

DR. R.E. SEARCH MANUSCRIPT
“LINCOLN MONEY MARTYRED”
THE STRANGER'S STORY

Part 1: Page 112-116

Fatigued as I was from long research and study, I was very happy to accept an invitation to spend a month with some dear friends who had a few years before established themselves upon an old Virginia plantation, within a short day's automobile journey from Washington.

I arrived there the latter part of May, 1933, and a more beautiful and ideal place in which to rest and write could not have been found. The place was old but of fine construction, and I was given a beautifully situated room on the ground floor, with southern exposure, having a large French door that opened into an exquisite garden of fruit and flowers that was certainly conducive to rest and quiet I needed so badly after my strenuous work in Washington.

My friend and his wife (they had no children) were fairly well to do, having accumulated enough to keep them comfortable, had retired there to the quiet and beautiful valley to enjoy a few years of life, while yet young enough to enjoy it, a thing most people neglect to do until it is too late. The farm made them a comfortable living, and as help was very reasonable, they did not have to overwork themselves, and were really living the lives of the “Gentle folks of the Old South.”

I had been there only a short while and had gotten my manuscript in fair shape, but was not satisfied with it myself; it seemed woefully incomplete and the thought occurred to me many times, that at sometime, this whole diabolical scheme of binding our Nation, in a mountainous debt of economic slavery, could have been stopped and a system of some kind put into effect, whereby our people could have gone onward and upward in a free and happy expression of their lives, in their own individual way, being always and at all times well able to earn a comfortable living, educate their children, and prepare a competence for their declining years, when their earning power waned, and be able to enjoy the sunset of life as a reward for work well done.

All this seemed wholly possible in a land of abundance, and especially since our producing power had increased so tremendously, and I could see no reason at all why, that the more we produced, the poorer we got as a nation, or to put it into a more truthful and definite phrase—the more we produced, and the more machinery we invented to do our work for us, the deeper into debt we went!

Even with the new environment I could not keep my mind from returning again and again to the circumstances surrounding the time of the “Great Emancipator” and his work and action and especially that letter to Col. Taylor about the “Greenback” being the “Greatest Blessing” our people had ever had bestowed upon them. His thought upon all other matters had been so clear, righteous, and unselfish, that he must of necessity have had far different plans for our immediate

future, than those under which our Government was operating at the close of the war, and just before his tragic and untimely death.

Then also a plank in the platform on which he was elected in 1864, declared for a National Currency. Just what kind of a system could he have had in mind! Or was he willing to give the bankers most anything they wanted if thereby he could save the Union!

Again and again my mind would ponder upon the strenuous days and sleepless nights he spent in the early years of the war, with the question of financing war operations; his jubilant and thankful letter to Col. Taylor for devising a way to relieve the situation, then soon to have the crisis arise again; the fight in Congress over the "Exception Clause" in the "Greenback" issue with its final adoption and the excuse it offered, the Money Changers discounting and depreciating the greenback money and destroying its purchasing power and value, under a law made especially for the purpose, of course, then the harried and worried President being forced to accede to the establishment of the same nefarious Bank Law that had twice before been killed and thrown out, by his illustrious predecessors in the presidency, Jefferson and Jackson.

Surely, being the student that he was, with his wisdom and judgment, he must have known all that had gone on before, and the reasons for the opposition of Jefferson and Jackson and all the other fearless patriots of former years to such a system of finance.

Such a student of the Constitution as he, and so shrewd, he surely knew such a law was unconstitutional. If he had only lived—with the war over, and with four years more in which to do things—but he didn't live. He was killed!! Murdered!!! HE NEVER HAD A CHANCE TO PROVE WHAT HE COULD DO!

Such was my thinking one night as I lay on my pillow, when I dropped into a deep slumber. Sometime later I woke with a start, the room all light, and standing beside my bed was a gentleman, seemingly of the old school, who bowed graciously, and begging my pardon for the intrusion, said he understood I was writing a book on the nation's economic situation, and that he had some information that might prove valuable to me. If I would allow him to do so, he would give me the information and be on his way.

And this is the strange and amazing story revealed to me there in the wee small hours of the night, on the Old Virginia Plantation.

I reached for a note book and pencil that lay on a small table beside my bed and bade him proceed.

"You have, of course", he began, "gone quite thoroughly into the money question in ancient, medieval, early English and early American, and also in our modern times, therefore, you must have seen how the thread of control, the methods of procedure, the schemes, and the tricks have all come down through the centuries in an unbroken chain, never becoming more humane and just toward the people, but always waxing more severe, more inhuman, and more oppressive with each succeeding generation.

"It will help you to a clearer understanding of the system and its application if you know and remember that the same class of predatory people have been continuously unbroken in their line of descent, the principal Money Changers and Money Manipulators, handing down their

knowledge of money and its pernicious and enslaving uses to each succeeding generation, to do with, use, and improve upon the wicked, lecherous practices of the ages; to subject other people to their rule and to take from them their hard earned produce of the field and factories.

“It is true, of course, there have been at times, members of other peoples, who have learned and used some of the tricks and practices of the real money changers, but usually in the end they were fleeced by the others with the tricks they had **not** learned. Furthermore these outsiders were not imbued with the necessity of handing knowledge of these things down to their children, likely preferring to lock up the fact of **their** use, in their own memory, and handing down only the result, or the money and riches, they had been able to obtain by their use.

“The members of the other classes who have used some of the methods of the ‘Money Changers’ have increased in number in the last few centuries, in fact, the whole civilized world has become infected with the pernicious practice and in the main have been a most helpful tool of the Money Changers, enabling them to extend their exploiting methods into fields and circumstances with which their type of mind could never cope and for which they have no liking.

“These activities, of course, are in the realm of large scale exploitation of natural resources, inventions, and manufacturing processes. People like Rockefeller, Lipton, Harriman, Marshall Field, and hundreds of others, have been allowed to become very rich and powerful in order to produce these vast riches, to be in turn manipulated by the ‘money changers,’ either in ways of commerce or in the manipulation of their stocks and bonds, which has grown to be one of the large ‘rackets’ of our day.

“Then again, in this way the ‘Money Changer’ can stay in the background and escape having the abuse and cry of ‘tainted money’ attached to him, and as he says of himself in much of his literature, ‘work behind the scenes.’ These people are also very adept at working ‘behind the scenes’ as official ‘advisors’ or even ‘unofficial advisors’ of governmental officials in key positions, where their advice would accomplish their own ends without responsibility for the consequences being laid on them if afterwards found out.

“Many of these ‘advisors’ are being used today in our government, in fact, more than in any other period of our National existence, which may have some bearing on the condition of chaos and depression in which we find ourselves today.

“So, you will see, there are many angles to our complicated stage of civilization from which the ‘Money Changer’ can work his nefarious schemes. Whereas in centuries gone by he had only the one graft—loaning money at usury, now his various forms of manipulation have so covered up and obstructed the view of the common people that his schemes can be and are worked almost unknown and unseen, and when found out, the blame generally can be, and as is, placed upon entirely different people.

“These many and varied schemes, of course, work out so as to cause depression and deflation periods, to come with ever increasing frequency and seriousness.

“You are also aware that the headquarters for all the money and credit manipulation of the world is located in England, France, Germany and Switzerland! Orders for the world activity

originate and are correlated there. Comparatively few men are involved in this 'Inner Circle' of personage who plan to rule or ruin the world."

"It may be well to mention that some students of the Bible say that "Bible Prophecy" says that these people just mentioned, will actually overcome and rule the world for a time, and rule with utmost severity, God using them as a rod or means of chastisement of the other people of the earth, for their transgression of His laws and for forsaking His work, but afterward they are to be practically wiped off the face of the earth, by the persecuted and down-trodden people. For we must remember that God carries on His work pertaining to man through man's thought, words, and actions, and it may well be true that anyone having a continuous inner urge to do things for the benefit of humanity is receiving his "urgings" from the "Place of the Most High" and that he should be about his work and carry it out to the very best of his ability, as the light is given him to do so."

I was awed and amazed by this strange but pleasant person; he seemed to have a poise and ease of expression, and a deeper knowledge and understanding than it had ever been my pleasure to contact before, and I gave him my undivided attention in order that I might transcribe his every word. His very being forbade any doubt of his slightest utterance or conclusion.

