ing but the beginning of the Cavalier's troubles. He issued an order that no one was to be admitted except upon his written permission. January 13, 1861—Note the unlucky 13—Grimes, in all his glory and pride of senate authority, approached the portal. But he did not get in. Let him tell a part of his grievances, as reported in more than four pages of the *Congressional Globe,* the official journal of Congress at that time:

"I applied for admission to the jail. I was refused. I asked why I was refused. I was told by the jailor that a peremptory order had been made that no one should be admitted unless he had a written permission from this foreign satrap, who had been brought here from the State of Illinois and fastened upon 77,000 people of this District. I asked him (the jailor) if he knew me and that I was chairman of the District of Columbia. He said he did and that it would make no difference. ... The President of the United States saw fit in the plenitude of his wisdom to import to this District from the State of Illinois Mr. Ward H. Lamon and to appoint him Marshal. ... A human and christian man might make it a Bethesda. Mr. Lamon has paid no attention to it until of late and now only to make an order prohibiting the admission to it of all persons for the purpose of inspection or otherwise, including the committee on the District of Columbia of the two Houses, without a special permit from him."

Thirteen still was unlucky for the man from Iowa, as some hundreds of words further along in the *Globe's* columns, he wails:

"Upon this repulse at the jail I concluded to go at once to the President of the United States, to state to him the facts I have detailed and to give him some idea of the expression of opinion of those around me. When for the first time in six months I attempted to approach the footstool of the power enthroned at the other end of the avenue, I was told that the President was engaged, and the servants declined to convey my name to him. ... I submit that these facts ought to convince us of the necessity of a peremptory law for the government of the Marshal upon the subject now under consideration, as well as upon several other subjects which I pledge myself to bring to the attention of the Senate hereafter."

He did.

The pages of the *Congressional Globe* until the end of the war teem with his mouthings. He committed political suicide May 26, 1869, when he voted "Not guilty" in the impeachment trial of Andrew Johnson and returned to the corn fields out where the West begins.

The day proved an open season for Marshals. Senator John P. Hale, of New Hampshire, joined the pack and said in part: "If the Marshal of the District of Columbia has issued a ucase, or whatever you choose to call it, that the members of Congress shall not visit a public institution that is here under their particular cognizance and subject to their legislation and supervision; if one of the appointees of the President has issued an order that the members of the Senate shall not be admitted into one of the institutions under their care, I think it is an outrage that deserves to be rebuked emphatically and at once. I hope the Senate will vindicate its own dignity. I think the President ought to remove him instantly."

Violent Abolitionist that he was, Hale was ever ready to criticise any act of Lincoln and this was not his first battle with a Marshal. As far back as 1851 he had been the attorney in the trials of the rioters which resulted from the forcible rescue of the fugitive slave Shad-

rach from the custody of the United States Marshal in Boston. As a lame duck in '65 Andy Johnson sent him as minister to Spain.

Senator Henry Wilson of Massachusetts then must have his say. It wasn't brief, either. The Senators of those days sought to impress their constituents by the amount of space they could fill in the *Globe*. He said in part: "I voted last Summer with fourteen others against his confirmation. . . . I knew that he had appointed Phillips, one of the old pro-slavery men in this District, as his second and that a negro-catcher had been put over the jail. I opposed his confirmation then for those appointments, and his subsequent acts and his recent conduct toward the Senate affords abundant justification to those of us who early saw and condemned his action. . . . It is time to put our rebuke on these men and let them know we do not put them in power to disgrace our common humanity. In regard to the Marshal of this District I think we should say to the President of the United States that that man has insulted this Senate and must be dismissed from this place." Wilson, too, was an Abolitionist who could see no good in Lincoln or his acts. Later he was to be inaugurated as Vice President with Grant in 1873. His one distinction was that he died in the Vice President's room in the Capitol after a twelve-day illness.

Thus an entire day was wasted in the Senate with the result that a committee was appointed to call on the President and demand Lamon's removal.

The committee did. Lincoln listened patiently—but he didn't.

