ILLUSTRATIONS

VIII

1) Map of Kentucky Lincoln country
    a) Where Thomas Lincoln saw his father killed
    b) The first permanent Lincoln Kentucky home
    c) First land Thomas Lincoln owned, bought and paid for in 1803
    d) Birthplace of Abraham Lincoln
    e) First home Abraham Lincoln remembered

2)
    a) Bust of Abraham Lincoln, made by Leonard Volk.

The Leonard Volk Bust was chosen for a niche in the church in Old Hingham, Eng., where Samuel Lincoln, the great-great-great-great-grandfather of Abraham Lincoln, was baptized in 1622. The inscription under it is as follows:

"In This Parish for Many Generations
Lived The Lincolns
Ancestors of The American,
ABRAHAM LINCOLN.
To Him, Greatest of That Lineage,
Many Citizens of The United States Have Erected This Memorial
In the Hope That for All Ages Between That Land
And This Land and All Lands There Shall Be
"Malice Towards None
With Charity for All."

    b) Record of baptism of Samuel Lincoln, in the village church of Hingham, Eng.

c) Village church of Hingham, Eng., which the ancestors of Abraham Lincoln attended and in which his great-great-great-great-grandfather was baptized.

3) Court house at Elizabethtown, Ky.

150 feet to the right of the gasoline pump in the foreground of this picture, the Elizabethtown home of the Lincolns stood. (From a photograph by L. A. Warren)

4) Entrance to drive leading to Memorial Hall on site of Lincoln's birthplace near Hodgenville. (Photograph by L. A. Warren)

5) Lincoln Memorial Hall on the Lincoln farm, Hodgenville, Ky.

(You may be able to get a better photograph than these that I send. Look at the one in the Collier Memorial Volume, which I left with you)

6) Stone Steps leading to Cave Spring, opposite birthplace of Abraham Lincoln.

7) (I am trying to get the only satisfactory picture of the Spring that I ever saw. If that fails, I think you better use the photograph on page 39 of "The Early Life", and use as a name Cave Spring near Lincoln cabin, as it looked before the present stone steps leading to it were constructed.)

8) The Lincoln Oak

This fine tree, which stands a short distance to the left of the Spring, certainly deserves a place in the Tree Hall of Fame which the American Tree Association is building up. (From a photograph by William Fortune)

IN THE FOOTSTEPS OF THE LINCOLNS

CHAPTER VIII

Thomas and Nancy Lincoln set up Housekeeping

It will be one hundred and seventeen years the twelfth of the coming June that Thomas Lincoln and Nancy Hanks were married at the home of Richard Berry near Springfield, Washington County, Ky.

Soon after the wedding and the jolly infare or celebration which followed it, attended by the whole countryside, the young couple set up housekeeping in Elizabethtown, thirty-five miles to the west, where Thomas Lincoln had his carpenter shop, and some twelve miles from which lay the 230 acres of land he had bought - and paid for - in 1803.

A recent Lincoln biographer describes Elizabethtown when Thomas took his wife there as a "poor new village, made up of groups of log cabins, huddled along a few neglected lanes, with muddy streams instead of streets during rains, a stench of pig styes at the back", its inhabitants, he intimates, were a "shiftless, unstable class."

I should like to hear what Major Benjamin Helm would say about that! Four years before Thomas brought Nancy to Elizabethtown, Major Helm had built there a two story brick house, 50 x 25, its

walls eighteen inches thick, its lower rooms wainscoted in black walnut, its mantel pieces of walnut. In the gable was a huge date mark ¶ BEN HELM
1802.

It would be entertaining, too, to hear what the people of Elizabethtown at that day would say ~~about~~ to this description, for at that moment ~~all Elizabethtown~~ they were all ~~was~~ excited over their new court house, just finished, - this, too, of brick, made in the local brick yard. Great things went on in that court house, for here were growing up some of the most important of Kentucky's lawyers - men like Ben Hardin, William P. Duvall, John Pope.

Besides, too, Elizabethtown had already begun to set up the machinery of an intelligent, accomplished society. She not only had her churches and schools, held wherever they could get a roof, but she had a debating society and a dancing master— who was also the leading tailor!

