McClure's Magazine
Vol III No 6
November, 1894

HOW ALLAN PINKERTON THWARTED THE FIRST PLOT TO ASSASSINATE LINCOLN.

STORIES FROM THE ARCHIVES OF THE PINKERTON DETECTIVE AGENCY.

By Cleveland Moffett.

ON the evening of February 21, 1861, Abraham Lincoln, President-elect of the United States, was standing in one of the large parlors of the Continental Hotel at Philadelphia, surrounded by a crush of men and women, including the best people of the city, who had gathered to welcome him on his way to Washington to be inaugurated Chief Magistrate of the nation. The presidential party had arrived in Philadelphia only a few hours before, and had proceeded to the hotel, cheered by an immense multitude that lined the route taken by the carriage. Near the corner of Broad and Chestnut Streets a young man had suddenly forced himself through the line of policemen drawn up on both sides of the way, slipped a piece of paper into the hands of one of the gentlemen in the carriage, and disappeared in the crowd before any one could stop him. The gentleman to whom the paper was given was one of Mr. Lincoln's closest friends, Norman B. Judd, of Chicago, who had accompanied him on his journey to the capital. The paper contained the following words, scrawled in pencil: "St. Louis Hotel. Ask for J. H. Hutchinson."

Mr. Judd did not inform the President of this curious incident; but, leaving Mr. Lincoln at the Continental Hotel the hero of enthusiastic thousands, he drove at once to the St. Louis Hotel, and, on being shown to Mr. Hutchinson's room, found himself in the presence of a heavily-built, black-bearded man of about forty, whose face, once seen, was not to be forgotten.

"Why, Mr. Pinkerton!" exclaimed Mr. Judd, recognizing the detective Allan Pinkerton.

"Mr. Hutchinson, please," said the latter, gravely. "Let me introduce Mr. Felton, president of the Philadelphia, Wilmington and Baltimore Railroad. Now, gentlemen, let us come to business. We cannot afford to waste a moment."

It was plain by the concern shown on the faces of the three men that some very serious matter was under consideration. They passed an hour together in earnest discussion, many papers being produced that seemed to be in the nature of evidence. Finally, a decision was reached, and a carriage having been summoned, the three gentlemen drove rapidly to the Continental Hotel, now surrounded by an excited concourse that completely blocked all ways of entrance except by the servants' door in the rear. Through this, accordingly, they made their way into the hotel, and with difficulty forced a passage through the corridors and up the stairways to Mr. Judd's room. Passing Mr. Nicolay, the President's private secretary, on the way, Mr. Judd whispered some earnest words in his ear, and the latter, with a startled look, hurried to inform Mr. Lincoln that his immediate presence was required upstairs. Leaving the host of friends who packed themselves about him, the President managed with some difficulty to effect a passage through the cheering crowd, and at last found himself in the room to which he had been summoned. Having greeted the gentlemen in his usual friendly manner, Mr. Lincoln seated himself and awaited an explanation.

Mr. Judd spoke first, saying that he did not feel it necessary to apologize for the interruption, as they were acting in a matter of life and death.

"Mr. President," he said, "our friend Allan Pinkerton has a statement to make to you that we regard of the most vital importance."

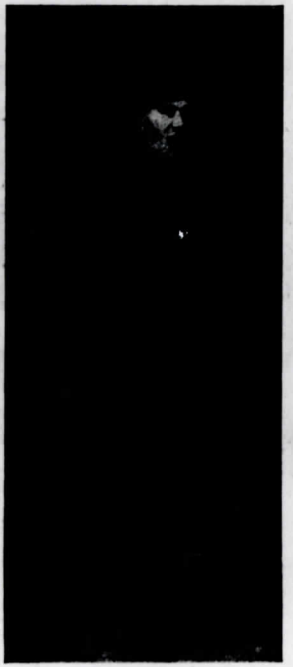
"I have reason to know, Mr. Lincoln," said Mr. Pinkerton, "the very best reason, that there is a plot to assassinate you the day after to-morrow, on your way through Baltimore. I have come here in that connection."

With all his wonderful self-control, Mr. Lincoln could not entirely conceal the shock produced in him by these words. "I am listening," was all he said, and crossing his legs in characteristic fashion, he settled back in the chair.

THE PLOT TO ASSASSINATE LINCOLN.

