

The Weekly Colonist.

Tuesday, April 25, 1865

MEMOIRS OF A GREAT MAN.

The following simple but interesting sketch of the early life and gradual rise of Abraham Lincoln to the Presidency of the United States appeared in Kingston's Magazine for Boys, published in London in January, 1861, under the following title: "How he Rose," or "Glimpses at the Career of a member of the Try School." It is from the pen of the editor, W. H. G. Kingston, Esq.

THE HERO'S CHILDHOOD DAYS.

Let us cast our eyes backward for the space of fifty years. Great have been the changes which have taken place since that time in all parts of the world, but few have been greater than those seen in the United States of America. Look at that emigrant family in their rough little wagon, drawn by rougher steeds, as leaving old Kentucky, they bend their way undaunted over meadow and upland, through dense forests, across rivers and marshes, towards the north west, to Indiana, where they hope to find a new home, and to recommence a career of honest industry which they do not fear will bring its reward. Among the children is an intelligent looking boy numbering about six summers. White the father, with sturdy steps, walks along guiding the team, he sits at his mother's knee in the wagon which contains all the worldly substance of the family, learning his letters. He seems, by his eagerness, to know that once on the new location there will be little time to devote to study, and he imbibes, with grateful avidity, all the instruction given him.

"Before our journey is ended, that boy, if he tries hard, will know how to read," says his father.

The boy does try hard, and proves that his father was right. Fortunately for him that he does so; for from the time this new home in Spencer County, Indiana, is reached, and for many a long day afterwards, few moments has he, or any one around him, for study. The life of a settler in a new district is at all times hard and laborious in the extreme. Persevering, unremitting toil can alone ensure success or ward off ruin. It was so especially in the days of which we write, when the means of communication with the rest of the world were difficult and uncertain.

The boy has, however, got hold of the key of knowledge. He is not one to let it grow rusty for want of use. All the books which his family, or any of the neighboring settlers possess, are read over and over again during the evenings of winter, or any moments which he can snatch from his manual occupations. If a wandering pedlar chance to come by with any literary productions, whatever their character, among his stock, they are eagerly purchased, and as eagerly perused. See that figure, with the huge bald on his shoulders, coming along the track, well beated, though only a track, towards the log house. How he can carry such a weight seems surprising. It is old Nick Logan, the packman. Eagerly the boy runs forward to meet him, and almost drags him on to the hut. He is warmly welcomed in the kitchen, and food is got ready for him while he unlashes the pack, and talks rapidly all the time, for he is the great news-monger, as well as pedlar of the district. Much he has got to say, and innumerable the articles to sell; but for what the boy looks he appears to have a very meagre supply—probably the demand is limited. One book only of the few he shows the boy does not possess; it is the life of Whittington, lord mayor of London. The boy purchases it for want of a better. Old Logan takes his departure, and that evening the boy is absorbed in the perusal of his new acquisition.

"I should like to have the chance he had," exclaimed the boy at length. "He was a great man. He rose to be lord mayor of London, the capital city of the old country."

There is a general laugh among the younger members of the family.

"Why, Abe, you might as well expect some day to become president of the United States," says one of them.

"No man knows what he can do till he tries," replied the boy, quietly looking up.

"Right, boy. Obey God, act honestly and uprightly, and never fear," says his father.

"I'll try to do my best," says the boy.

Surely that evening, after the family bible had been brought out, and a chapter read and explained, a prayer ascended from the heart of that boy for strength and guidance in the course before him.

YOUNG ABE'S SCHOOL DAYS.

That emigrant farmer, lately settled in his new home, is an upright, industrious, God-fearing man, who desires to bring up his children in the way they should go. His name is Lincoln; a name pleasant to the ear, not unsuited to a romance, and borne by a noble family in the old country. But he little prides himself on his family or his name. Other qualifications, and totally different, are required to obtain success in the New World. However high or low a value he may set on the institutions of his native land of one thing he is very certain, that they will not keep a man back. They may not help him to rise, but they buoy him up, and, as does a strong swimmer in a stormy sea, he may, if he has the power and the will, cleave his way through them.

Farmer Lincoln is a simple minded man. He has not given his son any high sounding name, but, going to his bible, he has called him Abraham, though he is generally known among his friends and neighbors as Abe.

