

Oct 3, '39.

Dear Lady;

I am sending you a can of bema I have not opened, having found what I like better.

And now that I am speaking to you a moment I can't keep from talking about the last John Hay Lincoln book, Lincoln & the ~~from~~ Civil War, in Diaries and Letters etc.

I suppose you have probably handled the whole lot of the originals and it is a long time since I read the Nicolay & Hay book-- now I will have to read it again; maybe I can "get" the matter better now-- I hope I am a bit bigger now myself, but certainly I never before got such an overwhelming sense of how over life-size, of how like a creature of a bigger race than merely human, was Lincoln. Only Jesus ever before loomed like that before on my little horizon.

Maybe that shows how much little things tell little folk, for the historical stuff went in the other book of course.

Then I am comforted to think how singularly, incredibly fortunate that Atlas of a tormented man was in having Hay for such intimate & usefulness, such a lad and such a worshipper. He seems so clear-headed in the way he feels the Tycoon is more than life-size. And he loves his stories and simplicities!

But he did not know what he had heard at Gettysburg, tho he came a shade nearer than anyone else on record.

Lady Minerva, the proudest boast of my life, made in arrogant confidence, is that I would! I would have known the immortality of those immortal words. I have some foundation for that cheek.

There is my one/superior pure-heartedness. Which reminds me that my Ino, whom
I always knew/~~xxx~~ and loved as of a rare vintage, has been out in that Grand Central
art school ~~under xxxxxxxx~~ among professionals working under a teacher
who is fit for his job-- skipping years of drill.

That is part of what is making me so unjustifiably garrulous
when I happen to have begun writing a note.

And there is still something I have to get off:
backtitching to the May book : one insignificant note records
Spent the evening at the theatre with President, Mrs. L., Mrs Hunter,
Cameron and Nicolay. J Wilkes Booth was doing the Marble Heart.
Rather tame than otherwise.

That is Nov 9 1863.

I will not try to conceal that with an unbecoming recurrence of
the tone of a literary adviser I think you as a historical Minerva
may have forgotten all about that entray, being intent on matters
of pith and moment and not being as much interested ~~xx~~ --moved--
the meaningless may be.
by ~~ixx~~ as more trivial people ~~xxxx~~ Selah.

It is time I said I am

Humbly yours,

V.R.

Remond

Will you

get off the

floor