It is true, of course, that the majority of the people like Thomas and Nancy lived in log cabins, but log cabins which were rapidly being enlarged and improved. That is E town, as it was often called, was an energetic, growing pioneer settlement, not a back wash as the writer above quoted would have us believe. Tom and Nancy fitted into the life of the town.— Poor people, to be sure, but honest, working people. There is no doubt that Thomas Lincoln was having his share of the carpentry and cabinet making that the rapidly growing town furnished.

He had need to work for in February of 1807, Nancy gave him a daughter - Sarah, she was called - a name frequently appearing in past generations of the Lincoln family. A wonderful event, the birth of a child in a pioneer home!

When little Sarah was about eighteen months old, Thomas decided to move to Hodgens' Mill, or Hodgenville, as it is now called. Hodgenville had long been an energetic settlement. Good families had settled about - the Brownfields, the Creels, the Enlows - and there was strong rivalry between the two settlements.

This move of Thomas Lincoln's from Elizabethtown has often been cited as a proof of shiftlessness. It does not necessarily mean anything of the kind. A man went in those days - as he does now - to the point where he thought he could get the steadiest and best work, and then, as now, he took his family with him; and in these changes made to better one's situation, it is no sign of shiftlessness that one rents or leases, as Thomas did, at the start.

By the fall of 1808 he had found a home, about three miles south of Hodgenville, a farm of some   acres, with the typical cabin of the period. It was in this cabin, on the 12th of February, the year after he moved, 1809, that a boy was born to him. Childbirth for the pioneer man, as well as the pioneer woman, was an anxious event. There were few doctors. The woman must depend upon what the French call the "wise woman', we the midwife. And usually the wise woman was not called until the last moment.

Thus it was that we find Thomas Lincoln one morning early

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When little Sarah wasabout eighteen months old, Thomas decided to move to Hodgens' Mill, or Hodgenville, as it is now called, twelve miles away, an energetic settlement and a rigal of Elizabethtown. Good families had settled about - The Brownfields, the Creals, the Enlows.

This move of Thomas Lincoln's from Elizabethtown has often been cited as a proof of shiftlessness. It does not necessarily mean anything of the kind. A working man in those days went - as he does now -to the point where he thought he could get the steadiest and best paying job, and then, as now, he took his family with him; and in these changes made to better his situation, it was no sign of shiftlessness that he rented a home, as Thomas did, at the start. By the fall of 1808 he had settled two and a half miles south of Hodgenville on a small farm furnished with the typical cabin of the period.

~~It is~~ In this cabin on the twalfth of February the year after he moved, 1809, a boy was born to Nancy.- a ~~bad~~ glad hour for her. But what a solemn and amazing hour it would have been if she could have known that a hundred years later thousands of mothers looking at new born sons would pray that they might grow up to be such a man as this son of hers was to be. They do it, do it in Kentucky now.

One day last Fall while on a pilgrmage through the Lincoln country of Kentucky I stopped in a little town thirty five miles from the cabin where Abraham Lincoln was born. It was one of those little towns that disputes the Hodgenville the honor of being Lincoln's birthplace. Like Homer in Greece Lincoln in Kentucky is claimed by if not seven at least several different places. Seeking information I knocked at an open door and when there was no answer entered, and there on a big bed in a darkened room lay a woman, alarmed lest I had startled her, I hastened

823
8 0 C

117 A.L. is Born

It is just 117 years ago the sixth of the coming June that T.L. & N.H. were married ~~at~~ at the home of R.B. near S. W. Co. Ky. ~~Soon~~ after the wedding & the jolly infare attended by the whole country side ~~one~~ & the young people ~~soon~~ [illegible] ~~husband~~ ~~went~~ set up house keeping in Elizabeth 33½ miles ~~this~~ where or in the town where T. had his carpenter shop and some 12 miles from which lay the 238 of land he had 2 parcels bought in 1803.

A recent biography -

a wonderful event the birth of a child in a pioneer ~~town~~ ~~[illegible]~~ home! a wilderness. ~~This~~

The first ten years of little Sarah's life was passed in E-town as the newspaper ~~they~~ called it– here in [illegible] ~~& then~~ when T. moved his family 2 more 12 miles ~~south west to the~~ ~~a~~ ~~all~~ to [illegible] then T. moved to [illegible] 2 1/2 miles of H. ville – a H's mill and there was. Why did he go? Why do movers of all kinds – farmers especially? It is usually because they believe the chances are better. & and many settle ^ a new locality – for [illegible] the carefully & [illegible] – making in ~~a new~~ small community – ~~are~~ cannot be ~~[illegible]~~ long – contented they do not buy ~~land~~ a time they rent. [illegible] is what T. L. did now – a little later he moved a second time to a farm probably leasing for he never owned

