

devoted to her family. Her home indicated a degree of taste and a love of beauty, exceptional in the wild settlement in which she lived, and, judging from her early death, it is probable that she was of a physique less hardy than that of most of those by whom she was surrounded. But, in spite of this, she had been reared where the very means of existence were to be obtained but by a constant struggle, and she had learned to use the rifle as well as the distaff, the cards, and the spinning wheel. She could not only kill the wild game of the woods, but she could also dress it, make of the skins clothes for her family, and prepare the flesh for food. Here was a strong, self-reliant spirit, which commanded the respect as well as the love of the ragged people among whom she lived.

"His mother's death made an impression on the mind of the son as lasting as life. She had found time amidst her weary toil and the hard struggle of her busy life, not only to teach him to read and to write, but to impress ineffaceably upon him that love of truth and justice, that perfect integrity and reverence for God, for which he was noted all his life. These virtues were ever associated in his mind with the most tender love and respect for his mother. 'All that I am, or hope to be,' he said, 'I owe to my angel mother.'" * * *

"The common free schools which now so closely follow the heels of the pioneer and settler in the western portions of the Republic had not then reached Indiana. An itinerant teacher sometimes 'straggled' into a settlement, and if he could teach 'readin', writin', and cipherin' to the rule of three,' he was deemed qualified to set up a school. With teachers thus qualified, Lincoln attended school at different times; in all, about twelve months. An anecdote is told of an incident occurring at one of the schools, which indicates his kindness and his readiness of invention. A poor, diffident girl, who spelled *definite* with a *y*, was threatened and frightened by the rude teacher. Lincoln, with a significant look, putting one of his long fingers to his eye, enabled her to change the letter in time to escape punishment. He early manifested the most eager desire to learn. He acquired knowledge with great facility. What he learned he learned thoroughly, and everything he had once acquired was always at his command.

"Young Abraham borrowed of the neighbours and read every book he could hear of in the settlement within a wide circuit. If by chance he heard of a book that he had not read, he would walk many miles to borrow it. Among other volumes, he borrowed of one Crawford, Weem's 'Life of Washington.' Reading it with the greatest eagerness, he took it to bed with him, in the loft of the cabin, read on until his nubbin of tallow candle had burned out; then he placed the book between the logs of the cabin, that it might be at hand as soon as there was light enough in the morning to enable him to read. But during the night a violent rain came on, and he awoke to find his book wet through and through. Drying it as well as he could, he went to Crawford and told him of the mishap, and, as he had no money to pay for it, offered to work out the value of the injured volume. Crawford fixed the price at three days' work, and the future President pulled corn three days, and thus became the owner of the fascinating book. He thought the labour well invested. He read, over and over again, this graphic and enthusiastic sketch of Washington's career, and no boy ever turned over the pages of Cooper's 'Leather-Stocking Tales' with more intense delight than that with which Lincoln read of the exploits and adventures and virtues of this American hero. Following his plough in breaking the prairie, he pondered over the story of Washington, and longed to imitate him." * * *

"Living thus on the extreme frontier, mingling with the rude, hard-working, simple, honest backwoodsmen, while he soon became

superior in knowledge to all around him, he was at the same time an expert in the use of every implement of agriculture and woodcraft. As an axman he was unequalled. He grew up strong in body, healthful in mind, with no bad habits, no stain of intemperance, profanity or vice. He used neither tobacco nor intoxicating drinks, and, thus living, he grew to be six feet four inches high, and a giant in strength. In all athletic sports he had no equal. His comrades say, 'he could strike the hardest blow with ax or maul, jump higher and further, run faster than any of his fellows, and there was no one, far or near, who could lay him on his back.'" * * *

"One day there came into camp a poor, old, hungry Indian. He had in his possession General Cass's 'safe-conduct' and certificate of friendship for the whites. But this he did not at first show, and the soldiers, suspecting him to be a spy, and exasperated by the late Indian barbarities, with the recent horrible murder by the Indians of some women and children still fresh in their minds, were about to kill him. Many of these soldiers were Kentuckians, with the hereditary Indian hatred, and some, like their captain, could recall the murder by the red men of some ancestor, or other member of their own families. In a frenzy of excitement and blind rage, they believed, or affected to believe, that the 'safe-conduct' of the old Indian, which was now produced, was a forgery, and they were approaching the old savage, with muskets cocked, to dispatch him, when Lincoln rushed forward, knocked up their weapons, and, standing in front of the victim, in a determined voice ordered them not to fire, declaring that the Indian should not be killed. The mob, their passions fully roused, were not so easily to be restrained. Lincoln stood for a moment between the Indian and a dozen muskets, and for a few seconds it seemed doubtful whether both would not be shot down. After a pause, the militia reluctantly, and like bulldogs leaving their prey, lowered their weapons and sullenly turned away. Bill Green, an old comrade, said, "I never in all my life saw Lincoln so roused before." * * *

"On one occasion when Lincoln was present, Taylor, in the midst of a most violent harangue against the Whig aristocrats, made a gesture so forcibly that he tore the buttons off his vest, and the whole magnificence of his ruffles, watch-chain, seals, etc., burst forth, fully exposed. Taylor paused in embarrassment. Lincoln, stepping to the front and turning to Taylor, pointed to his ruffles, and exclaimed, 'Behold the hard-fisted Democrat! Look, gentlemen, at this specimen of the bone and sinew. And here, gentlemen,' said he, laying his great bony hand, bronzed with work, on his own heart, 'here, at your service'—bowing—'here is your aristocrat! Here is one of your silk-stocking gentry'—spreading out his hands. 'Yes, I suppose,' continued he, 'I, according to my friend Taylor, am a bloated aristocrat.' The contrast was irresistibly ludicrous, and the crowd burst into shouts of laughter and uproar. In this campaign the reputation of Lincoln as a speaker was established, and ever afterwards he was recognized as one of the great orators of the State."

HALF A MILLION FOR A PAIR OF BOOTS.

A Southern paper gives an amusing illustration of the value of Confederate money in war times:

In the last few weeks of the war a confederate, serving under Lee, wrote home to his father that he was almost bare-footed, and completely discouraged. As soon as the old man received the letter he mounted his mule and set off at a gallop, but was soon halted by an acquaintance, who called out:

"Hello! Has there been another fight?"

"Not as I've heard of; but I've got a letter from Cyrus."

"What does Cyrus say?"