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RETROSPECTIONS OF  
AN ACTIVE LIFE







John Bigelow on his 55th Birthday



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# RETROSPECTIONS OF AN ACTIVE LIFE

BY  
JOHN BIGELOW

VOLUME V

1872—1879

Illustrated

GARDEN CITY NEW YORK  
DOUBLEDAY, PAGE & COMPANY  
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## PREFACE

THE material for two volumes of this work was entrusted to me by my father for publication, with such revision and annotation as it might need. A little has been added to it and a little taken from it; here and there it has been rearranged; the text has not been materially altered. The footnotes were in part written or approved by my father, but for most of them I am alone responsible.

The *Retrospections of an Active Life*, of which these are the concluding volumes, brings my father's Memoirs down to the close of the year 1879. His letters, diaries, and other literary remains, covering the last thirty-two years of his life, may be utilized in the preparation of future publications.

JOHN BIGELOW.



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RETROSPECTIONS OF  
AN ACTIVE LIFE



# RETROSPECTIONS OF AN ACTIVE LIFE

## I

CORRESPONDENCE — LAST DAYS IN BERLIN

RUSSELL TO BIGELOW

LONDON, 25 ALFRED PLACE, KENSINGTON, S. W.

January 5, 1872.

*My dear Friend:*

I WAS exceedingly gratified by the receipt of your letter this morning which found me in bed, confined in the early hour by the result of a tumble which my horse and I took together last Tuesday on the stones, whereby I and he were favoured with broken knees. The old Duke of Wellington used to say that a man ought always to say a short prayer when he got off a horse safe and sound, as it is a dangerous practice no matter how often a man escapes; but to me it is a necessary exercise, for my India accident prevents me taking walking exercise, and my proportions would become Falstaffian if I were to abstain from some sort of active out-of-door work. This is my defence for exposing myself to these perils, and it accounts for the manuscript in which you receive this letter; not that I am unable to write, but that it is easier for me to employ the hand of another.

The details you gave me respecting your family were very welcome because they were so very good. I most entirely reciprocate your good wishes and share your feelings, feeling as

you do that every year severs a link with the past, removing from us friends, but at the same time strengthening our attachment to those who are left. I value your friendship exceedingly, and regret that circumstances keep us "wide as the poles asunder."

We have a great wrong in England against you all. Perhaps we resemble the country you abandon, too closely, but whatever the cause, you certainly (I mean American refugees in general) give the old country a very wide berth, although I believe you are animated, or perhaps I should say repressed, by a sort of sympathy for and with her which makes you angry with yourselves & us at times.

I am one of those who have great doubts respecting the success as a panacea for secret griefs and public wrongs of the Washington treaty. The parties look at the cause of quarrel from such different points of view that it appears to each in a shape which the other cannot appreciate. Thus Bancroft Davis's Book of Claims appears to be based on principles which our lawyers and managers will not admit for a moment. But each must suppose that the arbitrators will take their view. Now should the arbitrators coincide with the views of either, the other party will appear to have been so grossly mistaken as to reflect upon the national sense, not to speak of national honour, in propounding doctrines so extravagant; nor does it appear to me that the national feeling on the side of those who are condemned by the judgement of the Court will be at all appeased. I hope I may be quite wrong. It is quite true that in a cause of litigation each party must have the idea that he is right; but here one country indicts another for "every hatred, malice, & all uncharitableness" accompanied by acts of tort, and demands an egregious ransom and metallic reparation not even yet put down in figures.

I read with some interest your brochure upon imperialism, or rather against it, in France. I do not believe in universal suffrage or in republics based upon it. Of course you have got what you are pleased to call a republic in the United States; but it has had singular good luck in finding field of action in a continent where it has no neighbours, and can stretch its arms about as it pleases; and after all, the knot of states which has its centre of executive force at Washington seems to me rather a confederation with oligarchial tendencies in some parts, aristocratical

in others, plutocratic in others, and only democratic in the sense of allowing the majority of the people to have their own way without much manipulation on the part of the actual government in the whole extent of the union.

There is a theory amongst my friends here that France is in such a bad way that the German occupation will be renewed or increased, for any triumph of the extreme republicans would imperil the ransom & tend to [the] rupture of Prince Bismarck's guarantees. I certainly see no security for the peace of Europe on any side, but I am convinced that we will submit to a good deal of bustling about before we stand on our hind legs and square up at any fellow who annoys us.

The Prince continues very weak, but all the dangers of de-fervescence have passed. When all seemed hopeless, my great grief was that the country would never know in general what a good fellow, to use the best phrase about him, he was. He is singularly quick in the knowledge of character and reads a man like a book; but alas! he reads no books, and seems indeed to have a singular incapacity to apply his mind to any sort of study consecutively for half an hour; but what appeals to his eye is grasped with wonderful strength. What he hears he never forgets. He is generous to a degree; full of kindness; very resentful to his enemies and devoted to his friends; with an immense sense of enjoyment, love of good company, and eating and drinking with infinite gusto. Hitherto he never has had time to think. He was always going some place, or doing something & in a perpetual search in the day time of hours he had lost the night before. But now he will perforce "commune with his own heart & be still," and I am told he has been much touched with what he has learned respecting the accompaniments of his illness, and evinces the utmost anxiety to be restored to health in order that he may justify the good opinions of his friends and reward the people for the manifestations of their affectionate loyalty by devotion to their interests. Heaven grant it may be so.

I will inquire about the Mines and send you full particulars. I will rejoice very much if one of your sons favours an English university. Oxford for the scholarly gentleman — Cambridge for the practical man of the world.

Schenck's *début* was bad, & if I am not mistaken, he debuted in the War in an unfortunate manner also. It was a caution to see him in his uniform on the hottest night last year at a party

at Strawberry Hill; but I believe he makes a favourite [*sic*] impression on business men.

I wish you would send me photographs of yourself, wife, and children. Alberta & I are living together. Alice is with her three children staying with Lady McNaughten, and I believe is preparing for the appearance of a fourth grandchild. Willie writes in good spirits and excellent health from Chingkiang, where he forms the bulk of the European community; but master Jack, I fear, is becoming a regular Levantine in Alexandria, & I was not at all flattered the other evening by being told he was one of the best players at some confounded game in Egypt, by a gentleman who had just met him there. By the by, have you been there yet? I look upon a voyage up the Nile in winter time as a preparation for a better place. Nothing so delicious on earth, if you have got plenty of money and those around you that you like. You may say that these conditions render most places agreeable. I wish I had them here.

With best regards believe me always

Yours most sincerely & affectionately

I suppose few persons know both sides of the Prince's character better than Russell, which gives an interest to his picture of him. It would be curious to know how much of the Prince's susceptibility to the influence of bad company and to the temptations of the world was due to his inability to find recreation and interesting excitement in books.

BIGELOW TO MRS. CHARLES EAMES

BERLIN, Jan. 10, 1872.

*My friend Mrs. Eames:*

\* \* \* \* \*

I have always had faith in popular govt. I always insisted that slavery, being a foreign body inconsistent in policy with popular sovereignty, would fester and putrefy till it was expelled, and would maintain itself by foul means until the expulsive force of the nation was sufficient to throw it out, like chronic diseases

from a human constitution, and that when once thrown out the tone of public morality would gradually begin to rise, and the standard of our political virtue and statesmanship with it. I already see the correctness of my prognostications verified.

We have one other influence operating like slavery in America, and which must be expelled in the same or in a different way. I refer to the political side of Papism. It purchases its immunities by service it renders to the corrupt and wicked classes, just as slavery did, and one of these days the lightnings of heaven will strike it in the same way. That will do for to-day. Good-by. I wish you and yours all a very happy New Year, in which wife and Grace join.

God bless you

On the 7th of January, 1872, the following anecdote of two conspicuous ladies appeared in the columns of a French paper, bearing the title "An authentic Anecdote." Madame de McMahan, interested with Madame Thiers, wife of the then President of France, in a common charitable work, arrived first at mass and, by mistake, knelt on the right side of the choir, where two seats had been left for the lady patronesses. Madame Thiers, arriving a little later, placed herself on the left side. Madame de McMahan rose and proposed to offer her her place. But the occasion did not permit of long debate, and each lady remained where she was. After the mass, Madame de McMahan felt it her duty to excuse herself for having by mistake occupied the place of honor. Madame Thiers in an untranslatable tone replied, "I assure you, Madame, that there was no mistake and that I was in my place."

"Ah ——"

"I have consulted the ceremonial of Louis XIV, and it is at the left that the Queen always placed herself in order that as the priest returned she should be the first to receive his benediction ——"

Madame de McMahan had nothing more to say, and we are assured that since that time Madame Thiers carefully reserves her place at the side "*où s'agenouillaient les reines de France.*"

HUNTINGTON TO BIGELOW

42 RUE DE LA BRUYÈRE,  
12 [and 14] January, 1872.

*My dear Mr. Bigelow:*

. . . *Vive l'archevêque!* Now that you are once under way, I am sure of your arriving at good port. I might have sent earlier congratulations, but have waited a little in hope of being able to forward the desired book, *Principes de Bossuet et Fénelon*, etc., or at least announce my a picking of it up by same mail. I do still take my exercise in the walks of second hand literature as of old, though my late promenades have been something hedged in by rains, rheumatism, and other obstacles. Have not yet met with the volume, but hope to from my own luck which [would] give it a relish. If I presently do not, will give the order to an Ecclesiasticus of a book dealer in the Rue Cassette, who says it is rarish of late but not *introuvable*. By the way, indicate a limit of price.

You may safely rely on my discretion — so don't fail to gratify me from time [to time] with report of your progress and obstacles and pleasure of surmounting them in the way. Fit to say here, that if you saw in a London paper, or afterwards, transferred without acknowledgment, in the *Figaro*, an erroneous version of the trilogy from Count Enzenberg's album, you are not to suppose that I was the furnisher. It having in some way got to print and misprint, I did then feel justified in sending a true copy of the albuminous extract from the count's book to one of my papers — but without giving or intimating the source from which I obtained it.

Is it you that are grown Germanized or I who am become too Gallicised? What you say on certain French topics makes me sure that one of us is in fault: from you, it rather surprises and pains me. Keeping to facts, I think it is safe to say that the opinion that killing Germans is not murder (in cases where it is) does not and has not prevailed in high quarters in France. Has it occurred to you that Germans, even Germans, were subject to like passions with other patriotically inflated men, and that Bismarck is quite capable of exploiting their "exasperation produced in Germany by (an accepted version and passionate



interpellation of) the judicial actions to which he refers?" I extremely doubt, if you and like-minded impartial English and Americans had composed the juries at Melun and Paris, whether you would have brought in a verdict of more than manslaughter.<sup>1</sup> I don't mean to say that the full acquittal was right, however natural in the case. It is safe to say that there were largely attenuating circumstances — of which provocation was one. As safe to say that Bismarck knew or ought to have known this and intentionally assumed not to know. Equally safe to say that crimes of Germans against French in the occupied departments are *indulgently* punished, when recognized as crimes by the *conquistadores*; that the powerful Danes and encroaching Austrians, and recklessly hostile Hanoverians, Frankfort ex-free citizens, Saxons, and the rest were as criminal as [they were] formidable enemies to innocent Prussia is out of question; that smashed folks had best recognize the fact of their smashedness is politic, that grandly magnificent luck in smashing all opposers is the highest, best proof of the grandeur of the smasher, or exceptional reason for an on-looker to gaze in dead set admiration of the smasher, is not to the undersigned quite as plain as the hill of Howth.

14 January.

Just as I was waxing eloquent last Friday, a friend came in to take me off to dinner and the wax all melted away and you've lost it. But since then I have come upon a passage quoted from one Le Clerc, which, changing ecclesiastical to political and substituting German and French for orthodox and heterodox, contains advice that it seems to me that German folks are following: "An ecclesiastical historian ought to adhere inviolably to this maxim, that whatever can be favorable to heretics is false, and whatever can be laid against them is true: while on the other hand, all that does honor to the orthodox is unquestionable, and everything that can do them discredit is surely a lie. He must suppress too with care, or at least extenuate as far as possible, the errors

<sup>1</sup>On the 10th of August, 1871, a Frenchman named Bertin attempted the murder of a German sergeant-major under circumstances which made his act particularly odious. As the country was under martial law, the case might with propriety have been tried by a military court, but the German commander, General von Manteuffel, left it to the justice of a French civil court. The trial took place at Melun. Although the prosecuting attorney plead earnestly for the conviction and punishment of the accused, the jury, on the 17th of November, found him "not guilty," and he was accordingly released. On the 27th of November another such miscarriage of justice took place near Paris.

and vices of those whom the orthodox are accustomed to respect, whether they know anything about them or no; and must exaggerate on the contrary the mistakes and faults of the heterodox to the utmost of his power. He must remember that any orthodox writer is a competent witness against a heretic, while a heretic is never to be believed against the orthodox."

You will find that Renan does not observe these rules, and that his book is on many accounts worth reading. At least I found that the more I read of it, the more I was paid for the trouble. The different essays really should be taken together and in view of their dates, out of fairness to the writer. He put me in mind in some passages of your Fénelon and then again of Carlyle — with a difference. He will reach the Academy yet.<sup>1</sup>

You have seen what a coil Dupanloup has made about Littré's election. The question now is whether the perfervid Bishop be or be not a member for amputating himself as he thought by that sharp letter of resignation; the immortals, at Guizot's suggestion laid the same on the table and passed to the order of the day. Which should have been mortifying to Félix of Orleans.

When I find the Bossuet and Fénelon book, shall forward it by post? [*sic.*] You know there are other books of yours here, that IVth volume of Colbert among the rest, and of course you know that I shall be always glad to look for any other you may want for your work on Fénelon or other purposes.

You have seen perhaps intimation in the papers that Reclus's sentence is commuted to banishment. I suspect it is true or will be, though I find no official statement of the fact.

Felicitations on the 16 Thaler Bible. Did you hear that Hip. Vattemare was among the Commune prisoners? His crime was not resigning the office of Commissary of Police for his quarter — which was a lucky thing for the quarter. He was let off easy: one month prison after three or four months preventive; his time is out weeks ago.

Dana writes that he has begun the revision of the Cyclopædia;<sup>2</sup> Mr. Balch, that his book is in and ought now to be coming out of press.

Yours truly

<sup>1</sup>Renan became a member of the Academy in 1879.

<sup>2</sup>*The New American Cyclopædia* republished in 1873 as *The American Cyclopædia*.

E. D. MORGAN TO BIGELOW

54 AND 56 EXCHANGE PLACE,  
NEW YORK, Jan. 27, 1872.

*Dear Mr. Bigelow:*

I think you will be somewhat surprised to find so considerable an extract from your last letter to me published in the *New York Times* of 25th instant, but really I thought it was too good to be confined to the knowledge of the person only to whom it was written. Candor also requires that I tell you of a further liberty. After being marked, one copy of the *Times* was sent to each Senator & Member of the House of Representatives; also to Genl. Porter, Gov. Fish, Mr. C. Delano, and the Attorney-general. I also *wrote* to Genl. Porter. I did not request him to show it to the President, but I am sure he will. I write now briefly in order to get my letter into the steamer's mail that sails to-day, and will in a short time have this pleasure again.

Nothing could have been more timely and wise than such views as you present, and that being so, the public ought to have the opportunity to read them.

I do not think now that Greeley will bolt the party, if Grant is re-nominated. He is losing some supporters and the paper is more for Grant than for anyone. It is not certain but that this will induce a change in the policy of the *Tribune*.

In my next letter I think I will let you know something about my closing the affairs of the estate of Mr. Raymond and the sale of the estate's interest in the *Times*.

Yours in haste

*Enclosure*

FROM AN AMERICAN ABROAD.<sup>1</sup>

The following is an extract from the letter of a well-known American at present on a visit abroad:

I see that the people, who defeated Chase in the Democratic Convention in 1868 because they did not wish to have such a seal of condemnation put upon their treasonable and pro-slavery sympathies, are now trying again to

<sup>1</sup>N. Y. *Times* Feb. 25, 1872.

put off the day of popular judgment upon their course by seducing disaffected Republicans to nominate some one against Grant whom they can support, and not have a candidate or resolutions of their own. I hope Sumner and Trumbull will keep out of the trap. The Democrats who are conducting this intrigue, if I understand it, will encourage Republicans with promise of Democratic support till the Republicans and their candidates are thoroughly compromised and at their mercy; then they will say, "Before we go any farther on this road let us understand what your President is going to do for us: which is to be in the Cabinet, which are to be foreign ministers, and which collectors, postmasters &c.," nor can Schurz & Company help themselves. They must yield. They will be defeated ignominiously at last, and then they will be compelled, like Chase, to take their traps and travel into the camp of the Democratic party to fellowship with their life-long adversaries.

The Democrats who, under the lead of Montgomery Blair and the Missouri Republicans, are getting up this intrigue, fancy that they can keep their party from making a nomination, suspend its breath for four years, or at least till the election is over. If that were possible, which I do not believe, it would be as fatal to the life of the party as if those gentlemen were to suspend their own breath for the same period. "You make believe die," says an old proverb I once heard in Hayti, "I make believe bury you." Such a step, if it were possible to take it, would send the Democratic party to the limbo of the Know Nothing party and the Temperance party. I can understand how hard it is for Sumner and Trumbull, not to speak of others less prominent at this moment, to assist in the re-election of Grant, but their opposition will resolve, in last analysis, into personal reasons of which the mass of the nation will take no note. The Administration of General Grant has been on the whole one of the most satisfactory. I think it is not too much to say, the most satisfactory of any, since you or I have been acquainted with public affairs.

The public revenue has been collected and appropriated to the payment of the public debt with a fidelity which, for the first time in many years, no one contests.

The adjustment of our differences with England was a masterpiece of diplomacy, and does honor to all concerned in it. Since the Treaty of Paris of 1783, I know of nothing more cleverly managed in the department of our foreign relations.

The Christian policy of the President toward the Indians, a policy without precedent in our history, promises to be one of the most auspicious features of his Administration and one for which the credit will be due to him more than to any other person; for I doubt if there was another officer in the army that did not regard it with contempt.

He is the first President that has dared to touch the leprosy of Mormonism, and take effective measures for relieving the country of one of its most loathsome diseases. Early in his administration he brought about the tranquilization of the South and the passage of the Fifteenth Amendment, by the judicious combination of firmness and toleration, and is now administering the Ku-klux power invested in him by the last Congress, as it seems to me, with great discretion. I judge so, because that is the part of his con-

duct about which the traitors of 1861 make most noise. Now, against these facts, it is idle to talk about San Domingo, out of which he backed in pretty good order, and of his fondness for segars, for presents, and for rich and generous hosts, or for Tom Murphy and Frank Howe. I might as well complain of the Providence that sends us summer showers because they wet my hay before it was housed. The people will not listen to personal discontent in the presence of so much matter for national satisfaction. With, as you know, no great personal partiality for Grant and as clear perceptions of his short-comings for the Presidency as most men, I cannot help feeling that his re-election is the wisest thing possible for us.

## HUNTINGTON TO BIGELOW

*undated.*

*La publication du GRAND DICTIONNAIRE LITTRÉ se poursuit régulièrement. La 26 livraison (du mot SEILLE au mot SOUSCRIRE) vient d'être mis en vente. Avant la fin de l'année, ce vaste monument élevé à la langue française sera terminé. (Voir AUX ANNONCES.)*

Which is y stuck here quick, lest it get lost or be forgotten while the letter waxeth. I have received from Hachette for you the *livraison 26* herein above mentioned, the which lieth, with other *livraisons*, in the bowels or chest-parts of my divan, along with other books of yours. I have to thank you for the *Kladderadatsch* and would have thanked *M. le Général Berdan* sharp and long-bow shooter, for bringing on the same, had I found him (as of course I didn't and nobody ever was found) at the Grand Hôtel, when I crept thither the other night. He did not call, but sent the package by messenger from that caravanserai. Whether I reach there again or see him before he returns to Berlin depends Mainely on my back parts or lumbar regions, where lodges rheumatism. Some folks say it is lumbago, *i* should say it was plumbago — leastways it unfits me for locomotion as much as the lead did the Jumping Frog. For the rest, I could not, to my regret, send you by him the Bossuet Fénelon book. Neither of the two largest shops specially devoted to ecclesiasticcustomers, to which I have been directed, have it in stock, nor does it yet turn up on the quais or in the Latin Quarter. I have left an order for it. It does not, I believe, rank as a "rare" but is scarceish.

It is generous and characteristically delicate on the part of the Berlin Academy to be proposing Littré just at this time as

candidate for Prussian honours. How came they to put it off so long? Have the Prussian Academicians not discovered till now the high order of Mr. Littré's merit, or have they discovered any notable new proof of it given by him within two years? I cannot authoritatively satisfy your curiosity as to whether Littré will "dare" accept the compliment, but will remind you of what may stay the stomach of it *en attendant*, that he long ago dared to not accept the Legion of Honor cross decoration, which most Frenchmen (let alone our friend Beckwith and other Americans) prize quite as highly as any foreign trinket. I should say, judging from what people tell me, that Mr. Littré is a sort of man who would not consider his merit in the slightest need of, or like to be in the slightest degree enhanced by, Royal recognition at any time or under any circumstances. In present time and circumstances — well, make the case your own; would you, being a Frenchman, accept this order of merit from William the Pious, author of those last year's telegrams, doubly offensive to you as patriot and penitent, so admirably resumed as text to that admirably characteristic English design:

By will divine, my dear Augusta,  
 We've had another awful buster,  
 10,000 Frenchmen sent below,  
 Praise God from whom all blessings flow.

Or try it another way, as the cooks say: would you, American, *circa* 1864, have accepted a similar recognition of your merits from English Academy or sovereign? The tact of proposing it is exquisite and Prussian.

What do you and your Berlin friends think of the chances of new difficulty springing out of the Alabama treaty arrangement? You see what the English papers say of our "Case." I have not read the "Case," and hope they exaggerate its exaggerations and strain the interpretation of our government's interpretation of the claims. That it threatened more than a disagreeable newspaper war I had not supposed probable, or hardly possible, till to-day. This morning I received a letter from a London correspondent — an ardent American indeed, but not an alarmist, and one having more advantages than most of our countrymen in that metropolis, by gift and opportunity, of seeing, hearing and testing current opinion. He writes: "These Englishmen are going through another paroxysm about the Alabama. Think



Littré





we ask too much and gravely and seriously talk in private and public of tearing up the treaty and flinging the pieces in our face." This is dated 30th January. In a P. S. of next day he adds: "Have seen and heard of a good deal of John Bull's Alabama spasm since yesterday. Do still more incline to believe it serious."

The papers here, so far as I have noticed, that have yet spoken on the matter, do not take partisan interest in it, but *incline* to accept the version of the English prints as to the excessiveness of our claim for constructive damages, and as to the lack of candour (to draw it mild) on the part of our Government — leaving the constructive damage in the shade until the negotiations ended in the agreement for arbitration, and then bringing them prominently forward in the "case" submitted to the Geneva Court. Looked at with my imperfect lights, it does seem to me at this present writing, that if we present this enormous demand of *dommages intérêts* seriously, we are unreasonable; but that if, like disreputable persons their lawyers, who ask \$50,000 in a libel suit for damages done to their cheap characters, only as a means of strengthening their chances of getting \$1,000, we are sinking the reputation of the nation and a great principle to a comparatively mean and unimportant pecuniary interest.

I see in my *Tribune* received to-night all that story of the Rev. Kremer,<sup>1</sup> minister of the Gospel and United States respectively, which you wrote me; as well as other facts and circumstances regarding St. Petersburg views of the Cata — (what's his name?<sup>2</sup>) — 's affair, rehearsed by its Berlin correspondent

<sup>1</sup>Dr. M. J. Cramer who was born in Switzerland of Swedish parents and educated in the U. S. After serving four years in the Methodist ministry he was appointed chaplain in the army by President Lincoln. In this capacity he served from 1864 to 1867. Thereupon he was sent as U. S. consul to Leipzig by President Johnson. While there he organized chapel service, preaching every Sunday. In 1870 he was appointed minister to Denmark by President Grant, and in 1881 was transferred by President Garfield to Switzerland. In 1885 he resigned his diplomatic office to accept a professorship of theology at the Boston University. He married in 1863 Mary F. Grant, sister of U. S. Grant.

<sup>2</sup>Constantine Catacazy, at Washington as Russian *chargé d'affaires* (Jan. to March 1854), and as Russian minister (1869-1871). His relations with Fish, the U. S. secretary of state, were made unpleasant by a letter which he addressed to his government and was not sent, but was apparently abstracted from his desk, in which he said: . . . "Mr. Fish, who is a very weak and vacillating man, evinced a disposition to change his tactics by addressing a note to this imperial legation, daring to propose arbitration in regard to a matter which a few weeks before he had himself pronounced unworthy of serious consideration . . . this last communication from the foreign office [of the U. S.] may be looked upon as a piece of sublime impertinence, and as such I have purposely abstained from replying to it" (N.Y. *Tribune*, June 12, 1871, p. 5, col. 1.). During the deliberations of the Joint High Commission looking to the settlement of the Alabama Claims by arbitration (page 66 *et seq. post*) Catacazy "employed every resource which a long experience of diplomatic

in such phrase that I should guess he must have been in communication with Minister Curtin.<sup>1</sup> By the way, do you know the *Tribune's* Berlin correspondent? Should be a cleverish man and have a good "top" or two, as our friend *Morning Post* Brown<sup>2</sup> used to phrase it, at the ministries.

Have not met *Morning Post* Brown since the war, but presently mean to, Crawford telling me the other Sunday of a trysting place on the *Place de la Madeleine* where he was apt enough to be found of afternoons, about four of the clock or so, taking something to take at an institution for the dispensing of spiritual comforts established there.

Breakfast — rousing good breakfast — at Crawford's two Sundays ago. Pheasant, hare and partridges. Mrs. C. grown adipose, but Irishly hospitable, talkative (slightly doctrinaire) and cheery as ever. Asked after you and spoke of you with warm interest and cordial regard. The bother was to parry her question: What is Mr. Bigelow doing? Shade of the truth-loving Fénelon, candid Telemachus, forgive me! I lied it straight out, and said I didn't know. Their (the Crawford's, not the Archbishop and the Ithaca prince's) children are in Guernsey, whither *Madame* and Crawford occasionally flit to see them. They (C. and Mrs.) seem as happy as grigs. (*Mem.*: What are grigs? Why and should the Griggses be so happy?) There is something charming in that grizzled bearded man's candid naïf praises of "Emily." They have taken a new apartment on the exterior boulevard, the windows of which overlook the *Parc* of Monceaux, which is directly *en face*.

I don't distinctly learn whether Reclus is or is not already liberated, in consequence of the commutation of his cruelly unjust sentence from deportation to exile. It was said *dans le temps, et dans LE TEMPS dans le temps*, that it needed that he should petition for a commutation. You know him well enough to guess that he would see the Commission of Pardons in Hellifax or any hotter place before he'd sacrifice a *principe* by asking them not to send him to Cayenne. As to assuring his receipt of a letter from you (if he is still in durance — it was said two months or less ago that he was in a category of prisoners who had been

intrigue affords, to sow distrust between the British and American Commissioners, to influence the members of the Senate in a hostile sense, and to suggest difficulties in any quarter where such suggestions might be fruitful" (*Life of Granville* by Fitzmaurice II, 87).

<sup>1</sup>A. J. Curtin, U. S. Minister to Russia (1869-1872)

<sup>2</sup>Paris correspondent of the London *Morning Post*.

transferred to Mt. Valérien), would not the best way be to enclose it to Laboulaye or some such, who would know how to have it reach its address? I think letters for prisoners go through the ministers of war. The difficulties — obstacular administrative formalities, etc. — in the way of personally reaching a prisoner, are so many and grave and irritating that I have not attempted even to get at him.

“*Général Meredith Reade* [Read]  
*Consul-général des Etats-Unis*  
*pour la France et l'Algérie*”

is one of the most courteous, friendly, hospitable and — st gentlemen I ever had the honor, pleasure, profit and amusement to become acquainted with. He has a passion for “display headings.”

It is nearly two years since Brooks wrote me a long, characteristically pleasant letter from Cambridge, Mass. To the which I straightway answered, adding to the interest of my friendly MS. by an extract from *A Ode to an Flax Seed*, a not unpleasing poem, which was inspired into me that winter by the cooking, spreading, and applying of poultices (in all of which processes I became a proficient) to an invalid toe of mine. He had returned to the law — I forget now whether he was yet in the study or had come to the bar.

It is one o'clock A. M. tomorrow morning — that is this screed was begun yester night about 11 and something P. M. and ought to be brought to a close — bed clothes. And so

I remain

Very truly yours

L. HACHETTE & CO. TO BIGELOW

*Translation*

BOULEVARD SAINT-GERMAN 77,  
 PARIS, March 23, 1872.

*Dear Sir:*

You will doubtless remember that during your residence in Paris we talked with you of the publication of a history of the

United States of America to form part of the collection of Universal History, comprising 20 volumes in *12mo*, published under the direction of Mr. V. Duruy.

We should not like to see our collection any longer without a work which is lacking in France and which is of a nature highly to interest the French public. We have a proposition from a young French writer, but before entering into serious negotiations with him, we come to ask you if you are still disposed to occupy yourself with that work. It should make a volume of 900 pages in *12mo*. In case your present occupations should not permit you to devote the necessary time to that work, we should be obliged to you if you would let us know what would be the best sources for the person who should undertake to write the history of your country to draw from.

Is there in America an historical manual of the scope which we wish to give to our publication? If there is none, and if it should be convenient for you to write one, our young author could translate your work and introduce into it the modifications which might be judged necessary for French readers.

Our unhappy country has just passed through a disastrous period. I do not yet know whether the severe lesson which we have received will have the result of giving a little more wisdom to the bulk of the nation. We have suffered, like everyone else, materially and morally, but all the members of our family whom you have had occasion to see in Paris are safe and sound.

We beg you, dear Sir, to accept the assurance of our affectionate and devoted sentiments.

HACHETTE & CO.

It was not without great reluctance that I declined this, to me, quite flattering invitation. It would have been a pleasure to me to have written a history of the United States that should become a standard authority for France, as the books published by Hachette uniformly are. I could not undertake such a work without interrupting my plans for the education of my children, neither could I have written such a book anywhere in the United States but in Washington, the last place in the country to which I would have desired to take my family at that time to make even a temporary home. I suggested to Mr. Hachette several his-

torical writers of more or less distinction in America as competent for the work, but he replied to my suggestion, that it was not for the want of writers to write a book about America that they addressed themselves to me, that what they wanted was the book that I should write.

GEO. P. MARSH TO BIGELOW

ROME, Mch. 25, '72.

*My dear Sir:*

I return [to you] your letter to Mr. Reclus as you request. I have not heard of his being in Italy, though it is said that La Cécilia<sup>1</sup> is here with the knowledge of the government but this I cannot vouch for.

The paragraph from the *Golden Age* is true but not the whole truth. I have no official, and scarce any unofficial, information from the State Department on the subject. At first it was said to be a blunder of a clerk, not clerk John, a farmer, but a clerk generically. The latest accounts seem to show that, as in the case of the publication of Rives's<sup>2</sup> despatch about the Indemnity Society, which came so near costing us a war with France, and as some say, did, in the end, cost Louis Philippe his throne, and of Morris's<sup>3</sup> despatch about the Sultan two or three years ago, it wasn't a blunder or an act of anybody. It did itself; and it is a source of proud satisfaction to the parties *prima facie* responsible to find nobody is to blame.

If I am ever in Congress again, I shall propose the appointment of an official scape-goat to the Department, with a liberal salary, and a large "wilderness" to roam in. As his place will be no sinecure he should be a man of strong back and abundant moral courage. I think such a one might readily be found among our adopted fellow citizens of the Emerald Isle, & he would earn his pay & leave a handsome surplus for the government. Take the case of the inquiry about the betrayal of the British Treaty last year. This cost the Government \$10,000 or more, all of

<sup>1</sup>Napoléon La Cécilia (1835-1878), a colonel under Garibaldi in Sicily, a colonel of *franc-tireurs* in the Franco-German war, and a major-general under the Commune.

<sup>2</sup>W. C. Rives, U. S. Minister to France 1829-1832 and 1849-1853, member of Confederate Congress 1861-1864.

<sup>3</sup>E. J. Morris, U. S. Minister to Turkey 1861-1871

which would have been saved, not to speak of the valuable time of various members of Congress and of Mr. Horace Greeley, if the Department had been simply authorized to say: "It was a blunder of Terence Thady O'Mulligan, official scape-goat of the Department." This, of course, would have satisfied everybody, and the matter would have been quietly dropped.

What will come of it further I do not know. I know that great annoyance & mortification to me have come of it already, but I do not see an end. Very truly yours

HUNTINGTON TO BIGELOW

42 RUE DE LA BRUYÈRE, PARIS,

11 April, '72.

Dear Mr. Bigelow:

It is so long since your last that I have forgotten its date, part of its contents, and have mislaid the MS. But I have all along kept following the *Principes de Bossuet et Fénelon* etc. — without finding them. . . .

If you will give me some other book to look for, I may have better luck. . . .

Reclus, as you doubtless know, is or lately was, with his brother at Zurich; and has published a letter dated from there, in which he says he has selected Lugano (it is in the Canton of Tessin, I think) for his residence. Charpentier's publication of Lacroix's *Maintenon* remains arrested, but one of his clerks told me that C's purpose was to go on with it — some time or other.<sup>1</sup> I have mailed you a pair of pamphlets about that female's letters, etc., which I trust safely reached you.

\* \* \* \* \*

Sam. Bowles, who is in the anti-Grant movement, writes me recently, very calmly, and thinks it has chances of success. It rather seems to me that the chances are small; that the body of the people are mainly content with the actual condition of things and have confidence in Grant's honesty of intention; like him all the better that he is not brilliant, and care very little whether

<sup>1</sup>So far as the editor has been able to learn, the work referred to was never published. The author in Huntington's mind was probably Paul Lacroix, who wrote under various pseudonyms and of whom the *Grand Dictionnaire Larousse* says: "*M. Paul Lacroix a tant écrit, traduit, annoté, compilé, arrangé, édité un peu partout, — que la liste complète de ses productions diverses est presque impossible à dresser.*"

he does or don't appoint all his wife's relations to office. Then he has possession, his war "record" and, of course, his own office holders in his favor. If there is no mystery of the Alabama-Geneva process — and it looks to me less and less likely that there will be one—or if the blame of the rupture can be all thrown on the English government, as it will be natural for patriotism to throw it, the successes of Grant's actual administration should go far to secure him a new four years' lease. Even Greeley — whose opposition after all has not prevented several candidates from being elected in our time — must go for him, or at least cannot go for a freeish trading opponent, if one of the latter persuasion is nominated at Cincinnati. Talking of protection, a New England elder brother of mine — always a Whig and then Republican — says in his last letter to me, that he has come to think that New England does not longer need protective tariffs — leastways he does not for the manufacture of iron and printing machines, in which business he has pretty long experience.

Do you know, or know who is, the Berlin correspondent of the *Paris Temps*? Uncommonly informing letters he writes, whoever he is. It is understood that Broglie has resigned the ambassadorship at London, and that it was well he should, seeing that he was forever running over to Versailles to take part in debates against the republic that he is theoretically supposed to represent. Casinini is (newspaper) talked of as his successor. It seems still to be supposed that Ferry holds his preëmption claim on the ministry to Washington.

Yours truly

HUNTINGTON TO BIGELOW

42 RUE DE LA BRUYÈRE, PARIS,  
27 [and 28] March, 1872.

Dear Mr. Bigelow:

\* \* \* \* \*

Talk of coincidences! Now, having given up expectation of ever finding the "*Principes de Messieurs Bossuet et Fénelon sur la Souveraineté*," which you asked for more than a year ago and which I was growing to suspect didn't exist — just the very blessed day next after receiving your letter, I grubbing in a

capharnaum of biblio-secondhandnesses in the *Rue de Lanay*, did lay my hand on the very volume, an 8vo, p. 340 Paris 1791 with preface by an *Anonyme*, and notes. The full title of the first part (153 pages), in addition to what is quoted 10 lines above, is: "*Tirés du 5me Avertissement sur les Lettres de M. Jurieu et d'un Essai sur le Gouvernement civil.*" The title of the second part (also with preface and notes) is "*Principes de feu M. François de Salignac de La Mothe-Fénelon, Archevêque-duc de Cambrai, sur la Souveraineté. Tirés d'un Essai sur le Gouvernement civil, par M. Ramsay.*" Cover in bad condition, what the bookmen call *fatigué*, in fact clean fagged out and worn to the bone at elbows, but text complete and clean.

I enclose notice of a recent publication that may have an interest for you. Furthermore am told that Lanfrey, in his *L'Eglise et les Philosophes du XVIIIme Siècle*<sup>1</sup> (this is nearly, if not accurately, the title of the work) incidentally touches on Fénelon's persecuting quality.

You won't dislike to hear what I did to-day, that Elie Reclus is doing well enough at Zurich, and Elisée very well at Lugano where Hachette's house secures him a comfortable income, payment *au fur et à mesure* for some work in natural science he is busied with for their press. It is midnight and time honest folks were abed. I am honest, so down I lay me.

If, accidentally, I *think* of anything to-morrow, will append to these. Meantime and always  
Yours truly,

28th, 10 A. M. Have been out of bed now an hour but don't think — no signs of it.  
Yrs. trly. *ut sup.*

REV. HENRY W. BELLOWS TO BIGELOW

NEW YORK, 232 E. 15TH STREET, April 5, 1872.

*My dear Mr. Bigelow:*

Thank you heartily for your thoughtful and suggestive letter touching the prospects of religion in Germany with your *Table of the Bible supply*, as in whole, or in parts.

I do not draw all the inference you do from the facts — but I am none the less interested to know them. As a general answer

<sup>1</sup>*L'Eglise et les Philosophes au dix-huitième Siècle.*



to the fears which are by no means confined to Germany or France but now extend through the civilized world — that Christianity is dying out — I send you an article of my own in the April number of *Old and New* which will indicate my own way of disposing of the subject!<sup>1</sup> I am not *alarmed* — nor do I believe that the spread or permanency of Christianity depends on any Bibliolatry, or any suppression of free inquiry or discouragement of it. The scepticism of an age is the faith of another. Religion is simply passing out of the custody of ecclesiastics & ministers, into the keeping of the world at large. There is now a great deal of this *leaven* in the world, which we call faith or piety, but it makes *all* the bread light & nourishing. I am not surprised at the wickedness or dullness or sensuality of the world, but every day more & more surprised, considering how we spring up & from what roots, that humanity begins to be so decent and clever. To labour for it is my only joy & the contemplation of its suffering & sins is my only sorrow, but I am not discouraged. The problem is a larger one than we have thought. We are impatient because Providence continually puts new elements into the great cauldron, & will not allow it to cool & crystallize. I am willing to die without the sight of the promised land, none the less believing in it & labouring to carry the country & race forward to it.

Dr. Wines wished me to send you a notice by pamphlet of the meeting at London, on July 3rd, of the International Congress on Prison Discipline, & to invite you to be present. I hope to be there myself & to spend a couple of months afterwards in Switzerland, returning to my post here by 20th. September.

I am very sorry to hear of Mrs. Bancroft's illness. Give Mr. B. my warm sympathy in his anxiety. Thank you for your kind appreciation of my notice of Tuckerman.<sup>2</sup> I have no possible calling to carry out your suggestion about his life. You little know my pre-occupations.

Commend me to Mrs. Bigelow. My two children & a niece will come on with me. It is simply a substitute for my usual rustication at Walpole. The excitement about the Washington Treaty has *never* been great or threatening on our side — *less* than you can believe so near England. The indefinite claims I always regarded as absurd & laughable. Yours cordially

<sup>1</sup>*The Break between modern Thought and ancient Faith and Worship* (*Old and New*, v, 395)

<sup>2</sup>*Address at the Funeral of Mr. Henry T. Tuckerman at All Souls' Church, New York. December 21, 1871, by Rev. H. W. Bellows, D. D. (G. P. Putnam & Sons).*

BIGELOW TO HUNTINGTON

HOHENZOLLERN STRASSE 4, April 16, 1872.

*My dear Huntington:*

\* \* \* \* \*

I agree entirely with you in what you say about the next Presidential election. Grant's shortcomings, which I am not disposed to underestimate, have after all done him more harm than the country. . . . I hope the time may come when we can afford a President whose popular symbols are something more suggestive of statesmanship than horses & cigars, but that time is not yet come. I am persuaded that, if Grant is defeated at the next election, the victory would inure to the Democrats, not to the Republicans. Of his defeat, however, I see no likelihood. I see no sign of any new defections from Grant for two years past. Every man who now appears in the opposition was ready to knife him two years ago. I cautioned Reid against the dance he was leading the *Tribune*, but I fancy it is old White Coat's<sup>1</sup> freak, in which he will be indulged until it begins to tell upon the exchequer, which will not be till after the election, before which time he will have ample opportunity of hauling his wind.

It is well understood that Thiers is preparing France for her *revanche*; that he means to impose the necessary taxes to raise the remaining 3 milliards due Germany in — 74 and when that time arrives to tell the Germans, as the Spartans did the Persians once, "to come and take them." No one in the parliament or government circles here seems to dream that Thiers now has any intention of paying a penny more of the indemnity. They take it for granted that he means to spend it for *revanche*. Neither does the government here apprehend any trouble with France, or indeed, with any other power till the rest of the indemnity falls due, say — 74. In the first place Bismarck is now master of the situation; he never permits himself to have but one enemy at a time, and he has the Pope at present at his pike's end; and none of the sore-heads are prepared for war or can be for at least two years. One among many practical evidences of his (B's) faith in peace at present may be found in the fact that he has pulled down the citadel at Strasburg and authorized people

<sup>1</sup>Greeley's.

to build all about it before beginning the new fortifications. They have only this month begun the construction of 14 forts for the protection of Strasburg out of cannon shot of the city, which, however, cannot be of any service for purposes of defence in less than two years.

The empire, in a military point of view, is infinitely stronger now than it was in — 70. The consolidation of the army has worked wondrous results for it. The Prussian military system now pervades all Germany. Their officers command in Baden & Wurtemberg and all over, & the officers of the other states are on service here. There are over 300 Wurtemberg officers now on service in Prussia. In the war of 1870 the Bavarian troops were good for nothing. They were poorly officered and without any discipline. They were tolerated and petted for political purposes. All that is now passed. The Bavarian army will soon be as good as the Prussian.

Then they have a new arm, which will soon be in the hands of every soldier, which von Bunsen tells me is as much superior to the chassepot as the chassepot is superior to the needle gun. They are very quiet about this but very confident also.

Bismarck is supposed here, by well informed statesmen, to be counting upon a compact alliance of the two most powerful states conterminous to his empire that have no legitimate rival interests — Austria & Italy. Austria & Germany have a common interest in protecting the mouth of the Danube; Italy & Germany in being protected from the Jesuits and their carnal allies. If this can be accomplished, it will leave France & Russia so wide apart that their coquetries can do no harm.

The Emperor's health is a little shaky and has been for a month past, so that he has of late taken no part in any public proceedings to which royalty is one of the customary decorations. He rides out however; I had a bow from him yesterday — and he may live yet many years. If however he should die, changes might occur the gravity of which it is difficult to estimate, but as things now are & promise to be, this government is so thoroughly acquainted with the policy & purposes of the Versailles government, is preparing so much more rapidly for every contingency than it is possible for France under a provisional government to do, that I feel I take no risk in predicting that she will pay the rest of the indemnity when it falls due, if she can, and that she will not attempt to avoid her liabilities except by negotiation.

I send you a copy of the new consular treaty with the United States which passed the German parliament yesterday. Its English was ruthlessly criticised in the debate to which it gave rise, and the blame is laid upon Bancroft. They infer from its blunders that he is getting too old. The fact I suppose to be that it was written in the State Department & sent to Bancroft who, more wise than Gil Blas when asked to criticise the poetry of the Archbishop, passed it on *in puris* to the foreign office. I send it to you in the hope that it may reach you in time to be "a new."

I heard to-day that the Palazzo Caffarelli, which was occupied by von Bunsen while Prussian ambassador at Rome, and at his instance was bought by the late king of Prussia for his embassy, embracing some six acres of land, the Palace standing on the Tarpeian rock — is about to be sold by the present emperor to the empire. It cost him about 350,000 Thalers. He sells it for 300,000, reserving the use of a *suite* of rooms *au premier* for any of the Imperial family who may visit Rome. The property is now worth 1,000,000 Thalers. I learn this from a gentleman who was born in the palace. Think of being born on the Tarpeian rock! It is pleasant to know that a place which has taken so many lives has at last given the world one, and I may add *en parenthèse* a valuable one [my friend George von Bunsen].

I had already heard of Reclus' retreat in Italy & I wrote him yesterday. I did not see his letter nor the letter in the *Telegraph* to which you refer. I never see that paper. The English press is very little read in Berlin. I take the *Times*.

My plans for the summer are not yet fixed, but I have a great deal of faith that with the aid of the good intentions which you manifest, our destinies may constellate. I shall let you know the limits of my ignorance upon the subject as soon as I possibly can, and shall think it one of the days *creta notandi* when we are once again permitted to cross hands. Good bye; God bless you.

ELISÉE RECLUS TO BIGELOW

LUGANO, SUISSE, Poste restante, 19 avril 1872.

*Mon cher ami:*

Je viens de recevoir votre bonne lettre et la traite y-incluse de 125 Thalers. J'ai été fort touché de votre souvenir et je

suis trop votre ami pour ne pas accepter le présent que vous me faites avec tant de cordialité. Je ne m'en considère pas moins comme votre débiteur, mais liau eu de vous rendre votre somme, je la rendrai à d'autres amis lorsque eux aussi, se trouveront dans l'infortune.

Pendant ces dix-huit mois de guerre, de siège, et de séparation forcée, ma famille, comme tant d'autres par milliers et par centaines de mille, a sans doute eu à souffrir d'une certaine gêne; mais je dois le dire avec un grand sentiment de reconnaissance, mes amis ont fait preuve à mon égard d'un touchant esprit de solidarité, et je n'ai jamais eu à craindre sérieusement pour le bien-être matériel des miens. C'est également à mes amis, surtout à mes amis anglais, que je dois ma libération. Je ne crois pas qu'on ait réellement l'intention d'aller me faire manger du *lavo*[?] dans l'isle des Pins, mais MM. les militaires, qui ne sont pas tendres, désiraient évidemment me faire peiner le plus longtemps possible dans leurs prisons. Enfin je suis libre et de plus, j'ai l'avantage d'avoir appris une leçon d'histoire des plus instructives.

J'ai choisi Lugano pour lieu d'exil, parce qu'il a l'avantage d'être situé dans un heureux climat et sur le sol libre de la Suisse. En outre j'aurai l'avantage d'être dans le voisinage d'une grande ville, Milan, et d'être dans une position à peu près centrale relativement aux divers endroits de l'Europe où je pourrais avoir à faire quelque voyage. Il vous faut dire que ma famille est avec moi. Mes petites fillettes nous donnent beaucoup de plaisir par leur conduite et leur zèle à s'instruire. Elles ont supporté sans lâches frayeurs les horreurs du second siège, y compris l'éroulement par des obus de la maison qu'elles habitaient.

Mon intention est de continuer mes travaux géographiques. J'ai l'espoir de m'entendre à cet égard avec mes anciens éditeurs, les Hachettes, sinon je trouverai peut-être d'autres éditeurs français. Sinon, je m'occuperai de correspondances pour divers journaux et revues. C'est aussi de cette façon que mon frère Elie utilise sa vie d'exil. Lui a préféré s'installer à Zurich à cause des facilités d'éducation que cette ville offre à ses deux fils.

J'ai été heureux de recevoir par vous des nouvelles de l'ami Huntington. Je l'ai vu après le siège. Il me dit alors une parole fort sensée de laquelle je me souviens toujours: "Pourvu que le gâchis puisse durer quelques années! Sans cela la France ne se renouvellera jamais!" Il doit être fort content, car il a été servi à souhait.

Vous me demandez si de Berlin vous me pouvez rendre quelques services. Oui, certainement, en m'envoyant à l'occasion des documents ou brochures pour lesquels j'aurais à servir d'intermédiaire entre Amérique et Europe, Allemagne et Italie, peuple et peuple, race et race. Et si vous aviez besoin de quelque commission faite à Milan ou en Suisse, pensez à moi, je vous en supplie.

Votre ami dévoué.

BIGELOW TO HUNTINGTON.

HOHENZOLLERN 4, BERLIN,  
Monday mg, April 29, 1872.

*My dear Huntington:*

I send you a pamphlet out of which you may get a paragraph perhaps for your correspondence. It is a chapter from a book written by H. von Holst who has been named for the professorship of American History and American Law in the new University of Strasburg, which opens early in May next. Mr. von Holst has been in America some years, was named for this professorship at the suggestion of Fred. Kapp,<sup>1</sup> who also is entitled to the credit of having suggested the professorship, the first of its kind in Europe. From the last paragraph of the article enclosed — it appeared in the *Preussischer Jahrbücher* — I infer that Professor von Holst, though he will expound American History and Law, does not mean to cultivate American republicanism in Germany. He is now on his way here & will commence his course in October.

\* \* \* \* \*

You will have remarked that Cardinal Hohenlohe, once a favorite of the Pope, but since the Council, not received at the Vatican, being too fallible to see the Pope's infallibility — has been named ambassador to the Pontifical Court. A clever German statesman told me that he presumed that Bismarck made this selection in the hope of forcing the Pope to reject him or to receive him, either of which slips would be equally embarrassing

<sup>1</sup>Friederich Kapp (1824-1884), resided in New York from 1850 to 1870, author of various works on American subjects; on his return to Germany he became a member of the Reichstag.

to ultramontanism and equally a triumph to Germany. The Hohenlohes are a great power in Bavaria, and it would be difficult to make the most thick-headed peasant in Ludwig's kingdom believe a Pope infallible that could refuse to receive one of that blood — & a Cardinal at that — to his arms. If he receives him, chaos will come again.

Farewell.

Thy friend

HUNTINGTON TO BIGELOW

42 etc. 19th May, '72.

*Dear Mr. Bigelow:*

Before going any further let me stop to thank you for the essay of Herr von Holst. Despite the difficulty I meet with in reading German, I read it through with twofold interest — as a valuable historical study in the origin of our constitution and a curious study of the influence on von Holst's "impartial" views of the same, exercised by modern events in his own country. I suppose it is mainly sound, certainly for its application by allusion to German parties ingenious. Then it contained information I needed. *Item*, it furnished a perry-graft for insertion into the stock of one of my pot-boiling letters. What is F. Kapp doing in his restored native land? Some one told me that he was grown ultra German since his return, and had not only renounced his American citizenship, which is proper enough, but was given to denouncing America. I used to know him a little and was inclined to like him much. When he first reached New York, a politico-criminal fugitive from the *Vaterland*, he came to Dr. Meyer in Chambers Street where I was then an inmate *qua* the garret. I was laboring in those days in that portion of Harper's vineyard since enclosed within the covers of a Latin-English dictionary, and entitled (quite impertinently) *Andrew's L. E. D.*<sup>1</sup> — it being an oversetting of the late L. G. D.<sup>2</sup> of Dr. Freund, on the preparation of which for American students, modest Mr. Turner (an Englishman), did the best editorial work. I was hired at the eleventh hour to hurry on the mere translating part for the last few pages.

<sup>1</sup>Latin-English Dictionary.

<sup>2</sup>Latin-German Dictionary.

Whatever *do* you think of American presidential Horacecopes now? What interests me is this conundrum: (strictly private). If H. G.'s honored bottom is raised to the Presidential seat, and he, being of known agricultural and horticultural tastes, will he undertake to raise the celery of foreign correspondents? For the rest, they say he has left or will leave the *Tribune*, awaiting his chances for the presidency. Washburne snickers at these chances (as, I am told, does C. Cushing). W. may think his own are improved by the nomination of my chief. For this hath been suggested as among future possibilities: that the Democrats set forward their best man at Baltimore; that the lib. Reps. show considerable strength, making it look as though the two together might throw the election into the House, if Grant (losing strength by the botching of the Alabama case) were set up for the second time; whereby the delegates to Philadelphia, coming instructed to go for him as their first choice, may give him the compliment of a first vote and then turn to some less exceptionable, less committed, man of the party; whereupon the Cincinnati nominee would be withdrawn or voluntarily return to the plow, and the two Republican wings uniting waft their Philadelphia third man to victory. Now what better man than Washburne? Is in regular standing in the party, has been out of the way of quarrels for four years, and owing to his "services" here during the siege (of which some of our folks have a most exaggerated idea) and of his "sufferings" *ditto* (of which they have a laughably erroneous notion) should have large German and other support.

That queer humbug Frank Moore, Colonel of the regiment of archers in which Longbow is Major, has left the Legation, and is devoting himself to the dealing in, discovery and invention of, old books, old masters, and bric-a-brac generally, which he sells, and customers, at astonishing prices — if you are to believe him. He has lately unearthed a portrait of B. Franklin, life-size bust in oils. Whether copy or original. I can't presume to tell, but a bad thing anyway. But the Mooreish characteristics are that he asks 50,000 francs for it and asserts it to be a *Greuze*. It is unquestionably by or after Duplessis — that one of the Duplessis with the fur collared coat or dressing gown. I have engravings after it or its original, of the time and correspondent in every line. The other characteristic is that Moore came to my room, saw these along with other Franklin heads, and selects



a third or fourth copy of a copy of these early ones as being most like his painting. But the one he selected, though much less resemblant to the painting, was not marked with the painter's name — only with that of engraver. And so the painting remains a *Greuze!* I can't make it out whether he was born a fool, or had fits, or is an unscrupulous liar, or believes in his own inventions.

I enclose you three newspaper slips; one for the wise conception of Bismarck's policy in naming Hohenlohe to Rome, which will amuse you; one showing you that G. Pagès<sup>1</sup> is adding voluminously more to that work of his you were, I believe, once called on to accelerate the dull sale of; and one giving a slight notice of that part of Ste-Beuve's library you were once interested about.

I was really glad to hear that Reclus writes you in good spirits. It is quite in character that it should be so. You who know him need not be told that his relations with the commune were utterly disinterested and *subjectively* at least, as your Germans [say], perfectly innocent. I wonder if the Harpers allow him a sou on the profits of his books. I should wonder more if they did. I wonder, furthermore, if you can tell when this new use of wonder, in the sense of *je voudrais savoir*, or "I am in curious doubt to know," first came in vogue. The first good *writer* so far as I now remember who practises it is Thackeray — with whom it is a favorite — as it was with my good mother and other Connecticut folks in talk long before.

The apologies for neglect of the Archbishop of Cambray are noted but not accepted. Leastways they will not serve to excuse continued neglect.

Yours truly

WHITELAW REID TO BIGELOW

NEW YORK TRIBUNE,  
NEW YORK, May 22, 1872.

*My dear Mr. Bigelow:*

Here is a part of the correspondence concerning your article.<sup>2</sup> I sent it first to the Harpers and the result you see; then to *Scribner's*, who has declined it; and then to the *Galaxy*, which

<sup>1</sup>L. A. Garnier-Pagès.

<sup>2</sup>Was *St. Peter* ever at Rome?

seems to have jumped at it.<sup>1</sup> Since I received this note I have met Church<sup>2</sup> who wanted to know if I could not possibly give him the name of the author. I declined to do it, but said I would communicate with you & see what you said. They are anxious for it for advertising purposes, though they are glad to have the article without using it [the name of the author] in the paper. Of course that is for you to decide; I shall keep the secret.

\* \* \* \* \*

Always

Faithfully yours

BIGELOW TO HUNTINGTON

HOHENZOLLERN STRASSE 4,  
BERLIN, June 14, 1872.

*My dear Friend:*

Before I begin, let me say to you that I have taken rooms, or a house rather, at Château d'Oex, in Switzerland, from the 1st of July, where with my family, I expect to spend at least two months, & where I shall expect to see you. I shall write you when I get there, more particularly, but I hope you will consider yourself predestinated to pay your devotions "to the Mountain Maid, Sweet Liberty" — I think that is the way Milton put it — at Château d'Oex for as large a part of our stay there as possible.

Kapp wisely resumed his original nationality, which in spirit he probably had never abandoned, on returning to Germany — in this respect showing himself much more of a man than most of those who go to America to earn some money and return here to spend it. He had domestic as well as political reasons for going to America, & the first, I fancy, were much the stronger of the two. He does not see the Spread Eagle on every object that meets his eye and "is not ashamed to own it." He is encouraged here to open both of his eyes quite wide to the shortcomings of our civilization, by the sympathetic temper of the people here for anything disparaging to republicanism, and as he has begun a political career here full of promise — you know, I suppose, that

<sup>1</sup>The article appeared in the August number, 1872, as anonymous.

<sup>2</sup>W. C. Church, editor of the *Galaxy*, present editor of the *Army and Navy Journal*.

he is now a member of the Federal Parliament — the fact that plain speaking about American matters does not injure him with the ruling powers makes him somewhat more free of speech on those matters than is entirely palatable to the average American. It is easy to see, however, that K. takes as much interest in our affairs as if he had been born there, and has as much interest in the country as most of us. I do not know that he has said or done any thing in public or in private that you would think ungrateful or unwise. At all events I'll bet K. has said nothing of America so emphatic as Genl. Sherman has treated his friends with in Paris about Germany. He went off very much disgusted with his reception here. The story derives some of its point from the fact that Sherman is the head of that branch of our Govt. which furnished arms, etc., to the enemies of Germany in 1070-1.<sup>1</sup> The Genl. has been a little spoiled by the attentions he received in Italy, in Turkey, and more recently and especially, in Russia. He was, therefore, very much chagrined, to use the mildest term possible, to find no one from the legation awaiting him at the station to offer at least the hospitalities of a carriage to a hotel, if not of a house. He had not notified Bancroft that he was coming, nor had B. written to invite him, which would have been as well, not to say better; S. thought his arrival was to have been foreseen like a storm. B. thought probably that the historian of the United States was discovered before Sherman and that S. should have made some sign before coming here. Thus it happened that S. spent a part of the night of his arrival, usually consecrated to slumber, in looking up and trying three or four hotels before he found one prepared to receive him. The next day, Sunday, he called upon B. in his citizen's dress, and was taken incontinently to see Moltke and Swartzkoppen, the Emperor's aid, *sans* uniform. Swartzkoppen was given to understand that S. wished to be presented to the Emperor, & promised to take his I.M.'s. orders. Moltke returned S's call as if it were bread cast upon the waters, that is, after many days, to wit on Wednesday,

<sup>1</sup>In the course of the Franco-German war nineteen cargoes of munitions of war went from New York to French ports, some in French, some in neutral vessels. These shipments aggregated in value \$14,519,734.50 (N. Y. Times Sept. 3, 1870, and March 29, 1871). The chief of Ordnance reported to the Secretary of War, October 24, 1871: "During the last fiscal year there existed a great demand in Europe for small arms and other ordnance stores, and this department took advantage of it and sold, at fair prices, about ten millions of dollars' worth of small arms and other ordnance stores, under authority given by Congress in July, 1868." President Grant prohibited such sale of arms by the government, but did not undertake to prevent the sale of government arms or other arms to France by private firms.

which to S's impatient spirit seemed a century and a half. Swartzkoppen wrote from Potsdam to Bancroft that the Kaiser had a review on Thursday morning, after which he had *nothing against seeing General S., nichts dagegen, etc.* Bancroft brought this answer to Sherman at my house where he was dining. S. declined to visit Potsdam on those terms, and two days, after started for Leipsic and Dresden more Gallican than ever, and making no secret of his disgust for this court and I suspect for Bancroft; for you know, as Sir Matthew Hale used to say, we can always find some dog to lay the bad smell to, and the Minister usually serves in that capacity to most disappointed travelers from the land of the free & the home of the brave. *Haud inexpertus loquor* — *ecce* Morton, Jay, etc.

Had Bancroft written in advance to S. to know when he was coming and offering him a welcome, & then notified this government in advance that he was coming, and asked that he should be received according to his rank, he would have had nothing to complain of in his reception, though he would doubtless have missed everything like cordiality in the demonstration. But Sherman presumed too much upon his military eminence, & B. too little, & between the two they have made a mess of it; and what aggravates the matter, they can't make a fuss about it publicly.

\* \* \* \* \*

Greeley I think is destined to learn the difference between notoriety and popularity, & to discover in the course of this canvass from his own experience that it is possible to have one without the other. He may learn too that a man may have a popularity of a certain sort without being desired for a President. People liked Dickens without asking the Queen to make him secretary of state for foreign affairs, and people used to like Forrest without thinking of him for President. Greeley is an interesting curiosity which every one likes to see and to show and in whom we all feel a certain kind of national pride, but I do not think any one can seriously believe in his fitness for any administrative position whatever. If they do, they know as little of him as he knows of himself.

I had heard of Moore's performances. Paris is an open honey pot; it attracts all sorts of vermin & develops them.

I expect to leave these parts about the 27th instant for Switzerland, where my address will be *Pension Rosat, Château d'Oex,*

*Canton de Vaud, Suisse.* Please make a note of it, though you need not defer writing me till I get there if you feel it on your mind to give me pleasure.

Always faithfully Yours

HUNTINGTON TO BIGELOW

42 RUE DE LA BRUYÈRE, PARIS,

12 July, 1872.

*Dear Mr. Bigelow:*

Hachette & Co. have just sent in the 28th *livraison* TEN-TRE of your Littré *Dictionnaire [de la] Langue française*; so that your life, prolonged by the tonic air of the Swiss highlands, may yet see the end of that great work.

If anything can excuse the coolness of a friend, it is the thermometer for the last few days hereabouts, which, while we mortals are all depressed by the sweltering weather, rises with mercurial levity to high insulting degrees. I congratulate you on being raised above its influences and the heat of parties, leaving your body and judgment coolly contemplative of the great and good Grant and Greeley, their respective chances of being beaten. Privately speaking, I am in an ignorant and utter mull on the question of their probabilities, but hold it for a general rule to disagree as to the same with whomsoever last speaks to the subject — especially if he be a friend. So that if you bet for H. G. I bet against — or *vice versa*. In this way one party is sure to be right, and the credit of forewisdom rests in the family, as it were.

