

Illinoisan as the train passed through that city. Hence the letter. Then came the real melo-drama. Judd was bound to secrecy, although Felton was kept informed. At Buffalo, where Judd was put in a receptive mood for any rumors by the boisterous actions of part of the crowd—when Major David Hunter, one of the guard furnished by General Scott, received a broken shoulder while making a passage through the press at the speaker's stand—there came another missive telling him that the plot was thickening. Then at the Astor house in New York, more mystery. Judd was in his room consulting with Captain John Pope, another Scott guard, when a servant brought him a message that a lady wanted to see him in her room on another floor. He responded. It was Mrs. Kate Warne, a Pinkerton "Eye." Her mission was to inform him that the great Pinkerton himself would meet him on the morrow in Philadelphia. A letter would have sufficed, but in dealing with conspirators one must follow the rules. There must be mysterious signs, baffling disguises, hokum—and an expense account. Judd was impressed.

The next morning while riding with Lincoln from the depot to the Continental hotel, the carriage surrounded by police, he saw a young man evidently trying to attract his attention. It was Mr. Burns, a telegraph operator for the railroad. He broke through the police cordon, handed Judd a piece of paper and disappeared in the crowd. The plot thickens. There was no signature. The paper read, "St. Louis Hotel; ask for J. H. Hutchinson." Judd understood. The spirit of intrigue had him. Once the president-elect was safely established at the hotel, the Chicagoan lost no time in going to the appointed tryst. Another surprise! Mr. Hutchison was none other than Allan Pinkerton! S. M. Felton was with him, although he was registered as a guest in another hostelry. Pinkerton told his story and submitted evidence. It was convincing. Both agreed that Lincoln's safety required that he proceed at once to Washington in secret. Much of the evidence had been furnished by an operative named Tim Webster and it was essential for his safety that knowledge of the details of the plot did not become public. This only deferred the evil day. On April 30, 1862, by order of Jefferson Davis, Webster was tried by a military court in Richmond and died as the rules of civilized warfare decree that one who enters the enemy's lines in civilian attire must do. In the South land there was rejoicing that another detested spy had received his reward and in the North there were few to sing his virtues. In too many of the homes there were aching hearts from personal sorrows for many to shed a tear or give thought to Timothy Webster, who died on the gallows, and whose body was hidden in an unmarked grave.

Judd suggested that the matter be referred to Lincoln. The party accordingly adjourned to the Continental hotel, where, like true sleuths, they entered through an alley door, and went to the former's room. Lincoln was summoned. The evidence was submitted, but the one most concerned insisted that he must remain there until the morrow to raise the flag and then proceed to Harrisburg, where he was to address the legislature. Other railway officials, who had a knowledge of the investigations, called and added their pleas. Lincoln was firm.

At 6 o'clock the next morning, with Lincoln at the halyard, the new flag, with its thirty-four stars, slowly rose until it fluttered in the breeze over Independence hall. Later in the morning Judd was summoned to the president-elect's room, where he met Frederick H. Seward, who had been sent by his father, William H. Seward,—later to be secretary of state,—with a similar warning of conditions in Baltimore, which he had received from other sources. Lincoln was partially convinced and agreed that the matter should be submitted to his traveling party on their arrival at the Pennsylvania capital. "I reckon they will laugh at us, Judd, but you had better get them together," he said.

After the meeting at Harrisburg the party was called together and the matter discussed. A plan of action was submitted and those present agreed that it was warranted, although Davis was somewhat skeptical. Others present were Lamon, Sumner, Pope, Hunter and John G. Nicolay. In the evening when Lincoln was the guest of honor at a dinner given by Governor Andrew G. Curtin, he and Alex K. McClure were taken into their confidence.

The plan, as later carried out, was that a special train, consisting of a baggage car and a coach, should convey the president-elect and one companion from Harrisburg to West Philadelphia; that the track was to be cleared of everything from 5:30 p. m. until the special reached Philadelphia; that all telegraph lines be cut to prevent information leaking out; that Felton should hold the Washington train until the arrival of the special; that Mrs. Warne—the "Eye"—should engage two sleeping berths for a "sick man and his companion" on the Baltimore train, and that Pinkerton should meet the party at West Philadelphia with a carriage and convey them to the other station. Then: more hokum. The conductor, John Litzenberg, had been instructed not to start his train out of Philadelphia until H. F. Kenney had delivered into his hands a package addressed to "E. J. Allen, Willard Hotel, Washington." The package was a bundle of newspapers.

