A. Hozier
312 Church St.,
Vincennes, Ind.

Boyhood Home of Lincoln.
or
Historic Grounde of Indiana.

In childhood one is carried away from petty troubles by the magic of "Fairy Tales repeated by second hand other lips, but Fairy tales are often put away with the pinafore & childish toys, because we have found the light of a more wonderful lamp than Aladdin's—We read! When one has learned that art wonders never cease. We are forever discovering new castles ruled by some mystical fairy who conveys us through her realms in a coach made gorgeous by our own magry. She entertains us with more allureing straine, more enchanting are they, than those by which the Pied Piper drew the children from Hamelind After we have conquered our own language the classics are inviting us to read about their wonderful heroes. Before you close your English books 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 boyhood, his boyhood a struggle for the hopes of an ideal manhood, his matchless manhood crowned by his death, overshadows his early life so much as to force young minds to the conclusion that this hero sprang

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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 hairs to make a hero. Heroic impulses 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 wears laurels bestowed by the commendation of his mother, father, relations teachers, friends, - nay, even a beggar's, "God bless you", though spoken with the eyes are leaves that never fade nor grow dusty.

"Honest Abe" is the story of stories in the pages of history. Never surpassed, - Joan of Arc alone equalling. His life is more like a romance than the most exaggerated, imaginative story you can find whose heroes are bootblacks or cow-boys. Even Robinson Crusoe pales. 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 picturesque vine-clad one) the story looks, with only but one standing out in a clearing, a one small room, a door, but no window, a stick chimney, with open cracks through

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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 president of the greatest republic on earth in its most turbulent epoch. and died a martyred hers. We take an inventory of the furniture of that cabin: bunks, the mattress of dry leaves; the slab 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 clearing: we listen with him to Zachariah Riney, a Roman Catholic, who knew Latin & was therefore looked upon as a wizard, as he offers to teach the children of the neighborhood. We find recorded a few more straggling schooldays 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 "Weem's Life of Washington", & a Mr. Dorsey who lived to take his obscure pupil by the hand when he became the leader of the Nation. Children do not often vow eternal fealty to Abe's method

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of study & his zeal for education: we of larger growth may take that as our legacy. ¶ We next see the family, Thomas Lincoln, the father, Nancy Hanks Lincoln, the mother, Sarah Ann, the oldest child and only daughter, Abraham, the second child and only living son, as they are stowing their earthly possessions 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 wilderness. The Lincolns are leaving Ky., where they are classed as "poor white trash" by their aristocratic, slave owning neighbors, to find a home where free white laborers are respected. They find no beaten highway through the forest, therefore our interest is the keener. We like to hear, with our mind's 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 because it obstructs the onward progress of the inveterate mover. ¶ Thomas Lincoln is spoken of as an easy-going, careless, shiftless man. His journey from Ky. to Ind. in 1816 speaks loudly of & proclaims an indomitable will; still, it may have been the guiding star, the

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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 Ohio River". 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. ¶ The patient oxen pull the creaking truck-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 limbed boy of seven: no one wept at his leaving Kentucky. Yet this year, & all future ages will sing his praises! Every February the most gifted men deliver twelfth "Lincoln Orations" with the eloquence of Demosthenes & Cicero. The printed pages are filled with a diction that if poetically 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 ax & use the rifle as soon as he knew his a, b, c's. His muscles were more fully

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developed & trained in youth than his brain. & yet what are trained intellects, when compared to athletic abilities by boyish minds? Oh joy! Abe 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 "Abe" 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 loadstone gets more magnetic as years 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 his twenty first year. He breathed the air of Hoosierdom for fourteen years. These days of his life, as of every one's life, are

the days when life's hopes & ambitions are painted on the canvas of heart & brain with colors so lasting that after years can only blend & soften them into a picture that is a portrait, ~~of our Life,~~ ~~& sad,~~ ~~whether dark or fair.~~ The out lines were drawn in the first twenty one years. ¶ It was in Spencer Co. the first great loss 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. G. 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 bosom than her own." ¶ The neighbors tell of her remarkable abilities, her love for the Bible & how she inculcated 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 Co, are interested in any one who is interested in Abraham Lincoln, & for

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here at least
~~once~~ 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 grooves of 1825, for such will judge Lincoln's greatness by the amount of money he saved, by the love he had for rail splitting, rather than the great mental strides he performed. Forsooth! Is not this giant like task almost beyond the comprehension of most of our intellects?

