better than anything in the paper.” Woods in turn showed the manuscript to a Baptist preacher who was so delighted with it as to believe that it was beyond anything found in the temperance journal, and proposed sending it to the editor at some point in Ohio. It is said that this article was accepted and appeared in the paper, to the great delight of Lincoln as well as of his patron and friend, Woods.

Succeeding so well in this venture, he attempted a political treatment, taking as his theme, National Politics. The subject doubtless suggested itself to him on reading the Louisville paper. This manuscript was submitted to his old friend Woods, as before, who showed it to Judge John Pitcher, an attorney residing at Rockport. Pitcher on reading the article exclaimed: “The world can’t beat it.” This remark greatly encouraged young Lincoln, and he journeyed to Rockport to call upon Pitcher at his office. It is claimed that subsequently Pitcher loaned Lincoln law books, and showed him considerable attention, such as “drawing him out” in conversation on finding him a great talker and quite original in his ideas and methods of investigation.

The essay on National Politics, while not preserved entire, has been in part, and from these sentences some notion may be formed as to Lincoln’s ideas at that early period:

The American government is the best form of government for an intelligent people; it ought to be kept sound and preserved forever. * * * General education should be fostered and carried all over the country; and the constitution should be saved, the Union perpetuated and the laws revered, respected and enforced.

Lincoln’s plea for educational advantages is pathetic when his own disadvantages were so marked.

Among those pioneers in this section who, after attaining old age, were rich in the remembrances of former years, was Captain John LaMar. The LaMars were among the first settlers in this part of the State. Captain LaMar witnessed the killing of the last Indian by the whites in this region, there having been more or less trouble between the two races prior to the Battle of Tippecanoe as well as such minor engagements as the Pigeon Roost Massacre. However, by the time

the Lincolns settled here the Indians had nearly all left this section. The writer had as a parishioner in his church, Mrs. LaMar, a lady four years younger than Mr. Lincoln, and being a neighbor, of course knew him quite well. Captain LaMar, on one occasion, was riding to mill with his father along the road leading past the Lincoln cabin. They observed a boy perched upon the top of a staked-and-ridered fence, reading and so intently engaged that he did not notice their approach. The elder LaMar was so impressed with this fact that he remarked to his son:

John, look at that boy yonder! You mark my words, he will make a smart man out of himself. I may not see it, but you see if my words don't come true.

Captain LaMar lived to witness the fulfillment of his father's prophesy. He was present on the occasion of the unveiling of the Nancy Hanks monument in 1902.

"Nat" Grigsby said:

Lincoln was always at school quite early and attended to his studies diligently. He always stood at the head of his class and passed the rest of us rapidly in his studies. He lost no time at home, and when he was not at work he was at his books.

The schoolmates of Lincoln stated that he was never rude on the playground, and was usually made choice of when an arbiter was needed in adjusting difficulties between boys of his age and size. When his decision was given, it put an end to the trouble.

In an interview with Dennis Hanks by Mr. Herndon, the former said:

We learned by sight, scent and hearing. We heard all that was said, and talked over and over the questions heard, and wore them slick and greasy and threadbare. We went to hear political and other speeches, and to such gatherings as you do now. We would hear all sides and opinions and talk them over, discuss them, agreeing or disagreeing. Abe was a cheerful boy. Sometimes he would get sad, but not very often. He was always reading, scribbling, ciphering and writing poetry.

Miss Roby, who married Allen Gentry, the young man with whom Lincoln made the celebrated flatboat trip down the Mississippi river, said that she was at Gentry's Landing

while this boat was being loaded preparatory to making the southern journey. In speaking of Lincoln at this time she said: "He was long, thin and gawky, his skin having the appearance of being dried up and shriveled." One evening as they sat on the edge of the boat with their feet in the water, Miss Roby called attention to the sunset; whereupon Lincoln explained to her that the sun did not move in fact, but only appeared to do so; that it was the earth that went around the sun. The young lady laughed at the absurdity of such notions and thought him foolish, but later came to realize that young Lincoln was not foolish, but knew much more than anyone around there supposed.

It was this same young lady who related a circumstance that took place in the schoolroom when all the scholars were engaged on a Friday afternoon spelling match. This circumstance has been related by almost all of the earlier biographers of Mr. Lincoln. The schoolmaster, Crawford, had "given out" the word "defied," and the first one attempting it had said: "d-e-f-y-e-d;" the second "d-e-f-f-yed" and at length it came Miss Roby's turn. Not being certain she chanced to look across the room where Lincoln stood smiling. She notice him slyly placing his finger to his eye, and taking the hint she spelled the word correctly and went to the head of her class. Young Lincoln was ever regarded as a good speller, and particularly so by the time he reached his seventeenth year. In fact, he was easily the best speller in the neighborhood and was commonly supposed to know quite as much as his teachers, and more than some of them.

As late as the year 1880, in this section, if a young man excelled in spelling so that he could "take the floor" at spelling matches, and could "solve all the problems in the arithmetic," he was regarded as learned; and no one questioned his ability to teach school.

Lincoln especially liked argumentative bouts, and this caused him to be much in the company of his elders. This habit he later styled "practicing polemics." His ability to argue, and his particular enjoyment of it, seems to have been maintained during his occupancy of the White House. His secretaries are on record as saying that he spent more time

and greater pains with the famous Vallandigham letter than with any State paper.

As a youth he was quite inquisitive on almost any subject, and his habit was never to leave a subject, however difficult, until he had mastered it. He was a good listener, and appeared to know when to keep silent when in company of his elders. After hearing fireside discussions, if certain phases were not clear to him, he lay awake after retiring and beginning at the first of the argument he carefully reviewed it step by step until he had thoroughly satisfied his own mind of the certainty of conclusions reached. He often walked to and fro for considerable periods, repeating these arguments to himself, and after mastering them once he never forgot them. As he later put it, he "was not satisfied when on a hunt for an idea until he could bound it north and south, east and west." He was slow in reaching conclusions, but when once he announced his decision in any given matter, he could not be moved by the force of argument or any other pressure brought to bear.

Many of his well-known stories, anecdotes and "yarns" were of Indiana origin. He and Dennis Hanks usually spent their evenings at the Gentryville store, and on rainy days they might be found either at the store or at Baldwin's blacksmith shop. Baldwin was a great master at story telling, and it was his "yarns" afterward related by Lincoln that caused members of cabinets or Congress, and even representatives of foreign countries, to smile or laugh uproariously.

It was his custom, after reading the *Louisville Journal* at Jones' store to meditate upon what he had read, and then while at work in the fields he would often review some of these discussions for the benefit of his associates.

Lincoln has been accused of being lazy, and in support of this assertion more or less evidence has been offered. Mr. Romine, a near neighbor to the Lincolns and for whom Abraham often labored, is quoted as saying that "Lincoln was lazy." The writer did not know Mr. Romine, but Mrs. Romine was yet living when the data composing these pages were being obtained. In no single instance was this charge of laziness made against Lincoln by any of his early friends.

However, it is believed that some of them would have been inclined to this belief had they been approached earlier in life when it was the fashion to make the charge against any who spent time poring over books. For any chance passerby to see a youth lying beneath the shade of a tree, busily reading, was *prima facie* evidence that he was lazy and usually occasioned, as in Lincoln's case, some such remark as, "Old Tom's Abe'd ruther fool his time away a readin' out of a book than to work any day." Indeed, this disposition to criticise those who engage in purely mental labors while others were in the fields or shops is met with frequently even today.

Not long since in this very region, an artist spent some days on an eminence sketching a landscape, and he was subjected to severe criticism by the farm laborers, remarking that "he is doubtless the son of a bloated aristocrat and was not raised to work." Thus in Lincoln's time for one to have a day off and elect to spend it in reading, was regarded as indicating a lazy disposition. Had the day off been spent along the river bank with hook and line, or in the woods with the gun, it would have elicited no unfavorable comment. The major portion of Lincoln's early friends came to realize this, and where once might have been found carping criticism, at the time the writer was gathering data he found commendation.

The fact that Lincoln frequented the Gentryville store or blacksmith shop has been cited as evidence quite sufficient to establish the charge that he was lazy. There is a rule in logic that if too much is proven, then nothing is proved. Certainly, if the mere fact that Lincoln was often found at Gentryville is deemed sufficient evidence to prove his indifference to work, then substantially all of his neighbors were lazy, since Gentryville was a Saturday town or rainy day town for the surrounding neighborhood, just as many towns are today. As congressmen and senators frequent the cloakroom, smoking and indulging themselves in the pastime of story telling, so in like manner Lincoln frequented the pioneer cloakroom—Jones' store—thus gathering that fund of stories and anecdotes which he afterward related to his associates and White House visitors. Lincoln's boyhood friends indicated that "he

was ever ready to turn his hand at anything, no matter much what, and was always at work if there was any work to be had."

Joseph Gentry, a brother of Allen, told of hearing Lincoln make his first public address, apart from such efforts as the schoolhouse debates occasioned. The circumstances leading up to this were as follows:

Two neighbors each owned a flock of geese, and one evening when one of these flocks returned and was being housed for the night, it was ascertained that a certain grey goose was missing. The owner, knowing that his flock occasionally mingled with that of his neighbor, and very naturally supposing that it had strayed off with these, he accordingly went to the home of the owner of the other flock. On his arrival there he explained his mission, and at once pointed to a certain goose claiming it as his; whereupon the neighbor disputed the claim, and before long this occasioned a heated argument which came little short of a personal encounter. The two disputants made sundry threats on separating, each saying in effect that the matter was not settled, and the owner of the stray goose indicated that he would "bring the matter before the squire." Accordingly, attorneys were consulted and employed to prosecute and defend. The day was set for the trial, the court room being the schoolhouse about one mile east of the Lincoln cabin.

