

FACTS AND FALSEHOODS
CONCERNING THE WAR
ON THE SOUTH 1861-1865

by
Elizabeth Avery Meriwether

THE CONFEDERATE
REPRINT COMPANY



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Facts and Falsehoods Concerning the
War on the South 1861-1865
by Elizabeth Avery Meriwether

Originally Published in 1904
by A. R. Taylor and Company
Memphis, Tennessee

Reprint Edition © 2014
The Confederate Reprint Company
Post Office Box 2027
Toccoa, Georgia 30577
www.confederatereprint.com

Cover and Interior Design by
Magnolia Graphic Design
www.magnoliagraphicdesign.com

ISBN-13: 978-0692331682
ISBN-10: 0692331689

PREFACE



To the People of the South this little work is offered. It does not aspire to the dignity of History. It is mostly a collection of facts under one cover, which I trust will prove of use to the future historians of the South. Perhaps the fittest title to this work would be "A Protest Against Injustice" – the injustice of misrepresentation – of false charges – of lies. The feeling of injustice certainly inspired the idea of this work. The greater number of the facts herein laid before the reader were not drawn from Southern or Democratic sources, but from high Republican authorities. Part first of this work presents Abraham Lincoln to the people of this generation as his contemporaries saw and knew him. The characteristics portrayed will be a revelation to many readers. As an offset to the falsity of Republican histories of the war of the '60s, permit me to express the hope that in the near future our people will make more general use of those histories which are truthful and just to the South. For instance, the English historian, Percy Gregg's large history of the United States, might be condensed, or rather that part giving the story of the '60s could be detached, and published in one small, cheap volume, so that every family in the South can own a copy. John A. Marshall's large volume, *American Bastille*, can be used in every Southern school to rouse in the hearts of boys and girls hatred of Despotism. S.D. Carpenter's *Logic of History*, and Matthew Carey's *Democratic Handbook* should not be allowed to go out of print. Both of these books contain much that will be of great value to the future historian.

You may fool all the people part of the time,
You may fool some of the people all the time,
But you can't fool all the people all the time.

– Abraham Lincoln.

All lies have sentence of death written against them
in Heaven's Chancery itself, and slowly or fast,
advance incessantly toward their hour. – Carlyle.

I sing the hymn of the Conquered
who fell in the battle of life,
The hymn of the wounded, the beaten,
who died overwhelmed in the strife;
Not the jubilant song of the Victors
for whom the resounding acclaim
Of nations was lifted in chorus,
whose brows wore the chaplet of fame.
While the voice of the world shouts its chorus,
its paeon for those who have won.
While the trumpet is sounding triumphant,
and high to the breeze and the sun.
Gay banners are waving,
hands clapping and hurrying feet
Throwing after the laurel-crowned victors,
I stand on the field of Defeat.
Speak History! Who are Life's victors?
Unroll thy long annals and say,
Are they those whom the world called the victors,
who won the success of a day?
The Martyrs or Nero? The Spartans who fell
at Thermopylae's tryst
Or the Persians and Xerxes? His judges, or Socrates?
Pilate or Christ?

– W. W. Story.

Blackwood's Magazine, 1881.

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Elizabeth Avery Meriwether in 1882
(age 58)

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PART I

CHAPTER ONE



A Republican Newspaper's Estimate of Abraham Lincoln

“Abraham Lincoln has long since entered the sublime realm of apotheosis. Where now is the man so rash as to warmly criticise Abraham Lincoln?” (St. Louis *Globe-Democrat*, March 6, 1898).

