

had realized that while he could control his own nomination his reelection was far from a certainty. Hannibal Hamlin, the Vice President, had been acceptable to his party, but he came from New England, which was counted as being safely Republican, and the Chief Executive felt that he needed a strong Southern running-mate who would appeal to the Union Democrats as well as the disgruntled members of his own party.

Lincoln ever was Lincoln and, as usual, hid his intentions behind his friends. After a careful canvass, he became convinced that Andrew Johnson, of Tennessee, a War Democrat, just then Military Governor of his home state, would have the greater appeal at the polls. He said nothing in public, but in private arranged that his trusted friends, Leonard Swett and A. K. McClure, should make the fight to defeat Hamlin. The convention gathered and Swett—the master politician—was on hand, apparently busy in an effort to secure the honor for Judge Advocate General Joseph Holt, of Kentucky. Behind this smoke screen McClure labored with the delegates, urging Johnson as a compromise. The maneuver was successful and the Greenville tailor was selected. Both Swett and McClure personally were favorable to the renomination of Hamlin and only yielded to Lincoln's insistence. Lamon, in the capacity of a friend, also was present at the interview in which the action was planned. As the party was leaving the White House Swett asked Lincoln whether he was authorized to use the President's name in the matter. "No," he said, "I will address a letter to Lamon here embodying my views, which you, McClure and other friends may use if it be found absolutely necessary. Otherwise it may be better that I should not appear actively on the stage of this theatre." The letter was written and the Cavalier was at the convention ready to get into action if circumstances warranted. It never was read and later was returned to the writer at his request. Once more Lincoln had shown his trust and once more the Cavalier had proved his loyalty.

Lincoln had his secret way, but his worries multiplied. There was much discord within the ranks of his own party, with Charles Sumner, Benjamin F. Wade, Henry Winter Davis, a nephew of his friend, Judge Davis; Chase, Fremont and others openly hostile. The Peace-at-any-price element in both parties was declaring opposition to the ticket and Swett, as late as September, on a visit to New York, wrote his wife that he found Horace Greeley, Henry Ward Beecher, Thurlow Weed and other leaders utterly in despair. Lincoln, too,—ever prone to fits of melancholia—on August 23 had written and sealed a statement, which he had the members of his Cabinet autograph and which was filed away for future reference. It read:

"This morning, as for some days past, it seems exceedingly probable that this administration will not be re-elected. Then it will be my duty to so co-operate with the President-elect as to save the Union between the election and the inauguration; as he will have secured his election on such grounds that he cannot possibly save it afterward.

"A. LINCOLN."

The Democrats held their convention in Chicago in August and it was a militant and exultant crowd that filled the city. Victory at the polls then seemed a certainty. All the known leaders were there, in-

cluding Clement Vallandigham, of Ohio, but recently returned unmolested from his banishment behind the lines of the Confederate army; Dan Voorhees, the "Tall Sycamore of the Wabash"; General James Singleton, of Illinois; "Brick" Pomeroy, of Wisconsin; "Sunset" Cox, of Ohio; John Fuller, of Michigan; C. Chauncey Burr, of New York, editor of *The Old Guard*, and others. The enthusiasm was not confined to the convention sessions. At night there were street meetings galore and especially from the East and South balconies of the Sherman house—headquarters of the leaders. "A Copperhead orgy" the *Tribune* called it, but the *Times*, under the editorship of Wilbur F. Storey, was more friendly. It said:

"The demonstration last night was not a meeting merely; it was a whole constellation of meetings. The grand center of the city—Randolph, Clark, Washington and LaSalle streets, about the Court House as well as the Court House Square—presented one solid mass of human beings; and these were independent of crowds that had gathered in Bryant hall and other halls. During the entire evening there were at all times five speakers holding forth to these tens of thousands of assembled citizens."

John Fuller, of Michigan, demanded, "Are you willing to follow in the footsteps of Abraham Lincoln, the perjured wretch." . . . W. W. O'Brien, of Illinois, declared, "We want to try Lincoln as Charles I of England was tried, and if found guilty will carry out the law"; while C. Chauncey Burr set his audience cheering with, "Argument is useless. We have patiently waited for a change, but for four years have lived under a despotism and the wonder is that men carry out the orders of the gorilla tyrant who has usurped the Presidential chair."

On the 29th the delegates met in formal session and nominated General George B. McClellan for President and George H. Pendleton, of Ohio, for the second place. The platform declared the war a failure and demanded that "immediate efforts be made for a cessation of hostilities." This latter part the candidate disavowed in his letter of acceptance.

The platform struck a popular chord. In too many northern homes were there aching hearts as vacant chairs by the fireside brought memories of sacrifices that now seemed vain. Grant's terrific losses in the Wilderness and the appalling defeat of Cold Harbor had cast a pall. Sixty thousand boys in blue had crossed the river in but a month's battling; the numbered dead who wore the gray was but half of that. But Grant hung on and Lincoln abetted him. New fighting men still were available to fill the Northern gaps, and the confederates had exhausted their last levies. Even if the ratio of two for one must continue—it was ten to one at Cold Harbor—the South could not win.

