THE LIFE

OF

ABRAHAM LINCOLN;

FROM

HIS BIRTH TO HIS INAUGURATION AS PRESIDENT.

BY

WARD H. LAMON.

WITH ILLUSTRATIONS.



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Before the Legislature of New York: —

"When the time comes, according to the custom of the Government, I shall speak, and speak as well as I am able for the good of the present and of the future of this country, — for the good of the North and of the South, for the good of one and of the other, and of all sections of it. In the mean time, *if we have patience, if we maintain our equanimity, though some may allow themselves to run off in a burst of passion*, I still have confidence that the Almighty Ruler of the Universe, through the instrumentality of this great and intelligent people, can and will bring us through this difficulty, *as he has heretofore brought us through all preceding difficulties of the country. Relying upon this*, and again thanking you, as I forever shall, in my heart, for this generous reception you have given me, I bid you farewell."

In response to the Mayor of New York City, who had said, "To you, therefore, chosen under the forms of the Constitution, as the head of the Confederacy, we look for a restoration of fraternal relations between the States, — *only to be accomplished by peaceful and conciliatory means*, aided by the wisdom of Almighty God," Mr. Lincoln said, —

"In regard to the difficulties that confront us at this time, and of which you have seen fit to speak *so becomingly and so justly*, I can only say that *I agree with the sentiments expressed.*"

At Trenton: —

"I shall endeavor to take the ground I deem most just to the North, the East, the West, the South, and the whole country. I take it, I hope, in good temper, — certainly with no malice towards any section. *I shall do all that may be in my power to promote a peaceful settlement of all our difficulties. The man does not live who is more devoted to peace than I am, — none who would do more to preserve it. But it may be necessary to put the foot down firmly.* And if I do my duty, and do right, you will sustain me: will you not? Received, as I am, by the members of a legislature, the majority of whom do not agree with me in political sentiments, I trust that I may have their assistance in piloting the Ship of State through this voyage, surrounded by perils as it is; for, if it should suffer shipwreck now, there will be no pilot ever needed for another voyage."

At Philadelphia: —

"It is true, as your worthy mayor has said, that there is anxiety among the citizens of the United States at this time. I deem it a happy circum-

stance that this dissatisfied portion of our fellow-citizens do not point us to any thing in which they are being injured, or are about to be injured; *for which reason I have felt all the while justified in concluding that the crisis, the panic, the anxiety, of the country at this time is artificial.* If there be those who differ with me upon this subject, they have not pointed out the *substantial difficulty that exists.* I do not mean to say that an artificial panic may not do considerable harm: that it has done such I do not deny. The hope that has been expressed by your mayor, that I may be able to restore peace, harmony, and prosperity to the country, is most worthy of him; and happy indeed will I be if I shall be able to verify and fulfil that hope. I promise you, in all sincerity, that I bring to the work a sincere heart. Whether I will bring a head equal to that heart, will be for future times to determine. It were useless for me to speak of details or plans now: I shall speak officially next Monday week, if ever. If I should not speak then, it were useless for me to do so now."

At Philadelphia again: —

"Now, *in my view of the present aspect of affairs, there need be no bloodshed or 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 blood shed unless it be forced upon the Government; and then it will be compelled to act in self-defence.*"

At Harrisburg: —

"I recur for a moment but to repeat some words uttered at the hotel in regard to what has been said about the military support which the General Government may expect from the Commonwealth of Pennsylvania in a proper emergency. *To guard against any possible mistake, do I recur to this. It is not with any pleasure that I contemplate the possibility that a necessity may arise in this country for the use of the military arm.* While I am exceedingly gratified to see the manifestation upon your streets of your military force here, and exceedingly gratified at your promise here to use that force upon a proper emergency; while I make these acknowledgments, I desire to repeat, in order to *preclude any possible misconstruction, that I do most sincerely hope that we shall have no use for them; that it will never become their duty to shed blood, and most especially never to shed fraternal blood.* I promise that, so far as I have wisdom to direct, if so painful a result shall in any wise be brought about, it shall be through no fault of mine."