The difference between these two neighbors occasioning the litigation very naturally produced intense interest throughout the community, so much so in fact that when the day fixed for the trial came, a great crowd assembled. However, not all of these came merely to gratify curiosity, for both sides had subpoenaed a number of witnesses. Mr. Gentry stated that so far as to his having any personal interest or motive in attending, it was due solely to a boyish curiosity to witness these proceedings, and falling in with Lincoln, who was at that time in his seventeenth year, they walked together to the schoolhouse. Arriving early, they went well forward and sat down on a backless puncheon seat. Ere long the little house was crowded. The two litigants, together with members of their families and friends, were seated on

either side of the room. There was that characteristic stillness that foreboded a storm, and presently, without any warning whatever, Lincoln arose, and advancing quickly forward, faced the assembled crowd and began making an address. Gentry maintained that Lincoln had not previously indicated his purpose to him or to others of attempting such a thing, and when he thus stood forth and began the speech he (Gentry) was greatly surprised. It was, of course, not possible for Gentry to give the exact language of Lincoln on this occasion, but since the circumstances were indelibly fixed in his memory he found no great difficulty in setting forth the scene rather vividly, and it is believed that the following version of it is substantially what occurred:

Friends and neighbors, what means this great gathering of old neighbors? What is it that has called us together here? (up to this time the speaker's face being as serious as Lincoln's face could be) and then amid the painful silence his features changed, his eyebrows lifted, and irresistible humor beamed forth.) "What brings us together? Why—an—old—gray—goose!" A great roar of laughter greeted this ludicrous drawl, but not being interrupted in any way and doubtless encouraged to proceed by the volley of laughter, he continued (serious again), this time stating the case. "Mr. A., here (addressing him), has lost a goose and he asserts that his neighbor, Mr. B., here (pointing) has it. Although Mr. B. disclaims having in his possession any goose not his own, not being able or disposed to settle their difference between themselves, they have decided to go to law, and that's why we are all here." (Comical again.) "Mr. A. (addressing him), you say you have lost a gray goose, and that you know that Mr. B., here has it, and rather than lose it you have resolved to bring the matter to the court. Now you, Mr. A. (pointing and then quickly turning his face and body half about) and you Mr. B., after you've had your trial today, and no matter which way it goes, what have either of you gained? W-E-L-L. Mr. A., if you win your case you'll get back your old gray goose, and it-is-worth-say-about-two-bits! (great laughter). And you, Mr. B., if you win today, you'll get to keep your old gray goose that you claim has always been yours, and it's worth say-about-two-bits (laughter). Now you, Mr. A. (serious again), and you, Mr. B., if you win today you'll get back your goose or keep your goose as the case may be, but (very earnestly) I tell both of you that whichever one may win, he's going to lose! And lose what, you say? Well, you have both been neighbors, and you'll lose your friendship for one another for one thing; and not only that, it won't stop there. For what means this array of witnesses here? (pointing). It means your wives and family and friends will be at outs, and you've set up a commotion in the entire neighborhood, and what about? (exceedingly comical). Oh, w-e-l-l, all-on-account-of-an-

old-gray-goose! If I were in your place, men, I'd stop all this hair pulling and wool gathering. I'd get together here and now and settle this thing, make up and be friends.

The result was that just as the court and the two attorneys from the county seat town came through the little doorway, Lincoln had the two litigants shaking hands and smiling. Lincoln had thus laughed the matter out of court and won his maiden case which may not inaptly or inappropriately be called "The Gray Goose case."

Thoughtful consideration is invited by way of comparison of this circumstance with Lincoln's Cincinnati speech where he presumes to address his "friends across the river," as well as his famous Cooper Institute address, and above all his first inaugural where he stands as the nation's peacemaker, saying: "You of the North and you of the South, you can not fight always, and after you have fought with much loss on both sides with no gain * * * can aliens make treaties easier than friends can make laws?"

The method and manner, certainly the peculiar platform mannerisms, the skilful bringing together of humor and the setting forth of the serious side, were pre-eminently characteristic of young Lincoln so that when he sprang into the arena of debate later, he came fully armed to meet the "Little Giant" Douglass, if not with a shepherd's crook and sling, with weapons more formidable—the speech and faith of the plain people, appealing as he did "to the considerate judgment of mankind and invoking the gracious favor of Almighty God" in defense of a holy cause that had been repeatedly defied.

The unrivaled genius of Lincoln whose consummate art in statement enabled him to become such a wizard with the pen, and which flowered out on the prairies of Illinois, was budding forth in the morning of his life in the wilderness of Indiana, becoming, as he did in after years, "the greatest leader of all, he had the humblest origin and scantiest scholarship, yet he surpassed all orators in eloquence, all diplomats in wisdom, all statesmen in foresight and the most ambitious in fame."

(To be Continued)

Reviews and Notes

Chronicles of the Cape Fear River, 1660-1916. By JAMES SPRUNT. Second Edition, Raleigh, 1916; pp. xii, 732.

It will no doubt be a surprise to many readers to find a volume of this size filled with the history of this small district; it is hardly more than a large community. The district is quite as fortunate in having Mr. Sprunt as one of its citizens as in having two and one half centuries of interesting history. As early as 1663 commissioners sent from the Barbadoes examined the North Carolina coast with a view to settlement. Almost a century previous, 1585, the old English sea dog, Sir Richard Greenville, had coasted along the sandy shores of Cape Fear. In 1660, or thereabouts, adventurers from Massachusetts established a trading post on the Cape Fear river. The first permanent settlers arrived May 24, 1664. The colony was thus over a century old when the Revolution broke out; two centuries old in time of the Civil war. Some four hundred men went from here in 1740 to fight the Spaniards on the Spanish Main. During this period the Cape Fear river bank was dotted with fine old plantations. On the headwaters of the river were Scotch refugees from the Jacobite rebellion in Scotland, from Glencoe and Culloden. The story of Flora McDonald is both interesting and pathetic, to the thousands of Scotch descendants in the Northwest. The material development of the country from 1790 to 1860—canals, railroads, steamboats—the growth of institutional life, form a significant story and in this volume it is mingled with enough reminiscent incidents, such as a visit to Wilmington in 1852 by Joseph Jefferson, to make the whole interesting. By far the greatest interest, historically, attaches to the chapter dealing with the Civil war. The Cape Fear coast, guarded by Fort Fisher, was the most difficult section on the whole Confederate seaboard to close against blockade runners. Fort Fisher was the last gateway of the Confederacy to the outside world. More than one hundred of these blockade runners are named

distance. Part of Third Regiment of Tennessee on board.

July 3. Monday. Calm all day. "Rockall" a few miles ahead.

July 4. Saw two steam ships on their way to Vera Cruz.

July 5. Calm at 9 o'clock was taken in tow by Star and the Rockall also; had a hard rain had to be towed again. Anchored at the Balize bar.⁵

July 5. Thursday. Passed the bar early and Fort Jackson at 3 o'clock.

July 7. Run down below Algiers and anchored out near the middle of the river the Rockall just ahead of us.

July 8. Saturday at 10 o'clock all five companys embarked on Steam boat Pike N 8 [Number 8] for Madison, Ind. run to New Orleans there stopped until 6 in evening.

July 17. Today we arrived at Madison at 3 o'clock P. M. passed through the Canal at Louisville Ky. this morning at daylight all soldiers took boarding mostly amongst the Citizens as the boarding houses were full with the Fourth Regiment Indiana Volunteers who were waiting to be discharged.

July 27. Today at 3 o'clock p. m. Company C. was mustered out the service of the U. S. A.

THOMAS BAILEY.

⁵ Mouth of Mississippi river.

Lincoln in Indiana

(Concluded)

By J. EDWARD MURR

LINCOLN'S AMBITION TO BECOME A RIVER PILOT

I know there is a God and that he hates injustice and slavery. I see the storm coming, and I know that His hand is in it. If He has a place and work for me—and I think He has—I believe I am ready.

It was Goldwin Smith who said: "The Mississippi river was once a mental horizon and afterward a boundary line." During Lincoln's youth this river had become the highway for the western pioneer, and what was true of the Father of Waters was true of the Ohio river.

Lincoln came in touch with the outside world on this great highway. Travel by boats, slow as it was, served as quite the best means of making long journeys. Occasionally a passing steamer landed at Anderson creek, and since Troy was regarded as a place of some importance most of the river crafts made port there. Hence young Lincoln, while acting as ferryman during his seventeenth year, was privileged to see somewhat of life from without. Notable men occasionally passed, and he may have even met with some of them.

A short distance above Troy, General LaFayette, while making his tour of the Western States by way of the Ohio river, spent a night in a stone house on the river bank after his disabled steamer sank. Perhaps Lincoln did not see the "Friend of Washington," but his passing and the circumstance of his spending the night ashore not far from where Lincoln lived, furnished a theme for the pioneers for a considerable time thereafter.

It was while acting as ferryman at Anderson creek that Lincoln made his first dollar. This circumstance, which he related in later life to members of his cabinet and Secretary Seward in particular, was as follows:

I was standing at the steamboat landing contemplating my new boat, and wondering how I might improve it, when a steamer approached coming down the river. At the same time two passengers came to the river bank and wished to be taken out to the packet with their luggage. They looked among the boats, singled out mine, and asked me to scull them to the boat. Sometime prior to this I had constructed a small boat in which I planned to carry some produce South which had been gathered chiefly by my own exertions. We were poor, and in them days people down South who did not own slaves were reckoned as scrubs. When I was requested to scull these men out to the steamer, I gladly did so, and after seeing them and their trunks on board, and the steamer making ready to pass on, I called out to the men: "You have forgotten to pay me." They at once each threw a half dollar in the bottom of the boat in which I was standing. You gentlemen may think it was a very small matter, and in the light of things now transpiring it was, but I assure you it was one of the most important incidents in my life. I could scarcely believe my eyes. It was difficult for me to realize that I, a poor boy, had earned a dollar in less than a day. The world seemed wider and fairer before me. I was a more hopeful and confident being from that time.

Young Lincoln being ambitious and desirous of bettering his condition very naturally looked to the river for employment. Possessing some skill with carpenter's tools he had at this time constructed a boat that he deemed seaworthy enough to make the journey referred to in his conversation with Secretary Seward.

It has been asserted by some of his biographers that this journey was not made, and one writer ventures to suggest that since the Lincolns had nothing in the way of produce justifying such a trip, it was therefore merely a journey of the imagination. Such a position taken is a needless effort to establish the well-known poverty of the Lincolns, but since no such journey was undertaken by any at that time without presuming upon neighborly assistance, which proved in substantially every case to be a mutual accommodation, the proposed trip down the Ohio and Mississippi by young Lincoln might have been fully justified, since it is now known that he had on his own account a crop of tobacco. The plans for the trip, as indicated in the conversation with Seward, were so changed as to cause him to leave his own boat behind and take passage upon the flatboat of Mr. Ray.

