

The Copperhead

OR THE

Secret Political History

OF OUR

CIVIL WAR UNVEILED

Showing the Falsity of New England.

PARTIZAN HISTORY,

HOW ABRAHAM LINCOLN CAME TO BE PRESIDENT

THE SECRET WORKING AND CONSPIRING OF
THOSE IN POWER.

MOTIVE AND PURPOSE OF PROLONGING THE WAR FOR FOUR YEARS.

TO BE DELIVERED AND PUBLISHED IN A SERIES OF
FOUR ILLUSTRATED LECTURES

By **DR. FAYETTE HALL,**
AUTHOR AND PUBLISHER.



NEW HAVEN, CONNECTICUT, U. S. A.

1902.

U.S. 6.30.1901

HARVARD COLLEGE LIBRARY
FROM
THE BEQUEST OF
EVERT JANSEN WENDELL
1918

Entered according to Act of Congress in the year 1902 by
FAYETTE HALL.
ALL RIGHTS RESERVED.



Fayette Hall

Author's Copy
Fayette Hall

INTRODUCTION.



“Don't tread on me.”—*Paul Jones.*

Nemo me impune lacessit.

The Copperhead strikes the Wehr Wolf.

The man who knows the truth and fears to declare it is a coward. But he who would suppress truth with free speech to defend it, through fear of conflicting with his own bigoted prejudice combined with ignorance is a greater coward.

It has been suggested that this lecture is too lengthy, and that it should be reduced to shorter time. But a lecture or book when once perfected and its parts properly adjusted, like a machine, cannot dispense with a part here and there without marring or spoiling the harmony of the whole. And if this prologue should seem too long, I assure the audience that I have use for it all in the course of the lectures, as the sequel will prove, and I must beg your indulgence for the time required.

For more than thirty-five years the world has been flooded with history, biography, reminiscence, lectures, orations, eulogies, and newspaper effervescence of the veriest nonsense with which the world has ever been inflicted over one man, and still more threatened, until it is time to change the programme, or at least show some truth as well as the falsity of history. Some writer has expressed the opinion that with all the verbose effusion of historical literature of Abraham Lincoln and our civil war that it is still unfinished and unsatisfactory, and that it will finally culminate in historical novel. False history is never satisfactory, as all falsehood is tainted with its falsity. And as nearly all of our New England history of Lincoln

and the civil war is partisan and false it cannot satisfy an honest, intelligent, unprejudiced mind.

This course of lectures, while not an historical novel, are, while the only true history, so far as it goes, yet published, sufficiently novel to entertain the reader of historical novels. And we have given it, although seriously, an historical novel sounding title. Don't think me imbued with the venom of the copperhead. It is only a cognomen of honor unwittingly bestowed upon me by the wehrwolves for declaring the truth. If there should be a slight trace of venom suspected we would suggest waiting further development before passing judgment.

As some of the audience might have to resort to the encyclopaedia for a description of the two creatures mentioned in the introduction, to save time and trouble we will give a description of them here.

THE COPPERHEAD.

An animal of very domestic nature and large inhabitiveness that is satisfied with its inherited possessions and never leaves its own domain to annoy or interfere with the rights of others. And although provided with powerful means of protection never strikes until encroached upon or in self defense.

THE WEHR WOLF.

Man wolf, or man who wants the earth and all that is therein, who has power to transform himself at will into a wolf. It was an old German myth, but which has materialized and become a reality, and the most detestable creature that infests the earth. An animal whose mentality consists of four elements with which the Mayflower and her consort came freighted. Avarice, assumption, arrogance and dictation. A combination of elements, which when unmolested in its depredations for plunder may tolerate other creatures so long as they remain subject to its dictation. But when interrupted in the exercise of its demands and its supremacy contested becomes a demon which nothing but blood, plunder and devastation can satiate, when the contestant is the weaker. It was never known, since its power of transformation, to attack its physical equal.

PREFACE.

Exception has been taken to the author's reference to Abraham Lincoln's origin and early life, and to his indolence and the poverty of his boyhood days. The only difference between their record and my own description of the boy, is that in the construction put upon the character of the same record, as it is but a quotation from their own biographers. His admirers would have the world believe that every act of Abraham Lincoln was that emanating from the highest intelligence and honest motives, at which this course of lectures is widely at variance, and would demonstrate that the only incentive to any exertion was the superstitious phantasies of a freak, aroused to action by negro voodooism and spirit mediums. And that his characteristics, acts and doings were but the result of his physiological and phrenological organization which denoted perception the same as any ape or other animal has to discover a good thing to satisfy their animal propensities or to give them power over other animals, with shrewdness, cunning and imitation, and we propose to show that every act of his so-called statesmanship was but an imitation of some barbarian predecessor. It may be thought that these lectures are instigated through animosity or ill will towards Mr. Lincoln. Not so. We have neither time nor disposition to waste a thought upon any one for such a purpose. In this case it is indignation at the abuse, insult and treachery imposed upon others, and in the cause of truth, justice and vindication. When the course is completed we will wait the verdict of the whole civilized world. If for us, we shall be pleased; if against us, we will be content with the conscientious satisfaction that we have performed our duty to the best of our ability.

THE AUTHOR.

FIRST LECTURE OF THE COURSE.

Why was General Fremont removed? Not until the Secret Political History of the Rebellion, which unmasks hearts and exhibits motives, shall be written can this question be fully answered.

So said Rev. John S. C. Abbott, the historian. Has that secret history ever been published, have those hearts been unmasked, have those motives been exhibited, has that question ever been answered?

There was but one man who had power to carry on and carry out that secret policy. There was but one man in power who had a motive for accomplishing that secret purpose. That man was Abraham Lincoln.

I am here to-night, ladies and gentlemen, not to entertain you with flourish of oratory, eloquence of speech or elegant and graceful gesture. Those qualities are naturally expected from speakers who have made those accomplishments a study. I am here in the cause of truth, justice and vindication. I am fully aware that the views and statements which I shall present to-night are, in most cases, widely at variance with those popularly entertained by the public at large, at least so far as expressed. But the truth is never destroyed by the smallness of the number of its adherents, and the growth of error, as has been said by another, need never be feared if the truth is left free to combat it.

It may seem strange to many or most of those present that one who has never been known as taking part in public affairs, either in Church or State, should become informed as to the secret history and doings of high government officials. Such is nevertheless the fact, but which would require too much time to explain upon this occasion, as there is so much to say which might better entertain the audience.

Before proceeding with the subject proper of the evening, I would call the attention of the audience to two or three articles as

selected from the public papers of the day which are a fitting prelude to the subject in hand. The first as taken from the *New York Journal*, a foremost champion and defender of justice and right, and of the poor and oppressed, with means to accomplish all that they propose.

“A hundred and six years ago Thomas Paine was prosecuted and condemned in London for libeling the Crown, in his trenchant treatise on the Rights of Man.” The apostle of liberty was defended, among others, by the great advocate, Erskine. He presented such an array of authorities and arguments for the liberty of the press and rose to such heights of eloquence in his plea that the speech became historic. He pointed out that the liberty of the press has been in all countries the last liberty that subjects have been able to wrest from power. Other liberties, he declared, are held under governments but the liberty of opinion *keeps governments themselves in due subjection to their duties.*”

It was this sentiment which gave rise to the popular political toast of that time:

“The liberty of the press, it is like the air we breathe, if we have it not we die.” And it was from the teaching of Thomas Paine and his sympathizers in this country, the author of our Declaration of Independence and Bills of Rights that the inspiration came to imbed in our Federal and State Constitution the immovable guarantees of a free press. The provision in our own State Constitution is this: Every citizen may freely speak, write and publish his sentiments on all subjects, being responsible for the abuse of that right, and no law shall be passed to restrain or abridge the liberty of speech or of the press.” The second article is from the *New York Press*, a paper upon which we will make no comment, leaving its readers to form their own conclusions, as it would be but time wasted upon an unfertile soil. Only for myself I will say that I should be alike indifferent to an expression of its opinion or sentiment, be it good or bad. “No other commemorative occasion has shown such an increase of observance in late years as the Birthday of Lincoln. Not only have many State Legislatures, including our own, made the 12th day of February a legal holiday, but what is of more importance, the day tends more and more to become one of thoughtful counsel concerning the Republic. It is becoming pre-eminently the day upon which men whom their fellow men trust and respect are called upon to speak whatever words of cheer or warning they

may have concerning the present and future of the people which is plainly more and more disposed to make this man's moral and mental stature its standard alike of devoted patriotism and shrewd statecraft. This year four men who are furthest from the type of after dinner orators, men who never speak unless they have something to say and who are listened to when they speak, will address the Marquette Club of Chicago on the lessons of Lincoln's life. They are Ex-President Harrison, Bishop Potter, Justice Brewer of the United States Supreme Court and Secretary Gage. It seems to us that it will be well worth the while of one of those gentlemen or some other speaker of prominence at this commemoration to call sharp and indignant attention to the desecration of Lincoln's name and the falsification of his character that has for some time been the practice of American demagogues. Such improprieties cannot, of course, be prevented any more than can be the habit of profane swearing or obscene speech. But the truth which gets fearfully twisted sometimes in the course of a generation of much talk and little precise writing about the character of a national idol, can, if forcibly presented, make such methods odious and subject them possibly to public rebuke from the audiences upon which they are practiced. Every man of the host of agitators whom the economic controversies of the past few years have bred, has a fixed habit of introducing this one of the actually beloved name of our history into the harangues wherewith he seeks to set class against class.

Governor Pingree's is the most recent in point. Mr. Bryan has been the most frequent and Senator Gillman the most grotesque of these transgressors. They, and scores of less notorious incendiaries of their kind are constantly, though of necessity, vainly endeavoring to identify the name and career of this moderate and conservative, though inflexibly thorough statesman with those of the class of revolutionists of history. In the most outlandish of their presentations he figures as a rebellious boor, a Jack Cade, and in the least as an eloquent advocate of philosophic anarchy, a Thomas Jefferson. In all he is made to appear as a representative of a particular class of social degradation. If he had thought the shack people a class of superior virtue he would have staid among them and split rails instead of aspiring to the hand of a Kentucky Todd. He was originally one of the corporation lawyers. He was frequently retained by that gigantic monopoly, the Illinois Central

railroad. He argued successfully for the construction of the first railroad bridge across the Mississippi, an engineering operation that crushed out more small competitors than any other of record. It dug the grave of that peculiarly individual class, the Mississippi steamboat men. The close of Mr. Lincoln's second term would have found him only in his fifty-ninth year. He was not a rich man. He was a very able lawyer. The next decade would have seen him in possession of the largest corporation practice in the country, simply because great undertakings require corporation management. Politically Mr. Lincoln was of the party called aristocratic, a term from which they never shrank, the Whig. He was a pronounced protectionist, no more afraid of making a few millionaires than was Bismark when he reversed the economic policy of the German Empire and banned and banished free trade. Abraham Lincoln was a supreme great ruler of men, the greatest in history in this respect, that he was the first to guide an absolutely free people through a prolonged crisis of a sort calculated to try popular patience to the utmost. The manner in which he kept his touch with and constantly renewed his support from great masses of men in a country where there is no ruling class, such as Pitt had, for instance, to back him, was one of the marvels of all time.

It is a marvel, of course, that could not have been accomplished but for the highest recorded average intelligence among the people governed and by as high a discipline in party as military organization. But he could not have been what he was, or done what he did, had he represented a part and not the whole of his people, or had he not been in thorough, in devoted, in sacrificial accord with the spirit of the institutions, social and political, which he preserved and which stand to-day as he left them. Let his people put the seal of their condemnation upon the wretches who seek to present this Jovian figure in the light of a fanatic partizan in the rights or wrongs of any class in the community, from the highest to the lowest. Lincoln belongs to all Americans."* Here we have the

* We are ever ready to give even the devil his due, and credit him with all to which he is entitled, when he coils his tail, telescopes his horns and remains quiescent and neutral. We are pleased to acknowledge that since the above was published the Press has greatly improved in character and disposition, and no longer indulges in vile vituperation and abuse of all who happen to be at variance with their own expressed ideas.

desire and sentiment of the *New York Press*. That any person or speaker who exposes facts, or expresses an opinion at variance with their assumption, arrogance and dictation shall be suppressed by mob violence or any other means necessary to crush out free speech. None but the guilty or cowards fear the truth. Josh Billings said that he cared nothing for lies. It was only the truth that he feared, and we think it is the truth that is most feared by those sycophantic caterers for partisan and party power. One more quotation as published at the time. The man who without even the nomination, retained, and held for two years the highest office in the gift of the people of the State after another had been fairly elected, that of Governor of the State of Connecticut. "It is right for us to hold the power by any means within our power, even to the buying of votes." I have the right to stand here to-night, alone, as did Bruno or Gallileo to demonstrate truth and certainly as much right as the whole world has to perpetrate and perpetuate falsehood. I shall make no assertion to-night that cannot be sustained either by history, circumstance, my own personal knowledge or by Abraham Lincoln's own partizan historians.