I should uncommonly like to leave Paris for Basle or Geneva by to-night's train. The town is unusually hot and ill perfumed, and on the lower boulevards and in the Rue de la Paix quarter additionally smells of Americans, who are here in throngs, crowds, shoals, mass meetings. Among them, at bankers Bowlesesiz. this morning, Genl. Sherman and Sweet.<sup>1</sup> But some other friends whom I am engaged since last autumn to meet somewhere in Switzerland this summer, write me from the Tyrol that they shall not make the first passes before about 1st August.

I have given orders to a diligent young book-selling hunter

<sup>1</sup>*Suite*, staff.

for the *Annuaire Bulletin de la Soc. hist. de France*<sup>1</sup>, etc. Will report to you so soon as it is obtained, if obtainable. My ill luck with so many of the books you seek and I don't find, almost makes me fear that it is not. I wish you would ask for *Paris en Amérique*<sup>2</sup> (now in its 27th edition I think) or something one were sure of. I have always, by the way, your Littrés as above, a volume of Guizot's *Mémoires*, Pierre Clément's last of Colbert, Lanfrey's *Révolution française* and some others.

Frank Moore, Colonel of an unnumbered regiment, ex-member of the U. S. A., diplomatic corpse, and otherwise multifariously distinguished, after having assured me that "four or five experts" had pronounced his Duplessis (*replica*, copy or original) portrait of Franklin to be a Greuze, swears to me this morning that it is by Madame Le Brun!!! and that he has or has seen documentary proofs of that remarkable fact.

I subscribe with both hands to most of what you say about that Alabamboozle business; but when you add: "It is the only case of manifest incompetency in the management of our foreign affairs which Grant's administration has developed —" you remind to ask respectful, if you are aware of any case of manifest competency developed to any high degree by the same? And if so, to let me kindly know by telegraph.

J. Russell Young, now abroad for the N. Y. *Herald*, who is given to indecent levities asked Clarence Seward,<sup>3</sup> who is here now on his yearly visit to Paris, if his uncle was to take the stump for H. G.? To which C. S. in few: "the impression on my memory is, that the firm was dissolved some years ago."

What really disposes me to think that H. G. will be the next president of our country is the snickering derision of "shrewd old politicians" and the solemn disapproval of the timid-rich and responsible *bourgeoisie* (chamber of commerces and that sort) excited by his first nomination at Cincinnati. The same sort of folk who disapproved of Genl. Jackson and snickered at A. Lincoln: a sort of men and minds (so-called) that bear a relation to the popular sentiment of the nation similar to that borne by the Doctor of Divinity to Christianity — can't clear their *boîtes cérébrales* from the idea that in them alone is the way and the truth. That is the trouble with the orthodox majority of the

<sup>1</sup>*Bulletin de la Société de l'Histoire de France.*

<sup>2</sup>By Edouard Laboulaye.

<sup>3</sup>Clarence A. Seward, nephew of W. H. Seward; after his thirteenth year, was brought up in W. H. Seward's family.

synod of the (reformed) church that has just adjourned its services in the Rue de Roquepine and with the sincerely self-styled conservatives in the Versailles assembly. How thankful should those of us be who are endowed with better wisdom! With which grateful sentiments duly inspired, and wishing you constant relish and permanent benefit of and from your cream and simple *cates*, I rest very truly yours

F. E. SPINNER<sup>1</sup> TO BIGELOW

TREASURY OF THE UNITED STATES,  
WASHINGTON, July 14, 1872.

*My dear Mr. Bigelow:*

Your very kind and characteristic letter, of the 12th ultimo, reached me on the 1st instant. Our newspapers have made remarks on the cold reception that General Sherman received at Berlin in terms much stronger than used by you. I regret this occurrence very much. I happen to know that the General had entertained the highest opinion of the Prussians. He delivered a lecture, at his own house, a year ago last winter, on the subject "Military Arms." He illustrated by specimens of some fifty kinds of arms; commencing with the rude bow and arrow, and all the way through from the crossbow and matchlock, and ending with our Remington rifle, which he placed at the end as the very best of all small fire-arms, and which he considered as almost perfect. He compared the "*Zundnadel Gewehr*" with the "*chassepot*" and took occasion to say that the popular opinion that the German arm was superior to the French was a mistake; that the reverse was the fact; and that the superiority of the German over the French soldier was entirely due to the superior mental and physical training of the former over the latter. That these, with his more perfect discipline, made the German soldier superior to the French in spite of the German fire-arms' inferiority. The lecture really seemed to be an argument to prove the German to be a better soldier than the Frenchman. I notice the French have been very gracious and polite to the General, and I fear he may have changed his preconceived opinions of the relative military merits of the soldiery of the two nations.

<sup>1</sup>Treasurer of U. S. 1861-1875.

Well, Greeley has the nomination, almost unanimously, of the Baltimore Democratic convention. Had the Philadelphia Republican convention given Jefferson Davis the nomination for the Presidency, it would not have been more preposterous to an uninitiated outside observer than this strange nomination of their bitterest reviler, and hitherto most unrelenting foe, by the Rebels and other Democrats in general convention assembled at Baltimore on the 9th instant. Pretty much all the enthusiasm at this strange gathering was created by the bands playing "My Maryland" and "Dixie's Land." Should the Democrats succeed in the election, these two tunes will probably take the place of "Hail Columbia" and "Yankee Doodle."

This whole thing, from Cincinnati to Baltimore, is a grand conspiracy of the bad men of all parties against the present condition of things, if not against the present form of government; and if it should succeed, it will bring financial ruin upon the country. The present prospects are that it will fail, and that General Grant will be triumphantly reëlected.

Please present my kindest regards to your amiable wife, and accept assurances of the highest regard and esteem, from your true friend,



## II

### CHATEAU D'OEX AND PARIS

BIGELOW TO HUNTINGTON

PENSION ROSAT, CHÂTEAU D'OEX, CANTON  
DE VAUD, SUISSE, July 24, 1872.

\* \* \* \* \*

WHAT you so wittily term the *Alabamboozle* makes it with me almost a matter of conscience not to vote for Grant. So far as that would help Greeley, I think I should be guilty of promoting the possibilities of a result which I cannot contemplate without dismay. Grant may say with Shakespeare's Cæsar:

. . . Danger [which is Greeley] knows full well  
That Cæsar [which is Grant] is more dangerous than he.  
We are two lions littered in one day,  
And I the elder and more terrible.

It is a poor compliment, though, to any candidate to say he is less dangerous than Grant. It is not so much Greeley's eccentricities, nor his ill manners, nor his vanity, that I am afraid of, as the circumstances under which the Democratic & Secession parties have been converted to his support. Such sudden conversions have not been frequent within my political experience, and I am ignorant of any measures of the Administration specially displeasing to the Democracy North or South of which Greeley can wash his hands without soap. There is an old Italian proverb that "When rogues go in procession, the Devil carries the Cross." Well, it is certain that the worst rogues in the country

have formed in the Greeley procession, for it includes the New York ring & all the Sessionists; and it is difficult to believe that, with or without Greeley's knowledge, the Devil does not bear the cross. I confess to a feeling of humiliation at the necessity of choosing between two such candidates for the chief magistracy of Washington's heritage, or rather I suppose I should say Jefferson's. But hang politics. Come up here in cool weather and help me lie on the grass, eat strawberries and cream, and be a philosopher. Meantime I remain very faithfully

Yours,

BANCROFT TO BIGELOW

AMERICAN LEGATION,  
BERLIN, July 24, 1872.

*My dear Bigelow:*

\* \* \* \* \*

Too much has been telegraphed & written on the Alabama question; in the end the decision on the pirate plunderers must be against G. B. & the case will, to her discredit, be referred to by every future writer on international law. I content myself with arguing what was entrusted to me, on the theory that Great Britain cavils & delays executing her treaty with us, knowing all the while that she is in the wrong.

Bryant has formally declined being a candidate for the presidency; & the *Evening Post*, with unusual vigor, contends for Grant against Greeley.

My wife is a perfect phoenix. She has done nothing but gain strength daily & would now, in her appearance, put to shame many a younger woman. She leaves me to-night at 8:30, to enter on her pilgrimage through Badenweiler to Hôtel Bynn, and the Riviera.

Write me now & then; tell me what I can do for you. Detmold<sup>1</sup> is in London suffering from three evils at once; too large a share of man's inheritance. Motley passed through Berlin *avant hier* on his way to Varzin to visit his old fellow student.<sup>2</sup>

I am ever, my dear Bigelow, very faithfully your friend.

<sup>1</sup>C. E. Detmold of New York.

<sup>2</sup>Von Bismarck.

W. H. RUSSELL TO BIGELOW

28 SUMNER PLACE, ONSLOW SQ. S. W.

July 27, '72.

*My dear Bigelow:*

She is going the way of most flesh. Alberta<sup>1</sup> is to be married in September to the eldest son of Longfield of Longueville in County Cork, Ireland. He is 29 — of Eton & Trinity College, Cambridge, very nice & quiet & religious — present possessor of £1500 a year & a pretty place, heir to £10,000 a year & one of the finest seats in the county. I have just come back from a visit to the family who have received me with open arms & I am as dull as ditch water & most selfishly miserable. But every one else is happy & so I am a beast. Can you give me some comfort? After all, tho' I never killed my brother, I'm a sort of Cain. I wish you & yours were present. It would be a link with the fast vanishing past re-riveted. *A quoi bon*, perhaps you will ask. Well just to clutch at. Send me news of you & of yours.

There is something very touching, I think, in this Stanley discovery. *We* send out — or a man goes out from us — to discover the sources of the Nile. He is lost. And the young world which has no interest in this old Nile at all sends out a discoverer who restores to us our lost explorer!

Where are the photographs, you faithless man? I want to see what indent time has made in those whose images are young & fresh in my heart. My love to them & her & you.

Every truly yours

RUSSELL TO BIGELOW

MINARD CASTLE, ARGYLESHERE, G. B.

August 11, '72

*My dear Bigelow:*

I received your very welcome, if kindly censorious, letter here yesterday, & read it with much pleasure, as I do whatever

<sup>1</sup>Daughter of W. H. Russell.

comes from your heart, head & pen — *tous rivaux en amitié pour moi*. The marriage<sup>1</sup> takes place on 19th Sept. It was on that day 26 years ago I was wedded to her I lost — the tenderest, purest, most truthful loving soul that ever blessed an undeserving man — now so many years as it seems to me. I wish you & yours could assist at the sad ceremony. Like the man on the parable I shall have to send my slaves into the streets to bid them come to the banquet, as those who are bidden will, like you & yours, most likely not obey my summons in this desert of London. I intended to write you a long letter, but I am now summoned to take charge of a party of young ladies in the Lake. I wish you could see how glorious this place is under a blue sky, of which we must make the most — with solemn woods around & blue heather-clad mountain tops above & the placid waves of Loch Fyne just whispering to the pebbles that the great Atlantic is playing [with] miles away outside.

\* \* \* \* \*

Being casually in Paris for a few days in September, 1872, I went out to Glatigny to call upon Mr. Laboulaye. He had just risen from breakfast, and we strolled together through the garden for an hour or more. He did not seem in good spirits, nor satisfied with the way the world had been using France or himself. He seemed anxious to discuss with me the political situation of his country, but his conversation, from the beginning, betrayed the man who was taking counsel of his feelings rather than of his judgment. Nothing had turned out exactly as he had predicted in his correspondence, and my presence put him entirely on the defensive. He said the future of France lay between Gambetta and the late Emperor. He thought Gambetta would prevail for a while, but he would not last, and his government, if he should accept power, would soon be succeeded by the Empire again. . . . He said Gambetta was an ignoramus that he was no statesman; that he wanted a republic without a constitution, because he wished to be at its head, and to have no restrictions upon his power;<sup>2</sup> that he had no idea of a government that was practicable, or of a popular government that could endure. He spoke of him as I had heard him spoken of by Im-

<sup>1</sup>Of his daughter Alberta.

<sup>2</sup>It is a significant commentary upon this objurgation of Laboulaye, that the question upon which the Gambetta ministry was defeated was subsequently the shibboleth of the very faction, that defeated him.

perialists and Ultramontanists, and as the same classes are accustomed nowadays to speak of Mr. Bismarck. When he had finished his indictment, I asked him if Gambetta was not on the whole the greatest single political force in France; if there was any other man in the nation who wielded as much political influence. He answered promptly that there was not.

"But," said I, "there are always a great many clever men, very clever men in France; how do you explain this extraordinary preference for Gambetta, if he is the sort of man you describe?" He replied that Gambetta was the only man in France except Thiers that since the war was universally known. His name, signed to all the decrees of the provisional government, had made it familiar to every Frenchman. The notoriety thus obtained had given him the same advantages as an agitator that the late emperor had inherited with the name of Napoleon.

Mr. Laboulaye did not see how very unsatisfactory was this explanation; how it failed to account for the fact that while this obscure attorney was lifted to the head of the provisional government, issuing its decrees and travelling in balloons at the imminent peril of his life to maintain communications between the different armies and provinces of France and the central government, Mr. Laboulaye, with all the prestige and notoriety of a professor at the College of France of twenty-five years' standing, was permitted to live in idleness and obscurity on the coast of Normandy.

I alluded to the other dynastic pretenders. He spoke slightly, even contemptuously, of them all. He did not consider the chance of any one of them coming to power in France worth discussing. He then went back again to Gambetta, and while admitting that he had the largest following, took care to add that it consisted of the most miserable creatures in France: the dregs of the population, the desperate classes, etc. He then proceeded to say that he thought the return of Bonaparte not at all improbable, nor under the circumstances to be regretted. The choice lying between the despotism of a mob led by Gambetta and the despotism of a soldiery led by Bonaparte, he could not disguise his preference for the latter. He was still, unconsciously to himself, defending his vote for the *plébiscite*.

Mr. Laboulaye had, in the proportion of his talents, the usual disqualification of the student, for public life. He had studied politics in the closet, he had taught politics to young men from

the professor's chair; he had never sat in a representative body until within a few months, and then too late in life to represent any one's opinions but his own; he had no idea of becoming the resultant of the varied political forces of a community which chose him to represent them, but was anchored by his prejudices or prepossessions in a stream which was rushing past him like a mill tail, and to which he scorned to make any concession. Then he had preached the peculiarities of the American constitution and its two legislative chambers to his classes so long and so unreservedly that he had got his mind in such a state that he could not accept nor even patiently consider any other issue out of the political troubles of his country. The fact that very few people in France knew anything about our constitution or about the working processes of a popular government; the fact that the reasons by which he was in the habit of commending our constitution to his pupils would have been perfectly unintelligible to nine tenths of the people of France, made no difference with him. If he could not have a constitution according to his ideal, he saw no better alternative than the Empire again and despotism. Because Gambetta was content to give France the best securities that he could, rather than such as he would; the fact that he took his political inspirations from the people at large rather than from the learned members of the Academy, seemed to Mr. Laboulaye not an evidence of broad statesmanship nor of political sagacity but of low tastes and degrading purposes. He insisted that another thirty years' war was impending; that France had no frontier, and could neither do any thing nor be any thing till she had. I remarked that I thought President Thiers was making a mistake in paying off the German debt so rapidly. "Until that is paid," he replied, "the Germans will not leave our territory; until they leave our territory we cannot fortify our frontiers, and until our frontiers are fortified we have no country." I tried to make him take a less gloomy view of France and of her future, but I do not think I was very successful. He rather cultivated his despondency, and did not seem to wish it cured.

I took my leave of him, not without emotion. Besides so much in his talents and character to admire, he had been to us Americans a most timely and useful friend. In what he did for us, let me add, I never saw the trace of an ignoble or selfish motive. This too, at a time when motives the most selfish and ignoble ruled in court and camp throughout Europe, and when a price

of some sort was placed upon every service of which we had need. This in itself was a great distinction, and disposed me to judge with diffidence and with charity any of his actions or opinions that failed to commend themselves to my judgment.

I never saw Mr. Laboulaye again. He died in the month of September, 1882. He did not live to see the emperor restored, nor a thirty years' war begun, nor the new constitution upon which his heart was so firmly fixed, adopted by his countrymen, but he did live to see the Gambetta he despised, recognized by Europe generally as the most conservative and sagacious statesman in France; he did live to see the emperor and his only son cease to be factors in the politics of this world; and he lived to see the Napoleonic legend, once the insane root of which no Frenchman could partake and preserve his reason, become in France almost the synonym for fatuous selfishness and brigandage; and finally he lived to see the republic in which he had so little faith, attain a longer life than the average of the governments with which France had been afflicted for the previous 200 years.

\*       \*       \*       \*       \*       \*       \*

In the course of our history as a nation we have been greatly beholden to many citizens of the old world for important services, to some of whom we cannot help feeling that we owe more gratitude than respect, but there have been three Frenchmen whose names are so intimately and so honorably associated with the two most critical periods of our national history, and who were so eminent for their virtues, as well as for their services, that they should never be pronounced by any American without emotions of respect as well as gratitude. Those names are Lafayette, Berryer, and Laboulaye.<sup>1</sup>

#### FROM MY DIARY

*Paris, September 7, '72.* Called on Plon [the publisher]. Found his son and son-in-law at breakfast. The father had been ill since January, worn out by the anxieties occasioned by the war and its consequences. Mr. Plon, the son, gave me an account of a suit he had instituted against the Emperor to be indemni-

<sup>1</sup>*Some Recollections of the late Edouard Laboulaye*, by John Bigelow, privately printed (Putnam)

fied for his failure to comply with his contract for the publication of his *Vie de César!*<sup>1</sup> By their contract, he said, the Emperor was to have the right to withdraw his book from the house of the Plons at any time upon paying for the copies on hand at the lowest publisher's price. The Emperor failing to finish the work, and being no longer in a condition to execute it as he contracted to, and refusing to purchase the copies on hand, violated their agreement. The Emperor referred Plon to the liquidators of the civil list, who sent him back to the Emperor. He then found no way was left for him but to appeal to the tribunals. By the contract, all differences between the author and the publishers were to be settled by the President of the *Tribunal du Commerce*. Mr. Plon proposed to Mr. Rouher, the Minister of State, that that officer should decide the question between them. Rouher said no, that was a provision for a widely different state of things, implying, says Plon, that the clause contemplated a submission of their disputes to an officer completely under the control of the Emperor and bound to decide everything in his favor. Plon gave me an article from the *Temps* of September 6th which he said gave the facts correctly. That article, however, says nothing of the refusal to trust the matter to the President of the *Tribunal du Commerce*.

What became of the suit never transpired, so far as I know. The sale was as great a disappointment, I presume, to the Emperor as it was to the publisher.

In the afternoon I called to pay my respects to Mr. Drouyn de Lhuys. He seemed gratified by my call and plunged immediately into a defense of his course as minister which provoked his resignation. He begged me to accept of a collection of letters which he had written to the Emperor.<sup>2</sup> He also spoke of the Emperor as having been for a long time insensible apparently to those political considerations which were in harmony with the political traditions and history of the French people. After the Italian war, I think it was, a question of ceding to Prussia a corner of Baden and another corner of Wurtemberg, covering a population of about 500,000, was under discussion. This was the most that Drouyn de Lhuys would consent to. Von der

<sup>1</sup>Two volumes of this work were published, one in 1865 and one in 1866; they carry the history to the crossing of the Rubicon.

<sup>2</sup>*Documents pour l'Histoire contemporaine recueillis et publiés par M. P. Pradier-Fodéré* (1871); for further vindication of Drouyn de Lhuys by Pradier-Fodéré, see a pamphlet *M. Drouyn de Lhuys* which appeared after the death of Drouyn de Lhuys in 1881.



Goltz [the German Ambassador in Paris] spoke of the matter to the Emperor, who sent for the map, looked it over, and immediately suggested what he deemed a better line, and one that would give Prussia some four millions of inhabitants. Von der Goltz immediately came to Drouyn de Lhuys and said the Emperor was not so difficult to deal with as he, and repeated what had occurred. Drouyn de Lhuys went to the Emperor at once and asked him to whom he should write to take his place. The Emperor seemed surprised at this, but did not appear to suspect that there was any objection to his proposal to Von der Goltz. Drouyn de Lhuys did not leave his post until the Emperor sent him what was afterward known as the Lavelette circular<sup>1</sup> to sign. Mr. Drouyn Lhuys told me this story to show the Emperor's entire ignorance of the proper mode of conducting international transactions. He afterward added that the emperor did not know any better, nor mean anything out of the way, by omitting to notify me of postponing the repatriation of his troops in Mexico, as he had agreed to do,<sup>2</sup> a topic which I had introduced into the conversation.

The first week after he entered the cabinet, Drouyn de Lhuys said, he seized an occasion when the word Mexico was mentioned to state his reasons at length against the French operations there, and his conviction that they could only end in failure and without the United States striking a blow. He said the Emperor, though not without cleverness, was not wise, and was always plotting. They got on well at first, but latterly he had gotten so entangled that he could go no way that any reasonable man would have expected him to take. Drouyn de Lhuys thought things tended toward a republican government, and that seemed to him the best for France. The dynastic candidates seemed all weak.

*London, Thursday, September 13, 1872.* Called yesterday morning on Gambetta, having left my card the day before when he was out. He was again out to-day but soon expected in to breakfast, and I was urged to wait. He lives at No. 12 Rue Montagu, a house with a very common, almost mean entrance and belongings. His apartment on the first floor was opened by a lad, and I was shown through a dining-room into the parlor. A bust and an engraving of Mirabeau were the most conspicuous

<sup>1</sup>III, 560 *ante*.

<sup>2</sup>III, 428, 598 *ante*.

ornaments of the room. A poor library, the poorest and cheapest editions of a half dozen shelves of books, mostly 18mos and 12mos, that might have been inherited from not very literary ancestors, or been acquired while a boy at school, together with a sofa covered with rep, and six chairs, constituted the furniture, exclusive of the carpet, mirror, and clock. I asked him if any provision was being made for a continuation of the government. He replied that, if Mr. Thiers would ask the Assembly to provide for a government, it would be done, and a republican majority would be returned. Thiers did not wish to do it, for as he would have to preside, and would have to ask for the return of a Republican Assembly, that would be taking a more pronounced attitude than he is quite prepared for. Thiers, he says, though very *entêté* is also a very undecided man and hard to force to a decision. If he goes on with things as they are going, he will never do anything to change the organization of the government. Gambetta confirmed what Laboulaye said about not wishing a constitution. He seemed afraid that the constitution that would be provided now would be worse than none.

France's obstacle to a good government he continued comes from the *bourgeoisie*, which he farther said, meant the church. It was their desire for power that prevented the war from being successfully continued. They now refuse to make education general and obligatory. That he seemed to think the very last intrenchment they would surrender. He agreed with me about the impolicy of paying off the debt so rapidly and losing the conservative influence of Germany as a creditor interested in the preservation of order in France.

Gambetta is a young man, does not look over thirty, stout and healthy, inclined to corpulence; very prominent perceptive faculties, dark hair and eyes, fine forehead, not very broad, and white complexion; deep, strong voice, fluent and overflowing utterance, which prevents others talking when he is in the room; his statements very clear and free from all obscurity. One of his eyes is I believe false. This scarcely disfigures him, except that occasionally it is a little wider open than the other.

### III

#### THE ALABAMA CLAIMS

**T**WO or three days before sailing for Europe with my family, in April, 1870, I received an intimation from Mr. John A. Parker, then President of the "Great Western Insurance Company," of his desire to see me before I sailed. An interview which ensued was soon after followed by a letter written at my request stating officially the business with which Mr. Parker desired me to charge myself, of which the following is substantially a copy:

JOHN A. PARKER TO BIGELOW

OFFICE OF THE GREAT WESTERN INSURANCE COMPANY,

NEW YORK, April 23d, 1870.

*Dear Sir:*

Your mentioning that you are about leaving for Europe induces me to write you a longer letter than your acquaintance with me would properly justify. I send you with this a copy of a petition<sup>1</sup> drawn up by me and which by my instrumentality has been sent to Congress from Boston, New York, Philadelphia, New Bedford, and other places. The petition will speak for itself as to the position I have taken in regard to the rights of the claimants and the duties of the government, and you are aware of the position in which those "Alabama Claims" now stand, so far as the government is concerned — that they are locked up for an indefinite and probably a very long period; and that by the course adopted by the government, these claims have become mixed up with other questions of an international character with which

<sup>1</sup>Appendix A. vol. V.

these claims have really nothing to do; and that the claimants are thereby shut out from their rights for a very indefinite period, if not forever.

As president of this company I represent three hundred and twenty-seven thousand dollars of these claims. For the last eight months I have held correspondence with various members of the government from the President downward in regard to them. If I do not succeed to obtain some direct act of Congress for our relief before the close of the present session, it is my intention, if I can see the way clear, to avail myself of the right claimed in the petition and go direct to the British government for relief; and I have no doubt that I should be joined in that measure at once by a majority, and finally by all the claimants in this country. . . .

Now the thought that is in my mind is this. That whether you at present go on public business or not, aided by your late position as ambassador at Paris, your associations and opportunities would be such in England as would enable you to form a correct judgment as to with what favor or disfavor a direct application from the claimants would be received by the government in England; and if such application promised success, whether it would not be worth your while to represent the claimants in England in connexion with such agents as might be sent from here with power to negotiate. . . .

Your obedient servant

JOHN A. PARKER, President

The day before I sailed I received the letter which follows, from Mr. Parker:

JOHN A. PARKER TO BIGELOW

OFFICE OF THE GREAT WESTERN COMPANY,

NEW YORK, April 29th, 1870.

*My dear Sir:*

As stated to you in recent conversations, in my official connexion with this office I represent a large amount of the spoliation claims, by common acceptance called the "Alabama Claims";

I am also in correspondence with other corporations and individuals who are holders of similar claims, all of which, so far as I know, are in the hands of the original sufferers, or of their underwriters, who have paid the full value of them as insurers.

Speaking in behalf of these claimants, at the close of the late war, we expected that before this time we should have been remunerated for our losses through our own government. By the rejection of the Clarendon-Johnson treaty<sup>1</sup> we are thrown into the indefinite future for the realization of our hopes; and what is worse, by events that have arisen, in the hands of the government, our claims have become mixed up with others of a wholly different character, which to say the least, are a great embarrassment to our own. These spoliation claims, so long as they exist unsettled, form a just ground of complaint, and perhaps the only *just* ground of complaint, against England on the part of the United States government. They are liable at any time, through any excitement or slight provocation, to be seized upon as a ground of quarrels, and a harsh use made of them that would forever debar the present claimants from any hope of recompense.

If these spoliation claims were settled, it would leave the high pretensions set up by some members of the government or of Congress for a more enlarged demand upon England, without any solid foundation to rest upon; and their continued existence unsettled, is a very dangerous precedent, not only for England, but for the whole of Europe, in the event of any war between neighboring nations.

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In my earnestness I have said much more than I intended when I began this note; I will now therefore come to the point. From the complication in which our claims have become involved by the government negotiations, and the uncertainties of delay to which we may thereby be subjected, there are those among us who think we should hasten decision by going at once to England for redress, as in the petition to Congress of which I sent you a copy, we have declared our right to do. We believe that in so important a matter as the principles involved in the settlement of

<sup>1</sup>Reverdy Johnson, while minister to Great Britain, had negotiated a treaty for the settlement of our claims against Great Britain for damages sustained by us during the Civil War through the connivance of the British government with Confederate agents in violating the professed neutrality of Great Britain. This treaty above referred to as the Clarendon-Johnson treaty, was rejected by the U. S. Senate because it made no provision for indirect damages.

these claims the British government will not, for the mere money value which they represent, commit itself to so dangerous a principle as to deny us proper justice in the case. Our only doubt or hesitation about the course to be pursued arises from the want of any assurance that after having treated with the [U. S.] government our separate application would be entertained [by Great Britain]. With a little encouragement on that score we should no longer hesitate, and with a little success all would at once come into the measure.

While you are in England I have no doubt but your opportunities will enable you to form a pretty correct judgment of the chances we might have of success, and if you can give me any encouragement in that direction, I shall hope for an immediate movement and favorable results. With very great respect I am  
Your obedient servant

I arrived in London on the 12th of May. As I was anxious to get off to the continent with as little delay as possible, I lost no time in looking around among my friends for some one to present me to Lord Clarendon then British minister of Foreign Affairs. I naturally thought of Mr. John Bright, who was a member of the government at the time, but who unfortunately on account of ill health, was not to be seen and still less in condition to transact any business. I was advised that my next best resource was Mr. Bright's brother Jacob, who was a member of Parliament. He promised to ascertain for me if it would be agreeable to Lord Clarendon to receive me, and when. The next day I received from him a communication enclosing a note from Lord Clarendon, informing him that his Lordship would receive me the following day at four o'clock p. m.

On the day designated for our reception I had been invited to lunch with Mr. Motley, who had recently been appointed minister at the court of Queen Victoria. We were hardly seated at the table when Mr. Motley announced that he had an appointment with the Minister of Foreign Affairs at four o'clock, which rather put me *en demeure*, for I did not see clearly how both of us could be received separately at the same hour, and I was sure Lord Clarendon had no more inclination to receive us together than I had to be so received. However, Mr. Bright and I went to the

Foreign Office at the hour appointed, when the gentleman-in-ordinary who received us, informed us that Lord Clarendon had given the American minister a rendez-vous at that hour, and had sent Mr. Bright a note to that effect directed to the House of Commons — intimating at the same time that Lord Clarendon had perhaps fixed five or some other hour for us. It curiously happened that on leaving the Foreign Office we met Mr. Motley on the stairs going up as we descended, and we hurriedly exchanged salutations.

On the following morning I received a note from Mr. Bright enclosing the following one from Lord Clarendon:

GROSVENOR CRESCENT, May 19, 1870.

*Sir:* If it is convenient to Mr. Bigelow to call at the Foreign Office on Thursday at four o'clock I shall be happy to see him.

Yours faithfully

CLARENDON

Meantime I addressed the following letter to Mr. Parker:

BIGELOW TO PARKER

LONDON, May 18th, 1870.

*Dear Sir:*

The enclosed "private" note from the Hon. Jacob Bright, brother of the president of the board of trade,<sup>1</sup> contains what I hope may prove a satisfactory compliance with the request contained in your favor of the 29th instant. Since its receipt I have seen Mr. Bright, who allowed me to receive the impression that Lord Clarendon seemed pleased to receive the application and had expected something of the kind at an earlier day.

In regard to the offsets claimed by England, I explained to him at some length the reasons why a British claim for damages

<sup>1</sup>John Bright.

against our government would not at common law be offset against a claim for damages done to one of our people by the British government, unless the American claimant relied upon his own government for indemnity (which you do not propose to do); for the parties in the two cases would be different.

Mr. Bright then asked what sort of a tribunal would be required or how we proposed to adjudicate these claims. I told him that I did not suppose that subject had yet been much considered by anyone; that since I had received his note and realised that the question might soon arise, I had reflected some upon it, and had made up my mind that the simplest and in the long run the most satisfactory way would be for Lord Clarendon to designate some competent person to meet with myself or whoever the claimants might select as their counsel in the premises; that the counsel for the claimants should submit each claim in succession, with its vouchers and testimony and a statement of the amount of indemnity claimed. The English commissioner would then verify the vouchers and testimony, introduce such rebutting vouchers and testimony as he had, and then report to Lord Clarendon the sum, if any, which he thought should be allowed, as well as the amount claimed and the reasons for the decision, and for the difference, if there should be any, between the claim and the allowance.

The cases in which there was a difference between the commissioners he might either send back with instructions as to the rate which should govern the decision, that we might try again to agree, or he might refer the whole case to another commissioner, or he might decide it himself. It would not be worth while for England to pay any of these claims if she did not make the claimants feel that they had received substantial justice. There would be no inconvenience therefore in a tribunal so constituted. The counsel for the claimants would not be obliged to accept any adjudication that did not satisfy him.

Mr. Bright thought this an excellent plan, much better than a board with endless palaver and debate of counsel and commissioners, and was under the impression that it would strike Lord Clarendon also very favorably. I told him that it was impossible for me to speak for the claimants in this matter; having had no interchange of views with any of them upon the subject, my impression was that they would expect to have any suggestion upon that subject come from England, and were prepared to ex-



pect entire justice from any tribunal which her government might create for the adjudication of their claims, if she consented to entertain their application at all. I then asked what was the next step. He said that it was, so far as he could judge, for some person to present himself at the Foreign Office, properly empowered to represent the claimants and to bind them by decisions and receipts. Till then we have both agreed that it would not be wise to ask any direct expression of opinion from the Foreign Office.

I believe I have now complied fully with your request and put you in possession of all the information about the disposition of this government toward the parties you represent, which can be obtained without more explicit and ample authority than I am clothed with. I wish however to add that what has been done here will not be divulged, and I need hardly say to you that it is of the utmost importance in my judgment as well as that of Mr. Bright that the public should not have an opportunity of discussing our doings until the English government is ready to furnish it. If therefore you can avoid showing Mr. Bright's letter, I should be glad of it. If you find it necessary to show it, take ample security against babbling. Please return the letter to me when you write. I leave for Berlin to-morrow morning. A letter addressed to the care of the Hon. George Bancroft, United States Legation, Berlin, will reach me promptly.

If you know of any one smart enough to sound the Secretary of State about a direct application to London without betraying the measures already taken and those in contemplation, it might furnish useful information, either to disarm opposition or to facilitate proceedings here. It would be an immense advantage to move with the knowledge and approval of this legation. It may be that Mr. Fish would not be unwilling to have the Alabama business taken off his hands or at least lightened, and he might say to you, "You are entitled to your money, and if you can get it without our aid so much the better." With such a passage in writing from Fish, I think I could get your money almost as fast as they could count it. Bright was anxious to know if the American people would sympathise with the government if it resisted their settlement with the claimants. I told him I thought not, for you had exhausted your remedy through the government and no one would think you censurable after four years' patient waiting for the government to act, for going to the wrongdoer himself and receiving your indemnity. Yours very respectfully

Mr. Bright in his note enclosing Lord Clarendon's said:

"I think you should go to the Foreign Office. I need not go with you."

The tenor of Clarendon's first note to Bright led me to suppose that he did not wish to have any witnesses to our conversation, and Bright's note implied that he had received the same impression. I promptly sent word to Lord Clarendon with my compliments that I would have the honor to wait upon him at the Foreign Office at the hour he named.

His Lordship received me with distinct cordiality, spoke of knowing me for a long time, dwelt a little upon the difficulty of settling with the American claimants without some provision being made for the British Claims, expressing apprehensions that if he entertained the application of the claimants whom I represented, he might be adding another to the list of grievances so long scored up against his government. He said all this very good humoredly. The obstacle to my proposal that seemed gravest in his eyes was the question how to get the money to buy the claims. Parliament would have to make an appropriation, and the discussion to which such an application would give rise, he feared, might not improve the relations of our respective countries.

I told him that there was little danger of making them worse than they were; and if those claims were paid, I could not see what ground our government would have for farther complaint. Our debate lasted about an hour, until the time had arrived for him to go down to the House, and he asked permission to talk over the matter with Mr. Gladstone — which looked like a good omen. [If not favorably impressed, he would not have cared to confer with the prime minister, J. B.]. Then he asked me where he should communicate with me again. I told him that I expected to meet my family at the station in an hour to start with them for Berlin. I gave him the address of our Legation there, and bade him good-bye. He then said: "There will be no difficulty in our arranging something." I improved the hour before getting into the train by sending an account of the substance of my interview, of which I had no time to make a copy, to Mr. Parker.

As I was leaving, Lord Clarendon asked me what he should say if Motley asked whether I had been to see him, and what for. I told him to say just what he pleased. I did not care to have Mr. Motley know anything about it, neither did I wish his Lordship

nor myself to conceal it disingenuously. I was only trying, as he was, to help settle the Alabama Claims. If my way was shorter than his, so much the better for everybody.

The following morning at eight o'clock I was with my family at the *Hotel Rother Adler* in Berlin.

In due time I received the following letters:

JOHN A. PARKER TO BIGELOW

NEW YORK, June 28th, 1870.

*My dear Sir:*

Your two letters from London of the 19th and 20th of May were received in due course. They were carefully read, and although it was plain to be seen that my proposition involved difficulties in the way of carrying it out, yet the manner of its reception as described by you was as encouraging as could have been expected on its first introduction, and in view of the very important principles, internationally and otherwise, which would be affected by it.

My success here is not altogether such as I could wish. I returned from Washington on Saturday (25th) & found your letter of June 9th from Arnstadt; and its contents accord very accurately with the impression that I had received at Washington, that the British Government is desirous of some arrangement that will take the subject of claims out of the diplomatic relations between the two countries, to be settled elsewhere with discriminating justice to both parties, and as a means to such an end they thought my proposition worth considering.

Before I went to Washington I received a letter from a friend, making inquiries about "Alabama Claims" such as led me to believe that the application was from the British Minister Thornton. I answered it with a little evasion, but said that I should be in Washington in a week and would be more explicit. That brought another letter from my friend inviting me to the hospitality of his house, which I accepted, and was pleased to learn that my friend was the friend also of Mr. Thornton, who called on me immediately on my arrival at Washington.

His communication was frank and cordial, but such only as the diplomatic agent of a foreign nation might properly make. He said he had received a communication from Lord Clarendon, chiefly of inquiry, relating to "Alabama Claims." He showed that he understood thoroughly the nature of my proposition, and of the suggestions which you had thrown out in regard to it. He offered nothing and promised nothing. He said decisively that in his opinion the Government of England would yield no more than was yielded in the Convention agreed to by Mr. Reverdy Johnson;<sup>1</sup> but he left me to believe that in the Johnson-Clarendon convention, the spoliations by the "Alabama" specially were as good as admitted, and with the permission of this Government, England would be willing to settle with the individual claimants fairly and justly.

Here however my good luck ended. Mr. Fish appointed me an audience at an early hour, it being the *Diplomatic Day*, but at the very first mention of a liberty to be given for individuals to present their claims to the British Government, he shook his head significantly, and as conversation progressed he said, "The parties interested having petitioned the Government to intervene and filed their claims in the State Department, the Government having accepted the trust and already entered upon negotiations — they would not now permit the trust to be withdrawn." To my argument that such a course was obstructing private interests, he answered that in matters where the Government was concerned private interests must surrender to public policy, and that in this case it was the policy of the government not to let private interests intervene.

As I had sent a copy of my petition to him some months ago, and had written to some members of Congress to whom the petition was sent, that if Congress did nothing for us in the present session we should go to England for redress, the idea was not new to him, and he has evidently been expecting some movement of the kind. As a palliation however of his refusal to grant my request he said very explicitly that the Government would in the end assume all our claims. To this I replied that there were but two ways in which Government could do perfect justice to its citizens in this matter, and that was, either *to assume and pay these claims at once, or to grant them the privilege of collecting them for themselves*. Much other conversation followed pleasantly

<sup>1</sup>Footnote p. 88 *ante*.

enough, when I took leave on the announcement of some of the diplomatic corps.

On the same day I called on the *President*,<sup>1</sup> having letters to him from personal friends of his in New York. His reception was as usual — so I am told — respectful, not cordial, and rather stolid, when he understood that I wanted something at his hands. It was not an office, for he has none in his gift that I would accept, but something I certainly did want, and on my explanation that I only wanted permission to go to England to collect what was due me from the British Government, without the intervention of the U. S. Government, he answered just what I wanted him to do. He said, “If the British Government owed us anything and was willing to pay us, that was nothing to them (the U. S. Government).” But he then went on to say that I represented insurance companies, and in his opinion they had no claim on the British Government or any one else; that such claims belonged to this Government (the United States); that we charged a premium for the war risk and therefore we had been paid, and had no further claim on anyone. To this I replied that I had always understood that for the last five centuries at least it had been the decided and uncontradicted principle of law throughout Christendom that the assurer in case of loss or capture of any kind succeeded to all the rights of the assured, and hence if the owner of a captured vessel had any claim, that claim was good in us as the assurers. I think he saw his mistake and thereupon was disposed to say little more. I endeavored to come back to his first remark but he was perfectly stolid. He did however say that he would bring the subject of my application up at the Cabinet meeting which was to take place the next day.

On the following morning I called again on Mr. Fish, Secretary of State, and related what the President had said, and I remarked to Mr. Fish that if it were known in New York that the opinions expressed by the President in regard to the claims of insurance companies were supposed to be largely entertained by the members of the Government and of Congress, I could and would leave New York in a week for England, with five millions of claims in my pocket for collection, either with or without any permission from the Government to do so. To this very bold speech Mr. Fish replied with a little sharpness that there was a statute making it a misdemeanor for any individual to attempt any inter-

<sup>1</sup>U. S. Grant.

ference with the diplomatic negotiations. I replied that I did not propose to interfere, but simply to ask the British government to pay me a private and just claim. Much more was said but without any excitement on either side, and I think Mr. Fish sees that it will be difficult for him to persist in refusal.

The statute of misdemeanor referred to by Mr. Fish was approved by President Adams January 30th, 1799, and concludes with the following proviso:

Provided always that nothing in this Act contained shall be construed to abridge the right of individual citizens of the United States to apply by themselves or their lawful agents to any foreign Government or the agents thereof for the redress of any injuries in relation to person or property which such individual may have sustained from such Government or any of its Agents, Citizens, or Subjects.

In writing to Mr. Fish since my return I assume that this proviso is a perfect authorization of the right claimed, and therefore the Government can not refuse to grant the liberty and aid our wishes.

While I have been writing the above we hear by cable of the death of Lord Clarendon, which may work some changes but I hope no injury, to our plans. It is evident that our government intends to hold these claims in abeyance for ulterior purposes. Mr. Thornton thinks Canada is the object, and that they will continue to embarrass us. I shall write you again after hearing further from Washington.

Very truly and respectfully yours

PARKER TO BIGELOW

NEW YORK, August 26, 1870.

*Dear Sir:*

Your favor dated at Gotha, July 10th, was duly received. I had hoped to have heard from you after your visit to London and after you had seen the Premier Gladstone, but I suppose that you found things there in too excited a condition to gain attention to the Alabama question in its mere money aspect. . . .

After I returned from Washington a month or more ago, I addressed a letter to Mr. Fish of which I enclose a copy. To

that letter I have received no answer, but after keeping it for two or three weeks, I received an acknowledgment from Mr. Davis, Assistant Secretary, saying that "it would be attended to," and that "the Secretary was at the time absent from Washington." I infer that the answer was omitted until Mr. Fish was absent, and the letter of Mr. Davis was intended to be an evasion of any further answer. But it shall not be the end. . . .

Very truly your obt svt.

*Enclosure*

NEW YORK, July, 1870.

HON. HAMILTON FISH, SECRETARY OF STATE, WASHINGTON, D. C.

*My dear Sir:*

On my return from Washington I examined the statute to which you referred me in an interview at the Department, making it a misdemeanor for individuals to interfere with the diplomatic negotiations of the government, and I found it all as you stated; but I also found in the same act of Congress a proviso, which is a perfect authorization for any citizen to apply to any foreign government for the redress of any injuries to person or property which he may have suffered from such government or any of its agents. A reference to the act itself, approved January 30, 1799, will, I think, satisfy you that I am correct.

The whole motive of applying to you in the first instance, for liberty to the claimants to go directly to England for the redress of the "Alabama Claims," was that England might not be restrained from action through any doubt or fear that their action might be offensive to the government of the United States. It is generally believed in England, and I think universally believed here, that the United States government desire to hold these claims in abeyance for ulterior purposes not openly expressed, and hence the doubt in England, whether the government of the United States would view in a friendly light any disposition on the part of England to settle the "Alabama Claims" with the individual claimants. The question has been asked in England, not officially, but in a quarter which gives it full official force. "If we consent to pay these claims to the holders of them, will not the

*government of the United States add this to the already long list of sins charged against England?"*<sup>1</sup>

Speaking in behalf of a number of the claimants, we believe that the British government is willing and disposed to pay us our separate claims, at least to the extent contemplated in the convention agreed upon with Mr. Reverdy Johnson, and perhaps also with a little revision; and we therefore come to you as the head of the Department of State, and we ask you to say, that if England chooses to pay us our claims, the United States government does not object. That is all we ask, and if you refuse it, such a refusal on the very face of it puts the government so directly in opposition to the rights and interests of its citizens that the subject could not be publicly discussed without serious damage to the Administration.

If in the pursuit of any public policy the government desires to hold these claims in abeyance for its own purpose, it can only do so legally by first assuming and paying them, and it can then do what it pleases with them, and it is supposable that the government always intends to deal with its citizens within the spirit of its own laws.

You were pleased to say to me at Washington that the United States government would eventually assume the "Alabama Claims," but I can only infer from your remarks that it will be ready to do so when it shall get a settlement by treaty with England which is satisfactory to itself, and which shall include these claims among other matters in dispute. That would be an assumption indeed, but not of a kind that would pay us. We should then have exchanged the double security of the British government and the United States government for that of the United States alone, and it would depend on Congress altogether whether or not we should ever be paid; or what our prospects would be in that case, you will be as well able to judge as I. One of the reasons given by you why you could not accord to us the liberty of negotiating in our own behalf was that the claims which we represent are altogether private interests, and that private interests must at all times be subservient to the public interests. This supposes that the two interests are in conflict, which in this case we do not perceive, and the law which justifies giving a preference to the state requires not only that the two interests shall

<sup>1</sup>These words in italics are copied from my first letter giving Parker an account of my interview with Clarendon.



be in conflict, the private interest against the public, but also that the interests of the state shall be in danger thereby, and such danger must be existing, and absolute or imminent, and we have no intimation of any such danger existing. The law does not look to prospective or contingent issues, and especially in this regard it cannot recognise the state's ambition to acquire territory, power, or advantage, as an interest to supersede private rights.

The opinion expressed to me by President Grant, that insurance companies who had charged a premium for the war risks could have no claim, and that claims of that character belonged only to the government — which opinion you stated to me was largely entertained in Washington — would seem to indicate the necessity for making a case before the Supreme Court. That such an opinion has been before expressed I am aware, and understand its origin, design, and remedy, but that the President should express such an opinion must have been without thought upon the subject. The right of the assurer in case of capture or loss, to succeed to all the rights of the assured, is a principle as old as the existence of commerce, and even of government itself.<sup>1</sup> I will not suppose it possible, therefore, that Congress or the government can for a moment entertain any purpose otherwise than to sustain this right.

Under the circumstances I think that it will be manifest to you, as it is to me, that the holders of "Alabama Claims" have perfect right to go to the British government direct for remuneration, and that it is their interest to do so. Their success in doing so will depend chiefly, if not wholly, on their being able to show that the government of the United States consents, or at least does not object, to any settlements made in that way which the citizens shall accept as substantial justice done to themselves.

I therefore again respectfully ask of you an official expression in such form as you may deem proper: That the government of the United States does not object to the holders of the so-called "Alabama Claims" negotiating by themselves or their representatives, of the British government direct for the payment of said claims or any portion of them.

I have the honor to be, very respectfully, your obedient servant,

<sup>1</sup>For a discussion of this question, see Reverdy Johnson's comprehensive review of the case of the Alabama Claims, Appendix B. vol. V.

This letter from Parker to Fish appeared in the New York *Evening Post* of October 28th, 1870. What answer, if any, Mr. Fish ever made to President Parker, I have never been able to learn, except what may be surmised from what soon followed, of which I shall speak presently.

In his annual message in December 1879, President Grant recommended the appointment of a commission to take proofs of the ownership and amounts of the individual claims, and asked authority to *be given to his government to settle the claims with the owners so that the government might hold in ownership vis-à-vis England all the private claims.* Congress however failed to accede to this request.

Commenting upon this message Mr. Parker wrote me on the 19th of December, 1870:

\* \* \* \* \*

NEW YORK

“I shall endeavor to induce our friends the claimants to stand upon their rights and to signify to Congress that, if the President’s recommendation does not pass, we will withdraw our claims and proceed on our own hook with or without the permission of the government.

\* \* \* \* \*

“I notice what has been intimated by Lord Loftus;<sup>1</sup> it is another evidence of the desire of Great Britain for a settlement of the question. I do not wonder at her desire for a settlement. The times indicate a necessity for it, and I am much amazed that Great Britain does not see her commercial interest in admitting paying the claims fairly audited at once, then urging the adoption of the American principle throughout Europe, that private property (not munitions of war) should be free from capture in time of war.”

On the reopening of Congress in the January following the appearance of President Parker’s letter to Fish a Sir John Rose arrived in Washington “on a confidential mission,”—so the Assist-

<sup>1</sup>British ambassador at Berlin with whom I had been dining, and with whom I had some conversation about the Alabama Claims; the substance of which I had reported to Mr. Parker.

ant Secretary of State, who was present describes it from a memorandum made at the time.<sup>1</sup> He gives us also the following as the purport of the mission:

Sir John Rose stated that he had been requested by the British Government, informally, unofficially, and personally, as one half American, one half English, enjoying the confidence of both Governments, to ascertain what could be done for settling the pending questions between the two Governments; and that he was authorized to say that, if it would be acceptable to the Government of the United States to refer all those subjects to a joint commission, framed something upon the model of the commission which made the Treaty of Ghent, he could say that the British Government was prepared to send out such a commission on their part, *composed of persons of the highest rank in the realm. He dwelt upon the importance of settling these questions now.* \* \* \*

The asterisks of omission here in Mr. Davis's memorandum imply a suppression of part of the proposal he was instructed to offer, and warrants a presumption that, if the foregoing proposition was not accepted, England would claim the privilege of dealing with the claimants individually. This presumption is strengthened by what followed the asterisks:

Mr. Fish replied that, before agreeing to go into such a commission, there should be a certainty of success, for failure would leave things much worse than they were before; and he asked whether, in going into a commission, the British Government would be prepared to admit a liability for what were known as the Alabama Claims.

Sir John said that he would be wanting in frankness if he did not state that such a concession would not be made; that, in his own judgment, the Government of Great Britain would be found to be liable for the damage committed by the *Alabama*, and as to the other vessels, it would be doubtful; that the Government was prepared to agree to a submission to arbitration, either to Continental jurists, or to a mixed court composed of English and American jurists, or to any other tribunal that the two Governments might agree upon; but that the feeling in England was such that the Government would not be supported in Parliament in agreeing to admit the liability for the acts of the *Alabama* [without arbitration].

In January 1871, Sir Edward Thornton, the British Minister in Washington, under instructions from his government, proposed the appointment by the two governments of a Joint High

<sup>1</sup>*Mr. Fish and the Alabama Claims: A Chapter in Diplomatic History*, by J. Bancroft Davis. Houghton, Mifflin & Co., 1893.

Commission to settle all the questions in dispute between them, the Alabama Claims included. The suggestion was approved of, and each government appointed commissioners. President Grant appointed for the United States, Hamilton Fish, Secretary of State; Samuel Nelson, Associate Justice of the Supreme Court of the United States; Robert C. Schenck of Ohio, the successor to Mr. Motley as minister to England; Ebenezer Hoar of Massachusetts; and George H. Williams, U. S. Senator from Oregon. Queen Victoria appointed George Frederick Samuel, Earl de Grey and Earl de Ripon; Sir Stafford Henry Northcote; Sir Edward Thornton, her minister at Washington; Sir Alexander Macdonald, Premier of Canada; and Montague Bernard, Professor of International Law in Oxford University.

The High Commissioners first met in Washington on the 27th of February, 1871. Lord Tenterden, Secretary of the British Commission, and J. C. Bancroft Davis, Assistant Secretary of State of the United States, were chosen clerks of the Joint High Commission.

At a conference held on the 5th of April, 1871, the commissioners agreed that a neutral government was bound:

*First*, to use due diligence to prevent the fitting out, arming, or equipping, within its jurisdiction, of any vessel which it has reasonable ground to believe is intended to cruise or carry on war against a power with which it is at peace; and also to use like diligence to prevent the departure from its jurisdiction of any vessel intended to cruise or carry on war as above, such vessel having been specially adapted, in whole or in part, within such jurisdiction to warlike use.

*Secondly*, not to permit or suffer either belligerent to make use of its ports or waters as the base of naval operations against the other or for the purpose of the renewal or augmentation of military supplies or arms or the recruitment of men.

*Thirdly*, to exercise due diligence in its own ports or waters and, as to all persons within its jurisdiction, to prevent any violation of the foregoing obligations and duties.

It was also settled that in deciding the matters submitted to them the Arbitrators should be governed by the foregoing rules which had been agreed upon as rules to be taken as applicable to the case and by such principles of International law not inconsistent therewith as the Arbitrators should determine to have been applicable to the case.

To a request made by the American Commissioners, the British Commissioners replied that they were authorized to express in a friendly spirit the regret felt by Her Majesty's government for the escape under whatever circumstances of the *Alabama* and other vessels from British ports and for the depredations committed by these vessels. The American Commissioners accept this expression of regret as very satisfactory<sup>1</sup> to them and as a token of kindness, and said they felt sure it would be so received by the government and people of the United States.

On the 8th of May, 1871, a treaty to which they had agreed was signed by the Commissioners. This treaty provided for the settlement by a mixed tribunal of arbitration, to meet at Geneva, "of all claims on both sides, for injuries by either government to the citizens of the other, during the *Civil War*, and for the permanent settlement of all questions in dispute between the two countries." The ratifications of this treaty, known as the Treaty of Washington, were exchanged at London on the 17th of June.

The following arbitrators were appointed:—

By President Grant: Charles Francis Adams,

By Queen Victoria: Sir Alexander Cockburn, Lord Chief Justice of England,

By the King of Italy: Count Frederick Sclopis of Turin, a Senator,

By the President of Switzerland: Jacques Staemfli,

By the Emperor of Brazil: Baron Itajubi, at that time his Imperial Majesty's Minister Plenipotentiary at Paris.

The Treaty provided that each party should have "an agent to represent it generally." John Chandler Bancroft Davis was the agent of the United States, and Lord Tenterden the agent of Great Britain. The counsel for Great Britain was Sir Roundell Palmer who had as assistant Professor Montague Bernard; the counsel finally selected for the United States was Caleb Cushing, William Maxwell Evarts, Benjamin Robbins Curtis, and Morrison Remick Waite. Charles Cotisworth Beaman was appointed solicitor for the United States to secure and classify proofs of claims. The American case was prepared by J. C. Bancroft Davis and printed at Leipsic, in English, French, and Spanish.

The Tribunal assembled at Geneva, December 15th, 1871, when Count Sclopis was chosen to preside. The case of the United

<sup>1</sup>This was rather too comprehensive a word for so inconsiderable and tardy a favor.

States was handed by the agent of the United States to the agent of Great Britain, and *vice versa*.

On the 15th of June, 1872, at the third meeting of the Tribunal, the agent of the United States handed to the agent of Great Britain two printed copies of the argument prepared by the counsel of the United States. The agent of Great Britain, instead of presenting in return the argument of his counsel, offered a note expressing regret that the "differences" between the governments of Great Britain and the United States had not yet been "removed," and asking that the Tribunal adjourn for a period long enough to enable a supplementary convention to be concluded and ratified between the two countries. To account for this extraordinary proceeding it is necessary to go back a little in time.

Senator Sumner, in his speech in the United States Senate, in opposition to the Johnson-Clarendon Treaty, estimated the loss sustained by the capture and burning of American vessels at about \$15,000,000. The additional loss inflicted indirectly on the carrying trade he put at \$110,000,000, on the authority of "a statesman." The indirect losses were doubled by the prolongation of the war, traceable directly to England. He gave the cost of putting down the Rebellion at \$4,000,000,000, implying that for half of that sum, or \$2,000,000,000, England was responsible; making the total estimate \$2,125,000,000, of which \$2,110,000,000 were for indirect damages.

The Treaty of Washington was modelled with reference to Sumner's speech. In the statement of the case of the United States, prepared by J. C. Bancroft Davis, there are no exact figures for the various classes of damages. Davis, however, quotes Cobden as stating that the loss sustained by the capture and burning of American vessels had been estimated at about \$15,000,000, but that that was a small part of the injury inflicted on the American marine. Referring to indirect damages, Davis says:

It is impossible for the United States to determine, it is perhaps impossible for any one to estimate with accuracy, the vast injury which these cruisers caused in prolonging the war. . . . The Tribunal will see that, after the battle of Gettysburg, the offensive operations of the insurgents were conducted only at sea, through the cruisers, and observing that the war was prolonged for that purpose, will be able to determine whether Great Britain ought not, in equity, to reimburse to the United States the expense thereby entailed upon them.

Referring to the indirect claims, the U. S. counsel had expressed itself as follows:

We think we have distinct right of substantial indemnity in this behalf.

\* \* \* \* \*

But considerations of large import in the sphere of international relations, of which the government of the United States is the rightful judge, forbid their counsel to press for extreme damages on account of the national injury thus suffered by the nation itself, through the negligence of Great Britain.

Nevertheless, holding that in view, we have maintained in this argument the plenitude of the jurisdiction of the Tribunal, because, in the judgment of the United States, such is the tenor and intent of the Treaty of Washington; and because they desire the judgment of the Tribunal on this particular question for their own guidance on their future relations with Great Britain. They contend that the question of damages, as whether direct or indirect, is a juridical one, not one of the Treaty.

The United States did not insist on the absolute generality of scope, which distinguishes the Treaty, with unreasonable expectations of having extravagant damages awarded by the Tribunal. Their object was a higher one, and one more important to them and, as they conceived, to Great Britain.

It is not for their interest to exaggerate the responsibilities of neutrals but only, in the sense of their action in this respect throughout their whole national lifetime, to restrain the field of arms and enlarge that of peace by establishing the rights and the duties of neutrality on a basis of truth and justice, beneficial in the long run to all nations.

If as a juridical question under this Treaty the Tribunal shall conclude that Great Britain is not bound to make reparation to the United States for general national injuries occasioned by the negligence of the British Government to fulfil neutral obligations in the matter of Confederate cruisers, it will say so; — and in like manner, if, as a juridical question, under the Treaty the Tribunal shall conclude to the contrary and award damages in the premises — the United States will accept the decision as a final determination of the fact and the public law of the questions arising under the Treaty.

The United States desired that the Treaty should be a full and final settlement of all differences between the two Nations: which it would not have been, if the larger national claims, so long and so steadily insisted on by us, had been excluded from the scope of the Treaty, and so left to be a recurring subject of grief and offence in the minds of the people of the United States. They desired also that great principles of neutral obligations and neutral duty should issue from this high international Tribunal, representing five great constitutional nations, to serve as instruction and example to all nations, in the great interests of civilization, of humanity and of peace.

The agent of Great Britain, in contravention of the Treaty, virtually refused to consider any claims or take any part in the arbitration for which the Grand Tribunal was created until a new

treaty could be negotiated to determine whether the indirect claims should be submitted to the Tribunal. The members of the Tribunal, after deliberating extra judicially upon this action, "arrived individually and collectively at the conclusion that these [indirect] claims do not constitute, upon the principles of international law applicable to such cases, good foundation for an award of compensation or computation of damages between nations, and should, upon such principles, be wholly excluded from the consideration of the Tribunal in making its award." This declaration was cabled to Washington accompanied or followed by a communication from the counsel of the United States advising that its government accept the views therein expressed; in other words renounce its indirect claims. These communications were submitted to and approved by President Grant. Bancroft Davis was authorized to say to the Tribunal that the indirect claims would not be further insisted upon by the United States and might be excluded from all consideration in any award that might be made. Upon receipt of this assurance the Tribunal proceeded to consider and act upon the claims for direct damages. Finally, on the 14th of September, 1872, it awarded to the United States on this account the sum of \$15,500,000 in gold to be paid in one year.

I have forbore to interrupt this mysterious narrative until the reader should be in possession of all the material facts relating to the final settlement of the Alabama Claims before indulging myself with some reflections upon a transaction which is quite sure to perplex, not to say astonish, future historians, whenever the personal or political situation shall cease to obscure their judgments.

When Mr. Fish began to press upon the British government the President's demand for indemnification for the piratical cruisers built and equipped in British harbors, to prey upon our commerce and the consequent prolongation of our civil war, no one in Washington believed that Senator Sumner in his speech in the Senate in 1869, exaggerated in the least the amount of the pecuniary damage which as a nation we had sustained. Though few if any — not Sumner himself — had any idea of our obtaining from Great Britain anything like a complete indemnity for the entire damage for which she was morally responsible. That was no reason, however, why the minister of foreign affairs of the United States and the official adviser of the President, should not



tell the whole truth, so far as he could ascertain it. The first thing the President, as well as the British government needed to know on entering into negotiations for indemnity was, as nearly as possible, the aggregate amount of our estimated damages.

The several items, as set forth in the *American case* and cited by the American Counsel in their *Argument* were:

- (a) The claims for private losses growing out of the destruction of vessels and their cargoes by the insurgent cruisers,
- (b) The national expenditures in pursuit of those cruisers,
- (c) The loss in the transfer of the American commercial marine to the British flag,
- (d) The enhanced payments of insurance by private persons,
- (e) The prolongation of the war and the addition of a large sum to the cost of the war and of the suppression of the rebellion.

The last four items represented indirect damages. How much of these should be allowed it was the province of the Geneva Tribunal to arbitrate. The treaty provided "for the settlement by them of *all claims on both sides for injuries by either government to the citizens of the other during the Civil War, and for the paramount settlement of all questions in dispute between the two countries.*

Besides, at the conference of the Commissioners held on the 5th of April, 1870, it had been among other things, expressly stipulated that a neutral government was bound:

"Not to permit or suffer either belligerent to make use of its ports or waters as the base of naval operations against the other, or for the purpose of the renewal or augmentation of military supplies or arms or the recruitment of men."

What words could have made their claim more comprehensive? Does this language provide any less distinctly for indirect than for direct damages?

In instituting an action for damages in a court of law in England, it used to be the usage, and I presume it still is, for the suitor to serve his adversary with a statement, termed "a declaration," setting forth in some detail his cause of action and demanding not less than twice the damage he expects to prove to have sustained as indemnity for the expenses to which the successful litigant is subjected. Mr. Fish, who had been a member of the New York bar when the same practice prevailed in America, might have been presumed to have acted upon this professional

principle by claiming indemnity for indirect damages of various kinds, their *genera* being more or less specifically indicated, leaving the Tribunal selected for the purpose to allow as much or as little for that item as it pleased.

The letter of the British agent withdrawing his case from the Tribunal was a gross insult to the sovereignties by whom three of the other members were selected, and a yet grosser insult to those members themselves, while it was trifling with the government of the United States in a way in which no other government in the world would then have had the effrontery to indulge.

