

PREMONITIONS

Prophecy of Antony.

(BY ALEX. DEL MAR.)

THE Lincoln centennial recalls to memory a strange episode in the career of the president's assassin which, except in conversation with intimate friends, I have never hitherto deemed it necessary to mention. It occurred about five months before the consummation of the terrible deed which ended the president's life. In the latter part of November, 1864, at the time when the gallant Sherman was leading his army through Georgia, and to seek and destroy his homes, but nevertheless in the end to reunite and restore a distracted country. "Julius Caesar" was announced by the management of the Winter Garden theater in New York. It was to be for a benefit, and in the cast were Julius Brutus, Edwin, and John Wilkes Booth, playing respectively Cassius, Brutus, and Marc Antony.

The Winter Garden was on the west side of Broadway, the entrance to the theater being through the LaFarge house, a large and handsomely appointed hotel, then of the first rank. Its approach resembled that of Niblo's garden, on the east side of Broadway, between Prince and Houston streets, the entrance to which was through the Metropolitan hotel.

At that time the increasing frivolity of theatrical entertainments, so much out of sympathy with the grave events that were daily exciting the emotions of the public, had greatly lessened their attractiveness, but Julius Caesar, with the three Booths in it, is a bill that could not be resisted.

was; for the firemen were on the spot and had already controlled it. Whether the play was resumed or not, I did not stay to learn. I had heard enough, I had seen enough, and anxious to escape from the crowd I sought for a carriage, but not before observing that a similar crowd was collected opposite to Niblo's garden.

"What's the matter?"

Second Fire.

"Fire in the Metropolitan hotel," responded a bystander.

Strange! Fires at the same time in two of the leading Broadway hotels, each including a theater! There had been rumors of confederate "buccoers" near Sandy Hook and of "pirates" hung at Governor's Island. "Sic semper tyrannis!" Was it a signal? Was it a shout of exultation? I went home bewildered.

Next morning the papers came out with an account of the LaFarge and Metropolitan fires and the startling announcement that at or about the same time several other hotels, besides some lumber yards and shops, had been set afire.

The city was deeply moved. Inquiries were made in all directions. Gen. Dix, then in military command of the metropolis, was besieged with informations and suggestions. By the following morning (Sunday) the reporters had gathered in the details. It appeared that no less than sixteen hotels and theaters had been attempted on Friday night. They had evidently all been fired at half past 8 o'clock, but owing to circumstances which were explained later on the fires had not blazed out or had not been discovered until a subsequent time, varying from 8:43 at the St. James hotel to 3:30 next morning at the Howard house.

No attempt had been made to fire the New York hotel, kept by Hiram Cranston, and especially patronized by southerners, of whom the Herald declared there were no less than 25,000 in the city. The absence of full details as to when the fires were discovered, and how much damage had been done, was mainly due to the reluctance of the hotel proprietors to impart information which might frighten away or prejudice their patrons. For other reasons, the military authorities were equally reticent. No notice was taken of the "Sic semper tyrannis." It had probably not been reported. But few had detected it in Antony's oration; and of those few, none had reason at that time to accord it any significance. The alarm of fire had effaced the entire play from memory. It was not the death of Caesar, nor the theatrical appearance of the three Booths, nor the speech of Marc Antony that occupied the public mind; but the narrow escape the city had had from being burned, captured, and plundered by confederates.

Brutus' Fatal Words.

The curtain rose promptly. The opening dialogue of the play, so artistically arranged for shadow and light, drew forth the audience interest. The audience awaited the entrance of the brothers; even the minor actors tried over their parts to make way for the appearance of the sons of the famous old man. When Edwin and Julius Booth appeared they were greeted with enthusiastic applause. The dialogue that ensued between the openly dissatisfied Cassius and the coolly but unresolved Brutus was listened to with deep attention, but without demonstration, except that a feeble hand clapping, which passed without notice, was heard from a gallery at these words of Brutus:

Then, my noble friend, chew upon this; Julius had rather be a villager than to requite himself a son of Rome; goer such hard conditions as this time like to lay upon us.

Conspirators' Plan.

The plan of the conspirators in this nefarious business was that each of them would proceed to a different hotel with a handbag containing a quantity of turpentine and powdered resin and a couple of bottles of phosphorus; to light a bedroom, saturate the bedding and sprinkle the upholstery with the former substance, expose the phosphorus to the air, which in a short time would ignite it, together with the other combustibles, then to leave the room, lock the door, pocket the key, and escape. The extreme care which they took to avoid observation, by closing the windows and ventilators, defeated their purpose. Phosphorus, in order to ignite and burn freely, requires plenty of air. In some cases the conspirators' caution had stiffed it; in others the servants had entered the rooms soon after the conspirators departed; in yet others the fires were discovered shortly afterwards and were extinguished without the necessity of summoning the fire department.