There was an apostrophe here, if I remember correctly in which Lincoln's life work was described. Dapin sine 2 did not use it but the piece is missing from what you sent me. If you look close you may find it. There seem to be about 100 words gone.

When the Lincoln family arrived in Indiana in 1816 they kept, or rather ran, the ferry boat at the mouth of the Anderson creek for ten months. The log cabin in which they lived has been "weather-boarded." The new dress makes it almost a new house but we know the walls sheltered the boy 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 nature seems to have had the tireless energy, the tenacity of purpose of the young Abraham Lincoln. About one year after landing in Indiana, October 15, 1817, Thomas Lincoln entered an 80 Acre tract of land and although a good carpenter built himself another cabin. He taught Abe to use the carpenter's tools as well, if not better, than himself. Together they helped build, or enlarge, & improve their neighbors Lamar's, Jones, Crawford's, Gentry's, Turnham's & Richardson's houses as these families prospered. yet strange to say Thomas Lincoln never thought of building a good house 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 & family days of toil & privation.

on which they trod.

The furniture was painfully primitive. Their bedstead, or, rather, bed-frame, was still made of poles held up by two outer posts, and the ends made firm by inserting the poles in augur-holes that had been bored in a log which was a part of the wall of the cabin; skins were its chief covering. Little Abraham was not so well off as this even, his bed being a heap of dry leaves in the corner of the loft, to which he mounted by means of pegs driven into the wall. The table and chairs were the same rude sort—holes bored in rough slabs of wood in which were fitted legs.

still

The table and chairs were made by boring holes

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The old-fashioned deep

"A kind of flat-bottomed pot, . . . which stood upon three legs of three inches long, and had an iron lid. Into this bread or meats were put, and baked by placing it on the hearth with a quantity of coals under it and upon the lid, which was made with a rim to keep the coals upon it, and a loop handle to lift it by. It also had a bail like a pot, by which it could be hung over the fire." *Recollections of Life in Ohio*, by WILLIAM COOPER HOWELLS, page 98.

iron skillet, ~~says one familiar with the life of the period,~~ with its strong iron lid, on which were piled the red coals to bake whatever the skillet might contain for the family to eat, the crane and its pot, these were the cooking and furnishing outfit of the Lincoln household. There was no floor in the cabin, and nothing spoke of comfort, except the cheerful, blazing wood fire, which did its utmost to give a rosy hue to the bare room which contains but rude makeshifts. This firelight did great work, for it illumed the pages of the book in which Mrs. Nancy Hanks Lincoln taught her son to love read-

reading

~~& no greater task has the most famous lawyer performed.~~ But this mother, always delicate, is it any wonder that she could not endure the exposure of the wind & snow through the chinks, & crannies, the changed climate & the malarious influences of that district.' Notwithstanding her desire to live for her children's sake & her husband's sake Mrs Lincoln died Oct. 5, 1818, not quite a year after their land was bought. The sympathizing neighbors laid her to rest in a plain box coffin made by her husbands Little Abe's grief was remarkable for a child