Part 2: Page 116-120

"To get on with my story," continued the stranger, "thirty years previous to the Civil War, there lived not far from where we are now, a man, his wife, and one child, by the name of Andrews. Their ancestors were of the early emigration from Scotland and northern Ireland, and like many others, these ancestors had, by fearless work and hardship, carved them a home out of the wilderness, and in time had become a respected family of land and slave owners, on their extensive plantation.

"You are likely questioning now, their ideals and actions regarding slaves, but you must remember that in the South slave owning was deemed by the 'best people' perfectly right and proper, and one of the objectives toward which the average white man strove to attain. Many white men believed that if they owned a negro, kept him well, let him raise his family and live in more or less freedom from responsibility, such a negro was much better off than he would have been in a state of barbarism, the precarious existence from which he had been taken in Africa. There are still some white people who think the same today.

"This child of Andrews," he resumed, "was brought up a 'gentleman of the Old South,' in every way; his parents being wealthy and he an only child. He was given every advantage and perhaps some that he would have been better off without. He was given a good education and spent a term in a military school, and as was the custom of many people of his class in the South, he was sent to England to finish his education and to absorb the manners of the 'gentleman.'

"The youngster, being a good looking chap of excellent bearing and agreeable personality, with plenty of money, became very popular with a certain class in England, and was quite at home there. The clubs, as well as the drawing rooms, saw much of him, so much so that he was

fast becoming weaned away from the land of his fathers, and took on the habits and customs of the 'leisure' class of England.

"His graduation time having arrived, he urged his parents to make the trip over from the States to be present at the event, which they did. Naturally, they were very proud and happy to see their youngster grown into such a 'perfect gentleman.'

"This meeting with their son was destined to be their last, however, for the ship on which they sailed for home was lost, far out in the Atlantic, with all on board. Thus, left with no relatives, the young man had less desire than ever to return to his native country.

"There was a chapter in his life just before he went to England that may have had not a little to do with his going there. A love affair with a fickle young lady of Richmond, where he attended school, who 'threw him over' for a more dashing and richer chap. This experience strangely soured him on his native country (but its remembrance had tended to keep him single) and he came to look upon the old plantation as just a source of income to keep him in luxury without work or worry on his part, as his father had obtained the services of a very able superintendent to oversee the plantation.

"Then came the Civil War, when all 'good men and true' were supposed to come to the aid of their country. As before mentioned, young Andrews' idea of 'his country' was a place to keep him in plenty of money, but he was much concerned over the possibility of slaves being freed and thus losing his income. Naturally his sympathies were with the South.

"The call to the Confederate colors of all who had received training in the military schools of the South caused young Andrews to return to Virginia, and so urgent was the need for officers that he was at once made a colonel and put to training troops.

"It was not many months, however, before he was at the front in the thick of the fighting, and it was his misfortune in one of the earlier major engagements, to be severely wounded by shell fire and which necessitated his being taken to the hospital at Richmond.

"He was much more severely injured than at first thought, and doomed to spend many weary months in the hospital, more or less neglected, as he had few friends there now, and all of them had many friends and their families' wounded to care for, and if killed to grieve for. So when time came for him to leave the hospital, knowing that he was so crippled that it would take years to fully recover, he returned to England, where he could at least be away from the strife and immediate worry, never dreaming the war would be lost by the South.

"He had been so disfigured by a scar across his face, and being somewhat sensitive about seeing his old friends, he located in the south of England at a seaside village where he could have care and comforts at moderate cost. Even then he was beginning to feel the pinch of the privation of war, as he had tried to do his part as had all like him, having bought Southern Confederacy bonds and so having much of his money tied up.

"His recovery being slow, he came to brooding over his condition, and to in some way blame the Northern States for it, and particularly the head of the government of the North, Abraham Lincoln, as all the papers he read were bemeaning him as a 'nigger lover' and a man

who would free the slaves if he could, and, of course, that act alone would practically ruin young Andrews, for he felt his fortune and future existence was based upon the 'slaves' he owned.

"He came to feel that if Lincoln could be put out of the way the North and South could be induced to go their separate ways, and his slaves and property would be saved.

"I see," the stranger observed, "that you are thinking what a very selfish view he was taking, but you must remember that most all human beings look at conditions or circumstances from their own selfish viewpoint, and I hope you will take into consideration the facts of the boy's rearing and early training, and his experience and state of health, for all these had a great deal to do with his mental attitude at that time.

"I will tell you now, however, that he was to live to repent, both his attitude and action, and, before he passed on, to come to understand the innermost life of the 'Great Emancipator' and to learn to love and revere his memory above all others.

"The final months of the war brought increased anxiety and diminishing income to young Andrews. Even his own plantation was the battleground of a major engagement and most of his crops and buildings were destroyed, and his slaves scattered to the four winds.

"He received this news with sickening heart, particularly as his supply of money was running low. He therefore decided to return to the States to see what could be done, going to London at once to arrange for transportation.

"There he chanced to meet a man he had known while in London attending school. This man's name was Rothberg. He was related to, and connected with one of the great bankers of England, or, as they are sometimes called, one of the 'Real Money Changers.' This chance meeting was to culminate in one of the great sorrows of young Andrews' life.

"He mentioned his forthcoming trip to Rothberg, and in turn was told that he, Rothberg, was leaving on the next boat also, but was going to Canada. Rothberg was soon able to convince Andrews that he had better go to Canada also and conduct his investigation from there, as it looked very much like the South would lose the war and it might not be too 'healthy' for an officer of the Southern Army to be around when the war ended. It was soon agreed that they would go to Canada on the same boat, they were even able to get a stateroom together, and were soon out on the briny deep.

"Their conversation soon turned to America and the condition there, and Rothberg was more than delighted to hear young Andrews' view of the situation, and especially to know his attitude toward Lincoln. He sided in with Andrews at once and enlarged upon the desirability of removing Lincoln from the direction of affairs, and what a good thing it would be for the South and for Andrews in particular.

"Their voyage was in the early fall of 1864, and the second day out their ship ran into a violent storm. Andrews was not concerned as he was a good sailor, having crossed a number of times. But it was the first experience of Rothberg, who became violently ill, and as is usual with men of his type, he took it very seriously and was afraid he was going to die.

“The storm continued in its fury and Rothberg became dangerously ill and his life was despaired of. But for the efficient nursing of Andrews he probably would have passed on, with a great deal less to answer for in the last accounting than he had when he did pass on.

“The mad sea had temporarily taken the self-sufficiency out of Rothberg. Even though he was better physically, his iron will had lost its temper. He was afraid—fearful he might not live to carry out his mission. His mission! Ah, that was more than life to him. So, summoning Andrews and pledging him to secrecy, Rothberg revealed the nature of his stupendous undertaking. Would Andrews take his place—in case . . . and fulfill the mission? He handed him an order for gold on the Bank of Montreal, for his personal use, and in his other hand was another check for a fortune—payable when the mission should be accomplished. Andrews was stunned by the unexpected outpouring of money into his lap—for doing a thing which he was assured would at the same time be to his own personal interest, but Rothberg assured him that money was no object at all to his people, and that they had quite **sufficient money to take care of any undertaking they felt was to their advantage.**

“Rothberg disclosed to Andrews that his relatives and their associates had come to the conclusion that Lincoln was not the right man to have in the White House, that he would not listen to ‘reason’ and could not be depended upon to do the ‘right thing’ by the moneyed interests, that he did not intend to keep the States on a ‘Sound Money Basis’ and was therefore undesirable and a menace to them as well as the Southern Confederacy, and that his relatives were prepared to spend any **amount of money** needed to accomplish his removal.

“He also disclosed to Andrews that it was his mission to go to Canada and from there contact someone in the States who could kidnap Lincoln, and turn him over to the Southern Confederacy, to be held to bargain with for the best terms obtainable for the South. Rothberg claimed his relatives had influence with officials of the Southern Confederacy, and that they would see to it that it would be put into the bargain for Lincoln’s safe return, that he would be supplanted with a person more to their liking and more ‘safe’ on the money question.