One of the number noted that the President looked worn and worried. He was. The clouds were darkening. The outcome of the Trent affair looked ominous; England might declare war; General George McClellan's illness still continued; there were reports from the fronts of soldier boys dying from exposure because of lack of supplies; the banks of New York City, Albany, Philadelphia and Boston had suspended specie payment, and a telegram just received told him that the Ohio legislature would pass a bill authorizing all her banks to do the same, on the morrow.

The committee left the White House happy in the knowledge that they had upheld the dignity of the Senate. They had given an entire day to a discussion of the shortcomings of the one man whom the harassed President trusted more than any other. They were satisfied and smug, warmly clad and well fed, so why give a thought to the boys who were hovering around open fires in a hundred camps in the Southland with their belts buckled up to the farthest notch?

The Marshal of the District of Columbia was in high good humor that night. In the barroom of the Willard he radiated it as he sat in the center of an admiring group of cronies. Well he might. He still was receiving compliments from ladies of fashion for the successful way in which he had managed the New Year's reception at the Executive Mansion; he had advance knowledge that upon the morrow he would not only make the first page of the *Congressional Globe* but that the entire issue would be devoted to his exploits, and he still chuckled over the fact that his old friend, Orville H. Browning, recently appointed senator from Illinois to fill the vacancy caused by

the death of Stephen A. Douglas, had had his pocket picked of gold pieces as he mingled in the press at the President's reception. All in all it was a great day—and what should a gentleman and a Virginian do under such circumstances?

He did.

CHAPTER XVI

The battle between the outraged Senate and the Marshal continued for more than a year, as the pages of the *Globe* show. It was give and take without quarter, with never an intimation from the officer that he was but carrying out Lincoln's secret orders. He simply was enforcing the laws that his opponents had enacted. In May the solons welcomed an ally in the person of Brigadier-General James S. Wadsworth, military governor of the District. Lamon continued to arrest and lock up all vagrant negroes found in the Capital on the supposition that they were escaped chattels and under the fugitive slave law should be held pending return to their owners. While the Marshal was absent the Military Governor issued an order to take a female slave from the jail and deliver her into the hands of the military. The deputies in charge declined to obey the command, giving as their reason that they had no authority to do so without an order of the Court. Military officers, with a file of soldiers, seized the jail, freed the woman, placed the jailors in the cells and held the bastile under military guard.

But not for long. Marshal Lamon returned to town. He by civil process arrested the military guard, captured the jail, liberated his deputies, placed their erstwhile guards in the cells and held them as prisoners. A clash between the civil and military authorities seemed imminent. By messenger and along the bars the battle raged until eventually the matter was laid before the President. He had before him the decision of the Attorney General that in the District of Columbia the civil authority outranked the military and further, in the present instance, the military governor's conduct had been misguided and unauthorized.

Score one for the Cavalier!

A week later, on invitation of the President, Senator Browning spent an evening at the White House, where he met Marshal Lamon and General Wadsworth, and after a discussion of the controversy, the Illinois Senator offered a solution that was satisfactory to both. By his decision Lamon was to execute all writs that came to his hands, giving the General notice daily of each arrest, holding each slave twenty-four hours after such report. If in the opinion of the General any so arrested were entitled to military protection they should be surrendered by the Marshal. All others were to be held in jail under the fugitive slave law. After that the Marshal and the General were men and brothers. They shook hands and the President was reminded of a story. Later the party went down to the parlor and spent the evening with a few friends and "partook of a collation of strawberries."

The law-making branch of the Government no longer had the support of the military in their controversy, but the battle raged. The charge was made in the Senate that a prisoner, whose time had expired, was still under confinement. The charge was true. There was much oratory. Then came the bomb in the explanation. When the day for freedom came the man was sick, friendless, penniless. He had no place to go and the District did not maintain an almshouse. To forcibly release him probably meant death. He remained and the big-hearted Marshal was personally paying for his keep. This stopped the oratory and that day the Senate gave part time to matters of state.