The above sentence from one of the ablest Republican newspapers in the country is perhaps a little terser and stronger than the usual statement regarding the position Republicans are determined Lincoln shall hold in the minds of men, but truly represents the reverential attitude which is held toward Lincoln, not only by Republicans, but by men of all political parties. He has “entered the realm of apotheosis” – to criticise him unfavorably is resented by Republicans as sacrilegious, and of every hundred, ninety and nine either believe that Lincoln is the demi-god he is said to be, or they pretend to believe it, and go their way, thus giving their sanction to the apotheosis referred to by the *Globe-Democrat*. Even in the South the real Lincoln is lost sight of in the rush and bustle of our modern life, and many Southerners accept the opinion of Lincoln that is furnished them ready made by writers who are either ignorant, or else who purposely falsify plain facts of history. To such extent has this proneness to accept fiction for fact gone, this proneness to take ready-made opinions from others, that even in Mississippi the proposition has been seriously made to place a portrait of Lincoln in the halls of the State Capitol. No doubt the Mississippi legislator who proposed the Lincoln portrait flatters himself that he was displaying a broad and liberal spirit; ignorant of the facts, he believed Lincoln was a man of pure and lofty spirit, a patriot moved by a noble impulse to serve and save his country, therefore worthy of Southern as well as

Northern admiration. Certainly no right thinking man would erect a statue or put a portrait in their legislative hall of a self-seeking, cunning, coarse-minded politician, a man scorned by his own official family and by the most powerful and prominent of his Republican contemporaries. Amid the universal din of praise that it has become the fashion to sing of Lincoln, only the student remembers the real facts, only the student knows not only that the Lincoln of the popular imagination of today bears little or no resemblance to the real Lincoln, but that the deification of Lincoln was planned and carried out by the members of his own party, by men who but a few short hours before Booth's bullet did its deadly work at Ford's theater, were reviling him as a buffoon, a coarse, vulgar jester. History affords no stranger spectacle than this, that today, nearly forty years after his death, the American people, North and South, have come to regard almost as a god a man who, when living, and up to the very hour of his death, was looked upon with contempt by nearly every man of his own party who intimately knew him, even by members of his Cabinet, by Senators, Congressmen, preachers and plain citizens. The unthinking, who do not care to correct mistaken views of historical characters, may as well throw this book aside, but those who prefer Facts to Falsehoods will, the author believes, feel repaid by reading on to the end. Nearly every statement will be substantiated by high Republican authority, the great part made by the closest friends of Mr. Lincoln, men who cannot be deemed prejudiced against him. In another issue, the *Globe-Democrat* says, "One thing is certain, Lincoln was apotheosized after his death. Had he lived 4000 years ago his name would now be enrolled among the gods of Greece and Rome."

The first part of this announcement is true. The ceremony of Lincoln's apotheosis *was* performed soon after his death. The second part may be doubted. The men of ancient Greece and Rome whom their fellow mortals enrolled among the gods, were given that honor, either for some bold, bad, or good achievement. History affords no instance of any mortal having gained godship as Lincoln did. The men who bestowed that honor upon Lincoln, though of his own party, though having known him well during his Presidential life, had during that period openly disliked, despised, and distrusted him, and had persistently lavished upon him the most "venomous detractions" the English language afforded. These facts will be proved by indisputable evidence. Why the Republican leaders who had always "venomously vituperated" the living Lincoln, the hour after his death made frantic haste to perform the

