

Seeing the Shadow of Events.

In covering a subsequent experience, Mrs. Maynard says: "We reached the executive mansion at half past 8 and were ushered into the red parlor, where the madam received us with great kindness and presented us in turn to a distinguished soldierly-looking gentleman, who was wrapped in a long military cloak, completely concealing his person and every evidence of rank. She did not call him by name, apologizing for not doing so, and saying she desired first to see if our friends could tell us who he was, adding that she would duly present him afterwards. I saw that Mr. Some recognized him instantly, but he gave no hint of his identity. My friend and myself removed our wraps, but Mrs. Some simply loosened hers. A pleasant half hour followed, when Mr. Lincoln joined us. After a cordial greeting all round, he wearily seated himself in an arm chair and remarked: "I am busy and must forego the pleasure of conversation and ask our little friend here to see what can be given us tonight as briefly as may be, for my Cabinet is awaiting my return." Silence fell upon the group, and I was shortly entranced.

What here follows was related to me on our return home by Mr. and Mrs. Some and my friend, a strong, powerful presence seemed to have possession of me, directing first its entire attention to Mr. Lincoln. The substance of the remarks related to the condition of the freedmen in and around Washington, declaring their condition deplorable in the extreme, that they were herding together like cattle in the open air, with little or no shelter, half fed and half clothed, while the manner of their existence was a reproach to the country, throwing down, as it did, all safeguards to morality and decency.

A terrible picture was presented concerning the thousands thus rendered homeless and dependent upon the government, through the exigencies of war and the proclamation of freedom. While the spirits realized fully the many heavy cares resting upon the president, there was a duty to perform that could not be neglected—a duty that demanded immediate attention. They counseled him in the strongest terms to prove the truth of their statements, extravagant as they seemed, by appointing a special committee, whose duty it should be to investigate the condition of these people, and to receive their report in person, and on no account to receive it at second hand.

Gen. Sickles Appears.

They further advised that for this committee he should select men who were not burdened with other cares, that their minds might be given entirely to their work, for, if they did their duty well, he would see the necessity of organizing a separate bureau to control and regulate all the affairs connected with the freedmen.

"While I cannot, at this late day, give a more minute account of the instructions thus given, I have presented the main points. The powers controlling me then directed their attention to the gentleman in the military cloak. They at once addressed him as 'General,' saying that his cloak did not disguise from their eyes the evidence of the noble sacrifice he had laid on his country's altar, nor the glittering stars he so merited, for he had bravely won them by his patriotic devotion to his country. They extended my hand to him, which he accepted, rising and bowing with the same courtesy and dignity that characterized him toward all; and whatever may have been his private opinions concerning mediumship and spiritualism, his manner was that of a courteous and true gentleman.

A few words of greeting were then spoken to all—a final word of encouragement and strength spoken to the president—when the influence changed, and "Jinkle," the little Indian maiden, took possession of my organism, and after greeting the president and Mrs. Lincoln in her usual manner, turned at once to the stranger, addressing him as 'Crooked Knife,' her Indian name for him, thus giving Mrs. Lincoln the test she required, as it was thus ascertained that 'Pinkie' recognized him as the general of whom she had often spoken in former circles when relating events that were taking place on distant battle fields. While she was talking in her childish way, Mr. Lincoln excused himself, returning to his cabinet meetings.

Met for First Time.

When I awoke a half hour later I found myself standing in front of the gentleman whom I had met that evening for the first time, and saw that his clear, piercing eyes were fixed fully upon me. Mrs. Lincoln now hastened to cover my embarrassment by duly presenting him to all. This officer was Maj. Gen. Sickles, now sheriff of New York City, who had aside his cloak, revealing his whole uniform and a cravat, which until that moment had been concealed. This was the first and only time my friend and myself ever met this famous general, although, as I have stated, he and other generals were

often mentioned in communications that were made by me to the president and his wife while giving them tidings of the true state of affairs at the front, which communications were afterwards fully confirmed when reliable particulars were received. Of this I was assured on more than one occasion by Mrs. Lincoln.