The names given by these men were probably fictitious. Those published were S. Haynes (Astor house); John School of Maryland (St. James); Mr. Hicks of Pottsville, Pa. (Fifth Avenue); J. B. Richardson of Canada, or else a Morgan trooper named Allison (LaFarge); C. S. Harrison of New Jersey, or J. T. Allen of Albany (St. Nicholas); James Simpson, Rochester (Metropolitan); George Moss (New England hotel); Lieut. Lewis (Belmont); William H. Warren, or J. Jones of Schenectady (Lovejoy's); and C. E. Morse of Rochester (Tammany). Several arrests were made of persons who, however, succeeded in proving their innocence. Among them was Allison, an Englishman, who had been a prisoner in Fort Lafayette, but who proved an alibi. A man named Kennedy was executed by military sentence at Governor's Island.

After the fires it was recalled that the Richmond Enquirer a few weeks before had suggested some such attempt and that the metropolitan police had been apprised of it in time. It was even claimed that Secretary William H. Seward had sent a warning to the mayor of New York.

The New York police had been advised that \$20,000 was furnished in Richmond to pay the incendiaries. George M. Sanders, then living at the Hotel Dupnegan in Canada, was believed to be in the plot, but proof was lacking. However, one Capt. Bell, was arrested in Toronto on extradition proceedings and

Some months afterwards and in connection with the affairs of this eventful evening I recalled this incident. It may have been accidental, but I did not think so, nor do I now. The draft riots prove that at that time New York was plentifully stocked with people who regarded the measures of the administration as "hard conditions."

When Mr. Varrey and John Wilkes Booth appeared, there was some slight applause, more to the conspicuous characters they portrayed than to any great appreciation of the actors. Except that he was one of the most famous young men, with a fine physique and admirably costumed, but ill in a later scene his turn came to speak in praise of Caesar, he played listlessly and, subsequently recalled, with marked absence of mind. Until the exigencies of the play brought the actor's assumed character and his own thoughts into some sort of unity he seemed to move through the play with indifference. Was it because beneath the toga of Marc Antonius there hid the secret passions of a Cassius, or a Caesar?

As the play proceeded, the actor warmed to his part and in the great speech beginning: "Friends, Romans, countrymen, lend me your ears; I come to bury Caesar, not to praise him—He became fairly excited and spoke with unusual emphasis and pointed delivery.

Booth's Interpolated Words.

Now comes the extraordinary part of it. The speech proceeds and the Roman orator, from sudden interruptions, that his audience kindled the populace, he artfully

"I am no orator as Brutus is; but I know me well; a plain blunt man, that's my friend; and that they know full well that speak the public leave to speak of him. I speak no words, nor words nor worth, nor utterance, nor the power of speech, nor wisdom; I only speak right on; and you yourselves do know; but you would have them speak as you would do; poor, poor dumb mouths; it is their curse and mine; but you shall hear me speak plain; and that you shall see. When they were

Lincoln Was Anxious.

Reminiscences of the late Elinor B. Washburne says: "The great event in Lincoln's life was the monster Republican Convention held at Springfield during the summer of 1860. It was a meeting for the nation and more in the nature of a personal reunion to Mr. Lincoln than merely a gathering. It was one of the most impressive gatherings I have ever witnessed.

Mr. Lincoln remained quietly at his own home in Springfield during the presidential campaign of 1860, but he watched narrowly all the movements of the campaign. On the 26th of November he wrote as follows:

"I have your letters written since the election, but till now I found no more than a word by way of answer. Of course I am glad that the nomination is well secured by your friends, and I sincerely thank you for informing me. So far as I can see, the nominations take well everywhere, we get no backset it would seem as if we were going through.

"I hope you will write often, and as you write rapidly than I don't make your letters so short as mine."

