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ABRAHAM LINCOLN

THE BATTLE OF THE GIANTS

BY FREDERICK TREVOR HILL

THE PARENTS OF LINCOLN

BY IDA M. TARBELL

AN APPEAL TO PATRIOTISM

BY RICHARD LLOYD JONES



The Lincoln Inkstand


[See page 34]

A SOUVENIR FOR THE
LINCOLN DINNER
OF THE REPUBLICAN CLUB OF THE
CITY OF NEW YORK
FEBRUARY 12, 1907

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THE BATTLE OF THE GIANTS

FREDERICK TREVOR HILL

N Friday the 20th of August, 1858, every turnpike, cross-road, and country lane leading to Ottawa, Illinois, was alive with travelers journeying on horseback, in wagons, and afoot, under clouds of dust and a burning summer sun. All sorts and conditions of conveyances were included in the straggling processions. Here a clumsy hay-cart lumbered forward, its merry crowd of young straw riders laughing and singing as they bumped along over the ill-made roads; here a canvas-covered ship of the desert jolted its solemn family party, children's faces staring from its cavernous entrance, and a stovepipe protruding from its roof; here a couple of short-legged urchins, innocent of shoes or stockings, proudly bestrode a shaggy old farm-horse, guiding it by a bit of rope tied loosely around its neck; here a market-wagon loaded with men and provisions towed a buggy accommodating the women and babies of the farm; and here, there, and everywhere trudged dusty men and barefoot boys and girls, converging from all points of the compass toward the county seat of La Salle County.

Ottawa was better prepared than most of the circuit towns for such an invasion, for the sessions of the Supreme Court were held there twice a year, when all the countryside made it a market, but the

limits of its hospitality were soon reached, and long before the vanguard of the approaching army arrived upon the scene its accommodations for visitors had been completely exhausted. Indeed, it is doubtful if there was a town anywhere in Illinois, with the exception of Chicago—some seventy odd miles away—that could have risen to the emergency, for substantially the entire population of the surrounding country was descending upon the little village. All work was practically suspended in the adjoining counties, the fields were deserted, most of the farmhouses showed barred doors and shuttered windows, and the wayfarers were evidently on pleasure bent, laughing and joking with each other as they passed.

But if the inhabitants of Ottawa were at all alarmed at the prospect of having to provide for the advancing hosts, their fears were soon relieved. One by one the wagons drew off on the prairie as they approached the town, groups of pedestrians congregated about them, and by nightfall the sky was lit up by their camp-fires, the smell of cooking mingling with the smoke. It was a good-natured, friendly crowd that occupied the bluffs and spread itself over the fields, greetings were exchanged, hospitality proffered, provisions shared, and wherever two or three were gathered together the subject of conversation was the coming struggle be-

tween the Big and the Little Giant, for Douglas and Lincoln were matched to meet in debate the next day, and this was the event that was drawing the populace from far and near.

For months Illinois had been watching the rival Senatorial candidates fighting at long range, but no one except a few lawyers who had witnessed their occasional contests in the courts had seen them pitted against each other, and the prospective meeting had aroused unprecedented interest and no little speculation as to its result. To the enthusiastic adherents of Douglas the outcome was not in doubt. No one, in their opinion, compared with the little Judge, who had proved himself more than a match for the ablest Senators in Washington, and it was their belief that it would not take him long to "chaw up Abe Lincoln or anybody like him." The partizans of Lincoln were not without misgivings for their favorite, but they put on a bold front, retorting that the Little Giant would find that he had bitten off more than he could "chaw" by the following evening, and the fact that he had not been overanxious to accept the challenge of his opponent lent force to their assertions. Stout as the claims and counter-claims of the rival parties were, there was very little ill-feeling or bitterness exhibited, for every one was in a holiday mood, and the immediate interest centred more

upon the merits of the rival champions than upon the principles they represented. Indeed, many of those around the camps on that hot Friday night had not made up their minds upon the great issues at stake and many a vote depended on the coming contest.

The first light of dawn on Saturday morning showed picketed horses grazing at the limits of their tethers, kitchen utensils piled around the smoldering fires, men and boys sleeping out in the open or under improvised shelters and women resting inside the hay-carts, buggies, and emigrant wagons. Before the sun had fairly risen, however, the campers were astir. Newcomers could be seen approaching in distant clouds of dust, and before long the advance guard of the invaders began pouring into the town.

The county seats of the Illinois circuits in 1858 closely resembled typical New England villages, and each bore a strong family resemblance to the other. In the centre of the public square, around which the town was grouped, stood the circuit court-house, a substantial building of brick or stone, its roof surmounted by a dome or cupola, and its portico supported by tall white columns. The square-itself was guarded from the highway by a wooden hitching-rail, and on court days this

was well-nigh surrounded by teams of all sorts, the wagons and buggies extending into the broad streets. Such was the little town of Ottawa on August 21, 1858, and long before noon every inch of space along the hitching-rail was occupied. Near the centre of the square in front of the court-house a rough pine board platform had been erected, and before this the crowd immediately began to gather, the older men and women sitting down on the grass and settling themselves for a long wait rather than lose their posts of vantage, while the young people hastened away to watch the arrival of the local political clubs, some of which were marching from the nearby towns, headed by their bands, and others were expected by the incoming trains. Campaign uniforms were not yet in general use, and the sashes and scarfs adopted by the marching clubs later in the year were not then in vogue, but all of them carried banners or placards of some sort, blazoning forth their sentiments in no uncertain form, such as "Edgar County for the Tall Sucker!" and similar homely protests of loyalty.