For the next hour Mr. Pinkerton did most of the talking, his statement being only interrupted now and then by a sharp question from Mr. Lincoln, who cross-examined him as he would an important witness for the other side. Mr. Pinkerton went back in his narrative to about the middle of the previous month, when President Felton of the Philadelphia, Wilmington and Baltimore Railroad had consulted him regarding his fear that the secessionists were planning to injure the property of the railroad by destroying the ferry-boat used at Havre de Grace for carrying trains across the Susquehanna River, or by burning the bridges over Gunpowder River and other streams north of Baltimore. The purpose of these violent acts, as openly avowed, was to prevent "any Yankee from ever sitting in the Presidential chair," and also to prevent the massing of Northern troops at Washington. The situation was regarded by the railroad officials as so serious that on February 1, 1861, Mr. Pinkerton had left Chicago with a large force of detectives, male and female, and proceeded to Baltimore in the interest of the menaced railroad. Among the detectives employed in this investigation were George H. Bangs, Hiram B. Jones, William Norris, Paul H. Dennia, John Kinsella, Francis Warner, William H. Scott, and, most important of all, the famous Timothy Webster, the daredevil hero of so many adventures, who afterwards rendered such splendid service under General McClellan, remaining within the rebel lines almost constantly, until he was finally convicted as a spy and executed in Richmond on April 30, 1862.

Immediately on their arrival in Baltimore, Mr. Pinkerton had stationed his detectives throughout that whole section of Maryland, and especially in the region along the railroad between Baltimore and Havre de Grace. Within a few days his agents had not only convinced him of the well-formed intention on the part of angry Southerners to destroy the railroad bridges and ferry-boats, but reported the existence of a blacker plot against the President himself. On February 9, Mr. Pinkerton learned on reliable authority that a distinguished citizen of Maryland had joined with others in taking a solemn oath to assassinate Mr. Lincoln before he should reach Washington. On the evening of February 8, twenty conspirators in Baltimore had met in a dark room to decide by ballot which one of them should kill the President as he passed through the city. It was agreed that the task should be entrusted to that one of their number who should draw a red ballot. Whoever was thus chosen was pledged not to disclose the fact, even to his fellow-conspirators. To make it absolutely sure that the plot would not be defeated at the last moment by accident or cowardice, eight red ballots instead of one were placed in the box from which they drew, unknown to the conspirators themselves, and eight determined men regarded themselves as thus chosen, by high destiny, to rid the country of an infamous tyrant. So they professed to believe, and their plans for the assassination were perfected to the smallest detail. The hour of the President's arrival in Baltimore was well known, and the line of march to be followed by his carriage across the city had been announced. In case there should be any change in the programme, agents of the conspirators in the various Northern cities passed through by the Presidential party were ready to apprise them of the fact. There would be an immense crowd in Baltimore at the Calvert Street station when Mr. Lincoln arrived, and it was a matter of common knowledge that the Baltimore chief of police, George P. Kane, was in sympathy with the conspirators and had promised to send only a small force of policemen to the station, and to furnish no police escort whatever through



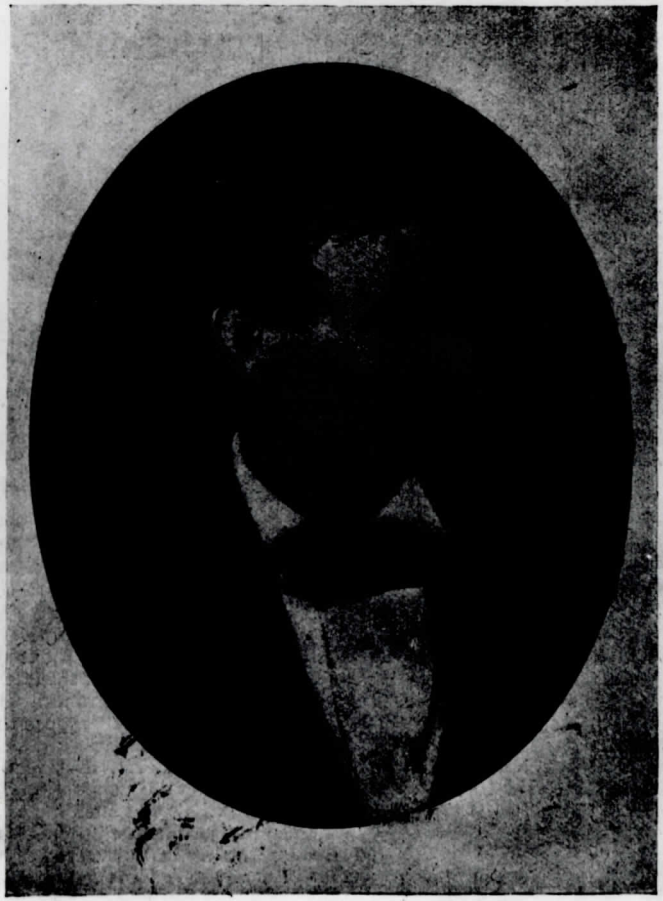
ALLAN PINKERTON IN 1872. AT THIS TIME MR. PINKERTON HAD BEEN SUFFERING FOR THREE YEARS FROM THE EFFECTS OF A SERIOUS PARALYTIC SHOCK.

the city. As soon as the President should leave the train, a gang of roughs were to start a fight a few hundred yards away, and this would serve as a pretext for the police force to absent themselves for a few minutes. During this time the crowd would close around the hated Northerners, pushing and jostling them, and in the confusion some one of the conspirators would strike the deadly blow or fire the fatal shot. Each man was left free to accomplish the murder either with dagger or pistol, as he saw fit.