“Rothberg explained to Andrews that the ‘Aristocrats’ in the world must rule the control of money, and, of course, he included Andrews in that class, and appealed to the selfish side of Andrews’ nature to gain his support and help. He further explained that the **control of money** must be made sure for the moneyed men, and that they were to get, and keep, this control the world over, by the same scheme they had used when the Bank of England had been established, namely, the power to ‘issue’ paper money as a privilege of buying Government bonds and depositing them with the government, and later to use ‘bank credit’ instead of money, because they could issue or withhold ‘credit’ at their own pleasure, thereby being able absolutely to control the money or ‘circulating medium’ of exchange of the world; also, by being able to vary the ‘quantity’ of ‘circulating medium’ they could raise or lower prices of commodities at their will and really control the destiny of any and all countries.

“He told Andrews his people had ‘managed’ the passage of the National Bank Law in the States in 1863. Lincoln, he said, had **not been** in favor of it, because he **had been** able to see that a government could finance itself, by issuing full legal tender greenbacks, as he had done for a

while, until his (Rothberg's) people had been able to 'persuade' certain congressman and senators that the 'exception clause' should be written into the bill for the next issue of greenbacks.

"This, of course, they had cause to be done, to give their banks an excuse for discounting them, and discrediting such money, and making it worthless, and which had given them a better chance to get their own plan adopted, which they had accomplished.

"He added, however, that Lincoln was to them a rather 'unknown quality'; that he could not be 'dealt with,' would not listen to 'reason,' and was silly enough to think that the common people should have a voice in all things, and was therefore a very dangerous man, from the viewpoint of the 'Aristocrats' of both England and America, among which, of course, he included **Andrews** and **himself**. So Lincoln must be gotten out of the way at the earliest possible moment.

"Lincoln, he said, was very popular with the people, therefore **if he should decide to do anything** about the money question, such as repealing **the national bank law**, which the Money Changers, and relatives of Rothberg had forced upon Lincoln in the crisis of war, when he couldn't help himself, or, if he should **start issuing greenbacks of full legal tender** again, his power might be too strong for Rothberg's relatives to overcome in the American Congress, as they had been able to do before.

"Lincoln, therefore, must be removed as quickly as possible, before he could attempt anything, in order that no suspicion would be attached to the Money Changers, or banking interests; as would be the case if anything happened to Lincoln during the controversy over money.

"All this was quite confusing to Andrews, as he knew very little about money, —only that his people had always furnished him all he required, and he believed he was entitle to it in some way, by being the son of a slave and plantation owner. So he was easily convinced that this might all be true.

"At any rate he figures that if they could once get Lincoln over the Potomac River to the Confederate lines, his plantation and slaves might yet be restored to him, and that was **his big worry**.

Part 3: Page 121-125

"Andrews was very short of funds, and as the scheme seemed to fit in with his way of thinking, he was soon prevailed upon to accept the order for the gold. With the sharing of his burden of conspiracy with another, Rothberg fell off into a deep sleep, to awake next day much refreshed.

"The storm subsided somewhat and Rothberg continued to improve and by the time they reached Canada, he was able to be up and around, but still he seemed pleased to have such an able assistant, even if he had given him a great deal of money. What were a few hundred thousand pounds to his people who had millions, and anyway wouldn't it be returned many thousand fold in the years to come, when his mission was fulfilled.

“It is very sad to relate,” observed my strange visitor, “it has been returned to them **many million fold** and still is operating more powerfully than ever at this time. But who can tell, perhaps this bit of information **I** am able to **give you**, may help in arousing the countrymen of the Great Lincoln to a realization of the cause of their distress and enslavement and inspire them to action to remove the cause.

“I sincerely trust that such will be the case. After all is said and done, when real Americans know the truth, **they can be depended upon to right their wrongs**, and woe unto those responsible for their suffering and losses.

“Rothberg and Andrews had no sooner located themselves comfortably in Montreal,” continued the stranger, “when Andrews began to look about for possible acquaintances from the States, and was soon able to find a number of officers of the Confederacy, who were there, on one errand or another, as much of the business and conspiracy of the Confederacy was carried on from Canada.

“He soon discovered that there was a sentiment favorable to his plan among **certain people** in the Northern States, and that they could be controlled if one had the ‘wherewith’ to do so.

“This ‘wherewith’ was no object to Rothberg, and soon avenues of approach were opening up and information coming in from the States.

“By now, however, another election had been held and Lincoln had been returned to the Presidency by large majority, and was fast becoming a national hero to the North. Lincoln was letting it be known also that he was a friend of the South, and in the event of their surrender, he would see to it that they were not mistreated.

“This was making the mission of Rothberg more difficult, and he was getting frantic appeals and demands for action from his relatives, together with new grants of gold and a free hand to dispense it. Rothberg now had a number of people employed getting newspaper and other information from both the Southern and Northern States. He was thus able to keep informed of events and make his plans and actions fit in with the prevailing conditions in the States, so that anything that was done could be laid **on to other** parties. Bold and bitter threats of assassination of Lincoln were appearing in various papers and places.

“There was a paper in the South—at Selma, Alabama—that carried an offer to remove Lincoln, Seward, and Johnson for a million dollars. This advertisement was deemed by Rothberg to be the very thing he was looking for and on which his plan was laid—a plan that was discussed and put up to his accomplices as the ‘Kidnapping Plan’.”

Note: (Excerpt from “Lincoln the President” by Henry C. Whitney, Vol. 11 page 320, which the author inserts for the readers’ information.) “A Million Dollars Wanted to Have Peace by the First of March.” “If the citizens of the Southern Confederacy will furnish me with the cash or good securities, for the sum of \$1,000,000.00, I will cause the lives of Lincoln, Seward and Andrew Johnson to be taken by the 1st of March next. This will give us peace and satisfy the world that tyrants cannot live in the land of liberty. If this is not accomplished, nothing will be claimed beyond the sum of \$50,000.00 in

advance, which is supposed to be necessary to reach and slaughter the three villains. I will give myself \$1,000.00 toward the patriotic purpose. Everyone wishing to contribute will address H. Catawba, Ala. Dec. 1, 1864.”

“Finally the information came that a certain actor, John Wilkes Booth by name, was known to be very hostile toward Lincoln and had been heard to say while playing in McVickers’ Theatre in Chicago, two years before, ‘What a glorious opportunity there is for a man to immortalize himself by killing Lincoln.’

“Forthwith, the money was poured out to bring Booth to Canada. Booth came, and they were soon engrossed in the plan for the ‘removal’ of Lincoln from the White House.”

“You may, if you wish,” said the Stranger, at this point, “confirm this trip of Booth’s to Canada, as it is spoken of in a number of different books, etc., concerning that period. (Note: One such reference is to be found in a book, “Lincoln” by Emil Ludtwig, page 476:

‘When Lincoln, the enemy of his (Booth’s) country was elected for the second time, Booth went to Canada, the source of activity for Southern Conspirators and spies. There it would seem, he hatched a plan for kidnapping Lincoln, who was to be carried to Richmond.

‘Getting money from unknown sources, he always insisted he made it himself, by successful speculations in petroleum; he returned in due course to Washington with the intention of carrying out his design on the day of the Inauguration. He tried to force his way into the eastern entrance of the Capital and for a moment disturbed the line of police guards, but was rebuffed and declared later that a valuable opportunity had been missed on this occasion.’

“This Booth was a strange and emotional character,” continued the Stranger, “as were all of the Booth family and especially his father, who you will find well described in a book called ‘Myths After Lincoln’ by Lloyd Lewis.”

Note: ‘The following is an excerpt from the book mentioned, and is inserted for the information of the reader. “Religion played strangely through this strange man. He worshipped at all shrines alike, doffed his hat at every church he passed, and knew all the intricacies of every Faith so well that all denominations claimed him. His family were Episcopalians, the Masons buried him in a Baptist vault, and away back in his ancestry there was Jewish blood. Yet, after he died, there were Catholic priests who believed that Booth was of their faith, so deeply was he grounded in the finer details of their church organization. Rabbis believed he was a Jew, pointing out the many times he had joined them in their synagogue services, SPEAKING FLUENTLY THEIR HEBRAIC TONGUE.’

“Booth returned to Washington and got the word noised about that he had made plenty of money in real estate and petroleum speculations, in order that there would be no suspicion of where he really got his gold. You must, of course, know, that at that time gold and silver were quite unobtainable in the States, and Booth’s possession of this alone could make him popular, and he would have no trouble hiring accomplices with **gold**.