It was not until October that the Republican leaders took heart. Swett was untiring and with the aid of Elihu Washburne had managed to get a campaign fund of \$100,000. "Don't think this is for improper purposes. It is not. . . . Innumerable expenses have to be incurred." So the former wrote his wife. The Eastern leaders became busy and the campaign began in earnest. Troops from States who could not vote in the field were furloughed home for the election, and even in Pennsylvania, where they could, 15,000 were returned from the firing line for the moral effect they would have around the polls.

Lincoln wanted to win and, although he made no public canvass, overlooked no possible votes. In the emergency again he called upon his friend, the Cavalier. This time, however, it was a mission that gave him joy. At Lincoln's request he returned to Illinois, and once more traveled the Old Eighth Circuit making speeches and otherwise campaigning in the interest of the Republican ticket. Here, as in the old days, he was a lion. Here he was judged by the standards of the prairies and here he could hold converse and do the things that are done when good fellows get together. It was just like old times except because of the war tax the price had been increased on the fluid that fills the cup of inspiration. He was a prodigal returned—but he didn't like veal. But he did love "likker." He was treated as a guest and the drinks were free. Letters to an old friend tell all about it. It was during these hectic days some local bard sought to give the Cavalier immortality by writing a song. It was set to music and sung at the rallies. One verse has been preserved:

A great good man is Ward Hill Lamon;  
 Abe is Pythias; he is Damon;  
 He's the President's protector,  
 He's his political protector,  
 Who?  
 Ward Hill Lamon. Ward Hill Lamon.

On occasion when the boys foregathered in some congenial place after the hustings no one joined with greater gusto in its rendition than the Cavalier himself.

The campaign waxed furious. McClellan—"Little Mac"—because of his previous connection with the Illinois Central railroad, had slight claim with Lincoln as a favorite son—but when the votes were counted the President had carried Illinois by more than 30,000. Sangamon county—his home—however, still failed to show perfect trust in his ability and the democratic candidate was a victor there by a majority of 380.

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## CHAPTER XX

Returning from the Sucker State campaign the Cavalier, through his private sources of information, knew the danger of assassination of the President. Slowly the realization was coming to the leaders in the Southland that their cause was lost. Maryland—a border state and pro-Southern—by constitutional enactment had abolished slavery; Governor Brown, of Georgia, by proclamation had withdrawn 15,000 state militia from the army of Johnston; Sherman and his "bummers" were pressing the Confederates and soon must reach the sea; General Price and his Southern raiders had been sent scurrying, with a loss of 1,000 prisoners and two generals, out of Kansas, and Grant was hammering the forces of Lee around Richmond. The blockade of the Southern coast-line was holding and all through Dixieland proud wives and mothers were curtailing their rations while sometimes might be overheard the wailing of children who were underfed. Because of the absence of the masters on the firing line, plantations that had been a

source of pride, were going to rack and ruin, fields were barren, treasured carpets and other adornments had been sacrificed to provide garments against the chill of the winds that were a harbinger that Winter would come again; old family plate that had graced many a feast, bits of jewelry of gold and silver and treasured heirlooms that might be turned into money had been sacrificed to finance the Cause, and even the bells in the steeples had been cast into cannon balls. Desolation was over the land and there were many who had serious forebodings of the future. It was an honorable foe who faced the Northern hosts, but behind the Union lines there were those—too cowardly to bear a musket—who claimed to be sympathizers with the losing cause and it was these whom Lamont feared. They were fanatical and in their brooding it had become an obsession that the death of the President would save the day.

He knew many of them, but was powerless until they should commit some overt act. An indication of their desperation was shown when six steamboats were burned in St. Louis by incendiaries; when an attempt was made to destroy New York City by applying a torch in the rooms of fifteen of the leading hotels, and by the discovery of a plot to make a similar attempt at Detroit, Michigan. He knew there were men in Washington who were only awaiting a chance to kill.

While the President had discontinued his night rides alone after the episode near the Soldiers' Home, Lamont learned that during his absence his friend had been attending the theatre without adequate protection. He remonstrated. The President was contrite—and promised. Then he sinned again and again. Thoroughly exasperated, under date of December 10, "1:30 a. m." he wrote out his resignation, in which he said, in part:

"I regret that you do not appreciate what I have repeatedly said to you in regard to the proper police arrangements connected with your household and your own personal safety. You are in danger. . . . Tonight, as you have done on several previous occasions, you went unattended to the theatre. When I say unattended I mean you went alone with Charles Sumner and a foreign minister, neither of whom could defend himself against an assault from any able-bodied woman in this city. And you know or ought to know that your life is sought after and will be taken unless you and your friends are cautious, for you have many enemies within our lines."

Lincoln read the letter, sent for the Cavalier, made more promises, was reminded of a story about a fellow out in Illinois, and as a special favor begged the outraged Marshal to once more sing "The Lament of the Irish Emigrant." How could a man remain out of sorts with another who admired his baritone voice?

He didn't. The rift in the lute was mended.

Thus the Cavalier carried on. While the auguries of an early collapse of the armies of the Southland increased, almost every hour his agents brought to him rumors of new plots to assassinate or kidnap his Chief. Some seemed plausible. There were other matters, too, that caused him worry. In his capacity as Master of Ceremonies at the White House and as best friend of the President he was brought in contact with Mrs. Lincoln, whose vagaries and delusions daily were becoming more manifest. She had reached the mental condition that,

save for the Cavalier, Senator Charles Sumner, of Massachusetts, and the negress, Lizzie Keckley, who later was to be her mentor and guide through months of stress, everyone with whom she came in close relationship was looked upon as an enemy. Then, too, his personal revenues were none too large—it was expensive to dwell in Washington—and gold was quoted at 284.