Whilst Mr. Lincoln, in the midst of his suite and attendants, was being borne in triumph through the streets of Philadelphia, and a countless multitude of people were shout-

ing themselves hoarse, and jostling and crushing each other around his carriage-wheels, Mr. Felton, the President of the Philadelphia, Wilmington, and Baltimore Railway, was engaged with a private detective discussing the details of an alleged conspiracy to murder him at Baltimore. Some months before, Mr. Felton, apprehending danger to the bridges along his line, had taken this man into his pay, and sent him to Baltimore to spy out and report any plot that might be found for their destruction. Taking with him a couple of other men and a woman, the detective went about his business with the zeal which necessarily marks his peculiar profession. He set up as a stock-broker, under an assumed name, opened an office, and became a vehement Secessionist. His agents were instructed to act with the duplicity which such men generally use, to be rabid on the subject of "Southern rights," to suggest all manner of crimes in vindication of them; and if, by these arts, corresponding sentiments should be elicited from their victims, the "job" might be considered as prospering. Of course they readily found out what everybody else knew, — that Maryland was in a state of great alarm; that her people were forming military associations, and that Gov. Hicks was doing his utmost to furnish them with arms, on condition that the arms, in case of need, should be turned against the Federal Government. Whether they detected any plan to burn bridges or not, the chief detective does not relate; but it appears that he soon deserted that inquiry, and got, or pretended to get, upon a scent that promised a heavier reward. Being intensely ambitious to shine in the professional way, and something of a politician besides, it struck him that it would be a particularly fine thing to discover a dreadful plot to assassinate the President elect; and he discovered it accordingly. It was easy to get that far: to furnish tangible proofs of an imaginary conspiracy was a more difficult matter. But Baltimore was seething with political excitement; numerous strangers from the far South crowded its hotels and boarding-houses; great numbers of mechanics and laborers out of employment encumbered its streets; and everywhere

politicians, merchants, mechanics, laborers, and loafers were engaged in heated discussions about the anticipated war, and the probability of Northern troops being marched through Maryland to slaughter and pillage beyond the Potomac. It would seem like an easy thing to beguile a few individuals of this angry and excited multitude into the expression of some criminal desire; and the opportunity was not wholly lost, although the limited success of the detective under such favorable circumstances is absolutely wonderful. He put his "shadows" upon several persons, whom it suited his pleasure to suspect; and the "shadows" pursued their work with the keen zest and the cool treachery of their kind. They reported daily to their chief in writing, as he reported in turn to his employer. These documents are neither edifying nor useful: they prove nothing but the baseness of the vocation which gave them existence. They were furnished to Mr. Herndon in full, under the impression that partisan feeling had extinguished in him the love of truth, and the obligations of candor, as it had in many writers who preceded him on the same subject-matter. They have been carefully and thoroughly read, analyzed, examined, and compared, with an earnest and conscientious desire to discover the truth, if, perchance, any trace of truth might be in them. The process of investigation began with a strong bias in favor of the conclusion at which the detective had arrived. For ten years the author implicitly believed in the reality of the atrocious plot which these spies were supposed to have detected and thwarted; and for ten years he had pleased himself with the reflection that he also had done something to defeat the bloody purpose of the assassins. It was a conviction which could scarcely have been overthrown by evidence less powerful than the detective's weak and contradictory account of his own case. In that account there is literally nothing to sustain the accusation, and much to rebut it. It is perfectly manifest that there was no conspiracy, — no conspiracy of a hundred, of fifty, of twenty, of three; no definite purpose in the heart of even one man to murder Mr. Lincoln at Baltimore.