If there has ever been a time when American diplomacy had its supreme opportunity it was when this note was handed by the British commissioners to the Geneva Tribunal, and to Mr. Adams was given the provocation to say to that body:

“Gentlemen: The note that has just been read to you puts us all out of commission. We are *functus officii* and at liberty to return to our respective homes. Great Britain declines to be bound by the Treaty of Washington. She distrusts either the judgment or the integrity of the three delegates selected by the sovereigns of the three disinterested states of Italy, Switzerland, and Brazil. The United States can afford patiently to await the convenience of Great Britain in the settlement of its claims, or to submit to her disregard of them, if she thinks that her money is of more value to her now than the precedent of her example may prove to the United States in future emergencies.

“I have no authority to ask my government to grant an adjournment, the only motive for which is to make a new treaty. That is a sovereign function and, therefore, must be asked for by the suppliant government through a proper channel from the President of the United States.

“The letter of the honorable representative of the British Government has put an end to this Commission, and therefore, gentlemen, I beg you all to accept

“My farewell salutations as a colleague,

“C. F. ADAMS.”<sup>1</sup>

As late as February 3d, 1872, Mr. Fish cabled to General Schenck, United States minister in London, in reply to clamors of the London press that the United States must withdraw their claims for indirect damages, these imperative words:

<sup>1</sup>The foregoing letter is wholly supposititious.

There must be no withdrawal of any part of the claim presented. Counsel will argue the case as prepared, unless they show to this government reasons for a change. The alarm you speak of does not reach us. We are perfectly calm and content to await the award, and do not anticipate repudiation of the treaty by the other side.<sup>1</sup>

The counsel of the United States had their case prepared in harmony with these instructions. When on the 15th of the following June, they presented their argument they had no thought of a withdrawal of the indirect claims. A week later, on the 22nd of June, Mr. Fish, by direction of President Grant, cabled to Mr. Davis an instruction to accept the declaration made by the Tribunal, that the indirect claims did not constitute, "upon the principles of international law applicable to such cases, good foundation for an award of compensation or computation of damages between nations, and should, upon such principles, be wholly excluded from the consideration of the Tribunal in making its award," thus annulling the contention of the counsel of the U. S. that "The effect of the treaty was to create a tribunal with complete jurisdiction of the *subject matter*."<sup>2</sup>

That the British High Commissioners, after putting their names to the Treaty of Washington, went back to England and reported that they had secured a waiver from the United States of the indirect claims, is a fact not open to contradiction. That they had no official authority for making such a report is equally certain.<sup>3</sup>

Great Britain had already signed the Reverdy Johnson treaty offering a satisfactory indemnity for direct damages. The rejection of the Johnson treaty did not diminish England's readiness to pay those damages at any subsequent time. Sir Edward Thorn-

<sup>1</sup>Hackett, *Reminiscences of the Geneva Tribunal*, p. 168.

<sup>2</sup>*Argument of the United States*, p. 464.

<sup>3</sup>*Hackett*: pp. 172 *et seq*; see also *Papers relating to the treaty of Washington III*, 188 *et seq*. The British commissioners held that the United States had renounced the indirect claims in the treaty itself. On the 5th of June, 1872, Sir Stafford Northcote wrote to Lord Derby: ". . . We [the High Commissioners] thought, as I still think, that the language of the treaty was sufficient, according to the ordinary rules of interpretation, to exclude the claims for indirect losses. At all events we certainly meant to make it so." That they did not make it so was recognized by Sir Henry Bulwer, the consummate diplomat who, as British minister at Washington, had with Mr. Clayton, our Secretary of State, negotiated the Clayton and Bulwer treaty. On the 17th of February, 1872, Sir Henry wrote: "How when our only inducement to make a treaty was to set this claim for indirect damages at rest, we could frame one which opened it, is to me miraculous. How they could introduce into such a document the term 'growing out of,' which would hardly occur to any one but a market gardener, is also a marvel" (*Biographical and Critical Essays* by A. H. Hayward Esq., p. 328).

ton was also ready to pay Mr. Parker just what the Johnson treaty promised and what would have been entirely satisfactory to the insurance claimants. According to Secretary Fish's cablegram of February 3d to General Schenck, the indirect claims were valid in international law and were to be pressed, unless the *U. S. Counsel* should show reasons for a change. According to his cablegram of June 22d to Mr. Davis, those claims were invalid in international law and were to be withdrawn. What reason, if any the counsel had shown for such a change the reader may perhaps judge from the communication in which the counsel advised it.

We are of opinion that the announcement this day made by the Tribunal must be received by the United States as determinative of its judgment on the question of public law involved, as to which the United States have insisted on taking the opinion of the Tribunal. We advise, therefore, that it should be submitted to, as precluding the propriety of further insisting upon the claims covered by this declaration of the Tribunal, and that the United States, with a view of maintaining the due course of the arbitration on the other claims without adjournment, should announce to the Tribunal that the said claims, covered by its opinion, will not be further insisted upon before the Tribunal by the United States, and may be excluded from all consideration by the Tribunal in making its award.

Great Britain's going back on her own treaty, for the negotiation of which she had sent, to use Sir John Rose's language, "a commission composed of persons of the highest rank" all the way to Washington, was the joke of the season in all diplomatic circles of the world. The impression was that, for once, Brother Bull had been "biting off more than he could chew"; that "at last it was England's turn to climb down." But alas! the joke was on Brother Bull but a few days. The Geneva Tribunal withdrew into a corner, and without the presence of the parties litigant or of their counsel, without any argument or opportunity for counsel to be heard, deliberately formed and promulgated, the opinion, that the claims of the United States for indirect damage "do not constitute, upon the principles of international law applicable to such cases, good foundation for an award or computation of damages between nations." It was upon this open letter that the paramount question to be arbitrated under the Treaty of Washington was excluded from arbitration "upon principles of international law." Mr. Fish, in his cablegram assenting to such exclusion made the following extraordinary statement:

“This is the attainment of an end which this government had in view in the putting forth of those indirect claims. We had no desire for a pecuniary award, but desired an expression by the Tribunal as to the liability of a neutral for claims of that character.”

Thus repudiating the views which the counsel of the United States had been instructed to support and had confidently advocated. “We think we have distinct right of substantial indemnity in this behalf.”

International law is nothing but laws upon which two or more nations agree. What had it to do with a treaty between Great Britain and the United States just signed, which provided for “the paramount settlement of *all questions in dispute between the two countries?*” Had not our claims for indirect damages for more than two years been one of the paramount questions in dispute between us? Had the Tribunal thought as they are reported to have thought, why did they not act *in foro justitiæ*, that their decision might become international as between the United States and Great Britain, instead of their giving us only an *obiter* on a question of which they never assumed jurisdiction?

In deciding that our indirect claims did not constitute, “upon the principles of international law applicable to such cases, good foundation for an award of compensation,” the Geneva Tribunal cites no international law against them; neither does it specify any cases of the kind, to which international law had ever been pronounced inapplicable. The sands on the seashore are less numerous than the cases which no international law has yet sanctioned and probably never will, unless damage has resulted to some party strong enough and willing to resent it. The Geneva Tribunal was called upon to supply any lack of international law by making such law, but carelessly, if not ignominiously, it evaded this interesting responsibility; and so the great wrong which it was to have righted was left untouched, “to be,” in the words of the Counsel, “a recurring subject of grief and offence in the minds of the people of the United States.”

The reader already knows why the question of damages was settled by the Tribunal in a corner. Orders came from President Grant to waive the indirect damages and to claim only what Great Britain had once offered us through Reverdy Johnson and which the Senate had forbidden him to accept because it did not afford any indemnity for indirect damages. The sudden change

of opinion about our claims among our executive chiefs at Washington has never been explained any farther than it is by the circumstance that the friends of Grant, who was a candidate for reelection to the Presidency, thought a settlement of the Alabama claims indispensable to his success; and by a possible desire to snub Senator Sumner, who as chairman of the Senate committee on Foreign Relations, was the earnest advocate of indirect claims and in various respects *persona non grata* to President Grant. The most unreserved justification of England's conduct that I heard of in Europe was, I think expressed to me in Paris by my friend William H. Russell of the London *Times*, whom I chaffed a little for his people's not standing by their treaty and for their insulting the sovereigns who selected the members of the Tribunal.

"Pshaw!" exclaimed Russell, "Do you think we could ever trust those men to adjudicate those claims? One hundred pounds would buy any one of them."

Of course I did not take Russell seriously, for he was obviously at the time in a frame of mind not to be so taken. Otherwise I could have replied to him that, if we could have bought each of the members of the Tribunal for a hundred pounds, Great Britain, rated in those days as having many times more current coin than the United States, could have bought them each for a hundred and fifty pounds.

Mr. Cobden, commenting upon what he regarded as the folly of Great Britain in giving all her diplomatic service to her nobility, as was then, but is less now I believe, her habit, said to me with much emphasis on two or three different occasions: "The United States government has always selected its diplomats from the best men it can find, whether in public or private life, and that is the reason why, in diplomacy, it has got the better of us every time." Had Mr. Cobden survived the close of 1872, he could never again have paid that compliment to American diplomacy.

The delays in securing indemnity for the marine insurers proved fatal to Mr. Parker's company, which went into liquidation before it could realize upon the indemnity finally accepted from Great Britain. This was not a penny more than she would have cheerfully paid to me two years before and without any of the *fanfaronnade* or expense of her sending across the Atlantic a picked detachment of British nobility to tell us how sorry everybody in England was that the *Alabama* escaped from British

waters and did the mischief that she did; and how their Lordships would welcome to their castles every member of Congress whenever he should have leisure for a visit to dear old England, who still loved her American offspring as she always did.

The protracted efforts of our Washington government, resulting in a failure to accomplish what it was obviously most desirous of accomplishing, may be presumed to have shortened the days of Mr. Parker, who for only a brief time survived the company of which he was president.

## IV

### WANDERING

FATHER HYACINTHE TO BIGELOW

LONDRES, WESTMINSTER DEANERY,  
28 août, 1872.

*Mon cher ami:*

**V**OUS avez parfaitement jugé la nouvelle de mon prétendu voyage à la Nouvelle Calédonie. Quelques paroles de sympathie dites par moi dans les conversations, à l'adresse de ces pauvres déportés, ont pu donner lieu à ce singulier bruit. A la place de la haine des soi-disant conservateurs, je voudrais les voir entourés de la charité des véritables chrétiens.

Pour améliorer les méchants, il faut commencer par les aimer.

Un autre projet qui m'occupe très-sérieusement à cette heure, c'est celui qui était à peine un rêve lorsque nous nous sommes connus à New York, et que pourtant vous avez deviné par une sorte d'intuition prophétique. Si ce projet se réalise, un petit récit apprendra à ceux qui s'intéressent à moi, sous l'empire de quels motifs élevés et profondément religieux j'aurai agi. En attendant, gardez bien mon secret.

Je tiens énormément à vous voir, et cependant dans l'hypothèse que je viens d'énoncer, il me serait difficile de rentrer à Paris avant l'hiver. Mais vous, ne vous arrêtez-vous pas quelques jours à Londres avant de vous embarquer pour le Nouveau Monde? Comme vous le dites, mon cher ami, c'est peut-être la dernière occasion qui nous est offerte de nous revoir sur la terre: il ne faut pas la manquer.

Ecrivez moi donc ici, sans trop de retard, pour me dire si vous



viendrez en Angleterre, et à quelle époque précise. Ne manquez pas non plus de me donner votre adresse à Paris.

Je serai si heureux de revoir Madame Bigelow et la partie de votre famille que je connais, tout particulièrement Mademoiselle Flora; et si heureux aussi de faire la connaissance du reste de votre famille!

Je suis ici chez un excellent ami, le savant Dean of Westminster, A. P. Stanley. Vous auriez, je suis sûr, grand plaisir à causer l'un avec l'autre.

Vous me trouvez, pour ma part, plus que jamais anti-infaillibiliste et réformateur, mais aussi plus que jamais catholique. Après tout, l'Église Catholique est la grande église *historique*, et malgré tous les abus, l'esprit de la Pentecôte ne l'a pas abandonnée. Sur ce tronc, rongé par les siècles, frappé quelquefois par la foudre, la jeune branche qui ombragera l'avenir peut pousser bientôt avec force. Que de choses à dire!

J'ai publié pendant l'été chez Sandoz et Fischbacher, rue de Seine 33, à Paris, un petit volume sur la Réforme Catholique.<sup>1</sup> N'ayant pas votre adresse d'une manière sûre, je n'ai pu peut-être vous le faire parvenir, et cependant j'eusse voulu avoir votre avis sur ces fragments. Mais qu'est-ce que les faibles pages écrites par les hommes tandis que le doigt de l'Éternel écrit sur la terre les linéaments de la société future.

A bientôt, cher ami, et à vous de tout cœur.

#### FROM MY DIARY

*London, Sunday, September 15, '72.* After church drove to McHenry's. He and his children had just returned from America. He asked us to dine with him on Thursday. The Emperor's secretary, with whom he pretends to be very familiar, will be there. The Emperor and Empress have been to see McHenry at Oak Lodge. McHenry had procured a loan for him, which touched him at his weakest point. The Emperor, he added, is not so rich as was represented, but is comfortable. He had about £9,000 a year, which he cannot touch except for household requirements, etc. The Emperor is confident he says of getting

<sup>1</sup>*De la Réforme Catholique.* This work was supplemented in 1873 with a pamphlet entitled *Catholicisme et Protestantisme.*

back; thinks the error he made before was in taking power instead of resigning and letting the republic play itself out. He does not mean to repeat that folly. Now he will wait till he is wanted, which he is sure of being.

On reaching our lodgings about 5 P. M. we found Père Hyacinthe and wife in our parlor. They had come down on business connected with the Cologne Congress. He had received a warm invitation to be present and had written to ask that his letter [about celibacy] might be read to the Congress. The Society had replied that that was,

*First*, purely a personal matter,

*Second*, a matter of discipline, and Döllinger and others were anxious not to treat matters of discipline at this congress.

Father Hyacinthe had written back that he could only go to the congress upon condition that his attitude upon this subject was recognized, etc. He awaits a report from Dean Stanley and other friends who have promised to ascertain the lay of the ground to determine whether it is wise for him to go or not. He spoke of insisting upon his point *vis-à-vis de* Döllinger and the German priests, who wished to keep the celibacy question back for the present on the ground that it would be popular in France. This antagonism with the Germans, this readiness to quarrel with those whom only a year or two ago he wrote me, furnished him the only asylum where he found peace and love, did not impress me pleasantly. His pertinacity too about pushing his celibacy business upon the congress does not augur well.

*Wednesday, September 18, '72.* Since yesterday the Père, as his wife calls him, has received a letter from the chairman of the Cologne meeting stating that he (the Chairman) had no desire or intention to withdraw his invitation, but that he thought that on arriving the Père would find sufficient reasons for not presenting the celibacy question to the council. He read me this letter. As a result of it he had concluded to go to Cologne to-night. After lunch he sat with me while his wife went out. About four o'clock she returned with Charles Sumner, whom she had met casually in the street.

He looked haggard, and gave me the impression that his nervous system was much out of order. He soon fell into conversation with Loyson, and in defending a republican government for France, spoke with a loudness of tone and vehemence of man-

ner and language which made me suspect he had been drifting toward alienation of mind. I also observed a certain difficulty in giving expression to his ideas, a want of fluency, in fact an absence of clear ideas which usually follow very great fatigue or an apoplectic attack. In such cases one is apt to make up in vehemence for clearness of thought and force of language. It seemed too that his face was a little distorted. I fear he has had an apoplectic attack, and perhaps more than one. His illness has not improved his manners, but rather brought out his worst points. He is more than ever the centre of the system in which he lives. He did not ask a question which indicated the least interest in any mortal or thing but himself.

We walked out together to his hotel and on the way he showed me the room, first story over the post office in Vigo Street, where he lived when in London in 1835, I believe, and where he said he had received Lord Brougham and all the dignitaries of London society at that time. He also gave me an account of his visit to the reading room of the British Museum and the attention paid him this morning there when they heard his name, from which he derived great satisfaction.

BIGELOW TO HUNTINGTON

ALMONDS HOTEL, LONDON, Sunday mg.,  
Sept. 24, 1872.

*My dear Huntington:*

. . . From what I learn here of imperial doings and expectations I infer that the clericals & clerical republicans, like Laboulaye, all look to a restoration of the Man of Sedan. I dined with one of the Emperor's family a few days ago & the talk was that his Majesty would not repeat the error he made when President; he will this time let the republicanism burn out; he will not accept the crown again till he is called for. This harmonises entirely with Laboulaye's talk, who seemed to take it for granted that the Gambetta republic must have its turn first, and his ignorance & incompetence would soon compel France to call upon the Emperor to save her. Our friend Moreau, I find, seems to be running in the same groove.

One thing only in Gambetta's talk disappointed me. He

confirmed what Laboulaye said of his opposition to a Constitution. I understood his reason to be that the Constitutional government that is, would make a bad one, would prolong delusions and abuses out of which France is growing rapidly which may be true; but to that the obvious answer is: Let him say then, "I am not opposed to a Gambetta constitution but to a Thiers or a Guizot or a Laboulaye constitution. I would rather have none for a time than yours, but here is one that I am ready for at once."

Charles Sumner turned up here the other day. I dined with him last evening at the invitation of Smalley, where by the way, I had the pleasure of meeting Herbert Spencer whose acquaintance I was happy to make. Sumner's nervous system seems to me to have received a serious shock. His heart, too, is out of order. He has to walk very slow and but a little at a time, I think. He is improving in health and may be restored to his old standard of work, but that is doubtful. I did not discuss the presidential question with him, that being as I supposed what he left his country mainly to avoid discussing.

Herbert Spencer is a younger looking man than I supposed, with an agreeable expression, good manners, but not exactly fluent of speech. He says he can only work 3 hours per day. He does nothing after 1 P. M. Dilke was there also; rather fine looking fellow with, however, an expression that did not quite please me. I did not make his acquaintance. Perhaps if I had talked with him, he would have impressed me more favorably. He talked very little to any one. Smalley goes this morning with Sumner to Boulogne where Smalley's family are spending the summer.

My breakfast has come in, my children are hungry, we are to go to church and must eat quick. So good-bye, my friend,  
Yours very truly

I sailed with my daughter Grace from Liverpool on the steamer *Oceanic* on the 26th of September, 1872, and after a very stormy voyage, reached New York on the 8th of October. On the 14th I accompanied Governor Morgan to attend the funeral of Mr. Seward. The ceremony at the church, at noon, was very imposing and well conducted. There was no address at the church, only a religious ceremony. The face of the deceased statesman

was not that of a man who had died of old age. It wore quite a youthful and vigorous expression for a man of his years, seventy-one. It had been raining more or less all day, and in consequence, the church was so dark during the service that it was difficult to follow the prayer-book. As the minister reached the passage in the service cited from St. Paul's Epistle, "This is the resurrection. It is born in corruption, it is raised in incorruption. It is born in weakness, it is raised in strength. It is born an earthly body, it is raised a heavenly body," etc., the sun suddenly broke through the clouds and inundated the church with gorgeous light. It was so bright and came so suddenly as to challenge the attention of everyone, as if an unexpected voice had addressed them. It was to me a singularly impressive incident, and I could not but think that if the omens of natural events were studied as much to-day as ten or twenty centuries ago, this sudden clearing of the skies and effulgence of the sun would give serious import to the interpretations by the augurs.

In looking over the assembly for the non-residents who had met to do the deceased statesman homage, I could not fail to remark the conspicuous absence of national representative men. The people present were pretty exclusively from New York City, and the Whig satellites whom he had brought with him into the Republican party.

Seward had been in one sense a man of great power and influence in his day. During the late war and for some years before, his was the name to conjure with in the United States. But he never exerted much of his great power in cultivating and purifying the political ethics of his partisans. He combined men largely through their selfish, not their holier affections; their love of themselves rather than of their fellow-creatures or of God. As a consequence he was followed to his grave by only a few men beholden to him for political favors — outside of his own townsmen. Something will no doubt be done to testify respect for his talents and service, but the nation as yet seems to be unmoved. The large number who ten years before would have travelled to Auburn or Washington on their knees to do him homage were scarcely represented at his funeral. Had Mr. Seward retired from the State Department on the accession of President Johnson, the demonstration would have been very different. And yet perhaps he never did anything for which the whole country was more grateful at the time than it was for his remaining as chief

in Johnson's cabinet. His influence, more than that of any other man, protected Johnson from an impeachment and our government from an indescribable shame.

Mr. Harvey, who had been our minister to Portugal, told me this morning that when Washington was in danger of being captured by the rebels, a commission was signed by the President and all his cabinet, giving to Simeon Draper, Moses H. Grinnell, and two or three others, all old Whig friends of Mr. Seward,<sup>1</sup> authority to carry on the government; and that paper, Mr. Harvey assured me, was still in existence. As all of these men, without an exception, were called to their final account before Mr. Seward, the world will probably never see or hear more of that document.

HUNTINGTON TO BIGELOW

42 RUE DE LA BRUYÈRE, PARIS,  
29 September, '72

*Dear Mr. Bigelow:*

For your most welcome and interesting favour of last Sunday I could not get time to thank you anywhere in the next two days; and after that, doubted whether it was not too late to reach you at Liverpool. In default of private MS. however, I sent to the consul there for you, Laboulaye's 1 and 2 to the *Débats*; we now have a third which shall be forwarded to your New York address. It does not become an American to quarrel with him or these letters.<sup>2</sup> They are not like, I guess, to meet with much acceptance among the French: not with the old republicans, for their proposition to make the actual Assembly constituent; nor with the unconverted royalists, for proposing that they should make a republican constitution; nor with either, for proposing that it should be submitted for ratification to a popular vote. . . .

In general Mr. Laboulaye seems something too bookish and doctrinaire in his letters; too ready to draw from his long admiring study of institutions that have proved themselves tolerable practicalities with a foreign people, — an ideal scheme, possibly not applicable to a nation so different by its temperament and

<sup>1</sup>Draper and Grinnell were residents of New York City; the others, it may be presumed, resided also at a safe distance from Washington.

<sup>2</sup>*Lettres politiques.*

other present and antecedent conditions as the French are from ourselves.

These letters, like pretty much all the rest we read in these days on the constituting question, seem more able in their critical than their constructive paragraphs, rather deepening than helping to remove a painful impression of the uncertainty of the present and future, the questionableness of *any* state of things for France.

Gambetta goes on all ways triumphing; was multitudinously orated at Grenoble the other day; constantly recommends and observes legality and the proprieties. The imperialists keep externally quiet. The radical legitimists and clerical ultramontagnards are for the moment the most restless, violent, revolutionary of our parties.

I have seen something of Sumner since he has been here. He acts like a man tired out — has a constant fatigued air; in fine, all I see of him confirms what you wrote of him, which I read with surprise, being first made aware by it that his health had become in any way seriously affected. I fancy he may have been somewhat depressed the first few days here by lack of what Gambetta has such abundance of. But now he is receiving numerous calls and due attention from people in high places. Rémusat hath called on him, he has an invite to Chantilly for next Wednesday, etc., etc., probably won't have to pay for another meal of solitary victuals during his stay. Furthermore he busies himself with museums, book-shops, libraries, the theatre and the street.

Calling upon Mr. Geo. Tyler (of Philadelphia) and his pleasant family two weeks or so ago, your name chancing to be mentioned, I said you had left town but the morning before. I can't tell you how much that kindly gentleman was vexed to have missed you, and all the more when he learned that throughout your stay here he had been within ten steps of your lodgings. He and his family are abiding at the *Hôtel Wagram, Rue de Rivoli*. When I next spent an evening at his rooms he again spoke of the disappointment — and of you — in terms agreeable enough for me to listen to but not proper for your modesty to hear.

Another *livraison*, the penultimate, of Littré's Great Dictionary, has been delivered.

I hope you find all friends well at home, and wish you joy of the electioneering amusements (delicacies) of the season, and

trust you will be content with my old town<sup>1</sup> as a fit place to leave Mr. Poultney in. With remembrance to Lady Grace, I rest  
Yours truly

CARL ABEL<sup>2</sup> TO BIGELOW

10 HOHENZOLLERN STRASSE,  
BERLIN, Oct. 3, 1872

*My dear Mr. Bigelow:*

\*            \*            \*            \*            \*            \*

I am delighted with the prospect of your speedy return to Europe, and should be most happy to be able to spend a couple of weeks with you, either here or at Dresden, soon after your arrival. But you know how I am circumstanced. I am the bondslave of the public, and can never know in advance where I shall be or what I shall have to do at a given moment. All I can say is that, as far as I can see at present, there will be nothing to rob me of the pleasure of your society. *Au revoir* then, either at the flesh-pots of Berlin, or at the seven-years-of-famine establishment of Dr. Kles at Dresden.

Father Hyacinthe, in consequence of his marriage, has been discarded by the leaders of the old Catholic movement. What a pitiable set these would-be reformers are! At first clinging to the Papacy, though opposed to the actual Pope, they have now suddenly given up the whole institution, and talk of returning to the pure and unadulterated faith of the primitive Church. But though renouncing the creed [which] they jealously vindicated long after rejecting Infallibility, they have even now nothing definite to tell us as to what they believe or [do] not believe. On the contrary, they studiously evade the all-important question as to the validity of the *Confessio Apostolica*, *Athanasiana*, and *Nicaeana* and indulge in unmeaning generalities *usque ad nauseam*. They clung to Babylon, while they yet hoped to satisfy the public with their half-measures; they declared against the time-honoured whore, when they saw the thing would not do, and something else was expected from them by their fast diminishing adherents; and having taken the leap, having resolved upon a step,

<sup>1</sup>Norwich, Conn.

<sup>2</sup>Berlin correspondent of the London *Times*.



which they would have adopted long ago were they not diplomats rather than apostles, they immediately relapsed into their old shilly-shallying, and observe absolute silence on the one subject that, now at any rate, ought to be uppermost in their minds. To aggravate this conduct, they try to keep on tolerable terms with the most opposite parties. They decline to offend Catholics by abolishing celibacy, and relaxing the rigour of the old ecclesiastical discipline; and in the same breath they invite Dr. Bluntschli, the chairman of the Protestant Association, to their annual meeting at Cologne — Dr. Bluntschli, who is practically an atheist, and only attended the debates to tell the bewildered audience that creeds were of no consequence whatever, and that the distinctive mark of a Christian was a superior standard of morality.<sup>1</sup> I blame no man for shrinking from the awful task of reconciling knowledge and belief, and am content painfully and laboriously to grope my way through the surrounding darkness but I feel an unmitigated contempt for those that profess to reform religion, yet have neither the manliness of bearing, nor the loftiness and purity of thought, to do so much as take the self-imposed task in hand. At their precious Congress the old Catholics have just been treating us once more to no end of verbiage as to the delinquencies of the Pope, and the (alleged) sanctity of their own intentions. The former we know; of the latter we require better proof than these periodical flourishes, publicly indulged in by oratorical trumpeters.

The history of the French loan is a rum story. You are probably aware, that to produce the semblance of the Germans hastening to support France, the German bankers had a higher commission accorded to them by Mr. Thiers, than the French bankers. The natural consequence of this was, that a large portion of the French subscriptions was handed over by the Paris bankers to their Berlin and Frankfort colleagues, the extra-commission being divided between the two. This and the fact of the French government itself figuring largely among the subscribers has, I believe, induced Germany to strengthen the fortifications of Belfort. It is regarded here as pretty certain that Mr. Thiers will be permitted to continue in his present position only as long as he succeeds in paying his way. While the German indemnity remains to be liquidated, he is a convenient warming-pan for royalists as

<sup>1</sup>For Dr. Bluntschli's language the reader is referred to his *Denkwürdigkeiten aus meinem Leben*, III, 308 et seq.

well as imperialists and republicans; but should the liquidation appear impracticable, there would be nothing to restrain the antagonistic parties from resuming the struggle for supremacy without further delay.

Mr. Bancroft has kindly promised to endeavour to get the salary of the Harvard professorship raised. If it could be made an equivalent for my present professional income, I should be happy to drop the pen and take up the rod. In sober earnest, I am weary of writing for the general reader, and should like to devote the rest of my life to philological pursuits seasoned, if need be, with tutorial duties. Perhaps the professorship might be coupled with something else to render it more acceptable for me. Would it be practicable to found a shareholding company for the establishment of superior schools? We might begin with a couple of schools and gradually extend our activity to all your larger towns. The relations between the board of the company and the schools would be those existing between the Prussian ministry of education and our gymnasia; and the plan of instruction might be modelled upon the German pattern, but adapted to American requirements, and improved in accordance with the present state of science and philological research. I venture to hope that, if some intelligent and well-to-do persons could be induced to start the thing, and to interest other public-spirited men in it, it would prove an enterprise of some utility from the very outset, and financially lucrative in the end. . . .

With the kindest regards. Ever yours sincerely

#### FROM MY DIARY

*November 16, 1872.* Reid breakfasted with me and told me a great deal about Greeley and the *Tribune*. Seems to think his position there depends upon Greeley's being there. Says Greeley was very indignant at the article entitled *Crumbs of Comfort* that appeared a day or two after the election.<sup>1</sup> He projected

<sup>1</sup>CRUMBS OF COMFORT. There has been no time until now, within the last twelve years when the *Tribune* was not supposed to keep, for the benefit of the idle and incapable, a sort of Federal employment agency, established to get places under government for those who were indisposed to work for their living. Any man who had ever voted the Republican ticket believed that it was the duty and the privilege of the editor of this paper to get him a place in the Custom House. Every red-nosed politician who had cheated at the caucus and fought at the polls looked to the editor of the *Tribune* to secure his appointment as gauger, or as army chaplain, or as minister to France. . . .

an article correcting it — it was written by Hassard — which if printed, would have sent every editor out of the office. Reid suppressed it. Greeley even then whined and cried and went on like a baby. He called himself over and over again “a black fraud,” said he was ruined, the *Tribune*, was ruined, begged the trustees to turn him out, turn Reid out, turn any one out to save the paper.

## BIGELOW TO HUNTINGTON

NEW YORK, Novr. 24th, 1872.

*My dear Huntington:*

Greeley got three states. I told you he would get none, which only confirms what you knew before, that I am no prophet. Had the election been deferred three weeks longer — perhaps less — the result would probably not have hurt any pretensions I might have felt disposed to make to prophetic vision. Public opinion and common sense still travel slow in those old slave states. The disaster has been too great for Greeley. I think he has been crazy for many years. Now alas the fact cannot be disguised. I was told a week ago that he was out of his head. Yesterday it was currently reported upon good authority that application had been made for his confinement at Bloomingdale. That institution, not wishing to have its administration again brought under public discussion so soon after its recent arraignment by the press, declined to receive him. Thereupon he was consigned to the charge of a private establishment. This I hear from excellent authority, and I am the more disposed to credit it as Reid & Hay both had quite prepared me for such a catastrophe. I fear a similar fate is in store for Sumner. There is madness in his rumored determination to return to Washington.

There has been a formidable combination among the stockholders of the *Tribune* led on by Sinclair, to unhorse Reid, but

The man with two wooden legs congratulated himself that he could never be troubled with cold feet. It is a source of profound satisfaction to us that office-seekers will keep away from a defeated candidate who has not influence enough at Washington or Albany to get a sweeper appointed under the Sergeant-at-Arms or a deputy-sub-assistant temporary clerk into the paste-pot section of the folding room. At last we shall be let alone to mind our own affairs and manage our own newspaper, without being called aside very hour to help lazy people whom we don't know and to spend our strength in efforts that only benefit people who don't deserve assistance. . . . That is one of the results of Tuesday's election [Nov. 4] for which we own ourselves profoundly grateful (N. Y. *Daily Tribune*, Nov. 7, 1872).

thus far unsuccessful. Sinclair, I believe, wants Schuyler Colfax to be the future figure-head of the paper. Others who have a more correct measure of "Smiler's"<sup>1</sup> capacity but who also think a sacrifice of some sort must be made, speak of sending for Smalley. There would be one reason working in favor of this change which would have an illegitimate weight against Reid. It would furnish a convenient occasion for reducing very materially the expenses of the London agency, which just at this time are no doubt rather onerous, more especially as European politics have little interest here in these days. Hay wants to sell a share of the *Tribune*, and Greeley has borrowed money I am told to an inconvenient amount on his shares. The stock has fallen from \$10,000 to about \$6,000 a share, at which price I should think it an excellent purchase. Reid and all the rest, I believe, mean to make a Republican paper again of the *Tribune*, and I have no doubt, when Greeley is well & notoriously out of it, it will be as prosperous as ever, if not more so.

I am much pleased with the look of things here and am very sorry that I cannot remain. I sail on Thursday the 28th in the *Cymbria* for Hamburg to rejoin my family at *Hotel de Saxe, Freiberg, Saxony*, where I hope on my arrival, to find late news of you. Washburne has gone home to Illinois to look after the senatorship, but he found another man in that bed & now his papers say he is going back to Paris. Some of his friends proposed to give him a dinner here on his return from Illinois, but I have heard nothing of it lately.

Good night.

#### FROM MY DIARY

*Steamer Cymbria. Thursday — Thanksgiving Day, November 28, 1872. 3 p. m.* We landed in New York on Wednesday, the 9th of October last. Grace and I are now on our way back to the old world after a sojourn in our native land of just fifty days. I leave more hopeful of its future, with more faith in its prevailing tendencies, than I have been in the twenty preceding years. I feel that the moral energies of the nation are beginning to realize the effects of their emancipation from slavery; the better influences are getting control in every direction. This change since I

<sup>1</sup>A popular nickname of Colfax.

left New York in May, 1870, when the Ring were in possession of our great city and state, and trying to lay their unclean hands upon the Federal government, is very striking. They are all not only prostrated but degraded, to an extent that seems hardly credible when one thinks how recently their chief was the dinner guest of some of the most prominent bankers of the metropolis.

Then the way in which the country has dealt with the attempt of the rebels to get possession of the Federal government by fraud, and by violence, affords one of the most magnificent spectacles presented in our history. The nomination of Greeley was only an exhibition of the secondary symptoms of a disease which between 1860 and 1865 threatened the very existence of our government. Greeley is now in a mad-house, and before morning will probably be dead — so Swinton tells me to-day; and Reid, whom I saw to-day confirms these apprehensions.

The rest of the leaders or conspirators who were beguiled into this scheme to give the country up again to traitors are scarcely less completely annihilated. Pretty much all of the rotten judges have been expelled from the bench, and good men will in a few weeks take their places. Everything looks promising for a gradual restoration of right and justice and virtue to their proper supremacy. So sanguine am I that these are the tendencies, that the back of the Satan that has been possessing the country for half a century is broken, that I regret that I cannot stay at home and take my part in helping forward the good time that seems to be coming.

BIGELOW TO VON BUNSEN

HOTEL DE SAXE, FREIBERG,  
SACHSEN, Dec. 25, 1872.

*My dear Friend:*

It was a great disappointment to me to miss seeing you the other day, but your kind and agreeable letter has done much to mitigate it. . . .

The Greeley farce, terminating as the most famous farces always do, in tragedy, was really one of the most dramatic events in all history. . . . The traitors of 1860 got possession of this poor man, whose mind has been disordered for many years, but who had accumulated a vast amount of political power in a

long life of laborious journalism, and tried to exploit him. They hopped through the weakness of his character and the ballot-box to get that control of the government which they had tried unsuccessfully to secure with the sword. But God makes the wrath of men ever to praise Him. Nothing of all that Greeley ever wrote against slavery and its ultimates (violence and tyranny) did one half as much to annihilate its champions and abettors as his consenting to be their candidate for the Presidency. In the eyes of the angels that was the great benefaction of his life to his country.

But think of those Robert Macaires plotting a nomination that was to set all the nation in a roar of laughter; the progress of the canvass with its condign but tragical end. Was I not right in calling it tragical?

I fancy that Bismarck has his eye now pretty steadily upon the papal succession. If the Jesuits secure that, it is difficult to see how the peace of Europe can be preserved. Hence his efforts to embroil them with all the political sovereignties of Europe, that when the papal throne comes to be filled, the voice of Europe may not be quite as inaudible as at the Council.

A Happy New Year to you all and may God bless you.

\* \* \* \* \*

#### HUNTINGTON TO BIGELOW

42 etc., 29 December, 1872 [and 2 Jan., 1873].

*Dear Mr. Bigelow:*

Although that constitutional affection (malicious and ill informed persons call it laziness), with which I have been long afflicted, ever grows on me, I will not let the old year go out without taking with it my good wishes to you. Three or four days ago, Crawford left a pleasant note at my dining place to say that you had sent me yours. Your favours of 24 November and 9 December came duly to hand and were of especial interest. After some backing and filling the *Tribune* has, I believe, now settled in the management of Mr. Reid — so the telegrams say. He wrote me the other day, but on another matter and before (I suppose) any decision was come to. What was unpleasant in his letter was what he wrote of John Hay, who, he says, has

been quite unwell and off the paper for some weeks. H., he says, writes from the West that he means to return to New York in a few days, but still speaks of himself as not in full frisk health.

I note what you say in respect of forwarding newspapers. Just now they are dull and we are quiet by reason of the evacuation of the jaw-room at Versailles for the holidays. The only topic of notable interest is the Gramont question, or rather the question of that feather-headed ex-diplomat's capacity to see a truth, know when he sees it, and tell it when he knows it. But of his assertion that France undertook the war with promise of aid from Austria, you doubtless see all the discussion you care to read in German print. Thiers' testimony before the committee of inquiry into the government of 4 September, which provoked Gramont to this unsustainable assertion, is one of his finest pieces of historiating with an autobiographic charm that is lacking in his historical volumes. Without telling very much that is new, it confirms with the authority of his name the worst and, in themselves, almost incredible charges against the imperial government which others have made us familiar with, but which still seem strange at each new hearing. The levity, vacillation, recklessness, obstinacy, and falsity, with which that war was entered on, were surely never before on so grave an occasion so intimately mingled and so pure of any alloy of prudence and common sense in the councils of any government. The old man's talent at historical criticism and clear swift narration nowhere shows brighter than in this spoken memoir; which is furthermore lighted up with touches of personal adventure and traits of personal character that would make it interesting and delightfully readable though otherwise dull. Doubtless mentally composed with nicest care, it was at first orally edited before the Committee, and has the air and charm of familiar conversation. And so, though it makes you smile, you do not grin when you read how he told them that he had hardly time to take a light meal (Scott's "hasty plate of soup") before starting on his famous diplomatizing journey to Vienna & St. Petersburg; or how, long afterward, when the attempt at an armistice had failed, having left Versailles and passed the *avant postes*, "*Je pris passage sur une locomotive, et j'arrivai à Tours assis sur un monceau de charbon.*" Think of the little man sitting there, with his little legs, on a heap of coals!

His primary aim, now as always, is to keep up the national

credit and get the Prussians out of the country; *i. e.*, furnish them next spring or early summer with pecuniary guarantees for the fifth *milliard* that they shall find satisfactory substitute for the territorial mortgage.

On the home-political side, and *accordant* with that purpose, he wants to consolidate a conservative republic, with as little disturbance as may be of the old monarchical institution — such as strongly centralized, powerful administration, restriction laws on press and speech and meeting etc. As you have noticed, he “goes in” for a second chamber as a *sine quinine* for the strengthening of the republican constitution. He has made pretty large concessions to the Right — the most practically efficient one being the appointment of Goulard<sup>1</sup> (formerly of the finances) to the Interior, who immediately showed his hand by removing the mayor of Nantes. You remember that some pilgrims returning from the shrine of our Lady of Lourdes were hustled and mildly mobbed in the streets of that city last autumn. The removal of the mayor, [who was] much howled at by the Clericos for not having prevented what he had no reason to suppose was going to happen, is quite a triumph for the Right. Thiers is likely to be sharply attacked by the Right at the reopening of the session on account of Borning’s withdrawal from Rome. What do your German folks think of the incident? The flame-coloured unfortunate female of Babylon seems to be scant of protection in her old age—her poor old bottom sitting uneasy on, not to say sliding down — the Seven Hills.

You will be sorry to learn that the Mère Hyacinthe had her money at the Bowles’ Bank — which, you know, has gone to the Newfoundland dogs and bottomless abyss with no assets to speak of. A bad affair. I am very sorry for William Bowles who, I can’t but think, is an honest fellow, as he certainly was an amiable one, however bad a business man. Remember me to all your house and hold me yours truly,

[P. S.] 2 *Jany.* [1873] I managed yesterday to knock over the table with all its contents of papers, books etc., inkstand included. Clearing up the blotched ruins I found this letter — not much blackened, which should have been mailed days ago. You may

<sup>1</sup>M. T. E. de Goulard (1801-1874), French statesman, out of favor during the second empire; after the Franco-German War, a member of the National Assembly; one of the plenipotentiaries who negotiated the Treaty of Frankfort (May 10, 1871); thereafter successively Minister to Rome, Minister of Agriculture and Commerce, Minister of Finance, and Minister of the Interior; inclining toward Orleanism, he opposed Thiers when the latter committed himself to republicanism.



be glad to know that *livraison* 30 and last of Littré's dictionary is delivered and held at your order. There is a gross typographical bungle on the cover (no there is not, come to look). There is also an Appendix of *Additions and Corrections* of 50 pages.

GEORGE BANCROFT TO BIGELOW

AMERICAN LEGATION, BERLIN.

[Not dated]

Dear Bigelow:

Herewith you receive a copy of the treaty of France and Spain in 1779. You see that France covenants with the enemy of the United States not to make peace till Gibraltar should be taken.

But this obligation America never took upon herself. It will be more difficult to give you an adequate idea of the inactivity of the Spanish government of that day. On that point I will think further.

Meantime do not fail to recover from the Philadelphia newspapers the article of Franklin on the refusal of the British to surrender the western posts. It will be a gem in your volume.

Ever yours

By the treaty of peace between the United States and Great Britain ratified January 14, 1784, it was stipulated: ". . . His Britannic Majesty shall *with all convenient speed*, . . . withdraw all his armies, garrisons and fleets from the said United States, and from every post, place and harbor within the same . . ." October, 28, 1795, a treaty was ratified with Great Britain containing the following provision: "His Majesty will withdraw all his troops and garrisons from all posts and places within the boundary lines assigned by the Treaty of Peace [1784] to the United States. This evacuation shall take place on or before the first day of June, one thousand seven hundred and ninety-six." This delay of over twelve years in carrying out the original stipulation Great Britain sought to justify by charging the United States with not paying its debts as stipulated in the original Treaty. The "article of Franklin" on this subject entitled *The Retort Courteous* may be found in my *Works of Franklin* (X, 121 *et seq.*). In the library of the American Philo-

sophical Society is an incomplete manuscript of Franklin's which refers to the subject of the western posts. I am indebted to the Society for the privilege of here presenting this paper, which I believe, has never been published before:

ON THE PAYMENT OF AMERICAN DEBTS

. . . The Nation, whose Newspapers ring perpetually with that Clamour, should itself be the very Pattern of Punctuality. Yet this same Nation has itself run in Debt to the Amount of Two Hundred and Seventy-five Millions Sterling, much of it to Foreigners, which they now confess they never expect or intend to pay, and might, therefore, one would think, have a little Charity for their own Debtors and formerly best Customers, whom they themselves have foolishly ruined by a most unjust and destructive War. But this is the Nation which exclaims continually, *These rascally Americans, why don't they pay their Debts!!!*

Should they say to the Dutch & Swiss, of whom they have borrowed Forty Millions, *Forgive us our Debts, as we forgive our Debtors*, they might safely be answered, "*Ya, Ya,*" without finding themselves the better for the Concession. But if they say it in their Prayers, it is little better than an Imprecation. And this [Nation], having themselves foolishly and wickedly ruined and disabled their Debtors by an unjust and destructive War, now refuse to deliver up their Frontier Ports [Posts]. . . .

BIGELOW TO V. BUNSEN

HÔTEL DE SAXE, FREIBERG, Jan. 30, 1873.

*My dear Friend:*

You are what the late Mrs. Gamp would call "*a disapinting Sweedlepipes.*" I had counted surely upon two or three *doxological days* with you this week before my departure; had set up nights and laid abed mornings to devise plans for making the most of my expected opportunity of having you once more for a while all to myself, and had my bag all packed, when your most unwelcome telegram tumbled my basket of eggs all into the street. . . . I have come to the conclusion, or as Cicero would phrase it, "to me, much reflecting upon these things, it hath appeared," that when your constituents sent you to parliament they spoilt at once a charming husband, father, friend and neighbor. It hath farther appeared to me that yours is the most costly government in the world, for it absorbs all the time and talents of the cleverest men you have in all the Empire to carry

it on, instead of putting the business, as the Chinese do their dancing, upon their slaves, or as we do the governing business in the United States, upon people who are good for nothing else. In that sense we can boast of having one of the cheapest governments in the world; and yet, you see, we stumble along about as well as any of you, and Gladstone even admits that we were all right when we rebelled against old George III.

\*   \*   \*   \*   \*   \*   \*

Have you read Baron Stockmar's Memoirs, which by the way, seem to me rather more remarkable for what is suppressed than for what is expressed, interesting as much of that is. If you have, pray tell me if you know who is referred to in the note as having solicited Stockmar's influence with the Queen for a peerage with the offer of £10,000.<sup>1</sup> I should not ask this question if circumstances did not give to my curiosity a particular momentum and direction and if the note did not seem to have been published for the purpose of making this bud of a secret flower into publicity.

My address for the next month or six weeks will be in care of *Mr. J. L. Graham, Consul of the United States, Florence, Italy*, or as heretofore, for the next three months, at the Hôtel de Saxe, Freiberg, where my son will receive and forward anything that comes for me. I shall always feel happy to hear from you, and if you have any message for the Pope which you are unwilling to trust to anyone but me, send it to the above address.

Good night and may God bless you and yours. My wife and Grace are at the theater or they would have messages.

Yours always sincerely

#### A VISIT TO THE REPUBLIC OF SAN MARINO<sup>2</sup>

It was late in the afternoon of Saturday, the 9th day of February, 1873, when with two of my daughters I drove up to the Hôtel Aquila d'Oro in the venerable city of Rimini. My purpose

<sup>1</sup>*Memoirs of Baron Stockmar, by his son, translated from the German, Vol. I, p. LXXVn.* " . . . . A rich Englishman, an author and member of Parliament, called upon him one day and promised to give him £10,000 if he would further his petition to the Queen for a peerage. Stockmar replied, 'I will now go into the next room in order to give you time. If upon my return, I still find you here, I shall have you turned out by the servants.'"

<sup>2</sup>The article of which extracts are here given was published in *Harper's New Monthly Magazine*, LX, 366.

in taking this unusual route to Southern Italy, along the shores of the Adriatic, was to visit what claims to be the oldest as well as the smallest republic in the world, to which Rimini is the nearest railway station.

La Republica di San Marino, the roots of whose history run down to the days of Charlemagne, lies about twelve miles south-west from Rimini, and about four from the shores of the Adriatic. After securing our rooms and some dinner we bespoke a carriage and at half past nine o'clock the following morning were on our way. . . .

. . . At half past twelve we reached Il Borgo di San Marino — a small village at the base of the lofty rocks which rise almost perpendicularly, like the Palisades of the Hudson, and on the summit of which lies the city of San Marino. . . . We now quitted the tillable country, and followed the way which went winding around the vast crag like the thread of a screw toward its head, until finally we reached the only point from which the capital was accessible, and on the side opposite to that from which we had entered the territory of the republic. . . .

Our approach had been foreseen by a guide, whose services, under the advice of our driver, we thought it wise to secure. We asked him to conduct us at once to some place where we could rest a little and procure some refreshments. While discussing some bread, cheese, Bologna sausage, and a bottle of most excellent San Marino wine, I obeyed a suggestion I had received from our publican in Rimini, and sent my card to the Capitano Reggente, as their President is called, and directed the guide to present my compliments, and ascertain if it would be agreeable to his Excellency to receive me and my companions, and if so at what hour. Our guide soon returned, and informed us that the Captain-Regent would be pleased to see us in half an hour. At the expiration of that time we sallied forth. . . . Our path lay most of the time up and down stairs or through narrow passages, which could not be called streets, for they were neither graded nor laid out by the hand of man. . . .

On our arrival we were ushered by a man in livery into a reception room about fifteen by eighteen feet, the walls of which were decorated with paintings of some of the more illustrious friends and citizens of the republic, among which full-length portraits of the late Emperor and Empress of the French were most conspicuous. By the time our curiosity about the room and its

contents was fully satisfied, the servant in livery who had received us, the guide who had conducted us, and a man I had met at the hotel and took for a waiter, but who seemed now to be a part of the Executive household, entered in a somewhat excited way, and announced to us, in a tone that would have rung from one end of the Tuileries to the other:

“Vien il Capitano Reggente” — “the Captain-Regent is coming.” Then forming a line one deep and three in length, they proceeded to look as much as they could like a regiment presenting arms to their sovereign. Another minute of anxious suspense and a young man — it was the Captain-Regent — entered the door and passed through into the adjoining room. He was followed by an elderly gentleman who bowed to us as he passed and beckoned us to follow. We joined him and passed in. The young gentleman put out his hand to me, and seating himself in an armchair that stood behind a table at one end of the room, requested me to occupy the chair on his left, while to my companions seats were assigned on his right. While moving to our respective places I explained to the Captain-Regent my reasons for wishing to pay him my respects and his country a visit. He politely acknowledged my attention, and then presented to me the elderly gentleman who accompanied him, and who seemed to be his minister of foreign affairs *de facto*, with whom most of our subsequent conversation was held.

The Captain-Regent had a handsome, intelligent face and fine figure of medium height. His hair was dark, and parted in the middle — a practice, however, which had not prevented his reaching the highest office in the gift of his country at the comparatively immature age of twenty-eight years. He was dressed in fresh linen and a black frock coat and pantaloons. As I had come a long way, and had but a short time to stay, I wasted no time on fruitless formalities. The first great fact disclosed was that the empire of Tiberius Cæsar, or of the Czar Nicholas, or of Sultan Mahmoud, was quite as much of a republic in every sense as la Republica di San Marino is or ever has been.

The republic proper stretches over a territory seventeen miles long and about half that wide, and has a population, all told, of about 6000 people, the capital, where we were, having about 900 of them. They are governed by a council of Sixty, which is a close corporation nominally composed of twenty princes, twenty of the middle class, and twenty of the peasant class, but

in point of fact, as I afterward learned — and, indeed, as might be inferred from the fact that they themselves filled all vacancies, and the people had no more to do with the choice of the members of their Council than of our members of Congress — all were nobles, and if you were to address one otherwise than as “nobilissimo,” you had better not have addressed him at all. I gathered that the real distinction was that twenty were taken from the landed gentry, twenty from the town gentry, and twenty promiscuously from any part of the territory. This Council, independent of all human control from above or below, elects two executive officers, who are called Captains-Regent; it designates all executive committees, imposes taxes — in fact conducts the government.

When I asked if the people had no elective franchise of any sort, the Count B — said, “No, none”; but they may respectfully address the Captain-Regent by petition. . . . The government of this so-called republic, therefore, is simply a close corporation vested with indeterminable power to fill all vacancies occasioned by death or otherwise. Their Council is even less popular in its composition than a hereditary legislature, because no third power, like that of a sovereign, to which the people have access, has anything to do with filling the vacancies that occasionally occur in its ranks. Two executives, or Captains-Regent, one for the town and one for the rural districts, are chosen by the Council every six months — in April and in October — and may not be reëlected for two consecutive terms. They may be, however, and frequently are, reëlected after an interval of three years. Some of them have thus been rechosen four or five times. Count B — told me he had himself been Captain-Regent three times. It must be remembered, however, that San Marino is a small republic.

The Regents receive no pay — another evidence that San Marino is not a republic, after cis-Atlantic ideas at any rate.

My readers are doubtless already impatient to know something of the army, which for 1300 years has defied the manifold elements of disorder that have been fatal to so many dynasties, and dismembered so many larger and more populous territories in Europe. The military defense, then, of the republic of San Marino is committed to a regular army of thirty men, who are supposed to be always ready to respond to the calls of honor or of patriotism. A police consisting of five or six persons protects

the property of the territory and gives peaceful slumbers to its honest burghers. In emergencies the militia of the country may be called in aid of its unconquered regular legions.

They have two judges, who are, however, required by law to be taken from without the territory, and are changed every three years. But all cases of appeal are decided by the court of cassation, or review, in the neighboring cities of Bologna, Padua, Turin, or wherever that tribunal may chance to be sitting at the time.

The currency in use among them, also, is that of the Italian government. They had once some sous coined, the equivalent in value of our cent — my host at the inn gave me two or three of them; but they were not coined in the republic. Their number was very restricted, and they are rarely to be met with except in the collections of numismatists.

It is certainly one of the eccentricities which distinguish San Marino from all other countries that it puts its litigation out, as some families put out their washing, and trades exclusively with the currency of foreign states. The country which buys and sells with a currency over which it has no control, and submits its differences to foreign tribunals for adjustment, gives pretty heavy bonds to keep the peace with its neighbors, whatever be the title it gives to its form of government.

The expenses of their government will not seem large to an American. They never exceed 25,000 francs — say \$5000 — army, navy, post-office, education, prisons, police, diplomatic service, representation, all included. This revenue is raised out of the profits realized by the government from the purchase of some 600,000 pounds of tobacco in the leaf, which it manufactures to sell at a small advance; from the sale of about 800 sacks of salt; and a trifling stamp tax of three cents on notarial, judicial, and other legal documents.

The health of the republic is looked after by one physician and one surgeon employed by the state, who are required to attend and prescribe for all who send for them, but who are not expected to resent the offer of a gratuity from those who can afford to pay for their advice. These functionaries receive some \$500 a year each from the state. The judges receive the same.

San Marino has not only never been afflicted with a newspaper, but no printing press has ever stood upon its territory. This is a limitation upon its capacity for manufacturing money which

distinguishes it more than anything else from republics of less longevity. . . .

San Marino has retained its name and existence and such independence as it enjoys simply because it never was worth conquering; it could never yield any revenue to its conquerors, it is of no use as a fortress, and would cost more to occupy and govern than it could possibly be worth to any foreign state. The first Napoleon once proposed to enlarge its territory. The government wisely declined. They knew too well that, like the maimed, the halt, and the blind, their weakness and insignificance were their real strength. . . . San Marino is, in fact, a province of Italy. It buys and sells with Italian currency; it used the Italian mails, and pays for the service with Italian postal stamps; Italian judges settle all the disputes of the people of sufficient importance to justify an appeal, and diplomas from Italian universities are necessary qualifications of the doctors and lawyers who practise their professions within its territory.

Whether its exiguity will much longer protect its autonomy is a question with two sides to it. It is not many months since the Italian government named, for the first time, a consul for San Marino. This appointment was attributed to the fact that ten men who had made inconveniently violent protests against the then recent arrests of a group of Mazzinians had taken refuge from the officers of justice within the territory of the republic. The appointment of a consul under such circumstances is only another form of appointing the police; and after that what important features of nationality remains?

WHITELAW REID TO BIGELOW

NEW YORK TRIBUNE

NEW YORK, Feb. 18, 1873.

*My dear Mr. Bigelow:*

I have just received yours of January 30th from Freiberg. I wrote Mrs. Bigelow some weeks ago, but in the absence of a better address, it went to Dresden. Probably she has not, therefore, received the few details which I found to give concerning our revolution and counter revolution in the office. The



upshot of it all is that I succeeded in seeing so far into Orton's<sup>1</sup> hands as to be able to play better cards than he, and won the game. I made a concession which smoothed things somewhat at the close, leaving him one share out of the 51 and agreeing to make him one of the nine trustees. As I immediately arranged to have Hay buy another share, which gives us the 51 and enables us to control the paper absolutely as we please, trustees or no trustees, and concession doesn't amount to much, but it enlists Orton's cordial co-operation in business matters, which, owing to his position at the head of the telegraph, is valuable.

For the first time in its history the *Tribune*, therefore, is thoroughly independent. I hope you have seen enough of it since to believe that we have not on the one hand lost our heads by gaining our liberties, and on the other that we have no disposition to be specially timid.

I am sure you will be glad to know that the business prospects are more than good. They will strike us I think about 20,000 on the Weekly, but this is a small matter and will cost us no money, since the Weekly excepting on advertisements has not for years been a source of profit. The reaction besides will be only temporary. We are now gaining over the corresponding weeks of last year, and expect to do so for a month yet. The Semi-weekly is largely ahead of last year; the Daily is also gaining; especially in the city where heretofore it has been too much of an exotic. One of my first steps was to turn Sinclair out, and at the annual meeting of the stockholders in January to have myself elected Publisher as well as Editor for 5 years, the contract to that end having heavy penalties attached.

I found the business department in a horrible state of chaos. Sinclair, you know, is a hopeless bankrupt, having lost money by squandering it in foolish speculations and ridiculous fancy farming. Out of the \$200,000 he received for his 20 shares of stock, he hasn't a penny and is also \$120,000 in debt, and is just going through bankruptcy. He is doubtful whether he can pay 20 cents on the dollar. The worst feature is he is indebted \$8,000 or \$10,000 to the Greeley estate under circumstances provoking strong suspicion of breach of trust. Eight or ten thousand of Mrs. Greeley's bonds were missing from her box which was left in Sinclair's care. He had pawned them for a bonus of \$10,000 which he is unable to pay, and the only evidence of his right to

<sup>1</sup>William Orton, President of the Western Union Telegraph Co.

pawn them in this way was a letter in his hand-writing in the box thanking Mr. Greeley for giving him the permission.

When I took charge of the business departments, we had nearly \$50,000 floating indebtedness, notes and paper, the concern having kept a line of from \$40,000 to \$80,000 of paper out for many years. My first effort was to clear off this indebtedness absolutely, and make a rule never to let a note of the concern be issued. I have brought it down to below \$18,000, am aready to pay off every note as soon as we can find where they are, have a working daily balance of about \$20,000 in bank, and begin to feel now as if we would probably be able to make a handsome dividend for the year. I don't propose, however, to divide a cent. On the first of May we shall begin tearing down our old building, and mean to put up on its site the best newspaper office in the country. For that purpose we have already in hand in our special fund over \$200,000. We shall put into it also all the profits of the concern, and if need be, borrow money on our unencumbered real estate.

Every indication points not only to the great material prosperity of the *Tribune*, but to its retaining substantially its old circulation and gaining heavily in New York.

Pardon this long letter of gossip about ourselves, and believe me always.  
Faithfully yours

On the 23d of February, being in Munich, I called with one of my daughters on Dr. Liebig, whose work on agricultural chemistry was giving the American farmer his first impulse to scientific farming. I sent in my card, with one from Professor von Cotta of Freiberg, which he was good enough to give me the other day, with a leaf from the *Freiberger Anzeiger* containing an article about which he said he presumed, as I was going to Munich, I might wish to consult the Baron. The article represented Liebig as having spoken of beer as a far better stimulant than brandy; that our systems required some sort of stimulant, and nothing better than beer for a cheap drink had been devised; that the Bavarian beer, once so justly celebrated, was then the worst in the world, merely from want of skill in the making, while America was rapidly learning to make the best, because it abounded in the best stock-hops.

The Doctor received us in his library where he seemed to have been at work. He was a fine-looking man, less professional and more a man of the world than I expected. I told him how Von Cotta happened to offer me his card, and showed him the extract from the *Anzeiger*. He read it over and said he had never written that but that it was part of a conversation he had had with a correspondent of the New York *Tribune*, who published it, and from that publication this article had been compiled. He said the article brought all the newspapers of Bavaria down upon him for its criticism of their national beverage. I said that I found the Bavarian beer most used in Berlin. "Yes," he replied, "but what they drink there is made there." I suggested that beer acted upon the nervous system; that I found it made me wakeful; that it contained too much narcotine. He said the narcotine property of beer properly made, of proper material, was very inconsiderable, not enough to do any harm, and we required some slight stimulant like beer to give us appetite. To illustrate this, he said, some interesting experiments had recently been making here. They feed a vast number of hogs from the refuse of the meat of which the *Fleisch* extract is boiled. It answers an admirable purpose and the pigs fatten on it with wonderful rapidity, but after a month or so they begin to lose their appetites. To restore their appetites for this food they fed them ground, that is, powdered, stone coal. They immediately recovered their appetites for the meat flour which had become distasteful to them. He handed me at the same time a pamphlet which he said would explain the matter.

I may as well here insert what I learned from this pamphlet when I got home. It was a report of Julius Lehmann at the Central Experiment Station in Munich on the adaptation of the refuse of the *Fleisch* extract meat for the feeding of hogs.

Some twenty years ago Baron Liebig had suggested the practicability of feeding Europe with the wild cattle of America by extracting such of the nutritive qualities of the flesh as were soluble in warm water, but no advantage was taken of the suggestion till 1864, when a German by the name of Giebert came to him for instructions, and with them betook himself to Fray Bentos, in the province of Uruguay, in South America, and established a slaughter-house and factory for this business in 1866. The rapidity with which the business has been developed may be inferred from the fact that during the last year 78,000 head of

cattle were used in the preparation of this extract. The animals are brought in from all quarters, enclosed in a grass meadow of eight square miles in size surrounded by a wire fence which alone cost 200,000 florins. Here they remain until they have replaced the flesh they may have lost on their journey.

There is annually made in Fray Bentos 600,000 lbs. of *Fleisch* extract, of which the greater part comes to Europe. It proved of infinite value for the sick and wounded in the late war.

If a piece of meat is dried out at the temperature of 110 F., it parts with 74% water, and only 26% of dry substance remains to represent its nutritive properties. A hundred-weight of meat in hot water gives 23.6 of insoluble material, and only 3.4 soluble in water.

The insoluble part, constituting much the large proportion, has until lately been burned up or thrown into the river to get it out of the way, and sometimes used as manure. Baron Liebig proposed to dry and grind it into a flour for the nourishment of animals. One hundred-weight was sent to the Munich station to be examined. It was of a gray color with a faint smell of Parmesan cheese.

As compared with vegetables and ground foods this flour has far more fat and meat-producing properties. It has three times more albumen than grains, and above two and a half times more than the oil cake and an equal amount of fat. But it lacks certain salts ten times less than dried out, lean beef, and a dog would die if fed on it exclusively, very soon. But if the requisite salts be added, the food is perfect. The experimenter fed two dogs thus three months, and they doubled their weight. It is now applied here to the feeding of hogs. 40,000 hundredweight of this refuse is produced annually at Fray Bentos. I presume it was this coal which furnished a substitute for the salts, though I understood the Baron to say that the action of the coal powders was purely mechanical or dynamical.