The Douglas procession, over a mile long and headed by the best band, moved down what was known as the Peru road to Buffalo Rock, where they met the Democratic candidate and escorted him to the Geiger House, his advent being announced by a roaring salute from two brass twelve-

pounders in the centre of the town; and shortly after twelve o'clock a special train of seventeen cars arrived from Chicago, Joliet, and the surrounding country, its passengers and the waiting crowds joining in a tumult of cheers for Lincoln, behind whose gaily decorated carriage they formed a noisy escort to the residence of the mayor. From that hour the streets were almost impassable, the rival processions came to a standstill, and the bands wedged in the crowd blared defiantly at each other.

Almost more interesting than the paraders with their flags and banners were the pedlers and fakers who fought their way in and out of the throng, shouting their bargains and displaying wares the like of which many of the country folk had never seen before, and at which they stared in fascinated wonder. Almost every farmer had something to sell or to "swap," and the whole atmosphere of the place was that of a great county fair or market meeting. No previous event in the history of Ottawa had, however, witnessed anything like the multitude that swarmed in its streets, and it is extremely doubtful if there has ever been a similar outpouring of the people anywhere in Illinois, considering the existing population. There were at that time not much more than a million and a half inhabitants in the whole of Illinois. Yet at this one little country town more than fifteen thou-



*The bookcase and desk from Lincoln's law library
destroyed by fire June 5, 1906*

[See notes, page 34]



*The office chair used by
Lincoln in his law library*

[See notes page 34]

sand people were gathered. Only a small proportion of this mighty assemblage could by any possibility hope to hear the speakers. Even those who had struggled to get good positions for their wagons against the rail soon discovered that they were too far away, and many abandoned them, and took their chances in the crowd. Meanwhile something very like a free fight was going on, for the speakers' platform, having been carelessly left unguarded, had been stormed by the audience and the Reception Committee was vainly striving to regain possession. Again and again the intruders were ejected, but others swooped down upon the stand every time it was cleared. Finally some of the more adventurous invaders clambered to the roof and, dislodging some of the boards, let them down on the heads of the officials, and this brought matters to a climax, for the marshal, who had been galloping about the town all morning, promptly organized a guard which easily restored order.

On the platform chairs sat the members of the reception committees, the chairman, the moderators, and the reporters, among whom were Robert R. Hitt, official stenographer for the "Chicago Press and Tribune"; Horace White, representing the same paper; Chester P. Dewey, of the "New York Evening Post"; Henry Villard, of the "New York

Staats-Zeitung," and Messrs. Binmore and Sheridan of the "Chicago Times."

It was half-past two in the afternoon before a great shout announced the arrival of the champions, and a short, stout, but powerfully built man forced his way through the crowd, and, stepping to the edge of the platform, bowed gracefully to the cheering multitudes. There was confidence in every line of Douglas's strong, clear-cut, clean-shaven face; confidence and complete self-possession in his every movement—confidence and determination in the glance he cast at his awkward rival, who, accompanied by his host, Mayor Glover, and the Congressional candidate, Owen Lovejoy, clumsily acknowledged the genuine burst of acclamation which greeted his appearance.

No time was wasted in introducing the speakers. Neither of them required such a formality, and yet it is improbable that a majority of the spectators had ever seen either man before. Certainly Lincoln was not personally well known to many men in Illinois outside of the Eighth Judicial Circuit, and Douglas had spent far more time in Washington than he had in his own State during the last six years, while the population was increasing by leaps and bounds. Douglas's reputation was, however, national in its scope—every one knew his

record—while Lincoln was comparatively unknown. Such were the advantages and disadvantages of the combatants as Douglas rose and, with a brief reference to the vast audience confronting him, plunged at once into an argument attacking Lincoln and the Black Republicans as Abolitionists in disguise. Almost from his opening words the speaker assumed an air of superiority, stating his facts in a convincingly authoritative tone and belittling his adversary's political pretensions and generally treating him with such marked condescension that many of Lincoln's friends, watching his dark, homely, careworn face, began to fear that he had displayed more courage than wisdom in courting comparison with so brilliant a rival. Douglas was not slow to press his advantage, and, encouraged by the laughter of his auditors, he proceeded to attack his opponent's doctrines.

“Let me read a part of them,” he continued contemptuously. “In his speech at Springfield to the convention which nominated him for the Senate, Lincoln said: *‘A House divided against itself can not stand. I believe this Government can not endure permanently half Slave and half Free. I do not expect the Union to be dissolved—I do not expect the House to fall—but I do expect it will cease to be divided. It will become all one thing or all the other. Either the opponents of slavery*

will arrest the further spread of it and place it where the public mind shall rest in the belief that it is the course of ultimate extinction, or its advocates will push it forward till it shall become lawful for all the States—old as well as new—North as well as South!” ”

The words were scarcely uttered before a spontaneous burst of cheering rent the air, swelling to a mighty shout of approval and admiration from thousands of lusty lungs.