The reports are all in the form of personal narratives, and for the most relate when the spies went to bed, when they rose, where they ate, what saloons and brothels they visited, and what blackguards they met and "drinked" with. One of them "shadowed" a loud-mouthed, drinking fellow, named Luckett, and another, a poor scapegrace and braggart, named Hilliard. These wretches "drinked" and talked a great deal, hung about bars, haunted disreputable houses, were constantly half-drunk, and easily excited to use big and threatening words by the faithless protestations and cunning management of the spies. Thus Hilliard was made to say that he thought a man who should act the part of Brutus in these times would deserve well of his country; and Luckett was induced to declare that he knew a man who would kill Lincoln. At length the great arch-conspirator — the Brutus, the Orsini, of the New World, to whom Luckett and Hilliard, the "national volunteers," and all such, were as mere puppets — condescended to reveal himself in the most obliging and confiding manner. He made no mystery of his cruel and desperate scheme. He did not guard it as a dangerous secret, or choose his confidants with the circumspection which political criminals, and especially assassins, have generally thought proper to observe. Very many persons knew what he was about, and levied on their friends for small sums — five, ten, and twenty dollars — to further the "captain's" plan. Even Luckett was deep enough in the awful plot to raise money for it; and when he took one of the spies to a public bar-room, and introduced him to the "captain," the latter sat down and talked it all over without the slightest reserve. When was there ever before such a loud-mouthed conspirator, such a trustful and innocent assassin! His name was Ferrandina, his occupation that of a barber, his place of business beneath Barnum's Hotel, where the sign of the bloodthirsty villain still invites the unsuspecting public to come in for a shave.

"Mr. Luckett," so the spy relates, "said that he was not going home this evening; and if I would meet him at Barr's saloon, on South Street, he would introduce me to Ferrandina.

This was unexpected to me; but I determined to take the chances, and agreed to meet Mr. Luckett at the place named at 7, P.M. Mr. Luckett left about 2.30, P.M.; and I went to dinner.

"I was at the office in the afternoon in hopes that Mr. Felton might call, but he did not; and at 6.15, P.M., I went to supper. After supper, I went to Barr's saloon, and found Mr. Luckett and several other gentlemen there. He asked me to drink, and introduced me to Capt. Ferrandina and Capt. Turner. He eulogized me very highly as a neighbor of his, and told Ferrandina that I was the gentleman who had given the twenty-five dollars he (Luckett) had given to Ferrandina.

"The conversation at once got into politics; and Ferrandina, who is a fine-looking, intelligent-appearing person, became very excited. He shows the Italian in, I think, a very marked degree; and, although excited, yet was cooler than what I had believed was the general characteristic of Italians. He has lived South for many years, and is thoroughly imbued with the idea that the South must rule; that they (Southerners) have been outraged in their rights by the election of Lincoln, and freely justified resorting to any means to prevent Lincoln from taking his seat; and, as he spoke, his eyes fairly glared and glistened, and his whole frame quivered, but he was fully conscious of all he was doing. He is a man well calculated for controlling and directing the ardent-minded: he is an enthusiast, and believes, that, to use his own words, 'murder of any kind is justifiable and right to save the rights of the Southern people.' In all his views he was ably seconded by Capt. Turner.

"Capt. Turner is an American; but although very much of a gentleman, and possessing warm Southern feelings, he is not by any means so dangerous a man as Ferrandina, as his ability for exciting others is less powerful; but that he is a bold and proud man there is no doubt, as also that he is entirely under the control of Ferrandina. In fact, it could not be otherwise: for even I myself felt the influence of this man's strange power; and, wrong though I knew him to

be, I felt strangely unable to keep my mind balanced against him.

"Ferrandina said, 'Never, never, shall Lincoln be President.' His life (Ferrandina's) was of no consequence: he was willing to give it up for Lincoln's; he would sell it for that Abolitionist's; and as Orsini had given his life for Italy, so was he (Ferrandina) ready to die for his country, and the rights of the South; and, said Ferrandina, turning to Capt. Turner, 'We shall all die together: we shall show the North that we fear them not. Every man, captain,' said he, 'will on that day prove himself a hero. The first shot fired, the main traitor (Lincoln) dead, and all Maryland will be with us, and the South shall be free; and the North must then be ours.' — 'Mr. Hutchins,' said Ferrandina, '*if I alone must do it, I shall: Lincoln shall die in this city.*'

"Whilst we were thus talking, we (Mr. Luckett, Turner, Ferrandina, and myself) were alone in one corner of the bar-room; and, while talking, two strangers had got pretty near us. Mr. Luckett called Ferrandina's attention to this, and intimated that they were listening; and we went up to the bar, drinked again at my expense, and again retired to another part of the room, at Ferrandina's request, to see if the strangers would again follow us: whether by accident or design, they again got near us; but of course we were not talking of any matter of consequence. Ferrandina said he suspected they were spies, and suggested that he had to attend a secret meeting, and was apprehensive that the two strangers might follow him; and, at Mr. Luckett's request, I remained with him (Luckett) to watch the movements of the strangers. I assured Ferrandina, that, if they would attempt to follow him, that we would whip them.