It was after eleven o'clock when our carriage was announced, and as we departed the general stood by the side of Mrs. Lincoln, shaking hands with us in turn as we passed from their presence. I vividly recall the scene; the bright fire in the open grate, sending a genial warmth through the room; while a marble bust of Mr. Lincoln, just received, and to which Mrs. Lincoln had called our attention earlier in the evening, stood in front of the large pier glass, seeming almost lifelike in the shifting shadows made by the gas light and waving palms. The scene was one never to be forgotten.

An Important Scene.

There was another meeting with Mr. Lincoln which is interesting and of considerable value. Shortly after my return to Washington, and while visiting Maj. Chorpenn one evening, Mr. Some called. After an exchange of compliments he stated that he had been requested to have me attend a séance, and as the same was of a private character he was not at liberty to say more. We all suspected the truth, however, and I instantly made ready to accompany him. After entering the carriage provided for the occasion he informed us that our destination was the White house, explaining that while at the war department that afternoon he had met Mr. Lincoln coming from Secretary Stanton's office. Mr. Some bowed to the president and was passing onward when Mr. Lincoln stopped him, asking whether Miss Colburn was still in the city, and, if so, whether it was possible to have her visit the White house that evening.

Upon a reply in the affirmative to both questions, Mr. Lincoln remarked: "Please bring her to the White house at 8 or 9 o'clock, but consider the matter confidential." By the time Mr. Some had completed his recital we were at the door of that historic mansion, and a servant, who was evidently on the watch for us, quickly opened the door and we were hurried upstairs to the executive chamber, where Mr. Lincoln and two gentlemen were awaiting our coming. Mr. Lincoln gave an order to the servant, who retired, and a moment later Mrs. Lincoln entered. I am satisfied from what followed that she was summoned on my account to place me more at ease than otherwise, under the circumstances, would have been the case.

Mr. Lincoln then quietly stated that he wished me to give them an opportunity to witness something of my "rare gift," as he called it, adding: "You need not be afraid, as these friends have seen something of this before." The two gentlemen referred to were evidently military officers, as was indicated by the stripes upon their pantaloons, although their frock coats, buttoned to the chin effectually concealed any insignia or mark of rank. One of these gentlemen was quite tall and heavily built, with auburn hair, dark eyes, side whiskers and of decided military bearing. The other gentleman was of average height, and I somehow received the impression that he was lower in rank than his companion. He had light brown hair and blue eyes, was quick in manner, but deferential toward his friend, whose confirmation he involuntarily sought or indicated by his look of half appeal while the conversation went on.

Traces the Lines.

We sat quiet for a few moments before I became entranced. One hour later I became conscious of my surroundings and was standing by a long table, upon which was a large map of the southern states. In my hand was a lead pencil, and the tall man, with Mr. Lincoln, was standing on the other side of the table, looking curiously and intently at me. Somewhat embarrassed, I glanced around to note Mrs. Lincoln quietly conversing in another part of the room. The only remarks I heard were these: "It is astonishing," said Mr. Lincoln, "how every line she has drawn conforms to the plan agreed upon." "Yes," answered the older soldier, "it is astonishing." Looking up, they both saw that I was awake, and they instantly stepped back, while Mr. Lincoln took the pencil from my hand and placed a chair for me.

Then Mrs. and Mr. Some at once joined us, Mr. Some asking: "Well, was everything satisfactory?" "Perfectly," responded Mr. Lincoln. "Miss Nettie does not seem to require eyes to do anything," smiling pleasantly. The conversation then turned, designatedly I felt to commonplace matters. Shortly afterwards, when about leaving, Mr. Lincoln said to me in a low voice: "It is best not to mention this meeting at present." Assuring him of silence upon the question, we were soon again on our way to the major's.

Mr. Some informed me that he heard enough in the opening remarks of the spirit to convince him that the power controlling me knew why I had been summoned. He said I walked to the table unaided and requested that a pencil be handed me, after which the president requested Mr. Some and Mrs. Lincoln to remain where they were at the end of the room. "In accordance with this request," said Mr. Some, "we paid no attention to what was being said or done, further than to notice you tracing lines upon the map, and once one of the gentlemen sharpened the pencil for you." I never knew the purport of this meeting, nor can I say that Mr. Some ever heard more regarding the strange affair.

Another Experience.