All this Allan Pinkerton related with various confirmatory details, Mr. Lincoln sitting motionless in his chair meanwhile, his intense interest being shown by the characteristic slow movement of the lower jaw accompanied by a protruding of the lips.

"And why do they want to kill me?" he asked.

Allan Pinkerton explained that it was impossible for any Northerner to understand the mad, fanatical feeling that prevailed in Baltimore against Mr. Lincoln. On one occasion, under the assumed character of a zealous secessionist, he had met a fiery young Italian named Fernandina, who had been at one time a barber in Baltimore, but through his violent opinions had become the captain of a military



ABRAHAM LINCOLN. FROM A PHOTOGRAPH OF A DAGUERREOTYPE TAKEN IN 1851. LOANED BY H. W. FAY. THIS PORTRAIT, IT IS BELIEVED, HAS NEVER BEEN PUBLISHED BEFORE.

organization, and was now a man with a certain dangerous following among the extremists. Mr. Pinkerton had been drinking with Fernandina one night in a saloon, and, after listening to many fierce speeches, and making some himself to keep up his character, he had heard Fernandina say, waving his arms wildly:

"Lincoln shall never be President of the United States. My life is of no consequence; I will give it for his. I am ready to die for the rights of the South."

These words having received vociferous applause among the drinking company, Fernandina proceeded:

"The first shot fired and the head traitor, Lincoln, dead, all Maryland will be with us and the South will be free. If I alone must do the deed, I swear that Abraham Lincoln shall die in this city."

Another conspirator whose confidence Allan Pinkerton had gained, said to him one day:

"That Lincoln shall never pass through here alive. The Abolitionist shall never set foot on Southern soil but to find a grave."

As Mr. Lincoln still seemed doubtful whether to give credence to such an abominable conspiracy, Mr. Pinkerton proceeded to lay before him a mass of evidence furnished by Timothy Webster, who had spent most of his time among people of middle rank, and by Harry Davies, one of his most able detectives, who, being a Southern man by birth, was able to ingratiate himself into the higher social circles, and had obtained the strongest possible proof of the existence of a conspiracy against Mr. Lincoln's life. In conclusion, Mr. Pinkerton expressed his conviction that the danger was imminent, and both Mr. Felton and Mr. Judd agreed with him.

MISS DIX'S STORY.

Mr. Felton proceeded to furnish corroborative evidence that had come to him from quite another source. Some days previous he had received a visit from Miss Dix, the well-known Southern philanthropist. She had come into his office one Saturday afternoon and stated that she had a most important communication to make to him. Mr. Felton's own words, describing this interview, were:

"After closing the door I listened attentively for more than an hour, while she put in tangible and reliable shape what I had before heard in numerous and detached parcels. The sum of it was that there was then an extensive and organized conspiracy throughout the South to seize upon Washington, with its archives and records, and then declare the Southern conspirators *de facto* the government of the United States. The whole was to be a *coup d'état*. At the same time they were to cut off all modes of communication between Washington and the North, East, or West, and thus prevent the transportation of troops to wrest the capital from the hands of the insurgents. Mr. Lincoln's inauguration was thus to be prevented, or his life was to fall a sacrifice to the attempt at inauguration. In fact, troops were then drilling on the line of our own road and the Washington and Annapolis line, and other lines, and they were sworn to obey the commands of their leaders, and the leaders were banded together to capture Washington."

As Mr. Felton had known Miss Dix for years, in her noble work for alleviating the sufferings of the afflicted, he could not doubt her honesty; nor could he question the accuracy of her information when he remembered what unusual opportunities she had had, while visiting the hospitals and mingling in Southern society, for gaining trustworthy information. As he expressed it, "it was made as certain as strong circumstantial and positive evidence could make it, that there was a plot to burn the bridges and destroy the road, and to murder Mr. Lincoln on his way to Washington, if it turned out that he went there before the troops were called. If the troops were first called, then the bridges were to be destroyed, and Washington to be cut off and taken possession off by the South."

Mr. Lincoln listened attentively to everything that was said, without committing himself either way, and then asked:

"Well, gentlemen, granting that all this is true, what do you propose to do about it?"

"We propose, Mr. President," said Mr. Felton, "to take you on to Washington this very night and steal a march on your enemies," and he then proceeded to detail the plan they had perfected an hour before at the St. Louis Hotel. This plan involved an entire change of programme, and necessitated the President's breaking appointments for the following day in Philadelphia and Harrisburg.

"Do you approve of this?" asked Mr. Lincoln, addressing his friend Norman B. Judd.

"It seems to me for the best,' answered the latter, "although I recognize that if you follow the course suggested—of proceeding to Washington to-night—you will necessarily be subjected to the scoffs and sneers of your enemies and the disap-

proval of many friends who will not believe in the existence of so desperate a plot."