“You may also find frequent mention of Booth’s having plenty of gold, paying his associates in gold, keeping them in the best Washington hotels, well supplied with money and well-dressed. You will also find that there has never been evidence produced to show that Booth ever consulted the Confederate authorities about the kidnapping plans, to see how they felt about it.

“However,” continued the stranger, “Booth was supplied with a goodly quantity of gold and arrangements were made with certain banks to give him more, as ordered by Rothberg, when it was needed, and he was soon deeply immersed in his plans for the great tragedy.

“The kidnapping plan was at first all that the relatives of Rothberg thought they could have accomplished and were willing to chance their ability to ‘manage’ the circumstances; as to where and how Lincoln would be killed once he was within the Southern Confederate lines.

“This, of course, Rothberg never mentioned to Andrews, but had other lines of action started in the Southern States for that part of his plan.”

“It was somewhere about this time,” continued my visitor, “that Lincoln made the statement in a letter to a friend or in a public document (it really does not matter which, as you will find it widely quoted in most all works on or about Lincoln) that was to prove to be his death-warrant.”

“What a tragic thing,” I said, “for one to write his own death-warrant.”

“Yes,” said the stranger, “but such it proved to be, for Rothberg could plainly see by this utterance, that **Lincoln fully realized the gravity of the money situation, and with his knowledge, would, at his first opportunity,** when he could get the war finished (which seemed to be fast drawing to a close) **put through legislation that would not only repeal their National Bank Law, but would put into use a money system that would make his country for all time, in an economic way, the same as he had done for the negroes in a human way, FOREVER FREE.** I will give you a quotation from his death-warrant in order that you may be able to verify and see for yourself how clear it made the issue to Rothberg. It begins as follows:

“ ‘I see in the near future a crisis approaching that unnerves me, and causes me to tremble for the safety of my country. As a result of war, corporations have been enthroned and an era of corruption in high places will follow, and the money power will endeavor to prolong its reign by working upon the prejudices of the people until all the wealth is aggregated in a few hands, and the republic is destroyed. I feel at this moment more anxiety for the safety of our country than ever before, even in the midst of war. God grant that my forebodings may be groundless.’

“The Money Changers could see,” continued my visitor, “that Lincoln had some clear definite idea in mind and they knew only too well that Congress would not dare, in the face of the great popularity of Lincoln with the masses, to try to thwart any legislation on the money question that he might want passed, for Lincoln could go right back to the people with evidence, and clearly show that the really great men who had gone before in the new republic had been violently opposed to the principles of the then existing National Bank Law.

“The principles, of course, were practically the same as the former Bank of the United States. The ‘money changers’ had forced Lincoln to take them in the crisis of the Civil War, with enemies all around him, and the Confederate Armies pounding at the gates of Washington.

“So Rothberg redoubled his efforts and urged Booth to get action quickly, and at the same time kept the newspapers of the South publishing bold and bitter threats from first here and then there to build up the thought that the devilry was coming from down there.

“It might be well to state here,” explained the stranger, “that the most charitable thing we can say of young Andrews is that he was doing his part under the impression that he was going to help his part of the country, and, of course, himself greatly, and it seems that when one’s personal interest is involved to a great extent it is not very hard to sell one’s self on the idea of doing such a thing.

“But he was to eat his heart out in lonely regret and anguish for his part in the conspiracy. But now he had not lived long enough, nor was he sufficiently familiar with money matters to realize the enormity of what they had helped accomplish, to the detriment of the whole country—North and South. Therefore, he was incapable of seeing what a great service he could perform by exposing the plot.

“We must remember that Andrews had lost his slaves which he honestly believed were perfectly right for him to have, his plantation was ruined, his life embittered by his suffering and changed appearance by the wounds on his face, and then his bringing up as an only child had been conducive, of course, to making him more selfish than he otherwise might have been. So with these things taken into account, he probably acted about as most others would have in the same circumstances.

“Events moved rapidly from that time on. Booth was continually urged to complete his mission. He had missed one or two opportunities; once when Lincoln was supposed to be on a certain road at a given time of day as was his daily custom. Booth’s plans had been to kidnap him then and rush him across the Potomac into Virginia. Booth had been there at the appointed time with his henchmen, waiting patiently, but when finally the President’s carriage approached close enough for them to see clearly, they were much put out to find that instead of the tall gaunt figure of the President, another Government official was using the President’s carriage.

“This episode was very discouraging to Booth, as he was quite temperamental anyway, and it forced him to begin all over again. He was being prodded continually by Rothberg, who was afraid conditions were changing so fast that it would become more and more difficult to kidnap Lincoln, so he definitely decided in his own mind that the thing to do was to have Lincoln killed outright. Through a messenger he could trust, this was communicated to Booth, who, while he talked loud and bragged much, when it came right down to killing, was not so anxious about it, and still clung to the idea of kidnapping, as that was not so dangerous and besides he could become more of a hero himself with much less danger to them all.

“In the meantime, Rothberg was getting demands for action from England and he was passing them on to Booth with all the vehemence he could put into words.

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“Sherman had just finished his march to the sea and was turning North to try to capture the Confederate leader Johnson with his army, while General Grant was in the last stages of his campaign in the capture of General Lee’s mangled, bleeding, and starving army of Virginia.

“Lincoln had made his last memorable trip to Grant’s headquarters, down the Potomac River in the boat ‘River Queen.’ It was while there (calling Sherman from the South to meet with Grant and himself) he gave them their last and secret instructions concerning the surrender of the Confederates, the carrying of which into effect a short time later was to electrify the South and show them the true and great character of the Great Emancipator, and at the same time to mystify the political leaders of the North, who were eternally clamoring for vengeance on the rebel political leaders, as well as officers and soldiers.”

I was so amazed at the stranger’s intimate knowledge of events surrounding the happenings of long ago, that I hardly uttered a sound, but did my best to take his words down in shorthand, as he told the startling narrative.

“Lincoln was beset by two factions at home that were causing great worry,” continued he, “one the Abolitionists, who feared Lincoln would fail to place the negro in full citizenship, the other those fearing that the Confederate officers and army heads which they called ‘Traitors’ would not be punished severely enough. Lincoln attended to the latter on the trip of the ‘River Queen’ at Grant’s headquarters, and the question of the negroes, he felt, he could attend to after the surrender of the Confederate Armies.

“We all, of course, well remember the action of Grant and Sherman in receiving the surrender of Lee and the other armies—paroling all (officers included), and permitting each soldier to take a horse or mule of his own.

“To the **people** of both the North and the South, “said the stranger, “Grant and Sherman had done a wonderful thing, but the radical factions desiring the “Traitors’ punished were much put out. But Lincoln merely reminded them that as Grant and Sherman had released the officers and men and gave them their word of honor that they were free, he (Lincoln) could do nothing.

“They had been outsmarted again. Lee’s surrender had set the North wild with joy that the bloody war was over, and Peace had come once more. Loved ones who were left could come home, and once more take up the thread of life where it had been interrupted.

“Rothberg was frantic at Booth’s delay, so trusting for his safe passage in the laxity of the border officials in the rejoicing and uproar of Peace, he parted with more gold and crossed the border in the dead of night and made his way to Washington.

“The eleventh of April came, and Booth, with Herold, one of his accomplices, were in the crowd at the White House, when Lincoln made one of his most famous speeches of those, his last days; pleading with his people for mercy and forgiveness for their brethren of the South. His tired, yet sincere voice pledging the South to protect them from the radical revenge-seekers of the North.

“He promised not to turn the former slave owners over to the former slaves, nor would he even let all the negroes vote, only the small percentage of them who could qualify.

“These words of Lincoln were proof enough to all Southern sympathizers that he was the best friend the South had; but to Booth, it was bitter indeed, as he saw his last chance for kidnapping Lincoln and delivering him to the South disappear. Turning to Herald, he whispered, ‘Shoot him on the spot.’ Herold naturally refused, saying that they were sure to be caught there, as they had no chance to escape.”

“If left to his own devices,” continued the stranger, “Booth likely would never have molested Lincoln, but on returning to his hotel that night, who should be waiting for him but Rothberg himself!