One morning in January, 1863, Mrs. Laurie desired me to go to the White house and inquire after Mrs. Lincoln's health. Mrs. Laurie had visited Mrs. Lincoln the previous day and found her prostrated by one of her severe headaches. It was about 11 o'clock when I called. Upon sending up my name and inquiry to Mrs. Lincoln, I was requested to walk upstairs to her room, where I found Mr. and Mrs. Lincoln, a gentleman, and two ladies. I was cordially received by Mr. and Mrs. Lincoln and presented to the guests, whose names were not mentioned, and when I noticed their glances I knew that they had been told I was a "medium." After explaining my errand and being about to withdraw, Mrs. Lincoln asked whether I felt equal to the task of a séance. Noticing that all were expectant, I signified my willingness and re-seated myself.

I became unconscious and awoke a half hour later to find the company betraying much emotion, and while recovering myself they talked together in low tones, and in an animated manner. This was interrupted by Mr. Lincoln rousing himself with an effort, saying: "I must go, and am afraid I have already staid too long." Shaking hands with his visitors, he turned in his kind way to me, and, while warmly shaking my hand, said: "I thank you, Miss Nettie, for obliging us; we have deeply enjoyed our little circle."

"If You Are There."

Speaking of another occasion Mrs. Maynard says:

In a few words as possible knowing how precious was his time, we informed him of the cause of our unseasonable call, stating I had been summoned home by a telegram telling me my father was dangerously ill. Looking at me with a quizzical smile, he said: "But cannot our friends from the upper country tell you whether his illness is likely to prove fatal or not?" I replied that I had already consulted with our friends, and they had assured me that his treatment was wrong, and that my presence was needed to effect a cure. Turning to my friend he said laughingly, "I didn't catch her, did I?" Then turning to me he said: "I am sorry you cannot remain to witness the inauguration, as no doubt you wish." "Indeed we would enjoy it," I replied. "But the crowd will be so great we will not be able to see you, Mr. Lincoln, even if we remain." "You could not help it," he answered, drawing his tall figure to its full height and glancing at my friend in an amused way. "I shall be the tallest man there."

"That is true," my friend responded, "in every sense of the word." He nodded pleasantly at the compliment, and then turning to me remarked: "But what do our friends say of us now?" "What they predicted for you, Mr. Lincoln, has come to pass," I answered, "and you are to be inaugurated the second time." He nodded his head and I continued: "But they also reaffirm that the shadow they have spoken of still hangs over you." He turned half impatiently away and said: "Yes, I know. I have letters from all over the country from your kind of people—mediums. I mean—warning me against some dreadful plot against my life. But I don't think the knife is made, or the bullet run that will reach it. Besides, nobody wants to harm me."

A feeling of sadness that I could not conceal nor account for came over me and I said: "Therein lies your danger, Mr. Lincoln—your overconfidence in your fellow-men." The old melancholy look that had of late seemed lifted from his face now fell over it, and he said in his subdued quiet way: "Well, Miss Nettie, I shall live till my work is done, and no earthly power can prevent it. And then it doesn't matter so that I am ready—and that I ever mean to be." Brightening again he extended a hand to each of us, saying: "Well, I suppose I must bid you good-by, but we shall hope to see you back again next fall." "We certainly shall come," we replied. "If you are here" without thinking of the doubts our words implied. "It looks like it now," he answered, and walking with us to a side door, with another cordial shake of the hand we passed out of his presence for the last time.

SUPERSTITION IN HIS NATURE.

Herndon Says That Lincoln Had Faith in Voodooes and Madstones.

There was more or less superstition in Lincoln's nature, says Herndon, and, although he may not have believed implicitly in the signs of his many dreams, he was constantly endeavoring to unravel them. His mind was readily impressed with some of the most absurd superstitions. His visit to the voodoo fortune teller in New Orleans in 1831; his faith in the virtues of the madstone, when he took his son Robert to Terre Haute, Ind., to be cured of the bite of a rabid dog; and the strange double image of himself which he told his secretary, John Hay, he saw reflected in a mirror just after his election in 1860, strongly attest his inclination to superstition. He held most firmly to the doctrine of fatalism all his life.