Several years have passed by. The delicate child has grown into a strong, tall, active lad, all bone and muscle, well insured to hard labor. Who can wield an axe, cut down a tree, or split shingles better than he? Nothing daunts him. Slight progress has been made in learning; yet he has not altogether stood still. The books he possesses have been made to yield their utmost stores. He has sucked them dry—that is, to him—just as a good book ought to be sucked. He has thought over them, too. His knowledge is sound, as far as it goes, but not extensive. There are numberless subjects of which he knows nothing; his books are altogether silent on them. Of that he is aware, and he

yearns to obtain some of that vast mass of knowledge the existence of which he suspects. Great is his delight to find that the neighboring settlers have resolved to build a school. To determine is to execute in the New World. A bee is formed. All hands unite, and in a few days the log school house is erected, a competent master is installed, and young Abraham, now nearly six feet high, is one of the first scholars. He has had no former experience of school life. He sets to work with right good will, somewhat in an unsophisticated fashion perhaps, to draw knowledge from the master. With wonderful avidity he takes in whatever he can obtain. Nothing comes amiss. He reverses the usual order. The master has not to force knowledge into him, but he forces knowledge out of the master. That lad belongs to the try school. What cares he for the four or five miles' walk to and from the log school house, across the marshy waste, and through the trackless forest. He is on the high road towards the attainment of what his soul thirsts for—knowledge. Six weeks have thus passed. On returning home young Abe finds his father's house in the possession of strange men; they are the officers of the law. Tears are in his mother's eyes. His father looks almost heart broken. At first indignation and rage swell his heart. He proposes by main force to drive out the intruders.

"Stay thy hand, my son," says his father. "The law was made for honest men's benefit. Let us not break it. I am in fault. I trusted one I thought my friend and honest. I put my name to a bill, and have been deceived. This farm is no longer mine. We must seek another home."

The lad takes his father's hand— "Well, father, it will be hard if we cannot find another home as good as this," says he; "at all events we'll try."

He lets not a word escape him to show his own regret at leaving school, but with cheerful countenance sets about making preparations for the immediate departure which is contemplated. Who exhibits more alacrity; who so full of life, and spirits, and fun? He wins many a hearty laugh from those whose eyes had but lately been shedding tears.

Once more the family are on the move. Westward they go. As before, forests are traversed, streams and marshes crossed over. A cart conveys all their remaining worldly substance. They are poorer than when, ten years ago, they first pitched their tent in Indiana. Great part of Illinois is passed through, and they do not stop till they reach Coles County. A small log hut is quickly erected. It is all they can do, for they must set forth to seek for employment that they may purchase their daily food. They have sharp axes and willing hands.

"We'll try what we can do, father," says young Abraham; "if one man cannot give us work another will."

They try in many places to find work, but for long in vain, till the old man is almost in despair. Abe cheers him and says, "We'll try again." Work is at length obtained; but wages are low, for money is scarce and food dear. Still the emigrant and his family can live, but very hard living it is. "Better times will come," says Abe cheerfully. Day after day they work on with steady perseverance. Better times have come. The family can live and save a little money. Abe borrows books whenever he can find them, and sits up at night, or takes the time from his meals, to read his treasures. Often, with book in one hand, he studies while he eats. He knows not that the food is coarse and hard. He hungers for mental nourishment. He gets just then little of that either. Day after day he toils away felling timber. What is he but a brewer of wood and drawer of water to common eyes? Few would say that he was on the high road to anything but a life of physical toil. There seems but little prospect of his becoming lord mayor of London, or of his assuming any exalted position among his fellow men.

ABE GOES INTO THE WORLD TO SEEK HIS FORTUNE.

Two years wear on. Money has been saved. Land is sold by a wise government at a cheap rate. Eighty acres are purchased, and once more young Abe sees his father with a habitation and farm which he may call his own. With redoubled energy he toils on to aid his father in bringing the wild land under cultivation. Comforts begin to surround them; they have sheep and oxen and horses—not many though—but enough for their simple wants. Though intellect of no mean order rules in that family, they are content with their lot; peasants in appearance, there is polish in their manners—there is true nobility within. A garden blooms round that log hut; a dairy is built, the corn fields are extended, and a few laborers are hired.

"Abe, my boy," says his father to him one day, "the world is wide; you have read about it, and I know your dreams and thoughts are about it. You wish to go into it and try your fortune, as do other lads. Go, if you wish it. You have ever been dutiful and affectionate son to me, I can give you, as you well know, but my blessing; but that will, I feel sure, go with you, and God will protect and support those who trust in Him and try to do their best. Be sober, be prudent, be honest, owe no man anything, and never cease to pray for help from the Almighty."