In ratio, as the forebodings of the Cavalier increased, the President became more optimistic. The end was in sight. On December 19 he issued a call for 300,000 volunteers, any deficiency to be made up by a draft on February 5, 1865. On the same date Colonel Mulford reached Fortress Monroe with the last of 12,000 Union prisoners that he had been able to obtain by exchange; New Year's came as a day of cheer—the first since the Lincolns had occupied the White House—and, if a letter to Beckwith is to be believed, even the Master of Ceremonies was not immune. He was in charge of the function and appeared resplendent in new raiment. Later at a barroom he resorted to artificial stimulation, then retired to his couch and "slept like a log."

The people of the entire Northland seemed to have caught the spirit of good will and on the 14th of January two vessels left New York with supplies for the suffering citizens of Savannah, Georgia. Commanders in the field at this time complained that the pickets of the opposing armies insisted on fraternizing and the swapping of tobacco and coffee. The same month the legislatures of Missouri and Tennessee passed emancipation acts. February 1 the Legislature of Illinois—the homeland of both Lincoln and Lamon—ratified the emancipation amendment to the National Constitution—the first State to do so. A month later to a day the Legislature of New Jersey refused to follow the lead of the Sucker State. During February John S. Rock, a negro of pure blood, was admitted to practice as a lawyer in the Supreme Court of the United States; of 500 Confederate prisoners at Camp Chase, Ohio, ordered for exchange, 260 voted to remain in duress, because of good treatment; by permission of the Confederate authorities two vessels arrived in New York harbor from Savannah with cargoes of cotton, the same to be sold and the proceeds used to buy blankets for prisoners of war in Northern camps. March 18 the Confederate congress adjourned *sine die*. It was the final session. March 25 found the President aboard a small steamer anchored near City Point, Virginia. Here he remained more than a week and on occasion with Grant visited the Union lines behind Petersburg and spent considerable time sailing up and down the river with Admiral Porter on his flagship. The trip was in the nature of a vacation for the Executive—the first in four years. Sherman, whose army had reached the sea and marched northward as far as Goldsboro, North Carolina, came to Camp Point and held conference with the President and Grant.

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## CHAPTER XXI

Grant's final movement began on the 31st, and as was his custom when in Washington, the Emancipator spent much of his time in the field telegraph office. His was the message that told Stanton in the

War Department of Sheridan's success at Five Points. Three days later he again wired the War Department that Petersburg was evacuated and Richmond said to be. The next day he sent a dispatch to the Department dated "Jefferson Davis' Late Residence in Richmond," and held a reception in the mansion.

Here he remained for two days, making plans for the calling of a convention to arrange for reconstruction and eventual unity. Virginia—the "Mother of Presidents"—was needed as an integral part of the Nation. "Let them down easy," he told the Military Governor. "Get them to plowing at once," he said to Admiral Porter, "and gathering in their own little crops, eating popcorn at their own firesides, and you can't get them to shoulder a musket again for half a century. If Grant is wise he will leave them their guns to shoot crows with and their horses to plow with. It would do no harm."

The Presidential party left City Point on April 8 aboard the "River Queen" and on arrival at Washington was met at the wharf with a message that Lee had surrendered at Appomattox. Lee had begun the campaign with 65,000 trained soldiers; he returned to Richmond alone.

The war was over and the boys soon would be limping home. The War Department announced that it would stop all drafting and recruiting in the loyal States, curtail military expenses and discontinue restrictions on commerce and trade as soon as possible. The spirit of rejoicing and thanksgiving was not confined to the victors. Down in the Southland there were wives and mothers who could receive the news with gladness and on many a highway might be seen careworn men, clad in garments of tattered gray, trudging along in search of the particular lane that led to Home Sweet Home.

Brothers had been engaged in a family quarrel, but it was settled, and with Abe Lincoln in the White House all would be well. He was Southern born and always for fair play.

In the midst of the rejoicing Lincoln received a message from the Military Governor at Richmond that he was having trouble in connection with the issuing of the call for a convention to promote reconstruction. It was a matter that must be handled diplomatically and one in which the instructions must not be put in writing. Once more a call to the trusted friend. Accordingly on the night of April 11 the Cavalier started for the Virginia capital. The mission was not to his liking because he still feared for his friend.

Before leaving, in company with Secretary of the Interior John P. Usher, he called on the President and asked that he promise not to go out at night during his absence, and particularly not to attend the theatre.

"Usher, this boy is a monomaniac on the subject of my safety. I can hear him, or hear of his being around, at all times of the night, to prevent somebody from murdering me. He thinks I shall be killed and we think he is going crazy. It is nonsense."

Usher joined in the plea and Lincoln finally said: "I promise to do the best I can toward it." There was a hand clasp, and "Good-bye. God bless you, Hill."

When the Cavalier returned from his mission his greatest interest in life lay cold in death. J. Wilkes Booth's bullet had done its work. The Nation mourned and gave public expression of their sorrow. The 22,000 Confederate prisoners at Point Lookout, in mass meeting, by resolution, expressed their abhorrence of the assassination. Ward Hill Lamon retired to the solitude of his home. Like Billy Herndon he was a proud man and did not want to shed tears in public. Besides mourning his loss until the final call the Cavalier always believed that it would not have happened had he remained in Washington.