The Senate then took another tack. Lincoln would not remove him, but they could control the salary. The compensation of the Marshal depended on fees for serving papers, receiving and feeding prisoners, attendance on the Supreme Court and other items. The Senate created a special office of warden to have custody of the prison and also a special marshal to be in attendance on the Court. "If Lamon had not been off in New York, he could have prevented its passage," wrote Judge David Davis to Gen. Orme. About all that was left was the honor of being Marshal of the District of Columbia with the privilege of being near his friend. The Cavalier carried on. Money was scarce to conduct the Lamon menage but up at the home Sally,—good wife that she was—with the blood of fighting Steve Logan flowing in her veins—performed miracles in the matter of housekeeping. It may have been that an occasional draft came from the folks back in Springfield as a letter still preserved that the father-in-law wrote to the Cavalier at this time breathes defiance to "Hale, Grimes & Co." and adds, "I ought to let you know, however, that you have risen more than one hundred per cent, in the estimation of my wife."

When a fellow can rise more than one hundred per cent in the esteem of his mother-in-law what should he do?

He did.

The failure of Lincoln to announce that Lamon's action in enforcing the fugitive slave law was by his orders was not the first time he had used his friends to keep slave-holding Unionists in line. From the beginning of his administration he had struggled to hold the good will of many of the citizens of the border states, who believed in slavery and at the same time deplored secession. At the same time it was necessary to keep on working terms with Congress, where he must depend for co-operation upon Democrats who were eager to secure any partisan advantage; Abolitionists, to whom slavery was the one issue of the war, and even in his own party there was a radical element that refused at times to follow his lead. It was a precarious situation. Even in his Cabinet there was dissension on many of the various problems that must be solved. Lamon understood this and his silence kept many a man in Maryland, Tennessee and Kentucky from shouldering a musket and joining Lee. It also kept certain votes in line in the Senate and the House when vital bills were being considered. Lincoln was censured for keeping him in office but not held accountable for his actions by certain members of Congress.

A glaring example of Lincoln's willingness to allow his friends to act a buffer between him and the public is the case of Congressman William Kellogg of Canton, Illinois. It generally was known that Kellogg was remarkably close to the President-elect and even might be considered an official mouthpiece. Judge the indignation then, when, the first week in February prior to the inauguration, he introduced a bill to amend the Constitution so that slaves could be taken into any territory south of 36 degrees 30′ from any State where slavery then lawfully existed. The Republicans were aghast because the platform upon which they had won the election expressly forbid any extension. It was a bombshell. It pleased the Democrats, however, and caused many a wavering one to draw his sword for the Union. It was the excuse that caused blustering "Black Jack" Logan—who after the war became the most bitter denouncer of the South—to give listening ear when his patron saint and political mentor, Stephen A. Douglas, telegraphed to the country that he was "prepared to sustain the President in the exercise of all his Constitutional functions to preserve the Union and maintain the Government and defend the Federal capital."

When the bill was introduced John A. McClernand, democratic congressman from Lincoln's home district—Kentucky-born and later a major-general in the Union army—arose and called attention to the relations between the Congressman and the President-elect. Kellogg loyally denied that he was representing Lincoln's views and took the abuse that was heaped upon his head throughout the North. Lincoln refused to be quoted. Many a waverer donned the blue in preference to the gray. Later it became a scandal that Kellogg controlled more political patronage than any other man in Washington. It was his by right of service.

It was not alone in the columns of the *Congressional Globe* that the Cavalier had the headlines. Just at that time Horace Greeley was at outs with the President and found in the incidents a chance to club the Executive by berating his friend. The columns of the New York *Tribune* were filled with abuse of the Marshal and so virulent were the mouthings of the veteran editor that, against the will of the victim of his pen, he was indicted by the grand jury of the District of Columbia for malicious libel. A lone juror saved the editor from a conviction. Uncle Horace retaliated by issuing an order that never again was the name of Ward Hill Lamon to be printed in the columns of the *Tribune.* It was the first successful boycott.

It never was.

The *New York World,* always antagonistic to the President, also had much to say regarding the Cavalier. One particular instance had to do with the President's visit to the battlefield of Antietam. It was malicious and untrue but it had large circulation and some credence. It said in part: "While the President was driving over the field in an ambulance, accompanied by Marshal Lamon, General McClellan and another officer, heavy details of men were engaged in the task of burying the dead. The ambulance had just reached the neighborhood of the old stone bridge, where the dead were piled highest, when Mr. Lincoln, suddenly slapping Marshal Lamon on the knee, exclaimed: Come,

Lamon, give us that song about 'Picayune Butler'; McClellan has never heard it. 'Not now,' said General McClellan, with a shudder, 'I would prefer to hear it some other place and time.' "

Then followed more alleged details, and the story closed with the doggerel:

"Abe may crack his jolly jokes
O'er bloody fields of stricken battle,
While yet the ebbing life-tide smokes
From men that die like butchered cattle;
He, ere yet the guns grow cold,
To pimps and pets may crack his stories," etc.

