

The second story is ⑧

Lincoln saves the life of
an old acquaintance.

TOLD BY SENATOR DANIEL W. VOORHEES. P

One gloomy afternoon in the winter of 1863, I was writing at my desk in the house of representatives at Washington, when a card was brought to me by a page. It bore the name of a gentleman named Bullitt, a resident of my Congressional District, with whom I had long been on friendly terms and whose hospitality I had often enjoyed. Something told me that he was in trouble, and when I went to him in the ante-room, my worst fears were confirmed. His wife was with him and the faces of both gave evidence of the keenest distress. Their appearances showed that they had just come from a long journey, and had been for sometime without sleep or rest. I escorted them to a committee room, and there Mr. Bullitt, with frequent and eager interruptions from his wife, made known to me the cause of their hurried visit to Washington. The father of Mrs. Bullitt, was Henry M. Lockett, an aged Methodist minister who had at different times had been in charge of churches in Illinois, Kentucky, Missouri, and other Western States. When the war opened he was a resident of St. Charles, Mo., and a possessor of a moderate fortune, but sudden reverses had swept almost everything away and left him almost penniless. To a man of his years, he was then past seventy, the blow was a heavy one, and told sadly upon his health and spirits. The gloomy conviction that he

would become a pauper and die a public charge, took possession of him, and though combatted by his family and friends, gained strength and force as time went on. ^{PP} While thus depressed he paid a visit to a niece at Memphis, then in possession of the Federal forces under command of General ~~Hurbut~~ ^H ~~Here~~ ^H he had fallen in with certain shrewd but not over-scrupulous members of the federal secret service, ~~he~~ ^{who} taking their cue [^] ~~more~~ from his constant and often ^{unguarded} ~~careless~~ lamentations over his losses, told him that the ~~Southern~~ forces stood in pressing need of quinine and of percussion caps, and would pay handsomely for ^{the} ~~same~~; that it was an easy matter to trade through the lines, and that if he would undertake to supply these wants, he could speedily and with comparative safety, repair his sudden losses. ~~The~~ ^{The} poor old man had fallen an easy victim to his tormentors, but had been arrested with the contraband articles in his possession, tried by a military court and condemned to death.

"He is to be shot day after to-morrow," Mr. Bullitt concluded,

"and we have ^{to you} come knowing you will help us if you can. We do not know what else to do nor in fact, whether you can do anything. ^{Before} leaving home we got some papers signed by those who know ^{Father} Lockett, and are familiar with his condition." ^{PP} So saying, he handed me a number of written statements which confirmed his own. For a mo-

ment I was at a loss what to do. It was then late in the after-noon and within forty-eight hours the poor old man was to die. I knew that to appeal to ~~the~~ Secretary Staanton for ~~me~~ a mitigation of the sentence, would be worse than useless. President Lincoln was our only hope. Fortunately, I knew him well. We had often met in the courts, and both as lawyer and President, he had always treated me with ~~une~~ failing kindness and consideration. Still, I was in doubt as to the ~~the~~ best method of approaching him. The offence committed by the aged minister was of the gravest character, and I was persuaded that the President would not interfere unless manifest ^{and} ~~in~~ proper reasons for clemency ^{were} ~~was~~ shown him. Henry S. Lane and Thomas A. Hendricks, then represented Indiana in the senate, and I resolved to enlist their aid in Mr. Lockett's behalf. I had studied law in the office of Colonel Lane, and we had been warm friends for many years. I therefore hastened to call upon him at his hotel. When I made known my errand, however, he interrupted me with ^{much} ~~considerable~~ warmth, and said that if Mr. Lockett had been supplying the rebels with ^{an} ~~am~~unition and quinine, under no circumstance would he interfere to save his life. Knowing argument to be useless, I bade him good evening and at once sought out Mr. Hendricks. I ^{had} ~~I~~ intended to ask ^{the latter} ~~him~~ to go with Colonel Lane to the President, but was now forced to ~~entreat~~ ^{go} ~~come~~ without