For a moment Douglas stood disconcerted by the unwelcome demonstration, but almost immediately recovering his self-possession, he savagely attacked the interrupters.

“I am delighted to hear you Black Republicans!” he roared. “I have no doubt that doctrine expresses your sentiments, and I will prove to you now that it is revolutionary and destructive of this Government!”

From that moment, however, the orator changed his tactics, indulging in no further personal comments and devoting himself to serious argument and pointed questions until he again fixed the attention of his hearers and, regaining his confidence and good temper, closed his speech to a burst of well-earned cheering.

Then Lincoln slowly rose from his chair and faced the expectant multitude, presenting a con-

trast to his opponent almost as painful as it was apparent. His long, lank figure was clothed in garments as rusty and ill-fitting as the Judge's were fresh and well made. His coarse, black hair was disheveled, his sad, anxious face displayed no confidence, his posture was an ungainly stoop, his manner was dejection itself. For a moment he gazed over the audience as though at a loss for words, and when at last he began speaking another disappointment chilled his supporters' hopes. His voice was unpleasantly high pitched, penetrating, and almost shrill, and his opening sentences, commonplace enough in themselves, were uttered hesitatingly, as though he were groping for words. Finally he took a note-book from his pocket and asked permission of the audience to read part of a printed speech he had made in 1854.

"Put on your specs!" called some one in the crowd, and the audience roared, expecting a smart reply. But no repartee came from the man whose reputation as a wit and a jester was supposedly assured.

"Yes, sir, I am obliged to do so," he responded gravely. "I am no longer a young man."

The disappointment of the speaker's friends was plainly visible, but even as they strove to conceal their embarrassment their champion began to retrieve himself. Still speaking slowly, but with

gathering energy, he gradually straightened to his full height, his voice lost something of its rasp and gained in volume and quality, his eyes brightened, his face became more animated, his gestures freer, and his words commenced to flow more easily. Little by little the hopes of his supporters revived and all signs of restlessness disappeared, the audience listening silently and with growing interest, for Lincoln's voice, carrying much farther than his opponent's, reached the very outskirts of the crowd. Those who had come expecting to be amused by anecdotes had reason to feel aggrieved, however, for no funny stories or drolleries of any kind fell from the speaker's lips, yet the vast assemblage listened quietly to every word he spoke. It was no sudden burst of eloquence or any trick of declamation which won that tribute of respectful silence, and yet the man was eloquent with his earnest sincerity, his simple logic, his clear analysis, his orderly presentment of intelligent argument. With steadily increasing force he spoke directly to those before him, his wonderful eyes seeking individuals in the crowd and holding them enthralled until each hearer felt himself the one distinguished and specially addressed. There was no escaping him; he appealed personally to all within sound of his voice, meeting his adversary's arguments with a clarity and simplicity of statement that all could

grasp, until he dominated the audience, swaying it to his will. Then slowly, almost imperceptibly, he passed to his peroration, his sentences ringing out boldly and defiantly and arousing a tumult of cheering that died down only to burst out again, swelling to shout after shout of frenzied approbation as he closed.

With half an hour at his disposal for reply; Douglas struggled hard to stem this tide of popular approval and regain his lost advantage, but in vain. At the close of his rejoinder the audience applauded and then—as though by common consent—stormed the platform and carried his opponent off upon their shoulders, five thousand men struggling to share in the ovation.

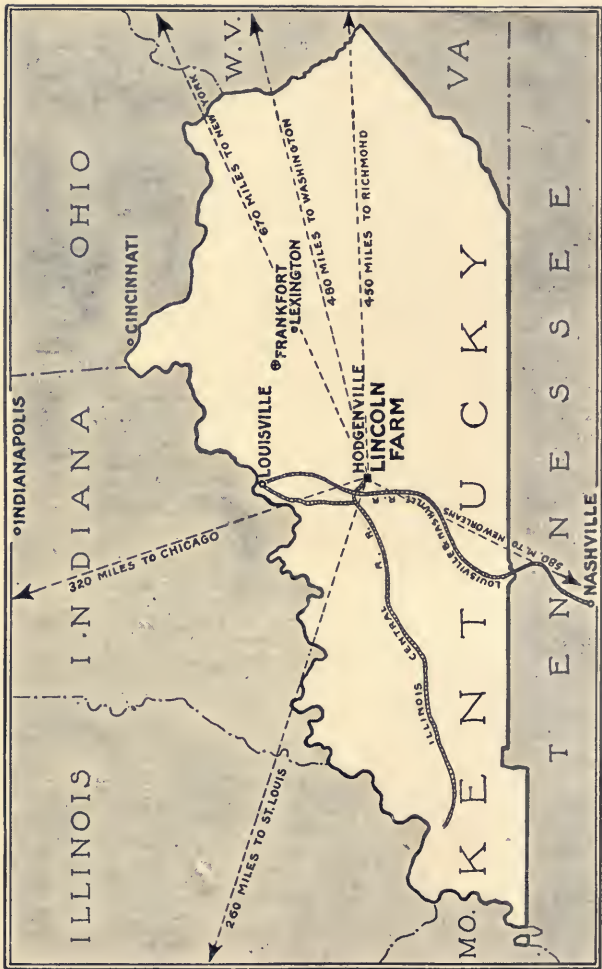
Thus ended the first battle of the Giants, but six others remained to be fought. At Freeport, on August 27, before another mighty audience, Lincoln forced his opponent to answer the question which split the Democracy and shattered his hopes of the Presidency forever. By the time Jonesboro was reached, on September 15, Douglas had lost his jaunty confidence and begun striking out right and left. At Charleston while Lincoln was speaking he could not keep his seat, but paced nervously up and down the platform behind his adversary, watch in hand. At Galesburg, on October 7, he