As spiritualism was one of the chief factors in the management of our national affairs during the reign of Abraham Lincoln, before proceeding farther there is one point which I wish to settle, clearly, definitely and conclusively.

That is my own position in regard to the subject and belief in spiritualism. It has been repeatedly asserted that I am a believer in and a devotee to the so-called spiritual philosophy and that it is from that source that I have obtained my information.

Incidentally and circumstantially spiritualism, through its investigation and professional association was the means of placing me in position which admitted me to the White House and to interview with President Lincoln. And that, too, at a time when all casual visitors were refused admittance, and which has finally culminated in this demonstration. But not as a believer in the theory as promulgated at that time. I have said that I believe there is some mighty force in nature which science has not revealed, and an intelligence that controls that force. Also that there is an intelligence and will that manufactures worlds and brings form and order out of chaos, an intelligence and will that sends them hurling through space at an almost inconceivable velocity without a jar or a tremor, and that each of those worlds contain

within themselves elements adapted to all the physical wants and requirements of each and every one of its inhabitants.

Thus far we have to some extent visible and tangible evidence. But the power and mind of man: who understands or knows the secrets of that? That is a mystery invisible and incomprehensible. Who knows the limit of its power or its capabilities?

Science teaches that all of man that is visible and tangible is but inanimate substance which, when the mind or spirit leaves decomposes, disintegrates and returns to its original condition.

There our knowledge ends. But let spiritualism be true or false, the President is placed in his position and has taken an oath to abide by the law and the Constitution, and his authority emanates from this sphere, not from another, and it was just as much treason to receive and obey orders from that source as from any other foreign power. I also believe that the spirits assuming them to be such, were devilish, for no honorable spirits would require the President to violate his oath and obligations, and perjure himself to obey and carry out their orders by employing the army and the sword.

Herndon in his life of Lincoln says: "Some persons will doubtless object to the narration of facts which will appear here for the first time, and which they contend should have been consigned to the tomb. Their pretense is that no good can come from such ghastly exposures. To over-sensitive souls, if any such exist, our answer is, that these facts are indispensable to a full knowledge of Mr. Lincoln in all the walks of life. In order properly to comprehend him and the stirring, bloody times in which he lived, and in which he played such an important part, we must have all the facts—we must be prepared to take him as he was. If Mr. Lincoln is destined to fill that exalted station in history, or attain that rank in the estimation of the coming generations which has been predicted of him, it is alike just to his memory and the proper legacy of mankind that the whole truth concerning him should be known. If the story of his life is truthfully and courageously told; nothing colored or suppressed, nothing falsely written or suggested, the reader will see and feel the presence of the living man. If, on the other hand, the story is colored or the facts in any way suppressed, the reader will not only be misled but imposed upon as well. At last the truth will come and no man need hope to evade it." There was no objection to lateness in the day, or lapse of

time in Herndan's unpleasant assertions as there has been in the present instance. In both cases the objection has been to oppose the truth, and a desire to make a saint out of, at least very poor material.

And Abraham Lincoln is the only character in history against whom such an objection has been raised.

People do not want to have the truth known. They want something else that accords with their ideas.

"Upwards of two hundred years ago, Thomas Fuller, D.D., of whom Coleridge said that he was incomparably the most sensible, and least prejudiced great man of an age that boasted of a galaxy of great men wrote as follows: "History is a velvet study and recreation work. What a pittie it is to see a proper gentleman to have such a crick in his neck that he cannot look backward. Yet no better is he who cannot see behind him the actions which were long since performed. History maketh a young man to be old without either wrinkles or grey hair; privileging him with the experience of age without either the infirmities or inconveniences thereof. Yea, it not only maketh things past present; but enableth one to make a rational conjecture of things to come." I have often been asked the question: Don't you think it will do more harm than good to agitate the subject at this late day? To such I would ask: What is a century or ten centuries in a great nation's history? Don't you think it would have been better for the world to have remained flat, would it not have been better to have burned Gallileo and his theory with Bruno and squelched the discovery of the earth's rotundity and rotation for the sake of the Church? It might also have saved John Jasper a vast amount of erudite research in defense of *de sun do move*. Don't you think it would be better to never mention the horrors of the Spanish Inquisition? "The burning of seven thousand persons at Treves for witchcraft? About the same number at Toulouse, five hundred in three months at Geneva, eight hundred at Bamberg, to say nothing of England's Smithfield and our own New England Salem?"

Why not burn and destroy New England history of inhuman barbarities committed in the name of God and the meeting house, upon a helpless people for having and daring to express opinions of their own? It might be just as well with all the rest to exclude all reference to the dark ages and the destruction of the Alexandrian Library. I notice that in most instances it is only the

galled jade that winces. I will now proceed with the subject as announced, and all that I ask is quiet attention while I am speaking and a reservation of all expression of criticism, either for or against, until after I am done, for no person is capable of criticising intelligently until after they have received the whole, and no person of intelligence would presume to attempt it.

ABRAHAM LINCOLN!

Who and what was he?

Who he was is a mystery. What he was is history. History and history has been written, at least so-called history more than of any other man who has ever lived, and yet but little of the true history of Abraham Lincoln has been written and but very little of the true history of the man is known to the world. No character in history has been so falsely represented, no character in history has received so much unmerited, nonsensical, eulogistic laudation. And for what? We read of Lincoln's sad face, of his great ability as a rail splitter, of his dexterity as a deck hand on a river flat boat, of his first love, Ann Rutledge, of his second fiancée, Mary Owens, of his courtship and marriage of Mary Todd or of some story told to amuse and entertain his hearers, or whereby he gave instructions to his subordinates. But never of one act of statesmanship suited to or worthy of his high position and the world is challenged to produce one act of statesmanship of Abraham Lincoln that was great, grand and constitutional. Who he was we say is a mystery, not a mystery of the hazy past, he had no ancient lineage to puzzle and bewilder the biographer and historian. His maternal ancestry dated back but one generation and that was quickly disposed of. The father of Nancy Hanks, the mother of Lincoln, his biographer says was unknown and Abraham Lincoln himself said that he didn't know who his grandfather was. So Abraham Lincoln's maternal ancestry began and ended with Nancy Hanks. Such was the undeniable fact to which like David Crocket's coon they came down and surrendered without a shot. That was of but little consequence. It is not from the maternal side of the family that the genealogical tree takes root and branches and passes down for the study of future generations. It was the paternal ancestry that annoyed and troubled Abraham Lincoln and which caused him to request that no allusion should be made of his origin or parentage.

He needed not to have given himself uneasiness on that account. The partisan biographer and historian are in most cases

equal to the emergency and can give an ancestral record until lost in the mazy labyrinth of the dark ages emblazoned with heraldry if so desired. Unfortunately for the ancestral record of Abraham Lincoln the attempt to falsify his origin has been overdrawn and left, his paternal more uncertain than his maternal record. It is well known who his mother was, and never questioned. Not so his father, for although his biographer has given a record it is one that will not bear investigation, for notwithstanding eight partisan Republican Legislatures, out of *forty-five*, have enacted and appointed a day for the commemoration of Abraham Lincoln's birth not one of them knows when that event occurred, as there is no authentic record, and the one given would not be admitted in a court of justice so long as would be required to read it. The Connecticut Legislature has appointed three different occasions for the banks to close their doors in commemoration of the great event. The fact is that according to the folklore of Kentucky, which is probably the most correct of all record, the conception and birth of Abraham Lincoln was one of those misty premature affairs of spontaneity unknown whence it came or where it belonged. The situation was legally accepted and assumed, it is said, for a consideration, by a perambulating log shack carpenter named Thomas Lincoln. The circumstance of his birth was favorable to those sycophantic admirers who have announced and declared him a Saviour, and the future partisan writer may place him in the same category as the other sixteen historical Saviours. His reputed father was a carpenter and if he was not born in a stable manger it was in a hovel no better, and I must say that such an attempt would be no more ridiculously absurd than much or most that has already been written of the man. And as the *New York Press* has given him the name and attributes of a God they might give him a dual divinity and entitle him to a share of their religious devotions.

It is not the birth, childhood or pedigree of Abraham Lincoln for which we hold him responsible, for thus far his existence was not of his own volition.

The experience of his childhood was, no doubt, similar to many other children of the lower order of intelligence, born and brought up under similar circumstances. It is the grown up boy, the adult man and President of a portion of the disintegrated states with whom we have to deal.

The Lincoln family as described by the historian must have been as low in the scale of humanity as it is possible for human beings in a civilized country to descend, or as near to their Darwinian origin as but one remove would place them.

For although Thomas Lincoln, the putative father of Abraham, was said to have been a carpenter by trade and living upon a soil as fertile as any upon the face of the earth, where it only required to receive the seed and to be tickled with the hoe to return in abundance the various products of the soil adapted to one of the finest climates in the world, and with facilities for producing and raising domestic animals and poultry sufficient to supply the every want of that nature in a family unused to the higher modes of civilization. Besides the surrounding forests abounded with game of almost every description, of feathered fowl, from the quail and partridge to the lordly turkey. And with four-footed beasts, from the squirrel and rabbit to the deer and bear with which the larder might have been replenished and kept supplied at all times. Instead we read that raw potatoes were pared and passed around for the family and visitors to satisfy their hunger. It hardly seems credible that human beings with facilities for roasting, could be induced to eat them raw, for even pigs brought up in a civilized community, unless half starved, would turn up their noses and refuse to eat them. But such is Lincoln history, and here we leave the family and visitors munching and regaling themselves upon raw potatoes and salt, washing them down with cold spring water with its due proportion of typhoid germs in the form of bacteria, animalcule, infusoria or any other poisonous elements held in solution which the earth might contain.

I will now confine my remarks more particularly to the individual to whom the *New York Press* and its retainers would compel every free American citizen to do homage, bow in reverence, and refrain from taking his name in vain, especially those to whom he was most repulsive.

In the early boyhood of Abraham Lincoln, nothing worthy of note, except that according to nearly or quite all of his biographers, he was a lazy lout of a boy, who disliked and shunned all manual labor, or anything which required much physical exertion, a trait which he retained as long as he lived. Even the pursuit of game, which is so fascinating to most boys and men, was distasteful to him, and the only wild game of which we read of his shooting or

capturing, was a turkey which came to him, or so near that he shot it from the shack door, or rather from where the door should have been.

His desire for learning was, no doubt, incited from association with those who could read, was certainly commendable, but the methods adopted in some instances showed a want of enterprise and energy, and sometimes for a person who has been so loudly extolled a lack of honesty. We read that when he was employed as a laborer and left at work in the fields that he would be found lying upon his stomach reading some book, which was probably not a stipulation with his employer. We don't know how that might have been considered in Kentucky or Illinois, but in Connecticut it would not have been under those conditions that he would have obtained the name of Honest Abe. Again we see him in his favorite position lying by the open fireplace reading or engaged in some mathematical solution with only the light which the burning brand afforded.

Had he been a boy of the versatile genius, the mighty muscular power and heroic fearlessness that the historian would have the world believe, we think that with the country abounding with oil in the shape of bear fat, or even with those little black and white animals called the *American Sable*, carrying a back load of the finest of oil for illuminating purposes it would have been an easy matter to have secured sufficient for his own rude home-made lamp if he was unable to secure a better one.

We will let that suffice for his early boyhood, or until, as the writer says, about his eighteenth year, when he earned his first dollar, an account of which, like most of the Lincoln history, varies. The first account, as coming from Mr. Lincoln himself, says, that two men with their trunks employed him with his boat to place them on board a river steamboat, for which service they each gave him a silver half dollar.

The other occasion of his first earned money was, that while standing upon the shore a river steamboat was passing, when some one on board called to him to come with his boat. He went, took off the passenger and was paid a silver half dollar which he dropped into the river. Mr. Lincoln said, after relating the incident, "I can see the quivering and shining of that half dollar yet as it sank from my sight forever."

Again one of his biographers says, "Lincoln never spilt rails, and wished him to contradict the story, when he told him that it was but a campaign fad, let them think so."

John Connors, another one of Lincoln's many biographers, says: "In the recent eulogy by Cannon Farrar of General Grant, reference is made to this general error, concerning Abraham Lincoln, that he split rails. Every one, so to say, believes that Mr. Lincoln, in the beginning of his life, split rails on one or more occasions. But Mr. Lincoln told the writer that he never split a rail, and described his confusion when after his nomination for President, the people came to congratulate him, bringing on their shoulders the rails he had split. What should he do about it? It was not true, and his impulse was then and there to correct it. He concluded to let it pass. The loose tradition originating in the enthusiasm and cunning of his followers has now passed into the realms of accepted facts."

