

sojourn. But a perverse fortune attended him and Cincinnati in their intercourse. Nine months after Mr. Lincoln left us, after he had been nominated for the Presidency, when he was tranquilly waiting in his cottage home at Springfield the verdict of the people, his last visit to Cincinnati and the good things he had had at the Burnet House were rudely brought to his memory by a bill presented to him from its proprietors. Before leaving the hotel he had applied to the clerk for his bill; was told that it was paid, or words to that effect. This the committee had directed, but afterward neglected its payment. The proprietors shrewdly surmised that a letter to the nominee for the Presidency would bring the money.

The only significance in this incident is in the letter it brought from Mr. Lincoln, revealing his indignation at the seeming imputation against his honor, and his greater indignation at one item of the bill. "*As to wines, liquors, and cigars, we had none—absolutely none.* These last may have been in 'Room 15' by order of committee, but I do not recollect them at all."

Mr. Lincoln again visited Cincinnati on his way to Washington. His coming was not heralded by the roar of cannon, but it was greeted by an outpouring of the people such as no man here ever before or since has received; they thronged in countless thousands about the station, along the line of his march, covering the house-tops. They welcomed him with one continuous and unbroken storm of applause. Coming events were then casting their dark shadows before them. All men instinctively desired to look upon and cheer him who was to be their leader in the coming conflict.

There was an informal reception at the

Burnet House, the people, in line, filing through and shaking his hand until a late hour in the evening. His manner was quiet, calm, resolute, and observant. All exaltation of feeling was gone. His reception amused and instructed him. As they passed before him, this one eagerly and enthusiastically grasped his hand, speaking out, "Be firm; don't back down." He was a good Republican. But this one takes his hand quietly, releases it slowly, while whispering, "The country expects a conservative administration." This is a Bell and Everett man. Another touches his hand with the tips of his fingers, and, with a curious gaze, passes on in silence. That is a Douglas man.

The reception over, Mr. Lincoln passes to his room to find his little son fretfully waiting his coming to be put to bed. The father lovingly takes him in his arms and retires to an adjoining room, undresses him, and puts him to bed. As he gazes upon the placid features of his sleeping child for a moment his mind turns from all around him and all before him, back to his quiet life and home, to the grave of the little one not with him. Its last sickness is before him; also the dream that warned him that his child could not live—the dream that ever came to him before coming calamity—that was once again to startle him, presaging his tragic end.

One may lift himself out of his early environment, but its impress is enduring.

About this weird and wonderful man—one of those unique characters that do not repeat themselves in history—is fast gathering a cloud of myth and legend, obscuring the real man. That we may retain some glimpses of this is the apology for these reminiscences.

LITTLE ELSIE.

Ah, don't come a-wooing with your long, long face,
And your longer purse behind:
I'm a bright young girl, and I know my place,
And I think I know my mind.
I like to laugh, and to dance and sing,
And to tease my parents dear.
My brothers call me a "tiresome thing";
But they wouldn't miss me here.
O 'tis I am my mother's heart's delight,
And my father's right hand brave.
Would I leave my home so free and bright
To be a rich man's slave?

Would I buy myself a gown of silk
In a grand dull house to pine,
When I've boys to play with and cows to milk,
And the whole fair world is mine?
Ah, don't come talking of the cares of life:
My head is gold, not gray;
And it's my desire to be no man's wife—
At least, not just to-day.
But I've a heart, and it's warm and true,
And I'll keep it safe, at ease;
And if one I love should come to woo,
I'll give it—when I please!