CHAPTER XI

The plan was accepted. It was agreed that the president-elect should leave Harrisburg immediately after the Curtin dinner, and as an added precaution was to be accompanied by but one person of his own selection. Here trouble began. Colonel Sumner, senior of the Scott guard, declared he would be of the party regardless. He was not Lincoln's choice. The latter wanted Lamon. He knew his friend. It was so decided, although Sumner still was insistent. Curtin and A. K. McClure were called in and given the details. The governor was anxious and in his memoirs says he called the Cavalier aside and asked if he was properly armed. He answered by exhibiting "a brace of fine pistols, a huge bowie-knife, a blackjack and a pair of brass knuckles." In telling of Lincoln's selection McClure wrote, "His devotion to Lamon was beautiful."

Sumner still was raging, but Judd during the trip had learned strategy. About 6 o'clock Lincoln was called from the banquet, went to his room, changed his dinner dress for a traveling suit and came

down with a soft hat sticking in his pocket and a shawl on his arm. Lamon, too, as a concession to the occasion, had doffed his uniform as a colonel of the governor's staff and appeared resplendent in the garb of a civilian. A carriage was waiting at a side door. Under Judd's instruction, Lamon led the way with Lincoln following. Close behind was Colonel Sumner—and Judd.

According to plan Lamon entered the carriage first. Then Lincoln. When the doughty colonel sought to force an entrance, a tap on the shoulder caused him to pause and—good soldier that he was—turn to protect his flank. The move was fatal. The carriage disappeared in the distance while the colonel raged. Judd was his target and Judd was a gentle soul who could plan battles but must have pawns to do the fighting. His discretion was warranted; Sumner was a veteran of the Black Hawk and Mexican wars, and when the news of Appomattox reached him, was wearing the uniform of a brigadier.

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That night Henry Whitney, of Urbana, Illinois, one of the riders of the old Eighth circuit, was a passenger on the Philadelphia train, enroute to Washington, to be on hand when his friend Lincoln would shake the political plum tree. When the stop was made at Harrisburg he was surprised to note that his friend Norman B. Judd had come aboard. The state chairman for the Republican party of Illinois preferred the discomforts of a public train to the comparative ease of the Lincoln special so long as that army officer was aboard. As a further precaution he broke the journey to Washington with a two-day stay in Baltimore.

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As it should be, the melo-drama had a happy ending. Lincoln and Lamon boarded the special in the Harrisburg yards, the wires were cut and on their arrival in West Philadelphia they were met by Pinkerton, driven to the railway station and smuggled through the rear door of the sleeping car on the Washington train. Lincoln retired to his berth and Lamon took up his duties as guard. The conductor was handed the signal package and the train started for the Maryland line. The Cavalier and Pinkerton spent the hours in converse. At Baltimore there was momentary alarm; railroad workmen were inspecting the cars!

Daylight was breaking in Washington on the morning of Saturday, February 23, 1861, when the train rolled into the station. It was cold and dark and the fog that rolls up from the Potomac still hung over the city. The last passengers to leave the train were three men from the rear car. There was nothing to distinguish them except that the one in the center was of unusual height and was attired in a coat and pantaloons that were much too short. There were none to see save one individual who was standing in the shadow of a pillar. He came forward and exclaimed, "You can't play that on me, Abe." It was Congressman Elihu B. Washburne, of Galena, Illinois, who was in the secret and had come to meet them. Later he was to get the credit for Grant's selection as a general. The latter, as president, paid the debt by sending him as minister to Prussia.

The party entered a hack and were driven to the Willard Hotel, where rooms had been engaged for the president-elect and his family. Shortly afterward he had breakfast with Washburne and Seward, who had called. The man who for ten years had ridden the circuit in order to eke out a living was now assured a permanent residence and a job paying \$25,000 per annum for at least four years.

The party established, Lamon hastened to the telegraph office and sent various cipher messages in which he told how "Plums" had arrived safely with "Nuts." And "Nuts" was the man who had just entered the hotel wearing a coat and pantaloons that were much too short.

During the day, while Lincoln was meeting the members of the "Peace Conference" and wrestling with problems of state, the Cavalier was down in the barroom where his southern drawl and his mastery in the handling of good likker convinced all and sundry that the newcomer could be nothing less than a Gentleman from Virginia, suh. They were right, too—with reservations. He loved Lincoln and his allegiance to the flag never was questioned. It was late that night when he retired—but he was happy. He had had a day of relaxation in the way that he loved best. A letter he wrote to Hiram Beckwith said so.