was visibly alarmed and fighting hard. Meanwhile the contest upon which he had entered so light-heartedly was draining his purse and his strength. To pay for the special train which carried him about the State and to meet other heavy campaign expenses he was mortgaging his property and straining every nerve to keep his head above the dangerously rising tide. At Quincy he looked haggard and worn, and when at length the final contest took place at Alton, on October 15, his strength and nerves and money were exhausted.

Eight votes was the margin of his victory—a victory that cost him eighty thousand dollars and the Presidency, while Lincoln returned to the Eighth Circuit and the practise of the law with a total outlay of less than a thousand dollars and a national reputation, destined within two years to sweep all opponents from the field and to place him forever in the hearts of his countrymen as “The First American.”



The old Nolan Mill near the Lincoln Farm. It was one of Abraham's greatest delights to accompany his father to this picturesque spot, where he played while their grist was being ground. The mill is still standing, and was operated up to three years ago



The Lincoln birthplace is located in the geographical centre of Kentucky and within one hundred miles of the country's centre of population.

THE PARENTS OF ABRAHAM LINCOLN

IDA M. TARBELL

AMONG the many wrongs of history—and they are legion—there is none in our American chapter at least which is graver than that which has been done the parents, and particularly the mother, of Abraham Lincoln. Of course, I refer to the widespread tradition that Lincoln was born of that class known in the South as “poor whites,” that his father was not Thomas Lincoln, as his biographers insist on declaring, but a rich and cultured planter of another State than Kentucky, and that his mother not only gave a fatherless boy to the world, but herself was a nameless child. The tradition has always lacked particularity. For instance, there has been large difference of opinion about the planter who fathered Abraham, who he was and where he came from. One story calls him Enloe, another Calhoun, another Hardin, and several different States claim him. Only five years ago a book was published in North Carolina to prove that Lincoln’s father was a resident of that State. The bulk of the testimony offered in this instance came from men and women who had been born long after Abraham Lincoln, had never seen him, and never heard the tale they repeated until long after his election to the Presidency. Of the truth of these statements as to Lincoln’s origin no proof has ever

been produced. They were rumors, diligently spread in the first place by those who for political purposes were glad to belittle a political opponent. They grew with telling, and, curiously enough, two of Lincoln's best friends helped perpetuate them—Messrs. Lamon and Herndon—both of whom wrote lives of the President which are of great interest and value. But neither of these men was a student, and they did not take the trouble to look for records of Mr. Lincoln's birth. They accepted rumors and enlarged upon them. Indeed, it was not until perhaps twenty-five years ago that the matter was taken up seriously and an investigation begun. This has been going on at intervals ever since, until I venture to say that few persons born in a pioneer community, as Lincoln was, and as early as 1809, have their lineage on both sides as clearly established as that of Abraham Lincoln. It takes, indeed, a most amazing credulity for any one to believe the stories I have alluded to after having looked at the records of his family. Lincoln himself, backed by the record in the Lincoln family Bible, is the first authority for the time and place of his birth, as well as the name of his father and mother. The father, Thomas Lincoln, far from being a "poor white," was the son of a prosperous Kentucky pioneer, a man of honorable and well-established lineage who had

come from Virginia as a friend of Daniel Boone, and had there bought large tracts of land and begun to grow up with the country, where he was killed by the Indians. He left a large family. By the law of Kentucky the estate went mainly to the oldest son, and the youngest, Thomas Lincoln, was left to shift for himself. This youngest son grew to manhood, and on June 10, 1806, was married, at Beechland, Kentucky, to a young woman of a family well known in the vicinity, Nancy Hanks. There is no doubt whatever about the time and the place of their marriage. All the legal documents required in Kentucky at that period for a marriage are in existence. Not only have we the bond and the certificate, but the marriage is duly entered in a list of marriage returns made by Jesse Head, one of the best-known early Methodist ministers of Kentucky. It is now to be seen in the records of Washington County, Kentucky. There is even in existence a very full and amusing account of the wedding and the fan-fare which followed by a guest who was present, and who for years after was accustomed to visit Thomas and Nancy. This guest, Christopher Columbus Graham, a unique and perfectly trustworthy man, a prominent citizen of Louisville, died only a few years ago.

But while these documents dispose effectually of

the question of the parentage of Lincoln, they do not, of course, clear up the shadow which hangs over the parentage of his mother. Is there anything to show that Nancy Hanks herself was of as clear and clean lineage as her husband? There had been nothing whatever until, a few years ago, through the efforts of Mrs. Caroline Hanks Hitchcock of Cambridge, Mass., who had in preparation the genealogy of the Hanks family in America, a little volume was published, showing what she had established in regard to Nancy Hanks. Mrs. Hitchcock had begun at the far end of the line—the arrival of one Benjamin Hanks in Massachusetts in 1699.

