

piece of paper and wrap up the fee that he received from client and write on the back of the paper the name of the case. He would put the money thus wrapped away in his pocket. The next fee would be wrapped up in like manner and stored away in another pocket, and when he came home he would take out the fees from the different pockets one at a time and divide them with his partners."

LINCOLN AS A LAWYER.

"Was Abraham Lincoln a great lawyer?"

"Yes," replied Senator Cullom, "I think there is no doubt of that. My father knew him very well, and when asked to advise as to a lawyer for any person he would say: 'Get Judge Logan if you can, but if you can't there is a young man in his office by the name of Lincoln who will do just as well.' Lincoln was very strong with both court and jury. He had a great deal of personal magnetism and his honest, common, plain way captured the jurors. He would lean over them, gesturing with his long arms and would hold them by his homely eloquence."

"President Lincoln," Senator Cullom went on, "was the greatest man this country has ever produced. He was a great writer and his papers are full of literary merit. He grasped things intuitively. He knew how to handle men and he was able to make Congress do as he judged best. I remember being one day at the White House when the news of Owen Lovejoy's death in New York was received. President Lincoln was very much affected by it. He walked up and down the room and during the talk about the death said: 'Lovejoy was a great radical in Congress but I could send for him and tell him he was going too far and he would go back to the House and do as I said.'"

"Did President Lincoln decide things quickly?" I asked.

"No, he never jumped at conclusions. He first viewed all sides of a subject and then acted. He judged for himself and followed out his judgments. He was a great all around man, and had he lived he would have maintained his greatness."

HAD LINCOLN LIVED.

"Suppose President Lincoln had not been shot, would the history of this country have been changed?"

"I think not," replied Senator Cullom. "President Lincoln could not have been more lenient to the south than we were, and he would not have been more severe. I think he would perhaps have brought about peace and good feeling between the sections more quickly, but it would have been the same as it is now. I don't see how he could have followed out a different policy."

"Would he have been an equally great man in history, had he lived?"

"I think so. Abraham Lincoln was too great a man to have been dwarfed by the latter part of his life. He was a giant and as such he would have left his mark on the days after he did on the days during the war."

"Were you here at the time of his assassination?"

"No, but I came on as one of a committee from Springfield, to bring the body back there for burial. At the time of his death there was talk about burying him in Chicago or in Washington. This excited the Springfield people who wanted him buried at Springfield

and I was one of the committee sent on. I met the funeral train at Harrisburg and went with it to Philadelphia, New York, Buffalo, Cleveland and on via Indianapolis and Chicago to Springfield. He was you know put in a vault there and a great monument erected over him."

HOW LINCOLN'S GRAVE WAS ROBBED.

"Were you in Springfield at the time that the robbery of his grave was attempted?"

"Yes," replied Senator Cullom. "It was in 1876, the night of the election. I remember it very well for I was elected Governor of Illinois at that time. A set of whelps had conspired together to steal the body of Lincoln and hold it for ransom. Their plans were carefully laid and they would have succeeded had they not been betrayed by one of their own number. The monument was built over a great pedestal in which were two rooms. One of these was a sort of memorial room. It contained relics of President Lincoln and other things memorial of him. The other room held the body of Lincoln. It was laid away in a zinc casket inside of a marble sarcophagus securely sealed. As soon as the conspiracy was known preparations were made to prevent its being carried out. That night a party of the citizens of Springfield hid themselves in the memorial room and waited for the attempted raid. They did not wait in vain. At midnight the ghouls came and broke their way into the vault. They broke open the marble casket at one end and had hauled the zinc casket one third of the way out when the party in the memorial room started to catch them. They succeeded however in escaping though two of them were afterwards caught and sentenced to prison."

"How are the remains kept today, are they guarded?"

"No there is no guard over them," replied Senator Cullom. "But they are so buried that they will never be disturbed. After the attempt of stealing the body, a tomb was excavated in the solid masonry directly under the obelisk. In this the body was placed and the whole was embedded in hydraulic cement. Lincoln's remains are now so placed that they will never be touched."

A SCENE AT THE WHITE HOUSE.

"Do you remember your first meeting with President Lincoln at Washington, Senator?" said I.

"Yes," replied Senator Cullom, and I remember too a very embarrassing meeting that I had there. It was just after I was elected to Congress but before I had taken my seat. I knew Lincoln's private secretaries very well. Both Hay and Nicolay came from Springfield, and I was accustomed to go to the White House to see them without ceremony. At this time I came up to the door and passed right through to Mr. Nicolay's room. I opened it without knocking and went in only to find myself in the presence of President Lincoln and a member of his cabinet. Seward, Stanton and Chase were present and as I saw them I colored to the roots of my hair, begged pardon for the intrusion and started to go out. President Lincoln rose from the head of the table and called me by name. He came over to me, got a hold of my hand and pulled me into the group of cabinet ministers. As he did so he said to Secretary Seward: 'Seward I want you to know this boy, You remember the

old Congressman from Springfield named Stewart. I want to introduce you to the boy that beat him. This is the boy.' He thereupon presented me to the different ministers much to my embarrassment. I shook hands with them and backed my way out just as soon as I could. This was back in 1864 and it was the next year that I took my seat in Congress for the first time."

"Do you think Senator that the Congress of to day contains as many great men as did those following the war?"

"I think not," replied Senator Cullom. "We had giants in the House and Senate then. We have some good men now but they are not as many preeminently great."

CARTER AFTER CULLOM.

The conversation here turned to the next Senator from Illinois, and I asked Senator Cullom as to the Democratic candidate. He replied that there was a number, and that the Senatorial bee was buzzing around the heads of Altgeld, Carter Harrison and others. Said he, "I saw Carter Harrison at Chicago not long ago and we had a word together as we past. He said, 'Ah, Cullom, I am after you, I am after you!' I replied: 'Yes, you are not the first one who has been after me. There have been a number who have tramped upon my heels in the past and who have not caught me, and it may be the same with you.' You can't tell much about the Senatorial situation at this time it is too far in the future."

FRANK G. CARPENTER.

WAKEMAN'S WANDERINGS.

LOCKERBIE, Scotland, Sept. 1, 1893.—Tramping over the hills which separate the land of Burns in Ayrshire from the land of Burns in Dumfriesshire, on a vague and indolent sort of pilgrimage to the birthplace of Carlyle in Annandale, I came upon a little band of Scottish Gipsies among whom were some old and prized acquaintances. I found them in the nest like hollow of a winsome brae beside the winding Annan river. They were between Jardine Hall and the ancient clachan, Applegarth, where Edward I., on his way to the siege of Caerlaverock, made oblations at the altars of St. Nicholas and Thomas à Becket, in the once noted but now extinct Applegarth church; and I could just see, as I was tramping southward along the great turnpike road from Carlisle to Glasgow, the hoods of their tents and their "whummeled" or upturned carts in ragged outline against the blue sheen of the gentle river below.

My impulse was to press on to Lochmaben or Lockerbie for the night; but there is, I fear, that taint of Gipsy blood within me that ever draws me irresistibly to this outcast, vagabond race. I resolutely turned my face to the south. After a little I halted. A tiny copped hillock had hid the brown tents. Where I stopped the road wound with the river bank. I looked back along the brae. I saw now the camp-fires; the pots hanging from the kettle-sticks; the bairns romping among the donkeys and dogs; some men stretched lazily upon the sward; and swarthy women crooning over their daily gossip together. This banished my resolution. All my vagabond sentiment for the life of the tent and the road swept in upon my heart like a tide of home-coming cheer. In a moment more I was being hugged,