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In childhood one is carried away from petty troubles by the magic of Fairy Tales repeated by other lips, but Fairy Tales are often put away with the pin-cushion and childish toys, because we have found the light of a more wonderful lamp than Madcilinis.

We read! When one has learned that art, wonders never cease. He is forever discovering new castles ruled by some mystical fairy who conveys us through her realms in a coach made gorgeous by our own imagery. She entertains us with more alluring strains, more enchanting are they than those by which the Pied Piper drew the children from Hamelin.

After we have conquered our own language the classics are inviting us to read about their wonderful heroes. Before you close your English work let me tell you a few things about one of the most wonderful heroes whose story the ages have hung in their magnificent picture gallery. A hero whose childhood seemed to have the force of toilhood, his toilhood a struggle for the hopes of an ideal manhood. His matchless manhood crowned by his death, overshadows his early life as much as he to force young minds to the conclusion that this hero sprang
into existence, full-grown with magical powers fully developed when the occasion demanded. In this practical nineteenth century we ask for the causes which produced such results. It does not take gray hair to make a hero. Heros insensibly are divine & inborn. There would be many more heroes if all divine inspirations were obeyed.

It was obeying his convictions of right & of duty from his youth until death that made our hero matchless. The boy who does his duty in the face of ignorant vulgar criticism is a hero. & deservedly wea[p]s laurels bestowed by the commendation of his mother, father, relatives, teachers, friends, may even a beggar's. "Do it these you, though spoken with the eyes are leaves that never feel, nor grow duties.""

"Honest Abe" is the story of stories in the pages of history. Never surpassed - Joan of the done equally - His life is more like a romance than the most exaggerated imaginative story you can find whose heroes are bootblack or low-life. Even Robin Hood's tale.

There never was a greater hero. He climbed the miraculous ladder of life from the very lowest round, born in a "cabin" (realize that cabin, not the picture-book one) & one of the stories like, with my but standing out in a clearing, one small room, a floor, but no window, a stick chimney, with open cracks through
which swept the winds, the rain, the snows of
winter, the swarms of mosquitoes in summer,
up to the highest in the history of the world, an
orator wonderfully magnetic; the pres-
ident of the greatest republic on earth in
its most turbulent epoch. and did a martyr
sers. We take an inventory of the furniture
of that cabin: bunks, mat of dry leaves, the
elab stools; the open fireplace. We note the absence
of even the necessities of life, neither stove, window,
nor floor. We follow little Abe out into the
cedering: we listen with him to Zachariah
Riney, a Roman Catholic, who knew Latin. He
was therefore looked upon as a wizard,
as he offered to teach the children of
the neighborhood. We find recorded a few
more struggling school days in Ky. where
Caleb Hazel wielded the birch or perhaps
the hazel. The other men who have become
known to fame because they taught Abraham
Lincoln are Andrew Crawford, a relative
of the owner of the famous "Memoirs of Wash-
tington," & Mr. Dosey, who lived to take his
obscene pupil by the hand when he became
the leader of the Nation. Children do not
often now eternal fealty to Abe's method
of study & his zeal for education: we of larger
growth may take that as our legacy. 1

We next see the family, Thomas Lincoln the
father, Nancy Hanks Lincoln, the mother,
Sarah Jane, the oldest child and only daughter,
Abraham, the second child and only living
son, as they are stowing their earthly possess-
sions in a wagon. We see them load their guns
for each one of that family knows how to handle
a rifle, and start on a journey through a wilder-
ness. The Lincolns are leaving fly, where they
are classed as poor white trash by their aristo-
cratic, slave owning neighbors, to find a
home where free white laborers are respected.

They find no beaten highway through the forest,
therefore their interest is the forest. We like
to hear, with our minds ear, the sounding
stroke of the ax as it bites the trees, we watch
the chips fly, the tree quivers, shakes, & then
crashes to the earth only to be pulled aside be-
cause it obstructs the onward progress of the in-
veterate mover. 2 Thomas Lincoln is spoken
of as an easy going, careless, shiftless man.

This journey from fly to Ind. in 1816 speaks
loudly of Thomas as an indomitable will;
still it may have been the guiding star the
mother, who furnished the will-power to the "happy go-lucky" husband on this arduous journey. We watch as they ford the swollen creek, shoot game, cook & eat it by the road-side; sleep in forest & at last reach the "Beautiful Chesapeake." We see the open led on the ferry-boat; we hasten to stand on the other side so that we may welcome the "poor white trash" into Hoosierdom. A The patient ox pull the creaking trunk-wheeled wagon, in which is seated a sorrowful woman & a light-hearted girl; on Indiana soil: no heralds announced their coming; no one hailed the strong linked boy, no girl wept as his leaving Kentucky. Get up, tall future age! Will sink his praises! Every February, the most gifted men deliver Lincoln Orations with the eloquence of Demosthenes & Cicero. The printed pages are filled with a diction that is poeticaly expressed would rival the greatest epic poem of the old masters.