Having made this and the later trip with young Gentry

down the great river, he seems to have been disposed "to follow the Ohio," and a little later went to his old friend and patron "Uncle Wood," in whom he reposed great confidence, requesting that this gentleman aid him by way of a recommendation to secure a position on some steamer plying up and down this river. Mr. Wood, realizing that Lincoln was not of age, hesitated to advise the youth to leave his father, and refused to give the assistance deemed by Lincoln essential to secure a position. It was quite the rule in that day for a boy to remain with his parents until reaching his majority. However, Lincoln was very insistent, and in the course of his argument remarked that "it was his best chance," and "a chance is all I want." After some persuasion on the part of Wood, he yielded and remained with his father until well into his twenty-second year.

Since the river traffic along the Ohio and Mississippi at that time, and for a considerable period thereafter, was great, had young Lincoln succeeded in prevailing upon his old friend Wood to aid him in securing a position as pilot we might have lost our great war President, but would have perhaps gained another Mark Twain. In any case, had he been so fortunate as to find some "Boswell," his fame as a humorist would have been secure.

That young Lincoln seems to have become resigned to his lot is evidenced by Mr. Wood in stating that soon after this interview relative to his becoming a river pilot he saw Lincoln whip-sawing lumber, and on asking him what he intended doing with this, Wood was told that the elder Lincoln was "planning to erect a new house in the spring." The letters of John Hanks concerning the Illinois location and the glowing accounts of Dennis Hanks on his return from that region occasioned the abandonment of the plan to erect the new home, and the lumber was disposed of to Josiah Crawford who used the major portion of it in the construction of an additional room to his house.

It was soon after young Lincoln returned to the farm from Anderson Creek ferry that he formed the habit of attending the various courts, but it was while acting as ferryman that he attended court for the first time. His presence

there was not prompted by mere curiosity or due to any ambition that he possessed to take up the law as a profession, but he appeared as a prisoner at the bar, the first and only time in his life; although, had there been debtors' prisons during a certain period of his lifetime, he might have suffered imprisonment in consequence of the overwhelming obligations that he assumed and which he failed to meet until many years after they were incurred.

The circumstance of his becoming a prisoner and his appearance in the court were as follows:

While acting as ferryman at Anderson creek on the Indiana side of the Ohio river, John and Benjamin Dill, two farmers residing on the Kentucky side of the river just opposite the town of Troy, had become licensed ferrymen. Occasionally when busily engaged in agricultural pursuits, they neglected the ferry to the extent that their ferry bell would sound again and again without their hearing it; or, what was more probable, on hearing it failed to respond to its call. On such occasions when the bell rang repeatedly, young Lincoln would push out from the Indiana side and ferry the anxious traveler across the river, and of course received the usual fee for such services.

Whether Lincoln's ear was thought to be too attentive to the ferry bell on the Kentucky side of the river, or whether the Dill brothers wished to make him an example to any and all who were disposed to take liberties with their legal rights, we do not know, but in any case they decided to entrap Lincoln and visit him with suitable punishment. Accordingly they requested a neighbor to sound the ferry bell, and when they did not respond as was frequently the case, Lincoln quickly oared across the river. Running his boat up to an opening in the dense willows on the river bank where the supposed anxious passenger stood in apparent readiness to step in, Lincoln was surprised to find himself seized by both the supposed passenger and the Dill brothers who had up to his appearance been hiding in the willows. They at once announced their intention of giving their prisoner a "ducking." The youthful ferryman not appearing to understand their motives became very angry, and the presumption is that he manifested this

in no uncertain manner. It never appeared clear whether the original purpose of the Dill brothers was carried out or seriously attempted after the preliminary skirmish with "Long Abe," but it is quite true that they at length proposed to "take him before the squire" where punishment could be meted out in a legal manner. Lincoln, by this time understanding his supposed offense, accompanied his captors to the local justice, one Samuel Pate, who resided one mile distant down the river. On their arrival at the farm home of Pate finding that gentleman out on the farm at work, one of their party was dispatched to inform his honor that more weighty matters needed his attention, while the others stood guard over the prisoner.

More or less regularity appears to have been observed in the hearing accorded the youthful offender. At first it is said he was greatly disturbed on hearing the statements of the two Dills and about the decoy, more especially so when it appeared from some of their assertions that a jail sentence awaited him, but when the 'Squire proposed to him to offer his version of the affair and make any statement that he cared to, Lincoln gladly availed himself of the opportunity. In doing so he freely and frankly confessed that on numerous occasions he had ferried passengers across the river from the Kentucky side when the travelers failed to secure a response to the repeated ringing of the bell, but he disclaimed any knowledge of the fact that in so doing he had violated any law, distinctly stating that he did not know he was thus encroaching upon the rights of the Dill brothers; that if he had known it was wrong, he would not have been guilty in any single instance. He further alleged that not only was he free from intentional wrong, but in reality he supposed he was conferring a great favor upon the owners of the ferry who, he supposed, were at such times away from home or were otherwise engaged, as well as accommodating anxious travelers.

Without throwing himself upon the mercy of the court or pleading for leniency, he nevertheless did so all the more effectively by impressing, as he did, both his accusers and the 'squire with his sincerity, truthfulness and honesty, reasserting his ignorance of the law and promising that in the

future he would not be found trespassing upon their rights. The appeal was effective, and the court, after listening to this recital of facts, dismissed him with some suitable words of advice. Thus, like Cæsar in chains, he had talked himself free.

The 'squire became greatly interested in Lincoln, and finding him a great talker and inquisitive concerning court procedure especially, urged the young man to prolong his stay, which he did. On taking his leave the 'squire pressed upon him an invitation to attend a sitting of his court which Lincoln accepted, and not only did he attend this particular sitting, but became a regular attendant so long as he remained ferryman at Anderson creek.

'Squire Pate did not live to witness Lincoln's rise to fame, but many of his family did. The house is still standing in which this trial was held, and the only remaining son of Pate pointed out the room in which this memorable sitting of his father's court was held. The circumstance was known to a number of the old citizens of the neighborhood, and a full account of this incident appeared in a local newspaper in Lincoln's old home county—the *Perry County Tribune*.

Young Lincoln was in the habit of attending the sessions of the circuit court as well as trials before the local justice of the peace. That he possessed an ambition at this early period to become a lawyer is certainly true.

His friend, David Turnham, was elected constable of the township, and had in consequence gotten possession of a copy of the *Revised Statutes* of Indiana. Lincoln being especially anxious to read this volume and Turnham being loath to have it leave the house, Lincoln spent hours at Turnham's home devouring this book.

The volume contained a copy of the Declaration of Independence as well as the National and State Constitutions. These Lincoln studied, committing to memory the Declaration of Independence and large portions of the National Constitution, and for the first time in his life met with legal enactments touching upon slavery.

Aside from the flatboat trips down the Ohio and Mississippi rivers, young Lincoln saw comparatively little of the

world without. As has been indicated, he frequented the sittings of the circuit courts at Boonville, in Warrick county, as well as at Rockport, the county seat of Spencer county, and was often at Troy. In addition to his visits to these comparatively small places, he had an occasion to go at least once a year, after approaching manhood, to Princeton, in Gibson county, there being a carding machine located at that place which converted the fleece into rolls ready for the spinning wheel. Hand carding being quite tedious and slow, young Lincoln was sent with the wool to this machine. The journey was a rather long one for that time, and occupied some three days. These little excursions, together with the usual trips to Gordon's or Hoffman's Mills, relieved the monotony and routine of life, and it is said that these trips were gladly welcomed by the future President.

The mills for grinding corn in the early days were crude affairs. The "horse-mill" was the first one introduced, small mills propelled by horses hitched to a "sweep." Later, and during the Indiana residence of the Lincolns, Hoffman's water mill was erected on Anderson creek. The horse mill at Gordon's was the scene of that incident that Mr. Lincoln was accustomed to revert to again and again, professing to think that it was one of the principal incidents of his life. The circumstance was as follows:

Lincoln and young David Turnham had gone to mill, but securing a late start and having to "take their turn," it was quite late in the afternoon when young Lincoln hitched his father's old flea-bitten gray mare to the sweep, and perching himself upon the accustomed seat began to urge the old mare to a lively pace. He was "clucking" and belaboring the horse with a switch and in the midst of his urgings he started to say: "Get up here, you old hussy," when the old gray resisted the continued drubbing and lifting her hind feet kicked him full in the face. Before the sentence was finished the young man was knocked off the sweep and lay unconscious. Young Turnham ran for help, and soon Abraham's father came with a wagon, placed the unconscious youth in it, and took him home. He lay in a stupor during the greater portion of the night but toward morning showed signs of returning con-

sciousness. Erelong he roused up and opening his eyes exclaimed:—"you old hussy," thus completing the exclamation attempted the evening before.

Mr. Herndon, the law partner of Lincoln, said that Lincoln often called attention to this experience of his youth and entered into discussions with him as to the mystery connected with the utterance of these particular words on regaining consciousness.

Occasionally young Lincoln was privileged to get a breath of the great world from without by meeting with some chance passerby or "mover" to other regions in the then far West. On one occasion a wagon of one of these emigrants broke down near the Lincoln cabin and while the damaged vehicle was undergoing repairs the wife and daughter on invitation spent the time in the Lincoln cabin. What was especially interesting to the youth was that they had a book of stories which the lady read to him. After their journey had been resumed, Lincoln, who like the great apostle to the Gentiles turned everything to his advantage, proceeded to write a story of the whole affair; but giving free play to his imagination and fancy he drew the account out at some length, describing in detail his mounting a horse and overtaking the emigrant wagon, and proposing an elopement with the young lady whose father interposed objections to their marriage. Lincoln purposed enlarging upon this story and submitting it for publication, but thought differently concerning it later, and thus the story, which was doubtless crude and altogether unworthy of a place in literature, was lost save that we have preserved the one item of value which was that he was always "scribbling and writing."