so young. His mother had taught him to write, & ~~now~~ he now wrote 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. Jun. 3, 1806.) asking him to come & preach his mother's funeral sermon. Mr. Head replied that he would come & set a day, [illegible] the date of burial. Little Abe then went miles to inform the neighbors. Three months after Mrs. Lincoln's burial Mr. Head stood by her grave in the woods, & 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 (Rev. Head) knew God would bless the child who so early realized the true solemnity of death, & that Abe's life would surely be a successful one. ~~Mr. Mr. Head prophesied a successful life for the boy standing near him.~~ But could he have opened the Book of Life & read from it the pages of Abraham Lincoln's future life, who of the group on the hillside would have believed that future possible for

such a poor, illfavored boy. Not one. A
Home without mother was empty & 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 Crawfords.
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 Mr. 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 "Weem's
Life of Washington." The story of this book will
bear 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

read. "Late in the night before going to rest
he placed the borrowed book in his only bookcase, the open-
ing between two logs of the walls of the cabin, and re-
tired 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

I then
& O would start

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home and told the story, and asked how he might hope to make restitution. Mr. Crawford answered: 'Being as it is ~~you~~ Abe, I won't be hard on you. Come over and shuck corn ~~three~~ days, and the book is yours.' ~~Shuck corn three days and receive a hero's life! He felt that the owner was giving him a magnificent present!~~

Two

Abe had aided his father in building that house in which they were standing, had helped whip-saw the flooring, make the mantels, the door & window casing, he had helped split the rails for the cribs & fences 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 its crystal waters when thirsty ~~& found the ore~~ for the purest of drinks, ~~& when he was to shuck~~ corn but two days & receive a hero's life What a fortune! As 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 Abe used to declare:

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I do not always intend to ..
delve, grub, shuck corn, split rails, and the like.' His whole mind was devoted to books, and he declared he 'was going to fit himself for a profession.' These declarations were often made to Mrs. Crawford, who took almost a mother's interest in him, and she would ask: 'What do you want to be now?' His answer was invariably: 'I'll be President.' As he was generally teasing some of her daughters or playing a joke on some one, she would answer: 'You'd be a purty President with all your tricks and jokes. Now, wouldn't you?' He would then declare: 'Oh, I'll study and get ready, and then the chance will come, and I'll be prepared.'" • A C

did get ready & he was pripared. Just think of the obstacles he had to overcome. Seldom with no light but that of the burning fagots by which to study, after a day spent in laborious work. Walking miles to borrow books that he might study them. !!! Surely his life prove that no success is lasting that is not won by great efforts. Abraham Lincoln, you deserve as much honor for your never ending struggle against almost unsurmountable obstacles as for the achievements in your wonderful successfull life. With your example as one need sigh for opportunity & means to become great.

In the mean time his only sister, Sarah Ann Lincoln, so tired of their lonely cabin that she married a neighbor boy of nineteen Aaron Grigby. Soon after Mr. Thomas Lincoln went back

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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, now, 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 accomodate 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. We are 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. W. Hartman & is sought & looked upon, as Catholics look up the relics of saints. Although but a boy Abe seemed to care more for the convenience & appearance of home than did his easy-going father. Abe was never too tired, nor too busy, to do what she suggested. It was one of his

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delights 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 fire-side in the neighborhood he was a welcome visitor. We find not the record of an enemy. With all the hard work that fell to his lot & which Abe did without murmuring he found time for much pleasure. His was a nature that seized the opportunity & enjoyed & made the most of the pastimes then in vogue.

When he was

tales 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, how 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.

I was

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Whether Abe was spelling or not it was discovered that his "best girl" always spelled well. ("Best girl" was not slang in those days.) Some one found that Abe had invented a method by which he could spell the words for her by looks & signs. This "best girl" declares she might have been Mistress Abraham Lincoln but Abe loved onions too well & she couldn't stand his breath. This story is credited not alone because of the narrator's truthfulness, but because Mr. Lincoln put himself on record as liking the odorous vegetable when he declared, "I & Gen. Case went in advance of me in picking whortle-berries I guess I surpassed them in my charge on the wild onions." Abe inherited his genius for story-telling from his father.