This was a very interesting statement which the Baron made, but I did not see how the pigs requiring coal to digest their meat pudding proved that men required beer to digest theirs, or why if the cases were parallel they did not give either beer to the pigs or coal to the men. As the old lady said of the dictionary she had been reading, "I don't see the connection." However, I did not presume to argue with the Doctor, but I asked him if he drank beer himself. He said, "Very rarely." I concluded to rest my

case on that. As Descartes says, "You must infer a man's opinions from what he does, not alone from what he says." When Liebig takes to eating coal and drinking beer I shall attach more importance to their healthfulness as articles of diet.

He gave us each an American apple and paid us the compliment of saying that the best apples in the world came from America. He had a great desire to see America, but he said he was now seventy, and that was too old for such a journey. When I said it was a small matter—the journey. "But," he said, "your countrymen are great orators, and, if I went there, they would require me to speak, and of that I have a great horror. When I was in England a year or two ago, I had to make two or three speeches, and the thought of it made me sick three days before and as many after it. I can't make a speech in German, still less in English."

I told him I wished he would come, if only to see what enthusiasm is felt in America for men who have done anything to advance natural science, and referred to the reception given Tyndall there. He did not seem to notice this remark, and I doubt if he knows much about Tyndall or suspected whom I meant. He said he had been invited to visit America some ten years ago and deliver a dozen lectures, but he declined then, and now, if he could persuade himself to go, it would only be for the pleasure of seeing the country; he would not lecture; but he had dismissed all thought of such a thing from his mind. He said he had a great many friends in America, men who had attended his lectures at Giesen. We were all charmed with the old man, and I regretted I could not meet him again.

On parting from Liebig we repaired to Kaulbach's studio. He was very gracious, and we were delighted both by his appearance and manner. He showed us his work very cheerfully, and a number of his sketches, especially that of the *Deluge*, which made an enormous carton. *The Martyrdom of the Christians under Nero* was turned to the wall, and so large that we did not press him to show it us. I remarked that I had not heard of him in Berlin — he speaks nothing but German — he said he went there very rarely; had not been there in four years. He then scowled, drew up his shoulders, and said Berlin was not favorable to art; nothing flourished there but soldiers, the military. I added, "and commerce." He said yes, perhaps that also; but Berlin is too large for art; large cities are never favorable to the

arts. "But how about Rome?" said I. Rome, he replied, never produced any great painters. Florence or Tuscany is the mother of art in Italy. Berlin had produced no great artist. Neither had Rome ever produced a great poet. "How," said I, "about Horace and Ovid?" Neither, he promptly answered, was born in Rome. After dinner I went around to Albert's and bought a photograph of him and another of Liebig. Liebig, by the way, said he had not been in Berlin in thirty years.

## HARGREAVES TO BIGELOW

SEND-HOLME, WOKING STATION

March 6, '73.

*My dear Friend:*

\* \* \* \* \*

We are now expecting from time to time Parliamentary friends, glad to escape to the country for a quiet Sabbath. Bright will I trust shortly be with us. I was too ill last spring to see him, so that we have not met for two years. He has written me frequently of late in the old kind spirit, & with much the same vigour when touching on politics — but I fancy I discover a consciousness of a change in his position with reference to other politicians. I suppose no good man can speak again as he used [to] of men & their acts, after sitting around the green table with those men, giving them for the most part his entire confidence. Certainly Bright cannot. He is too genuine and, if I may use such an expression, too tender-hearted to strain the ties that have been formed. I observe his regard for Mr. Gladstone is of the highest. He has been much pressed to return to office again, but in vain.

The ministerial vessel has certainly been in the trough of the sea too often for safety, since he left it. Just now they are battling against difficulties which might have been avoided. Bright never could have sanctioned an university scheme from which moral science & modern history were excluded. One can scarcely think the ministry can have been in earnest, but have rather set up their bricks that the Catholic prelates might see them knocked down. But even the prelates refuse the offer, a compromise so-called, as well they may. But, indeed, no liberal

government ought to have put itself in their track, but rather sought to strengthen the tendency of the best educated Irish to assert their own claim to free inquiry. I am reminded that when last we met, the race in Catholic France was between the ex-Emperor & Gambetta. Now the former is gone to render his last account, and Thiers continues master of the situation. The priestly power will be tried in that country as indeed it is being tried all over Europe. Cobden with his strange foresight said, ten years ago, that the next European revolution would be a religious one.

Without some such upheaval liberty has no chance. Well, dear friend, when shall we talk over all these things? You will give us due notice of your approach that we may make the ways smooth. And remember England is classic ground. . . .

Your sincere friend

#### FROM MY DIARY

*Vienna, March 28, 1873.* Mr. von Orges, an officer in the Austrian foreign office who had been presented to us, and to whose civilities while in Vienna we were much indebted, brought us tickets for admission to the buildings constructed for an Exposition of Art and Industries. While on our way he stated the following facts, which surprised me:

King Amadeus of Spain, when he was reported to have abandoned the Spanish throne, instead of going direct from Madrid to Marseilles or Barcelona to embark for Italy as was presumed, went to Lisbon, in the expectation and with the intention of having his departure followed by a revolution which, with the aid of General Marsolins and the army, would result in recalling him to the throne, but freed from the restrictions of the Spanish constitution. With this view, orders had been given to concentrate the requisite number of troops where they might be most useful in such a contingency. Unfortunately for his plans, Castellar and the Cortes, immediately upon taking control of the government, replaced General Marsolins by General Pavia, wisely giving to the former a better command at Madrid, with which he was so well satisfied that he gave himself no further concern for the fortunes of Amadeus and became at once a zealous

republican. Meantime Pavia countermanded the orders to concentrate the troops for the benefit of Amadeus, which through the intervention of a violent snow storm had been rendered impossible; so that Amadeus, instead of disembarassing himself of the restraint of a constitution, disembarassed the Spaniards of a crowned conspirator against their liberties and rights, and himself of his crown, and had nothing better to do than to return to the bosom of his father and his macaroni.

Von Orges also said that the Emperor of Austria is a man who hears but never thinks; that things go on here very badly; and as an illustration of the Emperor's want of tact and sense, he proposes, when the Emperors of Russia and Germany and other royal and imperial dignitaries are here, to entertain them with divers military manœuvres. The army is furious at this. They insist that it is incredible that the Emperor should feel any pride in exhibiting an army that has never gone to war without being whipped, for the entertainment of sovereigns some of whom have so recently put it in coventry.

Von Orges also told us that Bismarck, in the German parliament the other day, said about something he had uttered: "I say this officially, and I believe I have always spoken only the truth when I have spoken officially."

BIGELOW TO VON BUNSEN

HÔTEL DE SAXE, FREIBERG, April 1, 1873.

*My dear Friend:*

We reached home on Saturday, returning by way of Vienna. At the latter place I learned, through what you would agree with me in regarding as an authentic source, that nothing was farther from King Amadeus' intention when he quit Madrid for Lisbon, than retiring from the sovereignty business. . . . We did not, when we were disturbed at 3 o'clock in the morning by his triumphal entry into Florence, week before last, half appreciate the poignancy of his disappointment and humiliation, another illustration *en grand* of the folly of doing things for other motives than those we avow. The people who are in the sovereignty business make a great mistake in imposing such creatures as this upon the world to rule it. The time is arrived when the monarch



of a nation must possess sovereign qualities. The elevation of such cubs to the thrones of great, educated, and powerful nations, — as the Emperor of Austria, the King of Bavaria, the Kings of Belgium and of Greece and finally of the most recent occupant of the throne of Charles V, not to speak of others living and dead, has done more to unsettle the faith of mankind in the divine right of kings than all that was ever written or preached by republicans against them. The vigor and substantial success with which Napoleon III ruled over the French people was rapidly converting the world to a toleration, if not to an esteem, for imperialism in government. If every monarchy were administered with the ability, the prudence, and with the respect for the rights and interests of all classes that yours is, President Grant's messages for the republicanization of mankind would appear ridiculous rather than impertinent, instead of appearing, as it does to many now, *vice versa*. This attempt of Amadeus to *cheat* the Spaniards — I think that is not too strong a word — when it comes to be known to them as it very soon will be, will set their faces as flint against any monarchical restoration forever. It will confirm and strengthen the anti-dynastic tendencies of the French, and I shall be surprised if the Italian people will enjoy the reproach brought upon them by a member of their royal family, except in so far as it affords them a pretext for being disloyal to it.

I heard another thing at Vienna which may be a commonplace to you, but was news to me; that the so-called correspondence of Goethe and Betty von Arnim never passed between them, but that all of it was written by von Arnim after the great poet's death. If she were capable of the fraud, there are motives enough lying upon the surface of the transaction. The one assigned to me was that she wished to be supposed to have suggested to him the thoughts which he "wedded to immortal verse." If this fraud was practised, it was certainly one of the most extraordinary in the history of letters, and deserves to rank for its audacity beside the famous decretal forgeries upon which the papacy thrived so many centuries and indeed continues to thrive, after its fashion, to this day.

\* \* \* \* \*

I hope Carl passed the fiery ordeal at Kiel and is now on the highway to an admiral's commission, but pray tell him for me to disabuse his mind of the idea that he can by the use of coffee or

other stimulants get any more strength out of him than there is in him. He may as well try to lift himself up by his waistbands. What he borrows from to-morrow he must repay with interest. Forestalling one's forces in this way is very much like the Israelites storing up manna beyond the needs of the day for which it was provided. It breeds worms, but is not fit to nourish any one, or to serve as the means of yielding any useful result. I trust Karl will indulge me with this little sermon, because it is based upon a good deal of experience and some reflexion.

V. BUNSEN TO BIGELOW

NO. I, MAIENSTRASSE,  
BERLIN, 8 April, 1873.

*My dear Friend:*

I cannot thank you enough for your kind letter, which breathes contentment and rest. We delight in the prospect of seeing a little of you at Berlin soon. Will you send a "post card" before you, just telling day's address?

Thanks for all your inquiries! We found everybody well and cheerful. Soon it became necessary for Carl to repair to Kiel, and I followed him as soon as I could, in order to make a sort of home for him. It was an anxious time for him and me. However, the higher the standard, the milder the judgment borne upon the boy's shortcomings; my Carl came out rather creditably. He is to join his "schoolship" at Kiel on the 20th inst.

No one can be less prejudiced than I believe myself to be when monarchy and republic are placed in opposition. I agree in all you say upon the harm done to the former by such representatives as you enumerate. Perhaps we differ only in this, that I see greater difficulties than you in the transformation of a European monarchy into a republic. The French have a simple, but mistaken, formula, which one may state as being: "A republic means a monarchy without the monarch." Real republics seem to me to have arisen, in modern days at least, only out of loose dependencies, both in America and in Europe. I can believe in a Flemish or Bavarian republic, as I can in an Australian or Canadian, but not so readily in an English or a French republic.

After thus stating what I hope to be my impartiality, let me

confess to you that I do not believe the story you heard of Amadeus's exit from Spain. We shall know positively, and very soon. Therefore, there may be no harm in my stating my reasons for doubting your friend's account. What I heard, on apparently very good authority, sounds to my ears more probable:

1st — That A. wished to save his life and his wife's and children's lives, as soon as he could (without appearing a coward) after six barrels had been fired at them at three yards distance,

2ndly — That A. saw his wife's princely fortune disappearing under his fingers, from the insufficiency of his Civil List,

3dly — That, as he did not wish to remain, he chose the moment of his wife's weakness after confinement, in order to "avoid a scene," her ambition being unmoved by any considerations,

4thly (this I ought to have mentioned after 1st) — That the Spanish authorities left wholly unharmed the murderers of Prim and those who had attempted his (A.'s) life, although they had them in their power, and overpowering evidence placed before the judges!

Pardon my apparent dogmatism, for I really care very little about the issue of the question. But the reason why I am inclined to believe these statements and to doubt those you heard is this: that the Savoy blood is cautious and thoroughly modern. No son of Vittorio who would not know that every such intrigue would be revealed long before its execution, in Spain as it would in Italy. Then again: if assassins were so readily found, when he had done no other wrong but that of believing a majority of the Cortes to be a majority of the country, how much more numerous, and better assisted, would assassins be against a great State Criminal! Add to this that Vittorio and his Cabinet were in constant communication with Amadeus ever since his difficulties began, and that Vittorio has gained a reputation for consistency of principle which would be incompatible with being privy to such a scheme.

To complete what I imagine to have been the course of events, I think the scheme of a military *coup d'etat* existed; it was laid before Amadeus; he rejected it; and when its partisans insisted on carrying it out, he withdrew to Lisbon in order not to be drawn into the vortex of a lawless act committed under his name.

\* \* \* \* \*

Yours truly

BIGELOW TO HAMILTON FISH

[No date]

*Dear Sir:*

\*      \*      \*      \*      \*      \*      \*

If I might presume to offer you a piece of advice while I have the pen in my hand, I would recommend you not to open a newspaper for the next six months. For the wise discharge of your duty you will need none of the passion provoked by the recent atrocities in Cuba, save what your own heart will be naturally swelling with. You will need no cumulative heat. The infuriated public has already quite lost sight of the fact that Spain now for the first time in our history is ruled by a government more friendly to ours than any other in the world; that that government for the first time in Spanish history is a popular government, and is probably depending for its very existence at this moment in no inconsiderable degree upon the friendly sympathy of the United States. An indiscreet resentment of a provocation given, not by the Spanish government, but as there seems abundant reason to presume, in spite of it, would be more likely than anything else possible, to wreck republicanism in Spain and restore that Satanic trinity of Bourbonism, Dynasticism, and Romanism, which have reduced the noble Castilian race almost to helotry. Would it not be a pitiful commentary upon our republicanism if — after putting up with repeated atrocities not essentially different in kind if in degree from those which now preoccupy public attention, perpetrated during the last twenty-five years in Cuban waters, under the authority and sanction of Spanish governments radically hostile to ours — we can have no patience or forbearance in the vindication of our wrongs, towards a government both friendly and republican, which not only never sanctioned, but as there is every reason to presume, did everything it could to prevent, the crimes which you will be asked no doubt by the press to redress by the last argument of kings?

It is the majesty of Spanish, not of American, law which has been most outraged, and it surely must be within the resources of statesmanship to find some means of pursuing our redress in cooperation with rather than in defiance of our Spanish friends. A

finer opportunity was never presented of exhibiting the magnanimity which is so becoming to superior force, and of converting a race of suspicious enemies into a nation of loyal and in good time perhaps, useful friends.

Such are some of the impressions of one who, like the ancient astronomers, has to study the heavens from the bottom of a well.

Very truly yours,

## HUNTINGTON TO BIGELOW

PARIS, 18 April, 1873.

Dear Mr. Bigelow:

\* \* \* \* \*

Coming away from Hachette's last Monday, I met Le Roy for the first time these two years. Remembering an old question of your putting, I asked him whether (he *judice*) Scarron's widow ever became Louis XIV's wife? He supposed *que oui*, on authority of general opinion, had never interested himself in the question; said that one G. Hequet had written, in the time, on the question (as he, Le Roy — knowing the man, though not the book — thought) with ability. G. H. now dead. Title of book not accurately remembered.<sup>1</sup> If you have it not and want it, can probably be found by searching out.

Don't like this going home of yours any better the more I meditate on it, but remain all the same yours truly

## BIGELOW TO HUNTINGTON

KÖNIGSBRUNN BEI KÖNIGSTEIN,  
SACHSEN, April 28 [1873].

My dear Huntington:

Gibbon in his "journal" speaks of a *Vie de Bossuet* by Mr. de Burigny as "exact & judicious." I had never heard of it. If you hear of a copy, please freeze. I am here since Wednesday last & propose to remain for two or three weeks or until about time

<sup>1</sup>*Madame de Maintenon, Etude historique*, by C. J. Héquet, 1853 (Bibliothèque des Chemins de Fer).

to move towards tide water. Mrs. J. G. Bennett died here about three weeks ago, the whole middle part, or axis, of her body consumed by a confluent cancer. Like her husband, she died in the arms of mercenaries; she would not allow her son to be sent for while she was conscious; and she had been long unconscious of any thing, when he did arrive, about 2 hours before she expired. She would not allow the doctor to speak of her danger, seemed unwilling to contemplate death, even while he was standing in her presence. The daughter, who is at school at Versailles, arrived the day after her mother's death.

I have just learned that Genl. Van Buren, Commissioner-general of John Jay's American Exposure at Vienna, has been suspended by Prest. Grant for jobbing in rights to keep restaurants to feed the hungry. I believe the rest of the twelve apostolic commissioners are also temporarily hung out to dry while the jobs are looked into. We Americans are an enterprising people — we are — mostly.

\*       \*       \*       \*       \*       \*       \*

Your faithful but very troublesome — though he don't care a d — if he is, because he is going home to be happy — friend,

BIGELOW TO AUGUSTUS SCHELL

KÖNIGSBRUNN, May 3d, 1873.

*My dear Schell:*

I bow to the weight of evidence. I saw it in the *Evening Post*, and can no longer doubt the reports that have penetrated these forests of Saxon Switzerland, that you are a married man.

I beg you to accept my cordial congratulations. I am sincerely rejoiced that you are "one of us," not because you have finally seen the wisdom of the advice I so often gave you; not because, being in bonds myself, I wish all my friends to be in the same strait; nor because of the demoralizing effect of having the speaker of the Column and the President of the Historical Society a bachelor; but because I am satisfied that the experiences of married life, its pleasures and its trials are indispensable to the symmetry of a man's character; that they vastly enlarge his means of usefulness to his fellow creatures — the highest end of

human existence — and may be inexhaustible fountains of joy to which the bachelor, however successful in the ordinary sense of the term, lives and dies a stranger.

I have never had the pleasure of knowing Mrs. Schell personally, but I know much and only good, about her. I know that she is of the best Quaker stock of Long Island, and there is no stock better than that, not even New York Central.

I beg you to make my best wishes for your mutual happiness acceptable to her.

My wife is in Vienna; if she were here, I dare say she would have had some valuable suggestions to offer you, derived from her twenty years experience of a model husband. In her absence I venture to assure you and Mrs. Schell of the sincere interest she feels in the new relations you have contracted with each other and with society.

Yours in bonds of Columbar affection,

BANCROFT TO BIGELOW

AMERICAN LEGATION,  
BERLIN, 7 May, 1873.

*My dear Bigelow:*

A letter this moment comes for you, which I hasten to forward, but must accompany it with an "envoi"; though I have nothing to say, except renewing what indeed does not need to be renewed but what it is pleasant to renew — a word of friendship. The emperors at Petersburg promise each other peace, & the promise of Germany takes with it that of Austria, so that Russia may advance in Asia, with no adverse power but England; and in India a domestic public opinion is proving so powerful & so restless & so aggressive that it gives the British politicians enough to think of. In Spain, bankruptcy is imminent. The burdens of long abuses prove heavier than the young republic can bear.

I did not have time to say a last farewell to your daughter; so greet her from me with very affectionate regard. Come to Berlin for a day or two, if you can. I am ever,

Dear Bigelow, with true regard,

Yours

## FROM MY DIARY

*Wittenberg, May 10, 1873.* In the railway cars to-day on my way from Königsbrunn here, I fell into conversation with an English gentleman, who told me what he called a good story of Albert Smith which he had told on himself to Thackeray. Smith had been in the habit, when traveling about Europe, of signing his name by the initials in the hotel books thus, *A. S.* On one occasion he had the curiosity to look back to the previous inscription of his name, at some place in Switzerland, and was not a little set back by reading immediately under his inscription the following: "What a pity this man never says nor writes more than two-thirds of the truth."

The gentleman, who repeated this story, asked me with an air of some curiosity provoked by some remark of mine, if I was an American. I replied that I was. "Why," said he, "you have a perfect English accent. The Americans are apt to have an accent by which one recognises them, but I should never suppose you were not an Englishman." He then realised that he had thoughtlessly been guilty of rudeness in paying a stranger a compliment at the expense of his countrymen, and led the conversation away so swiftly and violently that I had no opportunity of setting him right upon the main question. It would have been useful to him to be told that the dictionary for the English language of the highest authority and most generally used in the United Kingdom for the last quarter of a century was the work of an American, and that the only country in the world where all the people born in it and old enough to talk use a dialect intelligible to all of them is the United States of America.



V

THE CENTENNIAL CELEBRATION — WILKIE COLLINS — THE  
THIRD TERM — EADS AND THE MISSISSIPPI JETTY —  
THE BEECHER SCANDAL

BIGELOW TO VON BUNSEN

HIGHLAND FALLS, ORANGE CO.,  
NEW YORK, June 15, 1873.

*My dear Friend:*

**T**HANKS to a kind Providence, we have all been permitted to return safe and well to our cherished home on the banks of the Hudson, and are very happy. My place,<sup>1</sup> never looked so sweetly. The trees that I had planted have thriven finely during our absence, and are in all the opulence of their spring toilette; strawberries and green peas came from our garden to welcome us; eighteen young lambs are waiting on my farm to realise the aspirations of all God's creatures to pass into a higher organization; a groaning ice-house, fourteen cows, and several broods of young chickens, suggestive of ices, strawberries and cream, and broiled chicken, conspire to reconcile us in some measure to the loss of a higher class of joys and privileges which we left behind us. . . .

Supposing your health inadequate to the labors of your position, which as you understand them, it clearly is, you can be much more useful in your library than in Parliament, useful as you were there. The man who originates or vulgarises an important truth does as much greater a work than he who directs a cabinet or handles large armies, as spiritual forces are more for-

<sup>1</sup>The Squirrels.

midable than physical. This may not be apparent to "the children of this world," but after all, their judgment is of no great consequence. Men's approbation of our conduct, farther than it helps to enlighten us in some cases as to what is right and teach us a prudent distrust of our judgments, is not worth much, and generally does those who enjoy it in any considerable degree more harm than good. Ovid, like many other men, wrote much more wisely than he acted, and one of the wisest things he ever wrote was this line,

*Bene qui latuit bene vixit.*

The men of this world pay all their homage to secondary forces, rarely thinking of, and not pretending to know, where lie concealed those primary forces which keep the planets in their orbits, which distribute the heat and light and vital energies of the universe, according to the spiritual as well as physical needs of the creatures who dwell upon or in it. Learn from that the folly of human ambition, the emptiness of popular distinctions. As in the material world our greatest benefactors are forces of the origin and attributes of which we have little or no comprehension, so our greatest political and social benefactors are not infrequently men of whom we have never heard, who never astonished any one by their achievements, and whose influence may have been limited entirely to their example, to their daily walk and conversation, and to a faithful discharge of the humblest order of duties.

In other words, and not to turn this letter into a sermon, it is now clear that your proper sphere of usefulness for the remainder of your days is in your library and in your family and in personal intercourse with the world; and that the struggles of politics and for power are for a different order of men. I dare say you will not agree with a word of this, but I think your wife will, and "to err with Plato," &c. . . .

I hope you will let me hear of you and of your family from time to time, for we left none behind us in the Old World in whom we feel more interest.

\*            \*            \*            \*            \*            \*            \*

Always very sincerely yours



The Squirrels



## HARGREAVES TO BIGELOW

SEND-HOLME, WOKING STATION,  
July 16, '73.

*My dear Friend:*

. . . We have had a pleasant Parliamentary season down here, our M. P. friends coming to us for refreshment at the close of each week. Bright has been with us twice lately, looking well, but with some traces of advancing years. He talks as well & charmingly as ever, but with a quieter & less combative tone; either ill-health or contact with official life has diminished the old fire. I let him see your remarks on "Mrs. Grote's Grote"; he was amused & thought it a curious omission as regards Cobden, who frequently came across the path of the Grotes in his intimacy with Molesworth.<sup>1</sup> It is just possible that he, Cobden, allowed the lady to feel that he did not admire her. He told me that he met the Grotes at Molesworth's on one occasion at breakfast; that after the meal the female Grote sat on the table & talked with the men; she then turned her back to the fire with hands behind her in male fashion & the conversation turning on Byron's irritability, she said that cripples & bastards were always irritable. Cobden always disliked this style of woman & perhaps did not conceal the fact.

Perhaps the more charitable conclusion is that Grote had done with Parliament before Cobden entered upon it, & became absorbed in his history work. I have observed in *Memoirs* how completely men become absorbed in their special subjects, and mix with men of the same class alone.

The last joke in London on the Grote Memoirs is that they were put together by Mrs. G. to let the world know that she had once a child! — this of course in proof of her sex.

It was matter of regret that Grote fell back in his later years. I have always considered his history of Greece an excellent book for the young, as inculcating the highest political principles. I think there was nothing of the flunkey about him, but this cannot be said for the still great A. von Humboldt whose Memoirs I

<sup>1</sup>Sir William Molesworth (1810-1855), started the *London Review*, edited Hobbes' works, was disliked for his infidel opinions.

have just closed. Nevertheless, he maintained his principles to the last, walking in the procession of the people who bore the dead to the door of the King, whose soldiers had shot them down, & gave his last political vote with the same people at the advanced age of 80.

Our government drags on with a worn out House of Commons. It would seem that 4 years was the maximum of life given to a House. Its members have exhausted the questions which brought them together, and feel themselves of no further use although unwilling to part.

I suppose they will drag on now for a twelvemonth longer. In the meantime, Gladstone must float a flag or two, or resign power into other hands. Bright thinks he has little desire for further work in the ministerial line — he has certainly not been well treated — but his great misfortune was Bright's break-down. He needed his strong will at the green table, — and things have gone wrong ever since. Together, they would have been irresistible, and the Liberal party would have been kept at the high pitch at which Gladstone's Ministry commenced. I don't know if I told you that Cobden's letters had been placed in the hands of Mr. H. Richard, M. P. I fear they will be long in coming out, & I have some doubts as to the result. I hope they will comprise his letters to Mr. Sumner, but all are too personal to be sent forth indiscriminately. Cobden, so mild in social life, was a good hater in politics, & tenacious beyond anything. He could not have done his work otherwise. I delivered all your kind messages, & many are the inquiries after you all. . . .

God bless you all —

Ever your sincere friend

In August of this year I contributed to the New York *Tribune* a supplementary letter on the subject of our projected centennial celebration at Philadelphia; following is an abstract of the points it elaborated:<sup>1</sup>

The Philadelphia Exposition cannot in any sense deserve to be regarded as a suitable, or even a practicable, place for a national commemoration of the approaching Centennial, because

<sup>1</sup>This letter was published in the *Tribune* of August 14, 1873.

1. Its leading purposes are quite inconsistent with those which should give form and character to such ceremonial,
2. It is local, sectional, and partial in its operation, so that in no possible sense can any considerable portion of the nation participate in it,
3. It involves a more or less serious displacement of population, a fatal objection to any national demonstration,
4. It involves a collection of a large mass of people at one of the hottest of places in the world, at the hottest season of the year, in utter defiance of the three primary and essential conditions of all popular gatherings — health, comfort, and economy,
5. It contemplates the expenditure of a larger sum of money than is necessary, and therefore larger than the people will be willing to contribute for purely commemorative purposes,
6. The possession of large sums of money for such a purpose would be sure to transfer the control of the affair sooner or later to the predatory class, and what originated in the holiest instincts of patriotism would run the risk of ending in a loathsome job.

*Ut turpiter atrum  
Desinat in piscem mulier formosa superne.*

R. D. MUSSEY TO WHITELAW REID<sup>1</sup>

No. 323 4½ St., WASHINGTON, D.C.,  
August 26, 1873.

*My dear Reid:*

I clambered up your beplastered stairs the other night to your office to find to my great regret that you were not there. I came to pay my congratulations on the success you are making with your paper; and also to express my gratification that a man so eminent and so aptly qualified as Mr. John Bigelow had broken ground against the provincial Philadelphia Exposition. I have been for a year or two desirous myself of saying something about what our Centennial should be. To my mind the great defect in the Philadelphia plan is its entire *materiality*. It proposes to show off ores, metals, machines, pictures, and, I suppose, the traditional pumpkins and bedquilts of all country fairs. Now I take it that our country has done something better than this. During its centenary of life, it has contributed something to political

<sup>1</sup> This letter I received from Whitelaw Reid endorsed as follows: "Dear Mr. Bigelow: The writer of this is Gen. R. D. Mussey, son of the famous surgeon (famous 40 years ago) of Boston, and himself private sec'y to Johnson before that distinguished President Johnsonized. W. R."

economy, jurisprudence, science, international law, moral philosophy.

I want to write an article for your paper developing this idea, and insisting that if we are to have a centennial exposition, wherein all nations are to participate, there shall be some exhibition and interchange and comparison of the operation and product of the minds, as well as of matter.

I do not ask you to promise me a place in your paper for something you have not seen, but if my purpose pleases you, I will endeavor to write it up becomingly. May I beg the favor that you will send me a copy of the *Tribune* containing Bigelow's letter.

Believe me, very truly yours.

R. D. MUSSEY.

P. S. Since writing the above I have obtained a copy of the *Tribune* desired. I send the letter, however, which indicates my desire to say something concerning *National Congresses of Science* etc., as the proper expression of our centennial joy and hope.

Yours,

R. D. M.

BIGELOW TO VON BUNSEN

THE SQUIRRELS,  
HIGHLAND FALLS, ORANGE CO., N. Y.

Sept. 4, 1873.

*My dear Friend:*

\*      \*      \*      \*      \*      \*      \*

I am interested in knowing to what you will turn the great gifts and acquisitions for which you are accountable and which, I am sure, it is not in your nature to hide away in a napkin. I have lately been reading Hare's *Memorials of a Quiet Life*, in which I found nothing that gave me so much pleasure as the ardent affection manifested towards your father by those extraordinary young men and their mothers.

I sent you the other day a letter I have written about our approaching "Centennial." Should you have any views on that subject or ever hear of any which seemed well considered, you can greatly oblige me by reporting them. I am trying to prevent our



people from wishing there had never been a centennial to celebrate, which will certainly be their feeling if they go on with the plan of an international exposition. I think the most we can expect of foreign governments as such will be formal congratulations through their regular or special diplomatic agents. To complicate a matter of such delicacy as the anniversary of the birthday of a nation which had its *accouchement* in a rebellion, with an international industrial speculation, seems to me as indiscreet as in bad taste. If your press in Germany chances to notice the subject, you will greatly oblige me by sending me what they say, for it will be an engrossing question with us this winter, when the Philadelphians apply to our state legislatures, as is undoubtedly their intention, for appropriations in aid of their scheme.

Another circumstance complicates this matter. The President is trying to make himself the candidate for a *third* term. You are probably aware that Washington set the example of declining a second re-election, and no President has since offered himself as a candidate for a third term. Grant proposes to show that, while two terms might be long enough for such presidents as Washington and Jefferson and Jackson, &c., they are not enough for such a president as he is. The canvass will be raging in 1876. One of our most sagacious presidents, Van Buren, once said that it was idle to try to fix public attention or the attention of a political party upon more than one question at a time. This is very true. Unfortunately we shall have the Presidential election and the Centennial celebration on our hands at the same time, and there will be great difficulty in fixing public attention upon the Centennial under such circumstances, as closely as may be necessary to insure its success. The danger is that it may be milked to feed and sustain the more important life. The foreign element in an international spectacle involving large pecuniary interests might complicate such a situation very gravely. By the bye, has not the Vienna Exhibition been rather a failure than otherwise?

I have never known a time when political questions absorbed so little of public attention in this country as at present. Grant has no political initiative, is fond of his ease, and desires nothing more than to have all things "quiet along the line." The consequence is that aside from the professional politicians and office-seekers, no one seems to care what the government is about. Such an indifference under a capable and designing President

would be alarming. Our country is prosperous, too much so in a material way, for we are tempted to an enormous overproduction of cereals. We can neither consume nor ship it. All the shipping from our ports could not carry the surplus away in one season. The consequence is that freights have doubled, which aggravates the difficulty and really gives all the profits of our crops to foreign shipmasters; for war, English neutrality, and high tariffs have pretty much stripped us of our transatlantic marine. . . .

Very sincerely your friend

HUNTINGTON TO BIGELOW

42 RUE DE LA BRUYÈRE.

[About Sept. 25, 1873]

*Dear Mr. Bigelow:*

Here is one of the books you wanted: forwarded by my excellent friend Dr. Stearns of Washington. I have also received from Hachette & Co. the first volume of Molière (*Grands Ecrivains*).

. . . Your letter from Havre came duly to hand and ought to have been replied to long ago: but I'm grown so lazy, you hev no idee. If you ever vouchsafe another letter, pray don't forget to tell me what you think of Grant's third term. I would anticipate the favour and tell you what I think of Henry <sup>10</sup>/<sub>2</sub><sup>1</sup>, his chances of reigning a while in France, only I can't think. This much is certain, that within the last few days the Fusionists are of much better hope than they were two weeks ago. I can't get it out of my head that the Fusion — if it really fuse; it is not by any means thorough yet — is to profit the younger rather than the elder branch. The Orleans princes are all "honorable men," but they are Orleans princes. They are not the sons of their fathers for nothing. And what a lot of Fathers! The first Duke (of this house) and the Regent, and Egalité, and Louis Philippe, who so bamboozled our poor LaFayette. I dined last evening at Gen. Dan Tyler's with an old comrade of his who was a young officer at Metz when Genl. T. was Lieutenant T. studying there

<sup>1</sup>H. C. F. M. Dieudonné d'Artois, Duke of Bordeaux, Count Chambord, entitled to the name of Henri V (1820-1883.)

with Mahan<sup>1</sup> in 1828 or so. Commandant Lavasseur is brother of that Lavasseur who accompanied LaFayette to America in 1824 (he is still alive) as secretary, etc. The commandant himself was appointed Chief of the Artillery of the National Guard in the July days of 1830 and was in intimate relations with the Hero of Two Worlds at that time. Though two or three years younger than Tyler, he is not nearly so fresh and elastic physically, but his brain is clear and his tongue vivacious: his talk was most interesting in respect of that July business and the escamoted republic, and hardly less so on topics of recent date. But I am not to repeat it here; it would not entertain you, with the old gentleman and the brandy and water left out, and it would hurt me to write it down. You know anything like work tires me so. I am in my 54th year and wear spectacles for nights and fine print.

If you ever see John Hay or the Pikes or Miss Ellicott or Brooks or anybody else (and they, he or she have the grace to ask after the undersigned) pray thank them and remember me to them.

With these and best wishes to your House, I rest very faithfully yours

[P. S.] Done in Paris about the 25 Sept. but not to start for Highland Falls till Dr. Stearns leaves here next week.

BIGELOW TO HUNTINGTON

THE SQUIRRELS,  
HIGHLAND FALLS, ORANGE Co., N. Y.

Sept. 30, 1873.

*My dear Friend:*

\* \* \* \* \*

I have not much yet to show for my summer. Fénelon is suspended for the present, while I *complete* the Autobiography of Franklin from his correspondence & other writings — an idea that came into my head when I was home last fall and which has taken the form of a contract for a three volume book, with the Lippincotts. It may never have occurred to you that all that

<sup>1</sup>D. H. Mahan, professor of engineering at West Point (1832-1871).

Franklin's biographers have told us of him is what they have learned from his own writings and weakened in one sense or another by either restating it in their own language or in Franklin's as if it were their own. His Autobiography terminates with his arrival in England as agent of the Colony of Penn. From that time till his final return to America in —85, he had occasion to communicate all his important experiences in writing either to his official chiefs or to his family & friends. Most of that correspondence is preserved, & it has been the aliment of all his biographers. I propose to arrange that in chronological order, dropping all that is purely formal, mere repetition, or not biographical and thus *complete* his Autobiography. From Franklin's return to Philadelphia to his death, he continued his correspondence with his European friends, so that practically I do not have to intervene between the Doctor & the reader, except in notes occasionally, except at his funeral. The work is now in hand and a batch of proof arrives every day, which with the preparation of copy, keeps me pleasantly employed. I hope to have the work off my hands before the close of the year, though I am not yet able to say when Mr. L. will think it wise to put it before the public. With the New Year I hope to set myself again to work upon the Fénelon.

I was so disgusted by the project of some Philadelphia politicians, including your friend Norton, with the odors of Clichy still fresh upon his garments, to celebrate the first Centennial of popular government by an exhibition of the works of European monarchies, that I wrote a letter to the *Tribune* some weeks ago, designed to give the public more definite views than seemed to exist, 1st — of what it was we proposed to celebrate; and 2d — how far the Philadelphia project was from being the proper mode of celebrating it. It created something of a row in Philadelphia, where some pains had been taken to give me the credit of originating the idea of a celebration, and what I liked less, to give the Philadelphia scheme the credit of being the realization of my idea. If the good sense of the American people does not suffice, I think the financial prospects of the country will give the affair its *coup de grâce*.

Speaking of finances, Jay Cookes may come and Jay Cookes may go, but crises go on forever here in this "my own my native land." We are just now in a little the tallest one I have ever witnessed. It is a regular simoon, and every one, like the Arabs

of the desert, lies down flat before it. But don't worry about it. It is only another startling proof of the existence of a Providence, even in the fall of the Wall Street sparrows; and the admirable efficacy of republican institutions in expelling the bad blood & curing the evils they generate. This is the end of the "third term" speculation which derived all its vitality from the ring of railway speculators, whose capital in business was the national treasury and who, like the rat in the cheese, did not see any good in a change. When I reflect how fearfully, but at the same time how effectually, our institutions — not the wisdom of any man or set of men — exorcised slavery, which to all human vision threatened to bear us all to perdition, then how they overthrew the New York ring and its rider who had organized political corruption into a sect, then how they overthrew the money-changers in the capital at Washington last winter and made the hoariest rogues affect political virtue, though they had it not, and now finally when I see the same besom of destruction in pursuit of what remains of that system of depravity behind which slavery entrenched itself for more than half a century — I feel more and more convinced that it is only through popular institutions that the world is to secure the harmony of society. I was delighted for many reasons to find that Thiers had reached the same conclusion for his own fractious country. When I attempted to prove by an historical argument two years ago that republicanism was the "means of grace" for France, Thiers was sneering at republicanism & I was called a communist. Happily we are now both republicans. I infer from Thiers' late speech at Lucerne and Castelar's almost simultaneous election to the Presidency, that to his sharp nose, it is revealed that the government of the future, both for France & Spain is to be republican.

Wilkie Collins has come to give his American cousins reading lessons this winter, and from a note received since this letter was commenced, I learn that he expects to spend the night of the 6th with us on his way to Albany, where he is "to open" on the 7th.

I have seen Reid up here twice this summer. The *Tribune* is doing well, perhaps better than ever, and is rapidly recovering the ground it lost during its temporary mental alienation; but they have commenced a fearfully expensive improvement of their property, and how that may be affected by the disorders of the money market, furnishes food for conjecture. Good bye my friend. Write me once in a while. Faithfully Yours

## FROM MY DIARY

*The Squirrels, October 8, 1873.* Drove up to meet Wilkie Collins, due by the 3.40 P. M. train. It rained and blew as if it never expected another chance. Just before starting for Collins, Mr. Robertson, son of the Brighton clergyman of renown, arrived. He had to leave at half-past seven P. M. for Catskill, where he was to be the guest of Sir Edward Thornton, who has a cottage in the neighborhood. As he was leaving the dining-room my good wife begged him to give her compliments to his father, whose sermons she had read with the greatest satisfaction. As the poor man for whom this message was intended had been in heaven (let us hope) for many years, this message nearly convulsed everyone present, including Robertson. He was to leave for England on the 18th. He had been 3d Secretary of Legation at Washington; very intellectual and handsome, fully six feet and two inches in height.

Collins enjoyed his dinner, but his brandy after it yet more. Forster he thinks more hipped than sick. His [Forster's] *Life of Dickens* worries him because of the criticism it has provoked. He has presented the selfish aspects of Dickens' character. This seems to be in consequence of Forster's plan to give only his own letters. Collins has a great many which Forster proposed to use, if he could use them in the same way, but that did not suit Collins and he retained them. Collins says he has a letter from Dickens assigning his reasons for separating from his wife. He thinks Forster very injudicious in publishing what Dickens says about his mother, who after all, behaved quite sensibly in insisting that this boy should contribute toward the family support by sticking labels on blacking bottles so long as that was the best remunerated work he could do. Collins said he would not have published those letters. He reads to-night in Albany.

*The Squirrels, October 20, 1873.* Colonel Hay arrived to spend the night. He was full of his engagement with Miss Stone. My wife told him he must write some verses for the birthday of my daughter Flora, who the following day would be five years old. The next morning Hay came into the library a few



Wilkie Collins





minutes before breakfast, sat down at my table, and immediately wrote off without an erasure or correction the following lines, which he handed to Flora's mother:

THE SQUIRRELS, HIGHLAND FALLS,  
Oct. 18, 1873.

Sing a song for Flora!  
How shall that be done?  
Life is in the future  
When one is five times one.

In another five years  
There will be much to do,  
A learned little lady  
She'll be at five times two.

One more studious lustrum  
Will add its dignity,  
Death to all æsthetic youth  
She'll be at five times three.

Many a chance and many a change  
Lie hid in five years more,  
What will Flora's name be  
When she is five times four?

It will be worth while to stay  
A score of years alive  
Just to kiss our darling  
When she is five times five

Heaven protect the precious life  
That has so well begun,  
Heaven guard our Flora  
And bless us every one.

JOHN HAY.

Swinton<sup>1</sup> told me a story of the Grants which astonished me. He is very intimate with Orvil Grant,<sup>2</sup> the brother of the President. Orvil was in trouble with Clews & Co., bankers, to whom he owed a considerable sum of money. They said to him, "get us the navy account in London and we will call your account settled." Orvil Grant went to the President, told him how matters stood, and the place was given to Clews, Habict & Co. at

<sup>1</sup>John Swinton.

<sup>2</sup>Orvil L. Grant.

once. "This," said Swinton, "is not a newspaper or any other kind of rumor. Orvil Grant told me this himself, and had not the remotest idea apparently that there was anything in the transaction discreditable to himself or the President. Orvil Grant is now opening an iron mine near Peekskill and has as many government engineers to help him as he requires."

HUNTINGTON TO BIGELOW

42 RUE DE LA BRUYÈRE, 2 Nov. '73

Dear Mr. Bigelow:

I was glad to see your scripture again by your favour of 30th Sept. and should have said so sooner but that, at the time of and since its receipt — till three days ago — we have all been so busy at government making, especially all we newspaper pen holders and Secretaries of French state affairs for foreigners. How Henri Dieudonné relieved us, with his godsend of a letter last Thursday, from further embarrassment concerning his chances of reigning over us the cable will have told you.<sup>1</sup> It was time. The nervous tension was come to be unendurable — even to that lymphaticomystic of Chambord, as it seems at last. To my seeming there is more of courtesy than of veracity in the hardly unbroken chorus now sung to his *honour*. He has recovered rather than preserved it — something blemished. That he let his name be used — without signing it — as long as there seemed a chance for him to profit by the *équivoque*, suffering the ex-Orleanists to commit themselves while he remained uncommitted, is evident enough. Chesnelong's<sup>2</sup> bi-faced report of the pretender's oral concessions was given here on the 16th October, published (with slight variations) on the 17th, discussed, glossed, contradictorily interpreted, in and out of print, for the next ten days, to his knowledge with

<sup>1</sup>One of the conditions of Count Chambord's restoration to the throne was his recognition and retention of the tri-color as the flag of France. It having been published that he accepted this condition, he wrote the letter above referred to (Oct. 27, 1873), in which he stated that he would consider himself dishonored if he ever renounced the white flag of the Bourbons; he refused all concession to republicanism, adhering to his strict Legitimist views.

<sup>2</sup>P. C. Chesnelong (1820-1899); as deputy, sought to reëstablish the temporal power of the Pope and to abolish universal suffrage; occupied himself with the founding of Catholic universities; on the downfall of President Thiers, was commissioned with Lucien Lebrun to arrange with Count Chambord for a restoration of the monarchy under certain conditions and guarantees.

his silent complicity. It was only when it was impossible, in face of the irritable nervous estate of the French public mind and of the excited anxiety of the constitutional partizans of the Orleanised-legitimate restoration, to protect their rear that he telegraphed positive orders to save himself by publishing the letter, which, as if simple, complete, plain dealing were an impossibility with the principal, as with the accomplices, of this monstrous intrigue, is dated "27th October, Salzbouurg," although the pretender was not in Salzbouurg at that date.

The disarray into which his epistolary bomb-shell threw the Fusionists it fell among is not easily to be imagined, not at all describable. Excepting a few of the blue-blood Legitimatisers, who began to fear that the Count's intentions were honourable in conceding some symbols for the sake of obtaining a real crown, they are disappointed, angry, flabberghast. Their laboriously constructed scaffolding, with its cunningly carpentered platform, tumbled instantly, bringing them sprawling to the ground in its sudden ruin. All the outlay of craft, negotiation, of brain and conscience, of imagination, falsification, of promises, threats, rewards and punishments, applied by the chief managers of the plot, with government aid at command, gone to waste in a moment! The most disgraceful actors in this most disgraceful of conspiracies, have been the government: the "honest" figure-head of the Republic, Marshall McMahan, and the brain head, managing, academical de Broglie, ministering bad angel of all affairs hostile to the republic. If McMahan is honest, he is stupid. The other duke, who is not amenable to either charge, has been suffered, if not encouraged, to turn all the forces of the administration (you know how great they are) against republicanism and for monarchy, with the most persistent zeal and indecent diligence.

\* \* \* \* \*

I was glad to read that you are busy — which means well — and so well busied. Your plot for making our admired B. F. continue his *Life*, extracting the essence of it from his autobiographical epistles, arrides me for its excellent ingenious novelty. Carried out with the love and diligence which you can't help giving to the work, and without which not even your other competencies could make it what it should and will be, I look forward, with anticipate pleasure and great assurance of profit, to

the printed copy you shall not fail to send out to the undersigned.

\* \* \* \* \*

It is more than a year, I should say, since I have had the fortune to meet your old friend, Mr. Moreau. I heard of him the other day at the consulate, where he had been on law business for the Fry divorce case, as in the very highest legitimist good spirits, but wretchedly cramped and crippled in all members of his body by a sort of pervadent and excessive rheumatic malady. If only the rheumatism has left with his high hopes!

\* \* \* \* \*

Very truly yours

#### FROM MY DIARY

*January 20, 1874.* Dined with Van Alen at the Army and Navy Club tête-à-tête. Van Alen said that he was offered by one of Grant's most intimate friends (he no doubt referred to Murphy Collector of the Port), an opportunity of purchasing one third of a piece of very valuable property that could be bought for \$175,000, which was very cheap. The friend said, "You would like Schenck's place,<sup>1</sup> would you not?" "Yes," replied Van Alen. "Money," continued the friend, "is no object to you. Give half of your lot to Grant and you will receive it." Van Alen says that Schenck was written to and was offered Richardson's<sup>2</sup> place — as I understood him, in the Cabinet. Schenck wrote back that he was always ready to do the President's will. Just then Van Alen's father was taken very ill, and he said that he would not leave the country under those circumstances, if all the missions were boiled into one and given to him.

I asked him the nature of Grant's objections to Evarts. He said he once suggested Evarts' name, last summer. "Evarts is too cold," Grant replied. He then suggested Curtis' name. "He is too old," says Grant. He finally nominated Cushing,<sup>3</sup> the oldest iceberg on the continent. . . . Van Alen says

<sup>1</sup>R. C. Schenck, minister to England.

<sup>2</sup>W. A. Richardson, Secretary of the Treasury.

<sup>3</sup>Caleb Cushing, one of the counsel of the U. S. before Geneva tribunal (1871-72), minister to Spain (1874-1877).

there is not a single office in Grant's gift that may not be bought. He did not blush to confess that he was quite ready to buy one.

*Westmoreland Hotel, February 5, 1874.* Called upon Weed yesterday who had written me about my Clinton article in this month's *Harpers*'.<sup>1</sup> He told me that Clinton was so disgruntled by his defeat for the presidency in 1812, that he fled to his country home at Newtown on Long Island, denied himself to everyone and abandoned himself to intoxicating drink. He remained continuously drunk for more than a year. At last Pierre C. Van Wyck, John W. Weyman and Henry Post went down there and literally encamped around him, resolved not to leave him until they had emancipated him from the enemy that was threatening his ruin. They finally succeeded in bringing him to his senses, in making him sensible that there was still something left for him to live for, and bore him off in triumph to New York, where in the prospect of new victories he soon extinguished the painful remembrance of his old defeat.

Weed told me also a ludicrous story of the failure of his green bag expedition to Washington to convict Monroe of misusing the executive patronage. His failure to make out his case was so complete that one of the editors illustrated it by a story of a little puppy that he once had. The little wretch had an unfortunate way, but too common with his class, of not retiring from the parlor when he experienced desires that parlors were not expected to gratify. The writer's mother, to punish and educate him at the same time, was in the habit of rubbing the puppy's nose in whatever he left upon the carpet. At last the puppy got to be so well instructed that he used to turn around and rub his nose in it himself. It was suggested that Clinton in coming to Washington with his green bag had only imitated this quick-witted brute. The story rang through the press from one end of the country to the other.

Weed said that Clinton was one of the most foul-mouthed and smuttiest talkers he ever knew; that his coarseness was absolutely revolting at times.

At Weed's request I called upon him again this morning. He wished me to read aloud to him "a growl" he had been writing, so he called it, addressed to a Canal appraiser — his name I have forgot — who had recently addressed a letter to Speaker Blaine

<sup>1</sup>Article on De Witt Clinton, considered on p. 180.

on the defeat of the Republican party. It was a commonplace and feeble statement of reasons which, if accepted, would restore the old Whig party to the country and officer it with men no wiser nor purer than those who dragged it to perdition some twenty years ago. I told him that if he published it it would be regarded as his pibroch to rally the old Whig clans. I then explained to him that the political divisions of the country which existed before the war were reappearing, and that the Republican party ceased to exist with the removal of Charles Sumner from the Committee on Foreign Affairs. I left him to infer that the Democratic Republicans would naturally seek their alliance with Democrats and the Whig Republicans with Whigs.

As I was leaving he followed me out and said, "Did you know that Tilden had broken down?" "What!" said I. "Yes," said he, "broken down deplorably. His friends are in consternation about him. He drinks, they say, dreadfully, and neglects his business." Here I was obliged to leave, and am glad of it. Here is another evidence to my mind of a matured conspiracy to destroy Tilden with weapons which neither he nor his friends can take any public notice of. This afternoon I unfolded this view and the facts on which it is based to Mr. Bryant, who is going to Albany to-morrow to be Governor Tilden's guest and to be officially received by the Legislature. I asked him to see some of the more intelligent friends of Tilden and ascertain what there was, if anything, in his conduct not constitutional or congenital to furnish aliment for this talk. He said he would. I also asked him if this invitation from the Legislature at Albany was not the first civility that he had ever received from any branch of the Federal, State, or any municipal government. He said, "Yes, it is."

As President Grant's friends were pressing him in season and out of season for a second renomination for the presidency, Senator Morgan of New York requested me to write a letter for him to address to General Grant to discourage his aspirations for another presidential term. I gave him the following draft of a letter, and I understood him to be well pleased with it and disposed to use it.

DRAFT LETTER FROM SENATOR MORGAN TO GENERAL GRANT,  
 PREPARED BY BIGELOW AT SENATOR MORGAN'S REQUEST,  
 FEBUARY, 1874.

*Dear Sir:*

The impression that you propose to be a candidate for re-election begins seriously to embarrass our canvass. The traditional limitation of the Presidency to two terms has acquired with our people almost the authority of a constitutional restriction, and it is to be apprehended that any farther encouragement, even by silence, of the suspicions which our adversaries are propagating most effectively in regard to your intentions, may prove disastrous. As you, I know, are as far as possible from desiring to be responsible, however remotely, for any such result, I venture to suggest that some unequivocal manifestation of your views upon this subject would be most opportune, and would at once deprive our adversaries of their only advantage of us in the pending contest. The opportunities which I enjoy as chairman both of the State Committee and of its Executive Committee, of knowing the political feeling of our State, not only authorize but require me to say that I think they cannot be deprived of that advantage too soon.

\* \* \* \* \*

WHITELAW REID TO BIGELOW

NEW YORK TRIBUNE, NEW YORK, Aug. 17, 1874.

*My dear Mr. Bigelow:*

Some one told me that you had been at work preparing an elaborate review of the Third Term as it has been considered in constitutional discussions, legislative talk on constitutional amendments, and the like, before and since the formation of the government. It seems to me it would be a good time now to print it, and the *Tribune* would like to do it, if you have made up your mind to give it to the public. What do you say?

You know I presume that poor Hay's eyes gave out 3 weeks ago, and that for a fortnight or more he has been a deserter play-

ing truant at Saratoga with his wife and her father's family. We hardly hope for much work from him for a month to come: indeed, I should be glad to be certain of his return in good working trim at the end of a month.

I am going to try to slip off, the moment the Beecher business is through, to Simsbury, Conn., where I mean to vegetate.

With cordial regards to Mrs. and Miss Bigelow

I am always,

Very truly yours

In compliance with this invitation I contributed to the *Tribune* a paper upon the third term question, which was published in its issue of September 14, 1874.

#### FROM MY DIARY

*March 11, 1874.* Have just returned from a meeting of the Sketch Club at Bryant's, where there was of course much talk of poor Sumner, whose death to-day at about one o'clock was read in the evening papers. I observed that the only people present who did not share in some measure my own sadness at the tidings were people who are generally uncongenial. I can think of no public man in the country whose death to-day would have affected me so painfully. The Senate of the United States to-morrow will not represent nearly so august a power as it did yesterday. I doubt if any man ever sat so long in that body who was never even accused of being approached by a dishonorable proposition; none whose great talents, and for that body, unique accomplishments, were so uniformly enlisted in the service of his country, of humanity, of justice, and national propriety. He was very fond of praise, but he never asked praise but for what deserved to be praised, nor for his work till it was done. He never stooped for any one's homage, but the greater his vanity the higher was the standard of his ambition, the more difficult to be pleased with himself did he become. His death has extinguished almost the only interest I had in going to Washington. I had a pleasant letter from him only two or three weeks ago asking for



my letters in the *Tribune* about the Centennial, and my opinions *then* about the Philadelphia scheme.<sup>1</sup> I sent him a long letter and an article published in the *Evening Post* entitled *The Centennial Quandary*.<sup>2</sup> He made two speeches on my points, and quoted from my letter nearly a page. I also sent him later some imaginary letters of sovereigns<sup>3</sup> in reply to General Grant's [imaginary] invitation to visit him in '76, which he also utilized. Since then I sent to him for a copy of Garfield's report on the Black Friday gold conspiracy, which I had seen in Hudson's *History of Journalism* a few days previous, and by accident while in at Brentano's, a citation connecting my name unpleasantly with Gould & Co. and a reference to the testimony of C. C. Norvell, money editor of the *Times*, for authority. Sumner sent it to me with a brief note last week. I immediately sat down the day after, March 5th, and wrote a letter to Garfield giving my version of the incident, and claiming the right to have it made as permanent a record of Congress as his report. I asked Clarkson Potter to take charge of it and hand it to Garfield.

*March 14, 1874.* Received a letter to-day from Garfield. He says he does not think my reputation needs any vindication, but he will with pleasure ask Congress to place my letter in the *Congressional Record*.<sup>4</sup>

After dinner went down to Bryant's to say that I had given up the idea of going to Boston to-morrow night to attend Sumner's funeral, and proposed to him to go. He was not going, in consequence of pain in his arm produced the other day by a fall, which does not get well as fast as it should. He occasionally suffered considerable pain from it. He illustrated his condition by the story of an old fellow in Connecticut who was asked how he was.

"Pretty well, I thank you," he replied; "I feel pretty well — for me."

"And how is Uncle Tom?"

"Oh, Uncle Tom is pretty well. He's quite well — for him."

"And how is Aunt Sally?"

"Aunt Sally? She is dead."

"Dead?"

<sup>1</sup>Letter to Roscoe Conkling IV. 436 *et seq. ante*, in *Tribune* Jan. 28, 1871; other contributions in *Tribune* Aug. 4, and 28, 1873, and April 20 1874.

<sup>2</sup>N. Y. *Evening Post*, Feb. 10, 1874.

<sup>3</sup>*Ib.* Feb. 18, 1874.

<sup>4</sup>Published in *Congressional Record*, March 21, 1874, pp. 44 *et seq.*

“Yes, Aunt Sally’s dead. She died very suddenly — for her.”

I spoke of what I had learned during the past week of the weaker sides of De Witt Clinton. Mr. Bryant said Clinton had never seemed to him a very great man; that he crammed his messages and speeches from encyclopædias; that he was always in want of money and borrowed from everybody.

He also quoted the last paragraph of a eulogy which Van Buren pronounced upon De Witt Clinton which he thought really eloquent, and it was the only thing of Van Buren’s that he could remember; an evidence that it was the only thing that had fallen under his eye that was eloquent, for Bryant has a marvellous memory.

BIGELOW TO VON BUNSEN

NEW YORK CITY, March 21, 1874.

*My dear Friend:*

\*      \*      \*      \*      \*      \*      \*

I have been spending the last three months here, renewing old associations and taking a look at the great world again through metropolitan spectacles. I long already to get back to my mountain home; to the Christianizing repose of my library, and to my sufficiently sociable trees and chickens. The current of public events in itself, like the electricity distributed through the atmosphere, is sufficiently exciting, but when concentrated by the great social batteries of the metropolis, like electricity, into thunderbolts, it makes life too much like a field of battle for an old fellow like me. We have recently passed through a great financial tornado which has unhorsed some stock gamblers and checked some speculators, but it has done no harm yet. The remedy for the recurrence of such crises, however, is one by which your country would profit perhaps as much as mine; that is, in my opinion, by a firm discouragement of emigration. I fancy I hear you saying as the old woman said of the dictionary, you don’t see the connection. Well, let me try to make you see it. It was the early policy of our government to sell its wild lands at a very low price, 5 / sterling an acre. The results of this policy encouraged or beguiled it into making vast grants to school funds, to railway

enterprises, and finally to give it away in tracts of not exceeding 640 acres to actual settlers, upon the condition that they would pay about £2 for the expense of surveying it and occupy the land for five years. The value of these lands and of the railways was conferred chiefly by emigrants, and as neither cost the proprietors much of anything, the farmer getting his land for nothing and the railways being built to a large extent with money borrowed upon the security of their lands, rapid fortunes from advance in price of both species of property was the rule throughout the western States. The rumor of their success naturally attracted the capital of the country in that direction: more lands were opened; more railways built to transport the emigrants to them, and their produce to market; agents were sent through Europe to proclaim the attractions of this western Canaan; and as a natural consequence, in time the production of cereals was developed to such an extent, and beyond the range of profitable transportation to tide water as to leave thousands of farmers with groaning barns but without money enough to buy a shirt or a cigar.

*Magnas opes inter inops.*

Hence a clamor against the railways for not carrying corn at sufficiently low rates to yield the farmers a profit; hence the Granger movement to compel legislation in the interest of the farmers and to the prejudice of the railways. These movements struck a blow at the credit of the railways, which meantime had been withdrawing from regular business and absorbing a disproportionate amount of the capital of the country, and which were also largely dependent on their credit; and in due time failures began rapidly developing into the most fearful commercial panic I ever witnessed — a result simply of overproduction, the natural consequence of stimulating emigration by the offer of free lands. There were 268,288 emigrants landed in this city alone last year. Of these 110,193 were British and 104,214 were Germans. They were a great loss to the countries they left, and yet greater to that in which they settled. I dare say a good part of them have bitterly repented of their exchange. I suppose there were fifty thousand foreigners in this City several months this winter without work and depending mainly upon public or private charity for their subsistence. I wish those whose voice can reach the emigrant class in Europe would raise it to dis-

courage them from coming here in the hope of bettering their fortunes. Wages are occasionally higher here, but always precarious. Half of the artisans in our great manufactures were discharged at the very beginning of winter. The condition of the laboring man is better far to-day either in Germany or in England than it is here, and will be until the glut of imported labor is absorbed, the supply checked, and the capital of the country returns to the regular and natural channels of business.

Mill's autobiography<sup>1</sup> was an act of suicide. But for that he would have left a reputation for which some might have envied him. But Providence has mercifully extinguished all interest in the man who could write his own life without mentioning that he had a mother, or alluding to brother or sister except once to complain of what he was required to do for them. He was an intellectual monster without being monstrously intellectual. What you said in your letter of coöperation and of Professor Fawcett's article in the *Fortnightly*<sup>2</sup> was very interesting. Coöperation may be one of the legitimate resources of the *haute politique*, but it will not cure original sin, and I have very little faith in any legislative nostrums that do not tend to elevate the moral purposes of society and sanctify its motives of action. They are like external applications for cutaneous diseases, instead of purifying the blood. They are sometimes practicable expedients, but transient in their efficacy. The whole difficulty with labor combinations called strikes, here as elsewhere, is that they result in compelling employers to pay the same prices to the large proportion of unskilled as to the smaller proportion of skilled workmen. Coöperative societies tend in the same direction, because the controlling majority is unskilled, or at least disposed to get relatively more for their labor than it is worth, and the more skilled and industrious minority therefore have to accept less for theirs than it is worth. If the men are all honest and just coöperation works well, but if not, the skilled operative is no nearer the object of his pursuit by joining a coöperative society than a cat chasing his tail. At least such they tell is the practical working of coöperation in the United States.

The *international* feature of our Centennial *is dead*, and I have much satisfaction in thinking that its blood "cries up to me from

<sup>1</sup>*Autobiography of John Stuart Mill* (1873).

<sup>2</sup>*The Position and Prospects of Co-Operation* by Henry Fawcett, *Fortn. Rev.* XXI, 190.

the ground." What plan will take its place is not yet easily to be guessed at, but I think I shall submit something to the public on that subject in a few days. If I do, I shall not fail to profit by your suggestion about the prizes, which I think admirable. How fine it would be to have a prize tragedy and a prize comedy of domestic manufacture and illustrating American history and manners played in every theatre in the country on the night of our great national anniversary?

\* \* \* \* \*

I am sorry I cannot give you a good report of our government, but I cannot. Grant does not comprehend his position — neither its privileges nor its responsibilities. . . I count the days to the close of his term with some solicitude. It is a grievous humiliation and mortification that our first centennial should fall under such an administration.