In the wilds of southern Ind., a new cabin, very similar to the old home in Ky., is erected by Thomas Lincoln and his son. Although but seven years old, Abe had learned to swing the axe & use the rifle as soon as he learned his a, e, i, o, u. His muscles were more fully
developed trained in youth than his train.

But what are trained intellects when compared to athletic abilities by Virgin minds? Oh!

He went hunting when & where he chose.

He jumped, he climbed, he wrestled without hearing a dissenting voice; he went barefooted dressed in clothes made from homespun or from the skins of wild animals that he or his mother had killed. We hear the crack of his gun, we see a dark object fall & rejoice with little "Hic" as he throws the first turkey that he has ever shot across his shoulder & proudly bears it to his mother. We share the pride of the nine year lad as he listens to the words of praise & encouragement from his mother's lips.

Traveling through southern Indiana one is drawn as if by a magnet to Spencer County. The leadstone gets more magnetic as year's pass. This county will ever be a Mecca for all true Americans for it was here that Abraham Lincoln lived from the age of seven years to that wonderful year of his life the year that his country, its life, its destiny, has been gathered & its course so that they may take a share in shaping her destiny for future years.

These days of his life, of every once life are...
the days when life's hopes & ambitions are painted
on the canvas of heart & brain with colors as
lasting that after years can only blend & soften
them into a picture that is a portrait of our life,
whether dark or fair. The "lines were drawn in the
first twenty-one years." It was in Spencer, in
the first great love which cast a shade of
sadness upon Abraham Lincoln's life, fell upon
him, for here his mother died, the mother of whom he
said, "All that I am, or hope to be I owe to my
angel mother, blessing on her memory." The story of
this mother is touching. There is no doubt as to the
strength & purity of her mind & her longing for &
reaching out toward better, higher things. J. F. Holland says of Nancy Hanks Lincoln, "She
had much that was truly heroic in her nature &
much that shrank from the rude life around
her. A great man never drew his infant life
from a purer or more womanly breast than her
own." The neighbors tell of her remarkable
abilities, her love for the Bible & how she in-
culcated that love in her son. She was his first
& best teacher & if he had never another I doubt
not but that he would have been the same
heroic, honest, upright man. "The people
living in Spencer, are interested in anyone
who is interested in Abraham Lincoln, for
Here at least

...a great man is truly appreciated in his own early
home. Yet not every one gives unstinted praise to

the hero. One must guard against the petty

jealousies of those who are living in the groove of
1825, for such will judge Lincoln's greatness
by the amount of money he saved, by the love
of hard for railsplitting, rather than the

great mental strides he performed. Forsyth!

Do not this giant like task almost beyond

the comprehension of most of our intellects?

Thus was an apostrophe here, if I
remember correctly. In which Lincoln's life only
was described. In the 2nd line I did not use it
but the price in money from what you
sent me. If you wrote either you may
find it. There seem to be about 100 Broadway

When the Lincoln family arrived in Indi-
and in 1816 they kept, or rather ran
the ferry boat at the mouth of the Inde-

son Creek for two months. The day calm in which they lived

has been weather-tarded. The new dress makes it almost a

home but we know the well sheltered the toy whose
ambition seemed to grow
as did his strength, as he pushed the flat boat across
the water. It was here that Abe earned his first
dollar, which he said "made the world fairer &
gave him confidence in himself". It was here,
at Troy & at Rockport that he watched the waters
of the Beautiful Ohio" sweeping onward to the Gulf.
It must have kept alive the impetus given by
his mother to "his growing mind". Nothing but
mature seems to have had the tireless energy,
the tenacity of purpose of dear young Abraham
Lincoln.