She discovered that one of his sons, William, moved to Virginia, and that in the latter part of the eighteenth century his children formed in Amelia County of that State a large settlement. All the records of these families she found in the Hall of Records in Richmond. When the migration into Kentucky began, late in the century, it was joined by many members of the Hanks settlement in Amelia County. Among others to go was Joseph Hanks with his wife, Nancy Shipley Hanks, and their children. Mrs. Hitchcock traced this Joseph Hanks, by means of land records, to Nelson County, Kentucky, where she found that he died in 1793, leaving behind a will, which she

discovered in the records of Bardstown, Kentucky. This will shows that at the time of his death Joseph Hanks had eight living children, to whom he bequeathed property. The youngest of these was "My daughter Nancy," as the will puts it.

Mrs. Hitchcock's first query, on reading this will, was: "Can it be that this little girl—she was but nine years old when her father died—is the Nancy Hanks who sixteen years later became the mother of Abraham Lincoln?" She determined to find out. She learned from relations and friends of the family of Joseph Hanks still living that, soon after her father's death, Nancy went to live with an uncle, Richard Berry, who, the records showed, had come from Virginia to Kentucky at the same time that Joseph Hanks came. A little further research, and Mrs. Hitchcock found that there had been brought to light through the efforts of friends of Abraham Lincoln all the documents to show that in 1806 Nancy Hanks and Thomas Lincoln were married at Beechland, Kentucky. Now, one of these documents was a marriage bond. It was signed by Richard Berry, the uncle of the little girl recognized in the will of Joseph Hanks. Here, then, was the chain complete. The marriage bond and marriage returns not only showed that Nancy Hanks and Thomas Lincoln were married regularly three years before the birth of Abraham

Lincoln, thus forever settling any question as to the parentage of Lincoln, but they showed that this Nancy Hanks was the one named in the will. The suspicion in regard to the origin of Lincoln's mother was removed by this discovery of the will, for the recognition of any one as his child by a man in his will is considered by the law as sufficient proof of paternity.

Now what sort of people were Thomas Lincoln and Nancy Hanks? It has been inferred by those who have made no investigation of Thomas Lincoln's life that Nancy Hanks made a very poor choice of a husband. The facts do not entirely warrant this theory. Thomas Lincoln had been forced from his boyhood to shift for himself in a young and undeveloped country. He is known to have been a man who in spite of this wandering life contracted no bad habits. He was temperate and honest, and his name is recorded in more than one place in the records of Kentucky. He was a church-goer, and, if tradition may be believed, a stout defender of his peculiar religious views. He held advanced ideas of what was already an important public question in Kentucky, the right to hold negroes as slaves. One of his old friends has said of him and his wife, Nancy Hanks, that they were "just steeped full of notions about the wrongs of slavery and the rights of men, as ex-

plained by Thomas Jefferson and Thomas Paine." These facts show that he must have been a man of some natural intelligence. He had a trade and owned a farm.

As for Nancy Hanks, less that is definite is known of her. In nature, in education, and in ambition she was, if tradition is to be believed, far above her husband. She was famous for her spinning and her household accomplishments, it is said.

It was to these two people, then, that Abraham Lincoln was born on February 12, 1809. His birthplace was a farm Thomas Lincoln owned, and near Elizabeth, Kentucky. The home into which the little chap came was the ordinary one of the poorer Western pioneer—a one-roomed cabin with a huge outside chimney. Although in many ways it was no doubt uncomfortable, there is no reason to believe it was an unhappy or a squalid one. The log house, with its great fireplace and heavy walls, is not such a bad place to live in—some of us are thankful to get away into the country to one now and then even in winter. Its furniture was simple, and no doubt much of it home-made. The very utensils were of home manufacture. The feathers in the beds were plucked from the geese Nancy Lincoln raised. She patched her own quilts, spun her own linsey-woolsey. No doubt Thomas Lin-

coln made Abraham's cradle and Nancy Lincoln spun the cloth for his first garments. They raised their own corn, dried their own fruit, hunted their own game, raised their own pork and beef. It was the hard life of the pioneer where every man provides for his own needs. It had discomforts, but it had, too, that splendid independence and resourcefulness which comes only from being sufficient to your own needs.

That the two people who endured its hardships and made in spite of them a home where a boy could conceive and nourish such ideals and enthusiasms as inspired Abraham Lincoln from his early years should have their names darkened by unfounded suspicions is a cruel injustice against which every honest and patriotic American ought to set his face.



The Lincoln Farm Spring is famous throughout Kentucky for the purity of its water. It is beautifully located under a shelving shale rock, around which are clustered a group of magnificent shade trees. It was the waters of this spring that christened the battleship "Kentucky."



The trees that arch over the Spring



A bit of dilapidated fence that bounds the Farm

AN APPEAL TO PATRIOTISM

RICHARD LLOYD JONES

THE most valuable assets of any nation are the traditions, the sacred associations, and shrines made holy by the accumulatory love with which successive generations bedeck them. George Eliot said: "No nation has ever become great without holidays and processions dedicated to the noble." The United States as yet is notoriously poor in this direction. This is not wholly on account of its youth, but on account also of the indifference to spiritual welfare which has characterized a youth enamored of material plenty and drunk with the prosperity that comes from the easy conquest of fertile acres and exhaustless mines. American youths have turned longing eyes toward the holy places of Europe, and visited the birth-places of Robert Burns and Schiller, the tombs of Walter Scott and Victor Hugo, and the millennial monument of King Alfred at Winchester; while the birthplace of our matchless American—the strong-handed, clear-headed, and great-hearted Lincoln—has been left, after its acres have been impoverished by careless tillage, to become a humiliation to the poet and the historian, and the butt of ridicule to the irreverent.