~~[illegible]~~ See 5 –

in February hurrying down the road and meeting one of his neighbors Abraham Enlow by name, telling him of his difficulty, and Enlow answering, like any kind neighbor would in those days, "You go back and stay with Mrs. Lincoln, and I will get the granny woman."
[illegible]
(~~Several versions of this incident have been reported; I simply paraphrase what they all amount to.~~)

There was no lack of friendly help when the neighbors learned what was about to happen in the Lincoln cabin. More than one of the descendants of the families then living nearby has set down what he had been told by father or grandfather, and more than one has boasted that his aunt or his grandmother hastened to Mrs. Lincoln's side; and in the days after, when she was convalescing, went back again and again to take care of the cabin, cook food for Thomas, wash the baby, and comfort the mother. Everybody lends a hand when a new baby comes in a pioneer community, as they do indeed whenever there is unusual trouble or unusual joy.

Abraham Enlow, who had befriended Thomas at the start, used to boast years later, that it was because of his neighborliness at this time that Thomas's new son was called Abraham. But here, as we know, Mr. Enlow was mistaken. Thomas Lincoln named his son after his father whom he, a boy of eight, had seen killed by an Indian. As a matter of fact, there had not been a generation of Lincolns without an Abraham since Mordecai Lincoln, late in the to apologize. "Look" she said, and through back the covers. There lay the round red head of a two days old baby! And then like all the people on this part of the world, she bagan to question me. "Where do you come from?" "What are you doing here?" I told her I was following the traces of the Lincolns. "Oh!"she said". "Prove he was born here". "I want my son to have been born near him. Maybe then he would grow to be like him".

No doubt, Nancy Lincoln dreamed as all mothers do of a great future for her son. But shecould not have dreamedanything so wonderful as this.

Childbirth for the pioneer man, as well as the pioneer woman was an anxious event. There were few doctors. The woman must depend upon what the French call the "wise woman", we the midwife. And usually the wise woman was not called until the last moment.

Thus it was that we find Thomas Lincoln one morning early

17th century married Sarah Jones, daughter of Abraham Jones of Hull, Mass., who brought the good old Biblical name into the Lincoln family.

Unhappily, nearly sixty years after the birth of little Abraham, this story of Abraham Enlow's relation to his birth, was falsely and maliciously distorted. Men came to the neighborhood asking, "Who was Lincoln? What did ~~they~~ you know of his ~~ancestry~~ family"? And embittered political opponents answered with a leer, "Abraham Enlow must know something about him. He was named after him." And thus, by a process with which everyone is familiar, slowly but surely, a natural, neighborly act in a time of trouble, was twisted into a hateful scandal. Abraham Lincoln's father, so the tale ran, was not Thomas Lincoln but Abraham Enlow. This distortion was so evident and so malicious that only the fact that it is widespread would justify even this slight reference.

There are few more precious birthplaces on this earth than this where Abraham Lincoln first saw the light. Certainly in all our United States but one other is equally sacred. It is a deep satisfaction to know that at last the spot ~~where Abraham Lincoln was born~~ is honored as it should be. For many years men talked of its sacredness, but they were less energetic than men who realized that the cabin particularly might be made a money-maker. It was the money-makers who first laid hands on the Lincoln cabin. It was torn down, dragged about the country, and showing in settings so vulgar and inappropriate that it was made to seem almost a ridiculous thing. Finally, when the exploitation was no longer profitable, the cabin was stored in a cellar on Long Island, N.Y.

The very land on which the cabin had set finally came into the market, and it was then that a group of men, led by the late Robert Collier and his editorial associate, Richard Lloyd Jones, formed the Lincoln Farm Association, and undertook to collect from the people of the United States the money to acquire the property and to rear upon it a suitable monument. That it be a popular undertaking, they asked that no sum greater than twenty-five dollars be contributed, and welcomed even more gladly a subscription of twenty-five cents. 20,000 people enrolled themselves in the Lincoln Farm Association. The finest ~~best and most~~ experienced talent in the country was secured to plan the memorial and its setting, and finally, on September 4, 1896, the work was done; and a great concourse of people gathered in what Mark Twain called at the little model farm ~~that~~ "raised a man" ~~as Mark Twain put it~~, to dedicate it ~~the Memorial~~.