"An dad is the greatest yarner,
Ever lived since the grass did grow"

seems to describe Thomas Lincoln. We find Abe amusing himself & companions writing poetry or verses with rhymes that had a "tingle & jing" to them. He walks miles to hear a noted lawyer plead a case or hear an orator make a speech & when he gets back home he repeats the speech in purty good imitation.

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of the orator's style to any & every audience he can persuade to listen. He sat before the big fire he had built telling the young folkes stories & keeping them laughing at his pranks until ordered to bed by their elders. ¶ Even when young, Abe was ever ready with his answering question. One time an old "Blow-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 hull race." ¶ Abe, 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 brag-get & 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 hands that helped with such divers works. So that there is no wonder in our minds that he was ready for the most momentus questions, & the great tasks for mind & body, for both were educated in the school of experience along parallel lines. ¶ Gentryville was the market town of that neighborhood, & it was from there that Mr. Joseph Gentry sent the produce which loaded the flat boat that Abraham Lincoln, & Mr. Joseph Gentry's son, Allan took to New Orleans. This

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trip broadened Abe's views of the world, strengthened his ambitions, & 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 & enjoy story-telling more than anything; and either to obtain material for new stories or to get new audiences he changed his occupation & home 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, & sich" only room being left for Mrs Lincoln & her daughter, Matilda Johnston, the other daughter having married Dennis Hanks. "Ho 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 Abe reached 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 staid the last night

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before starting on their journey with Mr. Gentry &
He was loath to part with Mr. Lincoln as "accompanied the movers along the road a spell" They stopped on a hill which overlooks Buckthorn Valley & looked their "Good By!" to their old home & to the home of Sarah Lincoln Grisby, to the grave of the mother & wife, to all their neighbors & friends. Buckthorn Valley held many dear recollections to the "movers" ¶ After they were gone James Gentry planted the cedar tree which marks the site of the Lincoln home. "The folks who come looken around have taken twige 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 myself why not more deserving of those we have & wonder at their steadfastness with so little to win their approbation.~~

It was on this trip or move to Illinois that one of Lincoln 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 farmyard. Early the next morning he heard Abe coming down the road singing &

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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?" ¶ Abe 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 Abe went among them lead his ox by the horn to the fence got on his back & shouted "Ready!" ¶ Mr. Turnham opened the gate and Abe unmindful of past difficulties or future honors rode gaily out of the yard guiding the ox with the same dexterity that he guided the destinies of the colored race in after yeare. Mr. Turnham recalled the picture of a tall

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ungainly youth astride an ox & guiding him with a slap of the hand & a dig of the foot, & waving an old straw hat as a flag of victory. ¶ It is stated that Abe 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 Wabash, the four oxen, the covered wagon & the tall youth vanish from our Hoosier soil over on the prairies of Illinois. ¶ Gone from Indiana but he left in every hill, stone & in the running waters, tongues which speak eloquently, & lift the thoughts, hopes of each person who visits the historic grounds to nobler ambition & a holier patriotism than mere words could do. The slavery of poverty made that noble heart sympathetic 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 twined 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. ¶ I said gone but in 1844 his voice is ringing all over this state in burning eloquent words he is advocating

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Free Soil & Henry Clay for president. He urges the importance of the poor white settlers owning the "Public Domains", he pleads against the extension of slavery. You have all read his Gettysberg address & remember your own opinion as you read; Well, these, his old friends, tell you, "He was a powerful speaker & carried all with him". Ah, 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. Lincolns 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 handkerchief, 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 the remarkable speeches. This is where stood the "Old Carter's School House, [illegible], a voting precinct at the junction of the Dale & Buffaloville wagon roads. "Big Speakings" were as 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 Co. in 1844 he revisited all the old places made dear by childhood's pleas

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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~~ the two graves that held his mother & sister, who died in 1843.

His life, although only fourteen years had passed since he had left ~~that~~ Spencer Co. 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.

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