# The Chreeno Sunden Tribun

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### LINCOLN CENTENARY EDITIO

# TOWN THE MENT OF THE STATE OF T

## Vision of Calhoun.

monitions and misgivings which came friends and relatives. Herewith fol- tingencies.) lows a story which gained much currency during the early part; of the civil war

frequent at his right hand and brush it with his left in a nervous and hurried manner! He did this so often that it excited attention. At length one of the persons comprising the breakfast party-his name, I think, is Toombs, and he is a member of congress from Georgia—took upon himself to ask the occasion of Mr. Calhoun's disquieask the occasion of Mr. Calhoun's disquietide. 'Does your hand pain you?' he asked of Mr. Calhoun. To this Mr. Calhoun replied, in a rather hurried manner: 'Pshaw! It is feature. It was the face of Washington. nothing but a dream I had last night and which makes me see perpetually a large black spot like an ink blotch upon the back of my right hand; an optical illusion Lauppose.' Of course these words excited the curiosity of the company, but no one ventured to begthe sometimes they have a great deal of truth in them. But this was such a peculiarly ever, if it does not intrude too much on the time of our friends I will relate it to you." "Of course, the company were profuse in their expressions of anxiety to know all about the dream, and Mr. Calhoun related it. 'At a late hour last night, as I was sitting in my room, engaged in writing. I was aston-

pelonged to him, excited in me as much surprise as indignation. As I raised my head look into his features, over the top of my snaded lamp, I discovered that he was wrapped in a thin clock, which effectually concealed his face and features from my view; and, as I raised my head, he spoke; What are you writing, senator from South I did not think of his impertirence at first, but answered him involuntari-

LSEWHERE in this edition of THE ly. "I am writing a plan for the dissolution TRIBUNE are stories of the many pre- of the American union." (You know, sentiemen, that I am expected to produce a plan to Lincoln personally and to his of dissolution in the event of certain con-

"To this the intruder replied in the coolest during the early part; of the civil war and which reflects the extent to which even the most well tempered men and women of the times were moved by phenomena which otherwise probably would have made no impression upon them. Doubtless Lincoln knew of this story, and there are many testimonials to the effect that dozene of similar stories were conveyed to him throughout the war.

"The other morning at the breakfast table."

"The other morning at the breakfast table."

"To this the intruder replied in the coolest manner possible, "Senator from South Carolina, will you allow me to look at your hand, your right hand?" He rose, the cleak fell, and I beheld his face. Gentlemen, the sight was the face of a dead man, whom extraordinary events had called back to life.

The other morning at the breakfast table. "The other morning, at the breakfast table, when f, an unobserved spectator, happened to be present. Calhoun was observed to gaze apparently agitated. His agitation, I need not tell you, was shared by the company.
Toombs at length broke the embarrassing pause. 'Well what was the issue of this scene?' Mr. Calhoun resumed. The intruder, as I have said, rose and asked to took at my right hand, as though I had not the power to refuse. I extended it. The truth

" After holding my hand for a moment he

looked at me steadily and said in a quiet way:
"And with this right hand, senator from
South Carolina, you would sign your name to
a paper declaring the union dissolved?" I
answered in the affirmative. "Yes." I said, details of this singular dream until Toombs asked quietly: 'What was your dream like?' I am not superstitious about dreams, but at that moment a black blotch appeared on the back of my hand, which I seem to see now. "What is that?" I said, alarmed, I know absurd dream,' said Mr. Calhoun, again, not why, at the blotch on my hand. "That." brushing the back of his right hand. 'How- said he, dropping my hand, " is the mark by which Benedict Arnold is known in the next world." He said no more, gentlemen, but drew from beneath his cloak an object which he laid upon the table-laid upon the very paper on which I was writing. This object, gentlemen, was a skeleton. "There," said he, "there are the bones of Isaac Hayne, who shed by the entrance of a visitor who, without a word, took a seat opposite me at my
table. This surprised me, as I had given
particular orders to the servant that I should of dissolution, why, you may as well have
on no account be disturbed. The manner the bones of Isaac Hayne before you he was
in which the intruder entered so salfines. a South Carolinian and so are you. But in which the intruder entered, so self-posthere was no blotch on his right hand." With these words the intruder left the room. word, as though my room and all within it

" I started back from the contract with the dead man's bones and awoke. Overcome by labor, I had fallen asleep, and had been dreaming. Was it not a singular dream?