It was not until October of 1922 that I saw the completed work. I dreaded to see it, for when I learned that it had been decided to build upon the farm a Greek temple, I shrank from the idea of the connection. I did not know what should be done, but in my ignorance it seemed to me that they were doing what should not be done.

My first visit was on one of the lovliest of October days. Part of the enterprise has been building to the birthplace, from

Hodegenville, or Hodgen's Mill, where Tom Lincoln undoubtedly once cut timber, a beautiful road.

You approach the monument comfortable – quite through a winding driveway, on each side of which the natural growth of the land has been left - all the beautiful and varied growths of this part of Kentucky. A place of gorgeous color in the clear sunlight of a perfect October morning.

The little temple stands on a rising slope of ground - exquisitely white, small, ~~perfect~~ serene - approached by a long broad, generous stairway of marble. It is a triumph of perfection. Its proportions are right, its size is right. The ~~little~~ landscape gardening simply protects the drive, the staircase, the temple itself from the encroachment of the woods, leaving the natural setting undisturbed. It is a joyful thing to see.

But in the exultation of finding it so beautiful, I dreaded an entrance. Would not the little cabin seem mean? Would not its placing inside this perfect marble thing make it ridiculous by contrast?

The beauty and the wonder of it is that it is not so. It somehow belongs. Why, I do not know; but it stands there so simply what it is - a thing without pretention, but of an extraordinary dignity in its simplicity. You have only the native log structure, the clay chimney; but every stone of the chimney, every timber of the cabin is there because it was needed. Never have I been so impressed with the dignity of ~~the~~ a thing which fits the need.

In these surroundings, one visualizes with wonderful sympathy and clearness the little Lincoln family in their one-room home. This ~~little~~ cabin sat on a rising slope, with the same lovely surroundings that you may see today - trees of every kind, vines, underbrush, fruit. ~~When~~ Nancy and her children ~~sat~~ on the doorstep at even time ~~they~~ looked out on as lovely a place as heart could wish.

The life that Nancy Hanks with her children led in this cabin was in all its details the same life that she was to lead up to her death. Here on her ~~little~~ hillside farm, ~~three miles from Hodgenville~~, there were none even of the simple excitements that she may have enjoyed in E-town. She was more alone here though she had neighbors at no great distance. But her life was like that of them all. And in many of its details like the life of the Lincolns who first came to this country, Samuel and his wife Martha ~~had lived~~ in Hingham, Mass. in the middle of the 17th century.

¶ Here, as there, the fireplace of the cabin was the very heart of the place.

Nancy's fireplace, as we see it today, was deep and wide, ~~and~~ with a long stone mantel and a big hearth stone. The chimney was outside, - a cat-and-clay chimney, as it was called, made by mixing cut straw or grass with stiff clay and laying it in alternate runs

A.

with slight laths of hard wood. Within, hooks were fitted and a long crane from which to suspend pots. Sla Nancy was not troubled with a multiplicity of cooking ~~utensils~~ like a housewife of today. In the Dutch oven, abig, covered iron pot, standing on long legs and kept pretty continuously on the coals, she ~~could keep~~ her stew cooking day and night. After the Dutch oven, the most important article would be her long handled frying pan. On this she could roast the game with which the larder of her home was always filled, both in Kentucky and later in Indiana, of venison, rabbit, wild turkey. Here, too, she fried the salt pork and bacon, which the pioneer epicure always preferred to the game which we hold so highly nowadays. And of course it was on this frying pan that the hot breads and cakes which went with the meats were baked, To turn her cakes at the precise moment called for the same skill that it takes to turn an omelette at the critical instant - a feat which is held high in culinary circles.

Nancy took care, like every pioneer housewife, to cut, string and dry apples and pumpkins, blackberries, raspberries, all the fruits. It was a time of the dehydration ~~as we said~~ talked so learnedly about during the War, and there was nothing that was ~~done~~ said then that Nancy did not know ~~about~~ and practice. In the fall she no doubt wrapped in dry leaves or bits of papor, apples and pears to keep for Christmas, as last fall I found a little Kentucky housekeeper of Nancy's type, doing this very thing.

