Editors
McClures Magazine:-
I observe in a recent no of
your magazine that you ask
your readers for incidents or
anecdotes of Lincoln which
have come within their own
observation or knowledge.
Hence I enclose the fol-
lowing.

Yours Respectfully
Mrs S.A. Harvey
College Park
California.

April 7th 1896.

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During the autumn (I believe) of 1858, when the extension of slavery was the all absorbing topic, Lincoln and Douglas were stumping the state of Illinois as opposing candidates for the Senate. Lincoln followed Douglas and was announced to speak on a certain day in the village of Vermont.

A delegation of citizens, with music and banners flying, went to meet him. On the return trip about three miles from town was a piece of natural clearing, in the center of which stood a group of seven

gnarled and knotted oaks. They were remarkable for their size and for their isolation from the surrounding forest — a band of sturdy sentinels overtopping all their neighbors. They had been the wonder of my childhood, and passing years had failed to give the key to their mysterious seclusion and singular grouping. Lincoln's quick eye descried them, and when the big wagon in which he rode passed in front of them, he ordered a halt. Rising and taking off his hat, he addressed the old monarchs

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in a speech full of wit and
humor, sitting down amid
shouts that fairly made the
old woods ring. From that
day forth the "oaks" were
known as the "Lincoln Group".
The delegation proceeded to
town, and at one o'clock in
the the afternoon Lincoln
stood before a large audience
gathered on the public square
and replied to Douglas. A
drizzling rain had set in early
in the day, and had increased
to a steady down pour, but
it did not dampen the ardor
of the men and women gathered
there to listen to the wonderful

back woods orator. Never
shall I forget the tall, gaunt
figure standing under the
friendly shelter of an um-
brella, that dreary afternoon
nor the plain face that looked
so grand when lighted up by
the smile called forth by his
own fund of humor and the
delight of his audience.
In conclusion, after reviewing
Judge Douglas' position in
reference to the great questions
at issue, Lincoln said, "My
friends, the arguments of
Judge Douglas are as thin
as the soup made from the
shadow of a starved pigeon."

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The comparison was greeted with shouts of laughter and hurrah-ing for "Old Abe the Kentuckey giant." That campaign and the events following are matters of history which need not be recalled. His tragic death led each and every one of us throughout the country to review little incidents and personal reminisinces connected with him, and we Vermonters reverted to the old oaks which still towered aloft with as much apparent vigor as ever. But in a few months one of them withered and died. Another

soon followed, and then another, and it became apparent the whole group was doomed to decay. In less than four years all were gone, death and the wood-mans axe had cleared the spot of every vestige of the famous "Lincoln Group." There were some superstitious enough to believe the old oaks had pined away and died of broken hearts.

Mrs S. A. Harvey.

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