“Booth was greatly excited and amazed that Rothberg should come to Washington, but with more of Rothberg’s gold in his pocket and liquor flowing freely, and with the urging of Rothberg, he was soon ready for the great moment whenever it should come. Rothberg stayed in hiding, of course, in the daytime, but as soon as dusk settled over the city, he was after Booth with liquor, and urging him to finish the job.

“As soon as it was announced that Lincoln and Grant would be at Ford’s Theatre on April 14th, Good Friday, they agreed between themselves that **there** would be the place to act.

“Rothberg could readily convince Booth that the kidnapping plot was out of the question, as Booth had stalled along for months and had not accomplished his object, and that it was up to him, the great actor, to show the ‘stuff’ he was made of, and make a **real** name for himself! This talk and the liquor went to Booth’s head, and he ‘fell’ for the theatre idea, as that was his natural place to work and couldn’t he be the big actor, though?

“Rothberg thought Booth would be less likely to get away alive from a big crowd and he was anxious to have not only Lincoln out of the way, but Booth also, as he was well versed in the idea, ‘Dead men tell no tales.’ Booth had never told anyone about his contact with Rothberg, having been coached by Rothberg to accept all the credit for the schemes himself, which he, in his erratic mind, had been glad to do, feeling it made more of a hero out of himself to his accomplices.”

“I will mention right here,” said the stranger emphatically, “that all through the turmoil, excitement and anxiety of the last days of war, with all the armies surrendering, the radicals clamoring for the ‘Southern Traitors’ and the vast and complicated duties thrust upon Lincoln at this time, he never for long let the question of ‘money’ leave his consciousness. In the morning of his last day alive, he had an interview with Schyler Colfax about money and the development of the gold and silver mining industry of the Rocky Mountains.”

NOTE: The author verified the foregoing, and for the readers’ information, quotes the following:

LINCOLN’S INTERVIEW WITH SCHYLER COLFAX
ON THE MORNING OF APRIL 14, 1865

From the Constitutional Edition of Abraham Lincoln, Vol., page 370

“Mr. Colfax, I want you to take a message from me to the miners whom you visit. I have very large ideas of the mineral wealth of our nation. I believe it practically inexhaustible. It abounds all over the Western country, from the Rocky Mountains to the Pacific, and its development has scarcely commenced. During the war, when we were adding a couple of million dollars every day to our national debt, I did not care about encouraging increase in the volume of precious metals. We had the country to save first.

“But now that rebellion is overthrown, and we know pretty much the amount of our national debt, the more gold and silver we mine, we make the payment of that debt so much easier. Now” said he, speaking with more emphasis, “I am going to encourage **that**, every possible way. We shall have hundreds of thousands of disbanded soldiers, and many have feared that their return home might paralyze industry by furnishing suddenly a supply of labor greater than their demand for.

“I am going to try to attract them to the hidden wealth of our mountain ranges, where there is room enough for all. Immigration, which even the war has not stopped, will land upon our shores hundreds of thousands more per year from overcrowded Europe. I intend to point them to the gold and silver that awaits them in the West. Tell the miners for me, that I shall promote their interests to the utmost of my ability; because their prosperity is the prosperity of the nation, and, said he, his eyes kindling with enthusiasm, we shall prove **in a very few years that we are indeed the treasury of the world.**”

“As the fatal evening of April 14th crept around,” continued the stranger again, “Booth rounded up his gang and gave them the new plan that had been impressed upon him by Rothberg, which followed the plan advertised in the Alabama paper some months before, which was to kill Lincoln, Johnson and Seward.

“Booth’s accomplices rebelled fiercely, saying that they were only hired to kidnap Lincoln and that was all they intended to do, but Booth’s persuasive power, added to the power of gold and liquor, finally won them over, and they were assigned their posts.

“As Booth convinced Rothberg, in Canada, by demonstration that he was a good shot with the pistol **he** was appointed, of courses, to take the leading role and **get** Lincoln. This course was also to have the best chance to get Booth killed and out of the way. Powell, one of the conspirators, was assigned to kill the Secretary of State, Seward, and Atzeroldt, another accomplice, was assigned to kill Vice-President Johnson, and Herold was to aid in the get-away.

“As you know, Atzeroldt fell down completely on his assignment, being too much under the influence of liquor.

“Powell made a desperate attempt to kill Seward, and Herold, true to his part, made his way to a meeting place with Booth.

“Booth, with the assistance of plenty of strong liquor bolstering up his waning courage, and with the prompting and threats of Rothberg ringing in his ears, and a dose of a well-known

drug administered by Rothberg as a stimulant for courage (as Rothberg so well knew), was finally ready for his act.

“So shortly after ten o’clock, while the play at Ford’s Theatre was in progress, Booth slipped quietly past the ticket taker, who knew him as a privileged character, strolled casually up to the back of the President’s box, quietly stepped inside, and with the cunning and accuracy of a maniac, Booth projected his pistol forward on a level with the back of the President’s head and fired.

“The great man never spoke—only slumped forward, and Booth, dropping his gun and drawing a knife, slashed at the military aid of Lincoln who rushed at him. Then attempting his grandstand play as a great Tragedian, he leaped from the box to the stage, catching his spurs in some of the bunting decorating the presidential box, and fell sprawling, breaking a bone in one leg.

“With the excitement and drug both acting, and burning with humiliation at his accident, he hardly paused, but brandishing his knife, he cried, ‘Sic semper tyrannis,’ and half ran and half hobbled from the stage, slashing at the orchestra leader with his knife as he passed near him, and reached the stage door on the alley where his horse was being held by a boy they called ‘Peanuts.’ He grabbed his horse, and hurriedly mounted him; he cuffed the lad out of the way and was off for what he thought was liberty and Fame, with the ending you, of course, know.”

I broke into the stranger’s narrative to ask if Booth was really killed or if it was someone else’s body they got and buried, but replaying the stranger said, “Yes, it was Booth, all right, and a queer person he was. He never mentioned the secret part of his conspiracy with Rothberg to the last, as he well knew what would happen to him, surely, if he did.

“But Rothberg’s work was not finished. Booth had no sooner accomplished his ghastly deed than Rothberg was busy with his gold getting rumors, whisperings and confusion spread over all the Capital. A few words well placed, with a few **money changer** friends were all that was required to speed the search for Booth, to get him out of the way and hushed. Large rewards were soon offered and detectives, police and soldiers were soon combing the country about Washington, then more and still more whispering and rumors were spread by Rothberg’s men, to thoroughly confuse and detract all possible thought from the real source of the trouble.

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“Then when Booth was killed, more rumors were spread—that it was not Booth’s body, to more confuse the issue, keep the police thinking and hunting for Booth and the higher ups. This was all right in line with the long practiced procedure of the **money changers**. Over the centuries in such circumstances, confusion, deceit, and make-believe have been their chief tools, aside from the use of the power of **Gold**, which, of course, is their greatest weapon, in their drive for wealth and power.

“As soon as Rothberg had concluded his whispering and rumor campaign and Booth was killed, of which he made sure, he quietly slipped over to Montreal again. Here he met Andrews,

who had in the interval that Rothberg was away, by reading Lincoln's late utterances and talking with other Confederate officers, came to the conclusion that Lincoln was the South's only hope for fair play, and so informed Rothberg, and upbraided him for double-crossing him and dealing his Southland a dastardly blow.

"Rothberg, of course, was terribly sorry (so he said) and blamed it all on to Booth, but he could see that Andrews mistrusted him and would likely cause him trouble. They were at a small outlying house where they were in the habit of meeting, and which had been fixed up comfortably by Rothberg. They were still quarreling about the assassination, when Rothberg finally decided that the best and safest thing for him was to get Andrews also out of the way and forthwith suggested they open a bottle of old wine and sit by the fire to talk it over.

"So saying, Rothberg proceeded to open the wine, but Andrews, by now thoroughly mistrusted him, was carefully watching his actions, and after they had had a few rounds of wine, he thought he saw Rothberg drop something into his (Andrews') glass before filling it with wine.

"Rothberg was by now slightly under the influence of the wine and was not as careful as he would otherwise have been. When he was attracted to the window by a disturbance outside, Andrews changed the wine glasses, just in case he had been right in thinking Rothberg had slipped something into his glass.