apotheosis ceremony, and hoist their dead President up to the sublime realm of the gods, it is the purpose of the writer to show. We entreat the reader not to make the mistake of supposing that the apotheosis ceremony was a mere holiday affair gotten up to amuse or astonish the public. Its conception was a flash of genius. It was the last act of the dreadful tragedy of war, and the prelude of political plans of deep and far-reaching importance. The apotheosis ceremony and its successful upholding during all the years (thirty-eight) since Lincoln's death, has done more to prolong the power of the Republican party than its victories and conquest of the South. The old saying that "facts are stranger than fiction" is as true as it is trite. The most fertile fictionist earth ever produced has never created so unique, so incongruous, so unparalleled a character as was Abraham Lincoln, mentally, morally and physically, nor has the most inventive ever thought out so unexampled a career as was his from cradle to coffin bed. Nor could the most ingenious romancer, delving in his closet, have devised so original, so daring a scheme and so successfully carried it out as that apotheosis ceremony, planned on the spur of the moment by the Republican leaders, confused, confounded, alarmed as they were by the sudden taking-off of their first President. Although the writer of this has no authentic account of any secret caucus held by the Republican leaders in Washington City at the time of Mr. Lincoln's death, their entire unity of action in the unexpected emergency that confronted them is presumptive evidence that a caucus was held, almost before Mr. Lincoln's body was cold; that plans were made and secret instructions sent forth to the foremost men of the party, advising them of the course necessary to pursue, the tone, the attitude, it was the duty of every man to assume toward their dead President. The men composing the caucus saw as by a flash of lightning the vital necessity of concealing from the world the opinions they and their whole party had held of the living Lincoln. The preservation of party power was their first thought. They saw the black gulf into which their triumphant party would sink unless swift measures were taken. They realized the fact that if their President were known to the world as they knew him, the glory of their victory would fade; as he stood, so their party would stand. If he was despised, they and their party would be despised. If made public, every venomous word they had flung on the living Lincoln would rebound on their party. To exalt the dead President became the vital necessity of the hour. The passion of the Republican heart is to possess power. They had won power through seas of blood;

to lose it now would be anguish to their very souls. To exalt to the high realm of godship the dead man they had in life despised as the dirt under their feet, was the first thought that darted on their agitated brains. To bury with their dead President's body every mental and physical quality which had so prominently distinguished him from his kind, and which had provoked from them so many gibes and jeers and contemptuous flings, was the first duty they saw before them; the next was to manufacture an effigy of their dead President, clothe it from head to heels in attributes the very reverse of those the living President had been clothed in, and then boldly, under the wide light of the Nineteenth Century, start that effigy, that fake of their own creation, down the ages, labeled, "Abraham Lincoln, First President of the Republican party, the greatest, wisest, godliest man that has appeared on earth since Christ."

The reader is warned not to commit the grievous mistake of dismissing this statement as a fairy tale, or the mistake of fancying that its truth or falsity is of small moment. After a close and critical study of the case, the writer of this believes that the Republican party, from the death of Lincoln to this day, is chiefly supported by the fictions put forth in that apotheosis ceremony. These fictions, told and retold so often, have become almost the faith of the world. The writer holds that belief in falsehood is always injurious to humanity, and that the highest duty we owe to humanity is to put truth in the place of lies. When the apotheosis theory ceases to govern historians, and the real facts of the war of the '60s are laid before the world, Republican history of the war will sink out of sight as worthless rubbish.

CHAPTER TWO



*A Glance over the Country's Situation at the Moment of
Lincoln's Death. The Republicans' Drunken Joy.
Their Vindictive Policy. They Fear and Distrust Andrew Johnson.*

The awful war was ended; the South had surrendered her arms and lay prostrate at her conqueror's feet, bleeding at every pore. Her soldiers (those not buried on battlefields) were slowly wending their way over their devastated country toward their devastated homes, shoeless, ragged, hungry, as they had so often been while bravely fronting and fighting the foe; they trudged onward and Southward sadder than night itself. How different their conquerors! These were feeding themselves fat at the grand feast of success; were quaffing deep of the wine of victory. Lamon, the constant companion of Lincoln, has left on record the story of Lincoln's joy. Lamon says, "Everybody was happy; the President's spirits rose to a height rarely witnessed: he was unable to restrain himself."

So unable, the irascible Stanton called him to order, with a severe reprimand, as will be related later on. Lamon says:

An informal Cabinet meeting was held, and how to dispose of the traitors was discussed. Most of the members were for hanging them. Lincoln was then asked for his opinion and replied by relating a story.

I once [said Lincoln] saw a boy holding a coon by a string. "What have you got?" I asked.

"It's a coon," replied the boy. "Last night Dad cotted six coons. He killed them all but this poor little cuss. Dad

told me to hold him till he got back, and I'm afeared he's going to kill this one too. Oh, I do wish he'd get away."