In celebration of the surrender of Lee and his army the authorities in Washington set apart the night of April 13 when the city was to be specially illuminated and a reception was to be held in the home of Secretary of War Stanton. Without waiting to witness the details attending the transfer of the enemy's arms and property, General Grant had hastened to the Capital to take part in the ceremonies. That day Mrs. Lincoln made plans for a small theatre party the following evening to see Laura Keane in "Our American Cousin" at Ford's theatre. General and Mrs. Grant were invited to join them. They accepted, but later because of the protests of Stanton, Grant made an excuse and left the city for Burlington, New Jersey, where his daughter was attending school.

Stanton continued to object and even refused the services of Major Thomas T. Eckert as a guard in an effort to have the appointment cancelled. The sequel is history. The Lincolns attended the performance; there was a shot; a woman's scream; a man was seen to leap from the President's box to the stage and disappear in the wings. When Lamon returned to Washington Saturday night the body of his friend lay in eternal sleep in an upper room in the White House.

After much discussion it had been decided that a public funeral would be held in Washington and that the body would lie in state for brief periods in the larger cities on the way to Springfield, Illinois, where the Emancipator was to find rest. Busy days and nights followed for the Cavalier from the time of his return to the Capital until Friday, April 21st, when the funeral train of nine cars steamed out of the station, bearing the bodies of the martyred President and his beloved Willie, who had died in February, 1862. As Marshal he had charge of the proceedings in the White House and there was the added task of pacifying a widow who no longer knew what she did. She was a woman demented. There were anxious hours before the decision as to the final resting place of the martyr could be made. At first she was opposed to Springfield as the site and when finally won over only consented when a change was made from the original tract secured by the committee to a plot in Oak Ridge. Even then she insisted that the title to the ground be conveyed to her and her heirs. Under threat that if necessary she would resort to the courts and remove the body to Washington, the committee, on June 16, acceded to her demand.

Funeral services were held in the Green room in the White House on the twenty-first. Mrs. Lincoln and Little Tad were not present. Neither was the Marshal; he was in an upper room trying to console the Lincoln boy who spoke with a lisp. Two days later the funeral train

started on its twelve-day journey to the Capital City of Illinois. The official party, which acted as an escort of honor consisted of one congressman from each state and territory in the Union and the entire Illinois congressional delegation. Included, also, were the Cavalier, Judge David Davis, now elevated to the Supreme Court, and Major General David Hunter who soon was to sit as a member of the military commission that was to try the conspirators. The latter had been members of the party that accompanied the Illinoisan when he came out of the West in the dark days of 1861.

Baltimore, where four years before he had passed through like a thief in the night; then Harrisburg, Philadelphia and New York, where after that former appearance the wife of a Belmont found it necessary to announce in the public prints that she did not attend the reception tendered Mrs. Lincoln, and where, within two years, the streets had been drenched in blood during the draft riots in which more than a thousand men and women were slaughtered. Then on to Albany and Buffalo, where Stephen Grover Cleveland, then assistant prosecuting attorney of Erie county, who spent his Saturday evenings in the beer halls, was in the line that paid silent tribute. On to Cleveland, Columbus, Indianapolis—and then Chicago—the scene of his nomination as the candidate of a new-born party. Here was the home of his friends and here were to be seen in the waiting lines men and women who always had trusted him. At each of the stops the body had laid in state in some historic or public building while countless thousands had testified their grief and the horror and loathing in which they held the men and woman who were responsible.

During the long and weary hours of waiting at each of the stops the Cavalier might be seen hovering near the bier of his friend. Such rest as he managed to get was secured as the train steamed along between stops. He was taking no chances that anything would happen that might seem like desecration. It was not until the funeral party arrived in Springfield that he sought a couch. His self-imposed vigil was ended.

Thursday, May 4, at 10 o'clock the "saddest face I ever saw" was covered and the body was conveyed to Oak Ridge where friends of years did reverence as Rev. Gurley breathed a prayer and Abraham Lincoln, greatest American of a generation, had found his eternal rest. Near the grave stood the Cavalier with bared head and tears poured down his cheeks. In his grief he had forgotten his pride.

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## CHAPTER XXII

It was a new Washington to which the Cavalier returned two weeks later. He had hoped to spend some time in the Illinois Capital, but depression was in the air. His friends refused to cast aside the funeral spell. There were greetings from old acquaintances, but they were subdued. There was none of the back-slapping, none of the old-time hilarity, none of the old-time drinking. He started East—Springfield—Decatur—Danville—all familiar towns in his circuit-riding days