His wife, after his death, told me what I already knew, that "his only philosophy was, what is to be will be, and no prayers of ours can reverse the decree." He always contended that he was doomed to a sad fate, and he repeatedly said to me when we were alone in our office: "I am sure I shall meet with some terrible end." In proof of his strong leaning towards fatalism, he once quoted the case of Brutus and Caesar, arguing that the former was forced by laws and conditions over which he had no control to kill the latter, and, vice versa, that the latter was specially created to be disposed of by the former. This superstitious view of life ran through his being like the thin blue vein through the whitest marble, giving the eye rest from the weariness of continued unvarying color.

Land to Bury Him.

Part with the land you have, and my life upon it, you will never after own a spot big enough to bury you in.—Letter to John D. Johnston, Nov. 4, 1851.

Lincoln the Mystic.

(Continued from first page.)

of Charlottesville was fought. My brother was then with my eldest brother in hospital at Washington. Intending to help, I went by permission of Mrs. Lincoln to the White house to obtain a bouquet of flowers for him. Miss Parrie myself applied to the private entrance, acting only to receive the flowers and deliver them to Mrs. Cuthbert. Mrs. Lincoln's wait-woman, eagerly met us at the door. "O, dear young ladies," she exclaimed in her French fashion, "the madame is strangled. Come to her, I beg of you. She is very much."

Mrs. Lincoln's False Vision.

Surprised at her earnestness we went up and were ushered into her bedroom. Mrs. Lincoln, in a loose wrapper, her long, wavy hair down her back and over her shoulders, was distractedly walking up and down the room. As she saw me she came toward and exclaimed, "O, Miss Nettie, such dreadful news; they are fighting at the front; such terrible slaughter; and all our generals are killed and our army is in full retreat; such is the latest news. O, I am glad you have come. Will you sit down a few moments and see if we can get anything from beyond?"

No hint of the battle had as yet reached the bid. I was surprised. I threw my things aside and we at once sat down. "Pinkie" strove to be instantly, and in her own original way assured Mrs. Lincoln that her alarm was groundless; that while a great battle had been fought and was still in progress, our eyes were fully holding their own; and that she of the generals, as she had been informed, was slain or injured. She bade her eye no fear whatever; that they would get better news by and by, and the next day could bring all more cheerful results.

This calmed her somewhat, and after I spoke she talked very earnestly with me to show if I fully trusted and believed in what she said through me. I assured her of my confidence in whatever was communicated, and it seemed to give her courage. It was now approaching 1 o'clock, and Mr. Lincoln entered the room; he was bowed as if bent in deep trouble, his face looking anxious and careworn. He shook my hand in a listless way and kindly inquired how I was, shaking hands with my friend also. He sat down at a little stand on which Mrs. Cuthbert had placed a cup of tea and a plate of crackers. It seemed that it was his custom at this hour to partake of this frugal lunch. Mrs. Lincoln instantly began to tell him what had been said. He looked up with quick interest.

Lincoln is Cheered.

My friend Parrie said: "Perhaps Mr. Lincoln would prefer to hear it direct; would you not like to, Mr. Lincoln?" He said: "If it would not tire your friend too much, yes." I

acter, was sufficiently so to be a gain, not a loss, to the Union cause. He brightened visibly under the assurance given, and my friend said she had never seen me more impressive or convincing when under control. Evidently "they" felt his need in that hour and met it. When I awoke his tea stood untasted and cold, and as none seemed to think of it that should have done so, my friend quietly arose and, taking it from the stand, handed it to Mrs. Cuthbert and said: "Change this for a hot cup of tea, and bring it soon." No one seemed to think she was stepping out of her place in thus thinking of the weary man before us. It was quickly brought, and he drank it with a relish, but left the crackers untasted. He shook us warmly by the hand and with a pleasant smile passed back to his private apartments.

I need not say that our hands were well filled with flowers when we left the White house. However, it was then too late to go to the camp. The next morning, on our way to the hospital, we called at the White house and received from Mrs. Cuthbert the assurance that the news had been received as predicted and that "Mr. and Mrs. Lincoln were both feeling much better and full of hope."

Taking the cars at Fourteenth street, we made our visit to Mount Pleasant hospital. Its thousands of clean, white empty tents, full of little cot beds, suggested the possibilities of war, but presented none of its horrors. My brother was better, although still in bed; and my father was glad to see his visitors. We staid a few hours and he showed us over the departments, taking us to the surgeons' headquarters, where all seemed quiet and peaceful. We returned to the city, and dreaming of the scene that would greet us when we again visited the camp.