Yours very sincerely

#### FROM MY DIARY

*March 24, 1874.* Dined with John O. Sargeant. The guests were Ward,<sup>1</sup> Buchanan's minister to China; Judge B. F. Curtis; Mr. Tower of Pennsylvania; Wells (Lavalette); and Evarts.

Sargeant began depreciating Sumner. I went to Sumner's defence. When I contrasted the purity of his life with that of other public men, he called up Millard Fillmore as equally chaste, &c. Then he persisted upon Sumner's impotency as a reproach made against him, even while in college. I wish I had bethought myself to say that the worst he could say of Sumner had never prevented Sir Isaac Newton from enjoying a reputation any of us might envy, and that granting the truth of what he said, it was not clear that a man imperfectly endowed in that way was more to be commiserated or maligned than one who, like Webster, was the slave of his lusts.

<sup>1</sup>J. E. Ward, of Georgia, minister 1859-1860.

FANNY M. BECKWITH TO BIGELOW

April 13, 1874.

*My dear Mr. Bigelow:*

I return with many thanks the little book you kindly lent me.<sup>1</sup> I read it with great interest and, though at first I was "perhaps offended at the Height and Sublimity of the Vertue" of Frère Laurent, I ended by feeling that, even in this life, he was half in heaven already. I was constantly reminded of the thoughts of Marcus Aurelius so true is it that all inspired truth is the same. How beautiful are the extracts from some of the Fathers. Do you remember St. Gregory's description of the true philosopher?

"Tho' he be composed of matter, he is as it were immaterial. . . . His soul is raised above all sensible things and, like a well-polished mirror, it reflects to the life the divine images without any mixture of what is gross and terrestrial. He daily adds new lights to what he has already, till at length he arrives at the great Source of all lights; whence the soul in the next life can only draw forth to its full satisfaction, when the splendor of truth shall have dissipated the obscurity of all intricate and perplexing questions, and we have actually attained to the height of all felicity." And when after this we are told that "this way of faith is the spirit of the church," it is enough to convert one to catholicism. I believe that we are all destined sooner or later to find out that "there is something higher than happiness, it is blessedness," and that the development of God in the soul is the heaven we must look for. The life of Frère Laurent strengthens my belief that we may enter upon our heaven even on this sad earth.

I shall gladly accept a seat in your pew whenever I come to the church, and with

Kind regards to Mrs. Bigelow and Grace,

Believe me ever,

Yours very sincerely

<sup>1</sup> Doubtless some English version of *Sommae de Vices et de Vertus* by Frère Lorens (1279) from which Chaucer's *Parson's Tale* was largely borrowed.

## FROM MY DIARY

*January 20, 1874 (continued).* Called upon Mr. Eads this morning. He is about laying before Congress a scheme for deepening the mouth of the Mississippi River, for which he is to receive two millions of dollars when he has secured a depth of twenty feet, and three millions more at twenty-eight feet. He calculates that this improvement would add thirteen cents to the value of every bushel of wheat shipped by diminishing to that extent the price of its freight to Liverpool. He would receive \$500,000 a year for ten years to keep it open. He invited me to become one of the corporators.

## JAMES B. EADS TO BIGELOW

NATIONAL HOTEL, WASHINGTON,  
May 17th, '74

*My dear Sir:*

Being in the thickest of my fight just now and exceedingly busy, I hope you will excuse the pencil, as I can use it more rapidly than the pen.

I am fought at every step by the little clique of army engineers headed by Humphreys,<sup>1</sup> who having declared that the jetty system is not the right way to improve the mouth of the Mississippi, are using all their influence to prevent me from demonstrating at my own risk and cost that they are wrong. Rule or ruin is their motto, or at least their determination.

Three times I have had to fight my measure through the committee, in spite of their influence and reports. This was done for the 3rd time last Friday, and by a vote of 6 to 3 it was again carried in the committee and will be reported to-morrow.

The article you kindly had published in the *N. Y. Post*<sup>2</sup> did me a great deal of good, and I have ventured to ask you to say something more in my favor, if you can spare the time.

I think, in view of the determined opposition with which I am

<sup>1</sup>Gen. A. A. Humphreys (1810-1883), chief of engineers, U. S. Army 1866-1879.

<sup>2</sup>*N. Y. Evening Post*, May 12, 1874.

fought by the U. S. engs., that attention should be publicly called to the fact that, while we have in this country a number of institutions where civil engineering is taught in all its branches, the graduates from those schools are totally debarred from any participation in the design and control of the many important national works of the United States. These great works, which furnish a field for the development and exhibition of the highest order of technical skill, are sedulously reserved for those who have been so fortunate as to be educated at the public expense, and in a military school where *civil* engineering is one of the accidents of the course of their military training. This thing is all wrong in a republic, and is not even tolerated in a monarchy.

The greatest civil engineering works executed by the British government have been done by civil, not army, engineers. The Thames embankment, the Eddystone lighthouse, the Thames Tunnel, &c., are illustrations. John Fowler, who designed and executed the Thames embankment, is now placed in charge of the national works in Egypt. All over Europe these civil works are rarely, if ever, confided to military engineers, and that it is done so here is simply because attention has not been called to the outrageous injustice of it.

I think you could advance the cause of justice by writing and publishing a brief editorial urging the fact that in as much as the West Point engineers have had entire control of *all* of these works so long, it would be well to see what a civilian can do in the case of *one* of them, more especially as the government cannot lose anything if he should fail, while, if he succeeds, he will have demonstrated a problem worth immensely more than the cost to be incurred. To refuse permission for him to undertake it on such terms, when the army engineers have no matured plan for the canal, when the location of it and the cost of it are all undetermined, and the pressing demand for relief is conceded, it would seem as though Congress could not decline my proposal without saying in effect, "we believe all the talent and all the ability are concentrated in this military corps, and that 'wisdom will die with them.'"

The *Picayune* and *Times* of N. Orleans used to be very hostile to my plans, but are now quite friendly since they have discovered the big land ring interested in establishing a new city at the canal location.

Very sincerely &c.

JAS. B. EADS



## EADS TO BIGELOW

NATIONAL HOTEL, WASHINGTON, June 13 [1874].

*My dear Mr. Bigelow:*

I have been engaged in a much bigger fight here than I at first expected; and for the last thirty days, I think I have worked harder than ever before in my long lifetime of almost incessant toil. This must be my excuse for not expressing to you at an earlier day the lively feelings of gratitude inspired by your kind labors in my behalf. That I have not thanked you sooner is no evidence of my not appreciating and being duly thankful for your evidences of friendship.

I received *The Nation*<sup>1</sup> with the article referring to the U. S. engineers, which I presume was written by you in response to my request. It was excellent and was republished in the [Washington] *Chronicle*.

In the House my bill was defeated. On examining the vote closely, it will be seen that it lacked 27 votes only of the number cast for the Ft. St. Philip canal bill. Many voted against it without understanding the subject, and feeling that it was safer to vote with the U. S. engineers than against them. The Senate committee thought differently, and not one member would vote in committee for the canal. They were all, or nearly all, *jetty men*, and would have insisted on passing my bill, but were made to think it would probably be defeated in the House; hence they determined to recommend an amendment to the river and harbor bill, appointing a commission of 7 engineers; 2 from the army, 2 from the coast survey, & 3 from civil life, to carefully examine into the whole question and report to the next meeting of Congress. Fifty thousand dollars is to be appropriated for the survey, and the board is to be appointed by the President.

This will result in the triumph of the jetty system and my vindication, if not in placing the work in my hands. Genl. Humphreys has fought me very persistently all the time, and has had the aid of the La. carpet-baggers, and a corrupt lobby paid by some one expecting to get the canal contract. Belknap has doubtless influenced the Iowa delegation, for they went solid

<sup>1</sup> *The Nation*, May 21, June 4, and 11, 1874.

against me, and McCrary was the most efficient opponent I had in the House.

Please present my kind regards to Mrs. Bigelow and your daughter, and believe me

Faithfully yours

FROM MY DIARY

*July 24, 1874.* Last night finished reading the first volume of Memoirs of John Q. Adams. I sent last week for the second. This volume comes down to his mission to Russia in 1814. When his father was appointed the first minister to England, J. Q., instead of joining him there, decided to come home and make a name of his own. He was then eighteen years old. He concludes his reasons as follows:

With an ordinary share of common sense, which I hope I enjoy, at least in America I can live free and independent, and rather than live otherwise I would wish to die before the time when I shall be left to my own discretion. I have before me a striking example of the distressing and humiliating situation a person is reduced to by adopting a different line of conduct, and I am determined not to fall into the same error (p. 21).

This is evidently a hit at William T. Franklin, the grandson of Dr. Benjamin Franklin.

Among J. Q.'s colleagues at The Hague was François Joseph Noël, whose French grammars are still studied throughout the world. It was one of his tastes to collect manuscript copies of all sorts of lascivious tales in verse from printed books, and Adams' Italian instructor was almost constantly occupied in this sort of copying. "I remember," says Adams, "that among the books which I brought with me from England for him were a number of volumes, MS. of this description. I now wish I had examined a little farther the character of those books. I did not however then imagine that *he* was the man whose relish for the rankest faeces of literature was so strong." P. 180.

Villeneuve who writes of him in the *Biographie Universelle Sup.* mentions that Quérard attributes to his pen *un recueil obscène* made in 1798 entitled *Priapeia veterum et recentiorum, 1 vol. in 8 vo.*

He says further:

Il n'est pas inutile de remarquer ici et de constater un fait déplorable: c'est que la démoralisation du peuple fut employée comme premier moyen politique, au commencement de la révolution, non par les moteurs des grands changements, mais par les chefs de partis extrêmes qui, déjà voulaient non réformer, mais bouleverser; et dans ce but, les livres les plus cyniques, les plus obscènes, qui avaient été vendus sous le manteau, à diverses époques du XVIIIème siècle furent, avec une scandaleuse profusion, réimprimés et mis dans le commerce, à vil prix. En même temps, on vit circuler une foule de petites brochures, avec des gravures infâmes. Bientôt (en 1791) l'abominable livre du Marquis de Sade parut sans gravures comme une piège tendue aux honnêtes gens par son titre même (*Les Malheurs de la Vertu*). La licence n'eut plus de bornes et les fruits en furent bien amers. Noël avait rassemblé, sans doute, comme monument horrible des plus coupables manœuvres de cette époque, une collection horriblement riche de tous ces écrits démoralisateurs.

The catalogue of this library printed after Noël's death was seized by the police. This strange taste reminds me that Monckton Milnes (Lord Houghton) has what is reputed to be the largest collection of erotic books in England, and that the unrestricted freedom of this library is credited with the shame of having debauched Swinburne.

July 31, 1874. Went to New York yesterday. On our passage Mr. Weir, Professor of Drawing at West Point, said he saw in the N. Y. *Times* of the 25th a report of which the *Times* made light, that Jefferson Davis has been establishing a company for a direct ocean transportation between St. Louis and Liverpool and had taken a large portion of the stock himself.<sup>1</sup> The *Times* seemed to think it a joke that Davis could take any stock of anything that cost money. Apropos of this, Mr. Weir said that he had been in Devlin's down-town clothing store, corner Broadway and Warren Street, one morning the last year of the war, and as the man he wished to see was out for a few minutes he was asked to take a seat. While waiting, one of the employes there, a gray-headed man, came in and went to work at his desk. Presently he said to Mr. Weir that the letter he had just been reading was from his son-in-law in Liverpool, who wrote that Jefferson Davis had been investing a great deal of money in that city. He had seen the papers. Weir's impression was that his investments were in real estate.

<sup>1</sup>Apparently an error. An article answering to the description here given will be found in the N. Y. *Times* of June 29, 1874.

BIGELOW TO VON BUNSEN

HIGHLAND FALLS, August 6, 1874.

*My dear Friend:*

I reproach myself daily for my delay in offering you and your family our congratulations upon your improving health and the yachting auspices.

My life is so very quiet and uneventful, passed for the most part in my library, with an occasional afternoon drive to the parade,<sup>1</sup> that I always feel as if I must wait for something to happen which never happens, before writing to such a distant correspondent. Having your brother<sup>2</sup> with us a couple of days was an event, but he took that topic out of my hands. I hope he will soon be with us again for a week. If Bismarck would name him Minister to Washington I should comprehend why Providence put an old and worthless pistol into Cullmann's hand instead of a Colt's six-shooter.

Our social atmosphere has been poisoned with a most foul and miasmatic scandal for the past month, involving the character of one of the most eminent and gifted preachers of this or of any age. The odor of it must have reached you across the Atlantic where Beecher's name is well known. I am glad to be able to believe that he will come out of the affair without the smell of smoke in his garments, for the loss of such a reputation to the country would be an irreparable one, while its moral effects in relaxing the respect due to the clergy and to religious training would be disastrous. It is now conceded that his accuser is a profligate and the truth is not in him. It has also transpired that his father, brother, and an uncle, were insane, and his conduct in this affair makes it charitable to suppose that he is also. We shall in a few days have Beecher's defense, or reply rather, in which we shall have the measure of the man, for it is an occasion that will test every quality of his mind and heart.

What you say of France and what you see there gives me daily more respect for the diagnosis which I published in 1871 and shocked you with at Carlsbad. I then said that Thiers, if he yielded as he would be obliged to, to the popular tendencies,

<sup>1</sup>At West Point.<sup>2</sup>Theodore von Bunsen.

would be the victim of them, and so he was. I said that history showed it was a mistake to suppose, as it was the fashion to do, that France was partial to a dynastic or personal government; and that on the contrary her people had for three centuries nearly showed a disposition to embrace every opportunity if not of recovering, — of acquiring, their autonomy, and that the Papal church, the greatest obstacle to the realization of their wishes, being measurably disarmed, they would now develop a capacity for self-government which they possess in as high a degree as any other European people. I think the discretion, moderation, and sagacity shown by the people's party in France since the war goes a long way to justify my impression. I said or implied also that France would never be quiet again under a dynastic government. I am willing to leave that prediction to the arbitrament of Time.

Our people are gradually accommodating themselves to the interruption of the current of foreign money upon which they have been tipling for the past ten years, but there is still great depression in everything; but the national credit is daily improving. . . .

We are having a wonderfully lovely summer and the prospect of bountiful harvests of all descriptions. They will bring timely relief to our finances and promote the physical comfort of at least two continents. . . . Most faithfully yours

BIGELOW TO HUNTINGTON

THE SQUIRRELS, Aug. 25th, 1874.

*My dear Huntington:*

The amount of Beecher's innocence must be uncommonly great if one may judge by the time & trouble it takes to prove it. His jury seems to stagger under it, for they have dispersed and Beecher has gone to the White Mountains, but meantime no verdict is given. The public seems to be much in the same plight. No one or very few seem quite prepared to find him guilty of acts which he has twice solemnly denied, nor yet ready to pronounce Mrs. Tilton's a case of immaculate conception. I think it would go harder with the Reverend Abelard but from an almost unanimous unwillingness of the public "to give reason" to Tilton. For my own part I have believed Beecher's statements for a variety of

reasons, and I can't say that I disbelieve them yet, though I am not disposed to dogmatise about him. The thing however that astonishes me is the character of the crowd by which he was surrounded and in the midst of whom he lived, moved, & had his torment. Not one decent man, woman, or dog has turned up in all this ruffianly fray, to call him friend. He seems literally to have fallen among thieves. That thus far is the worst feature of his case. Though all the parties, witnesses and medley in the case were educated in his church and were or had been members of it, I have yet to hear of one who seemed to have any more hesitation in lying than in picking his teeth. Mrs. Tilton, who seems to have been the most single minded of them all, frankly admitted that it was "a physical impossibility" for her to tell the truth to her husband. I think that the tree that brings forth such fruit might as well be hewn down & cast into the fire, whatever may be the verdict on the fornication question. If Plymouth Church ever had any usefulness, it seems to have outlived it.

How Beecher, if he was as he pretends, always *dans son droit*, should have allowed himself to be put so completely on the defensive by Tilton & Bowen is another bothering feature in this case. If he had kept his motives pure and his hands off, why should he feel it necessary to enter into *pour parlers* and covenants, tripartite and bipartite and all kinds of tite, with a man who accused him of an unpardonable offence? Why should he fear what Tilton or any other man could do unto him? It seems as if he must be an unworthy member of the church militant who would thus expose himself to the suspicion of having been ploughing with the heifer of one of his parishioners. He can't deceive himself upon the subject, and the only thing left for him to do is to drink himself to death. If on the other hand the public shall find him *immaculatus*, it will never again regard him as a man of sense or judgment. That I think is already past a peradventure.

Speaking of falling from high places, it seems a long time since the *Tribune* has had a booky letter from you.

\* \* \* \* \*

FROM MY DIARY

*August 25, 1874.* The public prints in Paris give the following anecdote of Bismarck:

“The *Courier de Caserte* reports a curious fact. A veterinary captain of the 10th regiment of artillery named Panicali, in 1867, gave the name of ‘Bismarck’ as the baptismal name to his son. A month ago and the day after the attempt upon Bismarck’s life at Caserte, the young Bismarck Panicali sent a telegram to the Chancellor of the Empire for news of his condition. The following was the Prince’s reply:

“M. Panicali, Caserte: The Prince de Bismarck thanks you for your sympathy. His wound is in the way of being cured.’

“In allusion to this fact the Chancellor wrote to one of his friends in Naples the following letter, which appears in the *Journal de Paris*:

“Very dear Friend: Among the courtesies which are never lacking to the powerful I did not expect to see my name given to children as a baptismal name. It is only in Italy that I have had this honor. I neither rejoice nor laugh at this. I am only saddened. I remember that in 1847 they gave to children the name of Pius IX. But among the queens of Europe we do not find one who was named Pia. Later came the power of Napoleon III. How many little Napoleons sprang up then under the Italians. It is my turn now, and little Bismarcks begin to appear, but I consider this a fact of bad augury and I tremble at it. If you can prevent the example of Caserte being followed, you may thus render me a signal service. Yours affectionately, Bismarck.’”

This story reminds me of the emotions I experienced when asked by Crawford, the Paris correspondent of the *London Daily News*, to lend my name as an appendage to the name of his first-born. I told him I could not refuse him such a request, though I could not at that early day engage not to die in state’s prison or on the gallows.

## VI

### TILDEN ELECTED GOVERNOR

#### FROM MY DIARY

*September 4, 1874.*

**C**ALLED on Tilden. After eating a couple of chops with him we got into his carriage and drove out to O'Connor's at Fort Washington. Tilden was naturally very much preoccupied with his canvass for governor; thought a communication of mine in the *Post* that afternoon well put; was a good deal disturbed, as well as myself, to find Harry Nicoll prefers Dix to him after all he had done for city reform and all Dix had not done for any reform.

O'Connor came to the door with his shirt-collar unbuttoned and in slippared ease, and his beard two, if not probably three, days old, he apologized for his plight by saying he had been reading a novel, and what should it be but one of Miss Edgeworth's, in which he was surprised to find himself taking great delight. He said they were very clever. I told him Miss Edgeworth was a great favorite with me when about fourteen in college, and that I devoured every one of her novels when I should have been at my Greek and mathematics.

He said Tilden's speech in the Flagg case was the greatest intellectual effort he ever witnessed. We dined in about half an hour after our arrival, half-past six. At dinner he said the two compliments which he most valued of all that he ever received were — first at White Plains, in a case of great importance, he overheard old Minot Mitchell say in a low voice not intended for his ears, "How clear!" Mitchell was one of the opposing counsel. The other was made by some lawyer who was engaged against him,



and to his surprise beat him in a case before the United States Supreme Court at Washington. When it was over this gentleman said, "I hoped to have had you with me in this case, but you were already retained by the other side. The next best thing, however, to having you with me is to have you against me." "This," said O'Conor, "at first blush may seem a rather equivocal compliment, but it was not. He meant by that to say that in my argument I always stated my adversary's position so fairly and so strongly that it diminished my adversary's labor when he had a good case." O'Conor said he never came out of a great case without being quite used up and insensible to any of the pleasures of success which make the sweetness of triumph. He did not hesitate to say to all persons who spoke with him upon the subject that the recent decision of the Court of Appeals in the Ring case of *The People vs Ingersoll, Tweed, and others* was neither good in law nor honestly made.

Tilden wanted him to see Bennett and straighten out the *Herald* on the Governorship. O'Conor worried a good deal over the difficulties of manipulating a man wholly given up to pleasure, but he showed by the faces he made over it that he should not fail for want of trying. He is a very modest man. I spoke to him about making a collection of his speeches in great cases with the necessary notes and explanation for the benefit of the bar. I could not make him listen to it for a moment. He said there was nothing of them that survived the occasion which gave them birth. He made some remarks, however, which led me to suspect that he may be meditating some treatise on political philosophy. He said that a few months ago he was all packed up to go to Europe with the intention of never returning. He did not say why he gave it up, but I presume the death of his wife may have had something to do with his decision.

On the 17th of September many of the citizens of Syracuse, N.Y., assembled in front of the Vanderbilt House and gave a serenade to Mr. Tilden, who, appearing on the balcony in the midst of a rain, was introduced by Attorney-general Pratt and addressed the meeting as follows. No one can read this address without feeling that it was calculated and intended to make a national impression:

*Fellow Citizens:*

The fruits of a false and delusive system of government finances are everywhere around us. All business is in a *dry rot*. In

every industry it is hard to make the two ends meet. Incomes are shrinking away; and many hitherto affluent are becoming anxious about their means of livelihood. Workingmen are out of employment. The poor cannot look out upon the light or air of heaven but they see the wolf at the door.

\*           \*           \*           \*           \*           \*           \*

Retrenchment in public expenditure; reform in public administration; simplification and reduction of tariffs and taxes; accountability of public officers, enforced by better civil and criminal remedies; the people must have these measures of present relief — measures of security for the future.

The Federal government is drifting into greater dangers and greater evils. It is rushing onward in a career of centralism, absorbing all governmental powers, and assuming to manage all the affairs of human society. It undertakes to direct the business of individuals by tariffs not intended for legitimate taxation; granting special privileges and fostering monopolies at the expense of the people. It has acquired control of all banks. It has threatened to seize on all the telegraphs. It is claiming jurisdiction of all railroad corporations chartered by the States, and amenable to the just authority of the States. It is going on to usurp control of all our schools and colleges. Stretching its drag-net over the whole country, and forcing editors and publishers away from their distant homes into the courts of the District of Columbia; it is subjecting the free press of the whole United States, for criticism of the administration, to trial by creatures of the administration, acting under the eye of the administration. It dared to enforce this tyranny against a free-man of the metropolis of our State. These tendencies must be stopped or, before we know it, the whole character of our Government will be changed. The simple and free institutions of our fathers will have become the worst government that has ever ruled over a civilized people. It will be the most ignorant. A distinguished Republican statesman — I mean Senator Conkling — lately told me that more than five thousand bills were before Congress at its last session. In a little time, as we are now going on, there will be twenty thousand. Nobody can know what is in them.

We have a country eighteen times as large as France, with a population of forty-three millions, doubling every thirty years,

and full of activities and interests. A centralized government meddling with everything, and attempting to manage everything, could not know the wants or wishes of the people of the localities. It would be felt only in its blunders and its wrongs. It would be the most irresponsible, and therefore not only the most oppressive, but the most corrupt with which any people have been cursed. To-day the advances which we have made towards this system are maturing their fatal fruits. The Federal administration is tainted with abuses, with jobbery, and with corruption. In the dominion which it maintains over the reconstructed Southern States, organized pillage on a scale tenfold greater than that of the Tweed Ring is the scandal and shame of the country.

Civil liberty is endangered. It is now certain that President Grant nourishes the bad ambition of a third term.

If the sacred tradition established by Washington, Jefferson, Madison, and Jackson can be broken, the President may be reëlected indefinitely. And wielding from the centre the immense patronage which will grow out of such vast usurpation of authorities by the Federal government, he will grasp the means of corrupt influence by which to carry the elections. There will be no organized thing in the country of sufficient power to compete with him or to resist him. The forms of free government may remain, but the spirit and substance will be changed. An elective personal despotism will have been established. Roman history, in the person of Augustus Cæsar, will be repeated.

Thoughtful men are turning their minds to the means of escape from these overshadowing evils. The Republican party cannot save the country. Ideas of governmental meddling and centralism dominate over it. Class interests hold it firmly to evil courses. Throngs of office-holders, contractors and jobbers, who have grown up in fourteen years of administration — in four years of war and during an era of paper money — are too strong in the machinery of the party for the honest and well-intending masses of the Republicans. The Republican party could contribute largely to maintain the Union during the civil war. It cannot reconstruct civil liberty and free institutions after the peace.

A change of men is necessary to secure a change of measures. The opposition is being matured and educated to take the administration. The Democracy, with the traditions of its best days, will form the nucleus of the opposition. It embraces vastly the

larger body of men of sound ideas and sound practices in political life. It must remove every taint which has touched it in evil times. It must become a compact and homogeneous mass. It must gather to its alliance all who think the same things concerning the interests of our Republic. It is becoming an adequate and effective instrument to reform administration, and to save the country. It reformed itself in order that it might reform the country.

And now, in your name, and in the name of five hundred thousand voters we represent, we declare that in this great work we will tread no step backwards. Come weal or come woe, we will not lower our flag. We will go forward until a political revolution be worked out; and the principles of Jefferson and Jackson shall rule in the administration of the Federal government.

Let us obey the patriotic maxims of old Rome, never to despair of our country. Actual evils can be mitigated. Bad tendencies can be turned aside. The burdens of government can be diminished. Productive industry will be renewed, and frugality will repair the waste of our resources. Then shall the golden days of the Republic once more return, and the people become prosperous and happy.

FROM MY DIARY

*St. Lawrence Hall [Canada], Sept. 18, 1874.* The telegraph announces the nomination of Tilden for Governor. I sent him my congratulations by telegraph and afterward in a letter. Dorsheimer is nominated for Lieutenant-Governor. This is a poor nomination.

BIGELOW TO VON BUNSEN

FORT WILLIAM HENRY HOTEL,  
LAKE GEORGE, Sept. 24, 1874.

*My dear Friend:*

Your brother Theodore, Grace, and I are thus far on our return from a trip to Niagara Falls, the Thousand Islands of the St.

Laurence, Montreal and Quebec. We have had a delightful trip, and I frequently thought during our progress that, if anything could have made it pleasanter, it would have been to have had you and Madame v. B. with us. We went to an Indian village about nine miles from Quebec. While in that quarter, and among other things, I purchased a pair of Indian "moccasins" as they are called, which your brother has promised to place at the feet of your dear wife and which I hope you will do me the favor to put on them. I cannot answer for the fit, as the assortment was limited. I got the only pair which could pretend to such an honor, and as the moccasin does not require to be very coquettishly fitted, I am in hopes the pair I send may not prove purely a curiosity.

Shortly before leaving home I directed my publisher to send you a copy of the life of Franklin which I have been preparing and which I will thank you to give to Lothar.<sup>1</sup> It is a very encouraging history to boys, and one which no one can read without receiving a durable impression upon his life and character. The work is not yet published in this country, it having seemed good to the publishers to commence its sale through agents and not to deliver it to the trade before January.

I shall also send you by the next mail a communication which I have just made through the *New York Tribune* in reference to President Grant's supposed aspirations to a third Presidential term. I don't suppose the question — grave as it is to us — will interest you sufficiently to make you read through so long a paper, nor need you. You will find it all condensed into the last paragraph.<sup>2</sup> I send it to show you some of the ways in which my

<sup>1</sup>Son of George von Bunsen.

#### INEVITABLE CONCLUSIONS<sup>2</sup>

Thus it appears:

*First:* That the limitation of a President's service to not exceeding two terms is sanctioned by the unbroken usage of almost an entire century;

*Second:* That the moral authority of this usage has not been weakened by a single exception;

*Third:* That every President who has been tempted with the prospect of a third term has distinctly recognized the binding force and wisdom of that usage;

*Fourth:* That the Presidents thus tempted, who have had opportunities of observing for the longest period the operation of our government, have been most tenacious of the Washington limitation; and finally,

*Fifth:* That no President, however popular, however important his services to his country, and whatever his prospects of a reelection, has ever permitted his name to be used in a canvass for a third term, or failed publicly and officially to denounce any attempt to prolong the term of Presidential service beyond eight years, as an offense against the spirit of our constitution and fatal to the principle of popular sovereignty.

leisure hours are squandered. I shall feel greatly relieved when we get Grant comfortably restored to the honors of a private station. The elections which are to come off in the next two months will probably undeceive him in regard to the feeling of this country about continuing him in the chief magistracy.

We are still suffering here from the general depression of business. This is not the result of any Providential misfortunes, for we have never had more abundant crops; we have peace throughout our borders, health and every kind of prosperity. But for the past ten years we have been receiving from Europe at this rate of not less than \$100,000,000 yearly to expend in railways and other public enterprises. All that, as I believe I explained to you in my last letter, has been cut off, and now we are in the condition of the toper deprived of his tippie. A great shrinkage in prices is the first and most obvious result. People are reluctant to accept the sacrifices they must make, but when made they will find that they are no poorer, and that a load of wheat will buy just as much broadcloth at a dollar a bushel as it did before at two dollars. I hope you have realised all the benefits you expected from your summer's cruise, and that for the winter coming you will have something more interesting, if not more important, to study than your health. Your brother comes for me to go walk, so I must say adieu.

Very sincerely yours

\*            \*            \*            \*            \*            \*            \*

If we can be made to surrender this fortress of popular sovereignty, if there is any one in the republic bold enough and strong enough to pass the line which the constitution and prescription have fixed as the limit of Presidential ambition, instead of making our approaching Centennial an occasion for commemorating the wisdom and courage of that august assembly which first proclaimed to the world man's equality before the law, and "pledged their lives, their fortunes, and their sacred honor" to maintain it, we should make it rather a day for fasting, humiliation, and prayer; we should cover ourselves like Job with sackcloth and ashes, and curse the day we were born as a nation.

Plutarch tells us that the night before Cæsar passed the Rubicon he dreamed of debauching his mother. On the following day, when he crossed the narrow water from the side on which he was a soldier to that side on which he could only be a traitor, and took his first irrevocable step toward the overthrow of the government which had clothed him with its power and honors, he deliberately consummated the revolting and abominable crime foreshadowed in his dreams.

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## TILDEN TO BIGELOW

15 GRAMERCY PARK

Sept. 25 / 74. 8 A. M.

*My dear Mr. Bigelow:*

Your letter, which meets me at tea, is the most welcome thing which has come in a long time. For I have felt for some days the want of more counsel and aid in respect to the *Post*. There is a tendency to commit it before Mr. Bryant arrives, which will be some day next week.

I shall like to see you as early on Monday morning at my house as is convenient. Please telegraph me if you can come.

The canvass looks very fine. We are destined to sweep the State, I think.

I communicated your message to Mr. Marble.

I am much indebted to you for the suggestions of your letter, all of which were excellent.

\* \* \* \* \*

In haste yours truly

## V. BUNSEN TO BIGELOW

MAIENSTRASSE, BERLIN, W.

October 3rd, 1874

*My dear Friend:*

\* \* \* \* \*

How often have I quoted my *abstinence* of those Carlsbad days to my wife, as a proof of the enervation of the waters! The fact is I feared conversing with you about the book;<sup>1</sup> and this for the reason so common in the life of individuals as of nations: I felt so near you in political principle that I foresaw excitement and angry words (on my part only of course) if I tried to argue upon the points we differed in. Allow me now to name the two principal ones:

<sup>1</sup>*France and Hereditary Monarchy.*

First: I believe it is proved and has never in fact been denied by the leaders of that movement which received its practical expression in the Paris commune that society is not republican, but holds despotic views, despising laws as well as national or other barriers of free action. We Non-Frenchmen in Europe have another motive for estrangement; viz., that the *communards* are unnational with this proviso, that all nations cease to exist and become French. Now your book seemed to me to judge of them as honest republicans. Gambetta already errs, I believe, inasmuch as he understands republicanism to mean the turbulent democratic spirit of Paris, Lyons, or Marseilles; to which the country (a most hateful subject in his eyes) shall bow or be *mitraillé*. But the Commune goes a step further: for Gambetta is, after all, a patriot, and the Communes avowedly break up the body politic of France. If these, my opinions, most roughly expressed though they be, should appear to contain any truth, you would see at once how absolute is the contrast of such democracy to your glorious republicanism of America, where the cities obey to the country (a state of things unknown to all other republics, Switzerland excepted), and where the unity of the country has been upheld in the most terrible war of this century. In my humble judgment, therefore, Thiers was right in wresting the power from the Commune and giving it to the country, even at the point of the bayonet.

My second objection is far more difficult even to adumbrate on a few pages. To you republicanism is a panacea, to me a goal, or (as Motley so splendidly expresses it) a starting-point. Please to remember, dear friend, that no monarchy has yet been successfully transformed into a republic. Switzerland, the United Provinces, and the United States were outlying possessions or colonies. You will not, of course, quote Athens or Rome against me; a city naturally gives the power of a chieftain to patricians. But you will say, "What has not been, will be and should be, aimed at by good men." Republicanism is universal in your eyes. Pardon my blindness if I say it is national; i. e., depends upon temperament. The Teutons are, in my judgment, the only race since the Christian era capable of it. For the Romanic races it assists destruction: see Spain, Chili, Montevideo, and France! It would be presumption, France, whatever she does, must grow from bad to worse; her dissolution must increase; the "*nouvelles couches sociales*;" i. e., the ancient, unchanged, Celtic barbarians will rule



more and more mercilessly in that lovely country. All I venture to say is that your view of the French nation as "eminently fitted for self-government" seems to me little supported by experience.

Of course, the question would be very different, if God "in His wrath" had caused you and me to be French citizens. I for one, would most assuredly vote for Thiers "republic" as an attempt to save my country, but, looking at France at a distance, it is Spain over again, though in rather a different form.

May I try another antithesis, to make my view clearer; to you republicanism is an object; to me a means. Progress, liberty, justice are objects or principles; but the form of government can only be a matter of expediency. No man would, according to his sympathies, feel more at home in a republic than I, or any other German who has cultivated what we call "humane *Gesinnung*," But in Germany, as in England, or in Belgium, liberty and progress are, I believe, better guarded through a monarchy than they would be, if a republican form could be introduced.

A republican form, if introduced in these countries, would be less perhaps of a lie than in France, but yet a lie.

To you—and this shall be my last antithesis—republicanism means a resumption by the people of a right always held, but darkened by oppression. To us, republicanism is one form of government to which other forms, quite as natural to man, give place in God's Providence; not good in itself, but good under conditions upon which there can be no difference of opinion between you and any of us. But I will name one condition, or, to speak more correctly, one circumstance—because Americans do not, I believe, give it quite so high a place in their estimation as observing foreigners, Tocqueville above all others, have done—I mean that, as yet at least, only federal republics have succeeded, and that consequently we are bound to consider whether this is only by chance.

Now you shall be released until I have read your book again. The above is only a faint recollection of what I meant to argue in 1871 and abstained arguing in distrust of myself.

Since you wrote, my dear brother has again been enjoying your sweet hospitality. I am of your opinion, though I ought not to express it, that Bismarck could not appoint a better man for Washington than him.

I often meditated crossing the Atlantic instead of cruising in a yacht; but I abandoned the scheme when I found that my dear

wife would like to be of the party, if I undertook to go to America, and this summer she could not.

My position is worse than Diomed in the Iliad. He took Glaucus' golden armour in exchange for his brass one, but you have given a new item, giving me of your gold in books; I write not even brass books to make a return!

Most deeply have I felt with you in the Beecher difficulty. I will not dwell upon the urgent necessity for all men, but spiritually minded ones principally, to beware when women become spiritually enamoured of them. This Beecher had not learnt. And to speak with entire openness, I miss one sentence in Mr. Beecher's splendid defence. This sentence should run as follows: "I have thought it my duty, finally, to examine my past life in the light of our Lord's warning in the gospel, and I can say, and say in all humility, that I have never looked at, or thought of E. T., to desire her body." Oh! that he had made this declaration.

Am I mistaken in thinking, dear friend, that your society is now going through a phase very much like that into which the life of Schleiermacher may have given you a glimpse? Strange hallucinations about the extent to which affection between man and woman may go without interfering with the marriage vow or the soul's purity! It is said of Wilhelm von Humboldt and his wife, that on the day of their marriage they promised each other that though married they would never interfere with each other's liberty. They kept the promise, living "up to their privileges," and remained attached to each other, until death parted them. It seems to me that among thinking, & even among religious people a certain shrinking from a categorical imperative has been growing up in America. Of course I speak not of libertinage, which belongs to wealth in all ages and all countries. How frightful has been, and on both sides of the Atlantic, the gloating of public curiosity in this Tilton scandal.

Your labors in clearing up the minds of Americans on the question of a third term of Grant's presidentship have not been in vain, if reports from your side the Atlantic can be rightly interpreted here.

I have gone through the topics of your very interesting letter one by one, in order to remind you of its contents.

And now let me tell you that we are back now four weeks, Karl having swelled the number during the last ten days previous

to his great *tour du monde*. Gradually, my wife's indefatigable ways are beginning to bring light into the chaos produced by 14 months' worse-than-absence. What your kindness calls our "lovely home" was most unlovely and is not yet a home, excepting in the case of home meaning the place of all in the world where you are most systematically robbed, cheated, and worried, where reproach grins at you out of every broken peg or loose screw, where the Pagan's Christian virtue of resignation has to be practiced more than anywhere else. . . . Everybody is full of the splendid public-minded generosity of your Spencer Bairds trying to acclimatize shad in our rivers, regardless of trouble as of expense.

I have had a lovely time at sea, and my family near the sea. The time may come when I shall be fit for work; I am bound to state, without complaining, however, that it has not come.

FROM MY DIARY

October 7, 1874. Mr. Drew called last evening to present Mr. Edwards of Cornwall. They say all are for my nomination for Congress. The *Newburgh Journal* says no one but myself or a man like me will be accepted. Drew and Smith, delegates to the Congressional Convention, renewed their request on the 13th, and I handed them the following letter

HIGHLAND FALLS,  
Oct. 13, 1874.

Dear Sir:

Reflection has only confirmed my first impressions against allowing my name to be presented to the Convention to-morrow as a candidate for the 44th Congress. Of course I cannot feel otherwise than flattered with the evidences of partiality to my nomination which have reached me from different quarters of the district and from men whose support honors me.

Independently however of other considerations more or less personal to myself, it is enough to say in reply to your request that I could not with propriety accept any candidature involving even an implied approval of the election of any President of the United States for three consecutive terms. I think it was a grave error in the State Convention to remain silent upon that subject, especially after the action taken by the Convention at Utica, and I think it ungenerous, not to say ungrateful, in the President to embarrass the party to which he owes all his important positions in life, by persisting in his ominous silence on this subject.

Messrs. Conkling and Morgan and the other eminent statesmen whose counsel prevailed in our State Convention may have had light which justified them in letting things drift. I have none, and I do not propose for myself to drift an inch in that direction. Were all the wisdom and all the statesmanship and all the patriotism of all the Presidents from Washington to Grant concentrated into a single candidate — and I do not say they are not in Grant — I would not connive at his reelection for a third term. I celebrate the anniversaries of 1776, not the anniversaries of 1775, — the first year of popular, not the last year of dynastic, government among us. You are sufficiently well acquainted with me to know that I could not consent to run with only one of my party traces drawing. I dare say you think me more nice than wise. Perhaps I am. Whether I am or not, you will readily find a candidate not so nice and a great deal wiser. That will be the sort of man you should nominate for this canvass.

Yours very respectfully

I had previously urged Senator Morgan, who with Senator Conkling had more perhaps than any other men to do with shaping the action of the Republican Convention, not to invite a defeat of their party at the approaching election by silence upon a question which was pregnant with almost revolutionary disaster to it. Whether they were afraid of compromising themselves with President Grant by giving heed to my advice, or indisposed to relinquish their position near the presidential throne, which was likely to be the inevitable result of the selection of another candidate, I have never tried to inform myself. Possibly both of these considerations had their weight. Among the consequences of this great mistake of their party to which they were accessories and for which they were to a very great extent responsible were:

*1st* — The introduction of a resolution against third term presidencies in the Democratic Convention, a resolution which I wrote myself and which I had no difficulty in persuading Mr. Tilden to recognize the value of as a party issue;

*2d* — The defeat of General Dix, the Republican candidate for governor, by more than 50,000 majority, and the election of Mr. Tilden, the Democratic candidate, by a change of votes in the state amounting to almost if not quite 100,000; and

*3d* — Grant was not nominated in '76, largely in consequence no doubt of the triumph of Mr. Tilden, to which no one knew how much the anti-third-term resolution of his party had contributed; nor did any one of either party regard it as an insignificant factor in the result.

It is to be hoped that the results of this canvass will not be lost

upon the country, but will operate in all future time as a discouragement of any aspirations for the reëstablishment of dynastic government in our country.

GEORGE BANCROFT TO BIGELOW

1623 H. STREET, WASHINGTON D. C.

17 Oct. '74.

*Dear Bigelow:*

I received last night your exhaustive article on the third term question. In my judgment your article is timely as well as patriotic. The nomination of the present incumbent of the Presidency to a third term would in my judgment be a long stride towards changing our republic into a monarchy. Hamilton did consistently favor continued re-elections, for he preferred the monarchical to the republican form of government.

This moment your Franklin arrives. I shall devote the rest of the day & evening to it.

Ever yours

HUNTINGTON TO BIGELOW

PARIS (42 RUE LA BRUYÈRE)

17 Oct. '74.

*Dear Mr. Bigelow:*

. . . Saml. Bowles made us a delightful visit here in August and then spent a week with me as Smalley's guest at Seven Oaks. *Cincinnati Commercial* Halsted joined our trio for a pair of days, which further enhanced the very highlarity of the time and left hardly a dry eye in the house. The temptation to make presidents was resisted and there was not even an excess of shop in the talk. Bowles and Halsted are, however, as you know, provisionally apt to support Washburne, of whose chances I thought Sam. said shrewdly: "Grant can't make himself but can make W. the successful candidate for the next term," or words to that effect. Elihu W. is doubtless "willing" like Barkis, but does not chalk it up yet in plain letters; rather talks off, I am told, as

though he did not care. Oh, certainly not! It will be amusing to some of us, who were here through siege and commune, to hear the laudatory wash that will run beside his candidature, about the heroic deeds and parlous perils done and endured by him in those days. You will have seen a foredribble of what may be expected, in the report of the flapdoodle repast served to and by Meredith Read at Albany. Why worthy John, General Meredith Consul Read, Jr., did not even go through the siege, but went out to Versailles and all abroad long before the worst of it was over, before the most trying part of it was begun.

I read your exhaustive historical-political essay on the third term question before the copy you sent reached me; but was glad to infer from your sending that it was from your pen. Are we now to trust to the assurance of Secry. Robeson, as reported by cable, that Grant is satisfied with eight years degradation of the presidential office?

I will not enlarge on our political situation, which is in much the usual muddle. I can't but think that there is a tolerable chance for the Republicans yet, if they can continue as quiet and firm as they have for the last months shown a rather unexpected ability of remaining. Meantime, de Broglie (probably the most influential of McMahan's advisers and always more or less his prime minister) and his kind are practically working with great efficiency for Nap. IV, as his father and the same kind did for his father after 1848-49.

\*       \*       \*       \*       \*       \*       \*

Yours truly

#### FROM MY DIARY

*October 23, 1874.* Went to New York. On the way wrote a paragraph for the *Post* which I handed to Browne.<sup>1</sup>

#### A BARBAROUS ALTERNATIVE

The President of the United States seems desirous to leave the Republican party no alternative but suicide or his renomination — to destroy itself or to be destroyed. This is a great sacrifice to make, but, if necessary, it will not be too great for the lesson it will teach. It will give President

<sup>1</sup>A. G. Browne, jr, on the staff of the *N. Y. Evening Post*; the article, *A Barbarous Alternative*, appeared in the *Evening Post* that evening.

Grant the unenviable distinction of being the first and the last of our Chief Magistrates who has presumed to look upon a third term to lust after it.

Governor Dix is besought to intervene, and by a full expression of his well-known opposition to the establishment of a Presidential dynasty in this country, save the Republican party in New York; but that would only hasten the result which it would be expected to prevent. It would only manifest more clearly the President's determination to part with none of his chances for a renomination. In politics as in law, secondary testimony is never received when better can be produced.

Besides, the declaration of General Dix would only bind himself; it would not bind the party. The man who in the convention at Utica refused to utter the timely words when silence was worse than a political crime — when it was a blunder — would, if called together again for the nomination of a President, pay no regard to anything which Governor Dix might now say upon the subject. The time is passed for any words of healing from the Governor of New York to do any good. If any one now can save the Republican party from destruction, it is the President, and the President only.

If President Grant, however, designs to make this New York election a presidential instead of a gubernatorial election, he is pursuing just the course to accomplish his purpose. And we venture to predict that, if he continues his present taciturn policy, he will be satisfied with the result, but upon the principle that people are generally satisfied when "they have got enough."

*Friday, November 6, 1874.* Tilden was elected on Tuesday by over 40,000 majority over Dix, who was chosen two years ago by 55,000 majority or thereabouts, making a change of nearly 100,000. The result has given me great gratification, the more perhaps because of my happy thought to have the Democratic Convention resolve against a third term, thereby creating an issue which has contributed more than anything else to bring about this result. Benjamin Butler of Massachusetts is also defeated, and a Democratic governor is elected in the old Bay State for the first time in its history, but one. All the western elections have gone Democratic or with very diminished Republican majorities.

"The garment is well cut and now we must see if we know how to sew it up," as Catherine de Medici said to her son Henry III when he told her that his assassins had emancipated him from the thralldom of the Duke of Guise.

This places Tilden in the direct line for the succession to Grant. Who so fit to succeed as the man that conquered him? An article in the *Post* last evening was evidently written under the influence of some such idea. It bore internal evidence of coming from Bryant.

WHITELAW REID TO BIGELOW

*Private*

THE NEW YORK TRIBUNE  
NEW YORK Nov. 7, 1874.

*My dear Mr. Bigelow:*

It was an avalanche; wasn't it?

I very cordially return your congratulations. No man has done more than you to bring about the result.

I don't see far into the millstone of future party organizations, but am encouraged by the sensible tone which the Democrats took at the Manhattan Club meeting, and by the excellent way in which Tilden talks. Don't you come down before long for the winter?

Very truly yours

BIGELOW TO VON BUNSEN

HIGHLAND FALLS,  
Novr. 8, 1874.

*My dear Friend:*

I wish I could impart to you some share of the pleasure I feel in the result of last Tuesday's elections. They have dug a grave large enough to hold Grant, with his absurd third term aspirations and all the horse jockeys of the country whose praises he inhabited. As you know how much I took this third term business to heart, you can understand how much of the joy of a personal triumph I have in a vote which not only puts an end to Grant's hopes but which will prove an effectual warning against similar aspirations in any of his successors. I dare say it will puzzle you a little to understand how a series of local elections like those which have just been held should decide against Grant's renomination. I will try to explain the logic of it. The State of New York by its population, wealth, and business relations is the most influential state in the Union, in the choice of presidents. The Democrats held their convention for the nomination of candidates for



state officers — governor, &c. — two weeks before the Republicans held theirs. I suggested to Mr. Tilden, an old friend of mine, and the man who expected and ultimately received the nomination for governor, to have the convention adopt a resolution against nominating any president for a third term. He thought well of the suggestion and caused it to be adopted. I tried to have the Republican convention adopt a similar resolution, but they were so much under Washington influence that they refused. The consequence was what in such an event I desired, a square issue on the “third term” between the two parties, no other question hardly being considered. As Grant refused to come to the relief of the Republicans by repudiating any pretensions to a reelection, there was no way of striking at them except to defeat the party that was identified with them, and to follow the example of the Chinese in roasting a pig by burning down a barn. The result was that Dix, who came in as Governor with 55,000 majority two years ago, goes out with nearly the same majority. Tilden will have over 45,000 majority. In fifteen or sixteen other states elections were held, and though in none of them the issue was as squarely made as in this State, the Republican party has been either defeated entirely or sustained by greatly reduced majorities. The next congress will have a Democratic majority of over 40,000 and there is every probability that Grant will be succeeded by a Democrat. Though there are not many men in the country who had more to do — humanly speaking — with the organization of the Republican party than I had, I cannot say that I contemplate the prospect of its defeat with regret. The fact is its *raison d'être* has ceased. It was founded for the constitutional resistance to the extension of slavery. Certain members of the old parties, forsaking old party relations and prejudices, rallied to this cause with enthusiasm, and elected first Lincoln and then Grant. Under Lincoln the negro was emancipated, and under Grant he was enfranchised. These two measures took the negro as it were out of politics. The engrossing questions which succeeded were financial ones; how to pay the debts contracted for the war with the least inconvenience to the taxpayer and least prejudice to the public credit. Upon financial subjects there had always been the greatest diversity of opinion among the people who composed the Republican party, the free soil Whigs and free soil Democrats; and the Democrats were always much sounder in their financial views,

more economical, and had enjoyed, as I thought deservedly, a larger share of public confidence. It was for this reason that they held the government for more than forty years, almost without interruption, and only lost it because of their desire to protect their property in slaves by unconstitutional means. There is now every reason to presume that the original Democratical elements of the Republican party will return to the Democratic party, and the Whig elements of it, which united with the Democrats to oppose the extension of slavery, will look for their affinities among the Republicans, and that the Democratic party will resume its natural ascendancy in the nation, and maintain it. It is probable, though of course about that there is great uncertainty, that Mr. Tilden, who has just defeated Grant by defeating his candidate in this State, will be the man whom the country will call for to replace him. If so, I should feel much gratified. I know of no person in the country who, in the present conditions of our domestic relations, is better fitted for the chief magistracy, as there is no one who has had a longer and more varied political experience.

So much for republican politics. I find it very difficult to get a clear idea of the "difficulty" between von Arnim<sup>1</sup> and Bismarck. It is obviously important, and seems to be a part of the ecclesiastical struggle pending between Germany and Rome. Is there also in it a conflict of junkerism and democracy? What a pity, when Germany has such enemies abroad, she should be obliged to waste any of her strength upon enemies at home.

Your brother left for home about two weeks ago, and by this time I suppose is in Berlin. I have not had the pleasure of seeing him since our Canada trip, but a report reached me that a lady of Boston, distinguished for her charms of different kinds, has allowed him to suppose that she enjoyed his society more than that of any other person. I was in the hope that more might come of it and that we might be so fortunate as to get a little republican blood grafted upon the v. Bunsen stock. You will probably know sooner than I whether these hopes are illusory.

I should like to have my notions about communism and republicanism better understood by you than my little essay sufficed to make them, but I dare not weigh down my correspondence with

<sup>1</sup>H. K. K. E. Count von Arnim (1824-1881), ambassador to France (1872-1874), recalled on account of difference with Bismarck; convicted (Dec. 1874) of filching state documents from German Embassy at Paris; published (1875) an anonymous pamphlet against Bismarck and sentenced therefore (1876) to five years penal servitude; died in exile.

such an exposition as I see by your letter would be necessary to be of any use; so I adjourn that subject until you and I go to Niagara together, or to some other pleasant place, and we have abundant time to understand each other, or until I am in a humor for writing on that subject, which is not my condition at present. I hope by this time your good wife has reduced your house and place to the beauty of order, and that it looks at least as well as when I left it. . . .

## HUNTINGTON TO BIGELOW

PARIS, 2 [and 3] Dec., 1874.

*Dear Mr. Bigelow:*

I hasten — you will be apt to think somewhat slowly — to acknowledge receipt of your new Franklin, and triply thank you for the handsome (is and does) book. It came to hand only yesterday, brought from London by G. W. Smalley, to whom, I then thinking he was coming sooner, I requested Trübner & Co. to remit it when they notified me a month ago of holding it at my disposition. I have recreated with it but two hours as yet, but long enough to comprehend your plan and be glad in your manner of carrying it out. If I am to make any objection it would be that you are too sparing of foot notes and have not added an *index*, which all good books are made so much better by. But all that can come to the enriching of some — say the tenth — future edition, to which, for the bibliographic appendix (an excellent feature), I can contribute some titles — this among the rest: *Fragment de Xénophon, nouvellement trouvé dans les Ruines de Palmyre, par un Anglois: déposé au Museum Britannicum à Londres. Traduit du grec, par un François; et lu à l'Assemblée publique du Musée de Paris, du jeudi 6 mai 1783, à Paris de l'Imprimerie de Ph. D. Piène, Imprimeur ordinaire du Roi, M.D.CC.LXXXIII, 24mo., pp. 52*, a rather elegantly printed, ingenious trifle, of which the American war is the real theme; i. e., the principles engaged in it, and where Vergennes figures as Erugares, Washington as Tusingonas, Rochambeau as Cherambos, Lafayette as Fylaatele, but foremost above all Franklin as Thales. My little collection of Franklins grows, counting now of portraits in all kinds 140, of which nearly one half are rarish and some

half dozen "*scarce and rare*," to quote the rhetorical cataloguist, H. Stevens.

I chanced to meet E. Benjamin Washburne at a friend's rooms two nights ago; did not ask him how he felt, lest he should suspect that any expression of interest on my part was to be "took sarcastical." After all, are his chances, which were never certainties, so much worse since the late elections than they were before? May not this death blow to third term Grantism be rather a gain for Elihu? Or is the Republican party also death stricken? Can the Democratic party recover its long lost cunning, has it acquired the common sense to admit that "that war" is not to be fought over again?

Parties here, so far as the National Assembly is concerned, are as muddle headed and distraught as when that debating club went into vacation four months ago. The municipal elections of last Sunday week for all the rest of France, and of last Sunday in the depth of the Seine, have much alarmed and irritated without enlightening, the leaders of the Directing Classes. You know here in Paris that 64 of the 80 councillors-elect are republican to 9 anti reps, and 7 to be balloted for next Sunday, of whom 5 at least will almost certainly be republican; and that the majority of this majority are advanced republicans, radicals, Gambettists, Reds; but, furthermore that with a less number of electors on the lists than in 1871, the whole number of voters is nearly 75000 greater than it was that year, — the proportion of those who did, to all who had the right to, go to the polls being three years ago but  $\frac{1}{2}$  and now  $\frac{4}{5}$ . The self-styled conservative, directing classes, are amazed and scared at this impertinent cropping up of the *nouvelles couches sociales*. It never occurs to them that their "organs" and governments' constant nagging, vexing, and contemptuously entreating of the people are to be thanked in large part for the defiant quality of this provoked result. To obviate now its further consequences, they can devise nothing more ingenious than a recrudescence of insult, emphasized expression of fear, and contempt for popular suffrage, to which some (Bonapartist eminences foremost among these) add the proposition that government should set aside the popular verdict and substitute [*sic*] by administratively appointed commissioners for the elected municipalities. Meanwhile, the elections passed, here and throughout France, as they always do, without the slightest breach of order, and the radicals talk of and recommend to each

other, nothing but the strictest observance of legality. You know your France too well not to have some suspicion of doubt as to the saintly *persévérance* of the sincerity of this talk; but it is lamentably apparent that now and for the last year, the *soi-disant* conservatives are the acting revolutionists. Masseras, whom you should have known when he was editor of the N. Y. *Courrier des Etats-Unis*, is conjoined with Girardin, as working chief editor, in *La France*, where with considerable ability, he is working up argument in support of Girardin's scheme from the mine of our early constitutional history. The Septemnilization of the actual Assembly is but one feature of Girardin's scheme, by no means tho', hardly an essential one; which the framing of a constitution by an elected *Convention* of 100 members eminently is; this constitution then to be submitted to the people for ratification, — the actual assembly meanwhile sitting only for legislative business and not retiring till the ratified constitution, with its newly elected Chamber or Chambers, is ready to be put in practice; a special proviso, if that were needed, would confirm McMahan's presidency till Nov. 1880.

If Girardin's scheme were not so sensible, and if it were not for his happy knack of always proposing schemes to the French which they never accept at the time when they would be serviceable, one would be almost tempted to hope that the intriguing, passionate, doctrinairely obstinate chiefs of the six parties (each divided into three *shades*) helplessly jangling at Versailles, might take him for a guide out of the *impasse* they are confusedly quarrelling in.

\* \* \* \* \*

You speak in your last of being content with some pamphlet (relating I think to Edict of Nantes, Maintenon, or that like) which I sent you. There are always fish in the sea; one is always likely to fall on, never sure to find, such things. If you would give me clearly written titles of such others as you would like to have, it will be a pleasant addition to the small excuse I have for prowling about book stalls, and I will gladly keep an eye open for them. I often come upon titles that are, I fancy, of books in the line of your liking, but in my uncertainty, and in ignorance whether or not they already rank on your library shelves, they are left lying.

N. B. You are not to forget that I have in hand monies of yours, a sort of conscience money that it is a duty to spend in your behalf. Which it being now early to-morrow morning, and high time honest folks were abed, I go to rest.

Yours very gratefully

BIGELOW TO VON BUNSEN

THE SQUIRRELS, Christmas, 1874.

*My dear Friend:*

The return of this festival always brings you to our remembrance, and that delightful Christmas Eve which I first passed in Berlin. . . .

I hope you are to-day contemplating the future as cheerfully if not more cheerfully, than you did then. If not, review your situation, for something is going wrong. God is always doing for us the best He can, — no less when he takes from us our strength than when He gives it to us. I hope that in His mercy He has been pleased to restore your vigor, and that you have no drawback to the enjoyment of the many blessings with which your life has been crowned.

I presume you have noticed the rapid current of re-emigration setting from hence towards Germany. Your people sent us money by the millions to build railroads, little thinking that they would have to furnish Germans to travel on them and use them or create uses for them, and that in thus *prematurely* reclaiming our western wildernesses, we were taking the shortest method of depopulating their home farms. They seem at last to have stopped investing in this self-crucifying way, and the natural result is the return of those whom your money tempted to expatriation.

We are watching with the greatest interest your fight with the Roman Curia. The letter of Gladstone has produced a greater effect here by far than anything that has ever before fallen from his pen or lips. I respect him for his course more than I ever did before, but contrary to the general impression, I am not at all sanguine that he has taken a step calculated to improve his political fortunes. I think it will gradually dawn upon the more earnest members of the Established Church that he has struck a

powerful blow in behalf of the dissenting denominations, but that he has rather weakened than strengthened the prestige of the Church of England.

It was expected that the members of that communion and the press of London would have taken advantage of the discussion at Rome in 1871-2 of the question whether St. Peter had ever been there, in other words, whether the papal structure had any first story, and would have followed up the assault when it seemed very easy to have made a breach. They did nothing of the kind. How could they? What becomes of their church if they are deproved of their St. Peter and his two or three apocryphal successors? Will not the established church always flinch in the same way whenever called upon to war upon any feature, attribute, or pretension, of the papacy which is not more recent than Luther? Perhaps Gladstone thinks he is only warring upon post-Reformation abuses. In that I think he will find himself mistaken. The papal church in the sixth century was just as incompatible with a progressive civilization and with civil and religious liberty as it is to-day. Next to his cup of tea — you know — there is nothing about which Mr. Bull is more sensitive than his church; and the more skeptical he becomes, like the proprietor of the sibylline leaves, the higher price he sets upon what he tries to believe. Gladstone is too earnest a churchman himself to be his own logical consequent. There is no use in denying the authority of Pius IX, if you accept the supremacy of Queen Victoria or of the Archbishop of Canterbury, in matters of religion. If there is to be any final human authority over our religious faith outside of our own conscience, it is difficult to imagine one that would be for any length of time more perfect than that which has its headquarters at Rome. To continue this war successfully, Gladstone sooner or later will be obliged to assert the supremacy of the individual conscience, that every man is a church; that the Messiah is sent to every man every day and is more or less crucified every day; that there is nothing historical or past in Christ, or indeed in the Bible, but that it is the ever present with every human creature; that its truths are eternal, and all of what is eternal is in every part, and equally incapable of division and multiplication.

This was the church which I think Christ came to found, and, if so, it is the church towards which the world is drifting. I am afraid Mr. Gladstone is too old and has confirmed himself too

completely in the habit of trusting in merely human ecclesiasticisms to be able or willing to lead his followers against the dwellers in Canaan, brave and admirable a Moses as he makes in conducting them out of Egypt. Indeed, for the consummation of the work which Gladstone has undertaken I should not be surprised if Disraeli proved the more available instrument. He belongs to a race that is born without convictions. I infer this from the fact that their religion is without any dogma. At least, one of the most enlightened Jews I ever knew once told me that the membership of their church was not conditioned upon any belief whatever, but simply upon a compliance with a prescribed ceremonial and manner of life. "But," said I, "you must believe in one only God." "Not at all," he said. "That is a matter of faith, and faith is something over which a man has no control; he must believe what he thinks is true, then he is not responsible for his faith. Why should a church assume to control what is uncontrollable?" I think Jews generally impress you with the idea that they think it of very little importance what they believe or what side of a question they take, provided it is the side which best answers the immediate worldly purpose. Though Disraeli is a member of the Church of England, he is not more so I fancy than Mazarin and Richelieu were members of the Church of Rome, while he has never ceased to be a Hebrew. Now as we always pass from an error in belief to its antagonistic truth through unbelief, just as certainly as we pass from one pole to another through the tropics, it is certainly a question whether Disraeli is not better qualified to play the role of Joshua in England at present than Gladstone.

Bismarck and your Emperor, I hope, will prove the Moses and Joshua combined. . . .

Always very sincerely yours



## VII

DE WITT CLINTON — ANDREW H. GREEN — WILLIAM MORGAN

TILDEN TO BIGELOW

ALBANY, Jan. 25th, 1875.

*Dear Mr. Bigelow:*

I WONDER a little who or what is behind your friend — “old Hunker”<sup>1</sup>— tho’ I have not much curiosity.

As to night drinking, I adopted the notion last year that, to have good sleep, I must go to bed unexcited, no matter how weary. I never drink at night or in the evening, unless at a dinner or other party, even a glass of wine. This notion grew out of several experiments when I found myself wakeful to help myself with a night-cap, which had years ago worked well but on these later occasions worked badly. It may be that the brain has so suffered that it will not allow any stimulant as promotive of sleep; but I do have excellent sleep without.