—then Indianapolis, and on and on, over the old Lincoln route to the official seat of government. Here was a new scene. The streets were filled with clerks from the various departments, whose activities had ceased with the final collapse of the War—when Johnston's army of 25,000 men, of whom but 8,000 were capable of bearing arms, had surrendered to Sherman on April 26—and with the furloughed soldiers from Grant's victorious band, the harpies and other followers of the army. On all the public buildings and many private ones bedraggled bits of mourning still fluttered in the breeze. Gone were the contractors who for four long years had waxed fat by selling to the Government wares of every sort for which a market had been made by the demands of war. They were an unscrupulous lot and many a boy in the field had given his life because careless inspectors had allowed inferior equipment to be accepted at a top price. In their place, however, had come the vultures that follow every war. Like buzzards that scent the battlefield from afar they had trooped to the Capital looking for the bargains in war gear, arms and other accessories of the army. All these must be disposed of at any price to expedite the demobilization. Smug and well-fed they were and few bore scars of combat. They were the parasites that can thrive only on the misfortune of others. Then, too, there were the patriots who—too cowardly to shoulder a gun when the flag was under fire—were now ready to take on the burden. They were everywhere and their name was legion. They were the gentlemen who later raped and scourged the Southland in its darkest days. They were the carrion who later were known in history as Carpetbaggers. Some, who had been Lincoln's severest critics in Congress, resigned and entered the mad scramble for the spoils. The Cavalier looked on the scene and sorrowed. In the wild Illinois days he had been a rough and tumble fighter but he never struck a man when he was down. The battle over he was ready to aid a fallen foe.

God reigned and the Government at Washington still lived—but a new Captain was at the helm—a man whose creed was expressed when he declared, "The Government must be strong enough not only to protect but to punish." Andrew Johnson was President, as provided in the Constitution. Three hours after Lincoln's death he took the oath of office in his lodgings in the Kirkwood hotel, in the presence of Chief Justice Chase and all members of the Cabinet except Seward, who was bedfast suffering from the knife thrusts of the would-be-assassin, Louis Payne. Such Senators as had remained in Washington after adjournment also were called in as witnesses. It was Andrew's big hour—and he took full advantage of it. He made a speech. A short one, it is true, but it was regarded as his inaugural and as giving a hint of his policies. "I must be permitted to say," he said, "if I understand the feelings of my own heart, I have long labored to ameliorate and alleviate the condition of the great mass of the American people. Toil and an honest advocacy of the great principles of free government have been my lot. The duties have been mine; the consequences God's."

This led Senator John P. Hale, of New Hampshire—the same who had so roundly denounced the President in 1862 because of his

refusal to remove Lamon and had remained one of his severest critics—to declare: “Johnson seemed willing to share the glory of his achievements with his Creator, but utterly forgot that Mr. Lincoln had any share of credit in the suppression of the Rebellion.”

Senator James W. Grimes, from the comfort of his home in Iowa, —another of the coterie of Abolitionists who had so assailed Lincoln because of his loyalty to the Cavalier—wrote: “I was kept busy last night trying to prevent the destruction of the store of a foolish woman who, it was said, expressed her joy at Mr. Lincoln’s murder. Had she been a man, so much was the old Adam aroused in me, I would not have uttered a word to save her.”

The surrender of Lee had been met with a feeling of equanimity by most of the leaders in the Southland because of their faith in the justness of Lincoln. Already he had shown it by his efforts to inaugurate his “Louisiana plan” and his reconstruction work in Tennessee. The elevation of Johnson, however, was regarded with foreboding. Although Southern born he was not of the quality and was classed as “poor white” by the proud slaveholding element. Despite his meteoric rise from direst poverty to positions of trust and honor—successively alderman, mayor, member of the legislature, State senator, congressman, governor, vice president and lastly the Chief Executive—he never had been admitted on terms of intimacy in the homes of the aristocracy of the Old South. He was not one of them. His political strength came not from the plantations of the well-to-do, but rather from the hovels and the cabins of the hill-billies and the cottages of the toilers of the towns. He also had been an object of suspicion to the slave-holders because of his constant advocacy of homestead laws. He believed in the distribution of the public domain in small tracts to actual settlers. “The withholding of the use of the soil from the actual cultivator is violative of the principles essential to human existence.” Had the Homestead law of 1862 been passed ten years earlier the Kansas-Nebraska controversy might have been unnecessary. Slavery never could thrive where small holdings abounded. To be profitable it must be conducted on the scale of the plantations of the Old South. He was true to his ideals and with the courage of a crusader never faltered in his battle for what he believed to be right. In the early days of his political career he dared oppose “Old Hickory” Jackson—the idol of Tennessee—and supported the cause of Hugh L. White for the Presidency. Later he opposed James K. Polk. His battles with the House and Senate and with his Cabinet during his tenure as President is an old story. His loyalty never was questioned. Of the twenty-two members of the Senate from the States that seceded, he was the only one to remain true to his oath. It was unfortunate for the South because of his intolerance that he was called to settle the post-war problems, but it was fortunate for the Nation because of his honesty that he held the guiding hand. The looting began with the administration of Grant.

The Cavalier resumed his duties as Marshal, but his heart was not in the work. With Lincoln gone it was not the same. He still had access to the White House, but Andrew Johnson was not bound to

him by the ties of friendship. The assassination, too, had called attention to the necessity for better arrangements for the guarding of the Executive. To this end General Lafayette Baker, who was at the head of the newly-created secret service, had taken over the policing of the Executive Mansion.