"When Rothberg returned to the table, Andrews was drinking his wine and immediately Rothberg waxed jubilant and taking up his glass finished it off at a gulp and urged Andrews to do the same and have another. He had no sooner gotten the words out of his mouth than a startled look came over his face, and turning deathly pale, he seemed to realize what had happened. Knowing he was finished anyway, he grabbed for his gun to finish Andrews also, but Andrews was the quicker of the two and grabbing Rothberg's arm wrenched the pistol from him before he could use it.

"By now, the poison was doing its deadly work, and Rothberg sank to the floor, a victim of his own dastardly procedure. He was soon dead, and Andrews, removing all identifications from Rothberg's clothing and pockets, washed his own glass and replaced it in Rothberg's cupboard. Then he removed the poison receptacle he had found in Rothberg's pocket and left it open on the table by the glass, so all could see Rothberg had just simply committed suicide.

"When this had happened, it being quite dark by then, Andrews quietly left the place and, quitting the hotel where he had been stopping, he left for Toronto.

"Thus, Rothberg, one of the arch conspirators of the ghastly crime against humanity at large, and America in particular, just in the very prime of life, and just when he thought all was over but the shouting, had been paid in full with his own coin, by drinking the potion he had prepared for another; once more proving the old saying, **'THE WAGES OF SIN IS DEATH!'**

"After a few days in Toronto," resumed the stranger, after a pause, "Andrews crossed the border under an assumed name and made his way back to his 'Old Plantation Home' in Virginia, to see just what the situation was there.

"The whole nation was in the deepest mourning over the death of the martyred President, and by talking to different persons and reading the papers, he was more convinced than ever of

the enormous mistake that had been made in the assassination that plunge the whole nation into despair, just when they were all rejoicing at the close of the war, and starting the work of reconstruction.

“Andrews’ features were changed greatly by the scars across his face received in battle, when he was forced to leave the Service, and it only required a change to old clothes and letting his beard grow to some extent to make his recognition quite improbable. He found most of his plantation had been fought over, fences ruined, weeds and brush taking much of the land, and the slaves, of course, dispersed.

“To his consternation, he found also, that the State authorities had decided he was dead and had forfeited his estate to the State and some parts had been sold to small settlers. The old homestead, which was not greatly damaged, together with a portion of the land, had been purchased by his former overseer (who had been in his father’s employ since childhood) and who, having lived there most of his life, had through thrift managed to save enough to make the purchase possible.

“The overseer was nearly sixty years old now, and having no children, he and his wife were living in the old plantation homestead, with a few of the colored servants, who after the war was over had straggled back to the only home they had ever known; only too glad to take their old places at any terms; the responsibility of freedom having been a greater care than they could easily manage.

“It was on a beautiful May evening when Andrews came up to the old homestead,” said the stranger, “and his old overseer was just coming up to the house from the stables, when Andrews walked into the yard, and was greeted in the friendly fashion of that day. Any stranger had always been welcome to a meal and lodging at the Andrews’ home and the new owner kept to the old custom. Inviting Andrews in, he proceeded to make him feel at home by inviting him into the ‘parlor’ and saying supper would be ready soon, and that he must stay for supper with him and his wife, and if he would, they would be glad to have him stay the night. After a bountiful supper that brought back the childhood memories as nothing else could, his host had lighted a fire in the great fireplace and they were ready to spend the evening.

“Andrews mentioned the fact that though he had in former years been familiar with that part of the country, it had been some years since he had been there, having been in the army, and asked his host to tell him the news of those parts.

“It was not long before Andrews was made acquainted with all the current news, as well as an account of what had happened to the Andrews’ homestead, which gave him plenty to occupy his mind for the next few days. The hour being late he was shown to **his own** room and bid pleasant dreams. When the door was closed and Andrews turned to view the room of his childhood, he was engulfed in a torrent of memories of the years that had passed.

“As he wandered about the room, examining this thing and that, **his own things**, all the horrible years of war, hospitals, intrigue and murder of the past year seemed to slip softly into the shadows of unreality, and he was just a little boy again, in his old home, with things of his childhood. As his memory traveled back over the years, he began to explore the room to see if all

his things were in their right place, as he used to do when he had been away from home for a few weeks. And as he opened one drawer after another, peered into closets, and cabinets, he was greatly relieved and grateful to find that sure enough, all were there just like he had left them years ago! His marbles, his books, his skates, his slingshot, his box of beautiful bird egg-shells, the arrowheads, his first knife that his father had given him and which he had loved so much he had hardly dared to use it, but had always saved; yes, they were all there, and he was again living and enjoying the sensations of the years gone by as he never thought to do again.

“Presently he was attracted to a ‘presence’ across the room. Who could that strange man be, with a straggly beard and the scars across his face, peering at him from the depths of shadows over his dresser? He would move over a little and see if he could get a better look at him. But wait, how was this? When he moved the strange man over the dresser moved also, he moved back again and so did the other, and then suddenly, his mind flashed back over the years from childhood memories to the world of reality, of a middle aged man, the scarred stranger in the mirror over the dresser, and his whole being was convulsed and shaken by grief and anguish for the days and the loved ones that had gone never to return.

“The friendly eyes of a kind, but strict father, and the loving eyes of an indulgent mother, now looked down upon him from their places on the wall, and he became the little boy again, and his mind wandered again in the memories of the past. Finally, after some hours of this alternate switching of the scenes of life, he crept silently into bed, and was soon lost in the sleep of utter exhaustion.

“But,” continued the stranger, “Andrews never fully recovered from the experience of that night. The wounds on the head he had received; the anxiety and tragic experiences he had gone through recently, the great grief and condemnation he had felt for his part in the death of the Great Friend of his people, and lastly the violent emotions of that first night in his boyhood room, these were more than human mind could bear, and from that day his mind would wander.

“During the next few days in his rational hours, he soon convinced his hosts who he was, and they in the goodness of their hearts insisted upon returning the old home to him, but he would not have it so, and insisted that he must be ‘just a man’ come to live with them.

“He seemed to some way feel that his days were numbered, and he wished to do all he could to square himself. He insisted on his old friend, the overseer, taking all his gold that he had obtained from Rothberg and paying off all the indebtedness on the old home, and fixing it up as it used to be, and also to find those former slaves if he could, and settle them on farms of their own and start them off right, which was done. And for himself, he only asked to be able to live in his old room with his boyhood memories, and be as useful as he could.

“After all these things mentioned had been done, Andrews’ mind seemed to grow gradually weaker and his lapses into his boyhood memory more frequent and prolonged. He seemed to be with his mother and father and boyhood playmates for a while and then come back to the present with its awful memories and secret sorrows.

“His old overseer cared for him kindly, and kept him away from all people at times when his mind wandered. He gave to him the care and attention he would have given his own son.

“It was a few years after his first return, one hot summer afternoon. Andrews was sitting in his favorite place beneath a great elm tree not a great distance from the old house, the tree being the same under which he had played through the happy days of his childhood, when a thunderstorm came suddenly over the hills, and lightning flashed in all directions.

“His host had called to him to come inside, but he had insisted it would not rain much and he was right, it did not. But right in the midst of the squall, a blinding flash of lightning blaze through the tall reaches of the old elm tree, stripping some of the bark from the side. Andrews, standing near the trunk of the tree, to be out of the rain, seemed to draw up to full height and then was seen to pitch forward and lie still. His host, who had been looking from the window, ran to his assistance, but none was necessary. Like the great Emancipator, over whom he continually grieved, he ‘belonged to the ages!’ A merciful God had at least relieved him of his sins and sorrows, for which he had repented and asked forgiveness many times through the years.

“They buried him beneath the old elm, where his moments of happiness had been greatest, and there he lies today—**another martyr** to the awful greed and lust for **power and domination of the foreign money changers.**”

The stranger paused, lost in deep contemplation, for a few moments, of which I had taken advantage to clear my eyes of tears of compassion for my unfortunate countryman Andrews.

Presently the stranger spoke again, “I wish you to have a very clear idea in your mind as to the reason for Lincoln’s removal, and the consequences to the country, and to the whole world that resulted from his death. You must first realize that since money was first used there has always been a certain few people who coveted it and who through deprivations, hoarding, usury, and trickery later came to control all money and through such control, to control most all activities of man. This control, of course, became more and more concentrated down through the ages, being wrested from these people from time to time through pogroms, and revolutions, but eventually always returning to the control of either the same people or their descendants, who had either inherited, or had handed down to them as a priceless heritage, the money itself or the ‘instructions’ as to how in devious ways to get control of it.