LINCOLN DECLINES TO RUN AWAY FROM HIS ENGAGEMENTS.

Mr. Lincoln's words in reply were:

"Gentlemen, I appreciate these suggestions, and while I can stand anything that is necessary in the way of misrepresentation, I do not feel that I can go to Washington to-night. I have promised to raise the flag over Independence Hall to-morrow morning, and after that to visit the Legislature at Harrisburg. These two promises I must fulfil, whatever the cost, but after that I am ready to accept any plan you may adopt."

Mr. Lincoln rose from his chair while making this statement, and addressed his friends standing, speaking impressively, though without any show of agitation. As soon as he had finished he left the room, and the party dispersed to reassemble again at midnight, when Mr. G. C. Franciscus, general manager of the Pennsylvania Railroad, and Mr. E. S. Sanford, representing the American Telegraph Company, took part in the discussion with Mr. Felton, Mr. Judd, and Allan Pinkerton. These five men sat there in earnest consultation until half-past four in the morning, turning over every possible plan for the President's safety, and finally agreeing upon a course that seemed for the best. Meanwhile, Mr. Lincoln had long since retired to his room, where he lay for hours sleepless, thinking of the peaceful home in Springfield he had left ten days before, and feeling more strongly than ever the regret and grave uncertainty which had marked his parting with his fellow-townsmen. In bidding them farewell he had said:

"My friends: No one not in my situation can appreciate my feeling of sadness at this parting. To this place, and the kindness of these people, I owe everything. Here I have lived a quarter of a century, and have passed from a young to an old man. Here my children have been born, and one is buried. I now leave, not knowing when or whether ever I may return, with a task before me greater than that which rested upon Washington. Without the assistance of that Divine Being who ever attended him, I cannot succeed. With that assistance, I cannot fail. Trusting in Him who can go with me, and remain with you, and be everywhere for good, let us confidently hope that all will yet be well. To His care commending you, as I hope in your prayers you will commend me, I bid you an affectionate farewell."



ALLAN PINKERTON IN 1862.

At six o'clock the next morning, February 22, Mr. Lincoln kept his word, and, as the sun was rising, with his own hands he raised the flag over Independence Hall, and made an address that must have reflected perfectly his own state of mind. This address was:

"Mr. Cuyler: I am filled with deep emotion at finding myself standing in this place, where were collected together the wisdom, the patriotism, the devotion to principle, from which sprang the institutions under which we live. You have kindly suggested to me that in my hands is the task of restoring peace to our distracted country. I can say in return, sir, that all the political sentiments I entertain have been drawn, so far as I have been able to draw them, from the sentiments which originated in and were given to the world from this hall. I have never had a feeling, politically, that did not spring from the sentiments embodied in the Declaration of Independence. I have often pondered over the dangers which were incurred by the men who assembled here and framed and adopted that Declaration. I have pondered over the toils that were endured by the

officers and soldiers of the army who achieved that independence. I have often inquired of myself what great principle or idea it was that kept this Confederacy so long together. It was not the mere matter of separation of the colonies from the motherland, but that sentiment in the Declaration of Independence which gave liberty not alone to the people of this country, but hope to all the world, for all future time. It was that which gave promise that in due time the weights would be lifted from the shoulders of all men, and that all should have an equal chance. This is the sentiment embodied in the Declaration of Independence. Now, my friends, can this country be saved on that basis? If it can, I will consider myself one of the happiest men in the world if I can help to save it. If it cannot be saved upon that principle, it will be truly awful. But if this country cannot be saved without giving up that principle, I was about to say I would rather be assassinated on this spot than surrender it. Now, in my view of the present aspect of affairs, there is no need of bloodshed and war. There is no necessity for it. I am not in favor of such a course; and I may say in advance that there will be no bloodshed unless it is forced upon the government. The government will not use force, unless force is used against it.

"My friends, this is wholly an unprepared speech. I did not expect to be called on to say a word when I came here. I supposed I was merely to do something toward raising a flag. I may, therefore, have said something indiscreet. [Cries of 'No, no.'] But I have said nothing but what I am willing to live by, and, if it be the pleasure of Almighty God, to die by."*

Joining his friends after the ceremonies, Mr. Lincoln asked Allan Pinkerton if they had decided on a plan.

"We have, sir, and I will answer with my life for your safe conduct to Washington."

Mr. Lincoln, as a mark of his confidence, grasped his hand with a strong grip.

As the party were on their way to the special train that was waiting to take them to Harrisburg, Frederick W. Seward came hurrying up with a despatch for Mr. Lincoln of such importance that he had been charged to bring it in person from Washington. Opening the envelope, Mr. Lincoln was startled to find letters from William H. Seward, who was to be the head of his cabinet, and from General Winfield Scott, containing an earnest warning of the very same conspiracy against his life that Allan Pinkerton had already exposed. It was evident that Mr. Seward and General Scott had gained their knowledge of the Baltimore plot from some source quite independent of Mr. Pinkerton's investigation, which made the confirmation all the stronger.