All the company answered in the affirmative, and Toombs muttered, Singular, very singular, and at the same time looking curiously at the back of his right hand, while Mr. Calhoun placed his head between his hands and seemed buried in thought."

#### Famous Maynard Seance at White House in 1862.

Pity with regard to Lincoln's interest in spiritualism is Mrs. Nottle Colburn Maynard, who published a book in 1891 under the title, "Was Abraham Lincoln a Spiritualist?" ROBABLY the most responsible author

coln a Spiritualist?"

The genuineness of her testimony is verified by Mark M. Pomeroy, more commonly known as "Brick" Pomeroy, by Francis B. Carpenter, who painted the famous "Emancipation Proclamation" and spent six months in the White house; by Mrs. E. D. N. Southworth, the well known authoress; by Col. Simon P. Kase of Philadelphia, who was present at a seance with Mr. Lincoln and asserted that he sat upon a piano with the president while that instrument was lifted bodily from the floor by some unknown power, the combined strength of Mr. Lincoln and Col. Kase being insufficient to put it back upon the floor. There are also many other persons who participated in these seances, of which Lincoln was frequently an observer, and some of them are yet living. They all acknowledge the genuineness of Mrs. Maynard's narrative: The day following my brother's departure for home a note was received by Mrs. Laurie, asking her to come to the White house in the evening with her family and to bring Miss Nettie with her. I felt all the natural trepl-dation of a young girl about to enter the presence of the highest magistrate in our land; being fully impressed with the dignity of his office, and feeling that I was about to meet some superior being; and it was almost with trembling that I entered with my friends the red parlor of the White house, at 8 o'clock that evening (December, 1862).

Mrs. Lincoln received us gractously, and introduced us to a gentleman and lady present whose names I have forgotten. Mr. Lincoln was not then present. While all were conversing pleasantly on general subjects Mrs. Miller (Mr. Laurie's daughter) seated herself, under control, at the double grand plane at one side of the room, seemingly awaiting some one. Mrs. Lincoln was talking with us in a pleasant strain when suddenly Mrs. Miller's hands fell upon the keys with a force that betokened a master hand. and the strains of a grand march filled the room. As the measured notes rose and fell we became silent. The heavy end of the plane began rising and falling in perfect time to the music. All at once it ceased, and Mr. Lincoln stood upon the threshold of the room. (He afterwards informed us that the first notes of the music fell upon his ears as he reached the head of the grand staircase to descend, and that he kept step to the music until he reached the doorway.) Mr. and Mrs. Laurie and Mrs. Miller were duly

presented. Then I was led forward and introduced. He stood before me, tall and kindly, with a smile on his face. Dropping his hand upon my head, he said, in a humorous tone: "So this is our 'little Nettle,' is it, that we have heard so much about?" I could only smile and say? Yes, sir," like any school girl; when he kindly led me to an ottoman. Sitting down in a chair, the ottoman at his feet, he began asking me questions in a kindly way about my mediumship; and I think he must have thought me stupid, as my answers were little beyond a "Yes" and "No." His manner, however, was genial and kind, and it was then suggested we form a circle. He said: Well, how do you do it?" looking at me Mr. Laurie came to the rescue and said we had been accustomed to sit in a circle and to join hands; but he did not think it would be

actousness of my surroundings and passed under control. For more than an hour I was made to talk to him, and I learned from my friends afterward that it was upon matters that he seemed fully to understand, while they comprehended little until that portion was reached that related to the forthcoming emancipation proclamation. He was charged with the utmost solemnity and force of manner not to abate the terms of its issue,

Lost All Consciousness.