Another, as published in the *Indianapolis Journal* says: "At the time he was seventeen years old Lincoln was an awkward, indolent and apparently unambitious boy. There was nothing in his appearance that indicated more than ordinary intelligence. The stories of his great industry, and particularly of the immense number of rails he split, are fiction. The Lincolns had no fences, and had no need of them, as the country was an almost unbroken wilderness. After Mr. Lincoln became President a thriving business was done in the manufacture of canes and various other articles from rails, said to have been split by him. A log cabin, said to be the original home of the Lincolns was transported bodily to Illinois, when in fact the original cabin had been torn down and all traces of it obliterated years before." Even Mr. Lincoln himself did not know and could not give the locality where it had stood, to Thomas Hicks, the artist who wished to take a sketch of it after painting Mr. Lincoln's portrait in 1860, and no one knows the date or place of Abraham Lincoln's birth. Upon the other side of the rail fence question we have direct contradictions. Leonard Sweett, in his reminiscences, says: Lincoln told him that in Macon County he found some cousins by the name of Hanks, and in connection with one of these young men, that winter, took the job of splitting rails at a fixed price per hundred.

To another he said that he contracted to split four hundred rails for each yard of blue jean sufficient to make a pair of pants, at

least twelve hundred rails for about fifty cents, which contract was fulfilled. So we see that in his early life contradictions were not unusual, and we propose to show that his whole public life and acts were constant contradictions. One more little episode of Lincoln's grown-up boyhood before we enter upon the important period of his life. The cause of his receiving the cognomen of Honest Abe. That great specimen of six feet and four inches of coarse bone and muscle had obtained a position in a small country store for the sale of whiskey, sugar, tape, calico and other commodities, which might be called for and furnished in stores of that description, where having sold a piece of calico he made a mistake of six cents in computing the price which he refunded. Upon another occasion having sold a pound of tea, for which he was paid, he gave only a half pound, when he closed the store for the evening and carried the customer the other half pound. Those were the circumstances which the historian says gave him the name of Honest Abe, and which was thought to be of sufficient consequence to be recorded in the world's history.

And it is of such or similar nonsense that comprises much or most of the life and history of Abraham Lincoln. A history of more fullsome verbosity than any other in existence.

In looking over some of the Lincoln papers recently I came across the following sketch, given by one of his admirers:

"Abraham Lincoln was a man apart from his kind, in mind, body and fortune. Physically he was what would be termed in biology a freak, and in botany a sport. One of those abrupt departures from the morphological line for which science can as yet give no reason. *No resemblance could ever be traced between him and any of his relations, near or remote. No two men of the same race could be more unlike than he and his father.* From the social, domestic and physical standpoint alike he seemed indeed the man without a model and without a shadow."

"Regarding the paternity of Lincoln a great many surmises and a still larger amount of unwritten, at least unpublished history have drifted into the currents of western lore and journalism. A number of such traditions are extant in Bourbon County, Kentucky, that Thomas Lincoln, for a consideration from one, Abraham Inlow, a miller there, assumed the paternity of the infant child of a poor girl named Nancy Hanks, and where, after marriage, removed with her to Washington or Hardin County, where the son

who was *Named Abraham after his real, and Lincoln after his putative father, was born.*

A prominent citizen of Mount Sterling, in that State, and subsequently editor of a newspaper, and who was descended from the Abraham Inlow mentioned has written a long argument in support of his alleged kinship through this source to Mr. Lincoln. He emphasizes the striking similarity in stature, in facial features and length of arms." Had the biographer and scientist given their attention in the right direction and discovered the juggling of the record and reasoned from cause and effect it might have enlightened their understanding. And here we leave the question. Who was Abraham Lincoln yet unsolved, still a mystery.

We will now proceed with the second and more important part of the question.

What was Abraham Lincoln? There have been three other questions propounded. The first was a national question, which had its inquirers all over the country, except in his own immediate vicinity, which was: Who is Abraham Lincoln? The second, Was Abraham Lincoln a Spiritualist? The third and last question was, Was Abraham Lincoln a hypocrite? All of which I shall endeavor to answer to the best of my ability.

In describing a material subject it is proper to first give a description of its physical formation. For instance, in describing a country we would first give the outline and physical formation before recounting its productive capacity or its desirability as a habitable location. In describing an animal, a horse for instance, it would be proper to show the beauty of its physical formation, or if you desired to purchase the animal you would first exact its pedigree, then examine it in every particular. First, its outlines of beauty, its muscular development, the formation of its head, the form and structure of its feet, the breadth of forehead, the fullness and brightness of the eyes, the shape and set of the ears and finally the intelligent expression of the face. And any deficiency or imperfection in any one of those qualities would have its depreciating effect, and with all those points imperfect, you might, if proprietor of a bone mill with its appurtenances be induced to give at the rate of eighteen dollars a dozen delivered at the mill. As it is with animals so it should be with the human family, and as I am about to describe the characteristics, acts and doings of one of the most prominent characters of the nineteenth century, I will start with

(FROM THE NEW YORK WORLD OF SUNDAY, OCT. 27, 1895.)

“How Civilization Changes the Shape of the Human Skull.”



THE NEW YORK WORLD of the above date gave illustrations of a series of seven heads, from Man-like Ape and Ape-like Man up to high intelligence. This Ape-like man is second in the list; it was intended as a companion portrait to Mr. Lincoln's, to show the similarity of the two brains. But our printer being a republican, and a gentleman of sensitive, fine sentiment, thinking it might be taken as a caricature, wished to be excused from printing it, to which to spare his feelings we cheerfully consented. But it is not so intended, this is too serious a subject for ridicule. It is given in support of our position in this history.



Fac-simile of portrait, taken from "Reminiscences of Abraham Lincoln in Public Library.

(FROM THE NEW YORK WORLD OF SUNDAY, OCT. 27, 1895.)

“How Civilization Changes the Shape of the Human Skull.”



THE NEW YORK WORLD of the above date gave illustrations of a series of seven heads, from Man-like Ape and Ape-like Man up to high intelligence. This Ape-like man is second in the list; it was intended as a companion portrait to Mr. Lincoln's, to show the similarity of the two brains. But our printer being a republican, and a gentleman of sensitive, fine sentiment, thinking it might be taken as a caricature, wished to be excused from printing it, to which to spare his feelings we cheerfully consented. But it is not so intended, this is too serious a subject for ridicule. It is given in support of our position in this history.



Fac-simile of portrait, taken from "Reminiscences of Abraham Lincoln in Public Library.

a physiological and phrenological description of the man. A description which has already been given by two of his most ardent admirers and biographers, which may be found in Herndon's life of Lincoln, also in *Six Months at the White House with Abraham Lincoln*, by F. B. Carpenter and any one who may have doubts as to the truth of the description given can satisfy themselves by studying St. Gauden's statue of the man or of any other cast of any description which was modeled from the original.

While Mr. F. B. Carpenter has painted a portrait to please Mr. Lincoln's family and friends he has fortunately given a correct pen portrait of the man, which he says was given by the Hon W. H. Herndon in an address in Springfield Dec. 12th, 1865, which is as follows:

"He was about six feet, four inches high. He was thin, wiry, sinewy, raw-boned; thin through the breast to the back and narrow across the shoulders, inclining to the consumptive in build. His usual weight was one hundred and sixty pounds. His organization, rather his structure and functions worked slowly. His structure was loose and leathery; his body was shrunk and shriveled, having dark skin, dark hair—looking woe struck. The whole man, body and mind, worked slowly, creakingly, as if it needed oiling. Physically he was a very powerful man, lifting with ease four hundred or six hundred pounds. His mind was like his body and worked slowly but strongly. When he walked he moved cautiously but firmly, his long *arms and hands swung down by his side. He walked with even tread, the inner side of his feet being parallel.* He put the whole foot flat down at once, not landing upon the heel; he likewise lifted his foot all at once, not rising from the toe, and hence had no spring to his walk. He had economy of fall and lift of foot, though he had no spring or apparent ease of motion in his tread. *He walked undulatory, up and down,* catching and pocketing tire, weariness and pain all up and down his person, preventing them from locating. The first opinion of a stranger, or a man who did not observe closely, was that his walk implied shrewdness, cunning, a tricky man; but it was the walk of caution and firmness. His legs and arms were abnormally, unnaturally long, and in undue proportion to the balance of his body. Mr. Lincoln's head was long and tall from the base of the brain and from the eyebrows. His head ran backwards, his forehead rising as it ran back at a low angle. His forehead was narrow but high. His cheek bones were

high, sharp and prominent; his eyebrows heavy and prominent; his jaws were long, upcurved and heavy; his nose was large, long and blunt, a little awry towards his right eye; his chin was long, sharp and upcurved; his eyebrows cropped out like a huge rock on the brow of a hill; his face was long, sallow and cadaverous, shrunk, shriveled, wrinkled and dry; his cheeks were leathery; his ears were large and ran out almost at right angles from his head, caused partly by heavy hats and partly by nature; his lower lip was thick, hanging, and undercurved, while his chin reached for the lip up-curved. Thus stood, walked, acted and looked Abraham Lincoln. He was a sad looking man; melancholy dripped from him as he walked. His apparent gloom impressed his friends and created a sympathy for him. He was gloomy, abstracted and joyous,—rather humorous by turns.”

Thus we see that two of Mr. Lincoln's most prominent and intelligent friends have described his physical and phrenological formation. They say that his forehead was narrow but high. His forehead was high as a hill, is high with a gradual easy slope to the top, with a bluff or precipice upon the other side. His head would have to be turned around hind side before to give him a high forehead.

Here we have a correct description of Abraham Lincoln's physical and phrenological organization. We read in the first chapter of Genesis: And God said let the earth bring forth the living creature after his kind, cattle and creeping things, and beasts of the earth after his kind; and it was so; And God said: Let us make man in our own image, after our likeness: So God created man in his own image, in the image of God created he him.

Now, according to the description given by two of his most intimate friends and ardent admirers, which did Abraham Lincoln most nearly resemble, the higher and superior form of man, which we are told is the form of Deity, or according to the theory of Darwin and other celebrated scientists, the lower and inferior form of his great congener the ape?

I shall take the negative side of the question, answering for myself, and also that he was not many generations removed. I recently came across a poetical effusion which contained the following lines, which are very applicable to the case:

Of course you've read of Darwin and his origin of man,
 How he evolves the monkey to rule o'er sea and land
 And if you don't believe him go search the record well.
 'Tis filled with men from every clime, color, creed and race,
 And men who know not whence they came, but you'll see it
 in their face.

The New York *World*, of Sunday, Oct. 27, 1895, gave a list of seven heads, graded from a man-like ape and ape-like man, up to high intelligence. The head of the ape-like man is almost a perfect fac-simile of the head of Abraham Lincoln, with the exception of one organ, that of eventuality, which in the ape-like man is almost entirely wanting, but which in Lincoln's head is full, that being the organ which gave him the faculty of remembering where he had placed a whetstone fifteen years before, also every vulgar and obscene story which he ever chanced to hear, especially after writing them down in a book which his biographer tells us he carried for that purpose, where he ever had one ready for any emergency, no matter how serious or momentous the occasion, and which they tell us were necessary to relieve his surcharged heart and give vent to his pent-up grief and anxiety and to prevent a collapse of his mental forces, which would have left the country in a helpless and hopeless condition.

So we see upon what a slender tenure the life of the nation hung. Had he chanced by any misfortune to have lost that book, and his memory for the time failed him, we cannot tell what might have been the fearful and direful result. Was it pent-up grief, a sur-charged heart pulling upon its strings, and fear of a mental collapse that caused Abraham Lincoln at a Presidential reception to stop and hold in waiting three thousand people who were passing before him to do him honor, to hear a vulgar story which he had neglected to write down in that book which he carried for that purpose, and had partly forgotten, to be repeated. There may be those who think so, but what little mental force they ever possessed has already collapsed. Since writing the above description of Mr. Lincoln, I came across the following description of the man given in a note in Herndon's life of Lincoln:

"I beg to note here in passing the estimate of Lincoln's mind and character by one of his colleagues at the bar in Springfield, who still survives, but whose name for certain reasons I am constrained to withhold. I still retain the original M.S. written by

him twenty years ago. I am particularly requested, he says, to write my opinion of the mind of Abraham Lincoln, late President of the United States, and I consent to do so without any other motive than to comply with the request of a brother lawyer, for if I know myself, no other motive would induce me to do it, because, while Mr. Lincoln and I were always good friends, I believe myself wholly indifferent to the future of his memory. The opinion I now have was formed by a personal acquaintance of more than ten years, and has not been altered or influenced by any of his promotions in public life. The adulation by base multitudes of a living, and the pageantry surrounding a dead President, do not shake my well settled convictions of the man's mental calibre. Physiologically the man was a sort of monstrosity. His frame was large, long, boney and muscular; his head small and disproportionately shaped. He had large, square jaws; large, heavy nose, small lascivious mouth and soft, tender, bluish eyes.

"I would say he was a cross between Venus and Hercules. I believe it to be inconsistent with the laws of human organization for any such creature to possess a mind capable of anything called great.

"The man's mind partook of the incongruities of his body. He had no mind not possessed by the most ordinary of men.

"It was simply the peculiarity of his mental and the oddity of his physical structure as well as the qualities of his heart that singled him out from the mass of men."