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Nancy took care, like every pioneer housewife, to cut, string, and dry apples and pumpkins, blackberries, raspberries, all the fruits. It was a time of dehydration as we said during the War, and there was nothing that was done then that Nancy did not know about and practice. In the fall she no doubt wrapped in dry leaves or bits of paper, apples and pears to keep for Christmas, as last fall I found a little Kentucky housekeeper of Nancy's type, doing this very thing.

Her baking she did in a clay oven - not so good an oven as that which Thomas' mother had used back in Virginia - a picture of which is here shown, for that was of brick, but an oven of the same type. Nancy had her outside fireplace, too, and here she kept her Dutch oven going and in the fall tried out her lard when the hog was killed, made her soap, and prepared the tallow for the cnadles she run.

She was skilled in spinning and weaving. There would be few days that would not find her at her wheel or loom or cutting and making up the cloth that she had spun and wove - linsey woolsey, in which she and her family were clad. On her loom, too, she made her woolen blankets, often in those fine and simple designs of the time; or when she had collected by long effort enough pieces of cotton, patched a quilt in some famous pattern. No self-respecting housekeeper of that day failed to find an hour or so a day for her craft work.

And while she worked, she cared for and taught her little ones. By the fireside in the winter, on the doorstep at her side in summer.

It is rather a shame that little Abraham did not live long enough in this cabin on the hillside, beside the wonderful Cave Spring to have really tasted its joys. He never knew its resources, never

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Omit

OK

Explain

And while she worked, she cared for and taught her little ones. By the fireside in the winter, on the doorstep at her side in summer.

It is rather a shame that little Abraham did not live long enough in this cabin on the hillside, beside the wonderful Cave Spring to have really tasted its joys. He never knew its resources, never and as she milked she rocked her baby in the simple cradle we can well believe Tom Lincoln had made - say historians had he - and probably Nancy's ~~[illegible]~~ cradle was better made than many for ~~Tom L~~ her husband was no mean cabinet-maker as we shall see later - given his times & chances.

She followed the traditions of frontier housewives before her - washed on Monday, ironed on Tuesday, baked on Saturday ~~and [illegible] [illegible]~~ went to C. on Sunday and the middle of day [illegible] she did not find a time to rest a spell. ~~Such was the~~ The pioneer housekeeping made the most of her time -

We can be certain that Nancy's made up was systematic ~~as a duty~~ - they had their system these early housekeepers & followed it consistently explored the long tunnel and played under the big oak tree, for sometime before he was four years old, Thomas Lincoln decided to move. He had found a farm in a nearby valley, only four miles away, if you followed the creek bottom, as people so often did then, and still do; eleven if you follow the road to Hodgenville and descend Muldraugh's Hill, which no doubt Thomas did when they moved for no less an authority than the editor of the Rolling Fork Echo, told me last fall that in his judgment, the shorter distance by the creek bottom would be more difficult in those days than descending Muldraugh's Hill, which, as he truly says, is still a tough proposition.

It was on the farm which Thomas Lincoln now moved, known in Lincoln histories as the Knob Creek farm, that the conscious life of Abraham Lincoln began; and it is that life which we will now follow.

explored the long tunnel and played under the big oak tree, for sometime before he was four years old, Thomas Lincoln decided to move. He had found a farm in a nearby valley, only four miles away, if you followed the nearby creek ~~bottom~~ Ruffin Hollow, as people so often did then, and indeed still do; eleven if you follow the road to Hodgenville and descended Muldraugh's Hill, ~~which no doubt Thomas did when they moved for no~~ No less an authority than ~~the~~ Mr John Barry editor of the Rolling Fork Echo of the nearly town of New Haven told me last fall that in his judgment, the shorter distance by the creek bottom would be ~~more~~ less difficult in those days than ~~descending~~ Muldraugh's Hill, which, as he truly says, is "still a tough proposition." clim

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Insert A –
Knob Creek – Rolling Fork – Salt River
Draping slopes [illegible]
Cabin – on the flat – [illegible] creek 2 [illegible]
Road – valley left [illegible] – lowest [illegible]
a great beauty of [illegible] patches – easy to [illegible]
natural beauty – hills with zig zag paths
Here A. L.'s conscious life began – they
were first may be remembered [illegible] – [illegible]
[illegible] play [illegible] & first questioning
impressions he never forgot & [illegible] [illegible]
What were the [illegible] of
Knob Creek

explored the [illegible] and played under the big oak tree, for some time before he was four years old. Thomas Lincoln decided to move. He had found a farm in a nearby valley, only four miles away, if you followed the [illegible], as people so often did then, and walking still do; [illegible] if you follow the road to [illegible] and [illegible] Muldraugh's Hill, [illegible] did than they [illegible]