It is rather remarkable that Lincoln did not appoint any of his old associates to any Federal position, since there were at least some three or four of them quite capable. On the score of boyhood friendship it would appear that he would under ordinary circumstances have remembered them, especially when good and efficient service would have been rendered by some of them in certain departments. So far as can be ascertained no applications ever reached him for patronage from any of his old friends, although, as has been heretofore detailed, some two or three journeyed to Washington for that

purpose, but were anticipated and forestalled in such a manner as to prevent any formal request being made. This characteristic seems to have been peculiar to Lincoln, for even in the appointment of his friend, Judge David Davis, unusual pressure was made with some suggestion of reluctance even then. The departments were not filled with his old associates, and political loyalty was not especially rewarded by him. This practice was quite the reverse of that of President Grant.

William Ferrier, well known by the writer, was a boyhood associate of General Grant. He often related the following circumstance which was characteristic of General Grant, although in some respects an exceptional incident; and since it serves as a contrast to the practice of Lincoln it is here given.

Ferrier was the founder and long the publisher of the *Clark County Record*, an Indiana newspaper in its day wielding considerable power and influence. Ferrier and Grant were boys together and were great friends. At the time of Grant's appointment to West Point, young Ferrier was appointed to Annapolis, but was prevented from entering the Navy by reason of physical disability, and another was selected in his stead who later became a Rear Admiral. Ferrier drifted West and early became an editor. Like Grant, he was a Democrat, but at the outbreak of the Rebellion he boldly changed his political affiliation and became an ardent supporter of Lincoln. Later when General Grant became President, his old friend decided to go to Washington and call upon him in the White House. On entering the waiting room he found a large number of persons, and supposing that it would be some time before he could be admitted he seated himself, and while indulging in this reflection he was surprised greatly on hearing his name called. On regaining his composure somewhat he approached the private office of his boyhood friend with conflicting emotions, very naturally judging that his name must have been recognized as that of an old acquaintance and thus given precedence; at the same time wondering whether he was justified in accepting such courtesy when so many were in waiting, perhaps on urgent business. On entering the room of the President he was greeted by General Grant with the salutation: "How are you, William?" The two old

friends renewed their former acquaintance by reference to numerous incidents transpiring in their youth. Grant particularly mentioned the old swimming hole and the time when their clothing was stolen, while Ferrier reminded Grant of his driving a particularly fine span of horses down main street in Georgetown and cracking his black-snake whip. In recalling this incident Ferrier suggested:

Mr. President, although we have been separated all these years, I have watched your career with considerable interest and pride. I have been your supporter, both during the War and in the political campaign, but I give it as my judgment that as great as have been the honors that have been showered upon you, you have never had an occasion to be quite as proud of them as you were that morning in Georgetown when you drove those horses.

Grant laughed heartily and readily acknowledged that "this was probably true." After a few moments in conversation Ferrier arose preparatory to taking his leave, whereupon the President motioned him to be seated, and then unexpectedly asked him if there was not some position at his disposal in the government which Ferrier would like to have. Ferrier, whose purpose in making the call was far removed from this, replied:

No, sir, Mr. President, I have no ambition at all to serve the government in any appointive or elective office whatever. I am an editor and enjoy my work, and do not desire to leave it.

To which the President replied:

Very well, William, then I'll see to it that you are furnished certain copies of government notices which are at my disposal, and these can be printed by you; they will mean something to you, I hope.

No opposition was of course made to this, but on the contrary the unexpected offer was received with hearty thanks. On Ferrier's again suggesting that he was unduly taking up the President's time, Grant motioned him to his chair and asked: "Where is your brother Jim?" Ferrier replied that his brother was a resident of Jeffersonville, Indiana. "Then, William," announced the President, "I shall appoint Jim as postmaster of Jeffersonville." "But, Mr. President, my brother is not now, nor has he been an applicant for this position,

whereas others have, and my understanding is that Senator — has this matter at his disposal.” “William, I must remember my old boyhood friends. Jim will be appointed postmaster at Jeffersonville.” “Yes, but Mr. President, while I assure you I appreciate your generosity and friendship, and I feel quite sure that while my brother is not an applicant for the place, he would be more than pleased to receive the appointment. But my understanding is that Senator — has already made choice of a gentleman for this place.” “William, I am President and Jim will be postmaster.”

The sequel is a matter of history and furnishes very interesting reading in the light of present-day procedure. James Ferrier was appointed postmaster for Jeffersonville, and Senator — interposed objections, the Senate refusing to confirm the appointment. On the adjournment of Congress Ferrier was appointed by Grant, and when Congress reassembled the matter came up and his confirmation again failed. On the adjournment of Congress once more the President appointed Ferrier, and this time the Senate confirmed his appointment. William Ferrier, the editor, enjoyed the government patronage in the matter of public printing as long as this was at the disposal of General Grant.

Lincoln never forgot a kindness, as evidenced in his steadfast refusal to attack John Calhoun during the great debate with Douglas, since Calhoun had early befriended him.

Lincoln was enabled to appear before the people as a successful candidate on numerous occasions, and took particular pride in calling attention to the fact that he had never been defeated but once when the people themselves were appealed to, although his methods in some respects were anything but those of a politician.

He did not concern himself in local elections when he was not a candidate. Being so often before the people for political preferment, there were times when others equally ambitious to serve their party either became Lincoln's opponent or threatened to be. At such times he would seek an interview with them, and with an unconscious arrogancy and priority of claim he would say:

I would rather than not that you step aside in this race and let me have a free field so that I may show them what I can do.

He was only delivered from egotism by the recognized superiority of his powers, and would have been justly charged with monumental selfishness but for the steadfast adherence to the great basic principles of truth and justice. Meeting often with trickery and double-dealing in politics among those high in the councils of the party, he never lost faith in the plain people. Since he himself never wavered in the performance of his public duties, but administered public affairs as conscientiously as he pulled corn blades for the Crawford damaged book, he thus more nearly than any other before or since represented the people. It is believed that he is more highly regarded and sincerely appreciated by the people of the South today than is Jefferson Davis, and this, together with the fact that he preserved the unity and continuity of our nation, is the greatest and most enduring monument to his memory. Of all the men aspiring to the Presidency during the campaign of 1860, Lincoln alone could have preserved the unity and continuity of our nation.

“NOW HE BELONGS TO THE AGES”

Broken by it I too may be; bow to it I never will. The probability that we may fail in the struggle ought not deter us from the support of a cause we believe to be just.

An attorney by the name of Breckenridge resided on a farm not far from Boonville, the county seat of Warrick county. This town was about twenty miles from the Lincoln cabin, but the ambitious youth frequently made pilgrimages to this gentleman's home to borrow his law books, sometimes remaining throughout the day and night reveling in the mysteries of the law.

Wesley Hall maintained that young Lincoln also obtained his first opportunity of reading Shakespeare on these visits, and alleged that he had heard Lincoln recite portions of some of the great dramatist's writings.

Members of the Breckenridge family long pointed out a

certain stump in the yard of the home which they had pleased to call "Lincoln's Stump" by reason of the fact that at certain times he was in the habit of perching himself upon this while reading.

Lincoln visited the circuit court sessions both at Rockport and Boonville, and it was at this latter place that he heard John Breckenridge, a member of the famous family by that name in Kentucky.

A murder had been committed, and the defendant had employed the brilliant criminal lawyer. The knowledge that "a big lawyer" from an adjoining state was to be connected with the case reached Gentryville, and a number of men journeyed to Boonville to witness this trial and particularly to hear Breckenridge. Lincoln was, of course, one of this group.

Breckenridge had been greatly favored by nature, and possessing an enviable reputation as a great lawyer he had become more or less vain. Quite in keeping with the custom of the times among certain classes his dress was particularly fastidious, and his raven black hair was made yet more glossy by a copious use of "bear's ile."

The court room was crowded, and Lincoln stood well to the rear throughout the whole of Breckenridge's argument. At the close of this address a short recess was taken, and during this intermission a number of the members of the bar offered congratulations on the masterly effort of the great advocate. Young Lincoln, witnessing these expressions of appreciation and being profoundly moved by the address himself, straightway resolved to offer his congratulations also. Unmindful of the fact that he was not a member of the bar, that he was dressed in his accustomed blouse, and buckskin breeches, with his coarse black hair disheveled and in wild confusion, he pressed forward, offered his hand to the great man and was on the point of expressing his pleasure at hearing the argument, when Breckenridge deliberately turned his back upon the youth, not deigning to notice him.

Years went by, and when Lincoln was in the White House this gentleman, then a resident of the State of Texas, was presented to the President, who readily recalled both the man and the circumstance at Boonville. Lincoln exclaimed as he

grasped the proffered hand: "Oh, yes I know Mr. Breckenridge. I heard you address a jury in a murder trial at Boonville, Indiana, when I was a boy. I remember that I thought at the time it was a great speech, and that if I could make a speech like that I would be very happy."

It will be observed throughout that Lincoln's ambition "to rise in the world" was overmastering. It was said of a great German that he was the "God-intoxicated man." So it might well have been said of young Lincoln that he was intoxicated with a consuming desire to acquire knowledge.

Very naturally one would be led to believe that had such a hungry mind been supplied with books in abundance his advancement would have been rapid. But there is even in this wasted pity and sympathy, judging by some certain things transpiring a little later.

When Lincoln entered upon the practice of his chosen profession—the law—and had more or less leisure for study, he read but few books. Associated as he was with Stuart, Logan and Herndon, and the latter possessing a rather pretentious library, yet Lincoln rarely read these books. It was his custom while out on the circuit to take on these six weeks' journeys school texts, and a great deal of his time was taken up with literature of a lighter character than one would have supposed true in his case. A great deal of his reading was desultory, and he appeared to revel in those publications of a humorous or witty character. Judging by his tastes in this regard, had he been privileged to have access to such publications as *Judge* or *Puck*, he would have been greatly delighted.

It may well be doubted therefore whether any other course than that which he did pursue would have proven any better than the self denial which was imposed upon him, and compelled his complete mastery of the few classics that fell into his possession.

Contrary to the statement of Colonel Lamon and others who alleged that Lincoln did not read the Bible during his youth, it is indisputably true that he read it again and again. Indeed, if there were no other evidence than his public addresses and State papers to verify this, that would be quite

sufficient for the very spirit and sentiment of many of them are traceable to the King James version of the Bible.

But we do not need to rely upon this source altogether for information in the matter, since his associates assert that he was accustomed to read the Bible very much, and such a practice in a youth, which was not at all common then and for that matter is not so today, would well be calculated to occasion comment.