There is no doubt that in the six weeks before Christmas, the interminable succession of interviews which I felt compelled to give on the application of public bodies, public officers, and public men, had interfered with my habits of out-door life and had worried me, and brought back on me more than ordinary incapacity to digest. When I went aside for a few hours to work on the message, it rested and re-inspired me; and from the lowest point, say December 25th, I have been coming back to a better tone of health. I wrote to several friends in December that, if I could go through to January 5th, I should be all right.

Everything is going on well here. My way is to take one thing

<sup>1</sup>G. W. Clinton, son of De Witt Clinton.

at a time, as much as possible, concentrate upon that, and finally dispose of it — I mean of important things; for there are many little things to be dealt with every day.

First, was the organization of the legislative bodies, next the election of Senator. That has been passed but ten days. It was done grandly and in a grand manner.

One bill on remedies has passed the Assembly. Another is introduced. A third — more important than either — is being considered.

The first of these I twice sent to Gov. Dix at his request. It never got thro' a Committee.

So far little bad has been attempted. It is *understood* that any bill bought through, or aided by corruption, if such means be ascertained by even moral evidence, will be vetoed. The character of legislation is changing.

On Monday evening, the 8th of February, Bryant (coming on the 6th to my house) will have a reception. Won't you come with Mrs. B. & Miss Grace?

I am delighted to hear from you. And shall be as often as you choose to write.

Yours truly

FROM MY DIARY

*February 12, 1875.* The Harpers sent me a note on Wednesday from George W. Clinton, son of Governor De Witt, complaining of my article about his father,<sup>1</sup> especially the letter on the last page but one, abusing John C. Spencer, who he says was his father-in-law, declaring that these letters belonged to him as the heir of his father and protesting against the publication of the second article,<sup>2</sup> &c. The spirit of the letter is very insolent To-day I sent him the following reply:

WESTMORELAND HOTEL, February 12, 1875.

GEORGE W. CLINTON ESQ., *Sir*: I am sorry to have been in any degree instrumental in provoking the state of feeling which finds expression in your note to the Messrs. Harper & Brothers of the 5th instant in reference to an

<sup>1</sup>Published in *Harper's Magazine* for February, 1874.

<sup>2</sup>To be published and which was published in March, 1874.

article furnished by me to their magazine on "De Witt Clinton as a Politician." Nothing was farther from my thought or intention in preparing that paper than to give pain to any one or to revive unprofitable animosities. I was not a volunteer in the work, but was solicited by the heirs of the correspondence of your father with the late Henry Post to undertake to edit it, under an impression which they had somehow formed before our acquaintance commenced, of my fitness for the task.

I think I appreciate the annoyance you experienced from the perusal of the letter to which you specially refer, but I beg you to be assured, Sir, that I not only did not know that you were related by marriage to the late John C. Spencer, but I had a general impression that none of Mr. Spencer's children survived him. Upon this point, however, it would never have occurred to me to make any inquiries, as I am sure that in the absence of any closer relations than subsisted between the families when that letter was written, it would not have given any descendant of Mr. Spencer a moment's uneasiness. Had I known that you were the son-in-law of Mr. Spencer, a fact which I learned from your communication to the Messrs. Harper, I certainly should not have published the letter in question until I had ascertained or persuaded myself that it would be regarded, as I certainly think it should be regarded, as a manifestation of that sort of congested political enthusiasm which party strife habitually engendered in those days, and the importance of which disappeared with the transient passions in which it had its birth. If Mrs. Clinton and yourself are unable to take this view of the matter, I beg you will both be assured of my sincere regret and disappointment.

I should scarcely do full justice to myself or to the part I have had in this publication, if I did not add that when the letters were first submitted to me, it was with the view of having my judgment as to the propriety and expediency of publishing the whole collection in a volume. Accompanying them were two letters from yourself, one dated as long ago as 1859, in reply to a request that you should cooperate in the editorship of these letters, in which after pleading various reason for declining the share of the task assigned to you, you say:

"If there be any particular act or incident of his (your father's) life touching which light is deemed desirable, write, or let the member of your family who contemplates an undertaking *so gratifying to my feelings*, write to me, and I assure you I will be most happy to do all the little in my power to aid."

In the other, written so recently as March of last year, when again solicited to cooperate in the editorial task which you are pleased to say I have discharged so unsatisfactorily, you close a statement of new reasons for declining, by wishing the undertaking success.

I took it for granted from the tenor of these notes that you were familiar with at least the general purport of the Clinton-Post correspondence, and that you not only approved of, but desired, its publication. I am now led to infer from your note to the Messrs. Harper that you had not seen the correspondence when the letters above cited were written; but you will pardon me for saying that it was not my fault that I derived from them a different impression.

Before your favor of the 5th instant was received by the Messrs. Harper, the March number of the magazine containing the continuation and conclusion of my article was not only printed, but some copies had been distributed. It was therefore too late for them to take into consideration your protest against its publication, and for the same reason it is unnecessary now to discuss the answer which they might have thought fit to make to it if it had reached them earlier. I venture to hope however, that you will find nothing in the continuation inconsistent with the respect due from every citizen of our state to the memory of its most illustrious chief magistrate.

In conclusion permit me to say that, while I should be disposed to justify in a son, the extreme of sensitiveness in regard to the reputation of his father, I should regard it as a rather equivocal way of manifesting such sensitiveness by resenting the publication of letters written from an exalted official position with the distinct purpose of influencing the judgment of others upon matters of public concern. I would think it more consistent with your veneration for your father's memory to treat no portion of his writings as unworthy of his fame. And, while I would prefer myself not to have any public attention attracted to the subject of this correspondence, it is proper for me to say that you are quite at liberty to make such use of it as you think best.

Yours respectfully,<sup>1</sup>

#### HUNTINGTON TO BIGELOW

42 LA BRUYÈRE, 4 April, '75.

Dear Mr. Bigelow:

King<sup>2</sup> brought me two days ago your archiwelcome favour of the 18 ultimatum and the 2 *Harpers*. Peculiarly scourged for time by reason of the presence in these parts of E. W. Smalley

<sup>1</sup>More of the correspondence on this subject will be found in the *Buffalo Daily Courier* of March 12, 1875, from which it will be seen that the foregoing letter failed to vindicate me in the mind of the gentleman to whom it was addressed. About two years after the appearance of my articles, this gentleman, who was a political friend of Mr. Tilden, was a candidate for the office of State Senator on the Democratic ticket. As one of his supporters, I sent him a check in contribution to his campaign fund, to which he responded with the following amiable communication:

BUFFALO, Nov. 1, 1877.

Judge Clinton presents his compliments to Mr. Bigelow and begs leave to return the inclosed check, which he cannot permit to be used to promote his success; but he takes pleasure in assuring Mr. Bigelow that this mark of Mr. B's desire for his success gives him much pleasure; that he respects Mr. Bigelow's public character and conduct and bears towards him now no unkindly feeling.

<sup>2</sup>Edward King, a writer for the press, author of *My Paris* (1868), *French Political Leaders* (1875), *Echoes from the Orient* (1880), *The Gentle Savage* (1883), and *A Venetian Lover* (1887).

and other transient Christians of my friends, I have only read your letter. I reserve to better leisure the writing an answer to it and the perusal of your De Witt Clinton articles. I had already learned something of them by extracts from one of them given in the *American Register*; and the witty, sensible article in the *Tribune* (by Hay I presume)<sup>1</sup> had informed me that they had brought on you that sort of degenerate abuse, which any writer who takes for his theme an historical American who has the misfortune to have propagated must expect.

I am glad that King has come, both for that he increases for me the agreeable part of the population of this city, and because it is only by working here that he [can] do justice to the French subjects of the book he has undertaken to write, to its readers, and to himself.

\* \* \* \* \*

Yrs. truly

<sup>1</sup>New York *Tribune*, March 16, 1875:

#### HEREDITARY VITUPERATION

Hereafter when any one sits down to write history, he should inquire whether any of the descendants of his heroes are now living, and if so whether they have ever intermarried with the posterity of any of their ancestors' enemies. For lack of this Mr. John Bigelow has been deluged with the vials of wrath of one G. W. Clinton. Mr. Bigelow wrote two unusually clever and impartial articles in *Harper's Magazine* founded on the correspondence of DeWitt Clinton, showing that that lamented and honored statesman was in the habit of using a style of denunciation towards his opponents hardly to be matched nowadays. In illustration of his theme, he cited a letter of Mr. Clinton referring to John C. Spencer in language which his admirers might have called "scathing," but which the judicious could hardly approve. How was mortal man to know that Mr. Clinton's son had married Mr. Spencer's daughter? But such was the fact, and Mr. Clinton lost no time in making it known to Messrs. Harper and to Mr. Bigelow. Thereupon the amiable booksellers and their accomplished editor, Mr. Alden, wrote polite letters of regret, and Mr. Bigelow joined in the remorseful chorus with a letter the politest and most courteous of all. Mr. Clinton was greatly pleased with them all, and wrote short notes expressive of perfect satisfaction to Mr. Harper and Mr. Alden. In these he expressed his satisfaction with Mr. Bigelow's letter, and announced his purpose of writing to him "in kindness."

But alas for the peace of mind of all parties, he waited three days, and on the 18th of February, the wind having changed, he wrote a good long letter to Mr. Bigelow in which he accuses him of "thoughtlessness and self-sufficiency," tells him he never heard of him before, and that he writes "rubbish." Mr. Bigelow had brought to Mr. Clinton's notice two letters of his own in which he expressed a desire to have these so-called Post letters published. But he indignantly rejoins that he expected to have them published "in a book," under his own eye, where he could strike out everything which should not be to the advantage of his father's memory, and could leave in everything which would be unpleasant to the Van Burens and Yateses. But his irritation makes him illogical, for after complaining bitterly that the letters were published at all, he charges as an additional wrong that they were published in an "ephemeral" form. At one moment he tells Mr. Bigelow that he does not know who he is, and in the same sentence by referring to him as once "attached to our Legation in Paris" he shows that he is informed of Mr. Bigelow's having held the highest rank in our diplomatic service, and that he has not the honorable

candor to admit it. There may be some difference of opinion about what letters ought to be published, but no one will doubt that Mr. Clinton for his own sake would have done well not to publish these, and especially not to preface them by a furious communication to *The Buffalo Courier*, calling Mr. Bigelow by such courteous names as "simpleton," "malicious knave," "willful and malignant liar." Such language as this certainly goes far to prove that the great Clinton's taste for vituperation was transmissible, if none of his other talents were.

#### HUNTING THE COMPTROLLER<sup>1</sup>

There are at the present time about thirty millions of dollars due to our city which ought to be collected, and there are claims to the amount of ten millions pressing against the city which ought to be successfully resisted, making in the aggregate the substantial sum of say forty millions of dollars. For some three years the present comptroller has been trying to get things into shape to collect the thirty millions due to the city, and has thus far successfully resisted the payment of ten millions illegally collected from it. For these offences a bill is now pending before the legislature, the ostensible purpose of which is to reorganize the city's finance department, but its real purpose is to reorganize Mr. Green out of office and put those forty millions of dollars, more or less, at the political disposition of May or Wickham and the circle of local politicians whose hopes rest upon the Costigan bill.

Our readers perhaps are curious to know something more definite of Mr. Green's shortcomings, considering that they are esteemed so fatal that even the harmony of the Democratic party — such a vital element in Tammany politics — is to be put in jeopardy to get rid of him. We considered some of them yesterday, and we now proceed to state them further as they are set forth in the report made to the Board of Aldermen on their invitation by Mr. Green himself. If there be anything exaggerated or inaccurate in the statement, it is the fault of the report.

Few of our readers are probably aware that there are eighty distinct departments of the municipal government invested with the power of running the city into debt. It is not surprising therefore that there are a great many debts contracted. Among them there are \$6,194,969, which Mr. Green disputes in all or in part as unlawful, fraudulent, or extortionate. We take from the

<sup>1</sup>Contributed by me to the *N. Y. Evening Post* and published in its issue of February 20, 1875.

report a few specimens of these disputed claims which Mr. Green adduces to show how unreasonable and obstructive he can be.

1. There is a bill for water-meters contracted by William M. Tweed amounting to \$1,000,000. The meters were never used and never wanted. Mr. Green thinks that the million dollars is worth more to the city than the meters would be.

2. Edmund Jones and others claim \$1,125,610 for stationery furnished in the years 1869-71. During the same period the same persons furnished articles of the same kind to an amount which, added to their claim, would be more than two millions of dollars. The city was deriving supplies of stationery from other persons at the same time. Mr. Green keeps these men also waiting for their money, as there was something wrong about them.

3. Charles Devlin, assignee, etc., claims \$800,000 for prospective and imaginary profits under the old Hackley street-cleaning contract. After nine years' litigation which terminated in a judgment against the city, Mr. Green employed special counsel and took an appeal on which the judgment below was reversed, and a judgement absolute was rendered in favor of the city, with costs. Of course the parties who did not get these \$8,000,000 out of the city cannot regard such a comptroller as Mr. Green with unqualified admiration.

4. John H. Starin, Assignee, is suing the City for alleged services as a lawyer in prosecuting violators of the excise laws. His services he is pleased to value at the sum of \$453,800. As these services were rendered twenty years ago, Mr. Green is perhaps so infatuated as to think the Comptroller ought to have at least as long a time to ascertain how a lawyer whom the bar of New York never reckoned among its leaders should have been able to earn more than any other man in the profession during the same period of time, and why he has not been already paid.

The disputed claims for taxed costs in street openings amount to \$602,503. Among this class of sufferers by Mr. Green's obstinacy figure, as we showed yesterday, the names of our patriotic and disinterested friends, George H. Purser for \$263,977; Edward Boyle for \$302,263; and John A. Bagley [?] for \$283,838.

The advertising under the Tweed dynasty, or rather during the three years 1869-70-71, amounted to the pretty little sum of \$2,586,477; while the total outlay of this sort for the encouragement of printers and newspaper publishers during Mr. Green's penurious reign has been only the beggarly sum of \$212,438, a

falling off of more than 90 per cent. We will name some of the sufferers by this reckless economy and bull-headed obstructiveness of the Comptroller. Old Azariah C. Flag in his worst days was scarcely so bad as Green.

To a newspaper struggling to make both ends meet, any liberties taken with its advertising bills are serious matters.

*First.* The *Herald* claimed, for advertising one of the late Mayor Hall's instructive messages and some other matters, \$72,000. Before the claim was audited Green came into office. He weighed and measured the *Herald's* work, as if it had been so much street-paving, and, as he states in his report, told the publishers that according to their own printed rates for advertising they were entitled to but \$47,000. The *Herald* would not quibble, so took the money and gave a receipt in full. When that money was spent, however, we are told in the report that a suit was brought for the remainder of the claim, and Mr. Green persists in treating the account as settled.

*Second.* The *Commercial Advertiser* presented a bill for \$89,147.80. According to Mr. Green's report, he proceeded in his shop-keeping way, to overhaul the account and found that more than \$35,000 of this amount had already been paid, and that the receipts for the same were on file. He claims to have deducted this and other overcharges till he had reduced our contemporary's bill from \$89,000 to about \$13,000. Of course our contemporary does not entertain an exalted opinion of a comptroller who would make such a bad piece of work of the shapely bill he sent him.

*Third.* Mr. Green seems to have treated with even less ceremony the well-known Hawkins claim for advertising to the amount of \$365,000 in some obscure papers of little, if any, circulation.

*Fourth.* The *Transcript* Association, the predecessor of the present "legal paper" jobbers, received during the Ring administration \$783,498 for advertising. They are now pressing the comptroller for an additional unadjusted trifle of \$186,160.

Is it strange after these revelations that Mr. Green has enemies in the press as well as in other quarters? But these are not all of the Comptroller's offences. The policemen with whom Mayor Wood attempted to take violent possession of the city government some eighteen years ago are still pressing the Comptroller for three years' salary, amounting to \$172,098, for which, through



no fault of theirs we presume, they rendered no service. Mr. Green treats them with the same inhumanity which they have experienced from all his predecessors.

Again, we are told in Mr. Green's report that the judgments obtained against the city during the three years prior to his accession to the comptrollership amounted to \$3,221,821, while for the three subsequent years under him they amounted to only \$1,935,389, the diminution since Green's accession being \$1,296,432. The claims successfully resisted in the courts by Mr. Green amount to \$2,492,421; and the reduction without litigation, to \$856,912, making in the aggregate \$3,349,334. In this sum, no account is made of the hundreds of claims extinguished by a single test decision, as in the case of an armory lease involving only \$15,000, but which alone carried with it out of court claims for more than a million and a half of dollars.

We will not prolong this list. Those who are curious on the subject may refer to Mr. Green's statement, where they will find chapter and verse for all that we have recited, and for a great deal more. It shows abundant reason for much of the hostility which he has encountered from the press and is now encountering from a certain class of persons in the city council and the state legislature. But it is precisely because Mr. Green is so vexatious to these people and provokes to such an extent their hostility by his undoubtedly bad manners (which he ought to strive to amend) that we cannot afford to part with him yet. The people of the City of New York have known Mr. Green as one of the most faithful and useful, though uncivil and obstinate, public servants they have ever had during the last twenty years. They know that the worst things ever said of him sprang from what they have rarely had to complain of in their service, an over-vigorous scrutiny of claims upon the municipal treasury and an almost morbid fidelity to their interests. When they have been served as long and faithfully by Mr. Wickham, and the same complaint is made of him that is now made of Green, we shall be ready at least to listen respectfully to what he may have to say in favor of a new comptroller. At present we must say that the little experience we have had of his public services does not satisfy us that his opinions in regard to the management of our city finances are entitled to prevail so far as to oust Mr. Green from office in order to put a more facile, though perhaps also more courteous man in his place.

## FROM MY DIARY

*February 26, 1875.* Called this morning on Weed, taking Flora along to play with the monkey. Weed told me the story of Morgan's<sup>1</sup> abduction and the deep damnation of his taking off. He was then printing a paper at Rochester. It became noised about that Morgan was printing or preparing to print an account of the secrets of masonry. Johns,<sup>2</sup> a Canadian, had Morgan arrested for a debt and at the same time seized his MSS. The debt proved to have been paid. They then had him arrested for stealing a shirt. He was discharged from the jail at Canandaigua, where he had been confined upon both occasions, on proof adduced before the magistrate that the shirt had been loaned to him. Johns and his confederates managed to have his discharge occur toward evening; they had a carriage at the door, forced him into it, and took him off to Fort Niagara, where they proposed to pass him on to the Canadian masons who were to send him up into the remote wilderness, where they would content him in some way to remain. After two or three days the Canadians declined further responsibility for him, and then the difficulty was to know what to do with him. They found they had a wolf by the ears whom it was as difficult to let go as to hold on to.

About this time there was a grand entertainment given by or to the Knights Templars at Lewiston, a place about seven miles from Niagara fort. At this entertainment some one of the guests toasted "The enemies of our order, may none of them long lack a grave six feet long, six feet deep," & something else which Weed did not remember.<sup>3</sup> At the close of this speech a Colonel King<sup>4</sup> who had been in the war<sup>5</sup> rose from the table, tapped four others present on their shoulders, and asked them into a side room, where he told them that orders from the Grand Master of the Republic (Gov. Clinton<sup>6</sup>) had been issued to have Morgan put out of the way. They willingly obeyed the supposed orders, went to

<sup>1</sup>William Morgan, a stone mason of Batavia, N. Y.; born about 1775, died 1826.

<sup>2</sup>Daniel Johns.

<sup>3</sup>Six feet due east and west.

<sup>4</sup>William King.

<sup>5</sup>Of 1812.

<sup>6</sup>De Witt Clinton.

the jail or fort, persuaded Morgan they had provided the farm upon which he had been promised a home, took him in a carriage, and after driving a while they got into a boat and took him to where the Niagara river empties into the lake, tied a strong rope several times around both ends of his body and a fifty-six pound weight to the ends of the rope at opposite ends of his person, and threw him overboard.

Weed was afterward tried on a charge of libel at Albany before old Judge James Vanderpoel for saying that one Gould<sup>1</sup> had received money to help get Morgan away. The defense broke down because the judge would not allow the witness to swear Gould received the money till they first proved that Gould had engaged to use it for the alleged purpose. After the trial the witnesses upon whom Weed had relied, Whitney<sup>2</sup> and Sim Jewett,<sup>3</sup> joined Weed at his house to eat some oysters, and in the course of the evening Jewett said to Whitney, "Now Bob (or whatever his first name was), had you not better make a clean breast of it?" "Well, I've no objection," replied Whitney, "if you think best." The result was that Whitney narrated the whole story to Weed and Jewett and a man named Bacon<sup>4</sup> who was also present. The men, he said, who did the business for Morgan were himself [Whitney] and Mr. Ketcham, both Rochester men, Johns, a Canadian, and Cheesborough<sup>5</sup> from Canandaigua.

When the MSS. were seized, Robert Martin, Weed's partner, also a mason, was appointed to carry them to New York, where a grand chapter was then in session. He handed them to Clinton, who was presiding.

Clinton had them referred to a committee whom he appointed and with whom he afterward conferred. He advised them to send the MSS. back as speedily as possible. The committee so reported, and Clinton gave them back to Martin and urged him to return as speedily as possible to prevent indiscreet men from doing further mischief. But he came too late. The result worried Clinton exceedingly and put an end to his political aspirations.

At the Chicago Convention of 1860, Whitney sought out Weed,

<sup>1</sup>George Gould.

<sup>2</sup>John Whitney.

<sup>3</sup>Col. Simeon B. Jewett.

<sup>4</sup>The third person was a Major Samuel Barton.

<sup>5</sup>N. G. Chesebro.

and said he wanted some further talk with him about the whole matter. Weed plead his interest in the deliberations of the convention for asking their conference to be deferred till that was over. As soon as Weed ascertained that the last ballot would result in Seward's defeat, he retired to his hotel and began packing his trunk. Whitney found him out and begged him not to go till he had had an opportunity of repeating his story with some additions, and till Weed had written it all down. He wished, he said, the whole truth to be known. Weed said he felt so badly that he could not then undertake it, but he hoped for another opportunity at some future day. When in London the last time<sup>1</sup> he thought of Whitney and wrote to an intimate friend to take down Whitney's story for him. This letter, by some inadvertence, was mislaid,<sup>2</sup> and when they had returned to the United States Harriet<sup>3</sup> found it among her papers. He then wrote another to the same effect,<sup>4</sup> and received for answer that Whitney had died only seven days before the receipt of Weed's letter. Henceforth no witness of what occurred survived, and now the whole story rests mainly upon the authority at second hand of Weed.<sup>5</sup>

## BIGELOW TO HUNTINGTON

[ca March, 1875]

. . . In regard to Fénelonia I can give you no list of unsatisfied wants, because I know of none, having generally bought or ordered everything as its existence came to my knowledge. There are not likely to be many old things that I lack. But any, thing published thereanent since 1868 relating to that epoch, especially on the Protestant side, is not likely to come amiss. Such for instance are *Louis XIV et la Révoc. de l'Édit de Nantes par M. Raymond François*, which you sent me, and *L'Intolérance de Fénelon* p. O. Douen which I bought myself (1872).<sup>6</sup> If there is

<sup>1</sup>In 1868.<sup>2</sup>It was received back through the dead letter office.<sup>3</sup>Daughter of Thurlow Weed.<sup>4</sup>In 1869.<sup>5</sup>The story is told in detail in the *Autobiography of Thurlow Weed* edited by his daughter H. A. Weed (1883), pp. 210 *et seq.*<sup>6</sup>Received a review of *L'Intolérance de Fénelon* (*Revue politique et littéraire*, No. 28, 9 janvier 1875).

such a thing as a collection of the works of Vauban, I would be glad to have them. If not haveable, anything of his that you find lying around. According to Rulhière, Vauban prepared a *Mémoire sur le Rappel des Huguenots*, 5 avril 1692; another *Sur la Guerre présente et sur les nouveaux Convertis*, 5 mai 1693; and another *Le Mémoier d'un Docteur de Sorbonne et d'un Caractère considérable dans l'Église*. He also wrote *Mémoires sur La Dixme Royale*, also *sur le Rétablissement de l'Édit de Nantes*; also *Mémoire sur les Limites de la Puissance ecclésiastique dans les Choses temporelles*. Besides these, he wrote some other essays upon subjects of more or less general concern. I do not care for the military works so much, unless they are all bound together. I should not wish them at all, except with the others, the quasi political papers.

There is another book I would like you to send me some day: *Notes sur les Altérations Catholiques et Protestantes du Nouveau Testament*, Paris, *Cherbuliez*. The author is O. Douen.

There was a collection of the *Oisivetés par Vauban* published, I think, in three vols, somewhere about 1843,<sup>1</sup> edited by Colonel Augoyat, which I would also like. . . . If you find them inexpensive; that is, not rare and costly, you may pin anything of his. I have recently taken quite a fancy to him. He is more like Moltke than any Frenchman I know of, and the way he fought for toleration and resisted Colbert when Colbert was soo subservient to the weaknesses of Louis XIV savors of the best men of the best times. I should not mind having a complete collection of the old fellow, if they could be had comfortably, for some day I would like to say something about him. There is no hurry. I hope he may provoke you to many pleasant walks and Oh, utinam! No, better not. If I were with you I should buy lots of trash I don't want, and get scolded for coming home too late for dinner.

My faith in popular govt. in France is unabated. But time for political education is necessary, & all we have to ask for is that no dynasty can get top. That I think Gambetta can be trusted to insure. You rarely speak of him in your correspondence. Have you met him yet? Into what phase has he entered? Is he any less the leader of the Grand Army of the Republic than two years ago? My faith in the people's party coming soon to its own is dependent upon him. Does he gain or lose in the popular

<sup>1</sup>*Oisivetés de Mr. de Vauban, ou Ramas de plusieurs Mémoires de sa Façon sur différents Sujets* was published in 4 volumes in 1843-1846.

estimation and in yours? If you answer these questions through the *Tribune*, I think you will please its readers and satisfy me.

\*      \*      \*      \*      \*      \*      \*

Yours sincerely

HUNTINGTON TO BIGELOW

42 LA BRUYÈRE, PARIS,  
28 March, '75.

*Dear Mr. Bigelow:*

Apart from procrastinatory habit, grippe, and other sufficing causes was the special one for not sooner recognizing receipt of your last favour, that I waited for the Guizot sale, so as to announce to you fulfillment of your book commissions in its respect. . . . In the general, Guizot's books went at high rates — I say, at least for twice the money they would have brought except for his book-mark and that they were sought for souvenirs. Note a few examples from my list: *La France Nouvelle par Prévost-Paradol* (author's gift copy), frs. 20. *The political Songs of England from Reign of John to that of Edward II*, edited by Thomas Wright, Camden Society, 1857, i, 4to, 26 francs!! *Memoires of Samuel Pepys*, etc., etc., 1828, 5 vols, 8°, 80 francs! I have the same edition, equally well bound, for which I paid I think 20 francs a few years ago. Here and there again, but rarely, a volume was struck off at less than ordinary second hand prices. The catalogue itself is a curiosity — in its way — most curious for its deficiencies. It is not matter of much surprise that Guizot seems to have had no copy of Molière, nor of the works of his fellow academician V. Hugo, nor of Balzac and other disreputable contemporary authors of mark. What impresses you more is the absence of books in those departments of literature and in those lines of themes, that you would suppose had been for him fields of *con amore* reading and subjects of special study. He was a translator, essayist on, and editor of Shakespeare. He had no rare works bearing on Shakespeare: only one complete edition of his plays in English, and that the Basil reprint of William (*sic*) Johnson and G. Steevens; only one French edition and that his own (perhaps the poorest of the five that have appeared in French

since 1821); only one German translation, that of Schlegel's<sup>1</sup> which is surely not the best; and not (apart from his own) a dozen other volumes on or about Shakespeare in any language.

I expected as a matter of course to find in the Library of the great French historian all the works of Vauban, and congratulated myself on the convenient opportunity of satisfying your desire for their possession. Except *Le Dime*, which everybody has, not one work of Vauban is on the catalogue. Your first explanation of these deficiencies will be what mine was: namely, that De Witt and G. Guizot had picked out numerous works to be reserved from the sale. But I am told that this was not the case; that the old man ordered a sale of his entire library; and that (possibly of course with some exceptions) they followed his orders. And what, on second thought, tends to persuade one that they did so, is the fact that a great number of gift copies from authors, friends of Guizot, were certainly not reserved. And I know that after the fourth or fifth day of the auction (it ran through two weeks) Cornelis de Witt complained that the prices ran so low. The fact is that they ran high in the general; that of the 2586 numbers, 2500 brought higher prices than the same books in equally good and bad condition (very many of them were spotted and moulded with damp — very few were of any elegance of binding — only a few of desirable superiority either by rarity of edition or beauty of print or paper or of illustration) could to-day be bought much cheaper in Oxford Street and the Strand, and among the shops on the *Rive Gauche*, where we some time went bouquineering. The round sum they brought was 44,000 francs: from which deduct cost of catalogue, auctioneers' and experts' commissions, etc., etc., and I suppose some 36,000 francs are left to be divided among the heirs. The catalogue of the second part, sale of which takes place on 20 April and six following days, contains but 1182 nos. It is drolly ill edited under the general heads of Theology, Jurisprudence, Sciences, *Arts divers*. Title after title is forced in under each of these heads, belonging often to one of the others and more often to some of the chapters of the first catalogue. Then, under *Théologie*, are dozens of works that belong to History, Philosophy, or *Belles Lettres*; under *Sciences et Arts* other equally misplaced dozens. From this second sale, however, I may get a volume or two to add

<sup>1</sup>A. W. von Schlegel; his translation, which was afterward continued by Ludwig Tieck, appeared 1797-1810.

to the volume or two from the first which I have ready for you, when opportunity serves to forward them. I hesitate a little to use the *May*<sup>1</sup> conveyance too often: not liking to overdrive a so kindly willing hoss. . . .

I note your remarks on Gambetta and your suggestion that I should write out mine for publication in America. To the which let me respectfully reply: I do not know Gambetta personally, even by sight; I do know something about him, having followed his career, as marked by his words and acts, from the moment he revealed himself at the "Raudin trial" up to to-day, and intimately knowing one of his most intimate and trusted political friends and *Seids*. Whereby I do not propose to myself to carefully review and attempt to enlarge this knowledge, and set down in writing the result of a painful, painstaking study of it and of his character. For why? Because I don't know any newspaper or other publisher in America who would print such MS. The American public (not absolutely synonymous with intelligent Americans, who are not the public — least of all the public which editors love to serve their wares to) prefers, it seems to me, not to be told anything relating to foreign politicians and politics that does not accord with its preconceived, however misconceived, notions. I have been writing these five years that Gambetta is the, at least foremost among the few, first politician (I don't say statesman) in France, for managing ability and for *conservative* liberalism. Sometimes I have ventured to slip in a statement of demonstrable fact, in proof of this assertion. This very most that it seemed prudent to do has sometimes been let to print from my MS., oftener not. Other attempts — but it is not my business to quarrel with editors whose journals I don't edit; with the wisdom, superior by intuition, of ye American newspaper and its readers, nor with my bread and butter. . . . My dear Mr. Bigelow, when a man like Wm. M. Evarts, speaking on an elucidated point of French contemporary history, with which, by the facts, he represents himself to be as accurately familiar as in it he is vividly interested, can assert in open Brooklyn court that "Rossel<sup>2</sup> was tried, condemned, and executed for having had executed the chief justice of France and the archbishop of Paris,"

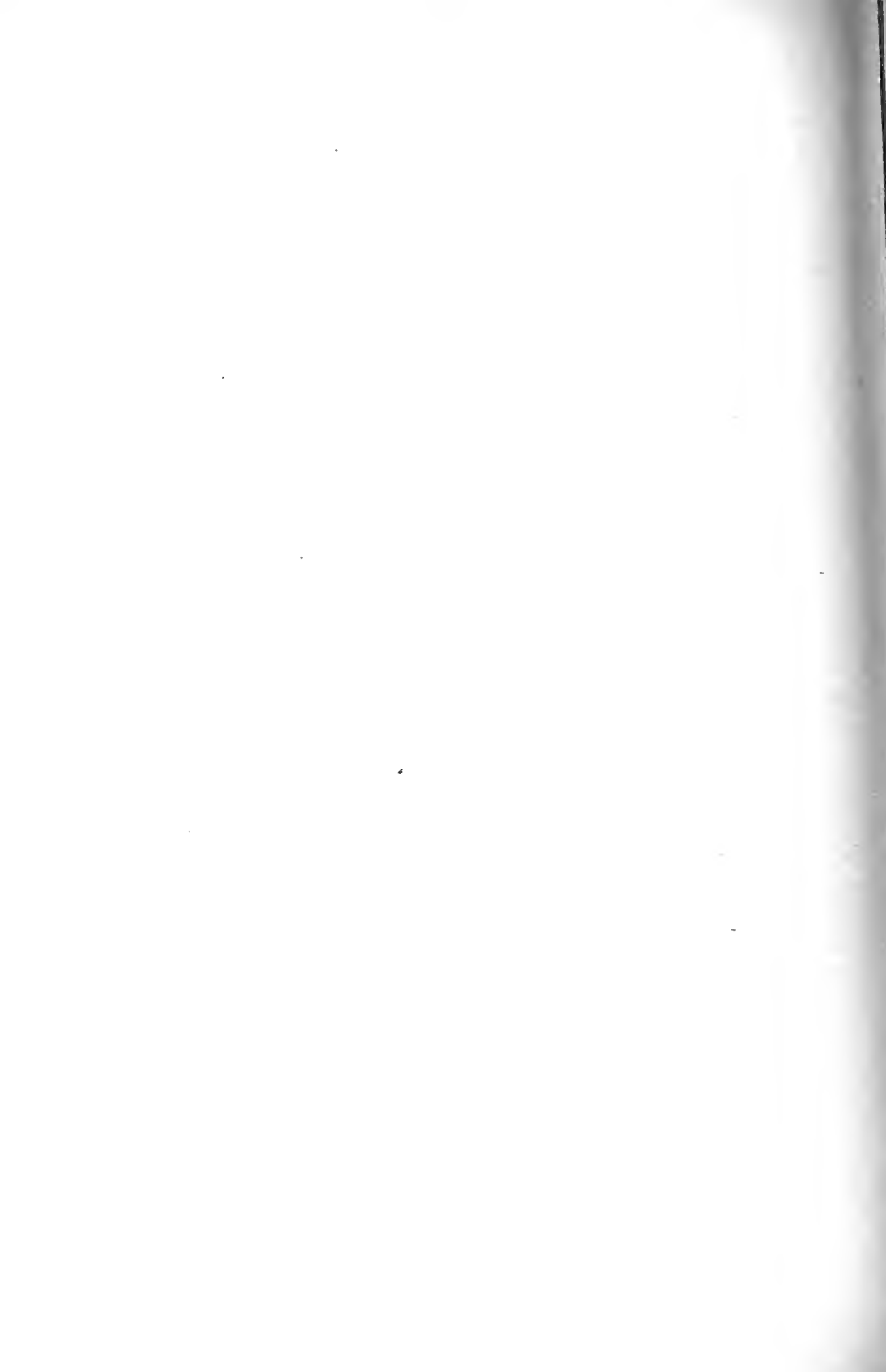
<sup>1</sup>C. W. May.

<sup>2</sup>L. N. Rossel (1848-1871), French military officer, in Metz during the Franco-German war, escaped at the time of the capitulation, served as a colonel under Gambetta, and then as a general under the commune; sentenced to death by commune court-martial and executed by shooting.





W. M. Evarts



— and this without starting a breath of corrective criticism from any of the intelligent listening audience — *que voulez-vous?* The simple, easily ascertainable, utterly demonstrated, distinctly recorded facts are: That Rossel had no more to do with the execution of the hostages than Wm. M. Evarts had; that their execution entered for no part into the charges on which he was tried, condemned, and executed; that M. Bonjean was not only not chief justice of France, no such official existing in the scheme of French courts, but was not the *chief* judge in the Court of Cassation.

I met Mr. Moreau, it is almost two months ago now, on the quais one day. He asked, as always, with cordial interest *après vos nouvelles*; and, what you will be glad to hear, seemed, so far as I could judge from his gait and voice and manner, well healed of his infernal neuralgic rheumatics and in full high health and spirits.

A reminiscence of the Guizot sale, apropos of nothing: a turn up of the pamphlet (a catalogue lent me with sale prices marked in the margin), at page 193, do tell this tale: "*Les Etats-Unis d'Amérique en 1863, par John Bigelow. Paris.*" . . .

Yours truly

#### FROM MY DIARY

*April 8, 1875.* I was indebted to Evarts for a seat beside Judge Neilson on the bench at the trial of Tilton *vs* Beecher on Friday last [April 2], and heard the most critical testimony of the trial. I left the court room with the conviction that the trial was practically ended; that Beecher's testimony could not be shaken. On leaving the court room Tilton joined me. I asked him if he did not have misgivings sometimes that he had done his wife and Beecher injustice? He said No, that Beecher knew what he had been at, and so did he. I said that I had never been able to comprehend how a man of Beecher's eminence in many ways could have ever faced such an investigation as he is now undergoing, with such a criminal secret in his bosom as Mr. Tilton supposed to be dwelling there. "Oh, how does a man face death or other painful catastrophes?" said Tilton. "Because he can't help it. Beecher could not help it, and so he braved it." "But,"

said I, "he could have quit the pulpit, if you please, carrying his tongue and pen with him" &c. "No," said Tilton, "I would not allow him to. He wrote his resignation; we have it, but we would not permit an act which would inevitably compromise my wife's honor," &c.

This foolish reasoning confirmed me in the opinion I formed when I read Bessie Turner's testimony, that T. [Tilton] is crazy; has a sort of insane self conceit, and can no more see the moral or logical bearings of his position than the man who believed himself made of glass.

BIGELOW TO EVARTS

WESTMORELAND HOTEL,  
Friday evening, April 2d, 1875.

*My dear Evarts:*

I don't feel as if I can go to bed to-night till I have expressed to you my high appreciation of your masterly management of Mr. Beecher's examination to-day. You fairly shared with your distinguished witness the admiration of your audience. Only yesterday I was speaking with Mr. Bryant of the difficulty in a professional point of view of subjecting a person of Mr. Beecher's eminence and proportions to such an inquisition as awaited him on this trial, without humiliating and to that extent belittling him. To say that you perfectly succeeded, that you developed the most critical and decisive evidence in the case in a way that could not have wounded the tenderest susceptibility of a wife or a child, is to say that you achieved as I think one of your greatest professional triumphs. I rejoice in it for your sake and for his sake, yet more for the sake of that larger class who regard the fame of Mr. Beecher in all its unimpaired symmetry and amplitude as [as] much one of our priceless national possessions as the Declaration of Independence.

I feel that to-day's testimony practically ends the trial. The battle is fought. I trust God will give the conspirator more grace in conducting his retreat than was manifested in his attack.

Very truly and gratefully yours,

## VIII

### CANAL INVESTIGATING COMMISSION — ELECTED SECRETARY OF STATE — THE BOTTA PRIZE

#### FROM MY DIARY

*April 8, 1875 (continued).*

**Y**ESTERDAY morning who should come in but McLean (Charles), to say that the Governor was waiting for him to telegraph that I would accept the headship of the Canal Investigation Commission, to send in my name to the Senate that morning. The men to be associated with me were selected for *efficiency* and with a view to my satisfaction, and the Governor was very anxious for my acceptance. I with great hesitation accepted. It deranges all my plans for work this summer; it is sure to separate me a great deal from my family; it puts me to the necessity of learning a great deal not worth my knowing about canals, and puts my capacities to a test to which they have never before been subjected and for which they may or may not be equal. I shall not be turned from a literary career unless I can serve my Maker in this way better.

BIGELOW TO TILDEN

NEW YORK, April 8, 1875.

*My dear Governor:*

It seems to be a part of your vocation in life to edit me. It was through your instrumentality mainly that I held my first office

under the great seal of the State — that of Commissioner of Deeds. It was you also who inspired my appointment as State's Prison inspector. It was largely in deference to your advice that I became one of the editors of the *Evening Post*.

Neither I nor anybody else, I believe, have had any particular reason to repent your editorship so far, but beware! Remember the pitcher that went once too often to the well.

Very truly yours

BIGELOW TO HUNTINGTON

NEW YORK, April 9, 1875.

*My dear Friend:*

\*            \*            \*            \*            \*            \*            \*

You will have seen perhaps by the papers, that Gov. Tilden has called me to assist in nosing the rogues out of the canals. I suppose you will say, "What a fool Bigelow is to accept such a task," and I might with more propriety say, what fools were Tilden & the senate to appoint me! But I could not well refuse Tilden's earnest request; and besides, I confess to a certain alacrity in coöperating with a man who grapples with roguery as Tilden does, with such entire faith in the right. I have always felt that our "reformers" so generally fail because they distrust themselves and the cause for which they fight. This leads them to compromise & dicker with the mammon of unrighteousness.

\*            \*            \*            \*            \*            \*            \*

Beecher has wakened up at last, and begins to shake the dogs off right and left who are baiting him. I was present at the trial on Friday last, and heard his account of the Contrition "Memorandum." When I left the court I said what I still think, that the trial was practically ended. The change in public sentiment is very great, and now, while there are some still that doubt, it is rare to find any free from doubt but such as believe in Beecher's innocence. I have never witnessed anything which sustained my interest to the verge of excitement so long as my four hours' experience of this trial. Beecher is the greatest man I suspect that has been in the witness box for any matter of universal interest since Franklin was examined before the House of Commons;

and probably nothing Beecher ever wrote has been as widely read or will be as much read by posterity as this testimony. I brought away from Brooklyn a caricature which may amuse you. Tilton's conduct, whether Beecher be innocent or guilty, can only be explained, I think, upon the theory that he is insane. His getting up in the night to change his pictures, & to change his beds, his capricious moods & temper, and in fact all his conduct goes to reveal an insane self-conceit, that is, a self-conceit rendered morbid by premature & excessive gratification or stimulation.

I suppose Edward King is with you by this time, and is taking the lives of French notabilities at a remunerative rate. Give him my cordial regards, in which my family would join if they could.

Your State<sup>1</sup>, *et tu Brute!* has also turned against Grant and the third term. Good night. Yours always

#### FROM MY DIARY

#### CONGRESS HALL, ALBANY.

*Monday, April 12, 1875.* Came up to-day. Mr. Orr,<sup>2</sup> in the same train was born in Ireland, came to America when about four years old, became a partner of David Dows in 1861, an impressible, temperate, active mind, trained to think only by excitement over the subjects upon which his mind is employed, not familiar with general truths, more ready to give his own opinion than to hear another's, well disposed, earnest and bright.

After we had got our rooms we went to call upon the Governor. Sat with him a while, and then went to be sworn in at the office of the Secretary of State. Then dined with Dorsheimer. Senator John A. King<sup>3</sup> called on me and asked Orr and myself to dinner to-morrow. I forgot to state that Mr. Magone<sup>4</sup> arrived about 5 P. M., and then we met at my room where I was elected Chairman and Van Buren Secretary. Van Buren<sup>5</sup> pleases me. He is

<sup>1</sup>Connecticut.

<sup>2</sup>A. E. Orr, member of Canal Commission.

<sup>3</sup>New York Senate.

<sup>4</sup>Daniel Magone, Jr., member of Canal Commission.

<sup>5</sup>W. J. D. Van Buren, Jr., member of Canal Commission.

evidently a bright fellow. Magone also seems a sensible, straightforward, useful man. On the whole I am pleased with my associates.

We spent the evening with the Governor. He regretted having yielded to Dorsheimer and Fairchild in having the bill giving him power of removing state officers, extended to embrace any *but those concerned in the canal management*. The enemy are now trying to change the issue, that is the war, from the evil to the remedy.

We found Governor Seymour at the Governor's, and he gave us a long talk about the canals. Wished one of us to take up the subject and show the distinction between the canal and railway freight, and how much more work canal transport gives than railway. He instanced that a boatload of black walnut lumber costing \$5,000 would undergo changes at New York which would make it worth \$100,000.

Tilden took care to interrupt him to tell us that the practical question we had to consider was the frauds, and we must not allow ourselves to be led off to consider problems of philosophy or political economy.

*Thursday, April 14, 1875.* Visited a portion of the work on Denison's contract from Port Schuyler on the Erie Canal, and of Osborne's contract on the Champlain Canal near the junction. Of the vertical wall, whether dry or laid in cement, we did not find a rod answering to the specifications, nor scarcely a stone. We saw no lining, no headers, the wall merely a facing, the back part being merely stone thrown in promiscuously. We took down six pieces, and found in the cement walls the men could remove them with the hand. That was the case with a new wall not three weeks old on which work is now proceeding. While taking down the first wall, McDonald, the superintendent, who had been detailed by the state engineer to wait upon us, drew me aside and said: "They have the smallpox in that canal boat," which lay on the side of the canal opposite to the point we were opening. I replied, "We can't help it." "Then you are not afraid of it?" "Oh, no," said I, and went on taking my notes.

All the day this man seemed to work against us. He tried to keep us from visiting the Champlain contract of Osborne's by trying to lead us elsewhere.

We got home hungry and tired, having had only a sandwich since eight in the morning, at a quarter past seven in the evening.





Carl Abel



CARL ABEL TO BIGELOW

10 HOHENZOLLERN STRASSE W.

BERLIN, May 26, 1875.

*My dear Friend:*

In the old provinces<sup>1</sup> the area at the disposal of the government for agricultural purposes is about 4,000,000 acres; though what portion is to be sold in lots I wot not. Altogether the idea does not seem to succeed. Though commerce is dull, the construction of ever so many new forts and strategical railways is being pushed with such extreme energy that field-hands find it more profitable just now to take to the spade and trowel, than keep to the plough and scythe. Only after the last available penny of the famous five milliards has been frittered away in appliances of war, will manual labour be restored to the ordinary business of life; and then we shall see whether our men prefer government lots to the advantage obtainable under the Homestead Bill. Meanwhile, wages are high, and agriculture and industry at a low ebb. The consequence of it all is, that Germany, a corn exporting country until a very few years ago, no longer produces the cereals consumed by her esurient sons. There is much to be said against such an unnatural state of things; but the worst of it is, that while the middle classes grievously suffer from the decline of industry, they are likewise injured by the lower orders being better off than ever, and, in fact, eating the meat and wearing the coats the "honest burgher" formerly used to regard as his share in the pie. Now, although we certainly do not begrudge our navvies the newly discovered delights of beefsteak and ale, we are somewhat startled by the sight of bricklayers feasting when Professors and Reigierungs-Räthe find it difficult to pay their way. These are some of the contingent amenities of a military era.

There is, however, some hope of matters being arranged with France. Bismarck has seemingly determined to take the hint of Mr. Thiers, and connive at the annexation of Belgium by the gallant MacMahon. What he will require [*sic*] to do with Austria in such a case remains to be seen; but if the Austrian danger is once for all removed, and France satisfied at the same time, there is some prospect of Germany's attaining to a safe and tolerably respectable position among the nations of the earth. The war-

<sup>1</sup>Of Prussia.

farce, got up the other day at Berlin, had no other object than to convince the German Emperor and nation that Russia being no longer a reliable friend, there remains nothing for them but to take up with France. For this purpose the crafty Bismarck pretended to threaten France with imminent war, unless she abated her armaments; and having succeeded in getting the haughty Czar and his excitable Gortchakoff *to forbid* the execution of his alleged scheme, the triumphant victim of Russian tyranny quietly turned round, proving to his incensed sovereign and countrymen that, as matters stand, the fiery Gaul must be regarded as the natural ally of the bewildered Dutch. We shall soon see what will come of it all. The Belgians begin to smell a rat, and having hitherto behaved rather impertinently, are now making one concession after the other in the Ultramontane controversies pending between Berlin and Brussels.

I have done myself the pleasure of writing a notice of your *Franklin* for a Berlin paper. As soon as it appears in print I will send it to you. Meanwhile I return with thanks the cuttings you were good enough to send me.

I also hand you a few lines about my book. As you kindly offered to acquaint the American public with the approach of this literary phenomenon, the enclosed summary of the contents<sup>1</sup> will give you an idea of what I intended to achieve. It is, of course, but a very vague and superficial *précis* of my programme; but I suppose it is quite explicit enough as a preliminary announcement, if indeed it does not require to be shortened and pruned. The printing is at last progressing steadily. The second book, which will establish the affinity between the Egyptian, Semitic, and Aryan tongues, will, I am afraid, not be ready before next summer. . . . Yours very sincerely

THOMAS HITCHCOCK TO JOHN BIGELOW

No. 8 E. 29TH ST., N. Y.  
May 11, 1876.

*Dear Friend:*

I have read the preface and introduction of Abel's Koptic Researches and that is all I can do. I don't know Koptic, and  
'Omitted.

don't intend to learn it. I don't care what the Kopts meant by their words for Truth and Right and I don't believe a dozen people in the world care either. The book is an appalling illustration of German pig-headed industry. To go over, with a fine-tooth comb, a parcel of old monkish books, and copy out every passage in which a given word occurs, and print it, is a task no other human being but a German would undertake or could execute.

What shall I do with the book? I will send it anywhere and in any way you direct.

Yours truly,  
THOMAS HITCHCOCK.

HUNTINGTON TO BIGELOW

42 RUE LA BRUYÈRE, 1 June, '75.

*Dear Mr. Bigelow:*

Owing you answers to your last letters and apologies, and having a hundred things to say to you, but also deeply indebted to an imbeciliating series of bad colds (did you ever have a good cold) in early spring and the bile-begetting and debile-i-tating warmth of these latter days, I am [not] and for long have not been, in mood to write a word, and wouldn't now but for a nudge this morning from Edward King. That young man brought me a gratifying letter from you and, talking about you and yours ever since, acts like a compound repeating conscience sting a rowelling up that moral organ dreadful. An hour ago, by way of a final job, he stuck into it the remark that some time this month you held high jinks at The Squirrels, adding that a letter from us should reach you there in the midst of your love feast.

I don't know whether I was more glad or sorry of your falling into the Canal business. Glad as citizen for this act of civism assuring the well doing of work that sorely needs to be done, sorry for the loss of peace and comfort and withdrawal from your pleasanter task on Fénelon which it must cost you. Then as friend and private cuss, even the mere knowing that you are hard at work disagreeably affects my sympathetic and lazy nature, gives a painful tired feel almost as if I'd been set to doing myself.

I think you have not been told that Hachette & Co. sent in

statement of their account with you two months ago: sum of which is that they have sold frs. 32.50 worth of your book between March 1, 1874 and March 1, 1875, frs. 40 worth remaining on hand; and that, deducting price of 1 vol. La Rochefoucauld and 1 vol. Molière, they hold to your order cash, frs. 21.20, the which I leave in their hands.

Here the political situation in aspect and prospect was never better. The chances for an established republic are strong and strengthening as never before. For this, more than any other one *man*, Gambetta is to be thanked. The obtaining, retaining, and disciplinary affirming of leadership over the lesser chiefs of the advanced republican groups—all of whom would be chief chiefs — are proofs past argument of his exceptional sagacity and capacity among the politicians of France. For her sake, and for his, as an old friend of yours, you will have gladly noted the very influential position Laboulaye has arrived at, with no aid of partizanship or other charlatanism.

King will tell you how he gets on with his book about the "French Leaders." Cramped as he is for space, but a few pages for each one, and bound to make it *readable* at all rates, I only hope that he will manage to give our countrymen accurate statement of facts as far as he goes — "a want long not felt by our community." If one can judge by the plentiful, the demand for inaccuracy should be something enormous. In the *Springfield Republican*; e. g., excellent paper as it is with that intelligent S. B. and his clever subs., I find in nearly every editorial on French affairs, notable, needless, and often grossly misleading, errors of fact, which one would say the merest cussory reader, even of the *London Times'* Paris Correspondence could not fall into. Take it again: a few days ago our excellent friend, Geo. Tyler of Philadelphia, enclosed me a slip taken from an article purporting to be historical and treating of the Napoleons, that appeared in *Scribner* for May. Speaking of Col. Patterson Baltimore Bonaparte,<sup>1</sup> the writer asserts that he escorted the Empress out of France after 4 Sept. and (returning to Paris before the siege closed in) eminently distinguished himself by warlike deeds, etc., etc. Now the notorious fact, printed over and over again in books and newspapers, is that the Empress (who was not even escorted out of the Tuileries by the valiant Col. P. B. B. who was

<sup>1</sup>Jerome Napoleon Bonaparte-Patterson, son of Jerome Bonaparte, who married Miss Elizabeth Patterson of Baltimore.

supposed to be stationed there for that lady's protection) was conducted from Paris to the Channel, with quite needless fears and precautions, by Dential Dr. Evans and his secretary, Crane. The other counterfeit is, that the brilliant cavalry Colonel was in Paris through the war, during which he did not in any way distinguish himself.

Such of us as have felt that Grant's pretense to a continuous presidency, and yet more the easy way too many of our people were regarding it, were of sadly serious import, were put in malicious good humour by a telegram, that reached us yesterday, telling the Pennsylvanians how he don't want a third term and never did want it and is not that kind of woman. This late discovered sourness of that high hung bunch of grapes is uncommon toothsome to us. Whether, after this, His Exc. E. Benjamin Washburne will keep on a not caring for the first term as hard as he has kept a not caring for it? What sets his friend Grant's teeth on edge may set his mouth a watering.

Speaking of Dr. Evans and now of teeth again reminds me to write you his warmest kind remembrances, which he gave me in the *Rue Neuve des Augustins*, and begged me to forward two months ago. He still flourishes, for though empires decay and crowns fall, teeth ever rot and jaws must wag. Withal, the *American Register*, of which he is now sole owner, is doing a profitable business.

I have as yet found none of the Vauban books you asked for, but keep an eye open for them. Why not send a commission that can be executed. The Tylers, to my great regret, left here this morning for Baden, Wildbad and the season. I think their present purpose is to go home, in the autumn, and get ready to keep tavern in 1876. I met at their table, last Sunday week, your publisher, Lippincott, and, of course, we talked of you and B. Franklin respectively and respectfully. A shrewd "amoosin cuss" is your publisher Lippincott.

For a lazy man at best, effervescing now with bile at his worst, let alone what it may be for you, this letter is long enough.

Yours truly

BIGELOW TO WHITELAW REID

160 STATE STREET, ALBANY,

June 2d, 1875.

*My dear Reid:*

You have not yet struck Grant's Message in the right place. Read the fourth paragraph of the leading editorial in the *Evening Journal* of June 1st and then ask the writer if to have supported Lincoln or in the present instance to support Grant meant a change in our form of government involving, among other things, giving a life tenure to the presidency, in other words, the conversion of our government from a republic into a monarchy, he would have countenanced the candidacy of either. Even if the people, like the Ishmaelites of old, should become so infatuated as to ask for a king, would the writer esteem it his duty to cultivate or to discourage that infatuation? These are the real questions involved in the President's Message. The two-term tradition derives all its force and vigor from the respect entertained in this country for the privilege we enjoy of changing our executive at convenient intervals and our hereditary aversion to dynastic authority. It means that or it means nothing. Whoever assists in or connives at breaking down that tradition assists in and connives at the transformation of our government from a republic to a monarchy, and that by the terms of the Constitution is treason; and our fathers saw fit to declare that traitors and those who abetted them were worthy of death — not the presidency.

This is the only position against the third term that can be maintained. Any point short of that leads inevitably to the "unless" of which Grant has availed himself to keep in the line of candidacy, and which the partisans of his renomination will try to impress upon the country as the constitutional doctrine. It is the most substantial step toward a monarchy that has yet been taken in this country. It interrupts the current of tradition upon this subject, and, unless met at once and branded by the press and the public as unsound, as treasonable in its tendency at least, if not in its purpose, it will weaken the authority of that tradition very seriously, and greatly facilitate any future effort that may be made to break it down altogether.

As a political movement, Grant's letter shows that he is running



for the presidency now as much as he ever did, but he is a little less sanguine than he was of success. He is, therefore, looking around for a soft place to fall [on]. You should go for him now every day till all the fall conventions have pronounced against him, or their candidates have felt the toe of the popular boot.

Always very truly yours,

WHITELAW REID TO BIGELOW

NEW YORK TRIBUNE  
NEW YORK, June 8th, 1875.

*My dear Mr. Bigelow:*

I am sorry that an engagement out of town on Saturday evening kept me from seeing you at the Century Club.

It is too early yet to judge, but it looks now as if Grant were to be taken at his word, and that the letter by which he intended to keep himself on the third term track will prove the means of drawing to a focus the indignation of the party against any effort of the sort.

Did you notice in last fall's discussion of the third term business that the view which you took, and which I think was essentially right, that the unwritten law against a third term had become so much a part of the Constitution that to resist it was substantially treasonable, seemed to make little impression on the average mind, and to provoke more strenuous opposition than anything else we said on the subject? The Republicans always answered by saying that we were afraid to trust the people, that they were willing to trust them, and that if the people wanted a man for a third term they had a right to have him. Remembering this, I have doubted whether, with the apparently probable disappearance of the third-term question from active politics, we could make any more impression by arguing on that point now.

No man can write on it so well, however, as you. Why don't you find relaxation from the Canal Commission worries by sending us a letter on the subject?

I hope the canal fight is not going to lag. Politicians here of both parties seem generally to accept the idea that it is about over. If so, Gov. Tilden will lose a large part of what he has gained, for which I should be very sorry, since in all the rummaging for

prominent Democrats within the last year they have been able to put forward nobody half so deserving. His enemies here are reviving the old stories about his drinking, and even his friends say that he looks haggard and careworn.

Very truly yours

CHARLES STEBBINS TO BIGELOW

15 GRAMERCY PARK,  
June 15, 1875.

*Dear Sir:*

The Governor has your favor of the 14th with inclosure.

He wishes me to say that he wishes the commission specially to examine into evidences of specific fraud in work done since the 17th of February, which was the date of the passage of the act relating to civil remedies.

He wants the case to depend not on the relation which the work bears to the general frauds of the transaction alone, but on the separate and independent fraud in the particular portion of the work done since that time, in addition to the relation of that portion of the work to the whole transaction.

That is to say, if there is any evidence of such fraud he wants it elicited.

I am yours truly

CHAS. STEBBINS.

[P. S.] Mr. Tilden will probably not be in Albany on Saturday and will be glad to see you here.

BIGELOW TO VON BUNSEN

HIGHLAND FALLS, June 20, 1875.

*My dear Friend:*

\*      \*      \*      \*      \*      \*      \*

The Commandant of Cadets at the West Point Military Academy, Lieutenant-Colonel Upton, has received a year's furlough

and sets out early next month for a trip around the world under a sort of roving commission from the Government to see what, in his profession, may be best worth seeing. Of course he will pass through Berlin, and I have requested him to take a line to you and Mrs. v Bunsen. You will find him an intelligent man. He is the author or codifier of the system of tactics<sup>1</sup> in use in the American army, and upon that subject is our highest authority. His official letters will secure to him all needful official privileges, but, if you can give him any hints to enlighten his curiosity a little, I am sure you will find the attention will not be wasted either upon a dull or upon an ungrateful Yankee.

\* \* \* \* \*

Yours very sincerely

FROM MY DIARY

*160 State Street, Albany, July 19, 1875.* Mr. Apgar,<sup>2</sup> who was with the Governor last night, called on me this evening at dinner, and afterward we took a walk during which he asked if I would consent to take the place at the head of the ticket this fall, in other words, run for Secretary of State. I told him very promptly, No, and showed him by my manner that I was shocked at the very proposal, as I was. He proceeded to give a variety of reasons which satisfied me that the idea was not his, exclusively at least; that it originated in the desire of the Governor to have a strong ticket; that it would not require my residence at Albany; the work was mostly clerical and the position was one which no one need be ashamed of accepting. I told him that I had no objections to the place on the ground of its dignity or want of dignity, if I had had I should not have taken a place on this commission; that I left public life deliberately many years ago, and nothing but a duty had brought me back to it in a certain degree. But there was nothing in the office of Secretary of State for which there were not thousands more competent than I. To this he replied that, as a representative of the reform policy, my name would define the character of the ticket, and in office as an adviser of the government I could render important service.

<sup>1</sup>Drill regulations.

<sup>2</sup>E. K. Apgar, deputy state treasurer.

I was surprised to find as the discussion wore on how my opposition relaxed, and now I am not at all sure that, if his request is persisted in, I would refuse.

CANAL INVESTIGATING COMMISSION

*First Report*<sup>1</sup>

July 31, 1875.

TO THE HONORABLE SAMUEL J. TILDEN,  
GOVERNOR OF THE STATE OF NEW YORK:

The undersigned Commissioners appointed by your Excellency, under and by virtue of a concurrent resolution of the Legislature, adopted in March last, to investigate the affairs of the canals of the State, and especially the matters embraced in the special message of the Governor communicated to the Legislature on the 19th day of March, 1875, have the honor to submit the following report in part, of the progress of their investigations:

Your Commissioners assembled at Albany, qualified and organized, on the 12th day of April, 1875.

\*            \*            \*            \*            \*            \*            \*

When the introduction of the water into the canals, late in May, interrupted the further prosecution of our inspection of work done in the prism of the canals, we returned to Albany and proceeded to supplement the information we had obtained by an examination of witnesses, including officers of the State, under whose more or less direct supervision the work inspected had been done.

\*            \*            \*            \*            \*            \*            \*

The contract of H. D. Denison "for removing wall benches, constructing slope, pavement, vertical and retaining walls, and straightening the Erie Canal from Port Schuyler to the Lower Mohawk Aqueduct," a distance of just 7 miles and 287 rods, was signed the 9th day of September, 1869. By the terms of the contract Mr. Denison agreed to do the work, to furnish all the materials required by the specifications of "a sound and good quality," "and to perform all the labor necessary to construct, and finish it, in every respect, in the most substantial and workmanlike manner," for \$74,183.40, or about ten thousand dollars less than

<sup>1</sup>For the report in full see *Documents of the Senate of the State of New York*, 99th Sess. (1876), No. 48.

the sum at which the work was estimated by the Division Engineer, \$84,645.

At the opening of navigation in May, 1875, but about two thirds of the work was completed, while on the 1st day of the same month the contractor had received for that two thirds the sum of \$417,571, and had been credited in addition thereto with \$73,689, the percentage reserved as a guaranty for the completion of the contract, making an aggregate of \$491,260.

\* \* \* \* \*

As the contract was originally awarded, Denison was the lowest bidder, and if he had executed the work he actually contracted to do, his prices would have been most favorable to the State; but no sooner was the contract signed than the plan of the work and the conditions upon which it was to be executed were so completely changed as to make his bid by far the highest that was made.