"Why don't you let him loose?" I asked.

"If I let him loose Dad'll give me hell," said the boy.

"Now," said Lincoln, "if Jeff Davis and the other fellows will only get away themselves it will be all right, but if I catch them and let them loose, Dad'll give me hell."

It was Lincoln's nature to make light of the crudest tragedies, to find amusement in the awfulest horrors. The anguish, the agonies of the four years' war, the slaughter of 700,000 men who wore the blue, and more than half as many who wore the gray, Lincoln could jovially liken to catching six coons, the killing of five, and the captivity of one. Not one particle of pity went out to the condition of the conquered. On the contrary, their thoughts and energies were at work devising plans to still further make wretched their conquered foe. In all the long and woe-ful history of man's inhumanity to man, I know of nothing to equal the virulence, the vindictiveness of hate manifested by Republican leaders after the South's surrender.

"We've got 'em down at last!" was the exultant boast.

"What next?"

"They are ours by the law of conquest," said another, "Ours to rule as conquerors rule."

"We'll grind them down to the very mire of degradation," said another.

"We'll crush every atom of rebel spirit from their rebel hearts. We'll wipe out their State lines and make territories under military rulers; we'll confiscate their land, cut it up into forty-acre lots, and give it to the negroes. We'll enfranchise the blacks, disfranchise the whites, and set ex-slaves masters over ex-masters."

"But," said another, "I've heard it whispered that the President means to be merciful to the Rebs."

"The President!" was the sinister rejoinder. "In the future, as in the past, our will, not his, be done."

Even as they spoke the sound of Booth's bullet smote upon their ears and for a moment they were dumb. True, they had never loved their first President. True, they had scorned him and reviled him, but they knew him, knew how far they could move him to go their way. They never forgot that before his election to the Presidency he had in a

speech in Congress declared the right of secession, the right of the South to independence, and they knew how the imperialists of their party had easily induced him to recede from secession and State rights, and take up the imperial idea that secession is a monstrous political crime, to punish which war was inaugurated and the whole Southland drenched in blood. This pliable President was dead; how would it be with his successor? Could they put the bit in *his* mouth and guide him the way they intended to go? Andrew Johnson was to them an unknown quantity. Would *he* be willing to wipe out State lines in the South and set over the people military rulers. Would *he* adopt the policy of confiscation? Would *he* see the utility of sinking the white men and women of the South into a deeper degradation than the yellow race on the Pacific coast are held in by the white? Putting a proud people, accustomed to dominance and freedom, under the black heels of savages from Africa would be a feat of such supreme and unspeakable despotism as neither pagan or Christian conquerors ever before attempted. This feat they were determined to accomplish. They knew that Andrew Johnson was a renegade from the South. They knew that he had been born and reared in the school of Democracy, which they hated and despised. They knew he had played traitor to the State of his birth, to the party which had honored him with the highest office in the State. They knew in the awful time which tried the souls of his people he had been false to them, false to kith and kin and blood, had fled northward and thrown himself into the arms of their deadliest foes. They knew when their first President let slip the bloody dogs of war, the triple traitor from Tennessee had sicced on those dogs, shouting as they leaped southward: "On, Lion! On, Wolf! On, Tiger! Catch! Tear! Devour!"