What qualities of heart had Abraham Lincoln different from other men? Are human motives actuated by the heart? Is the heart a sentient organ capable of sentiment or thought? The design of the heart is to force by mechanical action the blood through the arteries of the human system. We might as well credit the hydraulic ram which forces water through all the arteries and ramifications of the plumber's skill of having sentiment and reason as the heart.

Those sycophantic satellites who would place Abraham Lincoln upon the highest pinnacle of fame as the greatest man the world has ever produced, having made the discovery that his head was greatly deficient in the phrenological development of what is described by science as the intellectual portion are now asserting that many or most of the great men and minds of the past have had a similar lack of development, and have referred to several of the great celeb-

rities as illustrative of their assertion. Among whom are Alexander the Great and Julius Ceasar. The head of Frederick the Great, as seen from a portrait in Carlyle's work receded dreadfully. Lord Byron's, they tell us, was remarkably small, also those of Lord Bacon and Cosmo di Medici. Men of genius of ancient times have only what may be called an ordinary every-day forehead, and Herodotus, Alcibiades, Plato and Epicurus,, among many others, are mentioned as instances.

The average forehead of the Greek sculptures in the frieze from the Parthenon, is, we are told, lower, if anything, than what is seen in modern foreheads. The Gods themselves, they say, are represented with ordinary if not low brows. They say it is true that in the early paintings men are distinguished by their large heads, but that is attributable to the painters who agreed with the general opinion and wished to flatter their sitters." It is true that with the ancient Greeks extreme height of forehead was not considered a mark of beauty, but the ancients knew as well as we of to-day that intellect required brains, and whatever their works of art lacked in height was made up in breadth.

And whatever the ancient artist may have done in the way of flattery, it is certain the moderns have lost none of that phase of their art, for there can be no instance on record where the falsity of art is more flagrant than in the head of Abraham Lincoln.

Herndan's critic says of Lincoln, "I would say he was a cross between Venus and Hercules." I would say that he more resembled a cross of a Satyr and Nymph, the Satyr predominating.

No six feet and four inches of Hercules but would weigh more than one hundred and sixty pounds.

I have found two illustrations which are as near correct as can be in print. One of them the frontispiece of recollections of President Lincoln by L. E. Chittenden, being a representation of his statue by Augustus St. Gauden's, which is undoubtedly correct, as it was from a plaster cast of the original, and which the critic can see is contracted and concave at the sides, while the other, a medallion profile view on the cover of Reminiscences of Abraham Lincoln, certainly does not flatter the intellectual appearance of a man. His admirers have not only falsified his portrait, but have also falsified his character and I know of no instance where phrenology is better verified than in the head of Abraham Lincoln, and which although but little more than the

world's representation of the ape-like man, he had enough brains located where, while it saved him from idiocy, left him a freak and gave him the qualification to obtain a position in which the dishonest fanaticism of the time aiding that of low cunning and secret intrigue which carried him to the White House and deluged the land in blood. Now comes a period in our national history which, considering the age in which we live, the advantages of education, the teaching of history and the experience of the past, the most astounding and seemingly incredible of anything in the world's history. It is impossible in one limited lecture to enter into an elaborate explanation of cause and effect that has produced the trouble and turmoil that has been inflicted upon this nation and as I have not proposed to do so I shall leave that to the succeeding lectures and confine myself to the character which the time, condition of the country and the exigencies of the case developed. Having arrived at an age when it became incumbent upon him to procure his own subsistence, and as manual labor was distasteful, and if possible to be avoided, it became a study with Abraham Lincoln how to obtain that subsistence with the least possible exertion. Consequently he obtained a position on a river flat boat, upon which he could lazily drift with the current, a characteristic which he ever after retained, as his after public career was but a drift with the current which flowed favorable for the attainment of his superstitious fancies as predicted by the fortune teller. His advent into and contact with the world tended to enlarge his perceptive faculties and created a desire for notoriety, a trait which might have been inherited from his own immediate unknown ancestor. It has been said that his ready gift of speech and style of oratory was much after the style of those peregrinating preachers who occasionally made excursions through the, at that time, wild west. We have given a description of the head and physical structure of Abraham Lincoln, and now I would ask, what are the most predominant characteristics of a corresponding formation? From my own study and observation I should say that shrewdness, cunning and imitation were the most predominant features, and I think that the naturalist would so concede. And I propose to show that our individual subject was not an exception to the rule. And that when his biographical friends, Herndon and Carpenter, said: "That to a stranger his appearance and walk denoted shrewdness, cunning, a tricky man," that he was all that his appearance indi-

cated. Not only indicated, but that his cunning schemes and tricks were openly boasted of by his most trusted satellites and servitors. I also assert and shall show that nearly every public act of Abraham Lincoln's so-called statesmanship was but an imitation of some historical barbarian predecessor or by direction of those same barbarian spirits purporting to instruct him through the many mediums whom he employed and consulted the same as the oracles were consulted and obeyed in the days of pagan Greece and Rome. And that he kept those spirit mediums at his ready call the same as Attila kept and consulted his Sangabans through all his devastation of Gaul and the Roman Empire.

We will now leave the early and uneventful period of Lincoln's life until he enters upon his public and political career and until his acquaintance with Miss Mary Todd, whom he married and of whom a short description was given by Herndon, in which he says: "In her figure and physical proportions, in education, bearing, temperament, history, in everything she was the exact reverse of Lincoln." In everything she was not the reverse of Lincoln. They were both superstitious. They were both inordinately ambitious, they were both born and brought up in an atmosphere of superstition, a concentrated halo of which he retained as long as he lived. The people of their vicinity, the historian says, were full of strange superstitions. The belief in witchcraft and African magic survived far into the nineteenth century. When a person believed himself bewitched a shot at the image of the witch with a bullet melted from a silver half dollar was a curative agency. Certainly a mild method compared with the New England horror of hanging, burning or tying their hands and feet and throwing them into a pond to see whether they sank or floated. It was not only the New England superstitions which had been transplanted, but in negro voodooism as well.

The acceptance and marriage of Mary Todd to Abraham Lincoln was thought at the time a very strange and incongruous affair, which was opposed by her friends, who remonstrated and told her that she was making a mistake. There was a cause for her acceptance of Lincoln which, although known to some persons was, I believe, never given in full by the historian. Napoleon married Josephine Beauharnais to gratify ambition. A fortune teller had told Josephine that she was to become an Empress, and Napoleon had "Au destin" inscribed in the wedding ring, and when his mother

remonstrated at his marrying a woman six years older than himself, he calmly answered her that he had done so to further ambition, and wrote to her these words: "Great events ever depend on a single hair, the adroit man profits by every thing, neglects nothing which can increase his chances." In everything he was guided by selfish interests, and at the same time the interest and glory of France, and Josephine was only a means to an end.

Abraham Lincoln and Mary Todd were also superstitious and ambitious, ready to sacrifice every principle for means to an end.

When Lincoln first made advances to Miss Todd, who was very much his superior in every respect, position, education and culture, a lady fitted for society and the higher walks of life descended from a family with a record, and who could have married a man who was in every respect her equal and better suited to her condition in life. A man who, as a man, she far preferred to the one she married and at the time she must have formed that conclusion, for at the first advances of Lincoln as a suitor for her hand she coolly snubbed him and said to an acquaintance, Who the devil do you think is after me now? It's that old long shanks, Lincoln, which remark shows that she was not particularly enamored of him.

Shortly after thus expressing herself she discovered that a fortune teller had predicted for Lincoln that he was to become President of the United States. Whereupon Miss Todd became the suitor, or at least encouraged him to renew the attempt, when after quite an unpleasant experience she succeeded in becoming his wife. After her engagement to Lincoln a friend who had remonstrated asked why she did not marry Douglass, when she coolly answered, "I shall marry the man who is to become President of the United States." Miss Todd also wrote to the daughter of Gov. Wickliffe a letter containing a description of the gawky young Lincoln, to whom she was betrothed, and said: "I mean to make him President of the United States all the same. You will see that, as I have always told you, I will be the President's wife." Lincoln's biographers relate the circumstance of the question and the answer, but omit the most interesting part of the episode, that of the fortune telling in connection with the story.

The first attempt at a marriage, as recorded in history, was a disgraceful failure on the part of Lincoln, as at the time appointed, January 1st, 1841, after an elaborate preparation, with the minister

and wedding guests all present, Lincoln failed to put in an appearance, but on Nov. 4th, 1842, Herndon says, "License was obtained, the minister sent for and in the evening, as pale and trembling as if being driven to slaughter, Abraham Lincoln was at last married to Mary Todd."

One great trial of his life was now over and another still greater was yet to come. He knew he did not love her, but he had promised to marry her and he stood face to face with the great conflict between honor and domestic peace. He chose the former and with it years of self torture, sacrificial pangs and the loss forever of a happy home. With Miss Todd, a different motive, but one equally unfortunate, prompted her adherence to the union. In Lincoln she saw position in society, prominence in the world and the grandest social distinction. By that means her ambition would be satisfied.

Until that fatal New Year's day in 1841, she may have loved him, but his action upon that occasion forfeited her affection. He had crushed her proud womanly spirit, love fled at the approach of revenge. If in time she became soured at the world, it was not without provocation, and if in later years she unchained the bitterness of disappointed and changed nature, it followed naturally as effect does a cause."

Now I would ask what prospect had the gawky ignorant Lincoln in 1841, of becoming President of the United States in 1861, twenty years after, other than their belief in the prediction of the voodoo fortune teller. While the marriage of Napoleon and Josephine, and Abraham and Mary were for the same or similar motives, to satisfy ambition, there was a difference in this respect. We may call it a transposition of characters. It was Napoleon who married Josephine to further his ambitious purposes, as the voodoo had predicted that she should become an empress. It was Mary who married Abraham, as the voodoo had predicted that he should become a president. Both marriages were for the gratification of ambition.

Napoleon succeeded in his purpose, and obtained a position and power far beyond his most sanguine expectations. Mary's marriage to Abraham was a flat failure. She never obtained the position in society which Herndon says she coveted. Abraham Lincoln was a man uncouth, uncultivated and unfitted for the higher

walks of life and for refined society, never tolerated further than respect for the office demanded.

Refined and cultivated society may receive and tolerate the uncultivated wife of a gentleman, but the boorish husband of a lady, never!

While the historian has described the exhibition of Mrs. Lincoln's manifestation of anger they would have the world believe that Mr. Lincoln was of an angelic nature and his face the face of an angel. It is true they say that he had passion and occasionally gave vent to it by outbursts of profanity and obscenity, but usually as described, upon some underling who was only too glad to escape without replying. I think that Mrs. Keekley, Mrs. Lincoln's colored dressmaker, could if she chose, away from political influence, have told in her book, as I have had it from intimate habitues of the White House, that there were occasions when that old morning wrapper went up and down the rooms and corridors of the Presidential mansion with its skirts on a horizontal plane attached to a gaunt form painting the green room and the blue room red in a frenzy of jealous rage. Now, what was the occasion for these exhibitions of rage and profanity?

Herndan says: "In her domestic troubles I have always sympathized with Mrs. Lincoln. The world does not know what she bore, or how illy adapted she was to bear it." Who and what was the cause of Mrs. Lincoln's domestic trouble? Herndan knew but only intimates the source.