There was one element of truth in the story. The President did visit the battlefield, but it was sixteen days after the awful holocaust. There were no dead bodies unburied. It is true that he did ask the Cavalier to sing, but the song requested was an old ballad that had been a favorite in the circuit-riding days back in Illinois, "I Wandered to the Village, Tom."

CHAPTER XVII

All the time the Cavalier went his swaggering way, doing his duty as he saw it, publicly voicing his opinions of his opponents, drinking when opportunity offered, but never for a moment ceasing in his loyalty to Lincoln. It was a loyalty, too, that was most exacting. He, better than any other man, knew the dangers that surrounded the President and there was that fear of assassination that caused him to be ever watchful. War-time Washington was full of Southern sympathizers and there were constant rumors of organized efforts to either kidnap or kill the Executive. Lamon believed some of them, but Lincoln scoffed and refused to adopt any precautions. He continued to slip out from the White House alone for night walks. Lamon took the only course possible. He stationed guards around the Executive Mansion and added to his own hours of service. During the summer months Lincoln had a habit of spending the hot nights in a cottage in the grounds of the National Soldiers' Home, near the Capital, on the Blandensburg road. Many of these trips he made alone, mounted on "Old Abe," a fine saddle horse owned by the Marshal, but which was kept in the White House stables.

This was a source of great worry to the Cavalier, who endeavored to keep the Executive under surveillance, when he would insist on an armed escort. On occasion the President would elude the watchers and be well on his way to the Home before his absence would be discovered.

On one occasion, when the Marshal had his brother, Robert, a deputy, stationed at the White House, Lincoln managed to evade the guard. It was early in the evening when his absence was discovered. The Marshal was informed and the two set out post haste for the Home. When near the entrance they met a carriage followed by a man on horseback. The Marshal commanded them to halt, and on investigation learned that they were Edwin M. Stanton, Secretary of War, and an orderly.

"Where is Mr. Lincoln?" asked Stanton. "I have been to the Soldiers' Home and he is not there. I am exceedingly uneasy about him. He is not at the White House."

There was terror in his voice. There was dire alarm in his every action. It was the inquiry of a man who had lost a friend and feared the worst. It was the same Stanton who a few years before had refused to be associated with Lincoln in a lawsuit in Cincinnati because of his uncouth appearance—the same man who after the defeat at Bull Run had written Buchanan, his former chief, "The imbecility of this administration culminated in that catastrophy; an irretrievable misfortune and National disgrace, never to be forgotten, are to be added to the ruin of all peaceful pursuits and National bankruptcy, as a result of Lincoln's 'running the machine' for five months;"—the same man, who as late as September, 1861, referred to the Chief Executive as the "Original Gorilla" in a letter to General McClellan. But Stanton now knew Lincoln and realized his worth. He lived to see a united Nation and when the martyred President's spirit took its flight he gave to the world the immortal epitaph, "Now he belongs to the Ages."

Hurrying back to Washington the Marshal found the President walking across the White House lawn. He would take no more chances. He accompanied him to the War Department, and later took him to the Lamon home, where he spent the next four nights, Mrs. Lincoln being in New York on one of her silk-buying expeditions.

Not long after this incident Lincoln again was riding alone to the Home when from the roadside a gun was discharged. The frightened horse became unmanageable and was stopped only by the help of the guard at the entrance to the Home. The President's hat was missing. After he was safely in his cottage, the guard, John W. Nichols, later of Omaha, Nebraska, and another soldier, went down the road to the locality from whence had come the report of the rifle and found the hat with a bullet hole through the crown. Lincoln attempted to treat the matter as a joke and pledged all to secrecy. Lamon knew better and it is significant that the President never again made the journey without a mounted escort.

