Henry H. Arnold

Lincoln wrote you a hearty note on Saturday, and now proceeds to finish his defense. You ask me if Mr. Lincoln was ever angry in Sangamon County—was insane in 1855; and in answer to which, I say the reason as the people in that region understand that he was the only one, the People in that region understand the reasons or insanity, and there much worse than I painted it, though I tell the story as my reason and evidence make it, and show it and see it. You ask me if Mr. Lincoln is just made to deliver this speech which I put in his mouth. He did not make this speech in words, though he did in substance and spirit just as here with them.

Again—did you know that Mr. Lincoln wrote a word—a book on infidelity, and that his friends say they burned it up. Beware that some faith is not clumbling—be springing on you, when we are dead and gone, and set defense being made—the will go down all time as a writer on infidelity—Athenian or ! How are you going to meet this? Can't scold and sus-picion even in shadow visions indirectly your true friend—your co-laborer, till you knew all—mean it as I do, and no time.
will have it and make it irrespective of you and myself. My own present opinion is that
that Book was written in 1836 and not written through the spirit of his memory, through the
thoughts and ideas that God had foreseen him, and through the echoes of Lincoln's mental
condition—suffering—his burst of wild despair.
the dates as I have them must be taken before
the crazy spell but my knowledge of Lincoln
and my reason tells me that the book was
written in 1836. I am now in search of the
facts—the true and exact facts as to time, place
and persons. Then, place the book before the
spell and I after it. I will write you
my brief conclusions about the facts. Not only
alone—(smiling and nodding reassuringly) I have
my own work and mission. I may here
say as I have said before to you, that I worship
reverence Lincoln—his memory and fame.
I loved him while living and reverenced him
that he is now dead and gone. He was the
best friend I ever had excepting my own
wife and my mother, he was the best friend
I ever expected to have—same mother and wife;
and I repeat to you that, I think Mr. Lin-
colon was the best man—the kindest, tenderest—
robust—loveliest genius living. He was
better and purer than Washington, and in
mind he stands incomparable, grandly com-
ing up. He is now the great central figure of American history. I do hope you will hear for

Again. Did you know that Mr. Lincoln was "as crazy as a loon" in this city in 1841? That he did not eat, did not even attend to his personal affairs? That he was driven by his friends here at that time, that they had to remove all arms, knives, pistols, etc. from his room, because he might not commit suicide. Did you know that his crazy skull was about to be examined; his fidelity to it was a constant care? Did you know that all Lincoln's struggles, difficulties, etc., between himself and his wife, were partly, if not wholly, caused by Mrs. Le's estimation that Lincoln did not love her, and did love another? Lincoln told his wife that he did not love her, which conjures up the fact that Lincoln loved another. Did you know that the battle through which Lincoln passed was caused by these things? Mrs. Lincoln's knowledge that Lincoln did not love her and did love another caused much trouble between them. I say,
yet cling to him like his shadow. Like a tiny shirt around his noble spirit. Lincoln for more than 50 long years walked through his furnace—his cross and crown. Friends—

What is the cause of his sadness? His gloom—his sometimes terrible nature. What made him so tender, so good, so honest, so just, so noble, so firm, so gentle, so liberal, so tolerant, so divine, as it were? It was the fiery furnace through which God rolled him, and yet the world knows not know it—Oh! Good heavens, that out all lights freeze up all human sympathy from this greatest man! Never—never. All that I knew of Mr. Lincoln only excites him—brightens, most enkindles him, and will endlessly draw the sympathies of all mankind to him. Kind man—good man—noble man—who knows thy sufferings, but one man, and God? God bless thee, thou incomparable man!

Would you have Mr. Lincoln a sham, a reality or what—a symbol of an unreality?

Would you cheat mankind into a belief of a false God by deranging this judgment? Mr. Lincoln must stand on truth or not stand at all. This age is merciless in its pitiless pursuit of facts, and do you suppose you and I can escape the honest judgment of
made? The age of blind hero worship, that
lost God, has gone, and the worship of the mind
is coming. My duty is to truth - man and
God. My mind is made up, and nothing
but facts - experiences run and purified through
reason shall ever change my course.

