

In the fall of Eighteen Fifty-nine my husband, J. W. Strevell, invited Mr Lincoln to deliver a lecture before the "Young Men's Literary Club" of Pontiac Ill. and be our guest, while in town. He arrived on the four P.M. train, and an hour later, as we left the parlor - and entered - the diningroom. Mr Lincoln said, "I was so busy, before leaving Springfield, that I had to go without my lunch, or miss the train. So I am very hungry." While he enjoyed the dinner, the Company, had a rich feast listening to his most entertaining conversation. So unassuming and kind in his manner - that he won all hearts. After dinner, he took our little son upon his knee, and told him stories until they were fast friends. The son is now, President of the "Lincoln Club" in Ogden, Utah. and I love to think that his unswerving, loyalty and integrity, are largely due to the fact, that as he grew up, Mr Lincoln was his ideal.

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After returning from the Lecture, it was proposed, that the gentlemen, should have a dish of raw oysters, Mr Lincoln said. "Mr Strevell - if I should eat a raw oyster with you - it would be the first time I had ever eaten one." but added, "I like them cooked." They were quickly prepared for him, and he ate them with a keen relish.

We sat late at the fireside that night, with him - who was soon to become the most conspicuous man in the Nation, yet at this time, it was apparent that he did not comprehend, his own greatness.

In reply to the question, from Mr. S. - if he had ever thought, that he would receive the nomination for the Presidency, at the Convention, to be held the following June, he said, "No, I have thought, I might possibly, get the second place."

Before retiring, I bade Mr Lincoln, Good bye. He was obliged to leave, on an early train, and I did not see him again, until his burial.

Mrs. J. W. Strevell.