"Ferrandina and Turner left to attend the meeting; and, anxious as I was to follow them myself, I was obliged to remain with Mr. Luckett to watch the strangers, which we did for about fifteen minutes, when Mr. Luckett said that he should go to a friend's to stay over night, and I left for my hotel, arriving there at about 9, P.M., and soon retired."

It is in a secret communication between hireling spies and paid informers that these ferocious sentiments are attributed to the poor knight of the soap-pot. No disinterested person would believe the story upon such evidence; and it will appear hereafter, that even the detective felt that it was too weak to mention among his strong points at that decisive moment, when he revealed all he knew to the President and his friends. It is probably a mere fiction. If it had had any foundation in fact, we are inclined to believe that the sprightly and eloquent barber would have dangled at a rope's end long since. He would hardly have been left to shave and plot in peace, while the members of the Legislature, the police-marshal, and numerous private gentlemen, were locked up in Federal prisons. When Mr. Lincoln was actually slain, four years later, and the cupidity of the detectives was excited by enormous rewards, Ferrandina was totally unmolested. But even if Ferrandina really said all that is here imputed to him, he did no more than many others around him were doing at the same time. He drank and talked, and made swelling speeches; but he never took, nor seriously thought of taking, the first step toward the frightful tragedy he is said to have contemplated.

The detectives are cautious not to include in the supposed plot to murder any person of eminence, power, or influence. Their game is all of the smaller sort, and, as they conceived, easily taken, — witless vagabonds like Hilliard and Luckett, and a barber, whose calling indicates his character and associations. They had no fault to find with the governor of the State: he was rather a lively trimmer, to be sure, and very anxious to turn up at last on the winning side; but it was manifestly impossible that one in such exalted station could meditate murder. Yet, if they had pushed their inquiries with an honest desire to get at the truth, they might have found much stronger evidence against the governor than that which they pretend to have found against the barber. In the governor's case the evidence is documentary, written, authentic, — over his own hand, clear and conclusive as pen

and ink could make it. As early as the previous November, Gov. Hicks had written the following letter; and, notwithstanding its treasonable and murderous import, the writer became conspicuously loyal before spring, and lived to reap splendid rewards and high honors under the auspices of the Federal Government, as the most patriotic and devoted Union man in Maryland. The person to whom the letter was addressed was equally fortunate; and, instead of drawing out his comrades in the field to "kill Lincoln and his men," he was sent to Congress by power exerted from Washington at a time when the administration selected the representatives of Maryland, and performed all his duties right loyally and acceptably. Shall one be taken, and another left? Shall Hicks go to the Senate, and Webster to Congress, while the poor barber is held to the silly words which he is alleged to have sputtered out between drinks in a low groggery, under the blandishments and encouragements of an eager spy, itching for his reward?

STATE OF MARYLAND, EXECUTIVE CHAMBER,
ANNAPOLIS, Nov. 9, 1860.

HON. E. H. WEBSTER.

My dear Sir, — I have pleasure in acknowledging receipt of your favor introducing a very clever gentleman to my acquaintance (though a Demo'). I regret to say that we have, at this time, no arms on hand to distribute, but assure you at the earliest possible moment your company shall have arms: they have complied with all required on their part. We have some delay, in consequence of contracts with Georgia and Alabama, ahead of us: we expect at an early day an additional supply, and of first received your people shall be furnished. Will they be good men to send out to kill Lincoln and his men? if not, suppose the arms would be better sent South.

How does late election sit with you? 'Tis too bad. Harford, nothing to reproach herself for.

Your obedient servant,
THOS. H. HICKS.

With the Presidential party was Hon. Norman B. Judd: he was supposed to exercise unbounded influence over the new President; and with him, therefore, the detective opened communications. At various places along the route, Mr. Judd was given vague hints of the impending danger, accompanied



by the usual assurances of the skill and activity of the patriots who were perilling their lives in a rebel city to save that of the Chief Magistrate. When he reached New York, he was met by the woman who had originally gone with the other spies to Baltimore. She had urgent messages from her chief, — messages that disturbed Mr. Judd exceedingly. The detective was anxious to meet Mr. Judd and the President; and a meeting was accordingly arranged to take place at Philadelphia.

