

fore, naturally enough you find them fairly represented by the most venal and treacherous of them all—the New York *Observer*, in its judgment that my paper “disgraced Kentucky”; and by the most insane and stupid of them all, the Philadelphia *Standard*—whose exuberant joy at the suppression of the logical lash betrays it into a petty larceny of worn out wit—braying an obituary over the suppressed paper.

It is, perhaps, not surprising that so singular a combination of hostile influences should have proved too strong for your native sense of right, quickened though it might be by Gov. Bramlette's awful exposures of your subordinates' outrages and contempt for the constitution and the laws. Deprived therefore of the accustomed channel for the utterance of my testimony, you and the public will bear with me if in this irregular way I seek to lay before you, and, through the use of your conspicuous name, before the public at large, some of the considerations which have constrained me, in the *True Presbyterian*, to essay the unpopular task of resisting and exposing the dangerous tendencies of the current confusion of the secular and the spiritual powers.

My fidelity to the constitution and laws of the country having been impeached by so many whose position, if they were true to it, should give them credence with the public, allow me, without the imputation of egotism, a few more preliminary words in vindication of my title to the public confidence in the statements and arguments about to be submitted.

I have not only taught and practised submission to lawless authority as the ordinance of God, but have attested my sincerity in so doing by no doubtful proofs. My accusers attest their loyalty by the cheap process of noisy hurrahs for the power that gratifies their pride with office, their ambition with power, their malignity with the means of vengeance, and their avarice with abundant plunder. I have attested my fidelity to the constitution and laws by the costly process of patient endurance under infamous abuses of them, without allowing my reverence for them to be impaired thereby.

From the beginning of this unhappy war, though never having offended against the law, and never having failed in duty as the citizen of a State remaining in the Union and therefore entitled to the protection rather than the penal inflictions of the Federal government. I have been subjected, with my family, year by year, to spoliation, outrage and insult, and harassed with fears of a failure of bread to my household, solely on account of the plundering of the agents of the government that perpetually remind me of my obligations of gratitude and taxes me enormously for its paternal care of my “life, liberty and property.” In common with a large number even of earnest war men I have continually been robbed, not merely by a lawless soldiery but by official representatives of the government, some of them high in rank.

I need not weary you, Mr. President, with details of facts notorious to hundreds of my neighbors, beyond a simple allusion to some of them. Cormorants such as your collector Robinson, at Evansville, representing your financial policy, have ruthlessly seized and wasted my property, in contempt of the authorization of their equals in office, involving me in most serious losses. Your military officers, clothed with despotic power, and yet failing to restrain their subordinates, have despoiled me. Thus your gentlemanly, but inefficient Gen. Cox, your unfortunate Gen. Scammon, your brutal Gen. Hunter, and his colleague, Gen. Averill, authorized or permitted the wanton destruction of my property to the extent of thousands of dollars; seizing and wasting my boats and engines, entirely destroying the enclosures of our farm, and the harvested wheat and growing corn and grass; and, when the waste had been repaired, at an outlay of thousands of dollars, repeating the devastation during the past summer. Thus, again, your forces retreating, before Loring, drove off before them from my service, the only slaves I ever, even nominally owned;—and owned these only because, after your election, moved by their tears and remonstrances against being removed from their home on my premises, I lifted a mortgage of \$10,000 from their heads and placed it upon the home of my wife and children; taking, as my only guarantee, their promise, gratefully to serve me, at least, until their labor should liquidate the debt. Thus, again, your Gen. Stedman, while enjoying the free hospitalities of my house, failed to restrain Turchin's infamous soldiers, from running naked, in open day in crowds through my shrubbery, and driving our negro servant women, by their shocking shamelessness and obscenity, from the kitchen. Thus, your Gen. Gordon Granger, wantonly encamped his hosts in our lawn, to kindle their camp fires at the roots of our noble forest trees, tether their horses in our young orchards, and plunder the premises generally, while their general pitched his tent, with a mulatto mistress in it under the window of our family chamber. And, even as I now write, comes the intelligence that again, after the enormous expense and patient toil of two years in repairing the damage of previous vandalism, our home—hundreds of miles from the seat of war, on the verge of local Louisville, and in sight of Republican Indiana—has again been devastated by a ruthless soldiery as utterly as before! Forty thousand dollars would not make good my pecuniary losses through your agents, directly or indirectly,—thus, your administration protects property. Voluntary exile here from my family, my pastoral charge, and my business, to avoid collision with and annoyance from the miserable creatures whom so uniformly you select to bully and dominate over communities in the Border States.—Thus, your administration protects life and property!