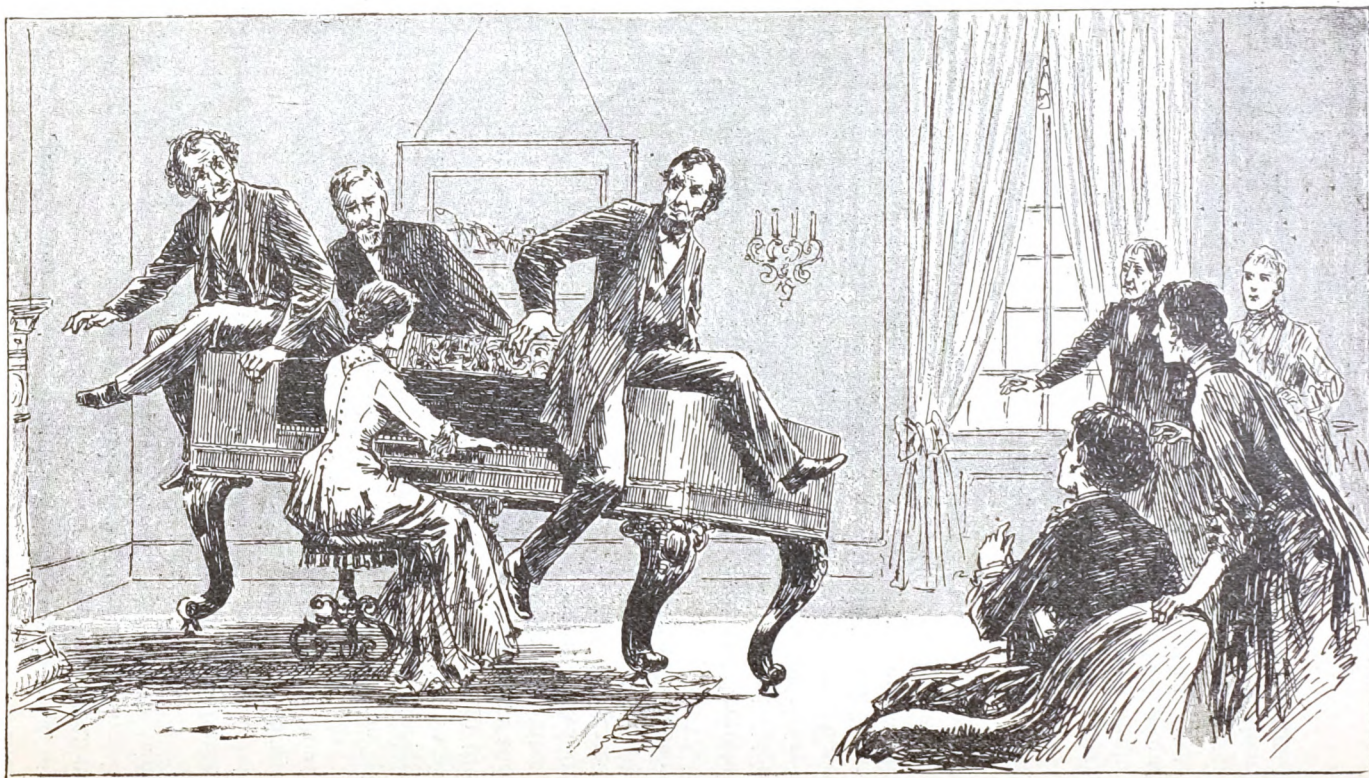
Mrs. Keekley knew but could not publish the facts as political influence might suffer. I, too, know as well as one who was not an eye witness of the scenes can know, and I will only say that fear of political aspiration and popular favoritism was not the only cause of Abraham Lincoln's inordinate morbid jealousy. Don't understand that there was real cause outside of his own distorted brain. In many cases a proper show of civility and respectful treatment of a friend or acquaintance will arouse the most violent manifestation of anger, especially in the lower order of intellect, and pet animals, such as dogs, cats, parrots and monkeys, are as much subject to jealous suspicion and as grieved, or resentful of attention to others by their master or mistress as are the human family. I had the good fortune myself to catch an expression which momentarily passed over that angel face, which although I have not the power to describe and which would require the inspi-

ration of a Doré to depict, is so indelibly stamped upon my memory that time cannot efface it. Now, I would ask, was there any visible or tangible probability at that time of the uncouth, misshapen, uneducated Abraham Lincoln with no family record and with no name save a composite one adopted for the occasion, being able to place a wife in a higher position in society than would the educated, cultured, elegant young man, Stephen A. Douglass, whose prospects in the political world were certainly as favorable as was Abraham Lincoln's.

If not, then there must have been some cause unknown to the world.

That cause was the voodoo fortune teller's prediction, and that prediction was the great incentive for the struggle to gratify ambition.

Abraham Lincoln and his wife are now settled in life and ready to employ any means to accomplish their purpose. Lincoln, with his perceptive faculty, which was his greatest intellectual quality, which was developed phrenologically by the beetling brow which Herndon says cropped out like a huge rock on the brow of a hill, saw that with either of the two legitimate parties as then constituted, his chance for advancement sufficient to attain the height of his ambition was, to say the least, improbable, and that his only hope for success would be with some paracitical offshoot which would feed upon, and in time consume the parent, body and soul, Lincoln's perceptive did not deceive him. He united with a party with a name, which, although the *New York Press* declared they never shrank from. "The Whig" became as changeable as the wind, and ready to adopt any name or change to any faction which they could not themselves absorb, which would for the time and occasion defeat the opposing party, and were ever ready to go to the mountain when the mountain would not come to them, be absorbed, lose their identity and adopt any name that best suited the mountain. Abraham Lincoln now devoted his time and energies, except when lounging upon the cracker barrel at the grocery store, relating stories for the entertainment of the gaping listeners, to preparing himself for a full-fledged politician, ready to take part in any question which gave him the opportunity for notoriety, or to practice and improve himself in public speaking. Herndon says, "One of his warmest and closest friends maintains the theory," which is no doubt a true one, "that Lincoln's political ascendancy and final



The piano jumped so violently and shook us up so roughly that we were thankful to get off it. See page 36.

elevation to the Presidency were more due to the influence of his wife than to any other cause. He also says: It became apparent to Lincoln that the Presidential nomination was within his reach. He began gradually to lose his interest in the law and to trim his political sails at the same time."

But it was not until after his nomination, as the dark horse, that he was heard or thought of by the people throughout the country, nor would he have been nominated had not Horace Greeley's attention been brought to him by one of those cunning tricks which sometimes change the destinies of nations.

I stated at the commencement that spiritualism was one of the chief factors in the management of our national affairs during the reign of Abraham Lincoln. I now assert that as voodooism was the chief factor and incentive that started Abraham Lincoln in the race for, so spiritualism was the chief factor in the nomination and election of Abraham Lincoln to the Presidency of the United States, or at least that portion of them that remained United States in 1861. How much or how little Abraham Lincoln was implicated in this particular case I will not pretend to say. I will only relate the incident as it occurred, and leave the audience to form their own conclusions.

There was a family living in Washington, born and brought up there, by the name of Laurie, consisting of two sons and older grown-up daughter. Mr. and Mrs. Laurie claimed to be inspirational trance mediums. The daughter, a physical medium, whose particular power consisted in causing the piano to jump and dance and to keep time to the music, a performance which I can myself vouch for, and with any number of persons seated upon the instrument at the time, and that too, so far as I could discover, by some occult or unknown force.

Mr. Lincoln was well known to the Lauries, as was almost every other government official who was in any way approachable, who had been in Washington for the past thirty years, where they were ever ready for any political intrigue in which they might be called upon to take part. Col. Miller, the old husband of young Belle Laurie, was an old river pilot acquaintance of Lincoln's from the time of his conveying passengers to and from the river boats and his flat boat expedition to New Orleans, and all of them believers in and active exponents and demonstrators in the so-called

spiritual philosophy, and all of them informed of the voodoo prediction.

Another important factor in the spiritual clique, Judge Augustus Wattles, a Connecticut boy, but a western man, who was connected with the Abolition party and had passed through the turbulent and exciting times of the John Brown Kansas war, and was well acquainted with Abraham Lincoln from his earliest political record.

I became acquainted with the Judge in 1863, and found him a very pleasant, entertaining gentleman, from whom much valuable information might be obtained. So much so that upon my invitation he spent the most of two summers at my house during the exciting times of the war. The winters he spent in Washington, with the Laurie family, where there was very little of any importance occurring in which he was not informed.

Herndan says that Lincoln wrote to influential party workers everywhere. Judge Wattles and the Lauries were of those workers, and it was at the Laurie house where the incident occurred that nominated Abraham Lincoln. At a spiritual seance, the party workers, spiritualists and abolitionists, were met and Mr. Laurie purported to be entranced and controlled by the spirit of Robert Rantoul of Boston, and then and there under those circumstances Abraham Lincoln was announced and declared by those spiritualists and abolitionists to be the next President of the United States. At that time Horace Greeley was much interested in the spiritualistic theory and I was told had the Fox sisters at his house investigating the subject.

After the spiritualistic performance at the Laurie's, Mr. Greeley was immediately informed of the result, when he became interested and went to Illinois to see Lincoln, where the arrangements were made, and Horace Greeley was the man who had Abraham Lincoln nominated as the dark horse of the Convention of 1860.

Notwithstanding, Herndan writes twenty-nine years after, that the opening of the year 1860 found Mr. Lincoln's name freely mentioned in connection with the Presidency.

After the nomination of Abraham Lincoln, so little was he known by the people that the first question to which I alluded at the commencement, and which was a national question, was pro-

pounded. A question which will be remembered by those who were contemporary with the time.

Who is Abraham Lincoln?

Lincoln was elected by about one and a half million minority of the people of the United States, but by a majority of the states.

So Abraham Lincoln was elected by States rights, rights which he very soon went to work to destroy.

Abraham Lincoln has at last attained that position to which, with his own and his wife's united ambition, superstition, voodooism, spiritualism, abolitionism and the current of events which those elements have forced upon the country, but a position which to a man of honor and high intelligence under the same circumstances would have been particularly embarrassing, but which in his case he had only to drift with the current and wait further development. Abraham Lincoln belonged to and was elected by that parasitical faction which absorbed its parent and which was ready to extend its tentacles and spread its contaminating poison wherever it found conditions favorable. A faction which a few years before had publicly burned the Constitution of the United States in Boston on the fourth of July, and flaunted the motto, "The Union is an agreement with Hell and the Constitution a covenant with death." And who sang:

All hail the flaunting lie,
 The stars grow pale and dim,
 The stripes are bloody scars
 A lie the vaunting hymn.
 Tear down the flaunting lie,
 Half mast the starry flag,
 Insult no sunny sky
 With hate's polluted rag.

In contrast we will give its antithesis, which was written for the *New York Journal*, by Roger H. Lyon.

All hail to our flag as it streams in its glory,
 It's stars in the blue and its stripes in the light,
 Its broad, rolling folds tell to all the proud story
 Of tyranny's downfall, and liberty's might.

Fair states of the free are the gems of its setting,
 In unison blending whose life current flows.
 One heart and one nation, and never forgetting,
 But bidding eternal defiance to foes.

It silently floats, yet in majesty flaming,
 The ensign of hope to the downtrodden world.
 From dungeons and darkness its brightness reclaiming,
 For lo! 'tis the sunshine of freedom unfurled.

Its white is the emblem of purity given,
 Blest token divine from the hand of the Lord.
 Its red is the blood, and its blue is the heaven
 Proclaiming to man his beneficent word.

Then here's to old glory, undimmed be its splendor,
 Triumphantly waving o'er land and o'er sea.
 The standard of freemen which knows no surrender
 Till all the wide earth is the home of the free.

Abraham Lincoln and his party had ever claimed the right of secession, and had upon several occasions declared that they would dissolve the Union unless their unjust demands were complied with, to which the South had in some instances conceded, rather than a dissolution of the Union.

Abraham Lincoln, while in the house of representatives, with his party declared that if California was admitted as a State they would dissolve the Union, and Abraham Lincoln made the following speech in defense of that declaration:

Any people anywhere being disposed, and having the power have the right to rise up and shake off the existing government and to form a new one that suits them better. This is a most valuable and sacred right, a right which we hope and believe is to liberate the world.

Nor is the right confined to the whole of such people who may desire it.

Any portion of such people who can, may revolutionize and make their own of so much of the territory as they inhabit, putting a minority intermingled with or near about them who may arise to oppose these movements.

Again, as late as April, 1861, both Mr. Lincoln and Mr. Seward avowed the same doctrines. In a dispatch to Mr. Dayton, our minister to France, dated April 10th, 1861, Mr. Lincoln instructed Mr. Seward to say, "That he, the President, was not disposed to reject a cardinal dogma of theirs (the seceders) namely that the Federal government could not reduce the seceding States to obe-

dience by conquest, even although he were disposed to question the proposition. But in fact the *President willingly accepts it as true.*

Such was the problem with which Abraham Lincoln stood face to face upon his induction into the high office of Chief Magistrate of the nation.

At the time he probably had no other thought than to let the seceded states go without a struggle. He called for seventy-five thousand soldiers to defend Washington, and for no other purpose, and not one man or boy enlisted with the expectation of advancing or setting a foot upon a seceded state. It was not until their time had nearly expired that they made the discovery that those southern states had been the whole and entire support of the New England states.

“And while farmers scarce could dodge the sheriff,
New England factories were fat’ning on the tariff,
The whole United States as harvest field,
Was wanted to augment the tariff yield,”

And that it would be suicidal ruin to permit those states to go out of the Union, as in that case the North could not enact a tariff for their own protection and prevent those seceding states from obtaining their goods from where it best suited them.

“When first secession echoed from the South, contempt, defiance
was in every mouth.

‘Why, let them go!’ ‘Good riddance ’tis, forsooth!’

‘Without us they are bankrupt, ’tis the truth!’

But all at once the tables are now turned.

With taunts no longer now the South is spurned,

Industrial interests, alarmed, with speed

Implore state governors to take the lead,

The President-elect to interview.

Our factories bankrupted sells the sheriff,

Unless we hold our Southern mart swelled by the tariff.

“Inaugurated in proud Washington,
Lincoln full soon unfolds coercion’s plan.
Secession’s ord’nances are null and void,
This glorious Union shall not be destroyed;
One flag alone this continent must rule,
The South is flagrantly in insubjection,
Armies and navies joined must crush this insurrection.”