“No government, up to Lincoln’s time, had ever been able to figure out any way for the government itself to gain and keep control of its own money and finances.

“This, then, was the crux of the whole situation: Lincoln had, through the help of Colonel Dick Taylor, discovered that very thing, and had used it successfully (Making full legal tenure ‘greenback’ money), the money they made under their plan being absolutely good money, never falling below par at any time, and being even better than the much talked of ‘sound money’ of the Money Changers and their cohort legislators.

“True, the Money Changers had been able to get this new power away from the Government by having their satrap legislators in Congress pass the Exception Clause Bill, making the next issue of greenbacks good for payment of all debts both public and private, EXCEPT duty on imports and interest on the Government bond debt, which, of course, gave the Money Changers and Bankers the excuse, as they planned, to ‘discount’ the next issue of bills and therefore devalue and discredit them in the eyes of the public.

“Lincoln had, as you remember, been forced to compromise with the Money Changers (as he is said to have told friends he could not fight two wars at once—the Rebels in front and the Bankers in the rear, and of the two, the Rebels were the more honorable) by giving them the ‘National Bank Law’ in order to get money enough to continue the war and ‘Save the Union’ which he was bound and determined to do at any cost; knowing, of course, that if and when he did save the Union and the war was over, he could attend to the ‘business’ of the Bankers and Money Changers.

“He did, therefore, take the gold of the Bankers under the working of the National Banking Law, and won the war with it, and saved the Union (although he well realized it would, and did, plunge the nation into a maze of bonded indebtedness to the bakers), and by doing these things, he had become the greatest hero the Nation had ever had; that came up from the people; who knew their every problem and was loved by all.

“Naturally, Congress would not have **dared** to refuse Lincoln **any** legislation **he** deemed right and proper to have passed, concerning the money scheme. This the money changers well knew he had in mind, and also the repeal of the iniquitous and dangerous National Bank Law, that they forced upon him in the crisis of the war, when he could not help himself, and also that he would put into operation a **real sound money system** that would not include the schemes and machinations of the Money Changers, but would forever make them an unnecessary quantity in our National monetary system, but let them stay in England and Germany and any other country that could tolerate their nefarious schemes for the economic slavery of the masses.

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“The Money Changers knowing full well that when Lincoln was able to show the rest of the world a money system, simple in action and direct and adequate in its operation, to furnish the masses a free floating, ever sufficient, medium of exchange without a morass of bonded indebtedness, that they, the Money Changers, would therefore have to eat their bread in “the sweat of their own faces’ instead of in the sweat of the other fellow’s face.

“So knowing all these things they did with Lincoln just what they had done many times all down through the centuries—**had him removed from power**. And now it must be clear to you that these same Money Changers, through the power and ‘pull’ which they exercised over the text book people down through the years permitted only a very small account of Lincoln’s assassination to be printed in our school histories; the story of the dastardly assassination of the one truly great hero America ever had, that came up through the ranks from the most humble position, through hardship, hard work, and privation, through his own efforts, to the greatest office of honor in the power of the people to bestow, and which he so nobly and effectively filled. This has been one of their most effective ways of keeping their own devious actions from the people by minimizing them, and also a most effective way of spreading propaganda by putting it in school books.”

At this point, and before I had time to ask the thousand and one questions that had piled up in my mind, as to where he had been able to obtain all this startling and amazing information, and before I could realize what he was about to do, my strange visitor begged my forgiveness for having disturbed me for so long, saying he trusted to the goodness of God that I would be able to use what he had given me, for the relief of our sore beleagued countrymen and all humanity, he bowed graciously and disappeared through the door into the outer darkness of the night.

I closed my eyes and sank back into my pillow exhausted from anxious attention and application in taking down in shorthand the story of my strange visitor as he told it. Hours later I was awakened by the cheery voice of my friend as he knocked at my door and called me to get up for breakfast.

I awoke in a daze as the remembrance of the visitor and his story of the amazing and tragic happenings poured in upon my consciousness. "Heavens!" I exclaimed to myself. "I must have dreamed all that." And springing from my bed, I reached for my notebook, as I seemed to remember that I had written the story down as the stranger had recited it to me, and sure enough, there it was, page after page, clear and distinct as any notes I had ever taken in my life, in my own writing.

I was so excited I could hardly dress, and as soon as I could make myself presentable, I rushed out to tell my friends of the experiences of the night. They were beginning to have a good laugh at my expense, when I told of the visitor and my host remarked that he was afraid I had eaten too much roast for dinner the night before, and had been working too constantly.

But you may imagine their surprise and consternation when I showed page after page of my notes and read the amazing narrative, that they vowed was impossible for me to write in one night! I hastened to swear to them that none of the story had existed the night before, and that being tired I had gone to bed early. When I came to the place in the story which told of the old Andrews' Plantation, I noticed my hostess catch her breath and start to say something, but then bade me proceed. As the story proceeded she and her husband seemed to have come to a common agreement between themselves, as they would exchange glances each time new mention was made of the Andrews home.

When I had finished, none of us seemed able to speak for a time. Then my host asked if I had any idea where the Andrews plantation might be located. I replied that the story as I read it to them from my notes, was all I had to go on, so, of course, I knew nothing more than that.

They then asked who my strange visitor was, and only then I realized for the first time that he had not once spoken of himself, and had not even introduced himself on entering the room, which I had not noticed at the time, having just awakened, which I explained to them.

We then had breakfast and discussed some of the details of the story as we ate and when we had finished, my host, turning to me said, "It seems incredible, and if anyone but **you** should tell me such a thing and yet tell me that he knew nothing of the Andrews plantation, I would know he was just plain lying. But we, of course, both know that in the days you have been here, you have met no one and have worked incessantly, and would have no way of knowing, but I must tell you that this, our home, is the Andrews' home spoken of by the strange.

“The history of the family is, as we have had it told to us, substantially as you relate it, even to young Andrews being killed by lightning, and he is actually buried up the path a little way under a great elm tree with a trace of lightning blast visible on the trunk. But he was supposed to have returned after the war with a weak mind, and had been absent for a time, sufficient for the happenings to take place and the property to be taken by the State.

“The old superintended, who bought the place, died without children and it passed on to relatives, and has come down through the years practically unmolested, and in the parlor, where you have not been shown yet, hangs the picture of young Andrews, his father and mother, and other relatives. Come, I will show you.” And with that we all went to the parlor.

My hostess raised the window shades, and as my eyes became accustomed to the light, I started back in amazement, for there, looking straight at me from the opposite wall, less the scars, was the face of my strange visitor of the night before!

I was so upset for a time that I could only stand and stare at the picture, and my host and hostess hastened to ask what the matter was. I could scarcely more than utter the words to exclaim that my visitor's face and the face before me, the photograph of young Andrews, were undoubtedly the same!! My friends were stunned by my words as I had been at my first glance at the picture, and wringing her hands, my hostess exclaimed, “Heavens above! Are we all going mad?”

“Come, let us get out into the yard into the sunshine, and into the world of reality where we can think.”

We gladly followed her into the yard and into the world of reality, only to find in the days to come that the amazing tale in my notebook strangely fitted into the maze of known facts of past history, which alone and apart from each other, could mean nothing, but when placed in order, as they had been by my strange visitor, made one of the most sinister and enlightening disclosures in our history, and open up to us, the descendants of those brave and honest fighters, who loved and supported the Great Emancipator, in his valiant endeavors, a vast field of useful knowledge, that should enable us to immediately rally to the call from the murdered martyrs of the past, to forever banish from our beloved land this hideous, vulturous, treacherous, murderous power of concentrated **gold, that hold** the whole civilized world in a thrall of economic slavery.

The cries of the half starving and miserable children and their unemployed parents come to us from over the nation, while they are striving to keep going in a descent and orderly manner, while daily being deluded and deceived by a subsidized press into thinking this is “just one more depression and will soon be over” to keep them still, while being robbed of their last possession and starved into submission.

Well, dear friend, there is the picture of our America as we find it today. Your thought is likely; what are we going to do about it? If you will stop to consider the question for a few minutes, you must conclude that all conditions, or state of being, that are brought about by man, have a well thought out starting place, or a **foundation** upon which they are established, and from which all policies and actions must be directed.