They well knew Johnson's treachery to his own people had left a gulf between him and them, a gruesome gulf filled with the blood and bones of slaughtered men. Could any bridge span a gulf like that? Would not that gulf forever hold the traitor from Tennessee away from his own people, his own country? Why then did fear steal upon their souls? They had heard it said that "the teachings of childhood are never wholly obliterated." What, if in some secret recess of Johnson's heart one spark, one single spark of Democracy's fire was left? What if that spark should revive? Should glow with life? Should break into flame? Should flare backward over the four years of Republican rule? Backward, shedding a lurid light over the horrors, the agonies, the anguish of the thousand battlefields, and the rivers of blood? Over the moans

and groans of the wounded and dying? All these lay along the track of the four years of war. Added to these were the outrages to freedom, free speech stifled, the press choked breathless, the Constitution kicked into the Capitol cellar, habeas corpus bound hand and foot, the Supreme Court set aside as naught, the old Bourbon infamy, *lettres de cachet* resurrected from the ruins of the Bourbon Bastille, and brought to this country to rule in the North as it ruled in France 300 years ago; 38,000 of its victims yet lay in dungeon cells. What if these sights and sounds should stir the heart of that traitor from Tennessee and he should come to feel that blood is thicker than water, and his strong right arm should strike forth commandingly, and his strident voice say to them, the conquerors, "It is enough! Stay now thine hand."

Could they bear this from the renegade Democrat of Tennessee? Was not the South *theirs* by the law of conquest? *Theirs* by the decree of the god of war? Before their excited minds flashed the possibility of many things. What if speech and press should be again freed? What if the words of contempt, the vituperations, the abusive epithets they had so viciously hurled upon their President while he was alive, with which the air in and around Washington was thick, should be seized by a freed press, pilloried in a thousand columns and sent broadcast over the world? Would not *their* party shrivel under the exposure? It is said in the face of great danger Thought acts with lightning speed. Hardly had those alarmed Republicans asked of one another, "How escape the avalanche of calamities that threaten us?" ere the road to safety was lumined before their eyes. The apotheosis project was devised and so successfully carried out, even Democrats of the South and of the North are taken in by its falsehoods and often join Republicans in singing praises to the man whom in life his own party scorned and derided.

CHAPTER THREE



The Apotheosis of Abraham Lincoln. Its Cause and Effect.

McClure and other Republican writers inform us that two men, Mr. William H. Herndon and Ward H. Lamon, from youth up, were the closest friends to Mr. Lincoln, were trusted friends in the days of Lincoln's poverty and insignificance, devoted, grateful friends in the days of his power and high fortune. Both Herndon and Lamon wrote a biography of the man they loved.

The highest Republican authorities testify that these two men produced by far the best story of Lincoln's life ever published. Not a man has ever denied or doubted the honesty, fairness or truth of these two writers. I am particular in this matter, as I shall quote liberally from these authors. McClure's *Lincoln*, page 46, has this: "Lamon was selected by Mr. Lincoln to accompany him to Washington City, as a protector from assassination. Mr. Lincoln appointed Mr. Lamon United States Marshal of the District of Columbia, that he might always have him at hand."

Schouler (good Republican authority) in his *History* says, "Lamon, as Marshal, made himself the bodyguard of the man he loved."

During his stay in Washington City, Lamon was Mr. Lincoln's closest friend; into his ears Lincoln poured all his little and big troubles. Lamon has left an account of the curious proceedings which took place immediately after Lincoln's death. We extract the following:

The ceremony of Mr. Lincoln's apotheosis was planned and executed by men who were unfriendly to him while he lived. The deification took place with showy magnificence; men who had exhausted the resources of their skill

and ingenuity in venomous detractions of the living Lincoln were the first, after his death, to undertake the task of guarding his memory, not as a human being, but as a god.

On another page Lamont gives specimens of the “venomous detractions” which the apotheosizers of the dead Lincoln had lavished on the living. Members of the Cabinet were in the habit of referring to President Lincoln as “the baboon at the other end of the avenue.” Senators referred to him as “that damned idiot in the White House.” Other specimens of “venomous detractions” will be given later on.

Of the apotheosis ceremony, Lamont continues thus:

There was the fiercest rivalry as to who should canonize Mr. Lincoln in the most solemn words; who should compare him to the most sacred character in all history. He was prophet, priest and king, he was Washington, he was Moses, he was likened to Christ the Redeemer, he was likened unto God. After that came the ceremony of apotheosis.