Mr. Lincoln reached Philadelphia on the afternoon of the 21st. The detective had arrived in the morning, and improved the interval to impress and enlist Mr. Felton. In the evening he got Mr. Judd and Mr. Felton into his room at the St. Louis Hotel, and told them all he had learned. He dwelt at large on the fierce temper of the Baltimore Secessionists; on the loose talk he had heard about "fire-balls or hand-grenades;" on a "privateer" said to be moored somewhere in the bay; on the organization called National Volunteers; on the fact, that, eaves-dropping at Barnum's Hotel, he had overheard Marshal Kane intimate that he would not supply a police-force on some undefined occasion, but what the occasion was he did not know. He made much of his miserable victim, Hilliard, whom he held up as a perfect type of the class from which danger was to be apprehended; but, concerning "Captain" Ferrandina and his threats, he said, according to his own account, not a single word. He had opened his case, his whole case, and stated it as strongly as he could. Mr. Judd was very much startled, and was sure that it would be extremely imprudent for Mr. Lincoln to pass through Baltimore in open daylight, according to the published programme. But he thought the detective ought to see the President himself; and, as it was wearing toward nine o'clock, there was no time to lose. It was agreed that the part taken by the detective and Mr. Felton should be kept secret from every one but the President. Mr. Sanford, President of the American Telegraph Company, had also been co-operating in the business; and the same stipulation was made with regard to him.

Mr. Judd went to his own room at the Continental, and the detective followed. The crowd in the hotel was very dense, and it took some time to get a message to Mr. Lincoln. But it finally reached him, and he responded in person. Mr. Judd introduced the detective; and the latter told his story over again, with a single variation: this time he mentioned the name of Ferrandina along with Hilliard's, but gave no more prominence to one than to the other.

Mr. Judd and the detective wanted Lincoln to leave for Washington that night. This he flatly refused to do. He had engagements with the people, he said, — to raise a flag over Independence Hall in the morning, and to exhibit himself at Harrisburg in the afternoon; and these engagements he would not break in any event. But he would raise the flag, go to Harrisburg, "get away quietly" in the evening, and permit himself to be carried to Washington in the way they thought best. Even this, however, he conceded with great reluctance. He condescended to cross-examine the detective on some parts of his narrative, but at no time did he seem in the least degree alarmed. He was earnestly requested not to communicate the change of plan to any member of his party, except Mr. Judd, nor permit even a suspicion of it to cross the mind of another. To this he replied, that he would be compelled to tell Mrs. Lincoln; "and he thought it likely that she would insist upon W. H. Lamon going with him; but, aside from that, no one should know."

In the mean time, Mr. Seward had also discovered the conspiracy. He despatched his son to Philadelphia to warn the President elect of the terrible plot into whose meshes he was about to run. Mr. Lincoln turned him over to Judd, and Judd told him they already knew all about it. He went away with just enough information to enable his father to anticipate the exact moment of Mr. Lincoln's surreptitious arrival in Washington.

Early on the morning of the 22d, Mr. Lincoln raised the flag over Independence Hall, and departed for Harrisburg. On the way, Mr. Judd "gave him a full and precise detail of

