

A REMINISCENCE OF LINCOLN.*Logan County (Ill.) Republican.*

While at Blue Grass the other day, we heard from the venerable Mr. James Gordon the following reminiscence of Abraham Lincoln, which we do not remember ever to have seen in print:

Many years ago there was a session of the Circuit Court at Old Postville, the then county-seat. Judge Treat, the present United States District Judge, presided. There were present Lincoln, Ferguson and a number of other prominent lawyers. The water at the hotel where the lawyers and jurymen boarded was very poor, and, it being the month of August, Mr. Lincoln, who was not very well, especially complained of it, and one day expressed to Mr. Gordon, who was present as Foreman of the Grand Jury, a great desire for a good watermelon,—declaring that, if he could only have a watermelon to eat, he could get along without drinking water at all. Mr. Gordon thereupon invited Mr. Lincoln to go home and spend the night with him,—promising to fill his buggy with melons enough to last him during court. Mr. Lincoln at once accepted the invitation, and asked Judge Treat to call no case in which he was interested that afternoon, promising to be back by 9 o'clock next morning. When the nature of Mr. Lincoln's visit became known, a number of other lawyers approved the idea, and were cordially invited to go along. Finally Judge Treat himself concluded to accept the invitation, as some absent witnesses were not expected till the next morning. Court was accordingly adjourned till 9 o'clock next morning, and the party, some eight or nine in number, set out in their buggies for Mr. Gordon's, some ten miles distant. On the way out was a wide pond, through which the road generally passed, but which at this time was so miry as to be almost impassable, the travel being turned round for some distance. As the party drove up, they discovered that an unfortunate mover, not apprehending the nature of the case, had attempted to drive through the slough, and had mired down, some distance from shore. The poor fellow was standing in the mud and water up to his knees, and trying in vain to get his team—two yoke of oxen—to move. His wife and two daughters were in the wagon, unable to render assistance and unable to get to land. Their distress was indeed great. The party of lawyers were proceeding to drive quietly round the slough on their way, when Mr. Lincoln, whose buggy was behind, called to the rest and asked them if they were going to leave the poor emigrant in that fix. They replied that they did not see how they could render him any assistance, the mud being so deep that the idea of driving or wading in was out of the question. Old Abe declared he could not pass a man in that condition, and accordingly alighted from his buggy, pulled off his coat and boots, and rolled up his pants to the furthest extent his long legs would permit. The curiosity and mirth of the crowd were naturally somewhat excited by this time, and greatly increased when Old Abe plunged boldly into the slough and waded out to the wagon. He took command of the forces, and first straightened the team ready for action. He then took up the whip.

"Now," said he to the man, "you go round on the other side, and, when I give the word, pull off your hat and yell as you never did before." At a given signal the poor fellow raised an awful yell, and Old Abe,—raising on high his long arms, came down on those tough brutes with such warps as they had never before encountered. The whole team simultaneously sprang forward, and, distancing the drivers, not only reached the shore, but full some distance before they stopped. Mr. Lincoln, surrendering the whip to the proprietor, waded to a tussle, and, washing himself off, came quietly to the shore. Such shouts of laughter as greeted this performance, Mr. Gordon thinks he never heard. As Old Abe proceeded to dress himself, he remarked, "Those people are going to the far West, and by-and-by will have a home; and should I ever pass their way, tired and hungry, I imagine they would divide their last loaf of bread with me." "Yes," shouted the good woman from the wagon, who had overheard the remark, "God bless you, we'd give it all to you!"

The party proceeded on their way, and had a grand time feasting on watermelons. But no pleasure of the great President's life was sweeter than that he had no doubt experienced when he assisted the poor emigrant from the mire, and heard the generous blessings which he and his family bestowed upon him.

JOHN MORRISSEY AT HOME.*New York Herald Interview with Mrs. John Morrissey.*

"Have you seen him?" alluding to the dead