During the first year of hostilities Washington was a divided camp. There were many Southern sympathizers to be found among the citizenry. Riots and disturbances were of daily occurrence—some of them of a serious nature—and the Marshal and his deputies were in constant apprehension lest an affray occur of such magnitude as to endanger the safety of the Capital. Under the circumstances it was the policy of the Cavalier to disperse every street gathering that showed signs of getting out of hand. It was shortly after the defeat at Bull Run that the Marshal was passing the old National theatre about 11 o'clock one night when he noted that a free fight was in progress. He attempted to command the peace when the leader, a local bully, ordered the officer away under threat of a beating. That was a challenge. The Cavalier placed him under arrest, when the prisoner made a mistake. He struck the veteran of a hundred rough and tumble battles out on the Illinois prairies a blow in the face. That was all. Swift as lightning

Marshal Ward Hill Lamon in 1862.

(Courtesy of Mary Coleman Morrison.)

the Marshal's fist connected with the prisoner's chin and he lay on the pavement unconscious, with blood issuing from his mouth, nose and eyes. A surgeon was called and the wounded man was taken to a hospital. The physician pronounced it a case of concussion of the brain and said the man would die.

The Marshal heard and believed. He was conscience-stricken at the thought of having killed a man. Having entry to the White House at all hours he hastened there and asked that the President be awakened. This was done. Here he told his story. Lincoln listened with interest to all the details and then remarked: "I am sorry you had to kill the man, but these are times of war and a great many men deserve killing. This one, according to your story, is one of them, so give yourself no uneasiness. I will stand by you."

Then noting the look of grief upon the Marshal's countenance, the President, with one of his rare understanding smiles, placed his hand on his friend's shoulder, and added: "Hill, you go home now and get some sleep; but let me give you a piece of advice—hereafter when you have occasion to strike a man, don't hit him with your fist; strike him with a club, a crowbar or with something that won't kill him."

The physician's dire prediction was verified—fourteen months later the victim died in his own bed.

CHAPTER XVIII

The action of the Senate in curtailing the official duties of the Marshal had but one result—the lessening of his income. Daily his work became more arduous and his hours of service longer. His self-imposed task as personal bodyguard necessitated long nightly vigils, while his position as social master of ceremonies at the White House became more onerous. He must be present at every official function and on his broad shoulders must rest the decision of proper procedure in all matters of etiquette. Jealousy was rampant in the Capital and it was necessary that he use all his diplomacy to the end that no one be offended. Dark clouds hovered over the Nation and Lincoln needed every bit of support that might be obtained. Then, too, there were frequent conferences with the President regarding minor matters of state which because of discord the harassed Executive dare not discuss with the Cabinet. There were domestic problems, too, that must be met and, of course, the Cavalier was the logical one, for such questions could only be shared with someone of whose loyalty he was sure. In all these dark hours the Cavalier never faltered—always loyal—always present when needed—always sympathetic and sometimes ready with a helpful suggestion—he carried on. He it was who was the sustaining prop when Lincoln—near the breaking point with the burden of matters of National import—must perforce give time to the consideration of the idiosyncrasies of his wife. Always an exacting woman, prone to violent outbursts of temper, after the death of Little Willie, in February, 1862, she began to show signs of the complete

mental breakdown that later forced her son to have her committed to a sanitarium for more than a year. She had delusions and classed most people as her enemies. Of all the close friends of Lincoln, Lamon was the only one she trusted. He always was courteous, kindly and had a way with women. No doubt, too, his unselfish devotion convinced her of his loyalty to the man she loved.

She hated Billy Herndon, Springfield law partner, with a venom that was terrifying. Even in the early days of their partnership if she had occasion to enter the law office and he was present she pointedly drew her voluminous skirts aside that they might not touch him. They never exchanged a greeting. The reason for the feud never became public but later, in 1866, he struck back with the cruelty of a savage. He wrote and delivered his famous lecture in which he stated that Lincoln's heart lay mouldering alongside all that was mortal of Ann Rutledge in a neglected grave in Concord burying ground near Old Salem. Proud Kentucky belle that she was, it was a vicious stroke treacherously thrust. It added to her madness.