The London *Times*, in speaking of Mr. Lincoln's second Inaugural Address, likened it to the productions of one of the ancient prophets, and spoke of its author as possessing such keen prophetic insight and power as to justify the appellation of a seer.

Lincoln read Bunyan's *Pilgrim's Progress* again and again, and so familiar did he become with it that he could repeat many pages from memory. He particularly admired Aesop's *Fables*, and so often did he read them that he could have said, as did Lord Macaulay of Milton's *Paradise Lost*, that if every copy had been destroyed, he could have reproduced it from memory. Dennis Hanks said that "young Lincoln would lie down on his face in front of the fire, with Aesop's *Fables* before him," and read to his stepmother and the "illiterate Denny," as Abraham called him. When some point in the story appealed to him as being funny or humorous, he would laugh and continue laughing so heartily that both Mrs. Lincoln and Dennis would be compelled to join him, although Hanks asserted that "most of the time he did not know what he was laughing about, although Abe said he did."

The family Bible, *Pilgrim's Progress* and Aesop's *Fables* were the only books in the possession of the family on their arrival in Indiana. The mother of Lincoln was accustomed to read these books to both her daughter Sarah and little Abraham, and it is said that Aesop's *Fables* possessed a peculiar fascination and charm for him while yet a mere lad at his mother's knee.

The *Life of Washington*, which Lincoln obtained from Josiah Crawford in the manner heretofore detailed, was read many times, and if it may be charged that this volume took

occasion to deify Washington and failed to meet with acceptance at a later period, it was perhaps the very best sort of publication for Lincoln and certainly better suited to him at that time than such a biography as that by Washington Irving. The *History of the United States*, as has been stated, was obtained from Jones, the storekeeper, but *Robinson Crusoe*, and *The Life of Benjamin Franklin* we do not know how or when they were obtained, but probably from the library of Crawford.

What marvelous transformation was thus wrought in the life of a single youth, and what potential possibilities are wrapped up in a single soul! Left, as Lincoln was, a motherless lad at the tender age of ten, living for one winter in a half-faced camp with no teachers and no schools worthy of the name, yet strange to say mastering some of the world's best classics, which fate, or chance (that Victor Hugo says is only another name for Providence) had thrown in his way, and with the Indiana wilderness as his *Alma Mater* he matriculated at an early age. His curriculum was history, theology, mathematics, literature and woodcraft. His major was history; his frat house, a half-faced camp, and his college campus, a clearing that he had made with his own hands. He left brush college during his freshman year to devote himself exclusively to athletics, in which he particularly excelled, especially with the ax and maul. After a time he took up the study of law, having found a copy of Blackstone's *Commentaries* in a barrel of plunder which, strange to say, he had purchased from one poorer than himself. He later entered upon the practice of his chosen profession which he followed until he was called to be the chief executive of the nation.

Lincoln's life story surpasses anything in the pages of romance or fiction ever conceived or invented by literary genius! It is passing therefore strange that the boy Lincoln has for the most part been refused those things that in later years were so marked in his character and which were beyond question sufficiently prominent in his youth as to cause his early associates to remember him by them.

An effort has been made in the performance of this self-imposed task to show that substantially every characteristic

trait so universally allowed in Mr. Lincoln as a man was also noted in him as a boy and youth.

It is believed that sufficient data has been offered to substantiate the claim made that before Mr. Lincoln reached the State of Illinois, and therefore while yet a resident of Indiana, he possessed that inimitable style in public address, his well-known sense of fairness, his strange and weird melancholy, his quaint humor and rare wit, his consuming ambition, certain weaknesses, his abiding faith in Providence, his superstitious beliefs, his Calvinistic fatalism which he usually hitched on to a sort of Arminian faith, his freedom from bad habits, his methods in original investigation, his peculiar style in controverted questions, his power with the pen, his honesty and truthfulness, and in fact every characteristic that has been noted in him again and again as a man.

It is also believed that there is sufficient data submitted to justify the claim that not only was the foundation of Mr. Lincoln's character laid in the Indiana wilderness, but the beginning of all that afterwards made him great asserted itself during these early years.

It is of course not asserted that Mr. Lincoln's style, both in public address and in composition, was at all perfected while a mere youth, for he seems to have made steady progress in this to the very last. But it is claimed that there is sufficient evidence to warrant the belief that his peculiar style in debate, his platform mannerisms, his cool, calculating logic and irresistible wit and humor were quite as characteristic of his boyhood efforts as they were later noted and so generally commented upon.

It is recalled that he could set an entire neighborhood laughing and talking about his productions. He impressed himself upon Judge Pitcher and the Baptist minister so as to cause each of them to express keen appreciation of his ability with the pen when his manuscripts on National Politics and Temperance were submitted to them. It would seem to be only a reasonable supposition and not mere conjecture that the man who wrote the second Inaugural Address, the Cooper Institute speech, and the Gettysburg oration in the day of his power and maturity would have manifested some intimation

of this great ability and latent power earlier in life a thing which he seems to have done quite often, but more particularly in the compositions above referred to.

LEAVING THE INDIANA WILDERNESS

The Almighty has his own purposes: * * * Fondly do we hope, fervently do we pray, that this mighty scourge of war may speedily pass away.

The Lincolns and Hankses left Indiana in the month of March, 1830. John Hanks, after spending four years in the Indiana home of the Lincolns, returned to Kentucky, and then moved to Illinois in the year 1828. He wrote such glowing accounts of the new country that it caused Dennis Hanks to make a journey to this region with a view of removing there.

The terrible blight of milk-sick which began its ravages in Gentryville in the year 1818 continued for the next ten years. Dennis Hanks lost all of his cattle in consequence of its ravages, and had been seized with the disease himself, but recovered. When Dennis Hanks decided to leave Indiana for Illinois, he influenced his mother-in-law, Mrs. Lincoln, who did not wish to be separated from her daughter. She seems to have been largely responsible for the removal of the Lincolns also, and accordingly both families and that of Levi Hall, another son-in-law of Mrs. Lincoln, began to make preparation for this change during the winter of 1830.

The farm of Thomas Lincoln was disposed of to the elder Gentry, if indeed it was not already his by reason of having loaned the money for its purchase originally. At least, a quantity of corn and a drove of hogs were disposed of to Mr. Gentry, and such other changes were wrought as proved necessary to make this journey to begin life anew. Thomas Lincoln had a "chuck wagon," the woodwork being his own construction, but since it was "ironed off," it was a subject of considerable comment, for such vehicles were exceedingly rare. It was necessary to have suitable teams of oxen, and accordingly there began more or less "swapping and dickering". In the main this was done by Dennis Hanks, John Johnson and Abraham Lincoln. Allen Brooner stated that two of these oxen

were obtained from him, Abraham Lincoln and John Johnson making this trade. There was considerable "haggling" over the trade on the part of Johnson, Lincoln not entering into the matter save in an incidental way. Brooner long afterward, in speaking of this circumstance, said: "If anybody had asked me that day to pick out a President, I'd a quickly made choice of Johnson."

The elder Hall sold the other yoke of cattle to Thomas Lincoln, but these were purchased by proxy, he having sent his son Abraham and Dennis Hanks to do the trading. Wesley Hall delivered the team to Hanks and young Lincoln.

Hall was present on the occasion of the beginning of the journey to Illinois. However, the Lincolns only journeyed that afternoon as far as Gentry's in Gentryville, and remained over night with that gentleman. During the night young Lincoln made a judicious selection of notions, such as needles, pins, thread, knives, forks and spoons, his purchase amounting to just thirty dollars. With this "peddler's outfit" he purposed realizing a profit by disposing of it along the way at the farmhouses. This he seems to have succeeded in doing beyond his expectations, for "he wrote back after his arrival in Illinois stating that he doubled his money".

The people of Gentryville were loath to see the Lincolns leave, and it is said that on the morning of their final departure quite a crowd collected to bid them farewell. Many of them accompanied the Lincolns some distance on their journey, among them being the elder Gentry. One man in telling of seeing them begin their journey stated that "Abe drove the oxen, having a rope attached to the horn of a lead ox, and with a hickory 'gad' in his free hand."

None of the party of thirteen ever returned to the scenes of their fourteen years' residence in Indiana save Abraham, and, as has been stated, he spent three days in and about Gentryville during the political campaign of 1844 making three speeches in that county. He was the guest of the Gentrys most of the time. However, after making the speech at Carter's schoolhouse he accepted the urgent invitation of "Blue Nose" Crawford to accompany him home. He was much the same Lincoln then that his old friends had known fourteen

years before. He quite readily recognized all of his old neighbors, calling them by their given names, and made inquiry as to certain things in which he had been especially interested prior to his leaving there. He expressed a desire on reaching the Crawford home to see the old whip-saw-pit where he had stood as the "under man" on many an occasion whip-sawing lumber.

Sometime after Lincoln had been in the White House, seventeen years having elapsed since seeing his boyhood home and meeting with his old friends, a gentleman from Gentryville visited him in Washington, his purpose in making the journey being merely to gratify his curiosity and pleasure in beholding the greatness of his old boyhood friend. On his arrival at the White House he found quite a number of people in waiting. He sent in his name, and supposed, of course, that the rule here would be something similar to what he and the then present occupant of the White House had been accustomed to in their boyhood in going to Gordon's Mill—first come, first served. But he was greatly surprised a few moments after making his presence known to hear his name called, and on entering the private office of the President he was warmly greeted with the old time cordiality. They had conversed but a short while when Lincoln said to him:

Now, Bill, there's a whole lot of dignitaries out there (pointing) that are waiting to see me about something or other, and I'll tell you what I want you to do. This is your first visit to Washington, and I reckon you'll want to look around at the sights, so you go and do that and then come back here about supper time and after we've had something to eat we'll go off to ourselves, and I jings we'll have a good time talking over old times.