What *insubjection!* does our Lincoln mean?
 We thought we were with royal despots done.
 It must be told, the motive long concealed,
 Greed had the conscience of the North congealed,
 Her markets the rich North can't stand to lose;
 Goldbugs and factory lords quake in their shoes,
 Their potent influence in politics
 Full soon impressed the Washingtonian Rex
 The Union's sacred bound'ries to maintain,
 His oath he took to *save* the *Constitution*;
 That *meant* as urged by *tariff men's interpretation!*

Hence *Union geographic* lines obtain
 Such sacredness as tariffites ordain,
 Rather than of our realm abate one rood
 The whole domain shall run one sea of blood.
 And fratricide the South shall extirpate,
 Division ne'er shall find our limits shrunken,
 Coercion must control this land.—Abraham Lincoln.

With cognizance in full, of his base deed,
 Lincoln now mounts the despot's gory steed;
 With crafty words the people's minds he dupes;
 Deliberately, the rights of states he rapes,
 Contemptuously the Supreme Court defies,
 With ruthless hand subverts the Constitution
 And Bastiles fills with victims of his usurpation.

It was then that the cry: On to Richmond! was echoed and re-echoed throughout all the manufacturing states and towns of New England. In Massachusetts, the state that had been the first to demand and declare the right of secession for themselves, and to whose unjust demands the South conceded to preserve the Union, was the first to denounce and suppress that right when demanded by another.

“Precipitation proves good stock in trade,
 Hence Lincoln's troops Virginia invade;
 Bull Run beholds the factions' thirst for blood,
 Virginia from invasion frees her sod.
 War governors now fly to Washington,
 Pledges of troops are made and counted on;
 Opposing politicians now are wooed,
 With place and power, so eagerly pursued;
 The Judas-bribe, with eager hand, these grasp.
 A war-bent Congress meets in special session,
 And for their bloody work make speedy preparation.

Enlistments lure, with cash, the empty hand,
 Commissions grant the *absolute* command;
 Titles of "Captain," "Colonel" bring renown,
 And through the land are profligately sown;
 The people's avarice is next allured.
 Greenbacks are manufactured—many millions;
 Nor yet does Congress heed when millions run to billions.
 With these corrupting factors at command
 The war-power's iron hand controls this land;
 Justice is strangled, liberty must flee
 From camps of absolutism's jubilee.

It may seem strange that in those trying days
 None cared for what the Constitution says.
 Coercion was not mentioned in that book,
 Hence 'twas unwise that any one should look.
 The war-power was the thing omnipotent
 If legal warrant failed, Lincoln the Viking,
 Soon plead "Necessity" for measures of his liking.

Nor can the Democrats to praise lay claim,
 They showed their patriotism an empty name;
 Place, gain, advantage, proved their luring bribe,
 Coercion's perfidy they too imbibe
 And aid Republicans the South to rape.
 Shadowing their first, their just position,
 *They join coercion's hosts in shameful coalition.

All this was the result of the teaching New England had received from their pious ancestors who came over in those ships freighted with those elements of discord, avarice, assumption, arrogance and dictation, to establish religious liberty and freedom of opinion. Freedom of opinion: John E. Remsburg says, of the Puritan fathers, "Ten thousand eulogies have been bestowed upon the Puritan fathers of New England for having, it is claimed, established religious liberty in this country. But what was the Puritans' conception of religious liberty? What liberty did they advocate? The liberty to be a Puritan. Simply this, and nothing more. So, too, did the Spanish Inquisition advocate religious liberty. The liberty to be a good Catholic. I see an old man in the dead of winter, an exile, wandering through the snows and forests of Rhode Island, exposed to savage beasts and still more savage men. Were

* The poetic lines are quotations from the *Milliard*, a poem of a thousand verses, a poem which should be in every library, private and public in the land. Written and published by J.L. Treuhart, Portsmouth, Ohio.

Roger Williams yet alive he could tell us how the Puritan fathers established religious liberty. I see before me a scaffold, and from that dangles the lifeless form of a woman, a simple, inoffensive Quakeress. Could Mary Dyer speak, she, too, could tell about religious liberty in New England."

Who, I would ask, should be best entitled to favoring and granting religious liberty? The Round Heads of England with Oliver Cromwell, under the tenets and example of John Calvin, who burned Cervetus, his college friend and room mate, after enticing him by false promise of protection from the Spanish Inquisition into his power. The nose twanging Puritanic wehr wolves of New England, who drove Roger Williams out into the wilderness to encounter the frosts and storms of a northern winter, who hung and burned their victims for indulging in freedom of religious opinion, or the Catholic Calverts of Maryland and the Episcopal Cavaliers of Virginia, who received them with open arms and gave them protection and places of trust in their colony?

To accomplish their purpose coercion and war must be inaugurated, and thirty-two thousand men and boys from the farms, the factories and the stores, who had thus far lain dormant until the time of those volunteers had nearly and in many cases quite expired, were sent forward to invade those seceded states and capture Richmond, their capitol. The result of the advance of those thirty-two thousand men and boys, many of whom had never taken a rifle in their hands until after their enlistment and knew no more of military tactics than a flock of sheep, has become matter of history.

The purpose was effected, war was inaugurated, a million of human lives sacrificed and thousands of millions of dollars expended and the end not yet in sight. Abraham Lincoln, a man whose only military experience consisted in serving as captain of a small company of backwoods volunteers in the Black Hawk war, after the war was ended, was now Commander-in-Chief of the army and navy, but with sufficient egotism to think himself better qualified for that position than those who had had a life training and experience in the art of war, and as Herndan says, said: that he knew more than all of them.

An egotism that has been flattered and extolled by many of his satellites who were no more qualified as critics than was Abraham Lincoln as chief actor in the great wars drama.

Herndon says, "Lincoln read very little. He scarcely ever looked into a newspaper unless I called his attention to an article on some special subject. He frequently said, I know more about it than all of them. It is absurd to call him a modest man. It was his intellectual arrogance and unconscious, he should have said ignorant, assumption of superiority that men like Chase and Sumner could never forgive."

It is written; and I have been repeatedly told that Abraham Lincoln is so enshrined in the hearts of his countrymen that it would be an utter impossibility to change that feeling and sentiment. That is all wrong. He is not nor never was enshrined in the hearts of the intelligence of the country. The intelligence of the country well knows that the law and the Constitution was ignored, a power usurped and exercised such as no ruler of the enlightened nations of the old world would dared to have done. The honest intelligence did not nor never would concede that right to any man whom they had placed in position to administer the government according to the law and the Constitution, for the law and the Constitution are equal to any and every emergency. The enshrinement is like the foam and bubbles of the ocean, continually forcing their way to the surface, where by that means they attract a passing notice, while intelligence, like the mighty ocean itself, rolls on in deep and silent grandeur, unmindful of the antics of the airy nothings which assume so much. What had Abraham Lincoln done previous to the summer of 1864, when his own party sent an agent to General Rosecrans, with an offer of the nomination, which he refused, and when they nominated General Fremont? What did he do after that which commended him to the love and admiration of the people and enshrined him in their hearts? Was it his secession speech in Congress in the winter of 1847-8, when he and his party declared they would dissolve the Union if California was admitted as a state? Was it his clownish triumphal trip to Washington when he took a circuit through the country, kissing young girls and taking their advice in regard to dressing his neck and raising whiskers? Perhaps it was his advance around Baltimore and into the Capitol like a sneak and a coward, leaving his family to come through on the train that was to be wrecked. It may have been his gentlemanly reception and treatment of visitors at the White House, especially

Governor Morehead of Kentucky.* Possibly it was the treatment of the thousands of men, women and children, whom he caused to be taken from their homes at any hour of the day or night, and incarcerated in some one of the many American Bastiles, where they were kept for months in violation of the law and the Constitution, and finally liberated without a charge being brought against them, and when they sought redress a Republican Congress passed an act legalizing those acts of despotism and cruelty and debaring all redress.

Whatever it might have been, it was not discovered until after he effected his purpose, was ready to take Richmond and end the war, had called for a fresh force of eight hundred thousand men, when after sacrificing a million human lives and many thousand millions of treasure, J. Wilkes Booth had performed his mission, it was all at once discovered that Abraham Lincoln was the greatest man the world had ever produced and the greatest character since Jesus Christ, for so his admirers have declared and published to the world.

The *New York Journal* says: "The man who boasts of not reading a newspaper is fit only for a generalship in the Spanish army or a cell in Sing Sing."

They forget that is what qualifies an American citizen for a juror.

Herndon also says: "There was more or less superstition in his nature, and although he may not have believed implicitly in the signs of his many dreams, he was earnestly endeavoring to unravel them. His mind was readily impressed with some of the most absurd superstitions. His visit to the voodoo fortune teller in 1861, his faith in the virtue of the mad stone, and the strange double image of himself, which he told his secretary, John Hay,

* "Governor Morehead, one of the most refined and accomplished gentleman in the country, said that while calling upon the President upon State affairs, that he, Lincoln, sat with his shoe off holding his toes in his hand, and bending them backwards and forwards in an awkward manner (giving them massage treatment I suppose). Governor Morehead was afterwards seized by the Lincoln authorities, and dragged from his house and family, at midnight in violation of the most sacred laws of the land, and taken to Fort Lafayette, where he was kept for many months, without being allowed to communicate with his friends, denied a trial, and was never informed why he was taken thus."



Attila, King of the Huns, whose spirit, through the Medium, assured President Lincoln of regal power and a dictatorship for life.

he saw reflected of himself in a mirror just after his election in 1860, strangely attest his inclination to superstition. Since it was determined to prosecute a war ostensibly for the suppression of rebellion and restoration of the Union, we would suppose that every means would have been employed to accomplish that purpose. But such was not the case. There were other purposes and other objects to be attained. Lincoln had succeeded to the full promise of the voodoo prediction, when it would be supposed that under our form of government as established by our fathers and the Constitution of the United States that his ambition would have been sated. Not so. No more than was Napoleon's as First Consul of France, or Buckley with one term as Governor of Connecticut. Other predictions and promises had been made. The President of the United States had established direct communication with the spirit world and his future was to be governed from that source and by their direction. He had no further use for the Constitution, his Inaugural oath or his obligation to the government and the people. There were greater things yet in store for him. As he had succeeded in obtaining power, why should he not retain it, for a superstitious vain man's ambition knows no limit. It was through the Lauries that he established communication with the spirits and through them that Attila King of the Huns assured him of regal power and a dictatorship for life.

Abraham Lincoln must, however, sustain and carry out the part assigned him and instead of suppressing the rebellion and at once restoring the Union, the war must go on and the seceded states kept out until it suited his purpose to end the war and restore the South to the rights of suffrage, as with the North and South united his chance for re-election would at least be precarious. The Lauries were not the only mediums retained through whom the spirits were consulted. There were many others who came from the North, important spirit messengers who were admitted into the White House where seances were continually held or private consultations given by the mediums. Lucrative positions were assigned for those mediums for those who desired it, in the civil departments where they might be called upon at any time, among whom was Thomas Gales Foster, who was given a clerkship in the War Department. Mr. Laurie was in the Post Office Department, a position, however, which he had held many years, and which in his case was not contingent upon his mediumship. Another important

medium from Connecticut with whom Mr. Lincoln spent many midnight hours was given a clerkship in the Pension Department, which he retained until the collapse of the Pension Building a few years since, where he received some injury for which he received a life pension. Miss Nettie Colburn, one of Mr. Lincoln's especial mediums, has written a book giving an account of her services as special medium to Mr. Lincoln since the summer of 1862 until his death.

She went to President Lincoln from Bolton, Connecticut, by spirit direction, accompanied by her band of spirits, consisting of Romano, who seems to have been more ornamental than useful, Wisdom, who is seldom spoken of as being of much importance, Priscilla, of John Alden fame, who made herself useful in introductory service at the seances, Bright Eyes, a little squaw, was known as the medium's familiar spirit, whatever that may have been, Pinkie, an Aztec Princess, who lived in Mexico five hundred years ago and Dr. Bamford, an old Yankee doctor, who had been her father's family physician in Bolton, where the medium belonged, seems to have been her chief advisement and directing spirits and principals at seances who gave the President important directions. Especially Pinkie, the Aztec Princess. Those familiar with Aztec history will discover at once that *Pinkie* was an Aztec name.

J. B. Conklin, a New York medium, seems to have dropped out of notice after his first interview with the President, as his dissipated habits would preclude all dependence upon him. I will give an account of his introduction to the White House as given by Col. S. B. Rase, a prominent lawyer of Philadelphia, and as published in the *New York Sun*.

"In the early part of 1862," said Colonel Kase, "I went from Philadelphia to Washington. I had formerly lived in Washington, and had an office on Pennsylvania avenue. The morning after my arrival in Washington, I had occasion to pass by my old office. I noticed the name J. B. Conklin on a sign by the door. I had heard of Mr. Conklin as a medium, but had never met him. As I stood looking at the sign, a voice behind me said: 'Go in and see Mr. Conklin, he has something for you.' For a moment I hesitated, but my curiosity finally compelled me to obey the command. I went into the building, and went straight to Mr. Conklin's office. He was sitting near the window writing. I approached him and saw him direct an envelope hastily and seal



Romano. Wisdom. Priscilla. Bright Eyes. Pinkie. Medium. Old Dr. Bamford. Pres. Lincoln.

