Schaller, Iowa. December 5, 1923.

My dear Miss Tarbell:

I am very pleased to have your letter of November 29, and to learn that I can be of some service to you in furnishing such Rutledge material as you desire.

In regard to the picture of the Lincoln cabin which George Simpson had taken in 1865, you no doubt saw in our collection one of the original lithographs, attested by Gov. Oglesby in these words: "I certify that the above is a correct photograph of the Lincoln log cabin." R. J. Oglesby.

Mr. Simpson had the photograph taken on the spot and lithographed in Chicago. Our copy was donated to us by a Decatur citizen. I called Mr. Simpson to the Library, and he said that after the copyright ran out he had another picture made from that one and added the Bowlder and other Decatur Lincoln landmarks. He made us a present of this second copy and I have it hanging under the original lithograph.

Mr. Simpson's word is entirely reliable in every respect. He will likely send you a copy of the second picture interesting too.

Mr. Simpson has a copy of the first map ever made of Macoupin County locating the Lincoln cabin on the Sangamon.

Again, in our collection is Bartlett's "Life of Lincoln", published in 1865 (one of the very best in existence as far as facts were then known) which contains a cut of the Decatur Lincoln cabin. This valuable volume—much worn—belonged to William Rutledge—brother of Ann—and was donated by his daughter Mrs. Whelan to our Rutledge Corner. I noticed in its advertising section an announcement of a new edition of "Missouri Harmony; hymns, tunes and anthems in four parts, newly stereotyped in Patent Notes."

It is to me a positive physical pain to think of Decatur losing that cabin. I am so sorry that you did not meet Mr. George Simpson. He would have felt highly honored.

If you glanced thru the "Memories" you read the true history of the Lincoln courtship from the lips of Ann's own sister, Mrs. Nancy Prewitt. It is illuminating in that so many biographers have said that she died of a broken heart—quite the opposite of the truth. In this love story she tells of Lincoln and Ann singing together from the old "Missouri Harmony" and of his singing "Legacy" to her (Mrs. Prewitt) when she was a little girl—a queer sort of love story which embarrassed her so much that she ran out of the room. Rev. A.M. Prewitt—her son—in one of his letters to me, relates the same incident as told to him by his mother.
One of the prints I had made shows the book closed, the other open at "Legacy". I suppose on the Title-page the date of publication is given— a very important item which I positively forgot to ask Mr Prewitt and am asking him today.

He loaned us "The Christian's Harp," a companion Hymn Book used in the Prewitt family, published in 1839. In it is the autograph of James Miller—a brother of Mary Ann Rutledge—showing it was handed down from her side of the house.

The Family Record is absolutely correct, verified by living members of the family.

The picture of the stone over the grave of Mary Ann Rutledge also marks that of her son John who died one year later than she. On the opposite face is his epitaph. I had the photographer take a close-up view of the lower part of the monument to show larger the lettering. I could also send that to you, but both would have to be shown as the latter looks, and is of course, cut off above the epitaph.

I am sending a picture of the house in which she lived for forty years—tho you have not asked for it. It was a nice five-room structure—living room, two bedrooms, dining room and kitchen with large back porch with the roof extended to cover it, with splendid hard wood doors still in place. The marks on either side of the garage door show where the veranda was attached. The front door had a glass panel.

Mrs Rutledge was blind for a number of years before her death and died at the home of Mrs Nancy Prewitt who lived near,

About a year ago Rev. William Barton published an article after his interview with Mrs Sarah Saunders, which had a picture of her sitting in a chair with a patch work quilt around her—a snapshot I fancy.

I have a very much better picture— a really fine one—which she sent to me, a large cabinet, and if you wish to use it and I hope you will, you have but to write to Mrs Evans and she will send it to you.

She was the last of the Rutledges— the connecting link between the Past and the Present— a woman of great beauty and force of character. It was really Mrs she and her son James who made it possible for me to gather the wonderful collection of Rutledge items for Decatur.

Should you ever wish to look further into the "Memories" Alice will send them to you.
When I learned that you were looking up Lincoln material in Decatur, I wrote to Mrs Evans "Surely she is returning to her first love." I am glad that so careful and pains-taking a seeker after the truth is able to carry on and as some one said to Longfellow: "I thank God that you live, that you have lived and that you will live forever."

Your kind words of appreciation of our collection send a gentle glow of joy and pride into my heart. With me it was a labor of love for to me the very name of Lincoln is sacred.

It was like parting with a part of myself to send my Lincoln things away, but now that they are in a fire-proof building, I am so glad. There is nothing truer than the old adage—"What I gave I have, What I kept I lost." I feel that I still have it all and the world has it too to enjoy.

Dear Miss Tarbell if you ever hear of any picture broadside or whatever that is procurable pertaining to Lincoln, please let me know if it is not asking too much—such a busy woman. I want to cover the entire Lobby walls where the Panels hang and I realize that as yet the collection is very small.

This Lincoln work is my hobby. We must have hobbies to keep us from sinking into oblivion.

I celebrated my 75th birthday September last. Enclosed one of the place-cards.

The pictures will go forward this day by registered mail.

With the highest appreciation for your glorious gift to humanity in your conscientious and able literary work I am

Very sincerely yours

Jane E. Hammond