"After this," said Mr. Lincoln to Mr. Judd, "it is impossible to doubt the reality of the danger."

The messages thus delivered to Mr. Lincoln were these:

[Seward to Lincoln.]

WASHINGTON, *February* 21, 1861.

MY DEAR SIR: My son goes express to you. He will show you a report made by our detective to General Scott, and by him communicated to me this morning. I deem it so important as to despatch my son to meet you wherever he may find you.

I concur with General Scott in thinking it best for you to reconsider your arrangement. No one here but General Scott, myself, and the bearer is aware of this communication.

I should have gone with it myself, but for the peculiar sensitiveness about my attendance at the Senate at this crisis.

Very truly yours,
WILLIAM H. SEWARD.

[General Scott to Seward.]

February 21, 1861.

MY DEAR SIR: Please receive my friend, Colonel Stone, chief of General Weightman's staff, and a distinguished young officer with me in Mexico. He has an important communication to make.

Yours truly,
WINFIELD SCOTT.

The report here referred to was that of a detective who had been stationed in Baltimore by John A. Kennedy, superintendent of the New York police force, at the first rumor of a plot to assassinate the President. This detective was David S. Bookstaver, who, having established himself in the suspected city in the guise of a music agent, had been able to meet and talk with people of all classes without arousing suspicion. Bookstaver, working thus quite independently of Allan Pinkerton, was not long in arriving at the conclusion already reached by Pinkerton; and hurrying on to Washington, he informed General Scott and one of his most trusted officers, Colonel Charles P. Stone, that the life of Abraham Lincoln would be in danger if he attempted to carry out his plan of passing openly through Baltimore. The following extract from a letter to Mr. Kennedy, written by Colonel Stone, shows how serious the danger was regarded at Washington:

It is impossible with the time now at my disposal to give you anything like a detailed history of the information derived from your men and from dozens of letters and reports from other sources, addressed sometimes to the General-in-Chief and sometimes to myself, which served to convince both of us there was imminent danger that Mr. Lincoln's life would be sacrificed should he attempt to pass through Baltimore at the time and in the manner published in the newspapers as the programme of his journey. The closing piece of information on the subject was

* This and the farewell speech at Springfield are reprinted from "Abraham Lincoln: Complete Works." Edited by John G. Nicolay and John Hay. New York: The Century Company, 1894.

brought by one of your men, Bookstaver. His information was entirely corroborative of that already in our possession. General Scott had received from other sources urgent warning also, and he stated to me that it was almost a certainty Mr. Lincoln could not pass Baltimore alive by the train on the day fixed.

THE PLAN FOR SAVING LINCOLN.

Before the special train started for Harrisburg, Allan Pinkerton, who had been charged with the entire execution of the plan that had been decided upon, took Mr. Judd aside and gave him precise instructions as to every detail of the President's movements, from the moment he left Philadelphia until he should arrive there again the same night. Mr. Pinkerton himself was to remain in Philadelphia to perfect arrangements for the hurried run on to Washington after the President's



ALLAN PINKERTON. ABRAHAM LINCOLN. GENERAL JOHN A. McCLERNAND.

In the autumn of 1862, shortly after the battle of Antietam, General McClernand, who belonged to the Army of the West, chanced to be in Washington, and was invited by President Lincoln to pay a visit to the battlefield of Antietam with him. While at General McClellan's headquarters at Antietam, the President asked where the headquarters of the Secret Service were, as he desired to visit Allan Pinkerton. Getting the information, he and General McClernand called at the Secret Service headquarters, and while they were there Mr. Alexander Gardner, who at that time represented Brady, of Washington, the official photographer, came along with his instruments and asked the President's permission to take a photograph of him. The President consented, and requested General McClernand and Mr. Pinkerton to stand up with him, and thus the photograph was taken which is reproduced above.

General McClernand, writing to Mr. William A. Pinkerton, from Springfield, Illinois, under date of July 30, 1894, and referring to the above incident, says: "Your communication of the 27th instant is thankfully acknowledged. The incident it refers to is still fresh in my mind. It occurred in front of Allan Pinkerton's tent, which was close to General McClellan's headquarters on the stricken field of Antietam. It was there that the photograph of President Lincoln, Allan Pinkerton (your father), and myself was taken. Both the President and Allan Pinkerton were old acquaintances of mine."

return. Mr. Judd was to so manage that the people in Harrisburg would know nothing of the President's sudden departure until the next day, when, if all went well, he would be safe in Washington. Pinkerton's last words to Mr. Judd as they stood at the station were :

"I can depend upon you to carry out everything to the letter?"