While he was yet speaking, I lost all con-

necessary in this instance.

and not to delay its enforcement as a law beyoud the opening of the year; and he was apsured that it was to be the crowning event of his administration and his life; and that ties to defer the enforcement of it, hoping lay action, he must in nowise heed such coun-

commands.

I shall never forget the scene around me when I regained consciousness. I was standing in front of Mr. Lincoln, and he was sitting back in his chair, with his arms folded upon his breast, looking intently at me. I stepped back, naturally confused at the situation, not remembering at once where is situation, not remembering at once where where where perfect silence reigned. It took me a moment to remember my whereabouts. moment to remember my whereabouts.

Lincoln Is Impressed.

be improper for me to inquire whether there front, where Gen. Hooser had just taken has been any pressure brought to bear upon command." you to defer the enforcement of the procamation?" To which the president replied:

RIOR to leaving Mr. Laurie's to become the guest of Mrs. Crosby, Mrs. Maynard continues, I had another important interview with President Lincoln. One morning early in February we received a note from Mrs. Lincoln saying she desired us to come over to Georgetown and bring some friends for a seance that aven-

present. In the early part of the evening, before her arrival, my little messenger, o "familiar spirit, controlled me, and de-clared that "the long brave," as she designated him. Mr. Lincoln, would also be there. As Mrs. Lincoln had made no mention of his coming in her letter, we were surprised at the statement. Mr. Laurie duestioned its accuracy, as he said it would be hardly advisable for President Lincoln to leave the White house to attend a spiritualistic seance anywhere, and that he did not consider it good policy" to do so. However, when the bell rang Mr. Laurie, in honor of his expected guests, went to the door to receive them in person. His astonishment was great to find Mr. Lincoln standing on the threshold, wrapped in his long cloak, and to hear his cordial "Good evening" as he put out his hand and entered. Mr. Laurie promptly exclaimed. "Welcome,

President Lincoln Gets

Spirit Advice on War.

Mr. Lincoln, to my humble roof; you were expected " (Mr. Laurie was one of the "old fashioned gentlemen "). Mr. Lincoln stopped in the act of removing his cloak, and said, Expected! Why, it is only five minutes since I knew that I was coming." He came down from a cabinet meeting as Mrs. Lincoin and her friends were about to enter the carriage, and asked them where the were going. She replied, "To Georgetown; to a circle" He answered immediately, "Hold on a moment; I will go with you." "Yes," said Mrs. Lincoln, "and I was never so sur-prised in my life." He seemed pleased when Mr. Laurie explained the source of our information; and I think it had a tendency to prepare his mind to receive what followed and to obey the instructions given.

On this occasion, as he entered the parlor, I made bold to say to him; " I would like to speak a word with you, Mr. Lincoln before you go, after the circle." "Certainly." he "remind me should I forget it." Mr. and Mrs. Laur'e, with their daughter, Mrs. Miller, at his request, sang several fine old Scotch airs-among them, one that he dewhile he was being counseled by strong par- clared a favorite, called "Bonnie Doon," I can see him now, as he sat in the old high to supplant it by other measures and to de- backed rocking chair: one leg thrown over the arm; leaning back in utter weariness, with sel, but stand firm to his convictions and fear- his eyes closed, listening to the low, strong lessly perform the work and fulfill the mis- and clear yet plaintive potes rendered as sion for which he had been raised up by an only the Scotch can sing their native melo-overruling providence. Those present de-dies. I looked at his face and it appeared clared that they lost sight of the timid girl tired and haggard. It seemed older by years in the majesty of the utterance, the strength than when I had seen him a few weeks preand force of the language, and the importance of that which was conveyed, and seemed and troubled, but all interest centered in the to realise that some strong masculine spirit, chief and all eyes and thoughts were turned force was giving speech to almost divine on him. At the end of the song he turned

controlled me since my first development was one I have before mentioned—known as "old Dr. Bamford." He was quite a favorite with A gentleman present then said in a low Mr. Lincoln. His quaint dialect, old fashtone: "Mr. President, did you notice any- loned methods of expression, straightforthing peculiar in the method of address?" wardness in arriving at his subject together Mr. Lincoln raised himself, as if shaking with fearlessness of unerance, recommended off his spell. He gianced quickly at the full himse no finished style could have done. This length portrait of Daniel Webster that hung spirit took possession of me at once. As I above the plane and replied, "Yes, and it learned from those in the circle, the subis singular, very!" with a marked emphasis. stance of his remarks was as follows: "That Mr. Somes said : "Mr. President, would it a precarious state of things existed at the