"Father, I will," says young Abe, starting up and seizing his father's hand. "I do want to go into the world; I feel as if I had a work to do there; I don't want to be a great man, or a rich man, but I want to work with head as well as hand." So the old man blesses Abe his son, and his mother and all the rest of the family gather round him. They do not weep; they are not people addicted to weeping, though their hearts are tender enough. If a poor black man comes that way, flying from a brutal master, they treat him kindly as a brother, and send him on his way with aid and sympathy. Often has Abe thought of the misery and degradation of the slaves in his native land. His heart has swelled with indignation as he has heard of their sufferings, and he has thought and thought how the system of slavery may be altered—how the wrong may be mitigated and abolished at last without ruin to those who find themselves dependent for their very existence on the institution. Many other heads not less thoughtful than that of young Abe,

have cogitated on that subject, without arriving at a satisfactory result. Will he?

Abe has left his home. His heart is stout, and his limbs are strong; but he has walked over many a weary league, and as yet he is no nearer his goal than when he started. He has not even obtained work. He has asked and asked for it without avail. There is no doubt that he has tried for it, but for this once even trying seems to have failed! Money is scarce, labour plentiful. There is a panic of some sort. It had never occurred to him, a poor penniless lad, that he would suffer from a monetary crisis in the great commercial world. He had not even before heard of the crisis, but he stores up the recollection in his mind. He grows somewhat faint, he takes a draught of cool water from a spring, and sits down on a fallen log. His bundle and stick are by his side. He feels in his pocket; not a cent is there. His heart might well sink within him. He lets his head drop down between his knees. It is the first time in his life perhaps that it has ever been in that position. Never perhaps has that sturdy heart felt so hopeless. He is away from home and all the friends of his youth. No one knows him. He has come out into the world to seek his fortune; and this is what he has found—starvation, or something like it. He thinks on for some time; the idea amuses him. He laughs—not a pleasant laugh; it is hollow, though loud. He starts up. "That's not what I'll accept!"

ABE BECOMES A WOOD-CUTTER.

"I'll try again," exclaims Abe, shouldering his bundle and stick, his faithful axe in his belt. He trudges on—not with much spring in his step. People with empty stomachs don't walk in that way. Still his countenance is cheerful, and there is manhood in his look. He is in Macon county—not a spot where the arts and sciences are much cultivated. People are chiefly employed in winning the soil from the rude hands of nature.

"Whither bound, stranger?" says a voice. Abe looks up, and sees a stout elderly man standing on the other side of a snake fence. There is a log hut rising in a nook of the forest. Some acres of land with the timber felled in front of it, but black stumps rise up on every side.

"In search of work," answers Abe.

"Thou can't hew down a tree, or thou wouldn't carry an axe, I guess," says the old man.

"Ay, that I can," says Abe, brightening at the prospect of obtaining work.

"Canst cut and split rails?" asks the old man.

"I guess I can," says Abe with a smile.

"Hast come far, lad?" enquires the old man.

"Some twenty miles, maybe more," replies Abe.

"When didst break thy fast, stranger?" asks the old man.

"Not since yesterday, I guess," says Abe, frankly.

"And hast walked thus far, and thy heart does not faint or thy knees tremble? Thou wilt do, lad. Come up here; and we'll treat," says the old man.

The old man points to the hut. Abe is soon seated at a plentiful board, and shows that his teeth are not out of practice from his long fast. He quickly enters into a contract to cut and split 3000 rails for his entertainer. He sets to work that very evening. "No time like the present," is one of his mottoes. His lodging is in a rough shanty near his employer's hut. He works early and late. He rests at mid-day, though not as do his companions, lying idly on their backs, with pipe in mouth, or beer bottle by their sides. Abe quickly despatches his frugal meal, a draught from the nearest stream his only beverage; then from an ample store, which his bundle contains, he draws out one of his favorite volumes. The subjects are somewhat miscellaneous. No matter; none of them come amiss to Abe. He knows not what he may want in the world. While others are doing nothing—killing time—he sits on a log making use of time—storing his mind with wealth, which he intends to employ to good profit some day, he knows not exactly how. His companions at first laugh at him—sneer; but he does not listen to them. He waits till it is time to labour; then, while his gleaming axe is steadily at work, he laughs with them, tells them many a merry story suited to their tastes, some few things out of the books he has been reading, till they vow that never have they had a pleasanter companion: So Abe fulfils his contract, and pockets his well-gained wages. He feels richer than he has ever before been.