President Lincoln and His Medium, With His Spirit Cabinet, Whose Direction He Implicitly Obeyed.



The spirit of Pinkie, an Aztec Princess, who lived in Mexico five hundred years ago, who was one of the chief factors in the management of our national affairs during most of the time of the Lincoln misrule. See page 48.

it. Without a word of greeting he handed me the envelope, and said: 'Col. Kase, you are to give this to the President at once.' I looked at the envelope and saw that it was directed to President Abraham Lincoln. 'Cannot you send this by mail?' I inquired. 'No,' said he abruptly, 'you must deliver it to him.' At that moment the same voice that had spoken to me in the street said: 'Take the letter to the President and see what comes of it.' I told Mr. Conklin I would comply with his request. In the evening I went to the White House and sent in my name to Mr. Lincoln. I had never met him, but was received at once, when he seemed surprised to see a stranger.

"'You are,'—he began with a look of inquiry—'S. B. Kase of Pennsylvania,' I said; 'and I have a letter for you. He took the letter and, after reading it, said: 'What does this mean?' 'I am sure I don't know, Mr. President,' I said. 'Then I will read it,' said the President. 'Listen.' Mr. Lincoln then read this letter. I remember the words of it perfectly:

"'*President Lincoln.* Sir: I have been sent to you by the spirit world to speak with you upon matters of vital importance to the nation. I cannot return to New York until I have seen you. Yours very respectfully, J. B. Conklin.' When I arose to go he said: 'Send Mr. Conklin to me on Sunday morning at ten o'clock.'" J. B. Conklin was a drunkard, a trickster and a cheat. A little ventriloquism might have accounted for the mysterious voice. Another little episode which occurred, and is given in the same account may interest the audience, showing the ways that are dark, and the tricks which sometimes work.

Col. Kase said: "One afternoon I was in the gallery of the House of Representatives watching the proceedings on the floor below, when a lady whom I had never seen, came up to me and giving me her card said: 'I shall be pleased to see you at my house some evening.' A Judge of one of the Courts, whom I knew, stood beside me, and I asked him who the lady was. 'You can see by the card that her name is Mrs. Laurie,' he said. 'She lives in Alexandria, and has a daughter, Mrs. Miller, who plays wonderfully upon the piano.' 'But I don't know her. Why should she invite me to her house?' 'Perhaps she was *impelled* to do so,' said the Judge, with a peculiar emphasis upon the word. Two or three evenings after that I went to the house in Alexandria. There must have been a typographical error in the name, as it was in George-

town where the family lived. When I entered the parlor I found the President and Mrs. Lincoln there, together with a number of people whom I did not know. For awhile the conversation was general, and nothing unusual happened. Suddenly a young girl, about fifteen years old, walked the length of the drawing room to where President Lincoln sat. Stopping in front of him, the child, for she was nothing more, looked into his eyes with a peculiar rapt expression on her face." (I would say here that both Col. Kase and myself were mistaken as to her age. She was at least twenty years of age, but appeared much younger.)

" 'President Lincoln,' she said in a clear, loud voice. 'The liberty of our nation conceived in the womb of oppression and born in the throes of revolution, can never be crowned with the wreath of immortality, until each and every human being in these United States is free. Slavery in any form must not exist. So says that spiritual Congress, which in this dread time of menace and danger to the Union, watches over and directs the affairs of the nation with even greater care and steadfastness of purpose than do the representatives chosen by the people.' " I have given the names of the spiritual Congress of which she speaks, but lest you should forget them I will again repeat them.

Romano, Wisdom, Priscilla, Bright Eyes, Pinkie and old Dr. Bamford. " 'I have been chosen as their medium of communication with you. Before you can hope to bring about the great and lasting glory of this republic, you must make every man within its boundaries free. You must emancipate all the slaves by your pen, and your armies must indorse your action with the sword.' "

On September 22, 1862, he signed the proclamation, making the slaves free men. As Col. Kase concluded his story he looked at the reporter steadily, and raising his right hand, said with great solemnity, "As there is a God in Heaven, all that I have told you is true." As the spirit communicating did not send in his card or announce his name, and the question arose as to who it might be, some one present seeing the portrait of Daniel Webster suggested that it might be his spirit, and it was at once decided that it was.

I think it more likely to have been the spirit of the negro pirate, Wansley, who with the pirate Gibbs, was hanged on gibbet, now Bedloes Island, in New York Bay.



How Lincoln came to issue the Emancipation Proclamation. See page 52.

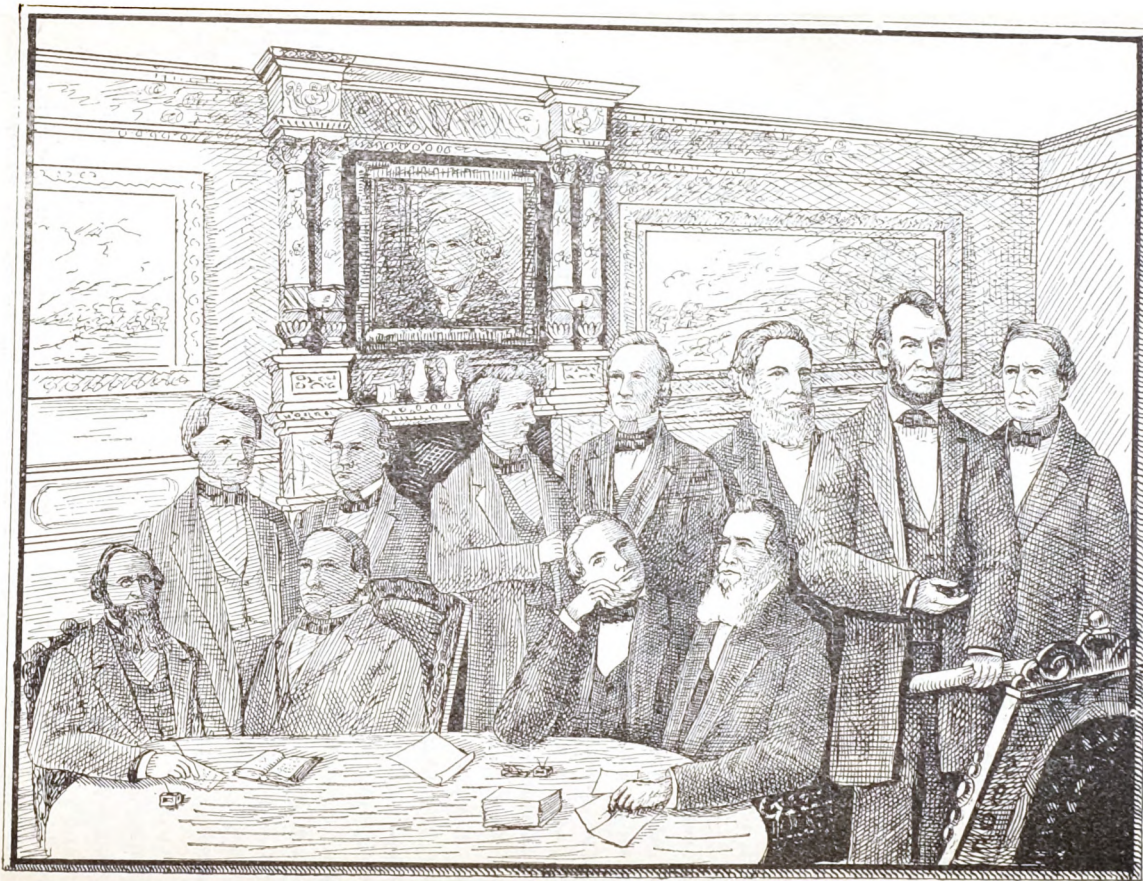
Daniel Webster, while living, once said, in speaking of abolitionists, that he never knew one who did not have a screw loose somewhere in his intellectual or moral machinery.

That medium was Miss Nettie Colburn of Bolton, Ct., and the book which she has written is entitled, "Was Abraham Lincoln a Spiritualist?" Upon her first introduction to the President she was immediately provided with a position in the Agricultural Department, but was soon relieved of all laborious duties and her whole time devoted to spiritualistic performances. In the summer of 1863 I spent three weeks with the Laurie family and while there a small private seance was held, at which Mr. Laurie became entranced, purporting to be controlled by the same spirit that nominated Abraham Lincoln in 1860, Robert Rantoul. When alluding to that occurrence he said:

Again I stand upon the mount of prophecy, and ere ninety days are past the war will be over and all will be at peace. He went on with quite an harangue for some time, which when he had finished, some one asked if Lincoln would be re-elected, and he answered no. That occurred during the first week in July, 1863. The war continued for nearly two years after that time and Lincoln was re-elected. So we see that the spirit oracles are not infallible.

At that time they had secretly turned against Mr. Lincoln, but for the influence and favor received kept in with him openly. But that was only a little in advance of a large portion of the free and thinking republicans, who had become bitterly opposed to Lincoln, who went to work to depose him at the coming election. They sent an agent to General Rosecrans with an offer of the nomination, which he refused, when they did nominate General Fremont, and some of the best men of his own party did not hesitate to express themselves at the time through the papers and by speeches denouncing him and his doings in terms the most severe. For instance, the speech at St. Louis of Senator Blow of Wisconsin, who was at that time a member of Congress, and was afterwards re-elected, which was as follows:

"We studied Mr. Lincoln as our hope for freedom and unity. He was not great, we doubted. He was not firm, we trembled. He became selfish and insincere and we lost all confidence and ceased to respect him. We are not alone in this feeling, the journals of Congress show a gradual decline of confidence on the part of members in the chief magistrate, and history records that in these



Cameron,
Stanton,

Chase,
Smith,

Seward,

Asher,
Blair,

Bates,
Wells,

Lincoln,

Hamlin,

President Lincoln and His Cabinet, Whose Counsel and Advice He Contemptuously Ignored and Left to Consult

days of our greatest disaster the President was engaged with his myriads of office holders in perpetuating his government. For invested by circumstances, with, and exercising a power greater than that possessed by kings and emperors, ambition reigned supreme in that bosom which should have cherished only the loftiest patriotism. The contemplation of the past eight months is sickening, absolutely nauseating.

This is strong language, but let those who have been engaged in this unholy crusade for power, while their country was in darkness, deny it if they dare, and their efforts be met by the indignation of the honest men of all parties and refuted by history written in bloodshed and disaster. And how is it to-day? The man still rules and errs. No dignity, no high resolves, no action bearing the impress of intellectual power and greatness. No cabinet to counsel with, hardly anything left save the imbecility which threatens, the cunning which sometimes triumphs, and the vanity that demands without the power to enforce."

Such was the feeling and sentiment that prevailed throughout the country with the better and more honest portion of the republican party in opposition to Abraham Lincoln, and they would gladly have exchanged him for a *better horse*, even if they were crossing a stream. So at that time he was not enshrined in the hearts of his countrymen. But they had not given him credit for the shrewdness, low cunning, and scheming to which he was entitled. He knew his position and his power. He knew that as the "Bell tinketh so the fool thinketh," and as the leaders say, so the herd goes, even though it be "Down a steep declivity with great violence into the sea."