Go to the Front. "Under these circumstances that question. The army was totally demoralised regi-[smiling upon the company]. It is taking all my nerve and strength to withstand such a pressure." At this point the gentlement of the gentlement of the ward of the wards were addressed. When the picture of the ward of the wards were addressed. When the picture of the ward of the wards were addressed. When the picture of the wards were addressed. When the picture of the wards were addressed. When the picture of the ward of the wards were addressed. When the picture of the wards were addressed

readiness. This will stop insubordination and hold the soldiers in check, being some thing to divert their minds, and they will walt to see what your coming portends." He at once said: "It shall be done." A long conversation then followed between the doctor and Mr. Lincoln regarding the state of affairs and the war generally. The old doctor told him, "that he would be renominated and reelected to the presidency." They said that he

sadly smiled when this was told him, saying: "It is hardly an honor to be coveted, save one could find it his duty to accept it."

After the circle was over Mr. Laurie said: Mr. Lincoln, is it possible that affairs are as bad as has been depicted?" He said: They can hardly be exaggerated, but I ask

and thought of the pleasant supprise I had its ctore for my friend.

Bir. Limoom bade us all a pleasant "good night" and departed, leaving us to talk over the curious circumstances of his coming and

of its results It was at this seance that Mrs. Belle Miller gave an example of her power as a \* moving medium," and highly amused and interested us by nausing the plane to " walts around the room," as was facetlously remarked in several recent newspaper articles. The true statement is as follows: Mrs. Miller played upon the plane (a three cornered grand), and under her influence it "rose and fell," keep-ing time to her touch in a perfectly regular manner. Mr. Laurie suggested that, as an added "test," of the invisible power that moved the plano, Mrs. Miller (his daughter) should place her hand on the instrument standing at arm's length from it, to show that she was in nowise connected with its movement other than as agent. Mr Lincoln then placed his hand underneath the plano. at the end nearest Mrs. Miller, who placed her left hand upon his to demonstrate that neither strength nor pressure wes used. In this position the plane rose and fell a number of times at her bidding. At Mr. Laurie's desire the president changed his position to

another side, meeting with the same result. Sitting on Plane.

The president, with a quaint smile, said, " think we can hold down that instrument." Whereupon he climbed upon it, sitting with his legs dangling over the side, as also did Mr. Somes, S. P. Kase, and a soldler in the uniform of a major (who if living, will recall the strange scene) from the Army of the Potomac. The plane, notwithstanding this enormous added weight, continued to rise and fall until the eitters were glad "to vacate the premises." We were convinced that there were no machanical contrivances to produce the strange result, and Mr. Lincoln expressed himself perfectly satisfied that the motion was caused by some "invisible power"; and when Mr. Somes remarked, "When I have related to my acquaintances, Mr. Fresident, that which I have experienced tonight, they will say, with a knowing look and wise demeanor, You were psychologized, and as a matter of fact (versus fancy) you DID NOT SEE what you in reality DID SEE. Lincoln quietly replied, " You should bring such person here, and when the plane seems to rise, have him slip his foot under the leg and be CONVINCED (doubtless) by the weight of EVIDENCE!