Mr. Lincoln had his periods of anxiety and deep concern during the canvass. As chairman of the house congressional (Republican) committee I was engaged at Washington during the campaign. On the 9th of December Mr. Lincoln wrote me as follows from Springfield:

"I was right glad to get it. It contains what I 'posting' which I now have. It is some from a little anxiety I had in Maine. Jo. Medill on Aug. 30 wrote that Colfax had a letter from Mr. Hamming who were in great danger of losing

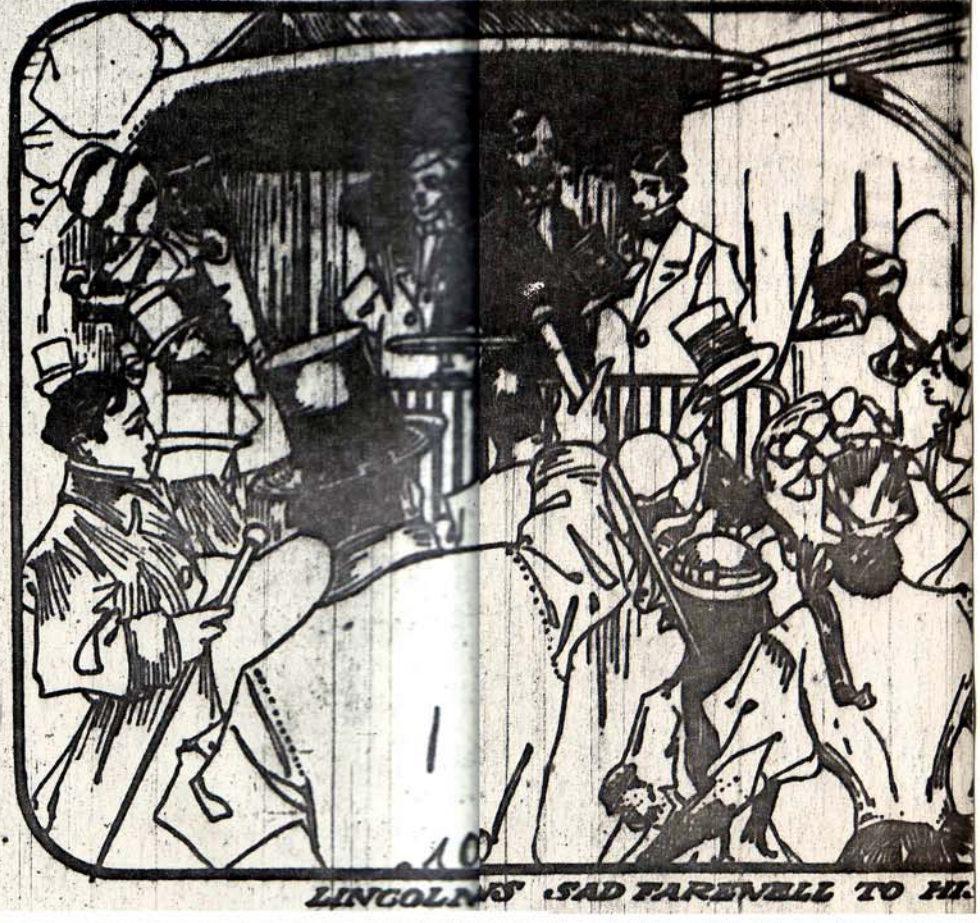
two members of congress in Maine, and that your brother would not have exceeding 6,000 majority for governor. I addressed you at once at Galea, asking for your latest information. As you are at Washington, that letter you will receive some time after the Maine election."

"Though the election was over, there came gloomy days for Mr. Lincoln, but he pondered well on the great problem before him. He had weighed well all the important questions which had arisen, and in him there was neither change nor shadow of turning. On the 18th day of December he wrote to me as follows:

"Hon. E. B. Washburne.—My Dear Sir: Your long letter received. Prevent as far as possible any of our friends from demoralizing themselves and our cause by entertaining propositions for compromise of any sort on slavery extension. There is no possible compromise upon it but which puts us under again, and all our work to do over again. Whether it be a Missouri line or Eli Taylor's popular sovereignty it is all the same. Let either be done and immediately I am busting and extending slavery reconnaissance. On that point hold firm as a chain of steel. Yours as ever, A. LINCOLN."

In December, 1860, he wrote me the following letter:

"Springfield, Ill., Dec. 21, 1860.—[Confidential]—Hon. E. B. Washburne.—My Dear Sir: Last night I received your letter giving an account of your interview with Gen. Scott, and for which I thank you. Please present my respects to the general and tell him confidentially I shall be obliged to him to be well prepared as he can to either hold or release the forts, as the case may require, at and after the inauguration."



Lincoln's Two Dreams.

ALTHOUGH Lincoln met the appalling events which preceded his inauguration with an outward calm, which led many people to say that he did not realize the seriousness of the situation, he was keenly alive, says Miss Tarbell, to the dangers of the country and to the difficulty of his own position. So full of threats and alarms had his life become by the time of his election that the mysticism of his nature was awakened, and he was the victim of an hallucination which he afterwards described to different friends, among them Noah Brooks, who tells the story in Lincoln's own words:

"It was just after my election in 1860, when the news had been coming in thick and fast all day and there had been a great 'hurrah, boys,' so that I was well tired out and went home to rest, throwing myself down on a lounge in my chamber. Opposite where I lay was a bureau with a swinging glass upon it [and here he got up and placed furniture to illustrate the position], and, looking in that glass, I saw myself reflected nearly at full length, but my face, I noticed, had two separate and distinct images, the tip of the nose of one being about three inches from the tip of the other. I was a little bothered, perhaps startled, and got up and looked in the glass, but the illusion vanished. On lying down again, I saw it a second time, plainer, if possible, than before, and then I noticed that one of the faces was a little paler—say five shades—than the other.

