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Rockledge, April 5, 1858.

My dear Wendell:

Your letter, containing the check for \$20, is before me. The borrower of the money was the Rev. George Porter, of London, (who was highly recommended to me by William Tweedie, of the Strand, and my friend Rev. Dr. Davies, of that city, and who has punctually redeemed his promise,) and not "the Scotchman," Peter Sinclair, who borrowed \$20 of me last December, on his way to New York from Canada, and promised to pay the money over to you, or to Oliver Johnson, in the course of that week; but from whom I have not heard a word since. He has treated me shabbily. If I could find out that he is in New York, I would send him a letter. He is well, ^{known} as a professional lecturer on the other side of the Atlantic, and warmly espoused the cause of our Government during the rebellion. He looked rather seedy, and may be going downhill.

Mr. John Marshall Young sends me Mr. Buckley's letter of introduction, accompanied by a handsomely written letter of his own, in which he expresses his desire to find a situation. I dare say, if George's place were not already filled, Bailey, Jenkins & Co. might ~~be~~ ^{be} disposed to give him a trial. I shall be glad to hear that he has found some employment. I am not at all good in procuring it for others.

As the last Standard contains no reply to my letter from Mr. Phillips, I am inclined to think he will not attempt to make any. It will be his shrewdest course; but it will not alter our relations to each other, or be the slightest atonement for the wrong he has done to Quincy, May, myself, the Supreme Court, the Master in Chancery, Ex-Gov. Andrew, &c. With all his allegations flatly denied and clearly disproved, his silence, I should think, must be embarrassing to those who follow in his train, and certainly leaves him in a bad plight.

William has briefly apprised you of what took place at the meeting of the Jackson Trustees, some days since. I herewith enclose some correspondence that I have since had with Mr. Bowditch on the subject. You can let Mr. McKim and Oliver read it, and any others you choose, and return the letters at your leisure. I felt constrained to write as plainly as I did, and for the reasons set forth in my letters. I was hoping that Mr. Bowditch would evince a different spirit, and particularly that he would disclaim any imputation upon my uprightness in the matter; but, you see, he simply puts himself upon his "independence of speech and action," as if I had ever called it in question! I do not see what can be done to get the legacy paid over to the Commission. Bowditch and Phillips stand committed against voting a dollar of it into the Freedmen's treasury; and Whipple and Edmund Jackson are willing to give only the interest of the money for one year to the Commission, which Quincy, May and I oppose.

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It is now for the Executive Committee of the Commission to make a formal application for the money, and then we shall have another meeting; but, probably, to no purpose. Such conduct strikes me as very pitiful.

I am sorry to hear that Mr. McKim is not well, but trust he will soon be himself again. How little his labors in the cause of the freedmen have been appreciated by the Phillips' clique! Yet how strenuous, indefatigable and invaluable they have been, and how modestly performed! He has my warmest admiration and my deepest gratitude, and deserves the most lavish commendation.

I am just recovering from a severe attack of influenza, but my catarrhal difficulty is chronic, and causes me at times great depression of spirits.

We are just through with spring house cleaning, whitewashing, whitening, painting, &c. And, behold, a snow-storm to-day!

Am delighted to hear how my first grandson is unfolding. Heaven preserve him!
Love to dear Lucy & mother. Your affectionate Father.