the arrangements that had been made" the previous night. After the conference with the detective, Mr. Sanford, Col. Scott, Mr. Felton, railroad and telegraph officials, had been sent for, and came to Mr. Judd's room. They occupied nearly the whole of the night in perfecting the plan. It was finally understood that about six o'clock the next evening Mr. Lincoln should slip away from the Jones Hotel, at Harrisburg, in company with a single member of his party. A special car and engine would be provided for him on the track outside the dépôt. All other trains on the road would be "side-tracked" until this one had passed. Mr. Sanford would forward skilled "telegraph-climbers," and see that all the wires leading out of Harrisburg were cut at six o'clock, and kept down until it was known that Mr. Lincoln had reached Washington in safety. The detective would meet Mr. Lincoln at the West Philadelphia dépôt with a carriage, and conduct him by a circuitous route to the Philadelphia, Wilmington, and Baltimore dépôt. Berths for four would be pre-engaged in the sleeping-car attached to the regular midnight train for Baltimore. This train Mr. Felton would cause to be detained until the conductor should receive a package, containing important "government despatches," addressed to "E. J. Allen, Willard's Hotel, Washington." This package was made up of old newspapers, carefully wrapped and sealed, and delivered to the detective to be used as soon as Mr. Lincoln was lodged in the car. Mr. Lincoln approved of the plan, and signified his readiness to acquiesce. Then Mr. Judd, forgetting the secrecy which the spy had so impressively enjoined, told Mr. Lincoln that the step he was about to take was one of such transcendent importance, that he thought "it should be communicated to the other gentlemen of the party." Mr. Lincoln said, "You can do as you like about that." Mr. Judd now changed his seat; and Mr. Nicolay, whose suspicions seem to have been aroused by this mysterious conference, sat down beside him, and said, "Judd, there is something *up*. What is it, if it is proper that I should know?"—"George," answered Judd, "there is no necessity for your knowing it. One man can keep a matter better than two."

Arrived at Harrisburg, and the public ceremonies and speech-making over, Mr. Lincoln retired to a private parlor in the Jones House; and Mr. Judd summoned to meet him Judge Davis, Col. Lamon, Col. Sumner, Major Hunter, and Capt. Pope. The three latter were officers of the regular army, and had joined the party after it had left Springfield. Judd began the conference by stating the alleged fact of the Baltimore conspiracy, how it was detected, and how it was proposed to thwart it by a midnight expedition to Washington by way of Philadelphia. It was a great surprise to most of those assembled. Col. Sumner was the first to break silence. "That proceeding," said he, "will be a damned piece of cowardice." Mr. Judd considered this a "pointed hit," but replied that "that view of the case had already been presented to Mr. Lincoln." Then there was a general interchange of opinions, which Sumner interrupted by saying, "I'll get a squad of cavalry, sir, and *cut* our way to Washington, sir!" — "Probably before that day comes," said Mr. Judd, "the inauguration day will have passed. It is important that Mr. Lincoln should be in Washington that day." Thus far Judge Davis had expressed no opinion, but "had put various questions to test the truthfulness of the story." He now turned to Mr. Lincoln, and said, "You personally heard the detective's story. You have heard this discussion. What is your judgment in the matter?" — "I have listened," answered Mr. Lincoln, "to this discussion with interest. I see no reason, no good reason, to change the programme; and I am for carrying it out as arranged by Judd." There was no longer any dissent as to the plan itself; but one question still remained to be disposed of. Who should accompany the President on his perilous ride? Mr. Judd again took the lead, declaring that he and Mr. Lincoln had previously determined that but one man ought to go, and that Col. Lamon had been selected as the proper person. To this Sumner violently demurred. "*I* have undertaken," he exclaimed, "to see Mr. Lincoln to Washington."

Mr. Lincoln was hastily dining when a close carriage was

brought to the side-door of the hotel. He was called, hurried to his room, changed his coat and hat, and passed rapidly through the hall and out of the door. As he was stepping into the carriage, it became manifest that Sumner was determined to get in also. "Hurry with him," whispered Judd to Lamon, and at the same time, placing his hand on Sumner's shoulder, said aloud, "One moment, colonel!" Sumner turned around; and, in that moment, the carriage drove rapidly away. "A madder man," says Mr. Judd, "you never saw."

Mr. Lincoln and Col. Lamon got on board the car without discovery or mishap. Besides themselves, there was no one in or about the car but Mr. Lewis, general superintendent of the Pennsylvania Central Railroad, and Mr. Franciscus, superintendent of the division over which they were about to pass. As Mr. Lincoln's dress on this occasion has been much discussed, it may be as well to state that he wore a soft, light felt hat, drawn down over his face when it seemed necessary or convenient, and a shawl thrown over his shoulders, and pulled up to assist in disguising his features when passing to and from the carriage. This was all there was of the "Scotch cap and cloak," so widely celebrated in the political literature of the day.

