A. Hoosier, 310 Church St.,
Vincennes, Ind.

Abraham's Poetical Genius

Every where she went our representative heard a great deal about his verses

A. Hoosier.

In all hearts the poetic inspiration surges, but not all the unlettered endeavor to voice the rythmetical sounds that are music to their days.

To my inquiry: "Did Abraham Lincoln write poetry? the answers were always affirmative. "Oh, yes." answered Mrs Huff "He wrote on any & every thing. But I doubt if his funniest will ever be published. These were called "The Chronicles." Two of the Grigsby boys married & their mother gave a big infare supper for them Abe was not invited; but after hearing mother & the neighbors talk it all over he wrote a lot of rhymes about the people & the entire affair. These he called "The Chronicles" & they were passed from house to house because they were so funny. "Of course they made sport of a number of persons & when these got hold of the paper it disappeared." Capt. John Lamar finished the story thus. "Many years after the Chronicles had disappeard John Sweeney a carpenter & his son Tim were engaged to repair a house in the neighborhood. Soon after dinner Mr. Sweeney not hearing his son hammer, called out Tim, you young vagabond, go to work." Receiving no response from Tim, Mr. Sweeney

Mrs Huff is your great daughter of Josiah Crawford

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got down from his ladder & went in search of his son. Seated on the door-step was Tim; & in his hands were papers yellow with dust age & exposure. Tim was so interested in deciphering the words that he paid no heed to his father's footsteps. The father's curiosity was arroused & peeping over his son's shoulder he said, "Tim what have you here?" ¶ Tim's response came without a moments hesitation or a move of muscle. "Sure, father, I think it is a part of the Bible that has niver bin translated." ¶ The sun set in the west before the workmen lifted a hammer; And Mr. Sweeney, when telling about the affair, declared: "I would have listened to the rhyme if ~~I never built another house or earned another dollar~~." ¶ "I traced these Chronicles" the miles through the neighborhood & found that Mr. Herndon had tried to purchase them from the gentleman into whose hands they had fallen. This only made me more anxious than ever to get hold of the wonderful paper. I sought Mr. Redmond Grigsby, brotherinlaw of Sally Ann Lincoln Grigsby, & begged him to allow me to photograph the papers. He refused saying: "No, madame, they are

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burned into ashes long ago, & all the hard feelings caused by them was burned with them. Gee, we were better off in world's good than the Lincolns and Abe, my oldest brother, Aaron Grigsby, married Abe's only sister, — but that don't make me & him any kin & Boyd pretend to be any kin to Abe. Gee, we all loved Sally for a better girl & a truer woman never lived than Sally Ann Lincoln Grigsby. When I meet Abe in the next world I wont have the Chronicles between us." & Mr. Redmond Grigsby was very difficult to interview. He has always refused to talk about the Lincolns. He thinks reporters are:- "Only just anxious to get what we folks have in our heads to give to the world & make fools of us." And with a pointed question he looked at me & demanded "Aint that right? You know it is, for I read your answer in your face." On every other subject he was loquacious but he would not allow any pencil notes, nor would he have his "picture took for any magazins."

He begged him to wave his former decisions aside in favor of one who had come so far to see & talk to him, but he was inexorable; he would not pose, so a "snap shot" was the only alternative.

He gave me permission "To make up any story you wish & say I said," — because when I look in your face I know you wont write lies, & I wont tell

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~~any Lincoln stories~~". ¶ "~~Oh I yes~~," Abe came back to see us when he was making speeches for Henry Clay in 1844. ~~You can ask Gen. Veatch all about that for I'll not talk~~. You see I was only a little shaver when the Lincolns left Ind., but I remembered them well, and when I heard that Abe Lincoln was going to make a speech at the old Carter School house at the junction of the Dale & Buffaloville roads I just started. for that place at once, but like all young men I was late getting there & I had to stop at the edge of the crowd. Pretty soon, in spite of the lively hand shaking up in front, Abe saw me and called, "Well, if there aint Red. Grigsby I don't know anybody. We shook hands & he whispered to me. I'll go home with you. I staid & heard the speech through." ¶ "Oh yes I had changed. I was only about nine years old when the Lincolns left here for Ill. I helped yoke their oxen & went halfway to Gentryville with them." ¶ "~~You must ask Gen. Veatch because he's the big gun of this district. He was editor of our Rockport paper when Abe spoke around here in 1844. He was one of the committee that nominated Abe for president. He can talk. I wont.~~" ¶ ~~So I was forced to take my leave — but I returned to get facts substan~~

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tiated by this sturdy man. He greeted me far more cordially on my second visit than on my first. He it was who told me where I would find the grave, where people lived in out-of-the-way places & therefore I know his heart is all right, even if he would not talk about Lincoln.)

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