"Stranger, you've done that job well," says a friend of the old man, his employer. "I've a notion by which I guess some dollars are to be made. What say you to joining me in the speculation?"

"If it's honest and straight-forward I'm ready for it, whatever it may be," answers Abe.

"Do you understand ship-building and navigation?" asks his new friend, with a laugh in his eye.

"No," says Abe, "not yet; but I'll try and learn what's wanted."

"Well, I guess not much of either," says his friend. "But what I want is a man with a fearless heart and firm resolution, able to govern a rough lawless lot of fellows, and keep them in good humor. Now, listen. I'm not going to propose to set off to dig for gold, or to seek for diamonds. It's a practical notion I've got in my head; none of your romantic nonsense."

"That will suit me," says Abe, growing eager to hear what his friend had got to say; who continued—

"Provisions at New Orleans cost about twenty times as much as they do up here. Now, I'm for building a flat boat, loading her, and sending her down there. Will you take command?"

"Will a hungry fish bite?" says Abe.

"It will suit me exactly."

ABE BECOMES A BOATMAN.

So Abe and his new friend set to work to build a flat boat. Abe has never before tried his hand at ship building, but nothing comes amiss to him. The boat is rough enough, but suited to the purpose. She is strong, for she has many hundred miles to go, right down the Sangamon river into the Illinois, and down the Illinois into the Mississippi, and so on to New Orleans. Away sails Abe, captain, for the first time, of a boat with a full cargo. He had several men under him,

wild fellows; how they sing and dance, and drink at times, and fight; not among themselves, but with any they meet. He has to keep them in order; he does so in his own fashion. He stands six feet four inches, the tallest man among them. He shows them that what they can do he can do, and then he speaks to them in his pleasant friendly way, and his tales and anecdotes, though not coarse like theirs, amuse them much; yet still they never forget that he is their captain. They own that he is one of nature's noblemen. Those rough men boast of their skill with their rifles. One knocks a bottle off a comrade's knee as he sits at dinner. The joke is thought a good one by the men.

"You might have killed him though," says Abe, taking his rifle. An eagle is passing high overhead.

"His eye, mates, remember, I aim at," he observes quietly.

He fires. Down comes the bird at their feet, shot through the head. No one boasts after that of their shooting before the captain. It is grand to see Abe standing at the helm of his boat, calm and collected, guiding her through rapids, with the rushing water foaming around him, and dark rocks rearing up their threatening heads on every side. The rapids are passed, and now who would recognize the man who lately stood at the helm, guiding the boat amid the tumultuous waters with nerves of iron? There he sits, unconscious of all that takes place about him. A sickle is on his knee; he is absorbed in it. Another and another is produced, and then read and re-read. His crew wonder, they cannot understand, though they admire him. The mouth of the Illinois is reached, and now the flat boat enters the mighty Mississippi, the queen of waters. Hundreds of other craft are passed, gliding on to the great mart of the south, the hotbed of yellow fever. Huge steamers come puffing by on their upward voyage. Abe must now keep his eyes and wits about him. He never fails to do that when there is occasion. New Orleans is reached, and now Abe turns trader. He goes here and there, and ascertains the price of merchandise in general, but especially of the articles he has to sell. He finds that he has brought his goods to a promising market. He does not sell to the first bidder, nor to the second, nor to the highest perhaps, but to one whom he believes will pay him honestly. Thus he disposes of all his stores at good prices, and once more thinks of turning his steps homeward. He has no fancy to remain longer than he can help in that city of fever and slavery. Honest Abe has no maudlin sentiments about slaves; but he has read his Bible, and he believes that all men, whatever their color, whether their fathers come from Africa or the far-off shores of Asia, are his fellow-creatures, and he cannot understand on what plea one race should claim the right of keeping the other in perpetual bondage. "Certainly the law of Christ forbids so foul a wrong," says Abe to himself. "These slaveowners surely are no more to be pitied than any other men in the world. They are truly inheritors of a dreadful curse. By one means only can they remove it. Let them with heart and soul set to work to educate their slaves, to prepare them for freedom, and the evils which menace them and their children may be turned aside." Abe is evidently a man of single mind. He has not learned to make wrong appear right, or black white.