"You can," answered Mr. Judd, greatly impressed. During the run to Harrisburg, his thoughts turned constantly on this one theme, and realizing that he was the only one in the party who had any knowledge of the matter, he determined that, in justice to himself and the other gentlemen, they should share with him the great responsibility placed upon him. Accordingly, after the public reception in the State House at Harrisburg, Mr. Judd, with the President's approval, informed the rest of the party of the gravity of the situation and the plan that had been arranged to avert the danger. This meeting took place in the parlor of Jones's Hotel, Mr. Lincoln himself being present. The others were Ward H. Lamon, afterwards United States Marshal from the District of Columbia; Major David Hunter, afterwards Major-General of Volunteers; John G. Nicolay; Captain John Pope, afterwards Major-General Pope; Colonel Sumner, afterwards Major-General; and Judge David Davis, afterwards a Justice of the United States Supreme Court. The announcement having been made, a warm discussion followed, nearly all the gentlemen, especially Colonel Sumner, being opposed to what they called "smuggling" the President through the lines as if he was a piece of contraband goods." Finally Judge Davis said :

"Well, Mr. Lincoln, what is your own judgment upon this matter?"

Mr. Lincoln replied: "I have thought over this matter considerably since I went over the ground with Pinkerton last night, and unless there are some other reasons besides fear of ridicule, I am disposed to carry out Judd's plans."

"That settles the matter, gentlemen," said Judge Davis; and then Colonel Sumner added, "So be it, gentlemen. It is against my judgment, but I have undertaken to go to Washington with Mr. Lincoln, and I shall do it."

The programme for the remainder of the day included a dinner at the hotel, at which Governor Curtin and a large number of prominent people were to be present. The dinner was to be followed by a public reception in the evening, after which Mr. Lincoln was to be Governor Curtin's guest for the night at the Executive Mansion. It was four o'clock in the afternoon when the party separated, and there was not a moment to be lost if the plan of flight was to be successfully carried out.

The greatest danger was from the presence in Harrisburg of Southern spies, connected with the Baltimore conspirators, who were doubtless watching every movement made by the President and would not fail to telegraph the conspirators if they learned that Mr. Lincoln had left Harrisburg before the appointed time. An ingenious plan was accordingly adopted to throw these spies off the track. The dinner began shortly before five o'clock, and was allowed to proceed in the usual way, Mr. Lincoln being seated beside Governor Curtin at the table of honor. It had been arranged that at six o'clock Mr. Lincoln should excuse himself as if for a moment and slip away unobserved. When the time came, however, for this important move, it was found almost impossible of execution. Not only were the dining-rooms and corridors of the hotel packed to suffocation, but a large crowd had gathered outside and were shouting for an address from the balcony. Bonfires were blazing in the streets, and there was great enthusiasm everywhere. Seeing the difficulty of leaving the room, Mr. Lincoln hit upon a clever idea, and whispering to Governor Curtin a hasty explanation, called upon him to assist in his departure. Grasping the situation in a moment, Governor Curtin made some remark to the effect that the President was suffering with a headache and would withdraw to his room for a moment. Then, giving Mr. Lincoln his arm, the two men passed out of the dining-room and walked down the hall to the front door, where Mr. Franciscus, general agent of the Pennsylvania Road, was waiting with a closed carriage. The President did not go to his room at all, not even to get his hat and overcoat, but stepped quickly into the carriage just as he had been at the table, covering his head with a hat of soft wool that he drew from his pocket. Later on during the journey, Mr. Franciscus gave the President his own overcoat, and thus attired, without any disguise whatever, Mr. Lincoln made the journey to Washington.

THE SECRET RETURN FROM HARRISBURG TO PHILADELPHIA.

To disarm suspicion among those who saw Mr. Lincoln get into the carriage,

Governor Curtin entered after him, giving instructions in a loud voice to the driver to take them to the Executive Mansion. Mr. Franciscus, seated on the box seat, whispered to the driver what to do, and the carriage did go to the Executive Mansion, but only stopped there a moment and then drove on, no one having left it. They then drove directly to a road crossing at the lower end of Harrisburg, where the superintendent of the Pennsylvania Railroad had, at Mr. Pinkerton's request, provided that a locomotive and passenger car should be waiting. The only member of the party who accompanied Mr. Lincoln and Governor Curtin in the carriage was Ward H. Lamon, it having been decided that all the others should remain in Harrisburg over night and keep themselves as much as possible in evidence, so as to confirm the belief that the President was in the city. Colonel Sumner, a stanch old soldier, who had sworn that he would go to Washington with Mr. Lincoln, was only prevented from getting into the carriage by a clever ruse of Mr. Judd's, which made the colonel violently angry for the moment, but which he afterward forgave, recognizing its wisdom.

It was about dusk when the carriage reached the special train, consisting only of a single passenger car in which the lamps were left unlighted, so extreme were the precautions taken. Mr. Lincoln stepped aboard the train first, followed by Messrs. Franciscus, Lamon, and Enoch Lewis, and immediately the signal was given to the engineer, and the train started for Philadelphia.