At ten o'clock they reached Philadelphia, and were met by the detective, and one Mr. Kinney, an under-official of the Philadelphia, Wilmington, and Baltimore Railroad. Lewis and Franciscus bade Mr. Lincoln adieu. Mr. Lincoln, Col. Lamon, and the detective seated themselves in a carriage, which stood in waiting, and Mr. Kinney got upon the box with the driver. It was a full hour and a half before the Baltimore train was to start; and Mr. Kinney found it necessary "to consume the time by driving northward in search of some imaginary person."

On the way through Philadelphia, Mr. Lincoln told his companions about the message he had received from Mr. Seward. This new discovery was infinitely more appalling than the other. Mr. Seward had been informed "that about *fifteen thousand men* were organized to prevent his (Lincoln's) pas-

sage through Baltimore, and that arrangements were made by these parties *to blow up the railroad track, fire the train,*" &c. In view of these unpleasant circumstances, Mr. Seward recommended a change of route. Here was a plot big enough to swallow up the little one, which we are to regard as the peculiar property of Mr. Felton's detective. Hilliard, Ferrandina, and Luckett disappear among the "fifteen thousand;" and their maudlin and impotent twaddle about the "abolition tyrant" looks very insignificant beside the bloody massacre, conflagration, and explosion now foreshadowed.

As the moment for the departure of the Baltimore train drew near, the carriage paused in the dark shadows of the dépôt building. It was not considered prudent to approach the entrance. The spy passed in first, and was followed by Mr. Lincoln and Col. Lamon. An agent of the former directed them to the sleeping-car, which they entered by the rear door. Mr. Kinney ran forward, and delivered to the conductor the "important package" prepared for the purpose; and in three minutes the train was in motion. The tickets for the whole party had been procured beforehand. Their berths were ready, but had only been preserved from invasion by the statement, that they were retained for a sick man and his attendants. The business had been managed very adroitly by the female spy, who had accompanied her employer from Baltimore to Philadelphia to assist him in this the most delicate and important affair of his life. Mr. Lincoln got into his bed immediately; and the curtains were drawn together. When the conductor came around, the detective handed him the "sick man's" ticket; and the rest of the party lay down also. None of "our party appeared to be sleepy," says the detective; "but we all lay quiet, and nothing of importance transpired." "Mr. Lincoln is very homely," said the woman in her "report," "and so very tall, that he could not lay straight in his berth." During the night Mr. Lincoln indulged in a joke or two, in an undertone; but, with that exception, the "two sections" occupied by them were perfectly silent. The detective said he had men stationed at various places along the road to let him

know "if all was right;" and he rose and went to the platform occasionally to observe their signals, but returned each time with a favorable report.

At thirty minutes after three, the train reached Baltimore. One of the spy's assistants came on board, and informed him "in a whisper that all was right." The woman got out of the car. Mr. Lincoln lay close in his berth; and in a few moments the car was being slowly drawn through the quiet streets of the city toward the Washington dépôt. There again there was another pause, but no sound more alarming than the noise of shifting cars and engines. The passengers, tucked away on their narrow shelves, dozed on as peacefully as if Mr. Lincoln had never been born, until they were awakened by the loud strokes of a huge club against a night-watchman's box, which stood within the dépôt and close to the track. It was an Irishman, trying to arouse a sleepy ticket-agent, comfortably ensconced within. For twenty minutes the Irishman pounded the box with ever-increasing vigor, and, at each report of his blows, shouted at the top of his voice, "Captain! it's four o'clock! it's four o'clock!" The Irishman seemed to think that time had ceased to run at four o'clock, and, making no allowance for the period consumed by his futile exercises, repeated to the last his original statement that it was four o'clock. The passengers were intensely amused; and their jokes and laughter at the Irishman's expense were not lost upon the occupants of the "two sections" in the rear. "Mr. Lincoln," says the detective, appeared "to enjoy it very much, and made several witty remarks, showing that he was as full of fun as ever."

In due time the train sped out of the suburbs of Baltimore; and the apprehensions of the President and his friends diminished with each welcome revolution of the wheels. At six o'clock the dome of the Capitol came in sight; and a moment later they rolled into the long, unsightly building, which forms the Washington dépôt. They passed out of the car unobserved, and pushed along with the living stream of men and women toward the outer door. One man alone in the great