his colleague. Mr. Hendricks listened to my story, and at its conclusion promptly affirmed his willingness to accompany me to the President on ^{our} ~~a~~ errand of mercy. It was quickly arranged that I should call for him the next morning, after which I made my way to the lodgings of Colonel William R. Morrison, then ^a member of the house from Illinois. Though a democrat, I knew that Colonel Morrison was held in high regard by the President. He ^{responded} ~~responded~~ promptly and without the slightest hesitation to my appeal. ^P The evening was now far advanced, and, believing that I had done all that could be done until ^{the} ~~tomorrow~~, I turned my steps homeward. ^{Some} ~~any~~ errand, the nature of which I have now forgotten, caused ~~me~~ to pause for a few moments in the office of the Metropolitan Hotel, ^{and} There, to my surprise, I again ^a ~~came~~ face to face with Colonel Lane. He drew me aside and said that he had been looking for me for sometime. He had mentioned the Lockett case to his wife at dinner, and had been thinking of it since. "I do not feel satisfied" said he, "and if you will come with me to my room we will talk the matter over." When we reached his room, he carefully examined the papers Mr. ^{Bullitt} ~~Lockett~~ had given me, and declared with emphasis that he would join in an appeal to the President for clemency. ^P Two carriages containing our party of six, drove up to the White House entrance at ten o'clock the next morning. Senators Lane and

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Hendricks, and Colonel Morrison ^{were} in one carriage, and Mr. and Mrs.

Bullitt and myself in ^{the} another. The President received us without

delay. Senator Lane, who had been selected as spokesman of the party, briefly, but feelingly explained the occasion of our call. When he had

finished, there was an awkward pause, and then Mrs. Bullitt, addressing

the President as "Mr. Lincoln," broke in with an earnest and moving

appeal for her father's life. Until this time the President had

listened patiently, but without apparent feeling to our appeals. Now,

however, he turned quickly to Senator Lane and enquired:

P "Lane, what did you say this man's name was?"

P "Lockett," replied the senator. P "Not Henry M. Lockett?" asked

the President.

P "Yes," Mrs. Bullitt broke in. "My father's name is Henry M. Lockett."

P "Did ^{not} he preach in Springfield years ago?" asked Mr. Lincoln, a

look of the keenest interest now animating his sad and rugged face.

P "Yes, my father once preached in Springfield," was Mrs. Bullitt's re-

ply. P "Well, this is wonderful," Mr. Lincoln went on. "I knew this

man well, and have often heard him preach. He is tall and dark like

I am, and I have been mistaken for him on the streets." And he is to

be shot day-after tomorrow? No, no!! There will be no shooting nor

hanging in this case. There must be something wrong with him, or he

would not be in such a scrape as this. I do not know what more I

can do for him, but you can rest assured, my child" turning to Mrs.

Bullitt, "that your father's life is safe."

^P He touched a bell on ^{the} ~~his~~ table and ^a ~~the~~ telegraph operator

appeared from an adjoining room. To him Mr. Lincoln dictated a

dispatch to General Hurlburt, directing him to suspend ^{the} execution

of Henry M. Lockett and await further orders in the case. ^{As} we

thanked him and took our leave, Mrs. Bullitt sobbing and laughing by

turns and the others with tears in ^{their} ~~our~~ eyes, the President repeated as

if to himself: ^P "Henry M. Lockett! no, no, there will be no ^o shooting

nor hanging in this case!" ^P A few weeks later, Mr. ~~L~~ockett was

released and rejoined his friends in the North. ^{Without} delay and

poor as he was he journeyed ^{to} Washington to express his gratitude for

his rescue from a violent and ignoble death. ^{He} called ~~me~~ from my

seat in the House and met me exactly where I have met those who came

to plead for his life a few weeks before. ^{He} wanted to call and

thank the President in person for his great kindness, but the circum-

stances at the time were not favorable to such a call, and it was not

made. ^{He} remained with me only a few minutes, and then in ^{the} ~~a~~ hurried

manner of one who has much to do and whose time is short ^{moved} ~~away~~ and

I saw him no more. He died soon after, and nearly all the other actors

~~characters~~ in the incident I have related, have since followed him