When the newspapers told their readers that Mr. Lincoln had arrived safely in the capital there was great rejoicing throughout the North, and that he was a guest at the Willard instead of the larger National hotel was especially pleasing to his friends in Illinois. They still remembered the story of four years before that Mr. Buchanan, while waiting at the latter hostelry for his inauguration, together with other guests, had been stricken with a mysterious malady, from which several died. The report was that it was the result of poison scattered around by political enemies of the president. As usual the truth was slow in catching up with the lie. The explanation that when the innkeeper stopped the practice of dumping the kitchen refuse in the backyard and cleaned and flushed the sewerage there was no more trouble had not had time to spread to the dwellers on the Illinois prairies.

It originally had been planned that the Lincolns should occupy a private house during the few days prior to the inauguration and such a domicile had been rented by Lyman Trumbull and Elihu Washburne, Illinois friends. Hearing of the plan, when the party reached New York, Thurlow Weed, astute politician that he was, informed Lamon, "It will never do to allow him to go to a private house to be under the influence of the state (Illinois) control. He is now public property and ought to be where he can be reached by the people until he is inaugurated." The New Yorker had heard rumors that convinced him there would be no appointments left if Illinois got all they were asking for. He had his way and sent the following letter:

"Dear Willard;—Mr. Lincoln will be your guest. In arranging his apartments, please reserve nearest him apartments for two of his friends, Judge Davis and Mr. Lamon.

THURLOW WEED."

The Lincolns were given modest rooms on the second floor, immediately over the main entrance, with the faithful Lamon installed

in a small room adjoining. At the end of the hall was Judge Davis, occupying the most expensive suite in the hostelry. The judge had an exalted idea of his importance and for once did not count the dollars. He reigned in solitude. On the same floor could be found others of the Illinois pack, even including Corydon Beckwith, Chicago lawyer and ardent Douglas Democrat, who was there to further the interests of his brother, already holding high position in the commissary department as a Democrat and who just then was posing as a recent convert to the Republican party. Judd, too, could not be overlooked. He was on the job every minute and was Lincoln's one personal choice for the cabinet, but was ruled out because of the opposition of the Davis following. After Lincoln's death his unpaid note for \$3,000 was a part of the estate. Davis, the executor, gleefully collected it. Down the hall also could be found the two Indiana patriots, Caleb Smith and John P. Usher, ready for the berths in the Department of the Interior which already had been promised them when they delivered the Indiana delegation to Lincoln in Chicago.

There were others, too, from the broad prairies of Illinois who might be found hovering near the door to the Lincoln suite, including Henry Whitney, old circuit rider, whose recollections are classics, and young Clark E. Carr, who in his enthusiasm to attend the inaugural ceremonies, managed to run afoul of the guards under the platform and was held a short time as a suspected assassin. Such enterprise could not go unrewarded and he carried back home his commission as postmaster of Galesburg, which he held for twenty-four years.

CHAPTER XII

Inauguration day brought apprehension to the friends of Lincoln. There were all kinds of disquieting rumors of possible assassination floating around and a letter from Lamon to Hiram Beckwith proves that there was at least a basis of fact for them. He had heard much in his few days around the barrooms of the capital.

General Scott, who had charge of the procession and ceremonies, took no chances. There were soldiers everywhere—on the roofs of the buildings along the route, riflemen in each of the wings of the Capitol; there were two batteries of flying artillery, and even under the platform there was a squad of armed men. As the carriage bearing President Buchanan and the president-elect from the Willard to the unfinished capitol rattled over the cobblestones, the spectators noted a giant, garbed in a coat of military cut, with two pistols and a bowieknife in his sash of red, mounted on a splendid horse, who was in the center of the guards in the rear of the vehicle. It was Ward Hill Lamon beginning his four-year vigil that was to leave him with shattered health and impoverished purse when the boys came limping back from Appomattox. Life was not a bed of roses for the new President. The open disloyalty was not confined to the Southland and the harassed executive was soon to learn that supposedly warm friends could become critical bystanders or overt enemies. He had been elected by a new party—a majority of whose rank and file were enrolled only because they had

become disgruntled with the existing organizations. Everyone wanted a job and there were some also wanted to dictate the policy. Even David Davis, sitting alone in his expensive quarters, manifested a coldness because he was not consulted. In all Washington there was but one man of whose loyalty Lincoln was certain and as this became apparent to the horde the shafts of jealousy were directed against the Cavalier. Disappointed job hunters sought his influence and when bluntly refused felt for their knives. Even proud senators and lesser congressmen were not above venting their spleen against the President by abuse of the "court favorite."