And this was the work of men who never spoke of the living Lincoln except with jeers and contempt. Lamont says this “venomous detraction” was known to Mr. Lincoln; the detractors took no pains to conceal it until after Lincoln’s death, when it became a political necessity to pose him as the “greatest, wisest, godliest man that ever lived.” Of the way such detractions wounded Mr. Lincoln’s feelings, Lamont speaks as follows:

Mr. Lincoln was so outraged by the obloquies, so stung by the disparagements, his existence was rendered so unhappy, that his life became almost a burden to him. I went one day to his office and found him lying on the sofa, greatly distressed. Jumping to his feet, he said: “You know, Lamont, better than any living man, that from my boyhood up my ambition was to be President, but look at me; I wish I had never been born! I would rather be dead than as President thus abused in the house of my friends.” The tragic death of Mr. Lincoln brought a more fearful panic to his traducers than to his friends.

The reason of this is plain. The few true friends about Mr. Lin-

coln were not politicians. Lamont loved Lincoln for himself, faults and all, and possibly for the favors bestowed upon him. The Republican politicians about him detested Lincoln personally and had little or no respect for his mental ability, but the moment after Lincoln's death they saw how disastrous it would be for their party and themselves should the public come to know of the low estimate in which they had held their first President.

Continuing the apotheosis subject, Lamont makes the following remarkable statement:

For days and nights after the President's death it was considered treason to be seen in public with a smile on your face. Men who ventured to doubt the ineffable purity and saintliness of Lincoln's character, were pursued by mobs of men, beaten to death with paving stones, or strung up by the neck to lamp posts until dead.

Who were the men back of these crimes? Who were they who in secret conclave decreed that a smile on the face should be punished as high treason? Who were they whose fine diplomatic art contrived to gather mobs on the street and then stirred them up to the madness of beating men to death with paving stones or hanging them on lamp posts until dead? For what object were these desperate measures resorted to? The Republican writers inform us that almost without exception, every Republican who knew Mr. Lincoln personally, not only failed to see his greatness, but were so impressed by his littleness as to be anxious to depose him, and put a dictator in his place. B. F. Butler, in his book, says several men were talked of for the dictatorship. Edwin Stanton more than once proposed to General McClellan to seize the reins of government and make himself dictator. Butler says:

There was a crop of dictators; each party wanted the man. The zealous abolitionists wanted Fremont. The property men of the country wanted a property man. The *New York Times*, in an elaborate editorial, proposed that George Law, an extensive manufacturer of New York, should be dictator.

Lamont says Lincoln was well posted as to these dictator plots. So widespread was the dissatisfaction with Lincoln, so high and influential were the men engaged in the plots, no man at the time offered any

objection, no man, no Republican paper (that we can learn of) denounced the project as treason, or the projectors as traitors. No man urged, in opposition, the ability and fitness of Mr. Lincoln. At that time, as all through the dreadful four years' war, the word "traitor" was by Republicans only applied to men who did not advocate the war of conquest on the South. The slightest word indicating a belief that the war was not just or was unnecessarily cruel, was enough to brand a man as a traitor deserving a dungeon cell. Among the distinguished men who distrusted Lincoln's ability, who scorned and reviled him, were Secretary of the Treasury Salmon P. Chase. Secretary of War Edwin Stanton, Vice President Hannibal Hamlin, Secretary of State Seward, Fremont, Senators Sumner, Trumbull, Ben Wade, of Ohio, Henry Wilson, of Massachusetts, Thaddeus Stevens, Henry Ward Beecher, Wendell Phillips, Winter Davis, Horace Greeley. Chandler of Michigan, and hosts of others. Yet all of these (with the exception of Greeley) immediately after the apotheosis ceremony deemed it for the good of their party and themselves to bury out of sight every "venomous detraction" they had lavished on the living President and forthwith to put themselves into a reverential attitude toward the dead man and force upon the world the belief that Lincoln had been their wise and trusted ruler, their guide, their head, their Moses who had led them out of the awful Wilderness of War. So far as I can discover, Greeley was the only Republican who did not make a sudden jump from distrust and contempt to adoration.