When the laughter caused by this rally had subsided the president wearily sank into an armchair. " the old tired, anxious look returning to his face." This never to be forgetten incident occurred

on the fifth of February, 1863. I believe that Mr. Lincoln was satisfied and convinced that the communications he received through me were wholly independent of my volition, and in every way superior to any manifestation that could have been given by me as a PHTSICAL being. THIS HE AFFIRMED IN MY PRESENCE AND IN MY HEARING in answer to a question by Mr. Somes as to what he thought of the

ment of what gunboat was in preparation to take him and its family to Fortress Monroe, and other fracters showing literal obedience to the directions given the night previous. These papers I learned were scattered by the thousand throughout the army, as quickly as they rould be conveyed there. "Signature the wind the wind the white house. Going up to the walling room I sent it in by "Edward," and associate whether the result. Twenty minutes or more must have passed when "Edward" came out and said: "The president desires that you will call tomorrow." I was

ward came out and said. The president desires that you will call tomorrow. I was thunderstrain not knowing what this might indicate. I knew that without the consent and knowledge of my friend I had furnished the full facine of his whereabouts and his acts to headquarters; and knew not how my action might be considered by him and his coinnet. Started and full of doubt, I walked to the broad stairway, and when helf way down met the major (whose name I have forgotten, but who was with the president on the occasion of the sitting the Saturday previous), who instantly recognized me and raised his sap and bowed pleasantly. I left the White iduse going to the postoffice department for my mall, their returned to Georgetows to find the major awaiting me. He Did Not Forget.

He came to me as I entered and said, "Mr. Lincoln sent me to you with this notes he says he thinks it will answer every purpose. says he thanks it will answer every purpose. He told me to tell you he had left it without date as you could not give him the precise date of your friend leaving the camp, and, being without date, it therefore covers all the back time. He would have given it to you in person, but he did not recognize the name attached to the foot of the paper containing the statement. When I went into the room, I de said. "after meeting you on the stairs, the president took up the paper and said, to a perplexed way. This lady the stairs, the president took up the paper and said, in a perplexed way. This lady states that I requested her to write this out. I do not remember the name or the circumstance, and yet there is something familiar about it. I stepped up to Mr. Lincoln, and clancing at the name, replied: It is that little medium we saw in Georgetown. G. yes, he exclaimed. I fully remember now. Go out and bring her in I member now. Go out and bring her in. I hurried out added the major: but you having left I failed to find you. He then said, This matter must be attended to at once, and writing on this card, as you see, indiosed it in an envelope and bade me bring it to you.' I opened it and read the following: "Leave of absence is granted to A. L. Gurney, Comp. G. Thirtieth N. Y. Reg. and he will report to his company Feb. 17, 1863 —thus giving him ten days' additional leave (the time was afterwards extended to the 27th, merely changing the date). have no doubt this gentleman treasures to this day that souvenir of our treasures to this day that souvenir of our martyred president. I thanked the major for his kindness and bade him extend to Mr. Lincoln my grateful acknowledgment in pulsively remarking. How good of him to ito this thing! To which the major repuied. "It is a common thing for him to do these acts. He is all the time doing something of the kind."

The president's visit to the "front" and the ovation isendered him showed the spontaneous uprising of a people to receive a loved ruler. How he was literally borne on the shoulders of the soldiers through the camp, and how everywhere the "boys in blue" rallie acound him, all grievances being forgotten, and his leaving a united and devoted army behind him when he returned to Washington—these are matters of history too well known to bear repeating.

Net Without Struggle. He did not schieve the victory of carrying out to the letter, without a struggle, the directions of our unseen friends. Mrs. Laurie and myself visited the White house in the

# Seance at White House.

persons inclined to be incredulous as to occult and revenie matters, it has always seemed strange that so practical a life as that of Abraham Lincoln should be in any wise interwoven with such things as dreams, premonitions and spiritualism. But more than abundant evidenie remains to show that from the begin- the president, "Who is Henry Knox?" it's Lincoln was surrounded by the weird

d the uncanny. Perhaps the extraordinary national struggle which he so thoroughly typified during his later ; ears was partially responsible for this. For students of history and of psychology have long since shown the peculiar susceptifire of individuals and peoples alike to phenomena of a psychic nature at times of great tension. The slavery issue was already hovering like a shadow over the nation when Lincoln was born. It had more or less o do as the Biographer Binns shows so apty in the continued meanderings of Lincoln's father. It surrounded Lincoln as he grew up o manifood and it finally so worked its way into his Mature that it needed but the repeal of the Missouri-compromise act to make him

the inevitable national spokesman. Therefore, when it is recalled that personal sorrow and personal struggle overshadowed his own life, it is hardly to be wondered at that both he and his relationship to his counand unnatural. Perhaps some day when new Stakspeare will arise to preach upon this aspect of Lincoln as the Shakspeare of Engand treated of similar aspects in the lives of Casar, Hamlet, and other characters of his-