This appealed to his old friend, and accordingly he returned from viewing the sights of the city toward night-fall and found Lincoln waiting for him. After they had dined Lincoln said: "Now come with me", and leading the way they reached a room on the second floor. After entering, the President turned the key, he then pulled off his coat, and seating himself on the small of his back with his feet resting upon the table he began asking numerous questions concerning his old neighbors. The narrator in telling this, said:

Abe asked about everybody from the mouth of Anderson creek to Boonville. He'd say: "Bill, who did Sis so-and-so marry? Where does this one live? Who lives on such-and-such a farm?" By and by, closing his eyes and drawing a long breath, he said: "Bill, how did the Gentry boys vote in the last election?" I hesitated to tell him, for I know'd ever one of 'em voted for Douglass and were agin him. But finally I out with it, and Abe opened his eyes slow like, and looking straight at me for a little bit he sorter sighed.

The statement made by some of the biographers that Allen Gentry voted for his old flat-boat partner, in spite of the fact that he was a Democrat, is incorrect. The writer, in an interview with James Gentry, referred to this Gentryville neighbor's visit to Lincoln, and Mr. Gentry exclaimed with a laugh:

Yes, Bill told me all about it when he got back from seeing Abe, and he said Abe 'peared to ask about everybody from Anderson clean down to Boonville, but he left us boys to the last. Never even mentioned our names till he asked how we all voted, and when Bill told him we all went agin him, by gum, it mighty nigh broke old Abe's heart. Course, fellows like us goin' agin him would hurt, I reckon, but them was purty stormy times, and we know'd it would take a smart man to run things, and we'd all grow'd up with Abe and while we liked him, and we know'd that Abe could hold his own in a tussle, we didn't think he was big enough to wrastle with such questions that was up then. Besides, by gum, we was all Democrats and believed Judge Douglass could take matters in hand.

When it was suggested that Lincoln managed to keep house pretty well after all, Gentry laughed heartily and said:

O, Abe always tracked the Constitution, and as long as he done that he had 'em. Then he followed Henry Clay in lots of things such as his African Colonization scheme and gradual emancipation and the like, and you know old Henry was purty tolerable hard to head off. So Abe just stood there between all of them fellers and made 'em take their medicine. Abe come out all right in the end, but if he hadn't a stood by the Constitution, and if he'd got off on something else like a whole lot of the rest of 'em did, he'd a never a made it. It was stickin' to the Constitution that done it.

When Wesley Hall was asked as to whether he at any time during his youth was inclined to the belief that Lincoln would some day become famous, he straightway replied:

Abe would have been one of the last ones of our crowd that I'd a ever dreamed about becoming President. I would have picked out one or two

of the boys that was a heap more likely than him. Not but what Abe was smart and all that, but he was so tall, lean, lank and ugly, and went lumbering around so and was always a jokin' and cuttin' up, and I couldn't see anything in him then that looked like my notion of what a President ort to be.

When it was suggested to Hall, by way of provoking further comment, that Lincoln certainly was one of our great men, he exclaimed:

Yes, he is and the greatest too, but what made him so great? I'll tell you, it wusn't because he was educated, for he had no chance down here them days, but Abe just acted up there at Washington like he would anywheres else, and whenever anything comes up he just done what wuz right, that's all. It was nothing but Abe's honesty that made him great, and when you come to think about it that oughn't to be so strange. That's what all of us boys was taught them days, and I think I've been honest myself all of my life, just as honest as Abe ever was fer that matter.

When it was further suggested that Lincoln managed things pretty well and overcame great obstacles, Hall observed:

Yes, that's so, but after all when all is said and done, it always comes back to what I say. Abe always just done what was right about everything, that's all. If somebody else'd been in his place that'd a been as honest as he was and a allus done about what's right, everything'd a come out all right.

The simplicity of Lincoln's life, his democratic spirit, his approachableness, living the life of a commoner while the executive head of the nation, are quite in keeping with his oft expressed partiality for and faith in the common people. He was the very embodiment of the homlier virtues of truth, sincerity and honesty. The temptations ordinarily would have been strong upon one like Lincoln in the heyday of his power either to attempt to conceal his humble beginnings, his poverty and lack of schooling, or on the other hand to have referred boastfully to them. Not the least mark of his greatness is the fact that he did neither. What modesty forbad in this, as in other things, his honesty and good sense approved, so that the democracy of manhood in him shines like a beacon light, dimming the glare of burnished and furbished greatness in the many so-called great men.

General Andrew Jackson has ever been popularly regarded as one possessing that democracy of spirit scarcely equalled by any other chief executive of our nation. It may be altogether fitting in this connection to relate an incident having to do with this element in "Old Hickory". An old Shenandoah Valley neighbor of the writer often related the following circumstance concerning Jackson, and since it seems good enough to be true, and judging by the character and standing of the old neighbor, it is believed to be true.

Some twenty-five teamsters were hauling iron ore to Georgetown from a point in Virginia, each man driving a four-horse team. It was while Jackson was President that on one occasion, after the wagons and teams had been disposed of in the big wagon yards at Georgetown, an uncle of the informant, Baker by name, proposed to the crowd that they go over to the White House and pay their respects to "Old Hickory". Practically all of the men opposed the proposition, since they were in their work-a-day garb, and it was suggested by some that on their next trip they come prepared for this visit to the White House by each bringing along suitable apparel. But Baker was insistent, and so much so that one man, to some extent spokesman for all the rest, said, addressing Baker: "If you'll do all the talking, we'll go." Whereupon Baker replied: "Certainly, I'll do that provided all of you will do what I ask you to do." When it was asked as to what was expected of them, Baker drew his black-snake whip about his neck and tying the free end of the lash into a bow with the stock hanging down in front, not unlike a yoke, said: "Now, men, all of you do as I have and then fall in line by twos and follow me." This was done, and the twenty-five Virginians marched up to the White House, with Baker leading them. When the door opened in response to their ring, an old-time colored man stood looking out upon this strange sight, manifesting surprise, and then bowing quite low he asked what was wanted. Baker, true to his promise, acted as spokesman and straightway requested that the party be taken in and given an audience with the President. The door closed behind the old colored man, and ere long it was opened again, and with another low bow the old fellow announced: "Gemmen, de President's busy and can't

see you." But Baker was not to be disposed of so easily, for now quickly stepping up near the old man and lifting his voice, cried out: "We came to see the President, and we are going to do so before we go away." Just then a voice within, with a sort of military ring in it, was heard asking: "What's the matter out front? What does that crowd of men want?" Presently the door was thrown wide open, sending the old servant with it, and Jackson stood facing Baker and his twenty-four neighbors. The President, without any word of greeting or salutation, immediately asked: "What's wanted, men?" Baker, having uncovered and each man doing so in like manner, replied: "Mr. President, we are Virginians and your friends, and we have no business with you at all save that we just wished to call and see you, that's all." Jackson's brow, which at first was knitted into a frown, at once cleared, and turning about face he said to Baker and his men: "Follow me." Baker leading the way and the men following by twos, each one with his hat under his arm, filed into a "big room on the right." As they entered it was observed that quite a number of well-dressed gentlemen were in the room, and seeing the Virginians following Jackson they all arose and quickly stepped back near the wall with a look of astonishment and wonder upon each face. Jackson did not stop until a small table was reached on the opposite side of the room from the door of entrance, and going behind this and resting his hand upon it with a sort of lurking twinkle in either eye, he said, addressing Baker who now stood immediately in front of him: "You say that you are Virginians and wish to see me. Is there anything I can do for you?" to which Baker replied:

No, sir, Mr. President, we have not come to ask any favor of you, as I said. These men with me are my neighbors. We are all Virginians and your friends and supporters. We are teamsters and haul iron ore to Georgetown, and I proposed that we come over and call on you. Some of the men did not want to come dressed as we are, and I told them we'd go just as you see us."

While Baker was making this explanation it was observed that a peculiar look came over the President's features as if he were especially pleased, and then he said: "You say

you just wished to see the President, and now that you have seen 'Old Hickory' what do you think of him?"

Baker, apparently being equal to just such an emergency as this, quickly observed: "Mr. President, we think he does pretty well for a 'shell bark'." Some of the men composing the party afterward confessed grave fears as to just how this familiarity of their spokesman would be received, but all suspense was quickly relieved by Jackson giving himself up to unrestrained laughter. Straightening up to his full stature, with his features set hard, and looking toward the gentlemen standing about the wall, he said:

Gentlemen, you are all Englishmen and accustomed as you are to certain things, you no doubt gaze with wonder and perhaps surprise upon a scene like this. You very naturally ask what is the secret of our greatness as a nation and how we are going to maintain our liberties. I'll answer you by saying that we have had two wars with your nation, although now we are happily at peace. I had something to do in both of these wars, and I whipped your army at New Orleans with an army composed of men just like these Virginians here, and as long as men in their work-a-day clothes think they have a right to come to the nation's Capitol and call on their ruler, so long will our liberties be safe.

Following these remarks Jackson stepped quickly among the Virginians and taking each by the hand gave words of greeting. General Jackson was quite democratic, hating kings and monarchies, but at the same time possessing more or less of the imperialistic spirit, while Lincoln possessed all of the democracy of Jackson and none of the other spirit.

DEATH AND BURIAL OF NANCY HANKS LINCOLN

"All that I am or ever hope to be I owe to my angel of a mother."

"I feel how weak and fruitless must be any words of mine that would attempt to beguile you from a grief of a loss so overwhelming."

In the year 1818 Abraham Lincoln experienced a great misfortune in the death of his mother. The many exacting duties incident to pioneer life doubtless constituted a factor in producing that strange melancholy that ever possessed him, but to be bereft of his mother at the age of ten was perhaps

in the main responsible for this. At least it justifies the belief that such a sad misfortune at this period of his life, together with some of the attending circumstances, readily took advantage of a latent predisposition so characteristic of his mother.

Comparatively little is known concerning Nancy Hanks and there is small wonder, since nothing eventful transpired in her life beyond those things common to the pioneer. Allusion has already been made to the early belief of her neighbors and her more immediate relatives as to her obscure origin. She certainly did not attempt to correct this belief, and doubtless was possessed with the same idea as were others. That there has been a more or less labored effort on the part of certain biographers of Mr. Lincoln to account for his exceptional ability by professing a marked partiality for his maternal ancestry is known to all.

