

THE ILLINOIS DEMOCRATS.

The next morning Judge Gillespie, a lover of children during his entire life, was asking the little ones of the presidential household what the patron saint of Christmas time had left in their stockings during the holiday season just over. The oldest child, Robert, a grave, studious boy, who had already outgrown the Christmas myth, was careful, with all his father's delicacy and tenderness of feeling, to refrain from any expression calculated to dispel the pleasing illusion which held his younger brother "Tad" captive. "Papa received a Christmas gift in a letter," he said to the Judge. "Oh, yes, Gillespie," said Mr. Lincoln, hurriedly, "I forgot to tell you that some kind friend in South Carolina sent me a printed copy of the ordinance they adopted a few days before Christmas. And I was telling Bob here," he continued, affectionately laying his hand on the boy's head, "that it must have been intended for a Christmas gift."

"I was silent," continued Judge Gillespie in his notes, "for I could see that he had been endeavoring to keep from his son a knowledge of his father's danger, and that he sought to give the deed of a most malignant enemy the guise of a friendly act."

Judge Gillespie remained in Springfield several days on this occasion, and was in almost constant contact and association with the President elect. "Do not leave me," he said repeatedly. "I wish I could take all you lawyers down there with me, Democrats and Republicans alike, and make a Cabinet out of you. I believe I could construct one that would save the country, for then I would know every man and where he would fit. I tell you there are some Illinois Democrats whom I know well that I would rather trust than a Republican I would have to learn, for I'll have no time to study the lesson."

"Who are they?" I asked.

"Oh, most any of the leading Douglas Democrats -- Linder, or Ficklin, or Morrison!"

"How about Logan?" I asked, for Logan's name was then on every lip as that of one who would lead a large section of Southern Illinois into rebellion. "They tell me John is acting curious," said Mr. Lin-

coln, standing before the fire with his coat-tails apart and his head bent in a musing way. 'You are from Egypt--what do the people there think of him?' 'They think he will be against you.' I replied, dreading to add anything to his burden, but being unable to avoid a direct answer under the penetrating glance of his honest eyes. 'I don't,' said Mr. Lincoln decisively; 'Logan has been on the surface an anti-Douglas man, but I know that in his heart he loves Douglas as a brother. I think I understand John. He lives in a section composed largely of old Kentucky and Virginia stock. These men had a sympathy for the South which opposition would only intensify, but which an actual rebellion will almost entirely destroy. I think Logan is only going with his section now, and waiting for the ball to open. I count on him, and most of the fighting Democrats of Southern Illinois, to defend, not Lincoln, but their country.'"

Cin - Commercial Cigarette

"It seems to me," said he to Judge Gillespie at the time, and only a day or two before he started for Washington, "that Douglas got the best of it at the election last fall. I am left to face an empty Treasury and a great rebellion, while my own party indorses his popular sovereignty idea, and applies it in legislation."

"I ventured to ask him what his inaugural message would recommend, and he replied, as well as I can remember, that he should not run 'ahead of the hounds,' being fully satisfied that war was inevitable, and determined to do or say nothing which could be tortured into responsibility for it.

"I parted from him," says Judge Gillespie, "only a few days before his departure. He seemed to be in better spirits then, and I told him that I believed it would do him good to get down to Washington."

"I know it will," he replied. "I only wish I could have got there to look the door before the horse was stolen. But when I get to the spot I can find the tracks."

"He bid me good-by," said the last of these notes taken before Judge Gillespie's death, "with a hearty grasp of the hand, and an earnest request that I should come to Washington. I promised him to do so, and I did."

From Am. Commercial-Gazette