

had existed doubts in the public mind as to the marriage of Mr. Lincoln's father and mother. In the year 1859 I went to Springfield, Kentucky, to teach and was in that neighborhood when he received the nomination for President. On the announcement of the name of the candidate all were on the *qui vive* to know who the stranger was, so unexpectedly launched upon a perilous sea. A farmer remarked that he should not be surprised if this was a son of Thomas Lincoln and Nancy Hanks, who were married at the house of Uncle Frank Berry (the old house is still standing). In a short time this supposition of the farmer was confirmed by the announcement of the father's name.

A few days after I visited an aged lady by the name Litsay, who interested me much by giving me a description of the wedding of the father and mother of the new candidate, she having been a friend of the bride and present at the marriage. In 1866, after the liberation of 4,000,000 slaves had made the name of Abraham Lincoln memorable, I was again in the neighborhood and visited the old house in which was celebrated the nuptial rites above referred to. Its surroundings are among the most picturesque in Kentucky. The Beach Fork, a small river of wonderful meanderings, flows near and is lost to view in a semi-circular amphitheatre of hills. While surveying the surrounding landscape, I thought it not strange that inspiration had fallen on the mother of him who should be known as the liberator of the Nineteenth Century.

The official record of this marriage will probably be found at Springfield. The newly married pair soon after left the county.

As I remember the story of Nancy Hanks, it ran thus: Her father and mother were Virginians, and died when she was very young. Her mother's name before marriage was Shipley, and she was known to have two sisters, one of whom was married to man by the name of Berry and the other to Robert Mitchell, who came to Kentucky about the year 1780; while on the journey the family was set upon by the Indians and Mrs. M was fatally wounded, and their only daughter, Sarah, a child of eleven years old, was captured and borne away by the Modocs of the Wilderness. Mr. Mitchell bore the dying wife to a crab orchard and, like Abraham of old, purchased the renowned spot for the burial of his wife. After the last sad rites he mounted his horse, accompanied by his friend, Gen. Adair, and went in search of his daughter, but was drowned in Dip river while attempting to cross. The sons of this father and mother were scattered to different parts of the State. One of them, Daniel, settled in Washington county on the Beach Fork, a few miles from Springfield, and near two cousins, Frank and Ned Berry. To these cousins came Nancy Hanks, whom they welcomed to their homes, for legend is "her cheerful disposition and active habits were a dower to these pioneers." Soon after Mad Anthony Wayne's treaty with the Indians in 1794 or 1795, the lost cousin was returned to her friends. The returned captive lived at the house of her brother, and Nancy Hanks at the house of her cousin, Frank Berry. These girls were soon as intimate as sisters. Sarah Mitchell was the pupil of Nancy in learning to spin flax — the latter being an adept in that now lost art. It was the custom in those days to have spinning parties, on which occasions the wheels of the ladies were carried