

Stones of Abraham Lincoln.

So long as civilization endures will the name of Abraham Lincoln be revered in the hearts of all lovers of liberty and humanity.

Thirty years have gone by since his death - and though he is of our century and our times, still, those who were with him and learned of him, who saw his lonely face light with joy or sadden with grief, grow scarcer every year.

In the little town of Fairfield, Jefferson County Iowa live his people who knew Lincoln intimately during his earlier life.

L.

One of them is Mrs. Ann
Prewitt, who is a sister of
Ann Rutledge the early
love of Lincoln so often
mentioned in history.

The other is an old gentleman
named Becker with whose
mother Lincoln boarded
immediately after his
marriage and for two
years after. In Mr. Becker
home Robert T. Lincoln
was born.

Mrs. Prewitt
lives with one of her sons
in a pretty little home
surrounded by the comforts
of life. She is of pleasing
personality has large dark
eyes and hair but slightly
tinged with gray, for time
has dealt lightly with her
for she was nearly ten
years old when the civil

- Anne died. 13

She is -gentle and refined in manner and of unusual education and intelligence for one of her years. She does her own housework for herself and her son. When I called upon her she was finishing ^{her} the ironing. "I'm busy and tired now," she said, but if you'll come back this afternoon I'll be glad to talk with you about Abe and Anne." When I went back the ironing was done - and with a beautiful boy - about fifteen months old, (her grandchild,) upon her lap, she sat and talked about Lincoln. "I was only a child when Anne died," she said.

but I can⁴ remember well
how she looked, and of
seeing her and Abe together
so much. We never dreamed
of him being great, or
wiser than any one else

then. He was very homely,
but when he began to talk
or laugh you'd forget
it entirely. Every body
liked him. He was so good
and kind and obliging
he used to board with us
when he kept store in New
Salem, and it was then
he and sister first loved
each other. Annie was a
very pretty girl, she had light
hair and dark blue eyes
very light complexioned,
medium sized - and
quiet and reserved in
manner - and a loving
unselfish disposition.

She was ambitious to learn
 and was often studying.
 She and Abe had a grammar
 in partnership. He kept it
 part of the time, and she
 part of the time. I've often
 seen him walking on the
 streets of New Salem with that
 grammar ^{open} in his hand.
 After she died, he gave it
 back to our folks and it's
 in existence yet. There are
 great many things written of
 Annie that are not true.
 One of them is that her death
 was caused by worrying
 about a former lover named
 M.: Heill. She had broken
 entirely with M.: Heill
 before he left New Salem
 and her heart was centered
 upon Lincoln. She died
 of brain fever and thoughts
 of M.: Heill had nothing

to do with it. I was with
her constantly in her
sickness, and before and
I know about it. I'll never
forget how Abe looked the
last time he talked with her
the last time. She had been
delirious but just before
her death there was a brief
interval; and she asked
for Abe. They talked alone
together. I was standing
near when he came out.
When he reached the door
he looked back. His eyes
were filled with tears, and
she was crying. I never
saw such a look of sorrow
- as he gave to her. She
died soon after. The
house was full of people
and I didn't see Abe
for a while after, but I
heard them saying he

that he was ⁷ sobbing and crying
like his heart would break.

Was it true about him
being insane from grief after
wards? I inquired. No I
think it is not true. He
was at our house after-
wards, and though he
seemed weighted down
with grief I never saw any
symptoms of insanity.
I remember hearing our
folks say they didn't believe
that story about him, but
we moved away from
New Salem not long after
and he might have
become insane afterwards.
Her death made a great
impression upon him
we could see. We never
knew him to joke or
laugh after wards.
Annie was next to the

oldest girl⁸ in our family
-and she had a great
deal of the housework to do
I remember seeing her
washing in the old fashioned
way. She would sweep and
bake -and was a good cook
and took pride in her
housework. She and Abe
were very jolly together
sometimes. They used to
sing together. There was one
song I didn't like to hear
and he would sing it
to tease me. He would
tip back his chair and
roar it out at the top
of his voice, over and
over again just for
fun. I have the book
they used to sing out
of ^{with} that song in it
Mrs. Prentiss - brought
me the book - and red

fashioned "Missouri Harmony"
 and I copied the song
 "When in death I shall calmly
 recline,

Oh bear my heart to my
 mistress dear,

Tell her it lived on
 smiles and wine,
 Of brightest hue while
 it lingered here,

Bid her not shed one
 tear of sorrow

To sully a heart so
 brilliant and bright
 But healing drops of the red
 -grape sorrow.