Since that strong yeoman pioneer, Thomas Lincoln, moved his family across the Ohio into the

almost unbroken wilderness of Indiana, this historic ground has been transferred by title but three times. A year ago last August this "little model farm that raised a Man," as Mark Twain has happily called it, was placed on sale at public auction on the court-house steps at Hodgenville, Kentucky, the neighboring town, to free it from the entanglement of a protracted litigation between a private estate and that of a religious society that had tried to acquire it. At the time the Commonwealth of Kentucky directed this public sale it was discovered that this historic spot was coveted by at least two large mercantile establishments, both of which were planning to exploit it for commercial ends. To prevent this, and believing that this birthplace of the "First American" should forever belong to the American people, one of the present officers of The Lincoln Farm Association bought the farm, and at once interested a group of representative American citizens in forming a national association for the preservation of this ground.

This group of citizens, acting as a self-appointed board of trustees, organized the Lincoln Farm Association, which was promptly incorporated under the laws of the State of New York. The title of the Lincoln birthplace farm was transferred to this association, and the program for enlarging the membership of the society was at once begun.

Rather than make it possible for a few men of great wealth to contribute large sums to the development of this national shrine it was decided to receive into membership in the society any one who contributed to the general fund of the association as small a sum as twenty-five cents, and to limit all contributions to twenty-five dollars—thus making the great memorial to Lincoln represent the tributes of all the people, whom he loved and served, and not those of a privileged few.

The purpose and plans of this new patriotic society that was to make this Kentucky farm, almost in the centre of population of the United States, a worthy companion of Mt. Vernon in the affections of our countrymen were placed before the President of the United States and his Cabinet, one of whom was one of the organizers of the society. All gave it most enthusiastic and hearty support. The scheme was then laid before members of the United States Senate and House of Representatives, Governors of States, men of letters everywhere, and educators of national fame. With their unqualified endorsement, a year ago this week the Lincoln Farm Association, through the pages of some of the most prominent weekly and monthly publications and the newspapers throughout the country, appealed to the American public for members. The response was immediate and generous. Subscrip-

tions came in from every State in the Union—North and South, East and West. To every subscriber the Association issued a handsomely steel-engraved certificate of membership, bearing a portrait of Lincoln, a picture of the log cabin in which he was born, the White House as it appeared when he occupied it, the autographs of all the officers and trustees, and the seal of the Association. The names of these members are filed in card catalogues and classified by States. When the list of members has been completed and the constructive work of the Association has culminated in the centenary of February 12, 1909, this list will be preserved and guarded in the Historical Museum, which will have been erected on the farm, as the honor roll that built the Lincoln Farm Memorial.

The Lincoln Farm Association to-day represents about twenty thousand members. The average subscription has been a little less than a dollar and forty cents to a member, and both the average of the subscriptions and the issue of certificates of membership have increased with each succeeding month.

During the year the trustees of the Association have placed the farm under the personal charge of a competent caretaker, who lives on the ground. They have sent Mr. Jules Guérin and Mr. Guy Lowell, two of America's foremost landscape archi-



Saint-Gaudens's Statue of Lincoln, a duplicate of which may be erected on the Farm



Bird's-eye view of the Farm as it will look when improvements are made

fects, to survey the ground and plan its development, and they have purchased the cabin in which Lincoln was born from the speculators who took it from the little knoll where it originally stood and exploited it as a side-show at various fairs and international expositions. This cabin was found stored in a cellar at College Point, on Long Island, New York. The Pennsylvania Railroad provided a special car, which Mr. John Wanamaker decorated with flags and the national colors. The Governor of Kentucky sent to New York a special squad of State militiamen to escort the old weather-worn logs, Lincoln's old Kentucky home, back to its native soil. Its ride to Louisville is historic. It rested a day under military guard at Philadelphia, Baltimore, Harrisburg, Altoona, Pittsburg, Columbus, and Indianapolis. Thousands of citizens came to see and begged the privilege of touching the sacred pile. Mayors of cities and Governors of States paid eloquent tribute to the rude timbers that first sheltered the sad humorist of the Sangamon. And when at last the special train that bore it, brilliant in red, white, and blue, crossed the Ohio into its native border State it was met at the Louisville depot with martial music and military honors. It was carted through the city's streets and placed in the city's park, where Colonel Henry Watterson, one of the trustees of

the Association, and Adlai E. Stevenson, former Vice-President of the United States, himself a Kentuckian, made the formal orations welcoming back to its native soil the cabin in which Abraham Lincoln was born.

The most cordial cooperation has been pledged by many of the surviving commanding generals of the Confederate Army, and the Grand Army of the Republic has officially endorsed the work of the Association, and empowered its commander-in-chief to call upon its upwards of six thousand posts and to enlisting all patriotic citizens as members of the Association.