My dear friend, all that is said is
kindly said, and kindly said.

Your friend,

W.H. [Signature]

P.S. Since I began to gather facts
nearly two years I have undergone various
phases of opinion and belief and after two
years reflection on the facts - beliefs and
opinions of others, you now have my own
opinion of the new and the spirit of my
book. You may show this to as many
men as you choose - the more the better
opinion - i.e. if you will have.
Springfield, Nov. 30th, 1866.

Dear Mr. Lincoln:

I was sick in Chicago on wood I called to see you on Saturday, according to my conditional promise. On arriving here I found your two letters, dated on the 21st Nov., and to which I wish to make a reply. I know you wrote as a friend, and do not doubt that. In your letter of the 22nd you say: "I do not fear the truth as his [his] friend." What I will fear is that now he has gone and cannot himself explain the things which lie to obscurity and silence may be prevented, especially, if given to the public view, while there are so many North as well as South, who yet hate him for his triumph over slavery, and rebellion." I presume I may say I am Lincoln's friend and "Do not fear the truth as his friend." I believe and believe that too many may in nature be the friend of one or the other kind man. This is no usual thing; it may be you are a better friend to Mr. Lincoln's fame than I am or can be. This depends on circumstances which I will not now and here discuss.

What you do fear is that some face, left unexplained by Mr. Lincoln, and which he left...
in silence we will be uttered by Sir. Did you catch that sentence? If you do not, that, you had better turn up your boots; because all men's lives is such a state of facts—conditions—silences to, as is every other man's life. No man attains all he does—say what one truth of what he does, there be leaves to silences and the grave. Possibly—probably—say truthfully all the good things an honest man does he himself leaves to the silences and to the graves; and shall we not build up a man's fame on these; and life that great thought—idea—seed out of the silences and the graves where the good and honest man left them—to life and light? I am sure men do not wish to leave their own homes; and where they are good—noble and virtuous man leaving in silence and the grave their great and good deeds, let us then leave their homes for them; and snake from his silences and the silences where these great deeds, that they may not perish. Mr. Lincoln was an ambitious man—struggled for the Presidency—reached it, and yet he has left his stories—his purposes, and plans in the dead silences; and shall we not talk about them, simply because Mr. Lincoln was too modest, and too sensible to claim his own home; he made his great house—speeches—against itself—speeches, and yet he never
afflicted. A mortal man, why should it wholly 
so; he came to ills, he married - kept a 
family - studied and practiced law - loved 
liberty; God; and yet you will find no 
record of offenses. Friend- good University 
- smoking - burn your boats which I knew 
and life you will not do - though on every 
page it violates - widely violates your own 
philosophy, and caution to me. Mr. Lincoln 
cannot come from the grave and explain 
you and I are left for that very duty, and let 
us manfully, truthfully, and courageously do 
it. But one fear! Lincoln's reputation 
does not rest in my hands - nor exclusively 
in yours. If Mr. Lincoln has left facts in 
obscenity and silence; his whole life is so 
early to rise, as to his explanations of what he 
did, said, and thought; and those facts - things 
thoughts and deeds, you have noticed, that 
on every page of your good book, I hope and 
believe, shall you cease to talk about 
them and give passages in philosophical opinions 
are items. Once your opinions where Mr. Lincoln 
has left to obscurity and silence to holy pur-
purposes and intentions - his ideas and motives. Once 
all facts from your book like Mr. Lincoln 
has left to obscurity and silence, Do so 
simply because some scandal - some enemy, 
North or South, because Mr. Lincoln fell free
He African race and equaled the rebellion, still hate him. Mr. L. and will forever misappropriate. miscarry. forge. disclose. a great number necessary truths in relation to Mr. Lincoln's life shall you? You erase all you have written or will write about Mr. Lincoln's true necessary truths, facts and thoughts of... I believe I have ever been misapplied. misappropriated, falsely and wickedly changed, and otherwise infamously used by his enemies, from... behalf, because he struck the fetters from mankind, and triumphed in doing so... rebellion. Was he responsible for all this? Do I know? Jesus was not and is not responsible for each wicked thing. I am not responsible for mean mean mean and malicious acts, both past, now and in the future. In reference to Lin... other men on subjects or things.