\* \* \* \* \*

The Law of 1850, Chap. 377, S. 8, says: "No alteration shall be made in any map, plan, or specification adopted by the Canal Board, and so exhibited, or the plan of any work under contract, during its progress, except by the consent and approval of the Commissioner and the Division Engineer, nor unless the description of such alteration, and the approval thereof, be reduced to writing, and be signed by the parties making the same, and a copy thereof shall have been filed in the office of the State Engineer and Surveyor. Nothing in this section contained shall be construed to authorize any change of plan that shall increase the expense of the work, or create any claims against the State for damages arising therefrom, unless a written statement setting forth the objects to be attained by such change, and the expense thereof, shall have been submitted to the Canal Board, and their assent at a meeting in which the State Engineer and Surveyor was present shall have been obtained."

It is sufficient for us to say that no such description or written statement has been submitted to the Canal Board, and that the alterations which have been made in the conditions of this contract which have swollen its expenses to the State from \$74,183 to \$491,245, have been made without any authority of law whatever.

\* \* \* \* \*

Other aspects of the contract were developed in the testimony taken before this Commission which merit attention, but they can be more suitably presented in a final report. Confining ourselves, therefore, as exclusively as possible to the mode in which this contract has been let and executed, we find:

\* \* \* \* \*

13. That not a single yard of the structures built under this contract is up to the specifications; that much of the wall is already out of line, and in need of repairs, and must continue to be a source of considerable and permanent expense.

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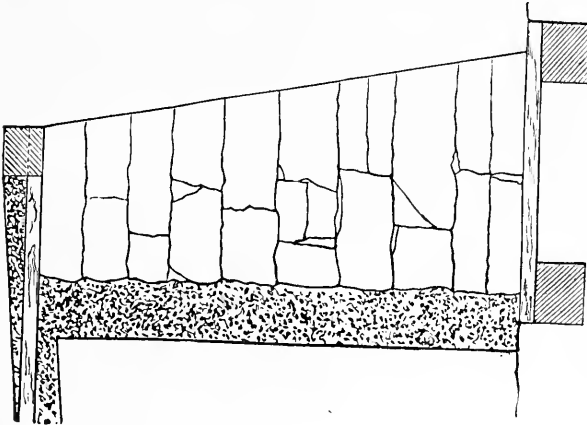
22. That, had the laws of the State and the regulations of the Canal Board been enforced, there is no reason to suppose that this contract, if made at all, would not have been fulfilled before this time, and for a sum not exceeding the amount of the original appropriation [\$84,645].

23. That, for the failure to enforce these laws and regulations, the Canal Commissioners, and the Resident and Division Engineers for the eastern division, who have held office during the pendency of this contract, are primarily, and to a greater extent than any other State officers, responsible.

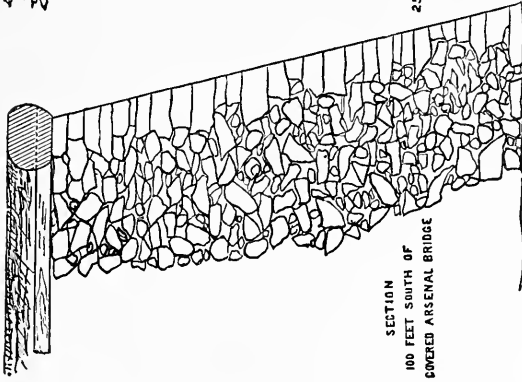
24. That the parties interested in this contract, to whom it was unlawfully awarded, for whose behoof its conditions were unlawfully changed, and the work on it and materials furnished under it falsely measured and estimated, were H. D. Denison, James J. Belden, A. Cadwell Belden, and Thomas Gale.

25. That the false and fraudulent measurements, estimates and allowances, under this contract, were only possible through the culpable neglect or connivance of the Canal Commissioners, Engineers and Inspectors in charge, with the contractors.

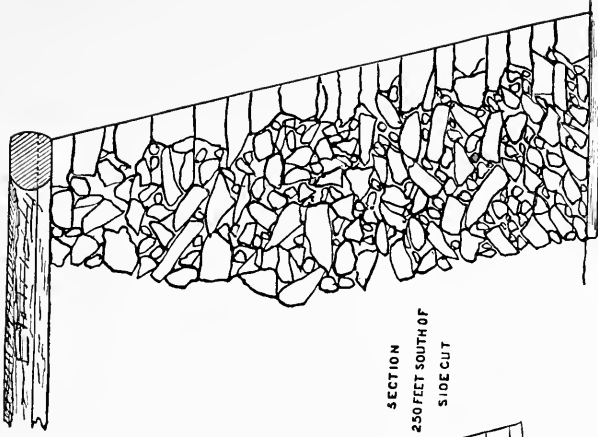
JOHN BIGELOW,  
A. E. ORR,  
DANIEL MAGONE, JR.,  
JOHN D. VAN BUREN, JR.



Vertical Wall as Required by Specifications



Section of Canal Wall



Vertical Wall as Built

SECTION  
250 FEET SOUTH OF  
SIDE CUT

SECTION  
100 FEET SOUTH OF  
CORNER ARSENAL BRIDGE





## GOVERNOR TILDEN TO THE ATTORNEY-GENERAL

STATE OF NEW YORK  
EXECUTIVE CHAMBER

ALBANY, August 2, 1875.

TO THE ATTORNEY-GENERAL.

*Sir:* I transmit herewith the Report in part of the Canal Investigating Commission to-day submitted to me. In compliance with Chap. 49 of the laws of 1875, entitled "*An act to authorize the people of this State to bring and maintain certain actions for the recovery of public moneys and property,*" I request that you will institute and prosecute "such actions" in the case disclosed by the report, as you may deem appropriate "for enforcing the interests, rights or remedies of the people of this State."

SAMUEL J. TILDEN

In accordance with this order a suit was instituted by the attorney-general, Charles S. Fairchild, against the contractors indicated in the foregoing report. The case was referred to a referee to assess the damages, and a verdict was given against the contractors for about \$450,000. At the second session of the Legislature under Mr. Tilden's administration, the Governor said to me that he would like to go to Europe for the summer if I would go with him. At the fall election of state officers the political consequences of his absence during the summer were very conspicuous. The contractors appealed from the decision of the referee and obtained from the Court of Appeals a decision that the court below had no cause of action, the canal work having been measured by officers of the government and the payments allowed upon such measurements. But the lessons of the trial and investigation, I am glad to believe, were not lost upon the canal ring.

DUDLEY BURWELL TO BIGELOW

LITTLE FALLS, August 11, 1875.

*My dear Sir:*

I received to-day a copy of the first report of the Canal Investigation Commission, and presume I do not err in thanking you for this mark of your remembrance. The report is admirably drawn, and discloses a condition of political affairs that must tend to discourage all lovers of a republican form of government. How can a republic long exist when those entrusted to administer its pecuniary affairs betray and rob the state in violation of their oaths and their duty almost openly, certainly notoriously?

Corruption is not confined to state officers and canal jobbers. It pervades all the branches of government and a large majority of the body politic. There is but one possible remedy, and that is by means of and through the House of Assembly. If two or three men could be elected into that body, yourself and Charles O'Connor, it might be possible to reinvigorate the body politic and save the State a few years longer from the degradation which precedes and ends in annihilation. It must be in the House of Assembly. An executive cannot do it. Our system requires an entire reorganization, which can only be made salutary by arousing the people from their present apathy and making official delinquency infamous. You doubtless recollect that the Earl of Chatham opposed American taxation for the reason that taxation was no part of the legislative power. I think we have advanced to that point, that, to preserve the legislative power, we must take from it all power over the property of the people of the state and confer that power on a separate body, a quasi legislative convention to be chosen every year, who should settle the civil list and all state expenditures for a period of years, have no other legislative power, and then dissolve, — to be elected by the taxpayers and to receive neither pay nor emoluments, making proper provision for unforeseen cases, such as war, insurrections, grasshoppers, and Colorado bugs, &c.

So long as the power of taxation is united with the general legislative power, bad men will be elected and official corruption will exist, a combination too strong to be resisted.

Yours very truly

A. G. BROWNE, JR., TO BIGELOW

(*In Strictest Confidence*)

142 EAST 19TH STREET,  
Friday, Aug. 13, /75.

*Dear Mr. Bigelow:*

I am at work with Mr. O'Connor on a review of the whole history of the Court of Appeals, which when completed will cover say half a dozen columns of the *Tribune* — perhaps seven or eight columns. *Mr. O'C's name, for good reason, is not to be used or hinted at in connection with it.* We want to get it published simultaneously in the *Tribune, Herald, World, and Times*. I have told Mr. O'C. that the most practical way I can think of is to get you to send me a letter which I may deliver to Whitelaw Reid, saying something as follows: That Mr. Browne has in charge an article which it is of much importance to have printed in the morning papers simultaneously before the nominating conventions meet.

That it will be a favor, *which will be appreciated in quarters which he is interested to oblige*, if he will put it into type for the *Tribune* and give me slips of it for the *Herald, World, and Times*,

That I will explain to him confidentially as much of the circumstances and purposes of the article as is permissible.

Will you write such a letter, and send it, under cover to me, to 142 East 19th Street, so that I may have it on hand to use as soon as the article is finished. The review of the Court will be a "scorcher." The inclosed note from Mr. O'C. will show you how he regards the matter. Please return it to me.

Yours sincerely

A. G. BROWNE, Jr.

[P. S.] "Canal" will be considered in the article as well as "Tweed."

The article referred to in the foregoing letter was published in *Harper's Weekly* of November 13, 1875, filling twenty-five columns. It showed that the key to the politics of the State of New York

during the years 1870-1875 lay in the alliance made between the Tammany ring and the Canal ring in 1870, to take possession of every department of the state administration, and that one of the achievements of this corrupt combination was securing the highest court in the state, the Court of Appeals.

E. D. MORGAN TO BIGELOW

NEWPORT, R. I.,  
August 16, 1875.

*My dear Bigelow:*

I have the pleasure to own the receipt of your favor of 13th instant. I don't think any of the present state officers will obtain a nomination this fall on the Republican ticket. I am in favor of a new ticket throughout, and of men not only honest and capable, but such as the world knows to be honest and capable. I would be very glad to nominate Cornell for comptroller. As for Attorney-general, Prince of Queens and Van Cott of Brooklyn have been mentioned. I think Fred. W. Seward will be on the Republican state ticket this fall. I think your suggestion of Godkin a good one. His name would give the ticket strength. I do not certainly know that I shall be at the Convention, as there is a meeting of importance in New York on the same day as our Convention. But whether absent or present, I shall make some suggestion for the consideration of the Convention.

Yours truly

BIGELOW TO SENATOR ANTHONY OF RHODE ISLAND

160 STATE STREET, ALBANY, September 28, 1875.

*My dear Senator:*

— and may your shadow never be less — I am greatly obliged to you for sending me your collection of Memorial Addresses. It was a happy thought to collect them, and a thoughtful act to send a copy to me. Though the discourses on Green and Roger

*Memorial Addresses on several occasions delivered in the Senate of the United States by H. B. Anthony.*

Williams only were new to me, I have read them all over again with greater interest and a higher appreciation of their merit, as the receding figures of the dead gradually present to us only those enduring outlines which stand out on what seemed at first your too restricted canvass.

These discourses abound too in felicities of expression and manner which entitle them to as prominent a place in our literature as in our history, while the forbearing and fraternal spirit, which pervades them all, gives them a distinction far transcending any which mere literary excellence could confer.

I hope it may be long, my dear Senator, before your colleagues may experience the difficulty of doing for your memory what you have done on the floor of the Senate so admirably for the memory of others.

Let me add here that I miss from your gallery the historic figure of Seward. I cannot help thinking it a reproach to the American Senate that to this day it has never noticed the decease of Lincoln's Secretary of State; his only cabinet minister, I believe, whose official acts within his own department received the most unqualified approval of congress and the country. With all his faults, Seward was one of "the men of our time," and posterity will never be satisfied with any reason that will reach it for your silence.

Always faithfully yours

SENATOR ANTHONY TO BIGELOW

PROVIDENCE, Oct. 3, 1875.

*My dear Bigelow:*

I have your kind note of the 28th. I am in danger of being made vain by your praise, even when I make the deduction due to the influence of personal friendship on the justness of criticism.

You will not praise Seward beyond my appreciation. His faults were plain on the surface. His immense services to the Republic will be estimated higher and higher as its history is better understood. The Senate has not been accustomed to notice the death of men, however eminent, who are not in Congress or in high Federal office. An attempt was made for an exception in the case of Edward Everett; but it was feared that the precedent would be abused.

It was a great neglect and a great wrong that Congress did not assume the expense of Mr. Seward's illness after the attempt to assassinate him. But he needs neither eulogy nor monument. History will give him both.

With my best regards to Mrs. Bigelow, I am  
Faithfully yours

In answer to an invitation from the New York Historical Society to deliver the address upon the seventieth anniversary of the founding of the society (Nov. 17, 1874), making it perfectly agreeable to me, the *Life, Character, and Public Services of W. H. Seward* the subject of my address, I wrote to the secretary of the society:

BIGELOW TO G. H. MOORE, SECRETARY, ETC.

HIGHLAND FALLS, May 24, 1874.

*Dear Sir:*

\* \* \* \* \*

Mr. Seward's decease is no longer a recent calamity, and as one of the most important epochs of his life has since become the theme of controversy, any adequate treatment of his "Life, Character, & Public Services" such as you propose would now require a thorough perusal of his private papers. Mr. Frederick Seward has been occupied for several months in exploring & arranging these papers and in preparing an elaborate biography of his father, part or all of which will probably be given to the public in the course of the current year.<sup>1</sup> It is but justice to say that no one is more competent than he for this work, and that any farther discussion of the father's life till the result of the son's investigations is known could not fail in any hands to prove unsatisfactory.

Under these circumstances I have only to renew to your Committee the expression of my sincere thanks for the honor they

<sup>1</sup>This work, *William H. Seward: an Autobiography*, etc., by F. W. Seward, appeared in three volumes in 1891.

have done me and of my abiding interest in the welfare & usefulness of your Society.

I have the honor to remain

Very Sincerely Yours

SECRETARY OF DEMOCRATIC COUNTY COMMITTEE TO  
BIGELOW

AUDITOR'S OFFICE,

44 COURT STREET, BROOKLYN, Oct. 14th, 1875.

*Dear Sir:*

I am requested by the Democratic general committee of Kings County to respectfully invite you to address a mass meeting to be held at the Academy of Music in this City on Thursday, the 28th of October, for the purpose of endorsing the state and county nominations.

A reply is respectfully solicited at your earliest convenience.

I remain most respectfully yours,

F. E. HOWARD,

Secretary Executive Committee.

In compliance with the foregoing invitation I delivered the following address to a Democratic mass meeting in Brooklyn, on the 28th of October:

“Fellow-citizens,—I appear before you to-night laboring under the great disadvantage of being, in a measure at least, the necessary theme of my own discourse. I am one of the candidates upon whose qualifications for the office of Secretary of State you are to pass on Tuesday next, and I cannot comply with the invitation of your committee to address you to-night without talking chiefly about myself.

“I was never before a candidate for any important office. I have held two or three positions of some dignity in my lifetime, but they came to me unsolicited and unexpected. I am now a candidate, however, by my own free choice, and I will tell you frankly that I desire to be elected, and it is my chief purpose in coming

here to-night to tell you why. This I am prepared to do with entire frankness, and without any reserves or hesitation; because I think my reasons are your reasons, my motives are your motives, and my hopes are your hopes.

“When I speak of my being a candidate of my own free choice, and of desiring to be elected, do not misunderstand me. With my nomination at Syracuse, tendered in such a flattering manner, I had nothing to do. If you wish to know why the Convention saw fit to place my name at the head of your State ticket, I must refer you for such information to your own delegates, and your own press, who are, perhaps, more responsible than anybody else for that result. These gentlemen and the Convention, however, having deliberately decided in their own minds that I could be more useful in the position which they have proposed to assign to me, I cheerfully deferred to their judgment, and shall do all I can, both before and after the election, to vindicate it.

“In taking this nomination from the Convention at Syracuse, I find I have incurred a charge which, after having served the purposes of a partisan press for a week or two, acquired consequence, if not dignity, by being warmed over and served up anew at the hands of a United States senator. This charge is that I accepted a position on the Canal Investigating Commission, from Governor Tilden as a Republican; that I subsequently coquetted with the Republican party for its nomination at Saratoga; and, finally that for selfish ends, I deserted a declining party for a growing one.

“Now, fellow-citizens, in the first place I never accepted any position at the hands of Governor Tilden, as a Republican. If what I had done while serving in the ranks or on the staff of the Republican party commended me to the Governor’s confidence, and to the confidence of any other of the senators who ratified his nomination, just so far they may have regarded me as a Republican. But I never supposed the nomination was tendered to me on political grounds, and I challenge any one to produce a particle of evidence that I ever accepted the position on political grounds. My understanding was that the Governor wanted a non-partisan Commission. He knew full well that ‘fraud’ is non-partisan. He wanted a Commission that would not be influenced by political considerations in the investigations they had to make; he wanted the truth, and he wanted that truth to be spread before the public in a way to command its entire confidence. For that



purpose it was necessary that his Commission should be composed, not of two partisan Democrats and two partisan Republicans, but that it should be composed of men who, in the discharge of that duty would be neither Republicans nor Democrats; who would have a single eye to the business for which they were selected. He knew that I was out of public life; that I had no political aspirations, nor any ambitions that I could not consult more effectively in the quiet and repose of my own home than in any public station of whatever dignity. He knew that the other three members of the Commission were equally free from political entanglements and partisan aspirations. And, fellow-citizens, let me here say that in this respect at least the public voice has ratified his choice. There is not a press, I believe, in the whole State, that had not borne testimony to the impartiality with which our Commission has conducted that investigation. Whatever may be said of our work in other respects, I challenge any one to impeach the absolute freedom of our investigation from any suspicion of political bias or of partisan partialities. I may add that this task has been rendered comparatively easy by the more than Roman firmness of the Governor, who, from the very inception of our work, has manifested but the one controlling desire to know the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth, in regard to the management of the canals. Upon his firmness we relied, and to his firmness and statesmanlike faith in the ultimate triumph of what is right; it is no doubt due mainly, if not entirely, that this investigation has not proved like dozens of other canal investigations before it, only another political lightning conductor contrived to carry the wrath of the indignant taxpayers of the country innocuously into the bowels of the earth.

“Now, as to the overtures made to me by the members of the Saratoga Convention. If any one says that I did anything to invite such; if any one says that I neglected to do anything that was proper and becoming to discourage those who made them; if any one says that the fact that such were made, obtained publicity through any other channels than the parties at Saratoga, whoever they were, who were at the bottom of that intrigue, they say what is false. No one who pretends to have been a party to any confidences with me upon the subject of a nomination from the Republican Convention has, so far as I know, furnished any authority for such allegations, and I do not propose to be provoked by the scandalous utterances of two or three desperate

partisan sheets,<sup>1</sup> even though those utterances acquire the honor to be clothed in the senatorial dialect, to violate any of the privileges attaching to a private and friendly conversation. I content myself with saying, that in every way consistent with my respect for the large number of friends who were to assemble at Saratoga, and the much larger number whom they represented, I discouraged the overtures that were made. I declined them promptly, I declined them unconditionally. I stated that I was engaged in a work where it was supposed I was and might continue to be useful; that that work required that the relations between myself and the Executive, as well as between myself and the other members of the Commission, should be relations of entire and mutual confidence; that such relations could not subsist between the Executive and any candidate on the Republican ticket; and that in accepting such a nomination I would not only justly lay myself open to the suspicion of trading upon a popularity with which the Governor's policy had to no inconsiderable extent invested the Commission, but I would lay myself open further to the charge of betraying both the Governor and the Commission to its enemies. When asked to reserve my decision for reflection and consultation, I stated most unqualifiedly that I wanted no time for reflection; that I did not wish to confer with any one, nor did I require anybody's advice on a question involving so clearly my personal honor.

"But the gravest of my offenses charged is yet to be stated. I accepted the nomination of a Democratic Convention, and have been all the time a Democratic wolf in Republican clothing. This charge has just enough truth in it to keep it from being ridiculous. It is true I have always been a Democrat, or at least have always intended to be; the first Presidential vote I ever cast was for Martin Van Buren.

"I am not aware that I have ever cast a vote since which I did not believe to have been in principle Democratic. I intended always to vote for men whom I thought best calculated to represent the Democratic principles upon which the American government is established. I did not suppose, nor do I now suppose, that in the part I had in organizing and promoting the purposes, and in accomplishing the ends of the Republican party, I ceased for one moment to be a Democrat, or professed any principles or doctrines that were not Democratic. I differed with many of

<sup>1</sup>Albany *Evening Journal* and other Republican prints.

my friends then as to what was Democracy as it is my misfortune to differ with some of my Republican friends now in regard to what is Republicanism. But I am not aware that there is a principle or proposition enunciated by the Convention at Syracuse to which at any time since I have reached man's estate I should have hesitated to subscribe. In advocating them through the press I have spent some of the best years of my life. A by no means limited experience of the political systems of other countries and a pretty careful study of the operations of our own has only strengthened my early convictions that in no country in the world are the securities for order, happiness, and prosperity on the increase, except where there is a corresponding increase of deference and respect for the interests and wishes of the majority.

“But, because I joined with those of my way of thinking in 1856, to resist the extension of slavery into free territory, and to maintain the integrity of this Union and the supremacy of the majority, does it follow that, after those ends are fully secured, I am to continue voting with the same men to maintain and perpetuate a worthless currency, to perpetuate a system of administration that has destroyed our foreign commerce, that has paralyzed our domestic trade and industry, and threatens the national credit; that I am to countenance the breaking down of the most important barrier that now exists to a permanent executive, by reposing more confidence in the patriotism of President Grant than our forefathers were willing to repose in General Washington, or than Washington himself was willing to accept at their hands? That is not political fidelity; that is neither fidelity to one's principles nor to one's country.

“The fact is there is no greater mistake a statesman can make than to suppose parties are constant quantities. They may bear the same names for an indefinite period, and retain no other trace of the public emotion in which they had their origin. It was one of the wise observations of the late President Van Buren that a political party could never pass its judgment upon more than one question at a time. Whatever the question may be upon which the country may divide into parties, so soon as that question is decided the relations of those concerned in its decision, on either side, become relaxed; their bonds to each other become weakened, and when a new question arises, new parties invariably begin to form, to a very considerable extent, of persons who before had been antagonists. The beautiful river that girds your city is

always the East River, and may be laid down by that name on the maps for generations, although there probably is not a drop of water in it to-day that made it your admiration a week ago. Parties form like the waves of the ocean, each rises to such height as its component body of water can sustain, then falls again to the level from which it started, to be succeeded by another wave, composed in part, but never altogether, of the same water as its predecessor. The Republican party represented one of these waves of public opinion; it united the people of all parties who made the supremacy of the majority in government, and the unity of our territory paramount to all other political considerations. Others thought differently. I co-operated with those who chose to organize in defense of those principles, and we designated ourselves Republicans. A majority of the country proved to be of our opinion and invested our leaders with the power and responsibility for governing the country. What followed you know — as well what we mourn as what we glory in.

“The Republican party accomplished its destiny; it successfully defended the sovereignty of the people, and placed the integrity of the Union out of the reach of danger. This done, its mission was accomplished; the bond, which had united its members so long together, began to lose its strength; the men who had been most active and zealous and efficient in its service gradually began to disappear from public life, and in their places new men who had nothing to do with forming the Republican party, and who knew little of its achievements from personal experience, took their places.

“At the present moment, nothing is more rare than to find in any department of the Federal public service any of the men who had anything to do with the formation and early struggles of the Republican party. The fact is, the Republican party which I helped to organize, and of which I was proud of being a servant, has long ceased to exist. I do not mean that its members have ceased to exist. I speak of its officers and public official party representatives. I think I can pretty nearly fix the time when its obsequies were solemnized. The removal of Charles Sumner from the Committee on Foreign Relations — it was, I think, in 1870 — revealed to the world the fact that the work of the Republican party as such was finished. Three years before it would have been easier for Sumner to have removed all his colleagues on that committee, of which he was chairman, than for

them combined to have touched a hair of his head, for he, perhaps, more than any other man in the Senate of the United States, represented the national sentiment and emotions in which the Republican party took its origin. But the war was ended; the black man had been practically eliminated from our politics; the Union was no longer imperiled. An entirely new class of questions were looming up and daily acquiring graver importance in the future. We had an enormous debt; oppressive and ill-distributed taxation; the national credit was imperiled; demoralizing habits of life had been begotten of the enormous expenditures rendered necessary by the war. These were an order of questions with which Mr. Sumner had as yet shown — even if he possessed it — no exceptional capacity for grappling, and from whom no particular assistance was expected. He who, but a few short months before, stood a giant in the Senate, under the new exigencies of his country suddenly shrank into the leader of an impotent minority. From that day to this the country has been occupied with the questions: how to recover from the effects of the war; how to pay our debts; how to repair the disastrous effects of our legal tender legislation; and how to adjust the saddle of taxation to the back of the body politic with least discomfort.

“To these questions has recently been added another, which from the nature of things takes precedence of them all in importance, and must be first disposed of. That is the subject of administrative reform, state and national. During the war, public attention was so absorbed that it was impossible to fix it upon administrative details; to ask the people to punish at the ballot box or elsewhere, an unfaithful officer, seemed like asking a man whose house was on fire to defer the rescue of his wife and children while he pursued the thief that was running away with his glass and china. Rogues took advantage of this engrossment of public attention; public officers became indifferent, then negligent, and finally corrupt; and gradually the whole administration of the country, Federal, state and municipal, became infested with a class of men, in a much larger proportion, perhaps, than ever before in the history of our government, who have been unfaithful to its interests. Men who neither possess nor deserve the confidence of the nation, nor even of the Republicans themselves, occupy posts of the highest importance and possess the ear and confidence of the Executive. The credit and honor of the country is hawked about in foreign lands by financial mountebanks, who

have purchased the privilege, I had almost said, in the open market, and public office is treated, not as a public trust, but as a personal perquisite.

“In whatever direction this subject has been investigated, whether on the national, state or municipal theatre, the result is the same. The standard of our administration everywhere has sadly deteriorated. It must be raised. The evidence of that necessity has been for months the theme of every public journal. There is no use of reforming the currency or tariff or anything else, if the money which you take in taxes from the people is to be squandered by knaves.

“The people of our state became so alarmed at this state of things, Republicans as well as Democrats, that they invited Samuel J. Tilden to take the direction of our affairs at Albany. Now what was the *rationale* of his selection. I will tell you in a few words. The old Democratic party had won the most important financial battle ever fought in this country; commencing about twenty years before the organization of the Republican party. It was the war against the United States Bank. The situation of the country was much the same as at present. There was the bank party favoring an indefinite inflation of the currency; who, of course, desired the charter of the bank then about expiring, to be renewed, while there was another party, of which President Jackson was the head, who thought the principle of private banking upon government money begat a pernicious interest in favor of high taxes, a tendency to speculation which was demoralizing to society and unfriendly to all the solid and substantial business interests of the country. Rag money, fancy prices, debt, panics and bankruptcy were then as now the disastrous results of the inflation party policy. The hard money and pay-as-you-go people of all parties joined with President Jackson and sustained him so effectively that before his death our country was entirely free from debt and enjoying a degree of substantial prosperity never equaled in any other period of our history.

“Among the not least efficient supporters of President Jackson in this war which educated a whole generation to sound principles of finance, was your Governor, who in 1836 had just come to man’s estate. The party founded on such high principles and rewarded with such notable results acquired such an authority as to practically secure its almost uninterrupted supremacy until it

split upon the rock of slavery. Those composing the old Whig and Democratic parties, who were opposed to the extension of slavery into the free territories of the Union, came to regard that as of such grave concern that they agreed to subordinate to it all other political differences. I was among the number who thought it my duty then to enlist under the Republican standard; my distinguished friend the Lieutenant-governor lent that cause also the aid of his youthful enthusiasm and manly eloquence. Many thousand Democrats kept us in countenance, and with results which I need not recapitulate for the Muse of history has already taken them into her faithful custody.

“The questions which it was the mission of the Republican party to treat are disposed of. New questions are upon us, and have been upon us for nine long years. During all that time, the Republican party, with every opportunity, has shown little disposition and less capacity to deal with them. The reason was, that, as a party, it consists to a large extent of persons belonging to entirely opposite and irreconcilable schools of statesmanship. Political differences which the controversy between the old free and slave States compelled us to subordinate, are provoked by the necessities of the country to reassert themselves, and the conflicting schools of finance which were arrayed against each other in the old bank war and which suspended their hostilities during the controversy for the Union, find themselves gradually reforming their old lines of battle.

“What course more natural for the Democracy of New York than for it to take Governor Tilden for its captain? What more natural than for Mr. Dorsheimer and all those Democrats who, like him, approved of its now historical financial policy, to support him?

“Perhaps there may be some among the Republican portion of my audience who will say that the financial dogmas of the Republican party are as sound as those of the Democrats, and that reform is as safe in their hands as in those of the Democracy.

“This is idle talk for any one to address to me. It is idle for two reasons. I know the Republicans who now officer the party, and I know Governor Tilden. The Republican organization has survived its usefulness. Its work is done. It is like an old tree dead at the top, and its high places are now only accessible to birds of prey, and reptiles who climb for their eggs, It has reached that stage of decrepitude which all parties reach about

once in every generation, when all its vigor is in its lower members. It is the tail that wags the dog instead of the dog that wags the tail. I need hardly tell you that when the tail wags the dog something is the matter with the dog. I reached that conclusion about the Republican party some time ago, and I am greatly mistaken if the larger proportion of original Republicans who are not bound by official ties are not drifting in the same direction.

"In the Democratic party, too, you must frankly admit, the tail has been wagging the dog for a good many years, but it does so no longer, in this State at any rate. It is the dog now that wags the tail, and no man who reads the newspapers or holds any relation to the State government, at any rate, needs to be reminded of it. Does any one suppose that the Republican organization means to reform any abuses? Does any one suppose it can till it has been taken to pieces and its members reclassified? I see little evidence of the existence of such a faith in the country, and still less ground for such a faith."

#### HUNTINGTON TO BIGELOW

42 RUE LA BRUYÈRE, 29 Nov., '75.

*Dear Mr. Bigelow:*

. . . All you say in respect of the political situation at home interests me greatly, "denationalized" as you maliciously tax me with being. To Banker Tuck, who, writing on other matters had added, "Bigelow is elected, you will be glad to hear, though not by so large a majority as could be wished and, as I hope we shall give to Tilden our Centennial President" — I answered: "My feeling is as yours, and although, even were I to go home, I should probably not be allowed to cast a ballot, having been forbidden that form of civil exercise when last in America, be sure that on next Presidential voting day my sperrit will be with you early and often." What you say of Washburne's chances keeps me in mind of a remark of S. Bowles, when that best of editors was here last year: "Grant can't make himself the next President, but can, if he will, name the man who will be." S. B. then rather *predi- lized* for Elihu, not so much for his inherent first choiceness as for the combination in the man of moral and practical eligibility; not the best that might be selected, but as good as was like to be



elected. As Presidents run, E. B. W. is, I should say, from fair to middling. "Watchdog of the Treasury!" would be a good brutal war cry in these days. The sufferings he did not endure in the siege of Paris, will be fertile text for rhetorical embroidery, and that "bottle of Madeira wine" (probably Marsala) which he took to the hostage archbishop whom he visited in prison, can be poured out in endless streams of eloquence — holding out like the "Widow Cruse's oil" — to mollify the Catholic voter whom Grant roughed up the wrong way at Des Moines. Then he has been out of the way for seven years, unimplicated in the corruptions and burglies of the administration, keeping his old war record good. Here, to my poor seeming, is the danger for Tilden or any Democratic candidate. However ready and sincere may be the disposition to forgive the South, the body of the people don't *forget* that war, in respect of which the Democratic party, as party, has never yet purged its contumacy. Nor do I see, at this distance, that the Democratic party, as party, has yet (or is likely to have) monopoly of economic and other needed reforms. Grant, who is evidently several removes from an idiot, is as sound (in *sound*, see his late Washington election congratulation speech) as Tilden, and by virtue of his position better represents the Republican party as united (though it all be not on the currency question) than Tilden represents the Democratic party, which as the Ohio bungle shows, is lamentably divided on that gravest question. And I am sometimes afraid that he was shrewder than one could wish in his Des Moines speech. Though I should suppose it a lamentably or criminally premature attempt to foist the religious question into our politics, one can guess that once brought on, it might easily be pushed to the fore front of efficiency in the political field, and once made a fighting question, a political war question — why something the same condition arises as in the case of our late Civil War in its bearing on the presidential campaign. For here again the great body of our people are Protestant; in deep subsoil feeling, let alone conviction, more Protestant than they are Republican or Democratic partizans. Might not the attempt to excite a united professedly Catholic hostility, if it succeeded, be the shrewdly calculated means of securing the alliance of all Protestants in defence?

Here the Des Moines speech was instantly seized on and commented by liberals, among others especially by the *République française*, with no more than a natural exaggeration, — for its

bearing on the politico-religious question here, which you, as long resident in and student of the current history of France — indeed of Europe — need not be told, is *the* question. Though you may be somewhat, not very exceedingly, surprised to learn, as I was and did lately, that both Thiers and that far more sagacious and conservative politician, whom he sometime designated as a “*fou furieux*,” his now confederate and *leader*, Gambetta, are agreed in wishing, what they can't have this time, that the next general elections should be made by *scrutin de liste*, and that the leading question in them before the people, posed to and by candidates, should be: clericalism or anti-clericalism? are you for or against — yes or no? I have this interesting inner fact, which no newspaper organ states in quite so distinct form, though advanced Republican and (if you won't mind, for brevity's sake, some looseness of rhetorical form, I will add) some thorough reactionary organs — take the *République française* and *L'Univers* for respective illustrative instances, clearly enough reveal it — from an excellent authority, a sort of *alter ego* of Gambetta.

If you had not now more than enough more exacting avocation at home, you should return to this your old field of observation never more fertile of interest to me, of your tastes in the study of the philosophy of current history than it is now. As in our cornfields in the fermenting, pregnant June days, the listener may hear the growth. Clerical Buffet — But I am not writing this for “the General Reader d — n him!” Not that I blaspheme, but do get so beset with the habitual our correspondent's instructive manner, which, among friends, I say d — n it. There.

Opening your letter (the superscription telling plainly enough the origin) the words and the spirit thereof were unquestionably yours, but the shape of them bothered me; the voice was Jacob's, but the hand was of some questionable Esau. I did not suspect the amanuensis till the end of the first page, but being puzzled, surmised rather that your summer's work on canal masonry and other rotten rubbish had perhaps blunted and stiffened your once facile, elegant touch. By the way — there is a family likeness; is your pen holder of your own house, one of the boys, or Lady Grace?

Edward King hath been some while returned from the Herzegovine, and is presently resident at the *Hôtel des Princes*, brought to abide at that not good inn, I suppose, by some subtle titular

attraction. He is in most lusty health and offensively good spirits. I believe he thinks (so far as he is capable of intellectual action in the intervals of busy writing) that he will return to the States next spring.

. . . A note in the *Harper's Weekly* respecting the German editions of your Franklin reminds me to tell you that Henry Bacon, American artist of some merit and reputation, is painting a large picture to be entitled *Franklin at Home*, the inspiring text of which I pointed out to him on page 383, Vol. III. of your Life of Franklin (Rev. Cutler's<sup>1</sup> as curiously distinctly graphic as unpretentious, written presentation of B. F. in his garden).

I suppose, of course, that you have read Auerbach's *Villa on the Rhine* and know the large use he makes of Franklin in that ethico-pedagogical work. Forgive me, you and the Higher Power, for the "something longsome" stretch of this MS. It is *minuit somné*, and with best wishes and prayers, if I dared — for you and your house, I go to rest,

Yours truly,

[P. S.] There is something quite sad and saddening in those pictorial editorials of *Harper's Weekly*. I don't speak of the coarsely abusive intent of Nasti nasty-work, but of the need the man feels that his public has to be helped to comprehension of coarse wit, by the helplessly unartistic aids of printed explanatory labels. Something of an artist and something more, if not greatly much, of a wit, the man certainly is; and on that ground and the ground of party violence, one can comprehend the more fastidious gentleman, G. W. Curtis, accepting him as fellow worker. But why should the tasteful George suffer this needless vulgarizing of vulgarity? Is the fault in the blunt art sense of our people?

\* \* \* \* \*

#### THE BOTTA PRIZE

Sometime in the '30s, Miss Anne C. Lynch, with her widowed mother, arrived from Rhode Island and took up her residence in New York City. She eked out a limited income by letting lodg-

<sup>1</sup>Reverend Manasseh Cutler of Hamilton, Mass.

ings to gentlemen and giving lessons. She had been well educated, as most young ladies of her class in New England were in those days, and she had written some poetry which the magazines of the day were willing and sometimes glad to publish. She felt the need of a larger sphere than her New England home was offering her, and she very soon found one in New York. She rapidly made friends, and among them was the late Mr. Charles Butler, who, by judicious investment of her economies, in a few years made her comparatively independent. She also had become united by marriage with Mr. Botta, Professor of Italian Literature in the New York University, a kinsman of the historian of the American Revolution of that name.

She possessed social talents of a high order, and in due time established the most attractive salon for men of letters at that day in the city. During our Civil War she associated herself very actively in the efforts made under the auspices of the Rev. Dr. Bellows for the care of wounded soldiers; and the experience which she acquired in that work doubtless inspired the plan she conceived for extending her sympathetic activities to the soldiers and families wounded and bereaved by the Franco-German War. She set about collecting autograph letters from notable men in all parts of the world, with the avowed object of making a collection that might be sold so as to yield a fund for the charitable purpose she had in view. The Franco-German War closed more abruptly than was anticipated, and before her collection was completed; and when it was completed it was necessary to find a new destination for whatever it might be marketed for. It was not until the early part of 1874 that she was able to dispose of her album; and when she had done so, she did me the honor to ask my advice about the disposition she should make of the proceeds of it, at the same time expressing her conviction that it should in some way go to the French people, in whose behalf the autographs had been solicited; and she also intimated a partiality for the establishment of a school in France for the secondary instruction of young ladies. The amount she had for this purpose was only twenty-five thousand francs, or five thousand dollars. After turning the matter over in my mind, I wrote to Mrs. Botta, and she to me, as follows:

BIGELOW TO MRS. BOTTA

NEW YORK, Jan. 4th, 1874.

*Dear Mrs. Botta:*

I congratulate you most cordially upon your successful disposition of the Album, and Mr. Sage no less upon having been inspired by you to an act of such wise beneficence. "What we give," says the Turkish proverb, "is ours." In regard to the disposition of the proceeds of the Album about which you request my advice, I hasten to send you my impressions, both to testify my alacrity in complying with your wishes and my entire sympathy with the humane enterprise which you have thus far conducted to such satisfactory results. That these results have been realized somewhat late for their original purpose is scarcely to be regretted, for it will now be easy and natural to give them a direction which will render them less transient and less restricted in their range of usefulness.

The project of enlarging the basis of academic education for girls in France is certainly one that is commended to your favor by numerous considerations. At present, however, the obstacles to such a method of realizing your hopes and wishes predominate in my mind over its advantages.

1st. Your fund, as I understand it, will not much exceed 25,000 francs. You desire, of course, to have this money a perennial fountain of usefulness. It would be difficult to make any educational experiment in France worth the effort without an assured annual income of at least twice this amount, or without an assured capital of from 750,000 to one million of francs. The sum in hand is so disproportioned to that which would be required as to be practically useless even as a nest egg. The contribution of a single brick to a house offers slight inducement to others to bring even another,

2nd. A new system of education in France would have much to contend with, which zeal alone could not overcome. Instruction there is comparatively cheap, the Government and the Church bearing in one way or another a very large share of the expense. People would be slow to embrace more expensive methods of education, especially if the tendency of the new methods seemed to be to form women for different spheres from

those in which they are accustomed to revolve and with which they are quite content. And when you reflect that in no country in the world is the female sex invested by law with so much power and responsibilities as in France, and that in none has it access to so wide a range of remunerative industries, it might even be questioned whether the mothers and daughters of France have not more to teach the mothers and daughters of other nations than to learn from them. The defects of French female education are like the defects of female education in other communities, very largely the result of political and social conditions, the modification of which must precede any very considerable reforms or ameliorations. Of course there cannot be too many good schools in France, or anywhere else, and one can hardly be better employed than in multiplying and improving them; but the amount which you have to contribute seems to me too inconsiderable to constitute a separate and independent fund for any such purpose, or even for the nucleus of one. This is a point, however, upon which you can have access to better information from your own and your husband's friends in France than I can give you.

Perhaps the objections to this project have taken larger proportions in my eyes by comparison with another which has occurred to me, and which I think will most perfectly meet the views of all interested in this fund on both sides of the Atlantic. I will submit to you the principle of it at once, and if it impresses you favorably we will discuss the details of it together at your pleasure. I would propose, then, that you invest the funds, say 25,000 francs in U. S. 6% bonds having the longest term to run, and present them to the French Academy in trust, the income to be awarded in prizes to the author of the best papers that may be contributed on such a subject or class of subjects as you may suggest. For these prizes I would provide, if the rules of the Academy permitted it, that all nations might compete, only requiring these papers to be in the French tongue. It would be difficult to find in or out of the French Academy a committee perfectly competent fairly to estimate the merits of papers written in a variety of languages, and fortunate enough to secure for their judgments the approval of the various nations represented by the contributors, while it would not be at all difficult for each contributor to have full justice done to his views in a French version. Two subjects occur to me at this moment as of universal concern

and eminently worthy of the exalted motives in which this fund had its origin.

One of these would be:

The best means of promoting the substitution of statesmanship for war as a means of maintaining the supremacy of right and justice among nations, and of brotherly love for military glory as a spring of human ambition.

The other is:

What has hitherto impaired, and what would be best calculated to promote, the beneficent influence of women as a factor of civilization.

If neither of these subjects suits you, it will be because you can suggest a better one. Whatever it may be, let me recommend that it be both of universal and eternal interest to our race; for the fund, let us hope, will prove as inexhaustible as the widow's cruse, and as immortal as the Academy. The subject should also be as general in terms and comprehensive in scope as possible, that it may admit the widest range of treatment and embrace the infinite variety of questions that must arise from one generation to another, as our race recedes from barbarism. The income of your fund would be say 1200 francs a year. If you would have these prizes bestowed only once in five years, you might make them each of the value of 5000 francs and have a couple of thousand francs besides to go toward an increase of the capital fund. If you would like to associate the foundation of this trust with another great historical event, let the first prize be awarded on the first centennial anniversary of our National Independence, which is scarcely less an anniversary to France, and would be a most fitting occasion to inaugurate the systematic study of any one of many inexhaustible problems of human society. Now let me briefly enumerate some of the reasons which give this plan in my eyes a preference over any other that has occurred to me, not excepting that which you have been discussing with Mr. Hippeau.<sup>1</sup>

1st. It is complete in itself and does not impose, as a condition of its acceptance, any pecuniary burthens upon its beneficiaries,

2nd. It would prove the source of a perpetual light shining like the sun in our solar system from age to age, without exhaustion or diminution, upon one or more of the most important

<sup>1</sup>Célestin Hippeau (1803-1883), author of many works on education and other subjects, charged in 1867 with the organization in Paris of secondary instruction for young girls.

social problems of all ages, and a light which would always accommodate itself to the different phases in which those problems may manifest themselves from generation to generation forever,

3rd. As the light thus evolved would represent the best intellect of all nations, so through the co-operation of the press, it would inure to the equal enlightenment and advantage of all nations. It would be none the less a benefaction to all the world because it was specially a benefaction to France. This would be a gracious way of recognizing the interest which the various contributors of different nations to the Album may be supposed to feel in the disposition which may be made of its proceeds.

4th. In the French Academy you have trustees for your fund who offer the indispensable guaranties of perpetuity and fidelity in their very highest expression.

5th. You have the choicest intellects in France employed without cost in seeing that the income of the fund is operating its greatest possible usefulness.

I will not lengthen this list, though it does not seem at present as if I could ever exhaust the interesting aspects of such an investment. I assume that the gentlemen of the Academy would accept the trust. I am not aware of any reasons for their declining it, but if there be any, I know of no one so likely to appreciate both the merits of this proposal and its objections as Mr. Mignet, the Perpetual Secretary of the Academy.<sup>1</sup> If you will lay the matter before him, I am sure it will give him pleasure to enlighten you promptly as to its merits and feasibility.

He would also be your best counsellor as to details in case the proposal was so fortunate as to secure his approval.

Yours very sincerely,

MRS. BOTTA TO BIGELOW

25 W. 37TH ST., March 15th,  
Monday.

*Dear Mr. Bigelow:*

The more I think of it, the more I am inclined to "give in." Of course this is the way we women always do; our domestic,

<sup>1</sup>F. M. A. Mignet was perpetual secretary of the Academy of moral and political Sciences, and H. J. G. Patin, perpetual secretary of the French Academy.



social, and political condition being just as it is, how can we do otherwise? I do not think that my conscience would be quite at rest if I were to dispose of the fund or place it in any other country than France; and if it goes to France, we decided that there was no other body to which we could give it except the Academy, even if *she* does not accept our terms. There is one aspect of the case that did not present itself to me last evening — these forty Immortals are after all Mortal, and will be succeeded in a few years by younger, and, let us hope, wiser men. Like Tennyson's Brook —

Though men may come and men may go,  
The *fund* flows on forever.

And in the higher and nobler conditions that I believe all men are destined to reach, are going forward [to] without interruption, the best of them, like you and a few others, will study the means to raise us, if in the meantime we should not go on and raise ourselves, which perhaps is the more likely to happen. We made an effort as we believed in the right direction. Providence disposed otherwise, and I am such a believer in Providence that after having done my best in any direction I give myself no concern about results. Shall we not, then, give Mr. Moreau his francs and the Academy *hers*, and leave them to bear their fruit? If the Spirits have been favorable and have sent you any communication bearing on the subject, or if they haven't, please let me hear from you; and with love to Mrs. Bigelow,

Believe me,  
Sincerely yours,

ANNE C. BOTTA.

Having communicated the substance of the foregoing letter to my friend Mr. Henry Moreau in Paris, and received from him a favorable answer suggesting how to proceed, I prepared a draft of a letter to the French Academy which I sent to Mrs. Botta, who thereupon wrote as follows:

MRS. BOTTA TO BIGELOW

NEW YORK, Oct. 16th,  
25 W. 37th St.

*My dear Mr. Bigelow:*

I have delayed answering your letter of the 10th enclosing a draft of the letter to the Academy, which I find quite the one I ought to send, except that I shall say emphatically, that it was the advice & suggestion of the late Minister &c. &c., but that we will arrange later. I began to say that I had delayed writing in the hope of seeing you here. This line is only to thank you & hope that we shall soon see you, carpet-bag in hand, for a night or a day, or however long you will give us the pleasure of your company. . . .

Ever yours

ANNE C. BOTTA TO MR. H. J. G. PATIN

25 E. 37TH ST., NEW YORK  
1874.

M. PATIN, SECRÉTAIRE PERPÉTUEL DE L'ACADÉMIE  
FRANÇAISE

*Sir:* It was my privilege to be one of the humble agencies through which the sympathies of my compatriots sought expression in the Franco-German war of 1870. The immediate product of my efforts was an autograph album which I was so fortunate as to dispose of to one of my public-spirited countrymen at a price which, with accumulated interest, amounts to the sum of 25,000 francs. Peace having been restored before the fund became available for the purpose for which it might have been deemed most useful during the war, I have endeavored, in discharging the duty now devolved upon me of determining the final disposition to be made of it, to devise the means of rendering it a permanent and not a transient benefaction, which should inure

to the welfare, not only of France but of the whole world, and be identified as far as possible with the best interests of that sex of whose sensibilities and humanity it is more especially an expression.

The counsel of my husband and of other discreet friends, with much reflection, have led me to the conclusion that I can in no way secure all these conditions so effectually as by making this fund the foundation of a prize to be periodically bestowed by the French Academy.

As soon as my views were clear upon this point, I took measures to ascertain whether the gentlemen of the Academy would be willing to charge themselves with such a trust, and having received encouragement to believe that they would not be disposed to decline it, if made in accordance with the traditions and usages of their society, I now have the honor to inform you that I have deposited with the banking house of John Munroe & Co., in Paris, the sum of 25,000 francs which they are instructed to pay over to the French Academy or to its authorized agent upon the order of Mr. Henry Moreau, advocate of Paris, who is also to order the transfer of the said fund to the said Academy or to its authorized agent, to be invested in such securities as the said Moreau shall approve; upon condition —

1st. That the said Academy shall bind itself to allow the income of such fund to accumulate, and whenever and so often as the accumulations amount to the sum of five thousand francs, lawful money of France, that sum shall be awarded without distinction of race, sex, or nationality, to the author of the best dissertation, either in the French or Latin tongue on the following theme:

“Woman as a factor of human civilization. How may her political, social, and domestic relations to society be advantageously modified?”

2nd. That neither the said fund nor the income thereof — whether in money or after it is invested in securities as hereinbefore provided — shall be liable to or charged with, *droits proportionels d'enrégistrement*.

It would be my wish that dissertations upon any one or more of the aspects of the proposed theme should be entitled to compete for the prize upon the same terms as those which may treat of all, it being my intention to vest the Academy with full power to invite the special attention of competitors to such phases of

that general subject as may seem from time to time most worthy of special and exclusive consideration.

Nothing herein contained is to be construed into a requirement, that any prizes are to be bestowed for dissertations, which in the judgment of the Academy are unworthy of publication under its auspices. Should any of the conditions of the foundation be deemed inconvenient or not sufficiently explicit, I will thank you to specify the defect, and I will lose no time in doing what I can to repair it.

Accept, Sir, the assurance of my profound respect.

(Signed) ANNE C. BOTTA.

(Approved) VINCENZO BOTTA.

The foregoing letter was sent through Mr. Henry Moreau accompanied by a letter from me to Mr. Moreau.

In the course of a month or two, Mr. Moreau advised me that the Academy took exception to the scope of the subject suggested for the prize, obviously suspecting that the project of the founder was liable to provoke an annual agitation on the subject of Female Emancipation. To this Mrs. Botta sent the following reply:

MRS. BOTTA TO HENRY MOREAU

NEW YORK.

[not dated]

*Mr. Moreau:*

*Sir:* You were quite correct in supposing that nothing was farther from my intentions in the proposal I made to the French Academy through Mr. Patin than to embarrass that body by a too absolute programme. In requesting them to submit any particular aspect of the thesis suggested by me as might from time to time merit special consideration, I intended to give the Academy the most entire liberty of action that was compatible with the objects of the foundation, or indeed that was exacted by the usages of the Academy. If the language which you use in your amiable note, "The means best calculated to promote the moral, intellectual, political, and social condition of woman" is preferred,

it would be entirely satisfactory, or anything else equivalent to it. Mr. Patin will pardon me for suggesting that the phrase he employ, "*sur la condition des femmes*" is scarcely an equivalent.

Of the condition of women the world is already as fully instructed as it cares to be. Woman's capabilities, however, and the means best adapted to realize them, in other words, the welfare of woman, is what I wish to consult, and upon the study of which am ambitious of being instrumental in concentrating a somewhat larger share of public attention. The prizes of most of the academies of all nations are consecrated mainly to the enlargement of the powers and spheres of activity of men. Surely it cannot be amiss to have one founded in the interest of their mothers and sisters and daughters?

I will thank you to submit the distinction I have made to M. Patin, who I am sure cannot fail to appreciate it at its just value, and ask him to have the goodness to clothe my idea or formulate it in such language as may best conform to his own taste and to the usages of the Academy.

In conclusion, let me invite your attention again to the note which I had the honor to address to Mr. Patin, and to the discretionary power it gave the Academy, to modify the thesis I proposed as occasion might suggest.

This authority, coupled with its own inalienable prerogative of rejecting any and every contribution addressed to it, leads me to hope that the difference between us is not an insurmountable one.

I profit by this occasion to thank you for your very courteous note of the 5th ultimo, and to express to you my regret for the additional trouble which I find myself unexpectedly obliged to impose upon you. Please accept, Sir, the assurance of my sincere respect.

The result of this correspondence was an arrangement in the nature of a compromise, satisfactory to both parties as appears in the following letter:

MOREAU TO BIGELOW

PARIS, le 30 9<sup>bre</sup> 1875, 370 RUE ST. HONORE.*Mon cher Ami:*

\* \* \* \* \*

L'Académie française a enfin proclamé la fondation du prix Botta *sur la condition des femmes* qui sera distribué pour la première fois en 1881. J'ai assisté á la séance du 11 9<sup>bre</sup>, dans laquelle cette fondation a été annoncée et l'annonce a été faite dans les termes les plus élogieux pour M<sup>me</sup> Botta, à qui j'aurai l'honneur d'envoyer le compte rendu aussitôt qu'il me sera parvenu.

\* \* \* \* \*

The expectations awakened by the foregoing promises of an award of the Botta prize in 1881 were not realized, for reasons which are set forth in the report of the Academy's *Séance publique annuelle du jeudi 4 août 1881* as follows:

Ce prix, nous espérions le décerner aujourd'hui pour la première fois. Cinq concurrents ont répondu seuls à notre appel, et, si le sujet proposé dans l'origine par M<sup>me</sup> Botta avait été adopté, un petit livre, intitulé: *la Femme libre*, aurait eu certainement des droits à la préférence. Mais plus il se rapprochait du programme écarté par l'Académie, plus, par cela même, il s'éloignait de celui qui a prévalu, de celui qui pour nous est la loi, et que nous avons dû respecter.

Dans ce volume, qui tient tout ce que son titre promet, l'auteur a fait preuve d'un talent réel; mais il a manqué le but, en manquant de mesure et de modération. Au lieu de traiter en philosophe et en moraliste des questions de morale et de philosophie, c'est avec passion qu'il agite des questions sociales que nous n'avons pas à discuter avec lui. Ses intentions sont bonnes; ses moyens sont dangereux. Pour améliorer la condition des femmes, il ne faut pas commencer par en faire des hommes; il ne

faut pas leur enlever ce premier mérite, qui toujours sera leur charme, leur honneur et leur droit, le mérite d'être des femmes!

Par ses qualités comme par ses défauts, ce livre était de ceux qui ne passent pas inaperçus; il a eu cet avantage et cet inconvénient.

Le prix n'a pu lui être donné; mais personne ne l'a obtenu.

Une importante série d'études sur le développement historique de la condition des femmes dans tous les pays et à toutes les époques avait pourtant attiré l'attention de l'Académie, qui se souvenait d'avoir à deux reprises, en 1864 et en 1872, encouragé leur auteur: M<sup>lle</sup> Clarisse Badèr.

Sous ces divers titres: *la Femme dans l'Inde antique, la Femme biblique, la Femme grecque et la Femme romaine*, M<sup>lle</sup> Badèr a entrepris, depuis près de vingt ans, un immense travail d'information spéciale qui la plaçait déjà dans les termes du concours avant que le concours existât; elle y sera d'autant plus qu'elle avancera d'avantage dans l'achèvement de son œuvre, œuvre encyclopédique, qui a préparé la question, qui l'a étudiée, commentée, élucidée; mais qui, manquant jusqu' à ce jour d'une conclusion formelle, ne l'a pas encore résolue.

Voulant honorer des efforts persistants et récompenser des travaux littéraires qu'anime partout le sentiment moral, comme le disait ici M. Villemain, en proclamant le prix décerné à *la Femme dans l'Inde antique*; voulant aussi témoigner autant que possible du désir qu'elle aurait de répondre sans retard au vœu de la donatrice, l'Académie a prélevé, sur le montant du prix Botta, une somme de deux mille francs qu'elle attribue, avec estime, à M<sup>lle</sup> Clarisse Badèr, en attendant qu'un ouvrage plus complet achève ce qu'elle a si utilement commencé.

Dans deux ans Messieurs, je l'ai dit et je le répète, ce prix qui, dès aujourd'hui, est de nouveau remis au concours par l'Académie, ce prix de cinq mille francs sera décerné au meilleur ouvrage qui, avant le 1<sup>er</sup> janvier 1883, nous aura été présenté sur *la Condition des femmes*. . . .

In the Report of the Academy on the competitions for the year 1883, we find this reference to the Botta Prize:

Under the title *Histoire de l'Education des Femmes*, Mr. Paul Rousselot, former professor of Philosophy, has composed an excellent book, filled with facts and abounding in curious information,

clearly presented in a beautiful style. . . . Although he neglected one of the conditions necessary to entitle him to all of the Botta prize, his book has nevertheless seemed worthy of an honorable reward. Of the five thousand francs accumulated on this foundation, the Academy appropriates to him a prize of three thousand francs.

If Mr. Rousselot does not carry his arguments far enough, his principal competitor, Mr. Léon Girand, on the contrary, carries them too far, and the Academy is not able to associate itself with the rashness of his conclusions. His important work entitled *Essai sur la Condition des Femmes en Europe et en Amérique* has none the less received serious attention, and his generous intentions have not been misunderstood.

The new volume presented at the same *concours* by Miss Clarisse Badèr also concludes too much, but in an opposite sense; and good sentiments therein occupy a little too much the place of good arguments. The notable work to which Miss Badèr has devoted her life, is now finished. The encouragements of the Academy have sustained her in this great effort. In default of a new prize, the sum of one thousand francs derived from funds specially attributed to this *concours* is accorded to her as a testimonial of esteem for her works and for her character.<sup>1</sup>

On this action of the Academy the lady competitor wrote as follows:

MISS CLARISSE BADÈR TO MRS. BOTTA

PARIS, RUE DE BABYLON 62,  
May 28th, 1883.

*Dear Madam and noble Friend:*

I would have wished sooner to acknowledge your affectionate letter — grave anxiety about my father's health has not permitted me.

\* \* \* \* \*

Now let me give you some news which will be agreeable to you. You know with what Macchiavellian tact the freethinkers of the

<sup>1</sup>*Revue politique et littéraire*, 24 nov. 1883.



Academy profited by the illness of our principal backers to advance by eight days the session that was to be consecrated to general debate. The absent, however, returned; they protested energetically and, on the motion of M. le Duc de Broglie, valiantly sustained by that eloquent orator, by M. Cuvillier—Fleury, Marie Désiré Nisard, J. B. Dumas the savant, and even Jules Simon, heretofore so hostile, the Academy decided that a testimonial of sympathy should be awarded to me. They will not say that I have competed: it would be too difficult to say why I have failed; it would be impossible to repeat in a public session what my terrible “rapporteur,” M. Alexandre Dumas, said of my book to one of my friends: “I have read this work from one end to the other with the greatest interest and with pencil in hand. I cannot tell you how many things I have learned from it that I did not know, but how can you expect my conclusions to be favorable to a book which wishes to bring us back to the decalogue (*Au commandement de Dieu*).”

To this point have we come in my poor France. The decalogue even is too much. Happily there are yet many souls among us who do not adopt this *à la mode* opinion.

To avoid, then, an explanation of the motives which have caused my work to be set aside, and also to respect the susceptibilities of the Commission, it was decided that the Academy should award to me, irrespectively of the *concours*, a medal for the collection of my works *and on your generous foundation*. Materially it is a small matter, a thousand francs, but morally it imports a species of reparation which touches me; and all the more because my friends of the Academy had arranged it without my knowledge, and also because the contest has been warm and our champions only succeeded by a single vote.

\* \* \* \* \*

With a faithful and respectful attachment,  
 Your grateful friend,  
 CLARISSE BADÈR.

Mrs. Botta died in 1891. To a memorial volume compiled by her widower<sup>1</sup> I contributed a chapter; *An Album and the French Academy*, in which I finished the story of the Botta prize, telling

<sup>1</sup>*Memoirs of Anne C. L. Botta* written by her Friends.

how, successive *concours* having failed to elicit satisfactory papers on *The Condition of Women*, the prize was converted into a fund to be appropriated by the Academy "in the way that shall seem best to it in the interest of letters."

BIGELOW TO CARL SCHURZ

NEW YORK, April 20, 1874.

*Dear Sir:*

The obvious objections to the Philadelphia Centennial scheme have not proved as fatal as they sh<sup>d</sup> have done because the alternative, if that was rejected, was no celebration at all. To furnish the public with a bone to pick upon while our Conscript fathers are devising something better, I have put into a letter to the *Tribune*, which I send you by this mail, the substance of the suggestion which Mr. Sumner once read to you. I should not have published anything of the kind if I had supposed the President would have adopted it or anything better. I did publish it that he and his supporters might have the responsibility of rejecting a plan both simple and inexpensive for one neither simple, inexpensive or practicable.

It is impossible to fight even a bad mode of doing a good thing, without a better one.

*Private.* Mr. Reid of the *Tribune* informed me yesterday that the Centennial Committee have set aside \$500,000 to be expended in advertising. The Welsh circular which appears in all the papers is the *premier pas*. Petroleum V. Nasby is the Agent for placing this money *where it will do the most good*. There is no mistaking the purpose of this Jay cookery in the Centennial kitchen. Whether the public will care to be [responsible] for the cost of throwing sand in their eyes is a question which you and yr. colleagues will have to decide very soon I presume. My impression is the Centennialists have no idea now of getting up an international celebration or show and they only want this \$3,000,000 to meet political and other engagements for which the Centennial fund was pledged at the last Philadelphia election and to make matters generally comfortable among the Politicians.

I envy those who will have an opportunity of hearing your tribute to our friend Sumner.

Very truly yours,

Mr. Lowrey, the gentleman who initiated the following correspondence, had been private secretary to Gov. Reeder of Kansas during the period of strife between the Free-Soilers of the North and the slave-holders of the South for the occupation of the territory of Kansas. He was trained as a lawyer, and at the time of writing this letter was a partner of John K. Porter, then, and until his death, a leading member of the New York Bar. The Hon. Alonzo V. Cornell, to whom Mr. Lowrey's letter of Nov. 5th, 1875, was addressed, was at that time Governor of the State of New York.

G. P. LOWREY TO BIGELOW

No. 197 BROADWAY,  
NEW YORK, Dec. 6th, 1875.