Zack Chandler, of Michigan, who had much to do with pushing Lincoln on to coercion, was among the number who were eager to depose Lincoln and put a dictator in his place. It was Chandler, who, before it became evident that Lincoln was determined on war, while more than two-thirds of the people in the Northern States denounced the bare idea of coercion, wrote these sinister words: "This Union will not be worth a curse without a little blood-letting."

Although Lincoln had gratified Chandler by letting the blood, and day by day was still letting it from thousands of brave young hearts, Chandler was dissatisfied and wanted Lincoln removed and a dictator put in his place.

CHAPTER FOUR



The Estimate Republican Leaders Held of the Living Lincoln.

In his *History of the United States*, Vol. IV, page 520, Rhodes makes the sweeping assertion that “Lincoln’s contemporaries failed to perceive his greatness.”

Other Republican writers make the same statement. Yet none attempted to explain why those who best knew Mr. Lincoln failed to esteem or respect him. Chase, while in his Cabinet, had every opportunity to know Lincoln well. Tarbell says, “Mr. Chase was never able to realize Mr. Lincoln’s greatness.”

McClure says, “Chase was the most irritating fly in the Lincoln ointment.”

In their voluminous life of Lincoln, Nicolay and Hay have this:

Even to complete strangers Chase could not write without speaking slightly of President Lincoln. He kept up this habit till the end of Lincoln’s life. Chase’s attitude toward the President varied between the limits of active brutality and benevolent contempt.

Yet Nicolay and Hay, and all other Republican writers, rate Mr. Chase very high as a man of honesty, talent, and patriotism. The reader must bear in mind that every Republican writer since the year 1860 uses the word “patriotism” in a perverted sense, not as meaning love of country, but meaning approbation of the war made on the South. To a Republican, opposition to that war was treason, support of it was patriotism. The worst scoundrel that ever lived, if he eulogized that war, was patriotic. Had St. Peter himself returned to earth and even

hinted that war was cruel and unnecessary, he would have been called a traitor and confined in a dungeon cell. Of a bill to create offices in 1864. Chase wrote in his diary, "If this bill becomes a law, Lincoln will most certainly put men in office from political considerations."

On this, page 448, Rhodes comments thus: "A President who selected unfit generals for the reason that they represented phases of public opinion, would hardly hesitate to name postmasters and collectors who could be relied upon as a personal following." This is as near as Rhodes dare come in adverse criticism of the apotheosized man.

Rhodes further says, "In conversation, in private correspondence, in the confidence of his diary, Chase dealt censure unrestrained on Lincoln's conduct of the war."

Morse says, "Many distinguished men of his own party distrusted Mr. Lincoln's character."

On an official visit to Washington, February 23, 1863, Richard H. Dana wrote Thomas Lathrop as follows:

I see no hope but in the army; the lack of respect for the President in all parties is unconcealed. The most striking thing is the absence of personal loyalty to the President. It does not exist. He has no admirers. If a convention were held tomorrow he would not get the vote of a single State. He does not act or talk or feel like the ruler of an empire. He seems to be fonder of details than of principles, fonder of personal questions than of weightier matters of empire. He likes rather to talk and tell stories with all sorts of people who come to him for all sorts of purposes, than to give his mind to the many duties of his great post. This is the feeling of his Cabinet. He has a kind of shrewd common sense, slipshod, low-leveled honesty that made him a good Western lawyer, but he is an unutterable calamity to us where he is. Only the army can save us.

