

folds upon the open ears of the untied shoes. His survey of Mr. Lincoln was searching: beginning with the feet, he slowly raised his head, closely observing, until his upturned face met the eye of Mr. Lincoln. Thus for a moment gazed at each other in mutual and mute astonishment the millionaire pioneer and the now forever famous President. Mr. Lincoln passed on, nor did Mr. Longworth ever become aware that he had seen Mr. Lincoln.

The grounds and conservatories were viewed and admired. And so afterward the suburbs of the city—Walnut Hills, Mount Auburn, Clifton, and Spring Grove Cemetery. He lingered long in the grounds of Mr. Hoffner in study of the statuary. He sought to find out whom the statues represented, and was much worried when he found himself unable to name correctly a single one.

A day was given to the county and city courts. An entire morning was spent in Room No. 1 of the Superior Court, then presided over by Bellamy Storer, eccentric and versatile, in the maturity of his extraordinary powers. His manner of conducting the business of that room, miscellaneous, demurrers, motions, submitted docket, etc., was unique. The older members of the bar remember it well. To describe it literally would do gross injustice to that really great judge. To mingle in the same hour the gravity of the judge and the jest of the clown was a feat that only he could perform without loss of dignity, personal or judicial.

On this morning the judge was in his happiest vein, in exuberant spirits, keeping the bar "in a roar," assisted much in this by the lively humor of poor Bob McCook.

Mr. Lincoln greatly enjoyed this morning, and was loath to depart when the curtain dropped. He said to the gentleman accompanying him: "I wish we had that judge in Illinois. I think he would share with me the fatherhood of the legal jokes of the Illinois bar. As it is now, they put them all on me, while I am not the author of one-half of them. By-the-way, however, I got off one last week that I think really good. I was retained in the defense of a man charged before a justice of the peace with assault and battery. It was in the country, and when I got to the place of trial I found the whole neighborhood excited, and the feeling was strong against my client. I saw the only way

was to get up a laugh, and get the people in a good humor. It turned out that the prosecuting witness was talkative; he described the fight at great length, how they fought over a field, now by the barn, again down to the creek, and over it, and so on. I asked him, on cross-examination, how large that field was; he said it was ten acres, he knew it was, for he and some one else had stepped it off with a pole. 'Well, then,' I inquired, 'was not that the smallest *crap* of a fight you have ever seen raised off of ten acres?' The hit took. The laughter was uproarious, and in half an hour the prosecuting witness was retreating amid the jeers of the crowd."

Mr. Lincoln remained in the city about a week. Freed from any care in the law case that brought him here, it was to him a week of relaxation. He was then not thinking of becoming President, and gave himself up to unrestrained social intercourse.

His conversation at this time related principally to the politics and politicians of Illinois—a theme of which he never seemed to weary. A strange chapter in the story of our country that is. What a crowd of great men arose with the first generation of white people on the broad Illinois prairie! There were Hardin, Logan the judge, Bissel, Trumbull, Douglas, Lincoln, and many other scarcely lesser names. Of these he discoursed as only he could. The Kansas-Nebraska agitation was at its height, and Douglas the prominent figure. Of him he spoke much.

Indeed, the story of Lincoln interlaces with that of Douglas. They are inseparable. It is the relation of antagonism. Parties might come and go—Whig, Know-Nothing, Union, Republican—they were never on the same side until, amid the throes of revolution, they met in the defense of the Union. Douglas was a perennial stimulus to Lincoln. Webster was wont to say, if he had attained any excellence in his profession, he owed it to his early conflicts with Jeremiah Mason. In his public speeches Lincoln seemed ever addressing Douglas; even to the last, as seen in his great speech at New York, when he made the words of Douglas his text.

When Lincoln was driving an ox-team at four dollars a month, and splitting rails, he first met Douglas, then teaching school in central Illinois.