I am satisfied you will do what is right and I will trust your judgment on your own materials, and I will have the same faith in me on my own materials. Good humbly, kindly, I do not deal in gossip and will not. I take all your say kindly as coming from a friend, and will you be as liberal and just to me.

The philosophy you would teach me
amends to this at least in tendency - all vice - infancy - wrong - injustice - meanness and
density which a man does in this life, and which be after and done, as he thinks, has left
in the silence. the graves and obscenities must not be sneaked from the grave and held
up to mankind as warnings. your philosophy would teach me, that if a man becomes
great he may but any life of wrong - vice, and crime - be great. murder and beastial,
his memory will be closed over for his sake, clearing the future into a lie. you would
hold out to mankind, the corrupt politicians, traitor, and criminals, the guarantee to
what you please, and what you have left to silence, and obscenity, shall never be dragged
from the grave or other living place. you hold out that kind of invitation, inducements,
and guarantees to vile naked men and
beasts in tendency at least. I say, it is an
obligation, high as heaven, and as deep as hell,
both, and incumbent on man to drag such
things and men to light and expose them to
all mankind forever. I hold out this
inducements, this invitation, this guarantee
to the mean will wicked man - it is as you
will - do wrong - do injustice - be corrupt - be
injust - oppress the poor - act on their wrong,
if the thought escapes your lips, though you
are great and rich, and powerful - your acts, deeds, thoughts, which your love life unex-planed to silence and obscurity - being dead or alive, explained or not explained, shall be enacted, from the deep eternal silences - ter-rories, and the graves; and held up every scene tall - cell and film of your life, bare and plain to human view, as bowing ". I tell the polit-i-cians, live nobly and act justly - to all men, live honestly and uprightly before man and God, or you shall be exposed. Mr. Smith, let me say this - let men now and hence-ward, and forever, understand, that they cannot live honestly - after a life of viol and wrong, except infamously. Begin now. Lincoln is above reproach and is almost spot less thanks God; and let the world understand from this time that all things - all necesa-ry truths, shall be brought to clear clean broad daylight.

There are two in America, two civilizations, as I said to you at your house - one North and one South. Two civilizations have their representatives, North as well as South. The North will attempt to build up for Lincoln a super-human fame - will make Lincoln a perfect - unblemished, spotless angel of God - a part of the 3rd Land. The things will never and paint him as perfect
a high criminal — a tyrant — a despot: a child of the devil. This is the tendency of North and South; and had these men the way mankind would be divided to the last of time, groaning and debating the question as to the existence — nature and character of Lincoln for ever. If the future selects us, the end will — Lincoln's glorious immortality and the greatest justicest and noblest fame, will be lost. How many words still truthfully — honestly, diagramically all necessary truths, and all doubts will die forever or rather they never will ephex. I have run this through my poor brain for one year, and you have my conclusions as to what I shall do.

And now must I have delivered my lectures on Mr. Lincoln's mind — characteristics, and intend to deliver to the 5th. They will stand first Mr. Lincoln infant mind — his boyhood, and manhood mind — its nature as God made it — its tendencies — aspirations, pain and struggles, and general development. The dream the scene you have just read is an attempt to show the power and influence of mind — scenery — flowers — and mind on mind — Lincoln's mind. The thread is purely abstract of Mr. Lincoln's manhood mind. The present is a practical application of that abstract idea, mind — Lincoln's mind to the things of
this world and their relations; and the fight will be an Mr. Lincoln's Patentism and Statesmanship - mind practically at worst, our country and governments, and it is possible you may lose them. I hope you will. I hope your book will be out by the first day of January, and it is very certain, with that, it may be a complete success. I believe it will, from what I know of its gentlemanly and talented author.

With kind regards,

Your friend,

W. H. Herndon.