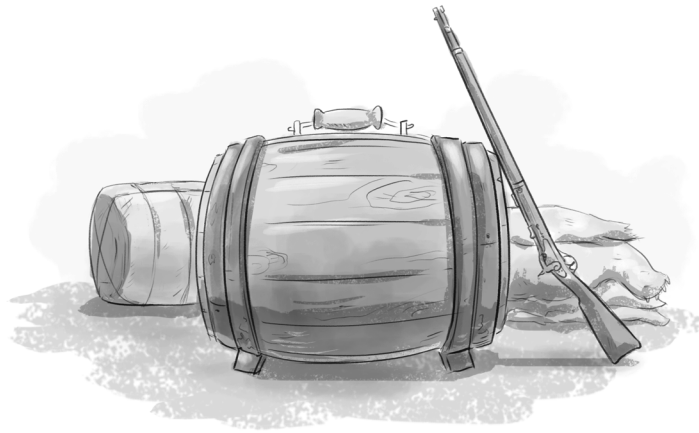


*Adventures on the American Frontier*

# PIONEER TRADERS

Part Six  
Abe Lincoln, Trader



A Royal Fireworks Production

Royal Fireworks Press  
Unionville, New York



**Other books in this series:**

**George Croghan, Fur Trader**

**Trader Kinzie and the Battle of Fort Dearborn**

**Manuel Lisa on the Missouri River**

**Joe LaBarge, Missouri River Boy**

**The Bent Brothers on the Santa Fe Trail**



This book features QR codes that link to audio of the book being narrated so that readers can follow along.

---

Copyright © 2020, Royal Fireworks Online Learning, Inc.  
All Rights Reserved.

Royal Fireworks Press  
P.O. Box 399  
41 First Avenue  
Unionville, NY 10988-0399  
(845) 726-4444  
fax: (845) 726-3824  
email: [mail@rftp.com](mailto:mail@rftp.com)  
website: [rftp.com](http://rftp.com)



ISBN: 978-0-89824-784-8

Printed and bound in Unionville, New York, on acid-free paper  
using vegetable-based inks at the Royal Fireworks facility.

Publisher: Dr. T.M. Kemnitz  
Editor: Jennifer Ault  
Book and cover designer: Christopher Tice  
Audio and narration: Christopher Tice



10Jun20



Many of the pioneers were traders at one time or another, for goods had to be moved and traded as part of the work of settling the wilderness. Some people stayed in trading all their lives. Others tried it for a while but found their dreams turning to other ways of making a living. Abraham Lincoln was one of those.



In 1826, when he was seventeen, Abe began to look beyond the world of Little Pigeon Creek in southwestern Indiana where he lived. He got a job working on the farm of James Taylor, whose land touched the wide, smooth-flowing Ohio River.

Mr. Taylor had a license to run a ferryboat to take people, wagons, and animals across the Ohio River. One of Abe's jobs was to ferry people across the river to Kentucky. Sometimes he would bring someone from the Kentucky shore to Indiana. At times he



would take someone midway out into the river so they could get on a steamboat.

The trip across the river was slow, and Abe had a chance to talk with the travelers. The most interesting people to him were the lawyers, and sometimes he would talk to them about a case, reciting an Indiana law to back up his ideas.

“Where did you learn that, lad?” the lawyer would ask.

Abe had borrowed a law book, and he worked hard to read it and learn from it.

"I wish you'd tell me what this word means, sir," he'd ask, and he'd spell out a long legal term from the book. He puzzled over new words, and it bothered him when he couldn't get the meaning of a sentence because of a word he didn't know.

Other folks told Abe of places they'd been. Abe would see the boats coming down the river, too, and wonder about the faraway city called Pittsburgh and about New Orleans, down the river a thousand miles, where many of the boats were going.



"I'd like to go there someday," he thought.

After a year or two, Mr. Taylor no longer needed Abe. "I'm not going to run the ferry anymore," he told the tall young man with a shock of black hair and deep-set gray eyes. "I'm giving up my license. What do you think you'll do next?"

"I'd like to do some boating myself," said Abe. "There are lots of folks who need a ride out to the steamboat or down to the next river landing. I'll build a boat of my own and get that business."