Lamon was by birth a Virginian and spoke with a strong Southern drawl, therefore his loyalty must be questioned by the whisperers. He was a bully—a man who drank too much—an avenue dandy—a man who spent his nights only God knew where. Thus the charges rolled up until the time when Lincoln appointed him Marshal of the District of Columbia it gave fifteen senators an excuse to vote against his confirmation. Good soldier that he was, he never wavered but carried on for his friend.

There was another matter—purely personal—that added to his worries, as the postscript to a letter written at this time to William Orme would imply: "My friend Hogg told me while here that my friends in Illinois were going to present me with a sword. Jog his memory." Then, too, there was the matter of a home that would be a proper setting for Mrs. Sally and the "President's Best Friend." He did it in the characteristic Lamon way. It was a mansion of impressiveness in vivid coloring, with a special table on which the Cavalier deposited his two bowieknives and three revolvers during his restful moments, as Orme noted in a letter to his wife, after a visit in May, '61. Then, too, Anna Ridgely, a visitor from Springfield, Illinois, noted in her diary that "Mr. Lamon does not appear at breakfast. I do not see him until dinner at night. . . . Mrs. Lamon has all the money she wants, all the elegant clothes, silver, china, glass and servants at her command. . . . She never does anything about the house as far as I can see. Wednesday morning Mrs. Lamon and I went out to make some calls. We went in Mrs. Lamon's best carriage. It is lined with red satin and is drawn by two handsome grey horses. . . . I went with Marshal Lamon to call on the President. We were admitted with the Supreme Judges and the Diplomatic corps and I had an opportunity of seeing the foreign ministers in their court dresses and was introduced to some very distinguished people. Old Abe merely shook my hand and I passed on. Madame was very gracious. She conversed with me for some time and we had the honor of walking around the East room with her. A band of music played very finely and the scene was a very pretty one. We left the White House at about twelve and hastened home to receive calls. We had about three hundred. Mrs. Judge David Davis and Mrs. Thomas A. Hendricks of Indiana received with Mrs. Lamon. I enjoyed the day very much."

That this young maiden of the Sixties from the pioneer Illinois town was of the sort to be impressed—overawed—bedazzled—by the

grandeur of the Lamon menage may be inferred from the closing page of her diary:

"It is the last Sabbath of the closing year, the last day, and the last hour of the day: . . . I have but three resolutions for the New Year!

"1st. Resolved, To place implicit trust in God.

"2. To take a greater interest in domestic affairs.

"3. To study something that will improve and strengthen my mind."

Trusting maid that she was, she saw Lamon as he would have her see him. To her it was a glimpse of Fairyland. And she believed in fairies. To her the summons came in the waning days of 1926. God rest her soul.

As Marshal the Cavalier's duties were varied. He was warden of the District prison, master of ceremonies at official receptions at the White House, and at his own insistence personal bodyguard of his friend. Also may it be said, he became the buffer between the executive and the antagonistic members of the two houses of Congress. On his broad shoulders fell much of the abuse that was intended for the President. In the words of Senator John P. Hale of New Hampshire, Abolitionist and Lincoln critic, "We must not strike too high nor too low, but we must strike between wind and water; the Marshal is the man to hit.

They did.

CHAPTER XIII

Shortly after the inauguration the President wanted to send a confidential message to Major Robert Anderson, in command of Fort Sumpter, in Charleston harbor. Lamon was chosen for the dangerous mission. It called for courage and the trip was made over the objection of Secretary Seward. "Mr. Secretary," said Lincoln, "I have known Lamon to be in many a close place and he's never been in one he didn't get out of. By Jing. I'll risk it. Go, Lamon, and God bless you. Bring back a palmetto if you can't bring us good news." The subject of the message never was revealed, but is supposed to have concerned the possibility of strengthening the garrison. It is significant that the messenger brought back a palmetto.

On arrival the messenger found the Carolina city to all appearances an armed camp. A strange flag floated over all public buildings and armed men were everywhere. Down along the waterfront cannon were pointed at the fort out in the harbor—over which floated the only National emblem to be seen. Everywhere men and women were anxiously awaiting the signal shot that would start the conflict.

It was necessary, if the messenger was to accomplish his mission, that he secure permission from Governor F. W. Pickens, in order to reach the fort. An interview was arranged and the Governor was most cordial. After a discussion of the state of affairs Lamon was given a pass:

"STATE OF SOUTH CAROLINA.