To the members of his Cabinet and his Generals she was equally hostile. In her bitterness she denounced Chase as selfish and treacherous; Seward as a self-seeking enemy; Andrew Johnson as a demagogue; McClellan as a humbug, and Grant as a butcher. A word of approbation from Lincoln was sure to bring down her enmity on the head of the recipient. To Lincoln war certainly was all that Sherman claimed. Without united support in the homes of his friends, differences of opinion and jealousies among his commanders, disharmony in the House and Senate, dissension in his Cabinet and discord in his household, it was to the Cavalier—"the one man more than any other whom Lincoln trusted"—that the Executive would turn and ask him to share the load.

Be it said to his credit the Virginia Cavalier—who went his blustering, swaggering, drinking way through the dark days of the '60s—never failed to respond in times of stress. That was his way.

There were other sources of worry for the Cavalier because of his enforced absences from the Capital on various confidential missions for the President. There were trips to the battle fronts with secret instructions to the commanders in the field; there were journeys with the Chief Executive to various places where he must use his utmost vigilance as a protector and also sometimes as a restraining influence when Mrs. Lincoln, ever jealous of her husband, might give vent to her opinions without stint. He accompanied Lincoln when he traveled to Gettysburg, where he was to deliver the address that today is regarded as a masterpiece of English diction. The Cavalier went in an official capacity as he had been chosen as Marshal of the Day, and as such introduced the President. It was to him that Lincoln turned at the conclusion of the delivery and said: "Hill, that speech won't scour." Lincoln, under the spell of the occasion, regretted his lack of preparation and failed to realize the beauty of its wording. It was not until the leading journals from across the seas were available that he was assured of the classic beauties of the oration. Even after the return to Washington he still brooded over the occasion and remarked to the

Virginian: "I tell you, Hill, that speech fell upon the audience like a wet blanket. I am distressed about it. I ought to have prepared it with more care."

More and more had the Cavalier given of his time to his duties until home to him had become merely a place where on occasion he might get needed rest. It was in '63 that the faithful Sally rebelled and decided to spend the Summer with the home folks in Springfield, the understanding being that the Marshal should journey to Illinois and aid her in making the return in the early autumn days. But there always was a reason for his remaining on duty and the date was deferred from week to week. Came the waning days of October and patience ceased to be a virtue. Sally issued an ultimatum: "Come at once or not at all." The Cavalier packed his carpetbag—and then—

Came the announcement that the National cemetery at Gettysburg, Pennsylvania, would be dedicated on November 19. Lincoln would make an address and Lamon had been appointed Marshal of the Day. It was the call of duty. He must protect his friend, but Sally was calling from the prairies. Lincoln saved the situation. He wrote a letter to Judge Stephen T. Logan, the father: It said:

"EXECUTIVE MANSION,

"Washington, Nov. 9, 1863.

"Dear Judge—Col. Lamon had made his calculations, as he tells me, to go to Illinois and bring Mrs. L. home this month, when he was called on to act as Marshal on the occasion of dedicating the Cemetery at Gettysburg, Pa. on the 19th. He came to me, and I told him that in view of his relation to the government and to me, he could not well decline. Now, why would it not be pleasant for you to come on with Mrs. L. at that time It will be an interesting ceremony, and I shall be very glad to see you. I know not whether you would care to remain to the meeting of Congress, but that event, as you know, will be very near at hand.

Your friend as ever

"A. LINCOLN."

November 26 had been set aside as a day of National Thanksgiving and it found the Cavalier happily ensconced in his own home with Sally sitting in her favorite nook by the fireside.

CHAPTER XIX

Months of labor and anxiety were the lot of the Cavalier until June, 1864, when the Republicans met, under the name of the Union Convention, in Baltimore, and, of course Lincoln was the nominee. There had been organized efforts on the part of an element of the party to substitute either General Grant, General William S. Rosecrans or Secretary Chase as the choice, because of Lincoln's insistence that emancipation should come only as a war measure and his liberal reconstruction policies, but all the cabals had come to naught. The nomination came on the first ballot, with only the Missouri delegation, which cast its twenty-two votes for Grant, dissenting. On the second reading of the vote their decision was changed and the selection of the President as the candidate was declared to have been unanimous—506 votes being cast. Then came the single rift in the proceedings. Lincoln