"I got up and the thing melted away and I went off, and in the excitement of the hour forgot all about it—nearly, but not quite, for the thing would once in a while come up and give me a little pang, as if something uncomfortable had happened. When I went home again that night I told my wife about it, and a few days afterward I made the experiment again, when [with a laugh], sure enough! the thing came again, but I never succeeded in bringing the ghost back after that, though I once tried industriously to show it to my wife, who was worried about it. She thought it was a 'sign' that I was to be elected to a second term of office, and that the paleness of one of the faces was an omen that I should not see life through the last term."

On the afternoon of the day on which the

president was shot there was a cabinet council, at which he presided, says the volume entitled "Anecdotes of Lincoln." Mr. Stanton arrived rather late. Indeed, they were waiting for him, and on his entering the room the president broke off in something he was saying and remarked: "Let us proceed to business, gentlemen." Mr. Stanton then noticed with great surprise that the president sat with an air of great dignity in his chair, instead of leaning about in the most ungainly attitudes, as his invariable custom was, and that, instead of telling irrelevant or questionable stories, he was grave and calm and quite a different man.

Mr. Stanton on leaving the council with the attorney general said to him: "That is the most satisfactory cabinet meeting I have attended in a long day. What an extraordinary change in Mr. Lincoln!" The attorney general replied: "We all saw that before you came in. While we were waiting for you he said, with his chin down on his breast: 'Gentlemen something extra ordinary is going to happen, and that soon.' To which the attorney general had observed, 'Something good, sir, I hope?' when the president answered gravely: 'I don't know, I don't know, but it will happen, and shortly, too.' As they were all impressed by his manner, the attorney general took him up again. 'Have you received any information, sir, not yet disclosed to us?'"

"No," answered the president, "but I have had a dream, and I have now had the same dream three times. Once on the night preceding the battle of Bull Run; once on the night preceding such another (naming a battle also not favorable to the north). His chin sank on his breast and he sat reflecting. 'Might one ask the nature of this dream, sir?' asked the attorney general. 'Well,' replied the president, without lifting his head or changing his attitude, 'I am on a great, broad, rolling river, and I am in a boat—and I drift—and I drift—but this is not business,' suddenly raising his face and looking around the table as Mr. Stanton entered. 'Let us proceed to business, gentlemen.'

Mr. Stanton and the attorney general said as they walked on together, it would be curious to notice whether anything ensued on this; and they agreed to notice. He was shot that night.

Horoscope Was Cast.

IN Broughton's Astronomical Journal issued in September, 1860, appeared a horoscope of Lincoln in which the closing paragraph reads as follows: "Mr. Lincoln has a fortunate nativity for becoming popular and for rising in the world with ease and industry. But we are sorry to say that he has some unfortunate aspects coming on, that is the planet Saturn coming in square to his own place and in opposition to Mercury, and the planet Jupiter in opposition to the sun's place, all of which aspects make us inclined to judge that he will be defeated this next coming presidential election, and that we think that it will be caused by some intrigue or political maneuver."

In December of 1864, about four months before the assassination, this same publication reprinted its horoscope and added: "If we had been more posted at the time in mundane astrology we should have seen that the evil threatened pointed to some time after the election and not before it."

Continuing, the publication says: "Shortly after the election is over Mr. Lincoln will have a number of evil aspects afflicting his nativity (I do not think that any of them will begin to be felt until after the election is past."

This same publication had a department entitled "The Fate of Nations," in which forecasts were made month by month as to the probable significant events of those months. For the month of April, 1865, the prophecy was that "Some noted general or person in high office dies or is removed about the 17th or 18th day."

In further explanation of the relationship between Lincoln's death and the astrological indications of the same the publication says that "Although Lincoln was a quiet, inoffensive man, yet it was next to impossible for him to have died a natural death. At the time of his birth the sun and moon were both under the earth and being afflicted by the evil planet Saturn, and Mars and Herschel, both in the eleventh house, denoting him surrounded by secret enemies and false friends. . . . At the time of Mr. Lincoln's death he had the evil planet Saturn retro-

grading over Mars' place in the eleventh house and in evil aspect to the moon's place, and Mars in the eighth house (the house of death) just passing an evil aspect of Venus, all of which would indicate that in the middle of April he would meet with some great evil from false friends or secret enemies.