On the 12th day of February, 1909, the nation will celebrate the one hundredth anniversary of Lincoln's birth. On that day the Lincoln Farm Association will dedicate the birthplace farm to the American people. The principal address will be made by President Roosevelt, and the nation's most distinguished representatives, North and South, will take part in this dedication and centennial celebration. No national park within our vast domain can emphasize our national ideals and our abiding union as will this birthplace farm.

Ninety-eight years have passed since these rough rolling acres made claim to the affections of coming generations. The soil which cradled the man



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A recently completed study for a portrait of Lincoln

By Victor D. Brenner

Member of the National Sculpture Society. Bronze Medal, Paris, 1900.

Silver Medal, St. Louis. Bronze Medal, Buffalo.

THE WHITE HOUSE
WASHINGTON

December 11, 1906.

My dear Mr. Collier;

I gladly accept your invitation on behalf of the Lincoln Farm Association to make an address on the farm, and at the log cabin itself in which Lincoln was born, on February 12, 1909; the one-hundredth anniversary of Lincoln's birth, and therefore one of the most significant events in American history. As Mark Twain has well said, this little farm is "the little farm that raised a Man;" and I count myself fortunate that it has happened to me to be able as President to accept the invitation to make the address at such a place on such an occasion.

Sincerely yours,

Theodore Roosevelt

Mr. Robert J. Collier,
Chairman Executive Committee,
The Lincoln Farm Association,
74 Broadway, New York.



The present entrance to the Lincoln Farm



*The creek in which the boy Lincoln used to fish and swim
and in which he was nearly drowned*



The old Lincoln family millstone now serves as a "stoop" to the side door of the house on the Farm



The old Louisville and Nashville Pike, supervised by Lincoln's father

of tender strength, and the air which first fed the heart that suffered for a whole distracted people, and not for a single section, can serve a nobler end than ripening corn and squashes. The inspiration of high citizenship must ever emanate from such a spot. In these years, so crammed with eager life and so possessed with appetite for gain, the lesson of the Lincoln Farm becomes the nation's imperative need. Democracy is ever humble. The full-grown souls made at simple shrines are worth our emulation. The light of history is with each succeeding year revealing with greater clearness the rare beauty of Lincoln's strong spirit. He harmonized his high ideals of speech with conduct; and back of the black clouds of passion through which this uncouth figure led his divided people there always shone the soft radiance of a love unsoiled by a single touch of hate. The country not only reveres the memory of Abraham Lincoln, but it loves the man. To his people—the "plain people"—shall ever be entrusted the care of his first home, and there they shall, as he himself said he always tried to do, "pluck a thistle and plant a flower wherever a flower will grow."

The past half century's unparalleled development of material riches and prosperity has not given our nation the supremacy of the commercial world without cost. Our keener patriotic sensibili-

ties have been dulled in the strenuous competition for individual success. It is a pathetic truth which supports Colonel Henry Watterson's assertion that to-day we love the dollar as once we loved liberty. Though we are a virile people we are not without need of these things that remind us of times when cheeks blushed for the sorrows of men.

To Lincoln's people to-day is given the rare privilege of revealing to all generations to come that high strain of patriotism known to Lincoln's men of nearly fifty years ago. If laws safeguard nations less than songs, and sentiment alone inspires the souls of men, how better can we ensure the perpetuation of our country's glory than by keeping alive and before us the heroic and unselfish achievements of those who made firm our foundations in the past?

This birthplace farm will symbolize to our posterity the strong heroism that left the New England hills and the fertile valleys of Virginia, self-sufficient in their needs, to hew a nation out of a wilderness. It lies in the neutral State that in our great crisis was torn by its loyalty to all the stars in the flag. It will forever be a monument to our union rather than to our lamentable differences—and it will be the most signal tribute



Proposed Historical Museum to be built on the Farm



The Hodgenville Courthouse Square and the road to the Farm

ever paid by the American people to the nation's greatest servant in its hour of greatest need. Is it not a cause worthy of the cooperation and aid of every living soul who is proud to be an American? If this be so, the Board of Trustees invites you most cordially to join The Lincoln Farm Association.

It is to the American people that the Board of Trustees must appeal. By 1909 The Lincoln Farm Association should have a membership of half a million loyal Americans. If the American people will themselves make this possible, the Lincoln centenary will be, indeed, one of the most significant events in the nation's history.

N O T E S

Lincoln book-case, table, and inkstand purchased by William H. Lambert, Dec. 6, 1894, at sale in Philadelphia of the "Lincoln Memorial Collection."

In a letter to John W. Keys, dated Springfield, Ill., April 14, 1886, William H. Herndon, former partner of Abraham Lincoln, stated, and made affidavit: "The desk (i. e. book-case), made of walnut, with four shelves in it, with two leaved doors, belonged to Lincoln and myself in our early practise. The desk contained most of our books for years. The table is made of walnut, with two drawers. The desk and table were placed in our office on the same day, say as early as 1850, probably before. You now own the desk and table that Lincoln once owned. He gave me the desk and table, and what you have is genuine and true. They have never been out of my sight since they were delivered to Lincoln and myself."

In a letter to S. B. Munson, dated Springfield, Ill., May 6, 1887, Herndon wrote: "The inkstand was the property of Abraham Lincoln, and was kept in his office for years, and out of which he wrote 'the house divided against itself' speech, which caused much discussion as to its propriety in the Republican ranks of that day. I have

had the inkstand in my possession since 1860. I know it to be as represented herein; it is true and genuine."

