

When the Democratic Convention in 1864

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What some of the speakers had to say about their President, at the Nat'l Convention in Chicago, 1864, was a'plenty. A few of their remarks were excavated from old files some years ago, and recalled by Dr Frank Crane in 1919.

The Honorable S S Cox hit the ice-water table and delivered himself in ringing tones: "Abraham Lincoln has deluged the country with blood Created a debt of 4 billion dollars and sacrificed 2 million human lives At the November election we will damn him with eternal infamy. Even Jefferson Davis is no greater enemy of the Constitution"

Mr Stamburgh of Ohio went even further in his criticism- "You might search Hell all over and find none worse than Abraham Lincoln."

The Hon John Fuller of Michigan ^{brayed as} follows:-- " Are you willing to follow in the footsteps of Abraham Lincoln, the perjured wretch who has vilcoated the oath he took before high Heaven to support the Constitution and preserve the liberties of the people?"

While the Hon Henry Clay Dean of Iowa surpassed even these gentlemen in his picturesque comments-- "The American people are ruled by felons With all his vast armies, Lincoln has failed failed, FAILED. And still the monster monster-superper wants more victims for his slaughter pens. I blush that such a felon should occupy the highest gift of the people. Perjury and larceny are written all over him. Ever since the traitor and tyrant has larcen occupied the Presidential enair the Republican party has shouted war to the knife, and the knife to the hilt. Blood has flowed in torrents, and yet the thirst of the old monster is not quenched. His cry is ever for more blood".

Enough of this illustrious company long since vanished down the corridors of Time, remembered only for their maledictions.

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Lovers of the memory of Abraham Lincoln will be grateful for this beautiful and touching tribute -- written by an un-reconstructed rebel, too the late George M Bailey columnist of the Houston(Texas) Post Despatch and published in that paper Feb 12 1923.

"One hundred and fourteen years ago, according to the vague record of the event, Abraham Lincoln was born. A child of the Southern wilderness his character was moulded in an environment of loneliness, sorrow and privation. His heart bled from early youth, until under the weeping skies of an April morning in '65 it was drained of its last crimson drop. The joys of the world never knew him; to happiness he was a stranger; life's burdens clung to him with ever-increasing weight, until Death struck them from his tired shoulders. The great duties that came to him were duties of pain and sorrow. The triumphs he won were triumphs that crushed his soul with grief. Looking backward upon his strange career, it almost seems as if the man stalked across the stage of Life with a crown of thorns upon his brow, bearing a cross to his Calvary; beholding the world through a mist of tears. He loved his country unselfishly and served her with unfaltering faith.

His spirit knew neither malice nor hatred; no impulse of vengeance ever sought refuge in his bosom, he was gentle of speech, charitable, compassionate tender, brave. Destiny made him the broken-hearted Commander in-chief of an embattled nation, turned against his native South; duty drove him thro' the tragic ordeal; and in the end, Fate struck him down, and left even his estranged kinsmen moved and dumb above his prostrate form.

History reveals no counterpart of Abraham Lincoln. In body, heart, soul and mind, as well as in the fateful career God marked out for him, the world has had none other like him, amongst all its sons who have led mankind from Eden to Versailles. The Pyramids may sink beneath the desert-sands; the temples crumble in the dust of ages; the fame of the Caesars vanish in oblivion. But surely as long as the earth endures, it will behold

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this martyred son-- strange,gaunt,silent,colossal; with agony written
in the lines of his kindly face, and love glowing in his wistful eyes--
the saddest,gentlest,most pathetic figure in all human history".

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