About one year after landing, on
October 15, 1817, Thomas Lincoln entered an 80 acre
tract of land and although a good common
Carpenter built himself another cabin. He taught
his son to use the carpenter's tools so well, if not better,
than himself. Together they helped build, or enlarge,
and improve their neighbors' Sam Hardy, Jones, Craw-
ford, Henry Turner, and Richardson's houses.
As this family prospered, yet strange to say
Thomas Lincoln never thought of building a
good home for his own family. Yet, this new
cabin was home for it was built on their own
land. The land that had cost Mrs. Lincoln
a family dance of toil & privation.
The old-fashioned deep iron skillet, with its strong, heavy lid, on which were piled the red coals to make what ever the skillet might contain for the family to eat, the afternoon and its part of the table to eat the noon and its part of the table to eat and the dinner and its part of the table to eat. There was no floor in the cabin beyond the cheer of pebbles under the feet. The smiling wood floor, which did the utmost to give a cozy look to the bare room, which contains but little furniture. This weight of the book in which Mrs. Nagle Hanks, Lincoln taught her son to love read.
as young. His mother had taught him to write, and he used it for her. At his father's suggestion, he wrote to Rev. Mr. Head (the Methodist preacher who had performed the marriage ceremony for Thomas Lincoln & Nancy Hanks in Washington Co., Ky., Apr. 3, 1816) asking him to come & preach his mother's funeral sermon. Mr. Head replied that he would come & set a day, after the burial, little Abbe then went miles to inform the neighbors.

Three months after Mrs. Lincoln's burial Mr. Head stood by her grave in full tempest, the winds & talked to the husband, daughter, son & neighbors of the virtues of the departed one & of the beautiful home to which she had gone. Mr. Joseph Gentry says that Mr. Head alluded in his funeral sermon to little Abe's filial love & the care he took in securing his services, because he knew that his mother would be pleased to have religious services at her funeral. He knew God would bless the child who so early realized the true solemnity of death & that his life would surely be a successful one. The first that prophesied a successful life for the boy standing near him. But he could not have opened the Book of Life & read from it the pages of Abraham Lincoln's future life, who of the group on the hillside could have believed that future possible for
such a pitiful form was empty and bare indeed to Sarah & Abe Lincoln for their Father was seldom at home during the day. The children spent much of their time at their neighbors, the Crawford's. Sarah helped in the house & Abe worked in the fields of Buckthorn Valley, pulling weeds, clearing brush, cutting wood with the same vigor that in his after life he pulled wrongs from place where they had crept & hoped to grow. After his day's work was finished he would borrow a book from Mrs. Crawford & scamper home across the fields to read it. Seated on a stool in front of the fire he studied & caught the spirit of the hero, for his favorite book was "Wheat's Life of Washington." The story of this book will keep repeating especially as you may look on the picture of the man who owned that book & that of the house in which he lived.

Late in the night he placed the borrowed book in his only bookcase, the opening between two logs of the walls of the cabin, and retired to dream of its contents. During the night it rained; the water, dripping over the 'mud-daubing' on the book, stained the leaves and warped the binding. Abe valued the book in proportion to the interest he had in the hero, and felt that the owner must value it beyond his ability to pay. It was with the greatest trepidation he took the book.
Abe had aided his father in building that house in which they were standing, had helped whip-paw the flooring, make the mantle, the door and window casing, he had helped split the rails for the cribs & sledges. Thereby gaining the strength that helped him stand the strain of the Civil War. He had helped dig the well, & was thus early taught to throw useless dirt out of his path.

He had drunk from the clear-bottomed bucket its crystal waters when thirsty & fainted the die for the harvest of drinks. He sent the sword to harvest corn but two days & receive a Hero's Life. What a fortune he received but twenty-five cents a day for husking corn he felt that the owner was giving him a magnificent present. After mastering the contents of the book he used to declare:
I do not always know what I 90
want to write. Sometimes I sit down and the words just 90
come to me. Often, I start writing and then realize that 90
what I'm writing isn't quite right. Sometimes I have to 90
edit my work several times before I'm satisfied with it.

In the meantime, I'm always working on my next project.

I've been working on a novel for the past year, and it's coming along well. I've written over 50,000 words so far, and I'm hoping to finish it by the end of the year. I've also been writing short stories and essays, which I'm looking forward to publishing in the near future.

One of the things that I love about writing is the creative process. It's like solving a puzzle, or telling a story. I find that writing helps me to explore my own thoughts and feelings, and it gives me a sense of purpose and belonging.

Writing is also a way for me to connect with others. I've met many wonderful people through my writing, and I'm always looking for new ways to share my work with the world.

I'd love to hear from you about your own experiences with writing. What inspires you to write? What motivates you to keep going when you're feeling stuck? I'd be happy to hear your thoughts and ideas.
to Kentucky & married a Mrs. Johnston, an old playmate of early boyhood days. When Mrs. Johnston was young, Miss Sally Bush she had rejected Mr. Thomas Lincoln. She had a son, John, two daughters, Sarah and Matilda Johnston, who came with her to brighten the life of little Abe. The delight with which the lonely, tender-hearted boy welcomed his new mother was equalled by her loving kindness to him.