A writer from Washington, under date of April 23, 1863, says: A few evenings since Abraham Lincoln, president of the United States, was induced to give a spiritual sofree in the crimson room at the White house to test the wonderful alleged supernatural powers of Mr. Charles E. Shockle. It was my good fortune as a friend of the medium, to be present the party consisting of the president, Mrs. Lincoln, Mr. Welles, Mr. Stanton, Mr. L. of New York, and Mr. F. of Philadelpha. We took our seats in the circle about so'clock, but the president was called away shortly after the manifestations commenced, and the spirits, which apparently had assembled to convince him of their power, gave visible tokens of their displeasure at the president's absence by pinching Mr. Stanton's ears and twitching Mr. Welles' heard He soon returned, but it was some tine before harmony was restored, for the mishaps to the secretaries caused such bursts of laughter that the influence was unpropitious. For some half hour the demdistrations were of a physical charactertanges were moved and the picture of Henry hav which hangs on the wall was swayed Tota than a foot, and two candelabra, prehere i by the dey of Algiers to President

was nearly 9 o'clock before Shockle was inder spiritual influence, and so powersere the subsequent manifestations that during the evening restoratives were and for he was much weakened, and I took no notes I shall endeavor to ou as faithful an account as possible at took place.

Adams, were twice raised nearly to the ceil-

Load rappings about 9 o'clock were heard beneath the president's feet, and Mr a makle stated that an Indian desired to communicate

#### Hear from Gen. Knox.

" We'i sir! said the president, " I should tor less be built." behany to hear which his Indian majesty has We have recently had a visitation our red brethren and it was the only Freation, black, white or blue, which did not Whiten some advice about the conduct of

he medium then called for pencil and paand they were laid upon the table in om. Mr. Stanton and the materials were arefully concealed from sight. In less space f time than it has required for me to write this knocks were heard and the paper was uncovered. To the surprise of all present it

read as follows: Haste makes waste, but delays cause vexetters. Give vitality by energy. Use every thing beevenly about this."

means to subdue. Proclamations are useess; make a bold front and fight the enemy; leave traitors at home to the care of loya men. Less note of preparation, less parade and policy talk and more action.

" HENRY KNOX! "That is not Indian talk, Mr. Shockie," said I suggested to the medium to ask who Henry Knox was and before the words were from my lips the medium spoke in a strange voice:
"The first secretary of war."

O. yes; Gen. Knox." said the president, who, turning to the secretary, said: "Stanton, that message is for you; it is from your predecessor. Mr. Stanton made no reply.

"I should like to ask Gen. Knox." said the president, "It is within the scope of his ability to tell us when this rebellion will be In the same manner as before this message was receive

"Washington, Lafayette, Franklin, Wilberforce, Napoleon, and myself-have held frequent consultations on this point. There is something which our spiritual eyes cannot detect which appear well formed. Evil has come at times by removal of men from high positions, and there are those in retirement whose abilities should be made useful to try should be invested with things strange hasten the end. Napoleon says, concentrate your forces i pon one point; Lafayette thinks there has been a sufficient lapse of time some, that the rebellion will die of exhaustion; Franklin sees the end approaching, as the south must give up for want of mechanical ability to compete against northern mechanics. Wilberforce sees hope only in a negro army.