On May 23 and 24, as part of his duties, he stood beside his Chief on the reviewing stand as the countless thousands of veterans of the armies of Grant and Sherman passed in grand review. Another occupant of the stand was Lieutenant-General U. S. Grant, who four years before had been a clerk in a tannery at Galena, Illinois. This ceremonial was the result of a suggestion of Secretary Stanton. The veterans of Appomattox were already near the Capital and the "bummers" who had followed Sherman to the sea and then North to within a day's march of Washington were given opportunity to pass in review before the Commander-in-Chief of the Army and Navy and the chief officers of the Government. It was impossible for all to participate, but on the first day—given over to a review of the Army of the Potomac—one hundred and fifty-one regiments of infantry, thirty-six regiments of cavalry and twenty-two batteries of artillery, came swinging down the avenue in military precision. As they passed the Cavalier looked in vain for the Thirty-ninth Illinois—the regiment that had caused his trouble with the Senate. It was detained on guard duty in Richmond. The following day was given over to the Army of Tennessee and the Army of Georgia, the right and left wings of Sherman's forces. They mustered one hundred and seventy-one regiments of infantry, but less cavalry and artillery. They were representatives of the 1,000,516 fighting men the records for that day showed were under arms in the various units of the National army.

It was the Cavalier's last official appearance in public.

On June 8 he tendered his resignation as Marshal of the District—the third time he had done so—and two days later it was accepted with regret. Secretary Seward, in doing so, said in part:

"He (the President) accepts your resignation to take effect on Monday, the 12th inst., but in so doing deems it no more than right to say that he regrets that you should have asked him to do so. Since his advent here he has heard from those well qualified to speak of your unwavering loyalty and your constant personal fidelity to the late President. These are the qualities that have obtained for you the reputation of a faithful and fearless public officer, and they are just such qualities as the Government can ill afford to lose."

Proof that the expressions of regret were sincere came shortly afterward when President Johnson offered him a place in his cabinet as Postmaster General. It was declined. The glamor of public life had palled.

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## CHAPTER XXIII

Broken in fortune and in failing health the Cavalier once again turned to the law. A partnership was formed with Jeremiah S. Black and his son, Chauncey F. The former had served successively as Attorney General and Secretary of State under President Buchanan, and

although a Pennsylvanian, was suspected of being in sympathy with the Lost Cause. The firm was successful and handled many notable cases. While so engaged Lamson conceived the idea of writing a biography of his martyred friend. Many volumes already had been printed, but with the exception of that of Dr. J. G. Holland none had in the least degree a life story of the Lincoln the Cavalier knew. The fashion of the day demanded that the writer of biography must place his subject behind a glass of fiction that the lines of character, of human passions and human weaknesses, of human loves and human hatreds, must perforce become indistinct and blurred to the end that he might be known, not as he really was, but according to the standards of the day, as he should have been. The Lincoln of the story book was not the idol of his heart. The Lincoln he knew was a man of many virtues and numerous faults. The man who could take a drink if it served a purpose; could wade through the mud to free a pig fastened in a gate; could on occasion declaim an obscene poem; deliver the Gettysburg address; illustrate a point by telling a story that would cause a laugh; sob for an hour when he was told that Soldier Boy Charlie Black—afterward known in history as General John C. Black—had been wounded nigh unto death on Pea Ridge field, or during some of the darkest hours of the War Between the States could laugh uproariously when the Cavalier sang a “comic” song. The man who had no ancestral background, no fellows and no successor. This was the man whom Lamson loved and revered—and he wanted all men to share in his memories.

No man was better fitted to delineate the character of the dead President than Lamson. Fourteen years’ close association with him as a business partner and as his bodyguard during the dark days of the War gave him an insight that was shared by no one. As an additional aid he secured the use of the Herndon collection of manuscripts and notes that dealt with the martyr’s life from the time of his birth until he left Springfield “with the saddest face I ever saw.”

It was shortly after Lincoln’s inauguration that William Herndon, law partner at Springfield, took upon himself the task of gathering all possible details concerning the life story of his friend. In the work he was a modern Boswell. All was grist that came to him. No happening was too small to be carefully written out. He visited Kentucky; he made pilgrimages to Indiana; he followed Tom Lincoln and his family when they trekked from Gentryville to Decatur, Illinois; he journeyed to New Salem—to Clary’s Grove; he spent days in Vandalia—the old State Capital—where Lincoln had served in the Legislature. And all the time he was delving into old records and putting into writing every scrap of information he could find. He either begged or copied every personal letter of Lincoln’s of which he could find a trace. In Springfield, too, he did not trust to his own recollections but filled pages with the statements of fellow citizens who had had contact with his friend. This mass of information was placed at the disposal of Lamson. He then arranged with the firm of James R. Osgood & Co. for its publication in two volumes. For the actual writing of the biography the services of Chauncey Black, his law partner, was secured. He was a clever writer and college bred. The publishers, however, had

misgivings because of Black's known unsympathetic attitude toward the Lincoln administration. The opening chapters appeared to be frank and unbiased, but as the manuscript for later installments was handed in the publishers were forced to call a halt. Facts had been distorted to make a more creditable showing for the Buchanan four years. Lamson was called in, and some of it was rewritten by John Spencer Clark, of the company. This caused a split with Black and no more copy was forthcoming. But one volume was issued and this was published at a loss.

In a statement of the transaction Clark said in part: "Colonel Lamson impressed me as a man of intelligence and good sense, gained by a sort of rough and tumble experience, and while in no way a man of literary culture . . . he was an admirer of Mr. Lincoln as an honest political statesman, and in the matter of having Mr. Lincoln's life truly set forth he only needed to have the truth shown to him to stand by it."