Dennis Hanks, as reported by Elinor Adkinson in *The Boy Lincoln*, said :

We wus all pore them days, but the Lincolns was poorer than anybody. Choppin' trees an' grubbin' roots an' trappin' didn't leave Tom no time. It wus all he could do to git his family enough to eat an' to kiver 'em. Nancy was terribly ashamed of the way they lived, but she knowed Tom wus doin' his best an' she wusn't the pesterin' kind. She wus purty as a pictur an' smart as you'd find 'em anywhere. She could read and write. The Hankses wus some smarter 'n the Lincolns. Tom thought a heap of Nancy, an' he wus as good to her as he knowd how. He didn't drink or swear or play cyards or fight; an' them wus drinkin,' cussin', quarrelsome days. Tom wus poppyler an' he could lick a bully if he had to. He jest couldn't get a head some how.

Mr. Herndon, the friend and law partner of Mr. Lincoln, and later his biographer, in speaking of Lincoln's mother, said :

At the time of her marriage to Thomas Lincoln, Nancy was in her twenty-third year. She was above the ordinary height in stature, weighed about one hundred and thirty pounds; was slenderly built and had much the appearance of one inclined to consumption. Her skin was dark; her hair dark brown, eyes grey and small; forehead prominent, face sharp and angular with an expression of melancholy which fixed itself in the memory of anyone who ever saw or knew her. Though her life was seemingly clouded by a spirit of sadness, she was in disposition amiable and generally cheerful. Mr. Lincoln said to me in 1851, on receiving the

news of his father's death, that whatever might be said of his parents and however unpromising the early surroundings of his mother may have been, she was highly intellectual by nature and had a strong memory, acute judgment, and was cool and heroic. From a mental standpoint she no doubt rose above her surroundings, and had she lived, the stimulus of her nature would have accelerated her son's success. She would have been a much more ambitious prompter than his father ever was.

That Mr. Lincoln possessed the melancholy self-control, cool and calculating judgment and natural goodness of his mother is apparent, and even marks of facial resemblance are conceded. Some certain and important traits of character are also traceable to the father, and taking it all in all these latter qualities are quite as important as were the others. That faculty and habit of story telling so natural to the President, his peculiar and quaint method of relating them and their apparently inexhaustible supply were characteristic of not only his father, but true of his uncles, Mordecai and Josiah, as well as of many of his Lincoln cousins.

Without suggesting any lack in the family of his mother of that greatest of all traits which he possessed—that of honesty—and for which he is so justly famed, it must be said in all fairness that whatever by nature, example and precept he received from the mother that caused a nation to call her son "Honest Abe", certainly honesty was a dominant trait of the father and the one characteristic that stands out so prominently in the life of practically every Lincoln. Dennis Hanks confessed that Lincoln was indebted to his father for his uncompromising honesty rather than to the Hankses.

Judging by the data in hand, therefore, it may be said that the Lincolns were the equal of the Hankses in social standing and ancestry, and in fact there is discerned a favorable comparison in substantially all other things ordinarily considered in such matters.

It should particularly be said that the meagerness of knowledge concerning Nancy Hanks, and more especially her early death, furnished a large field for conjecture and the freest possible play of the imagination. Since Thomas Lincoln lived until the year 1851, having ever remained a simple-minded, illiterate pioneer, never at any time distinguishing

himself, it became the fashion to speak lightly and even disparagingly of him as compared to his wife, Nancy Hanks, who dying while quite young, became a subject for adulation and eulogy, and whatever was deemed wanting in the father and husband was readily supposed to have been possessed by the mother and wife.

That Nancy Hanks was somewhat exceptional and in every way worthy of such an illustrious son appears to be abundantly evident in spite of the meagerness of data at hand. That she must have wielded a strong influence upon him is equally true, and perhaps even greater than we can possibly know. Yet, in all fairness it must be said that Mr. Lincoln seldom mentioned his mother in later life, but again and again paid great tribute to his stepmother and it was the stepmother, not Nancy Hanks, of who he spoke when he used the oft-quoted lines (usually misquoted): "Al that I am and ever hope to be I owe to my angel of a mother."

Any attempt to account for the remarkable career of Abraham Lincoln must give a large place to the plans and purposes of the Almighty. The Jewish nation spent four centuries in a strange land before it produced its great prophet, military leader and law-giver, Moses. We do not ordinarily attempt to account for the career of Moses by emphasizing his lineage and learning so much as we do the fact that God was with him from the time he was placed in the little pitch basket among the bulrushes of the Nile until the day when he climbed the mount to die.

Bishop Charles Fowler, in his lecture on "Abraham Lincoln", related the following incident in the life of the President which transpired when Lincoln was twenty-eight years of age. A short distance from Springfield, Illinois, an old-fashioned camp-meeting was in progress in a grove. A party of seven men, composed of physicians, lawyers and ministers, had decided to attend these services one night.

On this particular occasion Lincoln was in a hilarious mood, joking with the lawyers, preachers and doctors in succession, and even thrusting humorous remarks upon the horses drawing the vehicle in which they were riding. He

kept every one laughing by his stories and "yarns", until the grove was reached.

That evening a pioneer minister preached a sermon of unusual power, occasioning considerable religious excitement. While the discourse throughout was stirring and thoughtful, the peroration was particularly so. In this he referred to Moses leading the children of Israel out of Egyptian bondage, and laid stress upon the fact that God had called him for such a purpose in the fulness of time. Then, as was frequently the case in pulpits of that day, he pronounced a curse upon African slavery in America, prophesying that "the Almighty would raise up a leader to smite this curse." As he closed his remarks he lifted his hands beseechingly, and in a burst of prophetic fervor exclaimed: "Who knows but that the man destined to liberate the slaves in our land is here tonight."

On the return journey of the group, for whom Lincoln had furnished so much amusement and fun, he was strangely silent, so much so as to speak only occasionally when addressed by some member of the party. This silence was noted by all, and elicited more or less comment on the following day. Sometime during the day after the journey taken, one member of the camp-meeting visitors had occasion to call on Lincoln, and found him still gloomy and depressed. Thinking to rally him by some reference to the occurrences of the evening before, he proceeded to do so, and thereupon Lincoln remarked as follows:

You remember, of course, what the preacher said about slavery and in his peroration that "God would raise up a man to smite slavery", and closed by saying: "Who knows but that he is here tonight." Well, you and others may think me foolish, but I had the conviction then and still have it that I am that man.

At the time of the death of Lincoln's mother there was mourning in practically every home of the entire neighborhood, for that dread disease peculiar to the pioneer days, known as milk-sick, had appeared in epidemic form and attacked beasts as well as men. Thomas and Betsy Sparrow, who had in part reared Nancy Hanks, and who had followed the Lincolns to Indiana, living in the abandoned half faced camp, were both stricken with this scourge and died

about the same time Mrs. Lincoln did. In fact, of the twenty-five families in this settlement, many of whom were former Kentucky neighbors of the Lincolns, more than half were claimed by this strange malady.

Medical assistance was not to be had nearer than thirty miles; and even had there been sufficient attention, it is altogether doubtful whether the ravages of this destroyer of the pioneers could have been arrested.

One may form some idea of the extent to which the pioneers were governed by stern necessity when it is recalled that Thomas Lincoln, the husband, on the death of his wife was forced to perform a part of the offices of an undertaker. There being no one save himself in that community sufficiently skilled with tools to construct a coffin, he did this, and at the same time made coffins in which to bury Thomas and Betsy Sparrow. He was not a stranger to this kind of work, since he was in the habit of doing it for the entire community. The lumber with which the coffin for Nancy Hanks Lincoln was made was whipsawed out of a log unused in the building of the wilderness cabin. Dennis Hanks and Thomas Lincoln sawed the planks, and while they were thus engaged, Abraham whittled out the wooden pins which the elder Lincoln used to fasten the planks together, there being no nails in this part of the world at that time.

The writer knew two persons who were present at the funeral of Nancy Hanks Lincoln. Her burial, which took place a few hundred yards to the south of the cabin home, was denied even the usual committal services, there being no officiating minister present. Indeed, at this time there was no church or minister nearer than thirty miles.

The writer on one occasion had pointed out to him the spot near the foot of the grave where little Abraham stood weeping while the rude casket was being lowered. The Reverend Allen Brooner, then a mere lad, was present on this occasion. He lost his own mother a few days after the burial of Mrs. Lincoln and she was buried by the side of Lincoln's mother; consequently the circumstances became indelibly fixed in his memory. No stone marked these graves for years, and when it was proposed to erect a small monument to the

memory of Nancy Hanks Lincoln, there was some difference of opinion as to which of the two graves was hers, but the statement of Brooner was final.

Although Abraham was but ten years of age at this time, yet impressed with the fact that his mother's memory was entitled to the usual funeral services that he had been accustomed to witness, he wrote a letter requesting the services of Parson Elkins, an itinerant Baptist minister who resided in Kentucky, and who had visited the home of the Lincolns in that State, frequently conducting services there and doubtless officiated at the burial of his baby brother. At any rate, Elkins had impressed himself upon the mind and heart of the lad so that he did not hesitate to presume upon his good offices by asking that he travel a hundred miles through this wilderness.

The boy's confidence in thus presuming upon the willingness of the pioneer preacher to come to him in his need was not misplaced, for although he made this journey and preached the funeral discourse at the grave side without remuneration, yet, like Mary in breaking the alabaster box of precious ointment, Parson Elkins' offices on this occasion have enshrined his memory in the hearts of Christendom and his name by this one deed alone has been redeemed from that oblivion to which it would have otherwise been consigned.

One may stand at the grave side of the mother of Lincoln today, look through the woods to the north and see the little knoll on which then stood the cabin where now looms up with comparatively large dimensions a high school building immediately in front of the cabin site—an institution that would have been regarded by Lincoln in his youth as Heaven sent.

Marked changes have been wrought since that mournful pioneer funeral procession took its sad way down the slope and through the wood to the elevated spot where his mother sleeps. In making this little journey now one crosses the steam railroad track, passes beneath the telephone and telegraph wires, and walks by the mouth of a coal mine—all telling of another civilization and another age, for they all came after Lincoln's removal to Illinois.

It is claimed, and not without sufficient grounds, that the place where the future President spent his youth and reached his majority, and where he formed and matured his character, possessing as he did while yet a youth substantially all of those eminent traits that we are accustomed to note in him as a man, that place where his mother now sleeps and where his only sister lies buried, is of the greatest possible interest, and in view of such world-wide admiration of Lincoln it is deserving of suitable recognition by our general government.