In addition to the engineer and fireman the only persons who rode on this special train with Mr. Lincoln from Harrisburg to Philadelphia on the evening of February 22, 1861, were Ward H. Lamon; G. C. Franciscus, division superintendent of the Pennsylvania; Enoch Lewis, general superintendent; T. E. Garrett, general baggage agent; and John Pitcairn, Jr., in charge of a special telegraphic instrument, provided in case of any accident on the way.

BLOCKING THE TELEGRAPH BETWEEN HARRISBURG AND BALTIMORE.

It was hoped that these precautions would keep any conspirators in Harrisburg ignorant of Mr. Lincoln's departure until the following morning, but there was some uncertainty about this; and in so momentous a crisis Allan Pinkerton did not propose to leave anything to chance. If by ill luck some lurking enemy of the President, some agent of the Baltimore plotters, had seen Mr. Lincoln's departure and followed the carriage to the special train, word would at once be telegraphed along the line to other conspirators in Philadelphia and Baltimore, and the assassins might accomplish their purpose after all. Mr. Pinkerton had thought of all this in the morning and taken measures accordingly. Already, before President Lincoln's train had left Philadelphia, the indomitable detective had arranged with the officers of the American Telegraph Company in Philadelphia to have all despatches from Harrisburg over their wires stopped in their office, except only such as might come addressed to "J. H. Hutchinson," that being the name Mr. Pinkerton had registered under at the St. Louis Hotel. That there might be no chance of any single despatch from Harrisburg going through to its destination by the carelessness of any operator, the manager of the Philadelphia office, Mr. H. E. Thayer, agreed to remain on duty all night and receive the despatches in person. So far, so good; but Mr. Pinkerton knew that there still remained one means of telegraphic communication between Harrisburg and Baltimore; that is, over the wires of the Northern Central Railroad, and he had not the time at his disposal or the influence to make such an arrangement with the officials of this line as he had made with the American Telegraph Company. Every hour was precious now. Communication between Harrisburg and Baltimore over the Northern Central Railroad wires must be interrupted at any cost, and the only way to do this was to cut the wires.

The situation being explained to Mr. Thayer, he detailed a trusty lineman, Andrew Wynne, for the delicate service, giving him precise instructions as to how he was to proceed. Shortly after the departure of Mr. Lincoln's train, another train was hurrying lineman Wynne on to Harrisburg, provided with the necessary tools, fine copper wire, etc. Wynne was accompanied by W. P. Westervelt, superintendent of the company, and on reaching Harrisburg the two were joined by George H. Burns, confidential agent of E. S. Sanford, president of the American Telegraph Company. These men, being electrical experts, had little difficulty in tracing the Baltimore wires through the city and in locating them on the telegraph poles. To prevent observation they followed the line down the railroad track for two miles out of the city, and then, having reached an unfrequented spot, Wynne climbed one of the poles, cut the

Baltimore wires, and attached to the severed ends fine copper ground wires, thus rendering all communication between the two cities impossible. Returning to Harrisburg, Mr. Wynne went directly to the telegraph office of the Northern Central Railroad and asked the operator to send a message for him to Baltimore. The operator replied that he could not send the message, as there was something wrong on the line, and having thus verified the success of his wire cutting, Mr. Wynne reported the result to his superiors and was relieved from further responsibility.

CHANGING TRAINS AT PHILADELPHIA.

Meanwhile, Mr. Lincoln and his friends, including several of the railroad officials, were speeding eastward in a darkened car, no stop being made until they reached Downingtown, where the engine took water. Here all the party except Mr. Lincoln left the car for lunch, the President remaining alone in the shadows until his friends returned, bringing him a cup of tea and a roll. Again the train started and proceeded without incident to Philadelphia, where they were met at the West Philadelphia station, shortly after ten o'clock, by Allan Pinkerton, with a closed carriage. On the seat beside the driver was H. F. Kenney, superintendent of the Philadelphia, Wilmington and Baltimore Railroad, who had given orders to the conductor, John Litzenburg, of the 10.50 P. M. train for Washington, not to start until he received an important package he would deliver into his hands personally. Immediately on leaving the train, the party, including the President, Mr. Lamon, and Allan Pinkerton, took seats inside the carriage, and were driven down Market Street as far as Nineteenth, then up that street as far as Vine Street, and from there to Seventeenth Street, the carriage moving slowly. The idea of these manœuvres was to throw any one who might be following them off the track, and also to fill up the time before the train would start, as the special from Harrisburg had arrived sooner than was expected. When the carriage drew near the railroad station, Mr. Kenney instructed the driver to proceed by a narrow cross street, so that the party might be in the shadow of the yard fence when they alighted. As soon as the carriage stopped, Mr. Pinkerton sprang to the ground and led the way through the yards to the train they were to take, which was being held for orders.