But Lincoln had other resources. He wielded a power and manipulated a machinery such as no ruler of modern times had known. He held the army with its immense power, he held many thousands of civil appointments with all their vast influence, he held the Treasury with its billions of wealth, he held a secret order of armed conspirators ready to do his bidding, and who were sworn to support and sustain him at all hazards, he gagged the press and manipulated the votes of the army to suit his purpose. And even after all that the election was to be but a farce. If by any possible chance he failed to secure the vote, they were to hold the power by force, and after his re-establishment the government was to be changed to suit the occasion, and Abraham Lincoln was to be ele-

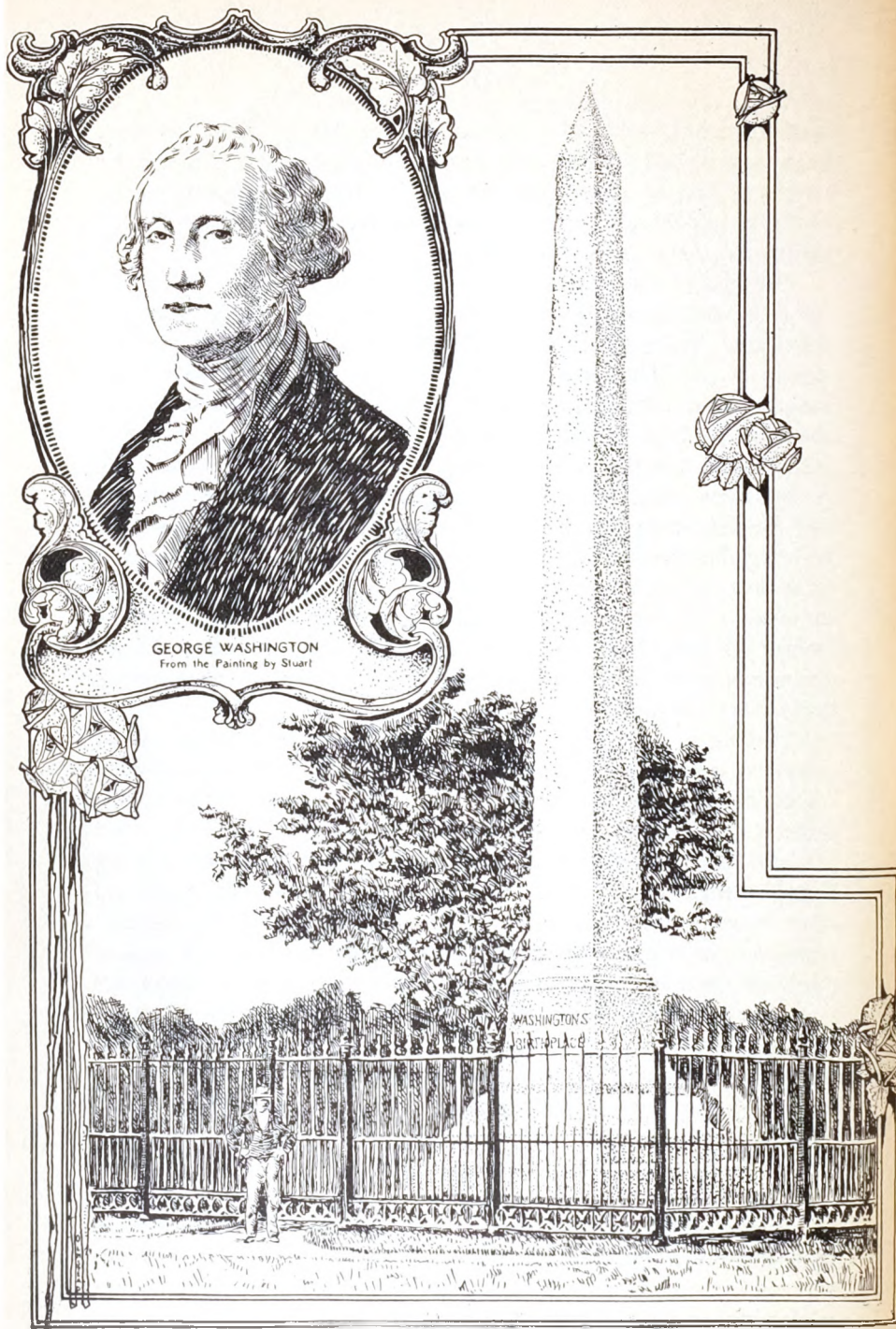
vated to regal power and a dictatorship for life, as Attila, through the mediums, had assured him was to be his destiny. And at the Inaugural Ball of 1865, a throne with a crown suspended over it was built up of flowers by those in the secret, as symbolical of what Abraham Lincoln was to receive.

Strange as my statements may seem they are true.

It is well known that the plot was prepared and the plan laid to get the President, with several other high government dignitaries, to Ford's Theater on the evening that he was killed. And that Abraham Lincoln, the Chief Magistrate of the nation in imitation of Nero to requite the gods for favors received, issued a proclamation for the whole nation to observe the fourteenth day of February, 1865, as a day of fasting and prayer, to requite his God for permitting the sacrifice of a million human beings and ten thousand millions of treasure, to satisfy through the frenzied fanaticism of assumption, arrogance and dictation the greed and avarice of those who had always demanded the same rights for themselves that they denied to others, even to the extent of all that vast amount of blood and treasure, and its consequent suffering and misery entailed upon the country.

And now, as a firm believer, with the ancients in the law of compensation and retribution, not only the Bible Hebrews, but by the so-called Pagans, who taught the same doctrine, and Voltaire, who said: "The law of compensation never rests, all extremes tend to equalize each other, and chickens hatched in the spring come home in the fall to roost. And as our Christian ministers, and other believers in divine power teach from the Scriptures to illustrate how the just are rewarded for their good deeds, and the unjust punished for their wicked acts, we will give a composite text to illustrate the acts and deeds of Abraham Lincoln—Proverbs 24-2. When the righteous are in authority the people rejoice, but when the wicked beareth rule the people mourn.—Job 18: 8, 10, 12. For he is cast into a net by his own feet, and he walketh upon a snare. The snare is laid for him in the ground, and a trap for him in the way. His strength shall be hunger bitten, and destruction shall be ready at his side.

Those passages of Scripture, although declared more than three thousand years ago, sound as though intended for this special occasion, and in no instance could they be more applicable, even alluding to fasting and becoming hunger bitten.



GEORGE WASHINGTON
From the Painting by Stuart

Miniature copy of Washington's Monument, erected by the United States. A. D., 1895.
Wakefield, Washington's birthplace, as taken from Woman's Home Companion.

APPENDIX.

More False Representation Corrected. As Published in New Haven
Leader, February 25, 1902.

GEORGE WASHINGTON.

AN ADDRESS DELIVERED BY DR. FAYETTE HALL LAST SATURDAY—ELOQUENT WORDS FROM ONE WHOSE EFFORT WON MUCH APPLAUSE—THOUGHTS WORTHY OF THE ANNIVERSARY OF THE BIRTH OF ONE OF THE GREATEST MEN IN HISTORY BEFORE THE WASHINGTON UNION BROTHERHOOD—AN ADDRESS DELIVERED TO THE WASHINGTON UNION BROTHERHOOD, FEBRUARY 22, 1902 :

Mr. President and Gentlemen of the Washington Union Brotherhood:

Another short year has passed and we are again met to commemorate the birthday of the great, the illustrious, the immortal George Washington, the man "First in war, first in peace, and first in the hearts of his countrymen." The only one whom the nation delighteth to honor.

Being unaccustomed to after dinner speaking, I had not anticipated or intended to say anything upon this occasion in eulogy of one whose life and acts have been the theme of the historian, the eloquence of the orator, and whose praises have been sung by those gifted with powers to express their sentiments in flowery, poetic language far beyond my humble efforts. But having seen an article in the November number of *Munsey's Magazine*, which shows the narrow forgetfulness or the intended omission by those who make it convenient to ignore the truly great when they wish to place their own favored idols before the world, as is often the case, through fear that the brightness of the greater luminary may obscure what light their own favored satellite may possess, I could not refrain from expressing my sentiments, and showing a disposition

to correct so palpable an error and false statement. The article by Francis B. Palmer, says:

“Are we neglectful of our great dead?”

But three of our Presidents have national monuments, and the grave of one is marked only by a magnolia tree.

Three Presidents, however, have not only public monuments, but national—Lincoln, Garfield and Grant.”

Now, in his statement he entirely forgets and ignores the only one who has not only a national, but the highest monument in the world, being five hundred and fifty-five feet, erected to commemorate the life, character and public services of our greatest patriot, soldier and statesman, to whom we have met here to-day to do honor. The only man in this country elected to the two highest positions in the gift of the people without a dissenting voice or a dissenting vote. That of military commander of all the armies of the country, and the still higher position as first president of the United States and commander-in-chief of our army and navy, in both branches of military service, where he had experience in his youth.

A position in which the people would gladly and proudly have retained him while life lasted. Now, while these monuments to which the writer in *Munsey's* alludes are public enough, especially Grant's, not one of them are national, no more than are those erected by the Confederate States to commemorate the great, and in their estimation, patriotic deeds of their President Davis, General Robert E. Lee, Stonewall Jackson, and many other of their honored dead. No, Mr. President and Gentlemen of the Brotherhood, there is but one national monument in these United States, especially erected to commemorate the greatness of any individual, and that monument contains a stone presented from every state that that had at that time been admitted as a state into the Union, and every one of those stones contains the grateful, heartfelt sentiment of every state that sent them. And that monument stands within a still greater monument, which is the nation's capitol, and named in his honor, Washington.

Besides, the loved and lovely Mt. Vernon home of the great man is preserved as a monument for all time by the whole American people, and the only birthday appointed and observed as a national holiday is the 22d day of February to the memory and in honor of George Washington. I find there is still another national mon-

ument erected to the memory and in honor of George Washington, an account of which in *Woman's Home Companion* says: It was in 1895 that the national government erected at Wakefield a miniature copy of the Washington monument with the inscription: "Washington's Birthplace," and in small letters at the base the words: "Erected by the United States, A. D., 1895." There is now an agitation for the provision for some monument to him at Sulgrave, the English home of the Washingtons, where over the door still remains the Washington coat of arms, consisting of a shield bearing three stars and across two stripes, and it was this crest which suggested the idea for the "Stars and Stripes." It is now proposed by the English to erect by British subscription and on British soil a statue or other memorial as a national recognition of the justice in which he fought and a final sign of their amity with the American people.

While I am no man worshiper, no one more appreciates true merit in a soldier or statesman than I, and I would give to every one their just credit and all the praise to which they are entitled. In looking back to the history of our wars' most important events, I would call your attention to two, in my opinion, most brilliant achievements in our war record, although one of them does not apply directly to this occasion. Large armies have met, bloody battles have been fought, thousands of brave men slain, and victories lost and won. But Washington, with his small, half-clad, starving army, on a cold, stormy winter's night crossing the swollen, ice freighted Delaware, surprising and routing the Hessian army at Trenton, was the most daring of all. That was a successful exhibition of military skill and undaunted courage, which Lord Cornwallace, after his own defeat at Yorktown, generously declared to Washington could not be surpassed, and caused Frederick the Great to present him with a sword and say that Washington was the greatest general in the world. And no man could be more competent to judge of military skill and daring than those two great commanders.

I recently came across a poem which was suggested in honor of one of our great patriots and statesmen, who, next to Washington, was instrumental in encouraging and carrying the nation through the great and trying crisis as any other of our Revolutionary heroes. A man whose light, although for a time obscured by New England's religious zealots goes on with the passing years, increas-

ing in brightness, and shines to illumine, not only civil, but religious liberty.

That man was the great advocate of the rights of man and freedom of speech, Thomas Paine. As Washington is the principal character described, I will give a part of the poem, as I found it in the Boston *Investigator*, by Anson G. Osgood.

"The wind's a sighing a mournful dirge,
'Tis the gloomy winter at Valley Forge,
The ragged patriots blue with cold,
Look sadly back to the days of old,
And their eyes to the fortunes of war grow blind,
As they think of the dear ones left behind.
Then a message brightens their sorrow's night
And they scan the words by the camp fire's light,
And they read as they crouch o'er the dying coals,
"These are the times that try men's souls."

Christmas at Trenton is cold and damp,
But revelry reigns in the Hessian camp,
With wreaths of holly the cannon they crown
And they crowd at the board as the night steals down.
The Delaware rushing with boisterous glee,
Hurries its ice to the wilder sea.
What would the Hessians give to know
The secret it bears through the sleet and snow.

Boat after boat comes rocking on,
Marshaled by General Washington,
Freighted with soldiers, rough but true,
Clad in the Continental blue.
Shrieking loud o'er their smothered oaths,
The fierce wind rattles their frozen clothes.
But above the gale in eager mind,
A watchword learned on the shore behind,
Gathering force as it louder rings,
Courage and strength to each soldier brings.
And the Hessians fearful looks exchange
And they hear as they rise from their flowing bowls,
"These are times that try men's souls."

"There came a flash, the dead earth reeled
As though the clock of fate had pealed,
'Tis midnight on the Delaware.

That flash the veil of centuries rent,
 That thunder shook the continent.
 With Washington the storm had marched,
 And when the morning sunlight arched
 The world with glory, Time had won
 Her noblest field in Washington,
 'Twas Christmas on the Delaware."

It is said that "It is darkest just before the dawn," and that "From out the darkest clouds on high the brightest lightnings gleam." It was certainly the darkest period of our great struggle for liberty and independence during that terrible winter at Valley Forge. But Washington was with his soldiers, sharing their privation and hardships, to cheer and encourage them. When Paine's Crisis, like a flash from out the dark cloud illumined the whole valley's horizon and brought with its light a magnetism that aroused and encouraged their drooping spirits, diffused new life and hope and sent them on to victory. And to Thomas Paine's Crisis which General Washington had read to the whole American army, and all his patriotic services, the nation owes a debt of gratitude which can only be repaid by cherishing in our memory with Washington, Jefferson, Patrick Henry, and all those whose illustrious names are emblazoned in the galaxy of the nation's deliverers, that great lover of liberty and friend of humanity, whose home was the world and to do good his religion, Thomas Paine.

So we see that of those three Munsey monuments, erected to Lincoln, Garfield and Grant, not one of them are national. But the great man whom they, in their partisan blindness, have forgotten, in whose honor our national emblem, which floats free o'er every land and sea, was devised, has four national monuments, which stand and ever will stand in proud and grateful remembrance of the greatest of our nation's heroes and statesmen, who sacrificed a life of ease and luxury for the tented battlefield in the service of his country, Lieutenant General George Washington.

I have alluded to two instances of great military skill and courage displayed by our commanders and their armies in the field, one of which I have described. As the second instance does not belong to the time of our first revolution, and would require too much time for this occasion to do it justice, I will reserve it for future use, and in a more diffusive form.

FAYETTE HALL.