This was the way Mr. Dana and many other Republicans saw Mr. Lincoln before the apotheosis ceremony. After that ceremony the Honorable S.E. Crittenden expressed deep regret that "The men whose acquaintance with Mr. Lincoln was intimate enough to form any just estimate of his character did not more fully appreciate his statesmanship and other great qualities. They did not recognize him as the greatest

statesman and writer of the times.” Is it not a little singular that neither Crittenden or any other Republican writer has made any attempt to explain the phenomenon, that despite Mr. Lincoln’s greatness and goodness not one, so far as I can discover, of his contemporaries perceived those qualities while he lived? The *New York Independent*, a strong Republican journal, in its issue of August 9th, 1862, thus commented on Lincoln’s state papers:

Compare the state papers, messages, proclamations, orders, documents, which preceded or accompanied the War of Independence, with those of President Lincoln’s papers. These are cold, lifeless, dead. There has not been a line in any government paper that might not have been issued by the Czar of Russia or by Louis Napoleon of France.

The state papers of the War of Independence were inspired by the highest, the most generous emotion of the human heart—love of freedom. The state papers of President Lincoln were inspired by the meanest, the most selfish—the passion for conquest. Is it strange that in tone and spirit, Lincoln’s state papers should resemble those of the Czar of Russia? Both men stood on a despot’s platform.

“Our state papers,” continues the *New York Independent*, “during this eventful period [the war of conquest on the South] are void of genius and enthusiasm for the great doctrine on which this government was founded. Faith in human rights is dead in Washington.” Never spoke journal a more lamentable truth. Faith in human rights was not only dead in Washington, but the Government in Washington was using all the machinery in its power to trample down that faith deep in bloody mire on a hundred battlefields. The Washington Government had gone back a hundred years to the old monarchic doctrines of George III., and was doing its utmost to quell and kill the patriotic spirit of ’76, which had rescued the Colonies from kingly rule. Dunning, President of Columbia University, in one of his essays on the Civil War (the war of conquest on the South), says, page 39:

President Lincoln’s proclamation of September 24th, 1862, was a perfect plat for a military despotism. The very demonstrative resistance of the people to the government only made military arrests more frequent. Lincoln asserted the existence of military law throughout the United States.

The President of Columbia University might have gone a little farther back and found that the plat Lincoln made for a military despotism was when he called for 75,000 armed men to invade and conquer the States of the South. The Rev. Robert Collier, a distinguished divine of Chicago, was on a visit to Washington City. Says Lamon:

The Rev. Mr. Collier, sharing the prevailing sentiment in regard to the incapacity and inefficiency of Lincoln's government, chanced to pass through the White House grounds. Casting a glance at the Executive Mansion, he saw three pairs of feet resting on the ledge of an open window on the second floor. Calmly surveying the grotesque spectacle, Mr. Collier asked a man at work about the grounds "What that meant?" pointing to the six feet in the window. "You old fool!" retorted the man, that's the Cabinet a settin' and them big feet is old Abe's."

Some time after, in a lecture at Boston, Mr. Collier described the scene and commented on the imbecility of the Lincoln government: "Projecting their feet out of a window and jabbering away is about all they're good for in Washington," said the great preacher.

The reader will observe the first line of this quotation: "*Mr. Collier, sharing the prevailing sentiment in regard to Mr. Lincoln's incapacity.*" This sentiment prevailed up to the hour of Lincoln's death. As soon as the apotheosis ceremony was performed, the Rev. Collier made haste to assume toward Lincoln an attitude of reverence and admiration. "I abused poor Lincoln like the fool the man called me," said Mr. Collier.

Charles Francis Adams wrote of the living Lincoln: "When Lincoln first entered upon his functions as President, he filled with dismay all those brought in contact with him." The dismay did not abate as the years went by; on the contrary, the opposition to Lincoln, the distrust, the disgust, increased from day to day to the hour of his death. In 1873 ex-Minister Adams made an address to the Legislature of New York on the occasion of Seward's death. On page 48 Adams said, "When Lincoln entered upon his duties as President he displayed moral, intellectual and executive incompetency." So far as I can discover, not during Lincoln's life did any noted Republican state that he displayed anything else.