A statement as to the "house divided against itself" speech in Herndon's writing is pasted upon the bottom of the inkstand.

Keys and Munson were associated in ownership of the Lincoln Memorial Collection. It was first known as the Keys Collection, but when sold it was the property of the wife of Munson.

The book-case and table were destroyed by fire June 5, 1906. The inkstand is still in the possession of Mr. Lambert.

Lincoln's office chair (revolving armchair), purchased by William H. Lambert, Dec. 17, 1894, from Andrew Zane, Esq., of Philadelphia, who wrote on that date: "The Lincoln chair purchased by you this day has been in my possession about ten years. Prior to that time it was owned by my father, he having obtained it from his brother, the Hon. Charles S. Zane of Springfield, Ill., about the time of Mr. Lincoln's assassination. My uncle was at that time a law partner of Mr. William Herndon, formerly a partner of Mr. Lincoln, and the new firm occupied the same law office formerly occupied

by Lincoln and Herndon. The chair was taken by my father direct from the office and shipped to Philadelphia, where it has since been sacredly kept by my father and myself. This chair had long been the property of Mr. Lincoln and had been used by him as his law office-chair through most of his professional life. It was not as other chairs in his office, but was his special chair in front of his desk, in which he always sat, and from which he practised law until he was elected President of the United States. The photograph in the back was placed there by my father, he having had it so placed, saying he always wanted to see old Abe in his chair."

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THE AUTOBIOGRAPHY
OF
ABRAHAM LINCOLN

THE ORIGINAL, WHICH WAS WRITTEN FOR
CAMPAIGN PURPOSES, SEEMS TO HAVE
DISAPPEARED. COLLECTORS ARE APPAR-
ENTLY UNABLE TO LOCATE IT



The cabin in which Lincoln was born

I was born Feb. 12, 1809, in Harrods County, Kentucky.
My parents were both born in Virginia, of undistin-
guished families—^{second families, perhaps I should say—} My mother, who died in my
~~month~~ ^{tenth} year, was of a family of the name of Hanks,
some of whom now reside in Adams, and others
in Macou counties, Illinois— My paternal grand-
father, Abraham Lincoln, emigrated from Rock-
ingham County, Virginia, to Kentucky, about 1781 or
2, when, a year or two later, he was killed by
Indians, not in battle, but by stealth, when he
was laboring to open a farm in the forest—
His ancestor, who was Quaker, went to Virginia
from Berks County, Pennsylvania— An effort to
identify them with the New-^{of the same name} England family, was
in nothing more definite, than a similitude
of Christian names in both families, such as
Enoch, Levi, Mordecai, Solomon, Abraham, and
the like—

My father, at the death of his father, was
but six years of age; and he grew up,
literally without education— He removed
from Kentucky to what is now Spencer County, Louisi-
ana, in my eighth year— We reached our new home
about the time the State came into the Union— It
was a wild region, with many bears and other
wild animals, still in the woods— There I grew
up. There were some schools, so called; but no
qualification was ever required of a teacher, beyond
Reading, writing, and ciphering
~~Reading, writing, and Arithmetic~~ to the Rules of
Three— If a stranger ^{supposed to understand Latin} happened to be sojourning in

the neighborhood, he was looked upon as a
wizzard - There was absolutely nothing to excite
ambition for education. Of course when I came of
age, I did not know much. Still somehow, I could
read, write, and cipher to the Rule of Three, but
that was all - I have not been to school since -
The little advances I now have upon this slow educa-
tion, I have ~~been~~ picked up from time to time under
the pressure of necessity -

I was raised to farm work, which I continued
till I was twenty-two - At twenty-one I came to
Illinois, and passed the first year in Illinois
Macou County - Then I got ^{to} New Salem ^{at that time} (then
in Sangamon, now in Menard County, when I per-
maned a year as a sort of black in or
store - Then came the Black Hawk war,
and I was elected a Captain of Volunteers -
a success which gave me more pleasure
than any I have had since - I went the
campaign, was elected, ran for the Legislature the
same year (1832), and was beaten - the only time
I ever have been beaten by the people - The next,
and three succeeding biennial elections, I was elect-
ed to the Legislature - I was not a candidate
afterwards. During this Legislative period I had
studied law, and removed to Springfield to
study, practiced it - In 1846 I was once elected
to the lower House of Congress - Was not a can-
didate for re-election - From 1849 to 1854, both

inclusion, practical law more assiduously than ever
before - Always a whig in politics, and generally
on the whig electoral tickets, (making serious con-
cessions - I was losing interest in politics, when
the repeal of the Missouri Compromise aroused
me again - What I have done since then is
pretty well known -

If any personal description of me is thought ~~worth~~
desirable, it may be said, I am, in height, six
feet, four inches, nearly; lean in flesh, weighing, on
an average, one hundred and eighty pounds; dark
complexion, with coarse black hair, and grey eyes -
no other marks or bands recollected -

Wm. J. W. Hale.

Yours very truly
A. Lincoln



Washington, D.C. March 26. 1842

We the undersigned hereby certify that the
foregoing statement is in the hand
writing of Abraham Lincoln.

David Davis
Lyman Frembull
Charles Sumner