To bathe the relict from
 morn till night.

The tune is signed
 "Legacy"

"Shall a queer song
 to sing for you" I said
 when I had finished ^{the} copying

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It's a queer song any how
she replied, but Abe used
to sing it over and over
-at one time, I didn't
like to hear it, and he
would laugh and sing
it again to tease me.

I remember a terrible thing
happening in New Salem
once, Abe was not concerned
in it, but it was due to
him that I witnessed it.
You've seen the cord bedsteads
people used in those days
I suppose, Well Abe and
Auntie had been romping
together one day. And
there was a bed in
the sitting room where
they were. Abe jumped
on the bed and when
he jumped down ^{one} ₃ the bed
rails broke, He promised

to mend it^{??} and the next
day he and Annie were
working on it. They had the
bed clothes all off and
the cords unround. They
needed a "bed wrench" to
tighten the cords after the rail
was mended. Abe said
Porren Thendous had
one, (He had boarded with
them and he / knew) and
sent me to borrow it.

I had just entered Thendous's house when a terrible
thing happened. Mr. Thendous
had been cleaning his gun
and had finished and
loaded it preparatory
to going out hunting.
His hat was lying
on the bed. He reached
over to get it and
some how the gun caught

in the bed clothes, and
exploded. The charge struck
Mrs. Herndon (who was
standing opposite - to her
husband) - and killed
her instantly. I was
terribly frightened and
ran home without the
bed褥. Abe and
Annie were still working
at the bedstead. When
I rushed in and
told them. Their laughing
ceased instantly, and
Lincoln began to weep.
Mrs. Herndon was a
great friend of his.
The Mr. Herndon who shot
his wife was a brother
to the Will Herndon who
was afterwards Lincoln's
law partner. ~~But~~ at
that time we never thought

of Abe as ¹³ a lawyer. He
was poorly studying
law then, but he never
said anything about it.

He was just an
all round good fellow
whom everybody liked.

I wish I could remember
some of his jokes and
sayings, but I cannot.
But it seems only a
short time since I saw
him sitting round the
Lounge talking with Annie.

I next ~~interviewed~~ ^{met} Mr. Beck.
He is a hale, hearty, old gentle-
man nearly seventy eight years
old. He is proprietor of the
principal hotel of Fairfield,
though at the time I saw
him, he was living
entirely ^{alone} at his private
residence, and taking
his meals at the hotel.

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He is very ¹⁴idea but otherwise
age sits but lightly upon
him, and his figure is as
erect and his ~~steps~~ steps as
firm as that of a man
half his age. "Abraham
Lincoln" is his favorite
theme of conversation, and
when he gets fairly started to
talking about his beloved friend,
his face lights up with all the
fire of youth. "Yes I / knew
Lincoln" he replied in
answer to my question. "He
lived in my mother's house
about two years. His first
child Robt. J. was born there.
I've eaten with him, slept
with him, travelled with
him, and loved him,
and consider him one
of the greatest men the
world has ever known or
will ever know. I believe

he was intended by providence
for the work he did. I was
guided by a higher intelligence
than man in the troublous
times of our country. I will
remember the first time
I saw him. I was a young
man then, and my widowed
mother kept the "Fremont" house
in Fremont Tazewell county
Ills. It was the time of the
Shields duel the papers are
so full of now. Shields and
his party of Democratic friends
were stopping at the Democratic
Hotel in the other end of
Fremont, for Mother kept
the hotel the "Whigs" always
put up at, for politics ran
high at that time. Well
Lincoln and his party
of friends stopped at our
house, and "Doc" Berryman
seemed to be his master of

in the duél¹⁶ business. But
I'll say here that when I first
saw Lincoln that day, I thought
him the ugliest man I ever
saw, and the awkwardest,
but as soon as he began
to talk and laugh, I
forgot all about his
ugliness. At this time the duél
was not definitely decided
upon. Shields was terribly
angry (about the letter that
everybody knows about)
-and had challenged Lincoln
who was averse to fighting,
considering the affair only
a huge joke. Lincoln
and Merryman were on
the porch talking when
a carriage full of Shields'
friends drove up.

