

# Premonition of Death in His Dream.

IT was on the evening of April 14, 1865, that the shot was fired which ended Lincoln's great career. Curiously enough Mr. Lincoln had a presentiment all that fateful day that something ominous and important was impending, owing to a dream which he had the night before.

This is all the more remarkable because all Washington was rejoicing over the news of the uninterrupted series of victories that had been coming in for over a week past. Lee had surrendered, Richmond had fallen, Petersburg had been evacuated, Jefferson Davis had fled, and Mobile had been seized by the victorious forces in the far South.

Yet, in spite of the all-pervading joy, there was a cloud on Lincoln's mind. That morning at the breakfast table in the White House he told of his dream. At the family board was his son, Captain Robert T. Lincoln, who was then aide-de-camp on General Grant's staff, and had just come in from camp.

Soon after breakfast there was a Cabinet meeting and Mr. Lincoln again repeated his dream, which Secretary Welles, of the Navy Department, related as follows:

"Mr. Lincoln said that he dreamed that he seemed to be in a singular and indescribable vessel, moving with great rapidity toward a dark and indefinite shore. He thought it must be something that was going to happen to General Sherman or his army because he had been thinking of Sherman the night before and was anxious about him, as Sherman's division was the only one that still had a hostile army to contend with, for, added Mr. Lincoln, 'I know of no other important event that is likely to happen.'"

But as the day wore on he seemed to dismiss this gloomy presentiment from his mind, and Secretary Stanton, noticing this, remarked afterward:

"He was more cheerful and happy than I had ever seen him; rejoiced at the near prospect of a firm and durable peace at home and abroad. The kindness and humanity of his disposition and the tender and forgiving spirit that so eminently distinguished him were never more apparent."

Late in the afternoon the President went for a drive, according to his usual custom, and was accompanied by Mrs. Lincoln. By that time the melancholy thoughts of the morning seem to have disappeared, for he said to his wife:

"Mary, we have had a hard time of it since we came to Washington, but the war is over, and with God's blessing we may hope for four years of peace and happiness, and then we will go back to Illinois and pass the rest of our lives in quiet. We have laid up some money, and during this term we will try to save up some more, but we shall not have enough to support us. We will go back to Illinois and I will open up a law office at Springfield or Chicago and practise law, and at least do enough to give us a livelihood."

So far had the President's mind become relieved that he gave himself up to

pleasure for the rest of the day. Governor Oglesby, writing of that last eventful day, said:

"Lincoln, just before dinner got to reading some humorous book. I think it was 'John Phoenix.' They kept sending for him to come to dinner. He promised each time to go, but would keep on reading the book. Finally he got a sort of peremptory order that he must come to dinner at once. It was explained to me by the old man at the door that they were going to have a little dinner party and then go to the theatre."

The Presidential party arrived at the theatre late, but the audience was anticipating their arrival, for it had been announced in the afternoon papers that the President, his wife and Gen. Grant and Mrs. Grant would be present at the benefit performance to be tendered Laura

Keene.

The play stopped upon Mr. Lincoln's entrance, the band struck up "Hail to the Chief," while the audience cheered wildly. The play was a comedy—"Our American Cousin"—and the President seemed to enjoy it thoroughly. He laughed heartily at the jokes and conversed humorously between the first and second and third acts.

In the second scene of the third act a man opened the door of the President's box so softly that no one heard him, and entered the box, but the people in the box were so intent on the play that they did not notice him. This dark figure was the embodiment of the President's awful dream, but he was then oblivious to it. Then came the shot, heard not only round the world, but that will echo down through all human history.

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