

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, hoys,' 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 looting 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 extraordinary 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.