There was an excited colloquy
with Merryman (who talked
with them) then they drove

-away and 7 merry men
followed Lincoln who
had returned to the parlor
in the meantime.

"Well Lincoln" said he "you
got to fight" They insist upon
it but you'll have the choice
of weapons" I watched them
drive away soon after,
but did not witness the duel.

They stopped with us on
the return trip to Springfield
and I heard them talking
and laughing about it.

They spoke of Lincoln having
used his sword (the weapon
he chose) to trim the trees on
the spot where the duel was
to have taken place, his
height being so great, and
the sword so long that
the branches prevented
him using it to good
advantage. But their quarrel

was made ^{up}, and when
they started back to Springfield,
both parties went together,
talking and laughing as
they went. My mother
moved to Springfield not
long after that to keep a
hotel there, and the next
time I saw Lincoln, he had
just been married, and with
his wife had come to our
house to board. There are
great many untrue stories
written about Mrs. Lincoln.
I knew her intimately, and
a better, truer hearted woman
never lived. The story of
Lincoln's having deserted
her on her wedding day
before that is not true
I believe. If it had been
I know I would have
heard of it and I never
did hear of it at the time.

She loved her husband and passionately, ~~but I never~~ ^{after} ~~saw any signs of the great~~ ^{that} ~~jealous woman, she is~~ sometimes said to have been. Lincoln was always kind and gentle with her, and they were as loving and happy a couple as ^{you} ~~ever~~ ^{ever} saw. He was always considerate of her feelings, except in one way.

Their room (they had only one to themselves) was on the second floor at the ^{front of} the house. ^{The pump was in front of the house.} It was Lincoln's habit to come down at bed-time to get a pitcher of water. He always came after partly undressing being usually attired only in shirt and breeches minus suspenders though

sometimes his "galluses" to
~~the~~ Mrs. room improperly
adjusted. After getting
his pitcher of water if the
night was pleasant, he would
sit down on the steps of the
porch, and tell stories to whoever
happened to be near. If any
one passed they stopped
to listen also, and frequently
there would be quite an
audience gathered round
him, listening attentively
to his remarks. When
it began to grow late, Mrs.
Lincoln would begin to cough
as a signal to him to cease
talking and go to bed.

When she began to cough
it was understood by
his listeners that it was
growing late. In this way he was
inconsiderate, he sometimes

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I kept her coughing until
midnight or after.

Lincoln never drank or
gambled to my knowledge
nor did he ever attend
church that I knew of.
While they boarded at our
house. This favorite amuse-
ment (next to telling stories)
was ball playing. Not the
base ball we hear about
now, but in the old fashioned
"score" way. I've seen him
and Judge Logan play
until they were panting
and perspiring with the
heat and fatigue. They had
a small ball ground
next to the Court house,
and they would throw
the ball against the
^{side wall of the} Court house, and often we
could hear his voice

two blocks away calling
 "sco"! He always said "sco"
 instead of score. When
 Robert was born he was
 as proud a man as I
 ever saw, and as kind
 and loving a husband.
 When Robert was about
 three weeks old, my mother
 (who always went in to
 assist in preparing him for
 the night before she went to
 bed herself, for Mrs Lincoln
 being young and inexperienced
 in caring for babies needed
 assistance) went into their
 room at bedtime and
 found Lincoln walking
 up and down and round
 and round the room
 with the baby in his
 arms. Young Bob was
 screaming at the top of his

voice, Lincoln looked
worried and -anxious, and
Mrs Lincoln was silently
weeping. "Do you think
he'll die Mother Beck?" (He
always called Mother, "Mother
Beck") he inquired, anxiously.
Mother examined the baby
and seeing that it was
merely experiencing an
attack of colic replied
that it was in no danger
whatever of death. "Does
it do him any good to
pack him round this
way?" he inquired glancing
at his wife. "None whatever"
replied Mother "and moreover
he will get into a habit
of wanting to be carried
and will cry to be
carried colic or no colic."
"Well Mary" said Lincoln
glancing again at his wife

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this time in a manner as
though he expected her to
protest. "If it don't do
him any good, I'm
damned if I don't
put him down". And
he did put him down.