Abe has started on his return voyage up the mighty Mississippi. He does not understand being idle. He has not taken a cabin passage, though he has dollars in his pocket—not he. He works his way as a deck hand. It is honest, and not over hard work, to pull and haul, and to make fast to the piers, as the huge steamer touches here and there very frequently on her voyage. He has still time to read and to talk. He meets another deck hand, who borrows one of his books. His new acquaintance can not only read, but understands the work. They converse about it with mutual pleasure. How their eyes brighten as they listen to each other's words, and thought elicits thought. They recognize each other as brethren of no common order. What it makes them feel at once above those who surround them, dressed as they are dressed, performing the same hard work with strong rough hands? It is the power of intellect. At length they part. Abe has to go up the Illinois.

"Good bye, Du Bois," says Abe; "we'll meet again no doubt in one of our voyages."

"I hope so, for we've had a pleasant time together. Maybe you'll get command of one of these craft," says his friend.

"Oh, I don't aspire to so high a post," answers Abe laughing.

"I'm not so moderate in my wishes, then, as you are," says Du Bois; "but I've not made up my mind exactly what to aim at."

"Aim at," thought Abe, in his usual calm way. "Why, let me see; try to do my duty to the best of my power in that station of life to which I may be called."

Abe's partner in that flat boat speculation is highly delighted with its result; and another and another, till Abe has no small number of dollars in his pocket. People call Abe a very lucky fellow. Abe says that he has only tried to make the best use he could of his faculties. He has not irritated his stomach or his lungs by smoking, nor has he ever maddled his brains by intoxicating liquors. People cannot well call him a milk-sop, for he stands six feet four inches in his stockings, and has an eye a glance of which alone can silence impertinence.

ABE TURNS STOREKEEPER.

Abe now finds himself a rich man. He has no great fancy to return to New Orleans. It is a place he cannot love. A settlement has lately been formed. It will become a city shortly, people say. New Salem is its name. Abe, with the dollars he has saved in his boating expeditions, opens a store. Undoubtedly he will become one of the first merchants in New Salem. It was a store. It was difficult enough to say what was not in it, and more difficult to catalogue what it did contain. Abe suspects that he has not a genius for weighing pounds of sugar, and counting out nails and sheets of paper, so he takes a partner. Abe makes friends though. Many are the people who come to his store, and if they do not buy they listen to his stories and jokes, and vow as others have often before done, that there are not many men like him.

Abe does not seem exactly just now to be in a fair way of making his fortune. When New Salem increases, matters will of course improve. That is his consolation. He still

does his best, and few can do up pounds of sugar more rapidly than he, while he never fails to give full weight.

ABE AN OFFICER OF MILITIA.

News now reaches New Salem that the Indians have attacked the settlements further west. They are a fierce tribe, the Black Hawks, so called from some noted chief. Fears are entertained that they may extend their ravages. One thing is certain that they must be put down. The country is up in arms. The citizens of New Salem must send their quota of men; a company of militia is to be formed. A captain must be chosen. Who is the best man? A Major Gudgeon says that he himself is. Who wears a larger moustache, or a coat so fully braided? who looks fiercer, and can talk of warlike deeds done long ago in a louder tone of voice? who taller or bigger, who more likely to suit the post? in short, who so fit a man? The Major says that he is confident that he shall gain the election. There are many other candidates—some fifteen or more. Abe is tending his store, and has no ambition to go out and fight the Black Hawks. The day of election arrives. It is agreed that each candidate for the post of honor shall march across the city square, some might call it the village green, followed by supporters, and he who has the longest train shall be elected. Abe at the appointed hour comes to look on. The candidates and their friends have assembled. Just then a stout fellow seizes Abe and says he must be the captain. Abe laughs and says that there are many things that he knows about, but that fighting and military matters he has no taste for. He has read Caesar's "Commentaries," and Marlborough's battles, and the War of Independence, and Wellington's battles; but that he does not fancy this reading will have made him a soldier, and as to drilling, he has no notion scarcely of the goose step, much less of the platoon exercise. Still his friends insist. They doubt if the Major knows even who Caesar and Marlborough were, and certainly he thinks himself fully as great a man in his way as the Duke of Wellington, or any general alive. So Abe consents to stand as a candidate, not believing that he will be chosen, and his friends gather behind him in a long line. They beckon and shout to their friends, "Come along, come along, join us. We are Lincoln's boys to lead us!" The Major stands up, with head erect and chest swelling out, to marshal his followers, nothing doubting that they will outnumber his competitors. Other candidates come forth, and several lines are formed. The umpires take their posts, the open space is cleared, the time is up, the word to march is given. Off steps the Major, left foot first, with martial strut, glancing his eyes scornfully around him. He has a long line, he feels confident of success. Now Abe must march. Away he goes. Right or left foot first he scarcely knows; not very erect in his carriage either, but with a firm bold step, which might make an enemy in front quake, if it does not the ground. His friends follow closely after, touching each other's backs, many laughing and shouting. They do not keep step very well they allow. No matter, the drill sergeant will show them how to do that by and by. It looks as if some game were being played by boys—big game boys to be sure. Abe's line files past the umpires, who begins to count. The Major halts altogether, and stamps with disappointment on the ground. Abe's followers number more than his by two. The Major feels as if he could eat those two if he were to try; but they naturally went to him, so he marches home in high dudgeon, and little more is heard of him.