Very well then, we will start with the **FACT** that the whole civilized world of today is being more or less controlled and exploited by a group whom we will call the **International Money Changers**. We must conclude that this group did not come by, or attain, this control accidentally.

If not, how did they attain it? On what **foundation** are their aims, policies and activities based? Anyone that gives this subject careful consideration from the above standpoint, must come to the conclusion that in a nation where private ownership of property is practiced, a thing called money is very necessary to carry on what we call business, or the exchange of labor and the products of labor and services. This thing called money, therefore, being exchangeable for each and everything that exists, including man's time at work, or labor, is the **one all important** thing in a nation that vitally affects its daily life.

One must conclude, therefore that the Money Changers' group after having decided that they wished to dominate and exploit the people of the world, must have come to the above conclusion also, and having decided that the person, or group, that could get hold of and **control** the money of a nation, could successfully control and exploit the people. History bears out this very conclusion for we see all down through the centuries the **same** identical group getting, hoarding, lending at usury, and manipulating the money of all nations. They have consistently operated this **racket** and handed down from father to son, and family to family, this knowledge and practice, as a priceless heritage, to be guarded and used for this very purpose.

Once the reader has definitely decided that the above conclusion is correct the questions present themselves: How did they gain this control, and what are we going to do about it?

You cannot have carefully read through the pages of this book and not know very definitely that the foreign money changers got control of our nation by first controlling certain of our National Legislators, through bribery, corruption, or other means, and influencing, or forcing them (the legislators) to pass laws giving the foreign money changers group the privileges of issuing and controlling our money system and establishing their own banks and banking system.

History tells us that practically no great social change or reform has ever taken place unless, and without, about half of the existing population being killed off, and that the downfall of each civilization, of which we have any record, occurred when a time in the life of each one was reached that practically all the tangible wealth of the country was in the hands of a very small per cent of the people. That very condition faces our nation today.

Shall we go the same way as past civilizations? What factors do we possess today that they of past civilization did not possess that might work toward saving us from such a fate? Aside from a more general education, there seems to be only two: first, a highly developed communication system; second the enormously increased power of production per man.

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The money changers now have nearly complete control of our communication systems which they use to propagandize us into doing their bidding. Many people believe that the power

of government is being used by them now through the many alphabetical organizations of the Brain Trust to get control of our great power of production, even to the killing of unborn pigs, of cattle, of sheep, and of plowing under and restricting the growing of cotton, wheat, corn and etc., to be able to completely control our national and individual life.

There is no weapon to be used by a group equal to the power of gold when **that** is made the **basis** of a nation's money. If any nation is now going to try to throw off the encircling chains of economic slavery of the money changer group, that nation must **FIRST take away** from the money changers their power to control the money of the nation, for that is their chief weapon and through its use and manipulation all other advantages are obtained, and all other rackets are perpetuated.

Through the manipulation of the nation's money system, the money changers have now obtained virtual possession and control of all our principal communication and transportation systems, our public utilities systems; and together with the use of money manipulation, usury, stock exchange gambling, and the exploiting power of these aforementioned systems they have now mortgaged practically every piece of property in our nation to themselves.

Now just why do the "Money Changers" want the power to issue and control money? Well, just suppose for instance, my dear reader, that you were a very selfish individual and wanted to take every advantage you possibly could of the people among whom you lived, just anything that all the people **had** to have, that you could get the law makers to give you control of, would be a **grand concession** , would it not? You could restrict your output and make it scarce and consequently make the people trade you **more** of their product for yours than it was actually worth, or in other words, **change the value of your product** in terms of exchange of produce? Certainly you could and would if you had a mind and disposition that the money changer crowd have, and that is just exactly what they do with money, once they get control of the **issuing** power of it. And that is why they are called "Money Changers." Now why do they choose money to exploit? Simply because **money** was created to be a **token** or a **thing** which would stand for and be exchangeable for all produce and labor, therefore, it is one of the **prime** necessities in the realms of trade and commerce and another thing, it is easily stored, does not depreciate in itself, and the really big and bad thing is it **CAN BE LOANED AT INTEREST** or **USURY**, and be made to work for you while you sleep, so back of the whole mess is the wicked, vicious, hideous destroyer of nations and civilizations, the practice of "**USURY.**"

Therefore, once we have taken back the power to issue and control the value and volume of our money, and placed that control in the hands of Congress, where our good old Constitution placed it, we must use the power of Eminent Domain, also given our government by our Constitution, and take over and operate under our government these systems of transportation, communication, oil, gas and coal, as they are all natural monopolies and should belong to our people as a whole and not for the exploitation of any particular group.

Once these two first steps are completed the other necessary steps to make our nation a happy, vigorous,, industrious, virile, law abiding nation, free from hunger, unemployment and

panic; forging ahead to a prosperity and development such as has never been known, will be comparatively easy to accomplish.

And how to bring this about?

Inform yourself, tell your friends and neighbors, convince them, call meetings, educate yourselves and others; form committees in each district to wait on your Congressman and Senators and **inform** them in no uncertain terms, just exactly what you want, and see that they do it or else—

You must all remember that it was only through the ability to corrupt, bribe, or control in one way or another, enough national congressmen and senators to get the necessary legislation passed to give the Money Changers possession of our monetary systems. **We must** get our rights re-established the same way, by seeing that our legislators pass the necessary laws to do so.

And finally, as we realize that only by a predatory group, first obtaining control of our Nation's money system, can it get and control the nation, let us insist on our National Congress passing a law making the **introduction of a measure** in either the Senate or the House that would in any way take the issuing power and control of money from the hands of Congress, **a treasonable offense, punishable by death before a firing squad.** It is high time that we put a stop to the activity of treacherous legislators selling out their country.

The International Money Changers are in the saddle. They are out to rule or ruin the world. Do you believe they own the money and the munition works, that they foment trouble between nations, get them into war, loan the nations **their** money, creating a bonded debt to buy **their** munitions, to kill each other off, deplete their manhood and mire them in debt so they may be easier controlled, all by the power of GOLD? And **their power was obtained through crooked legislators?**

Mr. Average Man and Woman of our troubled America, you have shifted the responsibility of your duty to yourself and your nation—of giving time and thought to what is done by your legislators, whom you send up there to do it—long enough. It is up to you, individually and collectively, to get busy now, if you wish to save your necks and the future independence of your nation. **DO IT NOW, TOMORROW MAY BE TOO LATE!**

The voices of our brothers call to us from the graves in a foreign land, to make good our pledge to them of a “world safe for Democracy.”

The voices of our fathers of the Civil War call to us from the graves of Gettysburg, to finish the work they so nobly began, of freeing mankind from slavery, their part to free the black man from chattel slavery, ours to free **all men** from a worse bondage—economic slavery.

The voices of our ancestors of Bunker Hill, Lexington, and Valley Forge call to us across the years to regain and uphold the rights of Freedom they fought for so valiantly, to win for us.

Earnestly, tenderly, Jesus is calling across the centuries from the Cross on Calvary, “I am the Way, the Truth, and the Life,” He set us the example of driving the Money Changers from the Temple. He pleads with us through the Sermon on the Mount to apply the principles of the Golden Rule in our every day lives, and redeem our debauched young people from a life of shame and ruin by liquor, drugs, white slavery and corruption, that is being fastened upon them by the

same nefarious, inhuman, foreign money changers, who own the liquor business, the tobacco business, the drug traffic, the white slave traffic. Find out for yourself, the information is available.

Can you sit still and suffer the yoke and chains of a terrible economic serfdom to bind us, for evermore, when we are so ardently called to the service to Humanity?

When the God of Nature has showered an abundance of all good things upon us, shall we meekly let it be destroyed and ourselves and our descendants be forced into an economic slavery to these worse than devils? No! A thousand times NO! But “Beneath the Starry Flag together we will firmly stand, for the freedom of our own beloved Home.”

Father Abraham we hear you calling from a martyr's grave—“Arise, ye Christian Americans, while yet there is time, and once and for all time smash their arch enemy of Christianity, Democracy and economic freedom. The dawn of a new and glorious future of economic security, and plenty for all awaits **ONLY YOUR UNITED ACTION.**”