[illegible] than the editor of the [illegible] told me last fall that in his judgment, the shorter distance by the creek bottom would be ~~more~~ less difficult, in those days than descending [illegible]

But bad as M. Hill must have been I am inclined to believe that it would be simpler than the ~~gully~~ slender way - Moving in any event ~~the~~ could not have been difficult with ~~the~~ the simple & unevolved outfit as Nancy possessed.

Parts of chapter VIII are here.

1

Elizabethtown

It is improbable that Thomas and Nancy Lincoln stayed long in Washington County. He probably returned very soon to Elizabethtown, which at that moment was one of the liveliest places in that part of the world. It had been chosen as county seat of Harden County in 1793 (?), and the site for the court house had been chosen - not without some breaking of heads. The settlement in which the court house was finally located, known as the Valley Settlement, contains many names familiar in Kentucky history - Helmes, Churchhills, Haycrofts, Beeches, Braces, Van Meter. The chief rival of Elizabethtown was the settlement where Hodgenville now stands - a town famous because it is the nearest point to Abraham Lincoln's birthplace.

[illegible]

A recent biography describes Elizabethtown when Thomas took his wife back there as composed of poor people of the sort that had been sucked into the forest in their weakness or who had been pushed into it by social pressure they could not resist - a thriftless, unstable class - and makes Elizabethtown a poor village unkempt with muddy streams instead of streets, etc.etc. (Stevenson) I wonder what I should like to hear what—

At that time, the town thus described had completed a brick court house, which all the country flocked to see. In that courthouse there had already been many an hot and eloquent battle of wits - trials that afterwards became famous. For four or five years Elizabethtown had had a brick yard, and already Major Benjamin Helm had put up a brick building, 50 x 25, with wainscoting and paneling and mantel pieces and plaster - of the kind that only those early days produced, when the builder looked after every piece of timber that went in and every nail that was driven. This splendid house was finished in 1803. That is, the settlers of Elizabethtown no sooner felt it safe to leave their block houses and their stockade than the prosperous

[illegible]

Some names we meet among
those men who clustered in ε
in by gone early in Hardin Co here.
[illegible] the Hon. Ben
just admitted to ct
Wm. P. Duvall – John Pope
p. 184
Felix Grundy – Charles A. Wickliffe
& many others

Haycraft p. 77, Many of them at that moment
living in a Brick House
~~so~~ curious description –

Mansion at the moment the L.
It hardly could have been safe for the
miller – It would be entertaining to to see what
all of that day would say to: For ε
~~had begun in the [illegible] in 1805~~ now finally at
that moment a Brick Court House 20 [illegible]
that – p. 29 of H.
~~& it had also let a contract for a~~
~~[illegible] jail~~ –

began to replace the original log cabins with frame and brick houses.

The whole point of this is simply that ~~when~~ Thomas Nancy Lincoln ~~went back~~ ~~lived~~ settled to Elizabethtown, ~~he went to~~ in a lively, growing pioneer settlement, not a back wash, as the writer of this biography would haveus believe.

~~Tom Lincoln~~ They did live in a log cabin, like most of his neighbors; but ~~he~~ they lived in sight of ~~a brick house and~~ one of the first and finest brick homes in the state at that period. They probably dreamed of one for themselves for had not Tom's, Vance cousin David who had visited them recently told them the ~~brick~~ house mule [illegible] wonderful the uncle Jacob had built back in Va.

There is little doubt that T. ~~was taking~~ my active part in the ~~building~~ carpentry & cabinet work that the rapid settlement of town & county required. Something to do giving more than there was little matter for a near-be had need to work for Nancy's own a daughter born ~~the~~ Feb of ~~17~~ 1807. ~~Nancy~~ Sarah ~~as~~ she is named called on the certificate Nancy & Sarah ~~as~~ she is named in the family Bible in her father's hand

and he moves his family if there is a prospect - still - tho while he [illegible] later [illegible] continues. He does not buy farms necessarily. He rents it has ~~[illegible] 20~~ Thomas L. has been

~~finds his chances~~ are best. He ~~did not sell his Mill Creek~~ farm, but moved some 12 miles to the south-west of Elizabethtown and three miles from the town of Hodgenville, at the head of a famous hill, Muldraugh's Hill.