And that is the only time
we ever knew Lincoln to
swear. After they came
to board with us her
health was not very good
and she never walked
out very much but
nearly every day took
a long ^{ride in a} buggy. On
these occasions my
brother a boy about
fourteen years old at the
time acted as driver
and escort for her
when Lincoln was other
wise engaged. The green

quite fond²³ of my brother,
and after she became
mistress of the White House
and he had grown to be
a man and was living
in Kentucky, he had
occasion to visit Washington.
He called at the White House
to pay his respects to his
old friends, but neither
the President nor Mrs. Lincoln
were at home. Mrs. L. had
gone out for a drive,
so Brother Will left his
card and went back to
his hotel. He had been
back but a short time,
when the White House
carriage drove up and
Mrs. Lincoln alighted. She
had returned just after
he left, and had
immediately come to
see him. She greeted

him mainly, and insisted
upon his getting in
her carriage and returning
to the White House with her.
He did so, and had a
most enjoyable visit
with Mr. and Mrs. Lincoln.

There is a story told
about Lincoln owing a debt
and never having money
to pay it until after he
went to Congress. I know
it is not true, for while
he was at our house he
made ^{lots of} money as a lawyer.
He was considered the best
lawyer for a hundred
miles round. Dennis
Shanley used to come
to see him sometimes,
and Lincoln and his
wife always treated
him well. After Lincoln

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went to Washington. Dennis
proud of his relationship
concluded to visit him.
He went to the White House
and the doorkeeper would
not let him in, saying
"the President didn't care
to see such looking men
as him." "Now you jist tell
Abe to come to the door."
Well let me in all right
said Dennis. The doorkeeper
finally allowed him to
enter, ^{and} Lincoln greeted
him warmly, and Dennis
loved to tell about his
visit w/ "Abe" after he got
back to Illinois. ¶ One
time Lincoln and I had
business in Jacksonville
and we went together
in a buggy. He was
the best company I ever
knew. He talked and told,

Dennis

-all the 28th May the whole
seventy two miles. He got
to talking about his early
life in Indiana. He said
when they moved to Indiana
their cabin had no floor
and no windows. Only a
door on each side, and
chink holes gave any light.
They kept the chink holes
open to shoot deer out
of. The deer would come
right up to the cabin and
they could kill them real
handy. "There was advantage
= logs in every way of life".
He said, "It wasn't everybody
could have chink holes
to shoot deer out of."

When they brought in wood
to burn, they hitched a
log to a horse and drove
the horse into the cabin,
then they would leave

the log on to the fire, and
turn the horse out.

He said he enjoyed life
 then, there was advantages
 in it. He told about
 flatboating on the Sangamon
 river. The only bed they had
 on the boat was a big
 long chest, covered with
 old clothes. When his turn
 came to turn in, he never
 got much sleep for there
 was always so much
 of him off of the chest."

As Bob grew older Lincoln
 was very proud of him.
 He used to carry him
 around and talk about
 his future. He said once
 that "when Bob got to be
 four or five years old he
 was going to turn him
 out back headed and bare

legged to play. It would
 make him "healthy".
 But Mrs. Lincoln was
 extremely careful about
 Bob's clothing and training
 and would declare that
 he should not be turned
 out ⁱⁿ that way. In my
 opinion, Mrs. Lincoln made
 Lincoln what he was. At
 least she was the instrument
 in the hands of Providence.
 I remember well the convention
 in which Gen. Hardin was
 first nominated for Congress.
 It was Lincoln's turn to be
 nominated, and he could
 have been if he had
 given up for Hardin. Mrs.
 Lincoln was anxious to
 go to Washington and had
 counted on Lincoln's
 being nominated, though

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Lincoln himself had but little
ambition at that time.
When she was told he had
given up to Hardin, her
anger got the better of her,
and Lincoln had an
unpleasant time in consequence.
His subsequent efforts to get
elected to Congress, were
largely the result of her
ambition instead of his own.
It was reported about the
Hotel that Mrs. Lincoln "shed
bucketsfull of tears" when
Gen. Hardin started for
Washington. I believe Mrs.
Lincoln realized better than
any one else did at the
time, the greatness of Lincoln's
mind. At least her conversation
led us to infer that she
accepted it as a fact
that her husband must
eventually attain

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-greatness. It is open to question
whether her belief was based
on ~~the~~ her knowledge of the
marvellous power of his
mind, or simply a desire
and determination to attain
distinction for herself as
his wife. But I think the
former theory the true one.

