

On Monday (July 8-'95) I went from Springfield
to Elkhardt to see "Uncle Dick" "Dr. Deul" a Dick
Aglesby as you please. Elkhardt is a town of
about 200 people - western as it can be with better
2 mud & well-painted houses & cheap shops
& boys men lounging in the doors & watching
the stranger who roams within its gates.
I walked to the C. place - was told it was
only $\frac{3}{4}$ of a mile to the "big gate", a broad
side walk led out of the town to the
"big gate" where you'll find what they call
the lodge the station man told me with
a slight contemptuous bearing on edge.
I lost my way going & doubted the distance
I got into the village country & with
much opening of big wooden springing
gates got into the place by the
rear. The situation is wonderfully fine
that country - on what they call the
"Mount" - a low ridge of heavily wooded
of being called a hill through a plain
if it goes by the name of Mt Pulaski.
The new farm the John Cochran own the
prairie is one of great beauty - somewhat

of the distances of the sea in the endless
prairie of corn & wheat & corn & always
corn. The house & surroundings are a
curious combination of pretension & failure,
of luxury and poverty, of magnificence &
make-shifts. The house, which is large
with its ~~large~~ ^{large} ~~out-houses~~ ^{out-houses} and straggles back indefinitely like a
long tailed beast whose vertebrae are
not fitted together closely. It is clabbed
on the outside & painted white - there is
a cement floor around the inside on
two sides evidently meant for a fine
terrace & a cheap helix or scaffolding
runs out over - perhaps nine or an awning
but neither are visible & the effect is
cheap & untrading - without the lawn is
fenced in ~~rough~~ ^{rough} ~~small~~ rails & there are
large empty urns & a fountain which
doesn't. Many & arbores grown up with
mosses - The park is magnificent & the
approach well laid out but road is
muddy & the grass killed. In the
house there are many fine things
some handsome ones but here &

there a cheap shawl - such a square
rug carpet in the big reception hall
before a fine oak mantle & near
the pipe organ.

Dr Oglesby came in on receipt of my
card - a splendid picture of a powerful
figure - white thin hair, red face - smooth
shaven - pipe in mouth - white linen trousers
& vest & black coat - I tell him what I
want and he says "why my dear girl my-
body tells him all I do about I." I
he begins to tell it - "1809 - Centerville -
Hanks - Johnston - Martin & Deaton
Lalum - Great West - New Orleans etc &
I stop him & suggest personal services -
unpublished things etc. He won't
comprehend at first - but at last when I
ask him when he first met Mr. L. he
tells me -

"I was a boy of 14 when I
went to Springfield & one of my friends
told me over & introduced me to Mr. L.
who was practicing there then. I saw
right along every day nearly from
that time. The day Mr. L. came
to my office I said "Dick I have come
over to get you to go & vote." I said Mr. L.
can't vote since not old enough." "You're not
old enough - you're 21!" "No only 20."

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"Well I don't think I'd try to vote them".
Has no souvenirs of his life as lawyer - was in
Europe in '56 - followed the debate of '58.
In 1860 he was at Decatur as a delegate to
the convention which nominated Chase as
the presidential candidate of Illinois.
He & John Hanks went out to the old
farm where L's father had lived
and brought in 2 rails from a fence which
L & H. had made. These were the two which
turned the tide for Lincoln. - He "worked like
a nail" at Chicago.

The most interesting & only really fresh
story A. told me was of this visit to W.
the day of the assassination. He was
then governor of Illinois & he & his staff called
a W. H. to see Mr. L. he was out but they waited
some time. When he came at last at last
going off. When near the treasury they
heard some one cry out - "Come back, boys"
& looking around there was Mr. L. standing in
the W. H. drive way waving his hat at them
they went back & took them up to his
room & soon picked up Phoenician & began
to read them stories - dinner was
announced but he paid no attention -
finally the servant came in & said
"Mr. L. says dinner is served & Mr. L."

got up slowly. scratching his head & saying
 "Well - all Harry Lin turning" & off he went
 for Q. & his stuff staid in Willard's hotel
 that night - and in the evening a young man
 came hurrying to the gov. with a pale face.
 "Gov Q." he said "Mr L has been assassinated"
 The gov. turned in his in fury "What"
 do you tell me that for He isn't assassi-
 nated anymore than you are assassinated.
 Any young man went out but returned soon.
 "It is true gov". Who told you? "So - I see -"
 "What does he know? How dare you come here
 telling me such a thing without
 knowing what you are talking about!"
 "I believe half believed he was right" said
 the gov. "but I wouldn't believe it"

This time I believe sure. the boy said I went out. He came
 back. "It is true gov!" & there was no doubting for down the
 am. came something like a woman" & then hurried
 around until I blushed. I rushed to the door but
 the wounded president had been carried across the
 street. I pushed my way by force & it took a half
 of it to the front hall of the hotel where the
 officer in command ordered me back. I told
 I could & I would go in & I did. My father
 gov. of Mr L's state & his old time friend and
 he lived die. He was the most majestic
 man I ever saw as he lay on his bed - I never
 saw him look so large - his forehead seemed

rest in its height - & the weather he drew was
great hours - Each one seemed the last
& there was an interminable time between
them" O. W. A. accompanied remains. He
says that - in the entire journey he did not hear
a hostile word. As they passed in the night
and some times in the rain great fires were
built - at stations where they did not even
stop & thousands stood to ~~be~~ uncovered
to do the remains work.