The perfection of Mr. Pinkerton's arrangements was now seen; for, while they were hurrying over the tracks, they were met by William Stearns, the master machinist of the Philadelphia, Wilmington, and Baltimore Railroad, who whispered to the detective the reassuring words: "All is right." By previous arrangements made by Allan Pinkerton's famous woman detective, Kate Warn, three sections had been secured for the party in the sleeping car at the rear end of the train, and it had also been arranged that the rear door of this car should be left open for the convenience of an invalid, who would be able to reach his berth more quietly. The porter in charge of the sleeping car, who made this unusual concession, was named Knox; and it was in great measure due to his intelligence and care that Mr. Lincoln was able to board the train and make the journey to Washington without any one outside the immediate party suspecting his presence.

Once in his berth the President never showed his face until the following morning. Not even the conductor saw him, for Allan Pinkerton presented his ticket, explaining that his friend must not be disturbed. Guarding Mr. Lincoln on either side, and never closing their eyes through that anxious night, were George H. Bangs and Mrs. Kate Warn, two of Pinkerton's most trusted detectives, who were supposed by the train hands and passengers to be members of an ordinary family party. By a remarkable coincidence, John A. Kennedy, superintendent of the New York police, occupied a section in the same sleeper, although he never suspected whom he had for a near neighbor. It was Mr. Kennedy's detectives in Baltimore who had informed Secretary Seward of the plot to assassinate the President, and Mr. Kennedy was at this very moment hurrying South to take measures for protecting the President from his enemies.

THE JOURNEY FROM PHILADELPHIA TO WASHINGTON.

The train drew out of the Philadelphia station at 10.55, having been delayed five minutes for the delivery of the "important package" into the hands of Conductor Litzenberg. As a matter of fact, this package contained nothing more important than a bundle of old New York "Heralds," but it served its purpose admirably in allaying any suspicions. As soon as the train had started, Mr. Lincoln partially undressed, and was soon sleeping quietly

in his berth, untroubled by any thought of the dangers around him. Leaving his "invalid friend" under the protection of Kate Warn and George D. Bangs, who were both armed and would have shot every soul on the train rather than let a curtain of the President's berth be disturbed, Mr. Pinkerton himself took up his station on the rear platform, from which he could readily receive the signals he had arranged for with guards stationed at all danger points along the road.

Mr. Pinkerton had been informed by his operatives scattered through Maryland that three companies of railroad men had been drilling for weeks with the alleged purpose of protecting the property of the Philadelphia, Wilmington, and Baltimore Railroad, but really with the intention of burning the bridges, cars, and ferry-boats, as soon as the proper moment should arrive. It was possible, therefore, that these desperate men, if through treachery or in any unforeseen way they had learned of Mr. Lincoln's hastened departure, would attempt to burn the bridges, place obstructions on the track, or in some other way stop the progress of the train. Therefore, Mr. Pinkerton had taken the most elaborate precautions in view of such an emergency. At his suggestion the railway officials had stationed gangs of trusted men at the various bridges, which they were supposed to be painting and white-washing; and, as a matter of fact, they did give the bridges a complete white coating of a preparation to render the wood-work fire-proof. Their greatest usefulness, however, was as a loyal force in case they should be needed. In addition to these, Pinkerton had placed a man fully armed at every bridge and cross-road through the entire dangerous region, and as the train rolled by each one of these sentinels, as instructed, flashed signals from the dark lantern hanging at his waist to the tireless chief on the back platform.

The most critical point in the journey, as Mr. Pinkerton felt, was Havre de Grace, where the train would be taken across the Susquehanna on a ferry-boat, and here he had posted the detective in whose zeal and abilities he trusted beyond everything, the dauntless Timothy Webster. As the train drew near this point, and began to slow up for the ferry, Mr. Pinkerton's heart beat quick and he strained his eyes through the darkness for the hoped-for signal. It came, two flashes in quick succession telling him that Timothy Webster was "on deck" and all was well.

Without accident the train ran upon the boat, was ferried across the river, and started on the last stretch for Baltimore, running now through the very stronghold of Mr. Lincoln's enemies. From every bridge the white lights flashed out twice into the night, and the train rushed on. "All's well!" "All's well!" "All's well!" came the signals from the faithful fellows watching in the darkness, and every time the white lights streamed into his face, Allan Pinkerton breathed forth a "Thank God." He had pledged his life to take the nation's President to Washington, and he was doing it. No harm had come so far, and as they drew near to Baltimore, with its plans of murder and infamy, the detective braced himself for the final crisis. What would happen here? Had any suspicion got abroad of the President's arrival? If an attack was made, would they be able to defend him? All these thoughts ran through his brain as the lights of the city came in sight.

It was half-past three in the morning when the train drew up in the Baltimore station, just on time. The platforms were empty, the city was asleep, the conspirators had suspected nothing, the danger was past. The run on to Washington was made without accident or event, and at 6 A.M. Abraham Lincoln, leaning on the arm of Allan Pinkerton, left the train and was received by William H. Seward and General Winfield Scott, who gripped his hand with a grasp much the stronger for the anxiety they had felt. Mr. Seward's words were:

"I was never so glad to see any one in my life as I am to see you this morning."