Here on leased land, in a log cabin, certainly one of the most famous homes of the world, the Lincoln went to live. It was not the wild country that it has been pictured. There were people in the neighborhood, good and decent people - Brownfields, Enloes, Creals. And there was work for Thomas Lincoln, his farming and carpenter work.

There was a mill at Hodgenville - indeed that point was then known as Hodgen's mill - only three miles, you see, from where the Lincolns lived, and here, no doubt, he had many a day's work. With the work that any strong and willing worker could have and with the cultivation of his farm, Tom Lincoln had plenty to do.

His responsibilities were increasing, too, for on the 12th of February, the year after he had moved, in 1809, a boy was born to him. Childbirth for the pioneer man as well as the woman was an event of long anxiety. There were few doctors. The woman must depend upon what the French call the "wise woman", and we call a midwife; and we find Thomas Lincoln on one ~~th~~at morning in February, hurrying down the road and meeting one of his neighbors, Abraham Enloe, telling him of his difficulty, and Enloe answering him, like any kind neighbor did in those days, "You go back and stay with Mrs. Lincoln, and I will get the "Granny-woman"."

Abraham Enloe years later used to boast that it was because of this kindness at the time that Abraham Lincoln was born that the boy was named Abraham. But there, as we know, Mr. Enloe was wrong. There had not been a generation of Lincolns without an Abraham since 1685 22 when Mordecai Lincoln married

These things have been treated as proofs
of shiftlessness, ~~uncertainty~~ &
the probability was seeking a more
comfortable place to live. Remember
no one he had just seemed as
valued so ~~all~~ on their land in
some 2 annually today. Moving
- moving was not such a difficult
matter when you ~~used the~~ all
your furnishings were ~~few~~ simple
& limited. As in these days
If the reason was good it must
have been only a rather easily
say!

This

[illegible]

(There are several versions of this incident
so I have summed this up! They amount
to the same thing there.

1809 65 / 5 ¢

7 - ¢. ~~10~~

Sarah Jones, daughter of Abraham Jones of Hull, Mass., and brought the good old Biblical name into the Lincoln family.

Unfortunately, some 60 years after the birth of little Abraham, this story ~~of~~ Abraham Enloe, of his relation to the birth of Abraham Lincoln, was terribly and maliciously distorted. who was his Lincoln. [illegible] in the neighborhood. Enloe had something to do ~~with the~~ birth of ~~Abraham Lincoln~~ ~~it~~ She named him after ~~the~~ [illegible], people said, with a leer; and by a process which everyone knows, slowly but surely the natural, neighborly act of this man was twisted and turned until it was told, and is told today in more parts of the world than Kentucky, that the real father of Abraham Lincoln was not Thomas Lincoln but one Abraham Enloe - a distortion so clear and so malicious that only the fact that it is widespread would justify one even to this slight reference ~~to it~~.

There are few more precious birthplaces on this earth than this spot of land where Abraham Lincoln first saw the light. Certainly ~~not~~ in all our United States is there ~~any birth-place held~~ but one place equally sacred. It is a deep satisfaction to know that at last it is honored as it should be. For many years there have been those who realized the ~~sacredness~~ value of the place, particularly of the cabin. There were also those who realized that that precious cabin might be a money-maker; and it was taken down and dragged about the country and displayed in settings so vulgar and so inappropriate that made it seem like a contemptible thing. That is all past.

Some 12 years ago, a group of men, the leader of whom was Robert Collier, the son of the founder of Collier's Weekly, started a movement to make of this farm on which Lincoln was born, a national park. Congress supported the movement, and in the farm was bought. Then came the study of how to give it a suitable monument.

went prejudiced I

When ~~the writer, who was one of the group of directors of this enterprise~~ I, learned that it had been decided to build upon the farm a Greek temple and place within it the log cabin, I ~~she~~ shrank from the idea of the connection. It ~~seemed forced.~~ I ~~She~~ did not know what should be done, but in my ~~her~~ ignorance it seemed that what ~~they~~ were doing should not be done.