The friendship between Lamson and Black was broken and shortly after there was a dissolution of the law firm. Today the passions of the '70s are no longer in vogue and collectors are eager to buy soiled copies at \$50 a volume. It is regarded as a real addition to Lincolniana. After his death his daughter edited and published another volume, "Recollections of Lincoln," which had been written during his enforced exile in the West, and this, too, is highly prized because of much intimate matter not found elsewhere.

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#### CHAPTER XXIV

After the dissolution of the law firm in 1879 the Cavalier, accompanied by the faithful Sally, went to Boulder, and later to Denver, Colorado, where he hoped the balsam-laden air of the Rockies would restore his health. He, who in his heyday, had been the victor in a hundred wrestling contests; who had been triumphant in many a physical battle, and who never had sought his couch when duty demanded his wakefulness, was now paying the penalty and was an impatient invalid. He remained in the West seven years before he acknowledged a losing fight and returned to Washington. Despite the loving care of faithful Sally, who except for occasional visits back among the home folks in Springfield, Illinois, had been both a nurse and a helpmate, he had failed to recuperate. Here it was, however, where he spent two of the happiest years of his life. It was here that the beautiful friendship between the Cavalier and Eugene Field, "Poet of Childhood," had its beginning.

It was in 1881 that Field, fresh from his newspaper apprenticeship in St. Joseph, Missouri, St. Louis and Kansas City, was induced to take the managing editorship of the *Denver Tribune*, a newspaper owned by a coalition of railroad and political interests. Independent of the legitimate sources of newspaper revenue his only instructions were "to make her hum." He did. He assembled the most brilliant staff to be found in the middle West and soon the *Tribune* had a reputation for the enemies it had made.



Ward Hill Lamon in 1871.

Although a devoted husband and the father of four children, domestic cares sat lightly on the poet's stooping shoulders and he yielded his spare time to the intoxicating whirl of life about him. All the political, railway and mining interests of Colorado and other mining and cattle-raising States centered in Denver. It was the life of a gold rush town of the West coast with the conveniences and allurements of an Eastern city. It was the last stand of unconventionality before prudery and hypocrisy held sway. It was an environment in which Field could revel and in which the Cavalier could delight. It was inevitable the twain should meet.

Thereafter to the Cavalier one day after another was much like the rollicking, roistering, riotous times when he rode the Old Eighth Circuit in Illinois and ended the day by proving his sobriety by declaiming "She stood at the gate welcoming him in." They were boon companions and bosom friends. Outside working hours they could be found together in some of the places where good fellows congregated for merriment. They were together when Field planned his Oscar Wilde hoax. The English apostle of Sweetness and Light was on a lecture tour in this country and was booked for Denver. Anticipating his visit to the city by one day, duly announced in the *Tribune*, the Poet appeared in the finest landau to be procured and was driven from the railway station through the principal streets to the leading hotel, where he disappeared. He was resplendent in gay colors, with a flowing flaxen wig and a sunflower bobbing on his breast. It was a splendid impersonation of the Wilde of the cartoonists and those not in the secret gave him an ovation. When the real personage arrived and was told of the hoax, he refused to become angered, and only remarked, "What a splendid advertisement for my lecture." It was.

It was through Field that the Cavalier was to cement another friendship—liquid and lasting. It was with Edgar W. Nye, known to fame as "Bill." At the time Nye was conducting the *Boomerang*, a weekly sheet, printed in Laramie, Wyoming. Field, ever on the lookout for talent, was caught by the rare humor of some of his paragraphs, and arranged for the funster to contribute a weekly letter to the *Tribune*, for which he was to be paid \$5.00. Later, as the feature began making friends, the amount was increased to \$10.00, and one day when the Poet was in a particularly mellow mood, he wrote that hereafter the price would be \$15.00. This was too much for the Laramieite. He suspended an issue and traveled post haste to Denver to learn what it all was about. It was the day of full beards and flowing hair and when he entered the *Tribune* office he looked more the bewhiskered farmer than the smooth-faced and bald humorist whom the cartoonists were to depict and the lyceum followers were to know in later years. He was greeted as a friend and brother. There was an adjournment across the street, Lamon was sent for, and what started as a few friendly drinks soon became an endurance contest. After a dinner at the St. James hotel in honor of the visiting humorist, in which the entire *Tribune* staff participated, Nye was carefully put to bed at 5 a. m., Field started on the hunt for a street car and the Cavalier from the vantage point of a table in the office, told the world that "She stood at the gate welcoming him in."

On arrival in Denver Lamon had resumed the practice of law and maintained an office in a down town building. Here on one occasion Field entered and found his friend asleep on the floor—a favorite habit of his. After waiting some time, and there being no sign of a cessation of the snoring, he pencilled the following verses, which he pinned on the lapel of the Cavalier's coat, and quietly left the room:

“As you, dear Lamon, soundly slept  
 And dreamed sweet dreams upon the floor,  
 Into your hiding place I crept  
 And heard the music of your snore.

A man who sleeps as you now sleep,  
 Who pipes as musically as thou—  
 Who loses self in slumber deep  
 As you, oh happy man, do now,

Must have a conscience clear and free  
 From troublous pangs and vain ado;  
 So ever may thy slumber be—  
 So ever be thy conscience, too.

And when the last sweet sleep of all  
 Shall smooth the wrinkles from thy brow,  
 May God on high as gently guard  
 Thy slumbering soul as I do now.”