During the war several southern newspapers at different times started rumors that Lincoln had been shot. The following from the Memphis Appeal of Aug. 16, 1861, is a sample of the roborbacks which startled southern readers:

"ABE LINCOLN ASSASSINATED! ARREST OF THE ASSASSIN! GREAT EXCITEMENT!"

"Washington, Aug. 7, 10 a. m.—Abe Lincoln was shot through the heart last night, just as he was entering his carriage, after leaving his cabinet in consultation. The assassin, a southerner, is now in the hands of the authorities. There is great excitement and 'On to Richmond!' is the cry.

"LATER—11 a. m.—Abe is still alive, but there is no chance for him to survive. The excitement here is great.

"STILL LATER—12 m.—Abe was wounded in the abdomen and not in the heart. His physician thinks he will recover. The excitement is abating.

"LATER STILL—1 p. m.—It is now currently reported that Abe was only slightly wounded in the leg. No excitement.

"THE LATEST—2 p. m.—An investigation now proves that the bullet intended for Abe's heart missed its mark, and only killed one of his footmen. The people are returning to their business.

"LATER STILL—3 p. m.—Abe's footman was not killed, as reported, but badly wounded. He will recover.

"THE VERY LATEST—4 p. m.—It has been officially announced from the capital that Old Abe's footman was slightly wounded in the hand by the accidental discharge of a gun which he was cleaning.

"The president was not in consultation with his cabinet last night as first stated. Nobody hurt."

What He Said of His Death.

"That affair (John Brown's raid), in its philosophy corresponds with many attempts, related in history, at the assassination of kings and emperors. An enthusiast broods over the oppression of a people till he fancies himself commissioned by heaven to liberate

one time Lincoln, when much distressed as to the outcome of the war, said: "Whichever way it ends, I have the impression that I shan't last much longer after it is over."

FOREBODINGS IN HIS FAREWELL.

When the President Elong Left Springfield He Felt That He Might Never Return.

Mr. Lincoln and his party were to leave Springfield for Washington by a special train at 8 o'clock Monday morning, Feb. 11, says Miss Tarbell's account. And at precisely five minutes before 8 o'clock he was summoned from the dingy waiting room of the station. Slowly working his way through the crowd of friends and townspeople that had gathered to bid him good-by, he mounted the platform of the car, and turning, stood looking down into the multitude of sad, friendly upturned faces. For a moment a strong emotion shook him; then, removing his hat and lifting his hand to command silence, he spoke:

"My friends, no one, not in my situation, can appreciate my feeling of sadness at this parting. To this place, and the kindness of these people, I owe everything. Here I have lived a quarter of a century and have passed from a young to an old man. Here my children have been born and one is buried. I now leave, not knowing when or whether ever I may return, with a task before me greater than that which rested upon Washington. Without the assistance of that Divine Being who ever attended him I cannot succeed. With that assistance, I cannot fail. Trusting in him who can go with me, and remain with you, and be everywhere for good, let us confidently hope that all will yet be well. To his care commending you, as I hope in your prayers you will commend me, I bid you an affectionate farewell."

A sob went through the listening crowd as Mr. Lincoln's broken voice asked their prayers, and a choked exclamation, "We will do it! We will do it!" rose as he ceased to speak. Upon all who listened to him that morning his words produced a deep impression. "I was only a lad of 14," says Mr. Lincoln DuBois of Springfield, "but to this day I can recall almost the exact language of that speech." "We have known Mr. Lincoln for many years," wrote the editor of the State Journal. "We have heard him speak upon a hundred different occasions, but we never saw him so profoundly affected, nor did he ever utter an address which seemed to us so full of simple and touching eloquence, so exactly adapted to the occasion, so worthy of the man and the hour. Although it was raining fast when he began to speak, every hat was lifted and every head bent forward to catch the last words of the departing chief. When he said, with the earnestness of a sudden inspiration of feeling, that with God's help he should not fail, there was an uncontrollable burst of applause."

PRESCIENCE OF A DEAF MUTE.

The Night Before the Assassination She Spoke Out to Command "Lincoln Is Shot."

The superintendent of the New York Institution for the Deaf and Dumb related the following strange story shortly after Lincoln's death: On the Wednesday night preceding the president's assassination a little deaf and dumb girl in our institution got up in her sleep, spelled with the manual alphabet, "Lincoln is shot." In the morning the somnambulist knew nothing of the circumstance till informed of it by her friend, in the presence of others.