It ~~was not until the fall of 1922 that I had the opportunity to see the final result of the effort to suitably mark Lincoln's birthplace. I went there~~ My first visit was on one of the lovliest of October days. Part of the enterprise has been building ~~out~~ from Hodgenville or Hodgen's Mill ~~in~~ where which Tom Lincoln undoubtedly once cut timber, to the birthplace a beautiful road. You approach the monument through a winding driveway on each side of which the natural growth of the land has been ~~is~~ left - all the beautiful and varied growths of this part of Kentucky. A place suggests of color in the ~~perfectly~~ clear sunlight of a perfect ~~the~~ October morning ~~of my visit~~.

The little temple stands on a rising slope of ground - exquisitely white, small, perfect, approached by a long broad, generous stairway of marble. It is a triumph of perfection. Its proportions are right; its size is right. The ~~very~~ little landscape gardening that ~~has been done, enough simply~~ simply to protects the drive, the staircase, the temple itself from the encroachment of the woods, leaving the natural setting undisturbed. It is ~~is just right~~. A joyful thing to see. But in the exultation of finding it so beautiful, I dreaded an entrance. Would not the little cabin seem mean? Would not its placing inside this ~~marble jewel box, this~~ perfect marble thing, made ~~be~~ ridiculous by contrast?

The beauty and the wonder of it is that it is not so. It somehow belongs. Why, I don't know; but it stands there so simply what it is - a thing without pretention, but with an extraordinary dignity in its simplicity. You have only the ~~native~~ logs, structure, the clay chimney [illegible] ~~and~~ every stone of the chimney ~~and~~ every ~~of~~ timber of the cabin is there because it was needed, ~~nothing exterior~~. Never have I been ~~so~~ more impressed with the dignity of the thing which fit~~ted~~s the need ~~as there~~.

~~Curiously enough~~, too, in these surroundings, one visualizes with wonderful sympathy and clearness the little Lincoln family in ~~this~~ their one room home. This ~~little~~ cabin, set on ~~its~~ a rising slope, with the same lovely surroundings that you may see today - ~~woods~~ trees of every kind, vines, underbrush, fruit. When Nancy and her child sat on the doorstep at even time they looked out on as lovely a place as heart could wish.

And there is so much about to make it a joyous place for children. Just below and to the right of the door of the cabin is a spring, famous in stories of Lincoln, Cave spring. ~~Lincoln~~ himself tells of ~~it. "I was born," he says~~

I had seen many a picture of this spring, and heard many a story of it, but I was quite unprepared for what it is, a real cave. You go down a flight of steps and enter under a roof of rocks that projects for 12 or 15 feet. You have there, surrounding the spring itself, a floor big enough for all sorts of play, and, delight of delights, a dark tunnel leading I don't know where. I cannot think, in all the playgrounds I have know, of anything more exciting and enticing than the cave spring that stood by the Lincoln cabin.

There were some wonderful trees ~~there~~. ~~There is a tree near by~~, a great oak, under which little Abraham, young as he was, must have many a time sat with sister Sarah. It is an oak which deserves for its size and beauty as well its historical connection, to be counted among the ~~great~~ historic trees of America.

It is rather of a shame that little Abraham did not stay long enough in this enticing place to have really tasted its joys. He never knew enough about it to have really tested

She was to keep to her death — the simple excitements & closer neighbors of the town no longer enjoyed. ~~but the~~ More solitude — needed it for duties. The little cabin — few conveniences — water from the spring — corn food to prepare — Berries to pick — dry — [illegible] —

[illegible] much as to do — dried apples for the winter — slicing them slicing pumpkins

Put down pork — milked cows — made butter & cheese — spun wool — made ~~[illegible]~~ linsey woolsey garden of her own — made clothes — for Daddy — went to [illegible] —

Think of it to the end [illegible] these things [illegible] — chief [illegible]

1

its resources, and to have carried away from it memories of the exploration of that long tunnel, nor to have carried away the memory of its trees. To him his birthplace was never anything more than a memory, the Cave spring farm.

But the place of which his memories began was not so far away, however that he may not have gone back. Lincoln was only two years old when his father decided to move again. I have wondered, looking at the land and its difficulty of clearing and cultivation if it may not have been the fact of level cleared meadows that led him to the move.

Muldraugh's Hill - creek bottoms - Still
[illegible] possession
followed creek bottom -

~~His~~ Conscious Life Began
Knob - Play - [illegible] -
What he remembered

Important - thing what influences conscious & unconscious shaping him - much more important - than