It was in 1883 that Field received the recognition that was to take him to Chicago as a staff member of the *Chicago News*—afterward the *Record*—where he earned his real place in American literature. He was indeed the “Poet of Childhood” and his departure left the Cavalier desolate. Ten years later, on hearing of the death of the Virginian, Field wrote:

“I hear with deep sorrow of the death of your dear father. Ten years have elapsed since I last saw him, but I have in admiring and affectionate remembrance his keen and vigorous intellect, his wide culture and the cordiality of his generous, thoughtful nature. I recall with pleasure the very many delightful hours we spent together, for there was much in common between us. He was a great, good and gracious man. God rest him.”

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## CHAPTER XXV

In 1886 the Cavalier returned to the National Capital. He was a broken man, but his indomitable will caused him to carry on. The faithful Sally, too, had succumbed to the strain and was an invalid. It was decided to try the spas of Belgium and the cures of Central Europe in the hope that each might receive benefit. They sailed East in the Winter of 1889 and landed in Paris—the Paris of which the Cavalier had dreamed in the brave days when he was campaigning the old Eighth District in the interest of his friend Lincoln. Much that is history had transpired since the carefree hours when the Virginian was courting the gay Sally Logan—town belle—and they discussed the details of their approaching marriage as they sat in the family parlor in Logan Place or wended homeward in the evening from one of Elder B. F. Perkey's fiery sermons in the Christian church and even



planned the honeymoon days they were to have together when Mr. Lincoln should be inaugurated President and send his erstwhile partner to France to represent the Nation. Shattered dreams, it is true, but still memories that lingered and gave them hope of more peaceful days to come, as the good ship slowly ploughed the waves.

There were weeks in Paris, a stay in Berlin, then on to Carlsbad, Bohemia, where they took the cure in the warm alkaline waters, without apparent favorable results. Then followed various other so-called health resorts until 1892, when they settled in Brussels. Here it was where faithful Sally gave up the battle. It was August 6 when the summons came and her soul entered the boat to cross the river. Kindly strangers crossed her tired hands on her breast and prepared the wasted body for shipment across the seas to Springfield, where she sleeps in Oak Ridge in the burial plot of the Logan clan.

After the interment of his wife the Cavalier returned again to Washington, but not for long. He was at loose ends and soon sought the scenes of his boyhood. He moved to Martinsburg, West Virginia, within a few miles of the town of Winchester, Virginia. Here he was near the old family holdings. Although the exigency of war had drawn an invisible state barrier between the two towns it still was to him the soil of his boyhood State. It but marked the division caused by the differences of opinion of members of the same families in the matter of secession. Eastern Virginia had followed a strange flag of Stars and Bars, while the Western sector had remained faithful to the Stars and Stripes and had secured separate Statehood. It was to him a haven and a land that recalled much romance. Here for generations had dwelt the members of his family, multiplied from that pioneer forebear into the Lamons, the Lemons and the Lemens. A contrary lot, this family, but always true to every trust.

Here the ravages of disease became more virulent and as the days went by he became weaker. He missed the care of his faithful Sally, but there was a worthy substitute in the person of Dorothy Lamon—"Dolly," he called her—his daughter by his boyhood marriage to Angeline Turner. She, true daughter that she was, never faltered in her attentions and did much to ease his declining days. Shortly before the end, as he lay in a semi-stupor, the explosion of a gun was heard. He roused and there was a look of alarm on his face. Possibly he had been dreaming of the Washington days of the '60s, when his every thought was for the safety of his friend. Soon there was a realization of his surroundings and there came a smile. It may have been that the noise had recalled an incident of the rollicking days in Illinois, as told in the *Danville Prairie State* of April 16, 1856:

"Some dastardly scoundrel placed powder in the stove in the office of W. H. Lamon Esq., the other night, which came very near blowing 'Bob' up when he kindled the fire next morning. Any person who would be guilty of such cowardly attempt to destroy the life or property of another, deserves the severest punishment."

It was near the midnight hour of May 7, 1893, when the Cavalier's spirit took its flight. He was conscious to the last moment, but for the last sixteen hours had lost the power of speech. From early dawn Dolly hovered around the bedside, hoping every moment he would be

able to leave her some comforting word. None came, but his eyes gave her the message that all was well. She was so stunned during the long watch that she could offer no prayer of hope, but just before the summons like an inspiration came to mind the last lines of 'Gene Field's little poem, which she recited to him:

"And when the last sweet sleep of all  
Shall smooth the wrinkles from thy brow,  
May God on high as gently guard  
Thy slumbering soul as I do now."

The Cavalier smiled. These were the last words Ward Hill Lamon ever heard on earth.

So ended a life of sacrifice and service. In his wandering, without an objective, he had travelled in a circle. He had returned to his beloved Virginia foothills of the Alleghanies. In his life record there were interludes when he was a part of history in the making and on its every page there were evidences of his loyalty to his friends. He had been trusted by Lincoln, adored by Sally Logan, loved by 'Gene Fields, esteemed by his cronies and respected by his enemies. He died poor in material things.

As a fitting end for a Soldier of Fortune friends buried him where he fell. He sleeps in the Gerrardstown graveyard near Martinsburg.

Would it were possible to drink to his memory in beady bourbon. The Cavalier would have it so.