Abe is now captain of a company of fighting men. Before he goes to the war, he wishes to set his house in order. His partner in the store insists that the store will not flourish unless whiskey and other spirits are sold. Abe says stoutly that spirits are the ruin of men's bodies and souls, and that he will be no party to any such transaction. Money might be made or might not by selling spirits; that is not the question; is it right, or is it wrong? The partner holds to the first opinion, so Abe finally says that he will wipe his hands of the whole concern, if his partner will undertake to pay over the value of his share of the goods.

Abe believes that all is right, and away he marches with his company to the Black Hawk war.

Abe sets to work to fight, as he does every thing else in earnest. War is a serious matter, no child's play, and the Indians learn that to their cost. They are cunning, but they find that they are opposed to one who possesses qualities which are superior to cunning, by which all their stratagems are counteracted, all their wiles discovered. Abe and his men do not find that the drill sergeant's lessons are of any great use in the sort of warfare in which they are engaged, except so far as it has taught them to trust to each other's support. A quick eye, firm nerves, sharp intelligence are the qualities they require and possess. Their deadly rifles are well so called. The enemy before long discover that war with the white man is a very losing game, so when their tribes are nearly exterminated the remnant sue for peace. It is granted and tranquillity is restored on the border.

All his followers declare that Abe has great military genius. He is already a man of note among them, no longer a hewer of wood and drawer of water. Under other circumstances he might have served his country as a soldier, and many even now say it is a pity he does not; he would rise to command a regiment, perhaps to become a general. He laughs, and says that he had tried to do his duty, and that is all; he is not ambitious. The militia return to their homes, and thus ends Abe's military career.

ABE RUINED, BUT RESOLVES TO TRY AND REPAIR HIS LOSSES, AND BECOMES A SURVEYOR.

Abe gets back to New Salem. He repairs to his former store to see his late partner, who owes him considerable sums. Unpleasant suspicions come across Abe's mind; the store is closed, the late partner is no where to be found. Abe learns too soon that the said late partner not only sold whiskey, but drank it, and perhaps drank more than he sold, and had now some days since disappeared, leaving the concern a thousand dollars and more in debt, for which he, Abe, honest, hard-working, hard-fighting Abe, must be answerable. Abe has been poor before, without a dollar in his pocket, not know-

ing where to get a night's lodging anything, and no his pocket, and hundred. Abe sort, if it is honest to live and save dollars, seems won't do it, that sorry that he did whiskey. He then proposes one but he does not not despair, but near his wit's on walking here and who has some by another. There takes it up a tical treatise, w ally intending t rows the book a mind on the pa mind, as is his takes in all the sucks it. The s haps new to hi Even when fig time to read so ceased himself surveying. "To make on lars is difficult, ful voice, "but never have fou who did not he him, no matter the accomplish start." Memo ten by any wit Honest Abe te pay them if t the dollars, not —not coined. There is truth! Salem is not e would advised moves to Spri Here he forthy surveyor. Th Abe has a w well, never dis him. He mak meet him like lars he spoke his pocket, bi tors, living me in the simple

There are town than A be sent to th ward as a ca He does not h honor. He r rising in the can speak a good debater ledge stand largely from Good judge him undoub remarkable ones more c the law, b place in its is not ambi honest pride course he v Surveying h has paid off his intellect food. The legislative t the law. F for. What is devoted and a few to the bar. Few could was a first acute trade a militia of his place as the ranka might em gains the fr on him. He kind, uprig now truly a town, but of the land alter. He guided him trait. He in his sto but gaun not dispry height. I is never b ately, al forwards, a back. In ionable, h is is rema time simp cere, but warm th of recogni those of handsome are lighte tures be from amo not only love, but and pres on his sh logically A slight with a weather Abraham hero A greater i an unwe best in e placed, b est posit Our herc PR Thus by trying has been persever never de endowed so he health a wish yo that he blessing one nor pecially