They were a funny looking
couple when they walked
out together. He was so
big and ugly, and she
so small, and at that
time - very pretty. She could
just barely reach his arm
to hold it as they walked.

It was in 1843 that
"Jo" Smith the Mormon prophet
was tried in the Federal
Court at Springfield for
some of his crimes
against the Government.

Lincoln - and his partner
Judge Logan were attorneys
for the government. And
a lawyer named Butterfield
was attorney for the defense.

The judge of the court
was named Pope, and
he had two beautiful daughters
who were very popular, and
had many girl friends.

These girls wanted to see
the great Mormon leader,
and hear his trial, so they
-got all their girl friends to
accompany them, and
when the trial commenced,
there was a very of pretty
girls in the most prominent
seats in the crowded courtroom.

When the time came to open
the case for the defense,
Butterfield arose in a
majestic manner, and

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in a loud stentorian
tone of voice said, "I arise
in presence of the Pope
surrounded by angels
(here he looked at the girls)
to defend the prophet of
the Lord."

Judge Logan Lincoln's father
was noted for his carelessness
in dress, his usual attire
being a "Kentucky jeans"
suit much too small
for him, and a flannel shirt.
When he began to attain
prominence as a lawyer
his wife expended much
effort in trying to get
him to dress better, and
on the occasion of Smith's
trial she resolutely determined
that he must wear a new
style white shirt ~~and~~ she
took possession of all his
flannel shirts, and

when on ³⁵⁻ the morning of the trial when he asked for a clean shirt she would give him none but a white one she managed to get possession of the ~~dirty~~ soiled flannel one also, and left the room leaving him none but the white one to array himself in. Time was passing so Logan hurriedly put it on.

This flannel shirt had been buttoned in front while the new ones had a fancy bosom in front and buttoned behind.

But in his haste and anger Logan did not notice this, and put it on with the fancy bosom behind, and buttoned it in front. Then he put on his "Kentucky jeans" coat and went to the court room.

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In the course of the day the
court room became very warm,
so off went the Gians coat
and the shirt bosom on
his back was exposed to the
view of the courtroom.

In the course of Butterfield's
remarks, he said that "Jo
Smith did not make mistakes"
that "good men never made
mistakes, for the Lords assistance
prevented them from ever
making mistakes" etc.

When Lincoln's turn
came to speak he announced
with dramatic fervor.

"I will prove to you
the falsity of my learned
brothers assertion.

Good men do make mistakes.
Judge Logan here is a
good man and does
any man to say does

any body⁸⁷ in this room
think that he put his shirt
on hind side before on
purpose? (Here he grasped
the trimming on Logan's
shirt & bosom in his hand.)
No, he made a mistake!

Logan shuffled his feet and
was terribly embarrassed, and
while the court room was in
an uproar of merriment, he
made several frantic attempts
to grasp the shirt bosom
behind. Smith was
acquitted.

When the democrats passed
the bankrupt law now
famous in history,
Lincoln made a speech
in which he illustrated
the attitude of the Whigs
toward it. "It reminds me",
he said "of a ~~water~~ fellow

who was always wanting to
 shoot a deer, but could
 never find one to shoot.
 He went out hunting
 one day and saw what he
 thought was a deer in the
 distance and banged
 away. While his gun was
 still smoking a friend ^{who} ~~was~~
 knew of his desire to kill a
 deer came up shouting.
 "That's a calf ye shot at
 that aint no deer. did
 ye hit it do ye not care?"
 "Well" said the hunter gravely.
 "I shot to hit it if t'was a
 deer, and to miss it if it
 was a calf. Spect I missed
 it." "And that" said
 Lincoln "is the attitude
 of the Whigs toward the
 bankrupt Law. They
 allowed it to be passed

she could remember
about him, and I
have tried to give what
she and Mr. Beck told
me, in their own words.

Much that Mr. Beck said
was like what has been
told and written before, but
these anecdotes I send
I think have never been
published. At least I
have never read them, and
I have read three "histories"
of Lincoln, and every thing
else about him I can get.
For Lincoln is my ideal
of a great man. Yours truly
Effie C. Sparks.