That Mrs. Lincoln was disappointed in her new home was soon evident. Through her influence the home was repaired & enlarged so that it could accommodate the furniture which she brought from her Ky. home. The new mother was strong, energetic, & intelligent. She soon discovered that Abe had great ambition & a desire to improve his condition in life. She encouraged & aided him in every way. How often he thanked God for his two good mothers, how kindly he remembered her all his life. She told that Abe never refused a request made by his step-mother. There is still in Indiana a cabinet which Abe made for this mother. It is owned by Capt. J. H. Hartman & is sought & looked upon as goddess's look up the relics of saints.

Although but a toy he seemed to care more for the convenience & appearance of home than did his easy-going father. He was never too tired, nor too busy, to do what she suggested. It was one of his
delight to take his gun & go out into the woods in search of game for the home larder. All this kindness was duly appreciated by his mother who loved him as well, if not better than her own son who caused her many a heart ache. Not alone at home by mother, father, sisters & brother was young Lincoln appreciated; but at every fireside in the neighborhood he was a welcome visitor. Wherever we find not the record of an enemy we find the record of a friend. With all the hard work that fell to his lot & which he did without murmuring he found time for much pleasure. He was a nature that seized the opportunity & enjoyed & made the most of the pastimes there in leisure.

takes in Indiana of how he “went to see the girls,” of how he brought in the biggest back-log and made the brightest fire, and then, “sitting around” it, watching the way the sparks flew, saw the young folks told their fortunes. He helped pare apples, shell corn, and crack nuts. He took the girls to meetin’ and to spellin’ school, although he was not often allowed to take part in the spelling match, for the one who “choose first” always chose “Abe Lincoln,” and that was equivalent to winning, as the others knew that “ he would stand up the longest;” that is, to spell all his opponents off of the floor.
Whether he was spelling or not, it was discovered that his "best girl" always spelled well. ("Best girl" was not slang in those days.) Someone found that he had invented a method by which he could spell words for her bylooking signs. This "best girl" declares she might have been "Miss Ada" or "Miss Lincolns" but the long orions too well & she couldnt stand his breath. This story is credited not alone because of the narrators truthfulness, but because Mr. Lincoln put himself on record as eating the odorous vegetable when he declared, "If Gen. Cass went in advance of me in picking whortleberries I guess I surpasses him in my charge on the wild berries."

He inherited his genius for story telling from his father. "My dad is the greatest yarners ever lived since the grass did grow." seems to describe Thomas Lincoln. He finds the amusing himself & companions with poetry or verse, with rhymes that had a "tingle & jing" to them. He walks miles to hear a noted law-yer plead a case or hear an orator make a speech. When he gets back home he repeats the speech in pretty good imitation.
of the orator's style to anyone & every audience he can persuade to listen. He sat before the fire he had built, telling the young folks stories & keeping them laughing at his pranks until ordered to bed by their elders. & Even when young, he was ever ready with his answering question. Once time an old how hard was telling about a horse race, in which "my hoss won the race". He wound up his story by declaring, "My hoss never drew a long breath during the whole race." & he waited a half-minute for him to go on, then he asked in his slow way, "Well why don't you tell us how many short breaths he drew?" This turned the laugh on the hearer & broke the effect he had hoped his "long-winded" story would produce. All these stories show that his mind was awake & as active as his tongue that helped with such divers works. So that there is no wonder in our minds that he was ready for the most momentous questions, & the great tasks for mind & body, for both were educated in the school of experience along parallel lines. Hentryville was the market town of that neighborhood, & it was from there that Mr. Joseph Henty sent the produce which loaded the flat boat that Abraham Lincoln, & Mr. Joseph Henty's son, Allan took to New Orleans. This
His trip broadened his views of the world, strengthened his ambitions, and gave him a fuller knowledge of slavery. Many journeys were afterward taken but none ever made such wonderful impressions as this first glimpse of life in New Orleans, the Paris of America in that day. Her wonders were never ending to the lad. Thomas Lincoln seemed to care for and enjoy story telling more than anything, and either to obtain material for new stories or to get new audiences he changed his occupation from almost as often as he bought new articles of furniture. In 1830 we find the oxen yoked to the covered wagon which is filled with the "furniture, clothing, &c." only room being left for Mrs. Lincoln & her daughter, Matilda Johnson, the other daughter having married Dennie Hanke. "As for Illinois!" was the cry. Abraham Lincoln as we have seen was industrious so, with the future needs in view he purchased a "peddler's pack of goods" from Mr. Jones. These goods were such as he thought the "people who lived along the way to Illinois would need & therefore buy for him." (Mr. Jones's son told me that after the arrival of Illinois he wrote back a letter to his father in which he said that he had sold out his entire pack along the route.)