"Executive Department, 25th March, 1861.

"Mr. Lamon, from the President of the United States, requests to see Major Anderson at Fort Sumpter, on business entirely pacific; and my aid,

State of South Carolina.

EXECUTIVE DEPARTMENT.

25th March - 1861

Mr Lamon from The President
of the United States requests to see
Maj: Anderson at Fort Sumter
on business, entirely pacific, and
my Aid, Col: Duryea, will
go with him and return
Merely to see that every propriety
is observed towards Mr Lamon
J. H. Pickens

Fac-Simile of Pass given by Governor Pickens of South Carolina to Lamon,
allowing him to visit Fort Sumpter, 1861.

ADAM LINCOLN, Springfield.	W. H. LAMON, Danville
Lincoln & Lamon, ATTORNEYS AT LAW,	
HAVING formed a co-partnership, will practice in the Courts of the Eighth Judicial Circuit, and the Superior Court, and all business entrusted to them will be attended to with promptness and fidelity Office on the second floor of the Barnum Building, over Whitcomb's Store. Danville, Nov. 10, 1852. iv4tf	

Lincoln & Lamon. Professional card in *Danville Citizen*
in 1852.

Colonel Duryea, will go with him and return, merely to see that every propriety is observed toward Mr. Lamon.

(Signed) "F. W. PICKENS, Governor."

A steamer, under a flag of truce, was furnished by the Governor, and under escort of Colonel Duryea, he proceeded to the fort and delivered the message. It was a sad leave taking between the envoy and the soldier who was prepared to die, for both realized the gravity of the situation. Anderson offered no suggestion of surrender. He was a soldier. He had seen service in two Indian wars and bore a scar he received in battle while following General Scott in Mexico.

Returning to Charleston Lamon found that news of his mission had leaked out and there were scowls and fierce mutterings as he landed. His instructions also bade him interview the postmaster of the city, but here again it was necessary to get official permission of the Governor. This was done and on his return from the meeting, when he entered the hotel he was met by the mob, headed by the man with the rope. As already has been told, he was fortunate in finding his old friend, Lawrence Keitt, not only because it relieved the tension of a most awkward situation, but also because it enabled him to pass the intervening hours before the train would speed him North in the way that the Cavalier loved best. As a Virginia gentleman he never refused an invitation to have a drink and his code of conduct did not allow him to leave so long as he was under obligation to another for a courtesy. Ward Hill Lamon always paid his debts—in kind.

CHAPTER XIV

It was the following May when Lamon's inside knowledge of the real condition of the defenses of Washington and his anxiety for the safety of the Capital led him into the one error that later gave his enemies a basis of fact upon which to hang their abusive charges. He knew the situation and he knew the desperate need for more soldiers. The Southern leaders had had months in which to prepare but the North had made no move until the flag was pulled down from Sumpter, to be preserved and once more unfurled over the same historic pile just four years later, and afterward to be used as a shroud when Major Anderson crossed the river. With this in mind he requested of his friend permission to raise a regiment. No commission was given him, but his authority was taken from the following letter:

"Washington, D. C., June 25, 1861.

"Col. W. H. Lamon: My dear Sir—I spoke to the Secretary of War yesterday and he consents, and so do I, that as fast as you get companies you may procure a U. S. officer and have them mustered in. Have this done quietly because we cannot do the labor of adopting it as a general practice.

"A. LINCOLN."

This authority meant much and it meant nothing, but it was sufficient for the Cavalier. He got busy and soon had more than two regiments organized—and then he fell a-dreaming. He would make it a brigade and he would be the leader. Word came to him that the Thirty-ninth Illinois regiment, recruited in Chicago, was having trouble getting

into service. When it was organized it took on the name of the "Yates Phalanx," in honor of the Governor, and was mustered into service July 25. On organization it found itself without a home. The Illinois quota was filled and the officers even tried to get enrollment as Missouri troops. It only was after Governor Yates had sent a special messenger to Washington that it was accepted. The regiment was then completed and under command of Colonel Austin Light left Camp Mather, Chicago, October 13, enroute to Camp Benton, St. Louis. Here it was an unwanted child. It was not a question of more troops, but time to equip and drill those already under service. General John C. Fremont and his staff were worried, when the solution appeared at headquarters in the person of the Cavalier, attired in the uniform of a brigadier-general and with the bearing of a commander-in-chief. His appearance was impressive, his manner that of a gentleman and his plausibility beyond question. But let the report of the select committee of the House of Representatives tell the story:

"... It appears from the testimony of Captain McKeever, the assistant adjutant general on the staff of General Fremont, that on or about the 25th of October, Ward H. Lamon Esq., arrived in St. Louis. Captain McKeever understood that he was the same gentleman who held the office of United States Marshal for the District of Columbia. About the same time Captain McKeever received a note from Colonel Eaton, military secretary to General Fremont, stating that the general wished him (McKeever) to order the Thirty-ninth Illinois regiment to proceed to Virginia to join 'General Lamon's brigade.' Mr. Lamon (who then had on the uniform of a brigadier-general) told Captain McKeever that he had four regiments in his brigade and that he was to receive a commission of brigadier-general, ... which McKeever understood him to say had been promised some time before by the President."

"Edward H. Castle, who at this time had charge of the railroad transportation in the Western department, states that on Saturday evening, the 29th of October, Mr. Lamon was introduced to him as a brigadier-general from Washington, and that 'he was wearing the dress of such military officer.' His object was to have Castle send him the next day by special express train from St. Louis to Springfield, Illinois, at the expense of the Government. Castle was apparently very much flattered by being introduced to so high a dignitary as a brigadier-general all the way from Washington to St. Louis. He ordered an engine and car for the express purpose of not only taking Mr. Lamon to Springfield, but several of his friends. In going from St. Louis West to see General Fremont, Castle provided that Mr. Lamon should not only go free of expense, but he directed his express messenger to 'show him attention and contribute to his comfort.'"

There was much more to the report, which closed with the recommendation:

"Mr. Lamon had no authority whatever to travel in special trains at public expense and he should be called upon to refund the amount paid for the special train which took him and his friends from St. Louis to Springfield. If he shall not do so, the proper accounting officers of the Treasury should ascertain what the proper amount is and deduct the same from his salary as Marshal of the District of Columbia."

The Cavalier returned to Washington after the St. Louis trip and soon concluded that he best could serve his friend by remaining near him. He gave up his dream of military grandeur—doffed the brigadier uniform—and the two regiments he had been instrumental in enlisting fought valiantly under other men. Henceforth until the end of the war he was to be found in the capital doing his duty.

Later when the committee filed the above report it was not necessary for the Treasury department to take steps to collect the travel bill. As soon as the amount was ascertained, he made the grand gesture and paid it. He had had the pleasure of giving his old friends down in Springfield a thrill and considered it money well spent. The Cavalier was that way. He simply added it to the cost of his uniform and the various sums he had paid out in organizing the two regiments, the vouchers for which, against the advice of the President, he refused to present, as he "did not want to place myself in the position that any evil disposed person could question my integrity." The total cost to him of his seven months of military experience amounted to more than \$20,000.

It may be remarked in passing that the Thirty-ninth Illinois Regiment entrained on October 29 for Williamsport, Maryland, where it was promptly armed and outfitted, and on December 11, 1861, was on the firing line to begin active service that lasted until it was mustered out at Camp Butler, Springfield, Illinois, December 12, 1865. It was the last regiment to leave Appomattox field.

CHAPTER XV

Back in the Capital and the storm broke. He was the target of every abolitionist, every Democrat, every secret Southern sympathizer and many of the Republicans. As Marshal he was custodian of the District jail and also head of the enforcement law. It was part of his duties to apprehend all fugitive slaves that flocked into the city from the plantations of Maryland. That state was still a part of the Union and the fugitive slave law was still a part of the code. Lincoln was pulling every wire to hold the border states in line, especially Kentucky, which gave rise to one of the mots of the day, "Lincoln would like to have God on his side, but he must have Kentucky." Slaveholders who were Unionists were the balance of power in these two states, and they must have no hint of emancipation. To this end their chattels must be returned. But in order to hold his slender grip on the Senate and House he must take no personal stand. Lamson was the buffer. He never faltered, but enforced the law as he found it. This gave the Abolitionists their cue. Investigation proved that several of the colored men who had been arrested and confined in the jail were freedmen. Later there was a clash of authority. Early in January, because of the crowded condition of the jail—it was built to hold fifty prisoners but at times the number reached 218—it was necessary to confine military offenders, criminals and fugitive slaves together. Orders came to the Marshal from the Secretary of War to allow no person whatsoever to communicate with the military or state prisoners without an order from the War Department. Senator James W. Grimes of Iowa, chairman of the District committee, and other members, claimed the right by virtue of their position, of entry at all times. Others flocked to the jail until one morning a quantity of files, saws and other jail breaking tools were found in the cells. This was the end of the visit-