"Well," exclaimed the president, "opinions differ among the saints as well as among the sinhers. They don't seem to understand running the machines among the celestials much better than we do. Their talk and advice sound much like the talk of my cabinetdon't you think so. Mr. Welles?" " Well, I don't know-I will think the matter over and see what conclusion to arrive

Heavy raps were heard, and the alphabet was called for, when "That's what's the matter " was spelled out. There was a shout of laughter, and Mr. Welles stroked his

"That means, Mr. Welles," said the president, "that you are apt to be long winded, and think the nearest way home is the longest way round. Short cuts in war times. I wish the spirits could tell us how to catch the Ala-The lights, which had been partially low-

ered, almost instantaneously became so dim that I could not see sufficiently to distinguish the features of any one in the room, and on the large mirror over the mantelpiece there appeared the most beautiful though supernatural picture ever beheld. It represented a sea view, the Alabama with all steam up flying from the pursuit of another large steamer. Two merchantmen in the distance were seen, partly destroyed by fire. The picture changed, and the Alabama was seen at anchos under the shadow of an English fort-from which an English flag was waving. The Alabama was floating idly, not a soul on board, and no signs of life visible about her. The picture vanished, and in letters of purple appeared: "The English peo-

ple demanded this of England's aristocracy. Message About the Alabama. " So England is to seize the Alabama finally?" said the president. "It may be possible; but, Mr. Welles, don't let one gunboat or mon-The spirits called for the alphabet, and

again "That's what's the matter " was spelt "I see, I see," said the president. " Mother England thinks that what's sauce for the coose may be sauce for the gander. It may be tit, tat, too hereafter. But it is not compilmentary to our navy, anyhow." "We've done our best, Mr. President," said Mr. Welles. "I'm maturing a plan which, when perfected, I think, if it works well, will

be a perfect trap for the Alabama."
"Well, Mr. Shockle," remarked the president, "I have seen strange things and heard odd remarks, but nothing which convinces me, except the pictures, that there is enyGo in person to the front; taking with you your wife and children; leaving belind your official dignity, and all manner of display. Resist the importunities of officials to accompany you, and take only such attendants as may be absolutely necessary; avoid the high grade officers, and seek the tents of the pri-vate soldiers. Inquire into their grievances snow yourself to be what you are, ' the father of your people.' Make them feel that you are not unmindful of the many trials which beset them in their march through the dismal swamps, whereby both their courage and numbers have been depleted." He quietly remarked: "If that will do any good, it is easily done." The doctor instantly replied: "It will do all that is required. It will units the soldiers as one man. It will unite them to you in bands of steel. And now, if you would prevent a serious, if not fatal, disaster to your cause, let the news be promulgated at once and disseminated broadcast that you are on the eve of visiting the front; that you are not talking of it, but that it is settled that you are going and are now getting into

Enters the Circle.

Looking for Help. it as a favor of all present that they do not speak of these things. The major there,"

pointing to an officer of that rank who was in their party. " has just brought dispatches from the 'front' depicting the state of affairs pretty much as our old friend has shown it: and we were just having a cabinet meeting regarding the matter, when something. I know not what, induced me to leave the room and come downstairs, when I found Mrs. Lincoln in the act of coming here. I felt it might be of service for me to come; I did not know wherefore." He dropped his head as he said this-leaning forward in his chair as if he were thinking aloud. Then, looking up suddenly, he remarked: "Matters are pretty serious down there, and perhans the simplest remedy is the best. I have often noticed in life that little things have sometimes greater weight than larger ones." As they rose to depart he turned to me and said: "Now, I will hear what you wish to say to me." Going to one side of the parlor, we sat down, and I laid before him the case of a friend who had been nearly two years in the service in the army of the Potemac. and who was a lieutenant in the Thirteenth New York regiment. He had seen hard service in camp and field and had never asked for a furlough during that period.

a salled for a furlough during thei period.

Didn't Wais for Furlough.

At this time, as his colonel was ordered to washington on duty for a few weeks, his annumer to the form time to time the form of spiritual or in a portion to the war department for a furnitual time to time to time to time of during the form time to time to time of the form of spiritual or in a portion to the war department for a furnitual time to time of department and the species of this recipient and bringhes. Not deputing the of the furlough, stored have of the current and furnitual time to time of department that the common time to time of the furlough time to time to time of the furlough time to time of the furlough time to time the form time to ti