Neighbors seemed, in those days, like relatives. The entire Lincoln family stayed the last night.
before starting on their journey with Mr. Jenney he was loath to part with Mr. Lincoln as "accompanyed the movers along the road a spell." They stopped on a hill which overlooked Buckthorn Valley & looked their "Good Bye!" to their old home & to the home of Sarah Lincoln Grisly, to the grave of the mother & wife, to neighbors & friends. Buckthorn Valley held many dear recollections to the "movers." After they were gone James Henry planted the cedar tree which marks the site of the Lincoln home. "The folks who come looken around have taken twigs until you can't reach any more very handy." This cedar tree was the first Lincoln monument, one youth planting a tree in memory of another; the love which prompted the deed asked for, nor expected no recognition, the truest sincerest of friends. Never ask why friends are not true, rather ask why not more deserving of those we have & wonder at their steadfastness with so little to win their approval.

It was on this or move to Illinois that one of Lincoln's oxen "broke his tether" & started to revisit his old pasture. Before retiring it was Mr. Turnham's custom to inspect his premises & see that everything was all right. He saw that ox & turned him into his barnyard. Early the next morning he heard Abe, coming down the road singing &
shouting. He saluted Mr. Turnham with: "Say have you seen one of our oxen go down the road?"

Mr. Turnham pointed to the ox over in his barnyard & asked: "How will you lead him back a strange road without a halter or rope of any kind?" He answered, "Oh, you just open the gate when I holler "Ready" and I'll show you." As there were fifteen or twenty head of cattle in the yard, Mr. Turnham looked on with much interest as he went among them. He led his ox by the horn to the fence & got on his back & shouted "Ready!" Mr. Turnham opened the gate and the unmindful of past difficulties or future honors rode daily out of the yard guiding the ox with the same dexterity that he guided the destiny of the colored race in after years. Mr. Turnham recalled the picture of a tall
ungainly youth astride on of guiding him with a slap of the hand or dig of the foot, leaving an old straw hat as a flag of victory. It is stated that he walked all the road from southern Ind. to central Ill. The migratory father keeping him company. But we will leave them as they cross the Raccoon the four open, the covered wagon & the tall youth vanish from our tobacco soil over on the prairies of Illinois. Gone from Indiana but the left in every hill, stone & the running waters, tongues which speak eloquently of the thoughts, hopes of each person who visits the historic grounds to nobler ambition & a fuller patriotism than mere words could do. The slavery of poverty made that noble heart sympathe with all who were compelled to wear chains in any form. Our cry as we left the grounds were, "Columbus, Washington, Lincoln" Immortal Names. Names that are turned in the history of the New World by golden chains of devotion. Names that will be sung like Homer's heroes. By the civilized world to the end of time. If I said go but in 1844 his voice is ringing all over the state in turning eloquent words he is advocating.
Free Soil & Henry Clay for president. He urges the importance of the good white settlers owning the public domain, he pleads against the extension of slavery. You have all read his Gettysburg address and remember your own opinion as you read. Well, this, his old friends, tell you. "She was a powerful speaker & carried all with him. As his heart was in his speech for early in life he had learned how poor people must work & how they were esteemed by aristocratic slave owners. Lincoln words on Free Soil is still living in the minds of those who heard them. Men now, who were boys then, tell how the opposing party strove to get up a counter attraction at the same time & failed. So for the sake of the cause we tied our handkerchiefs, as a flag of truce, to the rail fence that has been built on the spot where Abraham Lincoln stood as he made one of remarkable speeches. This is where the "Old Leaeter's Schoolhouse", a voting precinct at the junction of the Dale & Buffaloville, wagon roads. "Big Speaking" were a Fourth of July celebration & the country people from far & near came to see & be seen. But when they returned to their homes & for many many months afterward they discussed the merits of the "Lincoln Speech". While in Spencer Cx. in 1844 he revisited all the old place made dear by childhood's plea...
Joys, and sorrows; he walked through the old home in solemn retrospection. Many things had happened to change the place & the man. But, no doubt, one of the saddest was that two graves that held his mother & sister, who died in 1843.

His life, although only fourteen years had passed since he had left that place, had seen many startling changes. He had made the second flat boat trip to New Orleans; had been a clerk in a country store; had been elected Captain of a company for the Black Hawk War; had been a member of the legislature of Ill.; he had married & was a father; he was a successful lawyer, a successful political orator; he still possessed the same indomitable nature, fighting the wrongs with the same hopeful, trusting aspirations that characterized his youth, & this broadened the foundation of his political character just as it had strengthened mind & body when a child in Indiana.