The State of Indiana some years since, aided by individuals, erected a modest monument to the memory of Nancy Hanks Lincoln, the mother of the President, and made purchase of the grounds adjoining her burial place which now constitute what is known as Lincoln park.

As commendable as was this belated tribute, unfortunately the site of the cabin home of Lincoln was not included in this purchase and this place yet remains in the hands of private individuals. Should there come a time (and it will) when this spot shall have been appropriately honored beyond that hitherto attempted, and some President of the United States in official capacity shall journey thither and deliver an address, if perchance in the course of his remarks he should give utterance to some such sentiment as the following, he would only be speaking true to history:

Here on this spot in the year 1816 Thomas Lincoln erected a log cabin in which was reared his son Abraham, our first typical American, who in temperamental make up, in certain marked characteristics, in the simplicity of his life and character, was the embodiment of those traits of honesty and truthfulness which pre-eminently characterized the pioneer Hoosier citizen. Three States of our Union had to do in shaping his destiny and fashioning his great career. Kentucky gave him birth, in the day of his power Illinois offered him to the country in the hour of the Nation's crisis; but it was here in Indiana that these enduring traits of character found their setting, without which he would have failed in his gigantic task, and, possessing them as he did, they later fashioned him into a mighty leader destined under God to give this nation a new birth of freedom, that "the government of the people for the people and by the people might not perish from the earth."

In a year after the death of Mrs. Lincoln, Thomas Lincoln made a visit to his old home in Kentucky, leaving Dennis

Hanks, Abraham and his sister Sarah in the wilderness. The motive in making this visit became apparent to those remaining behind when on his return he brought with him a bride and her three children, Matilda, Sarah and John D. Johnson, children by a former marriage. The second Mrs. Lincoln, who was destined to wield a remarkable influence over the future President, was a woman somewhat above the average pioneer. Her coming to this destitute home was timely, since Abraham had now reached that age when he stood in need of just such encouragement and sympathy as she was eminently capable of giving and which she freely bestowed upon him.

In an interview with Mr. Herndon she said, in speaking of this period and of Abraham in particular:

I induced my husband to permit Abe to read and study at home as well as at school. At first he was not easily reconciled to it, but finally he seemed willing to encourage him to a certain extent. Abe was a dutiful son to me always. We took particular care when he was reading not to disturb him, and we let him read on and on until he quit of his own accord.

Notwithstanding the fact that Mrs. Lincoln had been left a widow, and at the time of her marriage to Thomas Lincoln was living "on an alley of the town in a log cabin," she was highly regarded by her neighbors and possessed a pride and bearing quite beyond that which her condition would ordinarily appear to warrant. The proud spirit that characterized her then was never broken by any of the vicissitudes of her later years. She was quite superior in many ways to her husband. Her gifts and graces were so pronounced as to call forth in later years splendid tributes of praise from both her own children and her step son. The changes wrought in the wilderness cabin home soon after her coming occasioned neighborhood comment, and made such an impression upon Dennis Hanks, an inmate of the home and later her son-in-law, as to cause that gentleman to pay her grateful praise.

Aside from the refinement and culture which she possessed, tending to inspire her household to emulate her, she caused her husband to make certain needful changes in the cabin by hanging a door, laying a floor and cutting a win-

dow. She brought with her certain household effects, such as beds, bedding, bureau, many cooking utensils, knives and forks—in all a four horse wagon load, so that there is small wonder the cheerless cabin took on new life and caused Abraham in later life, when recalling these scenes, to say: “She made me feel like I was human.”

It is claimed that at this time young Abraham was a good boy, affectionate, loving his parents well and obedient to their every wish. Although anything but impudent or rude, he was sometimes uncomfortably inquisitive when strangers would ride along or pass by his father’s fence, and he always, either through boyish pride or to tease his father, would be sure to ask the first question. For this his father would sometimes knock him over, but when thus punished he never “bellowed, but would drop a kind of silent unwelcome tear as evidence of his sensitiveness or other feelings.”

So inquisitive and eager for news was he that on one occasion when a stranger rode up to the Lincoln home to make inquiries as to the road Abraham straightway asked: “What’s the news, stranger?” Before any reply could be made the father, who was attempting to give proper directions of the way, turned and rebuked his son for his interruption. In a moment or two young Abraham again asked: “Stranger, what’s the news where you come from?” This time the indignant father, desiring to silence the inquisitive son, quickly swung his arm, struck the boy full in the mouth with the back of the hand, knocking him down. Young Lincoln, on regaining his feet and perching himself at a safe distance on the fence, as the stranger was drawing rein preparatory to ride on his way, once more eagerly asked: “I say, stranger, what is the news?”

During his Indiana residence up to the time of his mother’s death, Abraham Lincoln had not been privileged to attend school. Soon after the coming of his step mother to the home he was sent to school, his first teacher being Mr. Dorsey who “kept school” not far from the Little Pigeon church. In all he attended three different sessions or terms during his Indiana residence, one at ten years of age, another at fourteen and a very brief term during his seventeenth

year. The entire time thus spent in the school room was less than one year during his life, and he was indebted to his step mother for the privilege of attending school at all after reaching an age when such an opportunity might reasonably promise profit. Such privilege was accompanied by a keen appreciation and gratitude that enabled him richly to repay her in later years for her kindness and partiality. The debt that mankind owes this elect lady can never now be paid save in grateful remembrance of her timely foresight, and thankfulness for wisdom and direction perhaps not altogether of Earth. From the first Lincoln and his step-mother became great friends. In her old age she expressed a decided partiality for him, even indicating a love beyond that for her own son.

Lincoln's great stature and lumbering gait were a subject of neighborhood comment, and Mrs. Lincoln and his father often joked him concerning them also. The elder Lincoln was in the habit of remarking that "Abe looked like he had been chopped out with an ax and needed the jack plane to smooth him down." Mrs. Lincoln said to him on one occasion when she saw him "bump" his head as he came through the cabin door: "Abe, I don't care much about the mud you carry in on the floor, for that can be scrubbed, but you must be careful with my whitewashed ceiling and not damage it." The next day young Lincoln hunted up a crowd of youngsters, and after causing them to wade through a pond of muddy water, he marched them to the Lincoln cabin, picked them up one by one and made them walk across the ceiling with their muddy feet. When Mrs. Lincoln came home and noted the condition of the ceiling she laughed right heartily. Abraham then walked a long distance after lime, prepared whitewash, and once more made the cabin ceiling immaculate.

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(The names of contributors are printed in small caps, the titles of books in italics and the titles of articles in quotation marks.)

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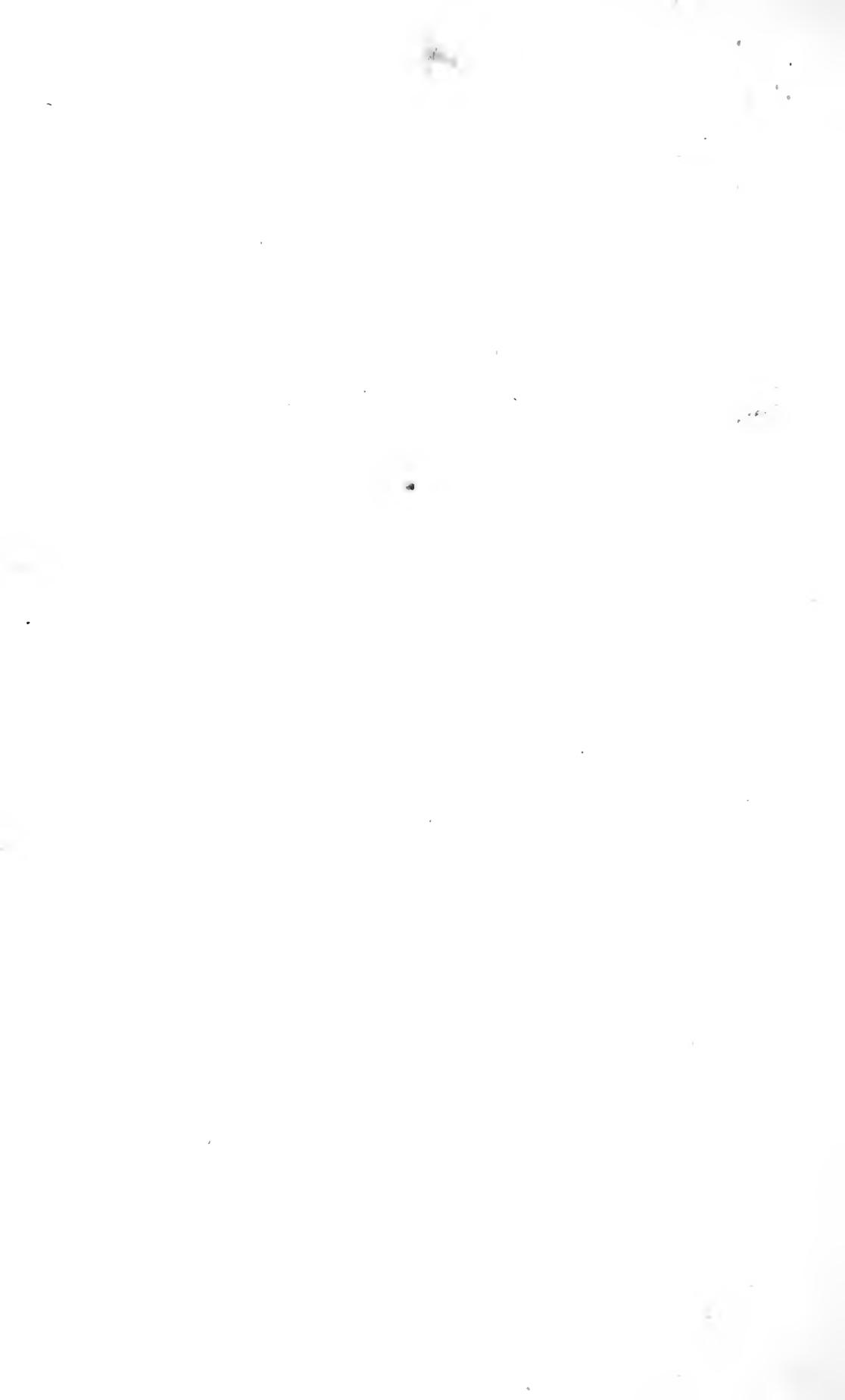
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