*My dear Bigelow:*

Enclosed you will find some letters which will explain themselves. I am a "swain" living remote from politics, or at least that part of politics which relates to the personality of party men. It may be, therefore, that I lost my temper on a minor one among the libels with which some of the Press thought it judicious to assail you. It was a case of clear loss of temper, however, and when the *allegata* and *probata* were found so utterly at variance, I at once in my heat determined to have the testimony of the witness filed for future security. Now, after a month's cooling, I confess the matter seems not worth the correspondence, but since it is written, let it stand.

The occasion avails for me to tell you that I entirely sympathize with the sentiments which you expressed in Brooklyn. I have been surprised to find how largely the defection from the Republican vote (within my knowledge) is among men whose radical relations were, like yours (as I understood) and mine, with the Democratic party, until the way in which issues shaped themselves on the slavery business drove us into other relations. I sincerely hope the National Convention of the Democrats will

take such ground upon financial questions as will remove the obstacles which up to this time have certainly prevented a full restoration of confidence in them as a *National* party.

Truly your friend,

G. P. LOWREY

G. P. LOWREY TO GOVERNOR CORNELL

197 BROADWAY,  
NEW YORK, Nov. 5th, 1875.

*My dear Mr. Cornell:*

I know you to be one of those who in political affairs do not permit the angry partisan judgment of the mass of your fellow partisans to drown your private judgment in respect to either men or measures. I do not hesitate, therefore, to ask permission to make known upon a proper occasion the facts herein referred to affecting my friend Mr. John Bigelow. I do not suppose that Mr. Bigelow's friends would consider anything additional to the vindication, which he made of himself in his own way at the Brooklyn meeting as necessary to a general refutation of the personal aspersions made upon him by a portion of the Press during the late Campaign: but I know a considerable number of Republicans who quite misunderstand the facts (as I learned them from you) as to the asserted offer and refusal by Mr. Bigelow, of a nomination to the office of Secretary of State from the Saratoga Republican Convention, and I wish, with them at least, to be able to state the matter correctly.

My knowledge of the facts arose as follows: I was yesterday sitting at table with several friends, one of whom in a bantering way called upon me to justify my vote for Mr. Bigelow. After I had made the reply which I thought appropriate, my friend proceeded to state substantially that Mr. Bigelow had known, for a month or more prior to the Saratoga Convention, that prominent persons in the Republican party, friends of his (one of whom was named) had been canvassing the subject of nominating him: and that knowing this, Mr. Bigelow had permitted steps to be taken by these former political friends which left them at the last moment in an embarrassing position. The implication was that all this was with a design on Mr. Bigelow's part to decline

such a nomination when offered in order to benefit Democrats and mortify Republicans.

At about this point in the conversation you entered the room, and my friend called upon you to state the facts concerning Mr. Bigelow's relation to the effort which had been made to nominate him at the Republican Convention for Secretary of State.

You responded by saying that while on your way to Saratoga, on the Saturday preceding the Wednesday upon which the Convention was to be held, it occurred to your mind that Mr. Bigelow's name would be a good one to present to the Convention; that you telegraphed to General Sharpe at Kingston to find Mr. Bigelow and confer with him upon the subject: that on Monday Gen'l. Sharpe found Mr. Bigelow on the train and accompanied him for about two hours, leaving him at Albany and meeting you at Saratoga, where he gave to you and other gentlemen a statement of his conversation with Mr. Bigelow, and expressed a hope that Mr. Bigelow might accept the nomination if it were offered him; that Gen'l. Sharpe was authorized to return on Tuesday to Albany to ask Mr. Bigelow specifically whether he would accept, and to assure him of the belief of yourself and the gentlemen present with you that the Convention would receive favorably the proposition of his name: that General Sharpe did return to Albany saw Mr. Bigelow, who there, that is on the Tuesday preceding the Convention, definitively refused; giving as his reason that, having been nominated by the Governor one of a non-partisan Commission to investigate Canal affairs, and being interested in carrying out certain of his measures of reform which would be in question during the campaign, he did not think it would be just to the Governor to accept a political nomination at this time. Our conversation was limited to this special objection by my friend to Mr. Bigelow's conduct. I proceeded to give what I thought the due interpretation of Mr. Bigelow's reference to the only political nomination then in question, besides saying much else which was pertinent there, but is not so to the purpose of this letter.

Have I understood and stated correctly your understanding of the matter, and if so have I your permission to state the facts?

Very truly Yrs,

P. S. Dec. 1, 1875.

This letter, which was written on its date, has been lying by

me until to-day, which is the first opportunity I have had to find you in New York and hand it to you — which will account for the interval between its date and delivery.

GOVERNOR CORNELL TO G. P. LOWREY

EXECUTIVE OFFICE  
WESTERN UNION TELEGRAPH CO.,  
NEW YORK, Dec. 4th, 1875.

*Dear Sir:*

Your favor of the 5th ulto only reached me this week, and in reply I have to say that the statement of fact, which you attribute to me, is substantially correct as I understand it, except that the position under consideration was that of Comptroller instead of Secretary of State.

I have no objection to your making any proper use of it.

Yours Very Respectfully

BIGELOW TO G. P. LOWREY

ALBANY, December, — 1875.

*My dear Lowrey:*

The Cornell version of the incident which procured for me the pleasure of reading your friendly favor of the 6th inst. is substantially correct so far as it goes, but vitally at fault in one or two particulars.

The interest which you have taken to inform yourself upon the subject furnishes me a pretext, which I have never had before, for telling what I know of the attempt to make me one of the candidates of the Saratoga Convention [Republican] and in doing so to correct such errors in Mr. Cornell's version of that intrigue as are of any importance.

To begin with, it is not true that I was aware for a month or more before the meeting of the Republican Convention that it was in contemplation to make me one of its candidates. The first intimation I had of any such purpose was received on the Monday preceding such Convention. I had taken the train at Garrisons

on my way to Albany to resume my weekly labor in the Canal Investigating Commission. Shortly after leaving the station, General Sharpe entered the car in which I was sitting and joined me. He said he was going to Saratoga to attend the Convention, and after some conversation about one or two of the probable candidates, with whose names the press had been occupied, he said that it was in contemplation to put me on the ticket. I answered promptly, "It is impossible." He said, "Don't say that; you need not give any answer now." I repeated that it was impossible, and proceeded to state the most obvious objections that occurred to me. The substance of them was that it was quite impossible for me to accept a nomination from the Republican party, and maintain such relations of confidence with the Governor as were indispensable to my usefulness as a member of the Canal Commission. After debating this objection for a few minutes, the General remarked that Collector Arthur was in the train. As that was a circumstance of no particular interest to me, except as it might bear upon the subject of our conversation, and as I did not wish these gentlemen to give me any more of their confidence or to embarrass themselves by a farther prosecution of the purpose which seemed to have been accidentally broken to me, I made no reply except simply, "Is he?"

In a few minutes General Sharpe left the car, and I went on with the book I was reading. After an interval of ten or fifteen minutes, I saw Mr. Arthur approaching. I arose, saluted him, and invited him to take a seat beside me. Our conversation very soon turned to the subject of the Convention; and he did not leave me long in doubt that he also was a party to the scheme for making me a candidate of the Saratoga Convention for the office of Comptroller. I then began to realize that the subject was not new to either of them; and for the first time began to feel troubled to know how I should escape solicitations pressed with so much authority and determination, which I knew already that I could never be brought to entertain for a single moment. I immediately proceeded to state to Mr. Arthur more carefully, and at length, the reasons which now came welling up into my mind, and which I endeavored to present so strongly and decidedly as to discourage any renewal of the subject. I thought I had been successful. As I was leaving the train at Albany, either Arthur or Sharpe, perhaps both, asked me if I would not come up to

Saratoga the following day. I replied "No" in rather an emphatic tone, and said that I had no business in Saratoga.

About one o'clock in the afternoon of the following day, as I was sitting with our Commission in the Senate Chamber, the following telegram was handed to me:

SARATOGA, Sept. 7th, 1875.

HON. JOHN BIGELOW, Canal Co's. Office, Albany.

Convention will nominate you by acclamation for comptroller. Will you accept?

HUGH J. HASTINGS,  
Grand Union Hotel.

I asked our clerk to hand me the book of telegraph forms, and immediately dispatched the following telegram to Mr. Hastings:

Under no conceivable circumstances.

BIGELOW.

On my return from lunch about three o'clock in the afternoon, I met General Sharpe in the Capitol, evidently in quest of me. I took him to my house directly across the street; and as soon as we were seated, he proceeded to say that the feeling for my nomination at Saratoga was uncontrollable. He enumerated a large number of prominent Republicans, some strangers and some friends of mine, who insisted upon nominating me without communicating their intentions; that they finally concluded that I was not a person to treat in that way, and they sent him to me to say that they meant to nominate me for Comptroller; that they could not take "No" for an answer, and that they had telegraphed Governor Morgan, in anticipation of my concurrence, that I would meet him that evening at East Albany, as he would be passing through on his way to Saratoga. All this was accompanied by the most flattering assurances of my popularity, the great service I could render the ticket and country, &c.

When he had finished his appeal, which was both long and fervent, I again repeated to him that it was impossible; and proceeded to restate at greater length the reasons I had given to him and the Collector, more briefly, the day before, and to add such other considerations as had been begotten of my subsequent reflections.

I dwelt upon these three points: first, that it would destroy our Commission; second, that it would dishonor me; third, that it would ruin the Republican ticket.



“It would destroy the Commission,” I said, “for the nomination of one of its members, and especially its Chairman, would be fatal to the continuance of such confidential relations between the Executive and the Commission as were essential to the usefulness of the latter, and, if I resigned, no one could then be appointed sufficiently familiar with the work already done to take my place; it would be a practical paralysis of our Commission.

“It would dishonor me; for I would have the appearance before the public of having betrayed the Governor and the Commission to his adversaries for an office of honor, and of trying to transfer to them the popularity which the Commission had acquired through his initiative.”

In the third place, I urged upon him that such treachery on my part would “leap to the eyes of the public,” and that the state of New York would be too small for me to live in after perpetrating it; and that it would not only destroy me, but the ticket on which I ran. I think you will agree with me in thinking that had I accepted the Republican Nomination for Comptroller under those circumstances, Mr. Seward’s defeat would have been far more decisive than it was. Here is a suitable place to correct another error in the version of this transaction which you send me. There was no foundation whatever in anything that passed between me and either of these, or any other gentlemen, for the remark that “I did not think it would be just to the Governor to accept a political nomination at this time.” The objection taken by me in each of these several interviews applied exclusively to a nomination from the opposition, and was confined entirely to the consequent inconvenience of interrupting the relations of confidence between myself and the Executive, which would be the inevitable result of it. None of them would apply to a nomination at the hands of the Governor’s political friends, though at that time I had no right to expect such a nomination.

I also stated that for the same reason that I had declined a nomination for Congress from my district in 1874, I could not accept a nomination from the Convention at Saratoga; for I was not willing to be associated in any way with a party that would tolerate the re-election of a President for a third term. I said that I supposed the same motives which had made the Republican Convention of 1874 silent on this subject would make them silent again; and whether silent or not, there was no reason to suppose that the leaders of the party would withhold their support from

General Grant if renominated; and I saw no evidence among them either of the power or disposition to resist his renomination.

General Sharpe urged various considerations to dissuade me from making my decision final until I had seen Governor Morgan. I said that the more influence Governor Morgan would be likely to exert on my judgment in the matter, the more averse I should be to talk with him about it; for it was a question which involved to a very considerable extent my personal honor, and that I was bound to keep in my own custody. He then urged me at least to meet Governor Morgan as he passed through and ride up with him as far as Troy, and tell him my views. I replied that I saw no fitness or propriety in my going over to East Albany, at eight o'clock in the evening, to tell Governor Morgan that I would not accept a nomination which he had never proposed to me; that I would have nothing to say to the Governor which he could not say equally well, and that as I was decided under no circumstances to accept the nomination, the Governor might prefer to have no talk with me upon the subject. I added that while it would give me pleasure at any time to wait upon the Governor as a matter of courtesy when he was passing through the city, I felt that I could not do so under existing circumstances without putting myself in a false position. I begged him, therefore, to make my excuse to the Governor and to those who had planned our interview.

These are the main features of a conversation which lasted about two hours. The General left me, as I supposed, entirely satisfied with the justness of my reasons and the wisdom of my conclusion; nor have I ever been able since to bring myself to believe that he has countenanced any of the ill-natured fabrications which were given to the public as "my negotiations" with the members of the Republican Convention.

You will see from this narrative, which at the risk of being tedious I have intended to make circumstantially complete, that I could hardly have pursued any course or employed any language consistent with due respect for my friends in the Republican Convention and for the two gentlemen who undertook to represent their preference, better calculated to discourage their overtures; and I confess that it is a matter of surprise to me to this day that they were so slow in discovering that I would not answer their purpose.

Let me conclude with wishing you and yours a Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year. Very sincerely, your friend.

G. P. LOWERY TO BIGELOW

NEW YORK, Dec. 22nd, 1875.

*My dear Bigelow:*

Yours of the 20th is here and rejoices me by the assurance that you do not regard my intrusion into the subject treated of by my former letter as impertinent. I handed your letter to Mr. Cornell to read, and he, like myself, was impressed that you had misunderstood my former letter as to his part in the conversation there detailed. By referring to it again, you will see that another gentleman, proceeding upon information given to him, had in Mr. Cornell's absence given a mistaken account of the matter in question, the principal errors of which Mr. Cornell set right on coming in. I am all the more bound to note this because Cornell's statement, which I regarded as a complete refutation of what had been said, was frank and prompt. Of course no man is to be praised for speaking the truth, that being a primary duty; but there is often great reinforcement to the truth in the manner and time of speaking it.

Thanks for Christmas wishes — the same to you and all yours.

Truly yours,

## IX

### TILDEN'S CAMPAIGN FOR THE PRESIDENCY

R. M. HUNT TO BIGELOW

OFFICE OF RICHARD M. HUNT, ARCHITECT,  
28 EAST 21ST STREET, NEAR BROADWAY.  
NEW YORK, March 22d, 1876.

*My dear Sir:*

**M**IGHT I trespass on your valuable time concerning a matter of great importance? To be concise: it is in relation to the "New Capitol." A short time since, Mr. Fuller, the Architect, requested D. Lienau, Henry Dudley, and me to examine the alterations suggested by the Advisory Board (Report No. 49, in Senate), design published March 11th '76 in "*American Architect and Building News*," and to give our professional opinion. It is contained (our opinion) in the *Albany Evening Journal*, 27th March. We were unanimous (as in fact all members of the profession with whom I have consulted in this matter are) that although the design of Mr. Fuller may be improved in certain respects — simplified somewhat — yet it certainly would be no improvement to engraft upon the present Renaissance structure a "stone poem" of the Gothic persuasion!

I need not add that my only motive in this matter is to see justice done to the architect, Mr. Fuller, and to prevent, if possible, a Centennial abortion.

Begging you to exercise your influence against the proposed alterations, I remain

Very truly yours,  
R. M. HUNT.

P. S. Whatever merit the proposed alterations may have, they are totally incongruous with the style of work on the building as it stands. . . . I will add that Mr. Fuller is a stranger to me. I never saw him before last week. I hear him highly spoken of.

BIGELOW TO RICHARD H. DANA

STATE OF NEW YORK,  
OFFICE OF THE  
SECRETARY OF STATE

294 STATE STREET, ALBANY, March 28, 1876.

*My dear Mr. Dana:*

I scarcely know which would deserve to be regarded as the greater humiliation to the country, your rejection as minister to London, or Schenck's prolonged retention there. Both would deserve to be classed among what our East India tars call the "curios" of our centennial year. However, you and your friends may comfort yourselves with the reflection that it was a proscription similar to yours that made Van Buren President of the United States, and the "Just Aristides" immortal. It is not impossible that we may do something here to avert the shame which seems impending. We in New York have a greater interest in the issue between you and the senate than the people of any other state. We have a priceless property in the fame of Wheaton's great work, which you so magnanimously rescued from the parasitical and deadly embrace of Lawrence. But for your timely interference, we should by this time doubtless have had a centennial edition of "*Lawrence's Treatise on International Law*," and the fame of one of the few men of letters of whom New York has any special occasion to be proud would have been consigned to the uncertain protection of the narrow circle of archaeologists and antiquarians.

There would be no difficulty, I think, in procuring a unanimous expression from both branches of our legislature in your favor, but for the unholy alliance subsisting between Conkling's friends and Butler. May I add to this, without qualifying in any sense the friendliness of its purpose, that if you should be rejected and your name thus protected from a permanent historical association with

the administration which is just going to judgment, it will be another edifying illustration of the much better care the Good Master takes of men than the wisest and best of them are often disposed to take of themselves.

I wish you would recall me to your venerable father, and say that I wish I might be with him long enough to ask his blessing.

Always very sincerely your friend

FROM MY DIARY

\*            \*            \*            \*            \*            \*            \*

*Wednesday, April 19, 1876.* Governor Tilden says Kelly's game in opposing him or appearing to, is to get control of all the Federal patronage in New York, the post-office, custom-house and all. I told him Governor Seymour had told Senator Starbuck<sup>1</sup> that he was not going to the St. Louis Convention, it being unprecedented for a once candidate for the presidency to appear in a national convention as the champion of anybody else. Also that he was opposed to saying anything about candidates in the state convention. I suggested that if he was talking in that way he had better stay at home and attend to his dairies. The Governor said that was the way Seymour thought when he came down after a long seclusion in the country. He deemed it necessary to conciliate Church, not knowing that Church could scarcely carry the delegation from his own county and could not get another delegate from any other.

"He will go to the convention all the same, and he will be all right," added the Governor.

I do not feel sanguine upon this point. A man who is thinking all the time of himself and afraid of treading on the toes of some of his old supporters, a man in other words who goes to St. Louis concerned for any other person more than Tilden, was not the person I would select as best calculated to promote Tilden's chances of a nomination. Seymour was at my office yesterday and to-day but I was absent on both occasions.

*April 21, 1876.* Met Morrissey in the Governor's chamber to-day. He said that he saw the papers relating to the Tweed Ring

<sup>1</sup>J. F. Starbuck, N. Y. Senate.



Hon. E. P. Hurlbut





iniquities ten months before they appeared in the *N. Y. Times*. They had been copied by a clerk in the comptroller's office. But no newspaper in New York could be got to publish them. He further stated that those documents were to have all been burnt or destroyed the afternoon of the day that Watson, the deputy comptroller, was killed. He went out sleighing about eleven o'clock and was injured mortally, and thus the testimony by which Tweed and his confederates were subsequently convicted was providentially saved. He said the Tweed charter cost the city \$1,300,000, solely to corrupt the legislature for its passage.

*April 23, 1876.* [My daughter] Grace and I walked down to Glenmont this morning to see the Hurlbuts. [Mr. E. P. Hurlbut was a successful lawyer, with whom I had been on intimate terms for a dozen years or more. When at the bar he had as a partner, Alexander Johnson, who later became a member of the Court of Appeals. Hurlbut was an enthusiastic free-knowledgist, which cult, in his judgment, superseded all revealed religion.] Last Sunday his daughter Bertha was sick abed and his son Gansevoort complaining. This morning we found Bertha sitting up in her chamber, but Gansevoort alarmingly ill and I fear not likely to live, delirious every night for the past week.

Hurlbut said he had not had his clothes off for seven nights. He was, therefore, somewhat nervous for want of sleep and was not long in getting on to religious topics. His conversation never shocked me so much, for he became not only blasphemous but violent. He has lived so much alone and nursed his atheistic views so long that he can hardly treat civilly a man who will not fall in with him. Once or twice he was so vehement that I felt every moment as though the next would bring him to the use of some expression of which I should be obliged to take notice. His blasphemies were awful. But what was more painful still — for it showed that his opinions were beginning to eat into his life — he said that he would not again marry the daughter of J. C. (meaning Jesus Christ) and have children to take care of and nurse as he had been doing for so long a time in the last year. He repeated this remark at dinner before his wife and daughter Bertha. I thought if God should take from him the boy, as He probably will before many days, how such a speech must pursue him with reproaches. And if the child should die, what will he do with its body. He will have no priest about him; he will take

its remains to no church; he can ask no one to the funeral, for what pretext can he give if there is nothing to be done but to put the body under the ground. Altogether it was a sad spectacle, a man with so much talent and energy and purity of character trying to live without God in the world. His family, I think, are beginning to doubt whether, in his religious views and his judgments of his fellow creatures, he is infallible.

In the evening, went around to the Governor's, who read to me the resolution he proposes for the Convention on Wednesday in regard to his own presentation. It was ingenious. We made two or three amendments.

About a fortnight ago I sent to Henry Watterson<sup>1</sup> a sketch of Governor Tilden's life written in compliance with a request from W.<sup>2</sup>

*April 28, 1876.* I was designated by Mr. Post of Newburg as his substitute on the State Committee that was to call the Convention which should select New York's candidate for President. I left for Utica on Tuesday evening. We went into committee at 8 P. M. and we did not get out till after midnight. The time was mainly consumed in perfecting the programme of the Convention.

We got through the work of the Convention most pleasantly by doing all the fighting in the committees. The resolutions instructing the delegations to vote as a unit and suggest Tilden for President passed unanimously, which is practically a unanimous nomination. The hostility of the Kelly, or Tammany, delegation seemed to disappear the moment they got into the Convention. Their opposition will have two good results; it will give the Governor the benefit of not being regarded as having sold out to Tammany, it will give him the benefit of what prejudice there is in the country against Tammany; and it will make it easier for the anti-Tammany people to support the Governor.

<sup>1</sup>Editor of the *Louisville Courier Journal*.

<sup>2</sup>Published in the *Journal* of April 25, 1876.

BIGELOW TO C. H. HASBROUCK<sup>1</sup>294 STATE STREET, ALBANY,  
April 29, 1876.*My dear Friend:*

Thanks for your kind letter and the pleasing memories which it awakens. I do not refer to the extracts from Mr. Johnson's paper which were enclosed in it. If Mr. Johnson is the high-minded and just man you represent him, and I do not presume to question it, he would have awarded the printing contract precisely as we did, had he been in our place. The only objects any one has here in breaking our contract, so far as I know, are:

1. To prevent the people discovering the fact that our legislative printing can be done perfectly well for less than half it has usually cost; a discovery fatal to their customary influence in the halls of the legislature,

2. To discourage people from without the city competing for it and thus making the printers for the legislature a close corporation,

3. To retain by a certain class of legislators the power they acquired over the columns and adulation of the state paper here, through their power to move and vote for extra jobs. Through this influence, idiots appear in the state paper to talk like Cicero and knaves with the unction of the Pope,

4. The *Evening Journal* in particular wishes to break the contract during the current session of the legislature, because it counts upon being in such a case directed to proceed with the printing under the old contract of last year, as it was for the first thirty-four days of the current session, for which they are now demanding from the legislature just about as much as Parmenter will receive for his year's work.

"Time and I against the world," said Charles V. I expect to find in the execution of this contract ample justification for entering into it; and the fact that it may possibly be more to the benefit of a rival journalist and neighbor should not blind Mr. Johnson to the plain duty on our part to accept the offer which was manifestly most favorable to the State. Yours very faithfully

<sup>1</sup>One of my classmates in college who had been prompted by some friend to interest himself in a candidate for the state printing, which for good and sufficient reasons, to my mind, he did not get.

## FROM MY DIARY

May 15, 1876. Bertha Hurlbut died on Saturday. She was at the table when her father said he would not marry the Virgin Mary and have children to watch and nurse and worry about as he has done for the past year or two. It is only three weeks yesterday since this blasphemous speech was made, and all that remains of her mortality now lies packed in ice in an upper chamber of that stricken house. Grace and I drove down there this afternoon. He seemed very much overcome, but glad to see me. He did not reproach his Maker as I feared he would, but spent much unnecessary time in explaining by purely natural causes the entirely unexpected calamity which had overtaken them. The girls were in New York for a few weeks and occupied as their sleeping room part of an apartment in the 5th Avenue on the ground floor without a window or ventilation and with a water-closet in its interior. He thinks they were both poisoned. Probably they were. But why were they permitted by Providence to go there? I dared not ask him that question, poor man. They had taken rooms in the fourth story, but the landlady said they had not been vacated, or were not ready, or something of that kind, and she offered this fine parlor and back room or middle room at the same price. They thought they had made a most advantageous exchange. The landlady used to keep the windows in these rooms always open till the moment they came home. She doubtless knew that they were poisonous. Why were these poor children led into this trap? Alas, that is a question which I fear H. will not ask himself nor permit himself to be asked.

BIGELOW TO SAMUEL BOWLES

STATE OF NEW YORK.

OFFICE OF THE SECRETARY OF STATE,

ALBANY, May 23, 1876.

*My dear Bowles:*

I have never read the charges that Griswold made against Governor Tilden,<sup>1</sup> and, if I had, they would have made no im-

<sup>1</sup>W. D. Griswold of St. Louis; charges reported to have been made to a reporter of the St. Louis *Globe Democrat*.

pression upon my mind except to give me a meaner opinion of their author. I did not make up my mind to recommend Tilden to the highest public trusts in the country until I had satisfied myself fully that he would not steal. My acquaintance with him for thirty years, and more especially that part of it which has been formed during the last two or three years, has rendered it impossible for a man like Griswold to say anything that could impair my respect or esteem for him.

Had I, however, the honorable responsibility of directing the editorial columns of the *Springfield Republican*, had I incurred besides the graver responsibility of saying of and for Governor Tilden what the *Republican* has said in times past in regard to his personal and official merits, and had my faith in those statements been shaken in the slightest degree by anything that might have been said by such a man as Griswold, or indeed by any other person, I should not have considered it paying too high a tribute to my own judgment and sagacity to have taken a trip to Albany, and to have submitted my doubts to the man of all others in the world most competent to remove them. Such a course would have prevented your doing your paper, yourself, and the Governor a gross injustice; and to avoid such results there is scarcely any journey you could make that would be too long or too wearisome.

You seem to think that the Governor should have defended himself from Mr. Griswold's calumnies. Such an impression is only intelligible upon the theory that you neither know Tilden nor Griswold, for you surely would not accord to every scurrilous vagabond in the country the authority to place a man of Mr. Tilden's age and character on the defence. One of the advantages of building up a good character in this world is the protection it may be expected to furnish against wanton calumny and vindictive gossip, and nothing would be more likely to weaken my faith in a public man than to see in him any weak distrust of the efficacy of that protection, and to see him turning upon every cur that barks at him from the gutter.

By this time you will have realized more completely than I did myself when I wrote you, how little of a Tilden organ the *World* has been. Perhaps the best evidence that could be desired of the fitness of Governor Tilden for the great work to which he has devoted the later years of his life may be found in the fact that he has not received the unqualified support of any party paper nor either of the formidable political organizations of the City or

State, while neither the press nor the organizations, nominally of his party, have dared to make any public demonstration against him. He has satisfied the great body of the people of his own State, and to a great extent the people of the nation, that he not only means to do right, but that he has the ability to do right in the right way — to accomplish results which no one else has proved able to accomplish and which no other man has given signs of the ability to accomplish. That conviction is so strong and so general among the people that the press and the politicians organized, unorganized, or disorganized, are compelled to do it homage. If there was any man in this country who, I supposed, was more likely than any other to hail such an *avènement*, that man was Sam Bowles; and if there was any press in the country which I thought more likely than any other to vindicate such a career, that press was the *Springfield Republican*, and I assure you I was both mortified and shocked at finding you, innocently I know, coöperating with the scoundrels whom Tilden has been gradually hunting out of the State.

I took comfort from your closing remark that you “are not going back on Governor Tilden”; and I trust if there is any impression lingering in your mind to the prejudice of Governor Tilden’s character, official or personal, that you will put yourself to the trouble of a journey to Albany, and I will engage that in twenty minutes he will not only completely efface that impression, but that he will leave you incapable of ever receiving such an impression again from any quarter.

Thus endeth my second growl.

Always faithfully yours

BIGELOW TO WILLIAM B. BEACH

ALBANY, N. Y., May 29, 1876.

*Dear Sir:*

I hasten to reply to your favor of the 26th inst., which I find to-day awaiting my return from the country. I must be brief, but I hope what I shall say will be conclusive. None of the persons whose hostility to Governor Tilden you deprecate has been of late years among his supporters; so far from it, all have been his active opponents from the time his name was first suggested

as a candidate for governor in 1874. The *Express* was a journal without authority or influence, edited by a Whig who afterwards became a Know Nothing and finally connected himself with the Democratic party during the only period of its history in America when it failed to reflect the sentiment of the nation. The use of its columns has been purchased, I am told, under the auspices, if not with the money, of Augustus Schell for the purpose of the present canvass. Schell, let me here say, is a brother-in-law of Richard Schell, a member of Congress from New York and the only avowed inflationist, I believe, that New York has furnished to that body. Augustus is understood to share his brother's views, though too cautious to express them in public. He was opposed to the hard money resolutions in the platform of our State Convention of 1875, and gave intimation then of future trouble from him on their account in the National Convention.

The *World* has been in a desperate condition pecuniarily for a year or two. Though I know nothing of the terms and conditions of the recent transfer, it is safe to say that as a property it was of little or no value; and if it were, that Mr. Hurlbert could not have purchased it, for he is a man, I am told, without means or credit. Like the *Express* advantage has been taken of its necessities by certain parties to use it for a purpose which I will presently explain.

Corning<sup>1</sup> of Albany is the son-in-law of Judge Parker,<sup>2</sup> from whom he takes his politics such as they are, and whose bidding he does his best to execute. He is a man of pleasure, who inherited a large fortune and a name associated with the triumphs of a political dynasty in this state in the last generation, of considerable influence. The heir, however, never had the ability to acquire these patrimonies, neither has he the ability to preserve them; and he has already squandered so much of them that he is only the shadow of a name, he is no longer reckoned here among the political forces of the State. Judge Parker, his father-in-law, was a candidate, or tried to be made a candidate, for governor against Mr. Tilden in 1874, and in 1875 made desperate efforts to get into the state Convention as a delegate from the County of Albany where he resides. He failed in both instances for the simple reason that he was known to be in strict alliance with the baser elements of which the party was endeavoring to purge it-

<sup>1</sup>Erastus Corning.

<sup>2</sup>A. J. Parker.

self. Judge Church, the present head of the Court of Appeals, has been the counselor and engineer of all the hostility which Governor Tilden has encountered in the prosecution of his plans of administrative reform. The Judge's apartment at Congress Hall, during the past two years, has been the rendez-vous of all the element of disaffection in the party throughout the State. In 1874 the Judge was unwilling at first to allow his name to be used as a candidate for governor because he saw no prospect of success for the party. Governor Tilden was persuaded to take the field, and when public opinion was developed in his favor, Judge Church repented of his course and got up an intrigue to nominate his cousin Judge Allen, a colleague on the bench of the Court of Appeals, or in case such a combination could not be made on Judge Allen, that the Chief Justice himself should be nominated. As the object of this combination was obviously to perpetuate the authority of the "Canal Ring" and to protect it from the influence of such a chief magistrate as Tilden was sure to prove, Governor Tilden refused to withdraw his name. Then as now their appeal was reinforced by declarations that the Governor could not be nominated, and that if nominated, he would be defeated by incalculable majorities. Every paper in the interest of the "Canal Ring" was industriously used to propagate these reports. He was nominated by an irresistible and enthusiastic Convention and elected by over fifty thousand majority. From that day to this Judge Parker, Chief Justice Church, and his cousin and colleague, Judge Allen, have been in a perpetual conspiracy to embarrass the Governor, to encourage the enemies of his policy and administration, to stimulate the Republican press and such journals nominally Democratic as they could, to propagate every sort of calumny and sophistry calculated to mislead and pervert the public judgment. All this, however, has been done by stealth and in secret, no one of them ever daring publicly to present themselves as an adversary either of Governor Tilden's measures or of his candidacy. Even at the state election at which we elected our delegates to St. Louis, the resolutions presenting Governor Tilden's name as a candidate were adopted without a word of opposition and with entire unanimity, no one of the disaffected delegates, if there were any, venturing to provoke a discussion of his claims, lest they should expose their numerical weakness and incur the indignation of the party. These are the leaders of the opposition to



Tilden in the state of New York; their followers are limited to a few contractors and jobbers whom it has been the duty of the Governor to expose and hunt out of the public service. They are not numerous and their power is decreasing every hour. I ought to have mentioned that one of the parties in this conspiracy is Allen C. Beach, whose transactions as a member of the Canal Board it became the duty of the Governor's Canal Investigating Commission to expose. He is a young man, had his affections set on the office of comptroller, and finds it difficult to forgive the authority through which his political prospects were blasted.

Now you will make a mistake if you suppose that this movement against Governor Tilden is designed primarily to defeat his nomination at St. Louis. So far from that being the case, my impression is that there is nothing that the enemies of Governor Tilden in this state more desire than his translation from Albany to Washington, if it can be coupled with certain conditions which it is the purpose of this movement, at which you seem to have taken alarm, to bring about. They are simply trying to force Governor Tilden and his friends to consent to nominate one of the "ring" men for Governor to run with him on the same ticket. They wish to recover possession of the State of New York, and place the treasury of this large and wealthy State once more at the mercy of their clan. If Governor Tilden would consent to the nomination of Church or Allen, or Schell or Parker, or in fact any man of that school, under which the public service of this state had become so demoralized, there would be no difficulty whatever in having all these men and all their presses sing hosannahs to Tilden as the man of destiny. Such a concession as that is impossible for two reasons: first, the people would not ratify it, and it would bring immediate and overwhelming disaster upon the party; and secondly, if the people would, Tilden would not, for he will never allow that wheel to run back into its former rut unless it runs over his body. He knows that, if he has any decided advantages over all other candidates of the Democratic party for the Presidency, that advantage consists in his identification with the cause of administrative reform; that the slightest suspicion that he could be unfaithful to it would be fatal, and that while he is faithful, he is irresistible. He will make no concession to its enemies, whatever shape they may take. He, better than perhaps any other person, knows their numerical weakness and the poverty and desperation of their resources. If he did

not fear them in '74 and '75, when they were far more formidable, he can afford to despise them now when their character is gone and when they are weakened by the demoralizing influence of two successive and overwhelming defeats.

Now a single word in regard to Tammany Hall. It is not true that Tammany Hall is against the Governor. Nine out of fourteen of the delegates of New York City, I am told by one of their number, are devoted adherents of Mr. Tilden. Mr. Kelly, the most influential of their number, has not given any authority, so far as I know, for the report that he is opposed to the Governor's nomination. If he preferred any other candidate to Mr. Tilden, I think it would have been easy for him to have had a delegation from New York less favorable to the Governor than that which he has selected. A stranger should be advised of some peculiarities about Kelly's political position that do not appear upon the surface of politics. Kelly's kingdom is New York island; his chief interest in politics is to promote the interests of his countrymen, composing as they do a large portion of the population of that metropolis. To preserve his power and influence in the government of the city and over the legislature, so far as the interests of the city are to be affected by it, it is important for Kelly to have a controlling voice in the disposition of the Federal patronage of that city. It is for that he has been playing since the election in 1875, in which he and his troops experienced such a serious discomfiture and by which our party lost the legislature. Kelly too, I suppose, wishes to hold himself in a position to make terms, and that brings him also apparently into a concert of action with the conspirators who are trying to recover the government of the state. None of these people, however, dare avow their purpose, neither can they assign any good or even plausible reason for their opposition to Governor Tilden. Judge Church pretended that New York had no claim to furnish the next president. What nonsense! as if any state had any claim to the presidency, or as if any other state had a better claim than New York! Every day, therefore, that they occupy a hostile or even an uncertain attitude toward him, they multiply the number of people who suspect them of hostility to precisely those measures and that policy which particularly commend the Governor to the affections of the people of the state and nation.

You may have observed in the New York *Sun* during the past week several appeals to the Governor to enter into some com-

position with these people — with Parker, and Corning, and Church — in order to secure his nomination. They feel the desperation of their position, and their journals betray it.

You need give yourself no concern whatever about the result. Nobody but Governor Tilden can be named as a candidate for the presidency by the Democratic party, who has any chance whatever of carrying the country, and nobody can be named by the administration party who would have any chance of carrying the country against him. Upon both these points I think those who are in the best position to judge the political situation are agreed. I for one have no doubt whatever upon the subject.

Could I have seen you, I could have made the situation more intelligible, but I must not abuse your patience by adding to the length of this letter. If there are any other points upon which you require further light, please indicate them and I will try and furnish it. What I have written is not intended for publication, though I have no objection to your showing it to your friends, if any share your concern about the state. I don't mark it confidential.

Yours very respectfully,

#### FROM MY DIARY

*June 7, 1876.* Returned from New York this evening. When down last week, learned that Tom Scott was grooming Judge Hugh Jewett of the Erie R. R. (Receiver) for the St. Louis Convention's candidate for the Presidency. John A. C. Gray told me so, upon the authority, I presume, of Forrest. Jewett is from Ohio; he received \$145,000 down and an appropriation of \$25,000 a year thereafter from the Erie railroad to take its direction, through the manœuvres of Scott, who had himself and Barlow put upon a committee to fix the president's salary. Not long after, it appeared upon the minutes of the Board of Directors that a report fixing his salary at \$145,000 down and \$25,000 a year had been adopted, though no member of the board could tell when such a report was received.

All this from Gray. In the cars this afternoon, Osborn of the N. Y. Central told me that Jewett's original appointment to the presidency of the road was all a mistake. The directors all supposed they were nominating Judge Thomas L. Jewett, a brother

of this one, who resided at Pittsburg, an old director of the Pennsylvania Central who died last year. They actually appointed by mistake Judge Hugh Jewett, thinking he was *the* Judge Jewett whose value as a railway manager was well known. Hugh J., Osborn says, amounts to nothing; he is a good-looking, presentable man, but knows nothing. He suits Scott's purpose therefore perfectly.

One of the most important duties devolved upon me as Secretary of State was the digestion and computation of the census returns of the State of New York which had been collected during the previous year. The most serious immediate duty was to select a competent director of the work, and next to select competent clerical assistance. I determined, and made no concealment of my determination, that these officers should be selected upon their merits and without reference to their political opinions. In apprehension of the election of a Democratic president partly, and to secure a permanent tenure of those already in office, the administration party had passed a civil service law which purported to answer that purpose; but appointments by the Federal administration of Democrats were most conspicuous by their absence. I determined in the exercise of my patronage as far as I could to set a better example. I wrote to Mr. Francis A. Walker, then President of the Massachusetts Institute of Technology, who had been in charge at Washington of the census bureau of the Federal government for the year 1870, to name to me the most competent clerk that he had had in his service, that I might invite him to take charge of the collation of our state census. He very promptly recommended to me in the strongest terms Mr. C. W. Seaton. I was fortunate enough to find Mr. Seaton at liberty and willing to accept the position.

There was hardly a member of the legislature or the state government who did not want clerical positions for some of his friends. When Mr. Seaton entered upon his duties I directed him to make a test of every applicant for a position by which he could determine the measure of his usefulness to him in the prosecution of his work, regardless of political, social, and indeed of all other considerations. Like Mr. Walker, Mr. Seaton was a Republican of the strictest sect, but not a politician. He followed my instructions implicitly, and the clerks in his employ, from seventy-five to eighty in number, for several months, were

all selected without the slightest reference to the political opinions of any of them. It was, I believe, the first occasion in which the Legal Tenure act or civil service policy had ever been enforced in the United States, nor am I quite sure that it was not the last. The letter of Mr. Seaton which follows gives a tolerably definite idea of the principle upon which his clerks were successfully selected.

C. W. SEATON TO BIGELOW

ALBANY, June 23, '76.

*Dear Sir:*

I enclose at last a list of our clerks showing their relative standing for rapidity and accuracy, computed from their performance in the 1st and 2d counts of population and regarding only the time they were severally actually employed upon that work. From these figures I have attempted to derive a fair average rank, taking into account both rapidity and accuracy — in this way. To the relative rank of each clerk for rapidity add double the relative rank for accuracy, and compare the results thus obtained for determination of general rank. For example: Russell, whose name is 76th on the list (76 is his office number) stands 4th for accuracy and 10th for rapidity, from which I derive the number 18.

M. B. Williams (61st name) stands 8th for rapidity and 8th for accuracy, and I derive 24.

Van Vracken (75th name) stands 1st for accuracy and 26th for rapidity from which by the rule we derive 28.

Comparing these three, Russell ranks first, William 2d, Van V. 3d.

In this way I have computed the rank of all, and send upon four slips — which I have not time to copy if I get the Saturday's first mail: the first slip contains the first 12, the 2d slip the 2d 12, &c. I thought we might possibly raise the pay of the first 12 to 70. Two already receive 75.

The second 12 might receive 65. Six already receive 75, and one 50. I add the name of Mrs. Phillipps to this list, as she seems to me to deserve to be included. She has had charge of the section a good deal in the absence of Mr. Osborn, and so we have no numerical estimate of her work.

The third 12 might be raised to 60. Two have resigned and three already receive 75.

The fourth 12 might be raised to \$55. Only six would be affected by this promotion.

In this way we shall advance all standing in the first two thirds who do not already receive high pay.

It will add \$375 nearly per month to the pay roll, and if we make it retroactive to 1st April, as they have been led to expect, it will take about \$1100 to do it.

\*            \*            \*            \*            \*            \*            \*

Very truly yours

HENRY MOREAU TO BIGELOW

PARIS, le 4 août 1876.

*Mon bien cher ami:*

Depuis que je ne vous ai écrit notre constitution républicaine est entrée dans son fonctionnement définitif et nous désirons tellement que tout marche sans encombre que nous nous prenons presque à l'espérer. Le sénat jouera son rôle modérateur d'autant plus nécessaire que la composition de la Chambre des Députés est loin d'être rassurante et gouvernementale. Si ce frein produit l'effet qu'on en attend, si les tendances à la désorganisation financière et administrative et à la persécution religieuse sont suffisamment neutralisés et combattues, le pays sera très-satisfait. L'assemblée qui s'est dissoute cette année n'a laissé que de mauvais souvenirs même par ceux qui étaient attachés aux principes, de la majorité, la tâche des successeurs est donc faite s'ils ne la compliquent pas par de fâcheux retours à la tradition Jacobine de 1792 et de 1848.

Il ne faut pas nous dissimuler que nous avons un danger réel en face de nous, le Bonapartisme, qui a bien des attraits par le suffrage universel à qui il faut des maîtres, qu'ils s'appellent Gambetta ou Rouher, et le dernier est prêt à profiter des fautes du premier. Je vais probablement heurter vos opinions les plus chères, mais je vous dirai que le suffrage universel m'est particulièrement odieux, la forme gouvernementale m'est indifférente, tous les systèmes de gouvernement sagement pratiqués, la répub-



Henry Moreau





lique comme la monarchie, peuvent faire le bonheur d'une nation, mais à la condition de reposer sur une classe dirigeante aisée, laborieuse, instruite, intelligente; ceci est tout au moins vrai pour l'Europe.

Si au contraire le gouvernement repose sur la masse, l'*ochlocratie* est autoritaire et oppresseur comme l'était l'Empire ou il risque de devenir l'anarchie; et à mes yeux la plus grande faute de la défunte assemblée a été de ne pas profiter des quelques mois où elle avait la plénitude du pouvoir, pour s'éloigner des traditions de 1848 et rentrer dans celles de l'Europe libérale, de l'Allemagne, de la Belgique, de l'Italie, et de l'Angleterre, où les autorités publiques sont pourtant garanties précisément parce qu'elles ne sont pas sapées dans leur base par le suffrage universel.

A Paris et dans toutes nos grandes villes la lutte est devenue complètement impossible. Nos ouvriers votent avec un ensemble désespérant pour les candidats les plus indignes, et les démagogues font assaut de bassesses pour flatter les passions les plus perverses et obtenir les suffrages qui reviennent de droit aux moins sensés.

Voilà la vérité de notre situation, mais il est impossible d'en sortir et toute l'habileté du gouvernement doit consister, par sa sagesse et sa prudence, à circonscrire les progrès d'un mal qu'il ne peut attaquer directement dans ses origines.

Avez-vous beaucoup dans votre pays complètement neuf, à vous louer du suffrage universel, qui est un si puissant dissolvant pour nos vieilles sociétés? Je ne le sais. N'est-il pas pour beaucoup dans cette déplorable corruption qui vous afflige tant, et contre laquelle vous luttez si énergiquement? Combien je vous félicite d'avoir surmonté tous les ennemis de la vie publique pour vous vouer au triomphe de la réforme administrative, même en provoquant quelques mécontentements de vos amis du parti Républicain. Il est certes très nécessaire de ne pas se séparer sans des motifs sérieux du gros de son parti, mais il est plus nécessaire encore de rester fidèle aux intérêts généraux de sa patrie et de les servir en réagissant contre la corruption et le déshonneur.

Quel triste rôle que celui de ce malheureux Général Grant. Avoir commencé comme Washington, et finir comme le Chevalier B. ou comme quelque misérable Santanna! Avoir sauvé l'unité nationale sur les champs de bataille, et compromettre l'honneur du pays en transformant le gouvernement fédéral en un vaste champ de foire où les places se vendent et les consciences

s'achètent. Espérons que Les Etats-Unis qui s'est montré si grand dans l'adversité il y a quinze ans retrouvera bientôt dans ses électeurs présidentielles toute son énergie pour chasser honteusement les marchands qui profanent les temples, et bousculer vigoureusement les corrupteurs et la corruption.

C'est là en effet pour votre pays une nouvelle et difficile épreuve, laquelle quant à moi, je me prépare à assister avec confiance parce que j'ai foi dans votre bon sens et dans votre honnêteté.

Le Général Grant avait cherché à détourner l'attention de sa mauvaise administration en excitant les passions religieuses et en prêchant la réforme des *idées politiques*. Il y a une idée politique qu'il faut réformer avant toute chose, c'est celle qui donne de si mauvais exemples au monde entier par la corruption et la vénalité et c'est cette réforme que le peuple américain, je l'espère, ne manquera pas de faire en novembre prochain. Ce sera la manière la plus digne de couronner les fêtes de votre centenaire et de montrer que vous n'êtes pas les fils dégénérés des hommes de bien et des patriotes généreux qui ont proclamé le 4 juillet 1776, l'indépendance des Etats-Unis.

\* \* \* \* \*

Notre pauvre ami de Witt<sup>1</sup> a succombé dans la lutte électorale et a été remplacé comme député par un Bonapartiste qui a réussi à le rendre responsable aux yeux des paysans normands des augmentations d'impôts nécessitées par nos désastres de 1870.

\* \* \* \* \*

La situation matérielle de la France est au dessus de toute expression, jamais la richesse publique n'a atteint pareil développement et nous supportons les 700 millions de taxes annuelles que l'empire nous a légués comme don de joyeux départ avec la plus grande *légèreté*. Je n'emploie ce mot que dans une bonne acception.

Il est un point sur lequel nous avons fait un progrès très-réel et très-heureux. Nous nous sommes, au moins temporairement, défaits de ce grand orgueil militaire qui nous rendait si ridicules et dont nous avons fini par être les victimes en entreprenant avec une telle témérité une guerre désastreuse contre une nation infiniment mieux armée que la nôtre.

Nous ne pensons pas à la revanche et nous sommes maintenant convaincus de notre infériorité. La masse du pays est loin d'ai-

<sup>1</sup>Cornelis de Witt, son in-law of Mr. Guizot, the historian.

mer l'Allemagne mais elle la redoute suffisamment pour éviter avec soin tout ce qui pourrait fournir le moindre prétexte à un renouvellement d'hostilité. Nous pensons avoir compris aussi que les affaires d'autrui ne nous regardent en aucune façon et nous ne nous passionnons plus pour les affaires intérieures ou extérieures de nos voisins. Ce sont là d'excellents symptômes et si notre sagesse intérieure égalait notre sagesse extérieure on nous citerait partout comme des modèles.

D'ailleurs Paris est plus brillant que jamais, les étrangers y abondent, les têtes couronnées ou découronnées s'y succèdent et sont accueillies avec un respect et des égards qui ne se retrouveraient guère chez les peuples les plus monarchiques à un égal degré.

FROM MY DIARY

*August 22, 1875.* I went to St. Louis and had the satisfaction of having Governor Tilden nominated on the second ballot. Since then I have been almost constantly occupied in promoting his chances of election so far as I know how. . . .

Last evening and this morning the Governor has been giving me the facts in regard to his conduct during the war. He suggests that I write a letter upon the subject.

Acting upon his suggestion I wrote a letter, of which I give the following extracts:

*My dear Sir:*

I have an abiding faith that a falsehood never hurts any one but him who propagates it. It is also my conviction that no man can pay a much greater homage to another than to deliberately misrepresent him. It is a cowardly confession of weakness and of inferiority. With this sort of homage no public man in this country, so far as I know, has ever been so liberally favored as Mr. Tilden. But two short years ago and there was no American of equal political prominence who could to a greater extent be said to receive the praises of his countrymen without distinction of party, nor one, perhaps, who had enjoyed fewer of the advantages of adverse criticism. From the moment, however, that he loomed above the horizon as a probable candidate for the Presidency

until now, the invention of his political adversaries has been taxed to the utmost to feed whatever appetite remained unsatisfied for calumny and scandal. . . .

It has been my privilege to know Mr. Tilden familiarly, not to say intimately, during his entire public life, embracing a period of nearly, or quite, forty years. During that time, though we frequently differed about processes, and were often enlisted under opposing political organizations, and though we took widely different views of the fittest way to meet the storm which had been gathering since the repeal of the Missouri Compromise, it never occurred to me for one moment to suppose there was any man in the country less tolerant than he of the doctrine of Secession, or prepared to make greater sacrifices to preserve our Union and the republican institutions which had been bequeathed to us. . . .

Better than any person that I knew, he comprehended the irreconcilability of the forces that were arraying themselves against each other in the country. Exaggerating, perhaps, the danger of attempting to rule the country by a sectional party, he deemed it the part of wise statesmanship to postpone as long as possible, in the hope, through the mediatorial offices of time and its inevitable changes, of avoiding a collision.

No one contested the force of his reasoning on this subject; but they derided his apprehensions of a civil war. So preposterous did they appear to the impassioned multitude in the North, that I remember myself to have been asked by one of his personal friends whether he was quite in his right mind on the subject. . . .

Earnestly as Mr. Tilden labored to avert the war and to thwart the measures which seemed to him calculated to precipitate it, anxious as he had been to contribute no fresh ingredient of hatred to the seething cauldron — when, without any responsibility on his part, the war came, he never for a moment hesitated as to the course he was to pursue. He felt it to be the duty of every citizen to sustain the Government in its resistance to territorial dismemberment. To those who thought, as did many then calling themselves Republicans, that on the whole it would be as well to consent to a peaceful separation, Mr. Tilden always answered that peaceful separation was an illusion; that the questions in controversy would be rendered infinitely more difficult by separation, and new ones still more difficult would be created; that, if the antagonized parties could not agree upon peace within the

Union, they certainly would not have peace without the Union. They never could agree upon terms of separation, nor could they agree upon the relations to subsist between them after the separation; and, however lamentable might be the consequences, force could be the only arbiter of their differences. . . .

In October, 1862, Mr. Tilden prepared, in behalf of the Democratic party, a declaration of its adhesion to the Union, and of the war to preserve it. This declaration was made in substance as written, and in so authentic and authoritative a form as to produce a profound popular impression, in the South as well as in the North. I have examined the manuscript, which has fortunately been preserved, and, with a perfect familiarity with the Governor's handwriting, have no difficulty in verifying its authenticity.

In 1864 Mr. Tilden, though absorbed by his profession and holding no relations with the public not shared by any private citizen, found himself appointed a delegate to the Democratic National Convention at Chicago. He deemed it his duty to attend. In the delegation he made a speech, the substance of which was briefly reported. The points of it were:

1. Opposition to any declaration in favor of an armistice.
2. He insisted that the adjustment of the controversy pending between the North and the South, on any other basis than the restoration of the Union, was manifestly impossible.

At this Convention Mr. Tilden used all his influence to resist, though ineffectually, the adoption of certain expressions in the platform that might have a tendency to discourage the further prosecution of the war; he always refused to acquiesce in them, and subsequently sent a message to General McClellan, the nominee of the Convention, urging him to disregard them in his letter of acceptance.

To these evidences of Mr. Tilden's earnestness in the prosecution of the war, let me add one more, which is perhaps more conclusive than all the rest:

All the members of Mr. Lincoln's Cabinet were perfectly cognizant of his position during the war, and were in the habit of soliciting his advice & two of the three who still survive and with whom Mr. Lincoln had the most intimate and durable relations, are now publicly advocating his election to the Presidency.

## FROM MY DIARY

*August 22, 1876 (continued).* The Republicans have to-day again nominated E. D. Morgan for Governor. I believe his first nomination was due as much to me as to any one person. I shall now be compelled to oppose him, and I shall do it cheerfully, for he has no business to oppose Tilden.

## BIGELOW TO E. D. MORGAN

*Private & Personal*

ALBANY, August 23, 1876.

*My dear Governor:*

Nothing could come more natural to me than to tender to you and to Mrs. Morgan my cordial congratulations upon your nomination, as I do with all my heart, if you desired to be renominated, though I am sorry you are to run. I should be sorry at any time for you to run for any office when, as now, I should feel obliged to withdraw from you my support. I am sorry to have you array yourself and friends against Mr. Tilden, whose public services and personal virtues you appreciate; I am sorry that you should allow yourself to be used as a buffer between that unclean crowd at Washington, to whom you are in no way beholden, and the righteous indignation of the American people; and finally I am sorry that, after your satisfactory career as chief magistrate of the Empire State for two terms, you should expose yourself to the risk of being confounded by the people with the wicked crew who have conducted our government to the very verge of ruin, and thus possibly be compelled to share in the expiation of their misconduct.

You no doubt think you will be elected. The future is wisely concealed from us, but in view of all that would be put at hazard in perpetuating the present political dynasty at Washington — an almost inevitable incident of your success in New York — I hardly know whether your election or your defeat would deserve to be regarded by you as the greater victory. Should it, however, be in the order of Providence that you succeed Governor Tilden,



E. D. Morgan





there is great satisfaction in feeling that the Republican party of the State could not furnish a candidate with whom it would be more agreeable to me personally to be officially associated.

As our memories may be supposed by this time to have undergone some of the enfeebling influences of age, if at any time either of us, in case of your success, should forget, as we would be liable to, that we belong to opposite parties, I shall rely upon the kind offices of Mrs. Morgan to keep us in our places.

Trusting that you may triumph in the overwhelming defeat of your party, and that the days of yourself and Mrs. Morgan may be long in the land, I remain, my dear Governor,

Very truly yours,

E. D. MORGAN TO BIGELOW

411 FIFTH AVENUE, Sept, 22 / 76.

*My dear Mr. Bigelow:*

The receipt of a letter from you always brings pleasant recollections of bygone days. It recalls to mind fresh thoughts of our common sympathies, hopes, and expectations, and also a correspondence during many years when your residence was in France and Germany, of to me a most agreeable nature. Indeed everything from your pen was more than welcome. When your letter of 23d ult'o came into my hands, I laid it aside temporarily with the intention of writing you in reply at an earlier day than this. But my engagements prevented it. And while we have come to entertain opposite political views, which neither is likely to relinquish, it will not, I presume, prevent us from maintaining our former personal friendships. I cordially reciprocate those words in your letter of congratulation on the nomination for Governor in which you state "that if, in the order of Providence, I succeed Governor Tilden, there is great satisfaction in feeling that the Republican party of the State could not furnish a candidate with whom it would be more agreeable to me [you] personally to be associated." In travelling these divergent political paths (if we wander too far) I must rely upon Madam Bigelow, who, I believe, is still a Republican, to see that we do not get astray.

Hoping that you may be saved from the wreck of your party's

misfortunes, and that you may be reorganized and restored, and that you and yours may have long, happy, and useful lives, is the prayer of your friend and servant. I am, dear Mr. Bigelow

Very truly yours,

FROM MY DIARY

*August 26, 1876.* Hiram Barney called on Friday and authorized me to telegraph a passage from one of his letters professing adhesion to Tilden. He thinks Seymour is perhaps a little dissatisfied with the course his political fortunes have taken, as well as with the condition of his health. Barney says Wm. A. Butler's tendencies are to the support of Hayes and Wheeler; that some men's judgments of public duty are affected more or less actively by what seems to be their personal interest, while others are so afraid of acting under the influence of personal interest that they will go equally wide of the right to avoid it. Butler, he said, belonged to the former rather than to the latter class. He is just, conscientious, precise and exact; exact and exacting. He does all he engages and requires every one else to do the same.

I told Barney I was the first to suggest Butler's name to the Governor for the Municipal Commission, for I thought he would not only be useful there, but that it might be a desirable opportunity for him to begin to take upon him his proper share of public responsibilities; and that his present course was to me a great mortification. Barney said he did not entirely despair of his supporting Tilden. For his own sake I thought he should never have hesitated or doubted.

*August 31, 1876.* Hewitt, whom we all counted on for a candidate to succeed Tilden as Governor, was found to be ineligible, not having resided in the State five years, a constitutional condition of eligibility. . . .

Received yesterday a letter from Mr. Bryant to whom I had sent a special messenger on Sunday evening to get him not to refuse the use of his name to head our electoral ticket. He said it was impossible, for though personally preferring Tilden for President, he preferred the Republican party to the present Democratic party. Derby sent me a letter he wrote to Bryant,

and Bryant's reply, which is in the same sense. I am sorry he has written, for they show that instead of his editing the *Post*, the *Post* is editing him. He seems singularly ignorant of what has been going on at Washington and Albany during the past year.

*September 11, 1876.* The Governor and I went to Saratoga on Tuesday last, he to open the Social Science congress with a speech, which he did. While there, at the instigation of William H. Appleton, tried to make S. D. Babcock run for Governor. He refused on domestic grounds. The Governor and Kernan and myself labored with him till near midnight.

We then settled upon Sam Hand and wrote all over the State about him. When I returned here to-day I found he would not run. Last evening we agreed at the Governor's to do the best we could with L. Robinson, the Comptroller. Dorsheimer is for Scott Lord, and says he will have to resign if Robinson is named on the same ticket.

*September 12, 1876.* Dorsheimer told the Governor this morning that if Robinson is nominated he should positively withdraw. The Governor told him that if he did, he would be the dearest man politically in the State of New York. Manning,<sup>1</sup> who told me this, said the Governor did not like to be bullied, and they had concluded that we knew too little of Scott Lord; that Robinson was the safe card. The Governor insisted upon my going to Saratoga. So I went by the afternoon four o'clock train with Fairchild.

In the evening called at Kernan's room and found him, his son, and Wm. Russell talking of West, a pal, some say a cousin, of Church's, for Governor. I proceeded at once to inform him that it was the Governor's judgment that Robinson was the best man for us to nominate, and I added that if we could not nominate him, we could nominate no one who could win. Kernan then said if that was thought best, he was agreeable. We spent much of that night — it was after two when I retired — in making the Governor's friends understand that a vote for Potter and a vote against Robinson would be a vote for the enemy. I spent an hour with the Orange County delegation which was committed

<sup>1</sup>Daniel Manning, editor of the Albany *Argus* and later Secretary of the Treasury under President Cleveland.

to Potter. At last the issue became simplified and intelligible. It was simply an issue between the copperhead Democracy, strengthened by the baser elements of the party discontented with Tilden and reform, on the one hand, and the war Democracy of which Tilden is a representative, acting in harmony with reformers of all political denominations, [on the other]. Having this issue well defined, I went to bed with a serene faith that the Governor and his friends must prevail.

*Wednesday, September 13, 1876.* The Convention met this morning; the Potter party, led on by John Kelly was confident that it was in the majority. It was that impression which led them to offer no resistance to a motion of our friends that we proceed to a ballot without debate. My faith in the good sense of the Convention was justified by the result. On the first informal ballot, Robinson had about 80 majority and the Bourbonism of the Democratic party was remanded to the rear. I felt a joy in this result which was as great as any political victory has recently afforded me. First, because I should have found it difficult to have acted with the party had it gone the other way; and secondly, because the result is calculated to dissipate the apprehensions of men who, like Bryant, while placing great faith in Tilden, have none in his party. It now remains to be seen whether the Kelly party will support the ticket in good faith.

*Highland Falls, Friday, September 15, 1876.* Spent to-day until after dinner with the Governor reviewing and discussing his income tax return, which is supposed to be producing an unfavorable impression upon his party. I have received many letters of that purport. A telegram from Pelton decided the Governor to go to New York this afternoon, so I decided to go home and to meet the Governor in New York on Monday and proceed with his letter, which is now the work of first importance. The facility with which these slanders of the *Times* have found credence is a sad illustration of the standard of public morals by which the income tax was worked. What a humiliation it is for a man of Tilden's age, character, and public services to be compelled to purge himself from such a charge and from such a source. He abandoned his profession while it was very lucrative, that he might give his whole time to the reclamation of our city government from the hands of thieves. In three years time he had so

far succeeded as to have their leaders in state prison or in exile. This was his work more than any other man's. By his persistent energy he succeeded in recovering \$600,000 from the Watson estate and put that into the City treasury. By the same persistent energy he succeeded in obtaining a verdict of \$6,000,000 against Tweed, of which some, perhaps all, may be realised. Besides which he has effected a reduction of half our taxes by stopping robbery on our canals and by scrutinizing the acts of the legislature with more care than ever before. This is the sort of benefactor who is assailed with the vulgar charge of making a false oath to save three or four hundred dollars of income tax. I have been on the point twice of having him indict the *Times*; but first, there is no grand jury now in session; and secondly, it would be almost impossible to find a jury whose verdict might not be affected by their political partialities; while many might think this merely a device to terrify the press from doing its duty.

From the New-York *Daily Tribune* of the 28th of September, 1876.

Before 3 o'clock yesterday afternoon the streets and avenues approaching Madison Square began to take on an animated appearance. Groups of fashionably-attired ladies and gentlemen, others less finely clothed but intelligent, and the crowd which attends everything in the shape of a spectacle, were all moving toward the common point of attraction — the statue of William H. Seward, which was to be presented to the city of New-York and for the first time unveiled to the public eye. The day was cool and windy, with occasional threatening clouds, but the crowd came prepared to remain through the proceedings whatever the weather might be. The various arrangements for the placing of the spectators and the unveiling of the statue had been carefully made and were carried out with method and precision. At the north side of and about 10 feet from the statue was the speakers' stand, with accommodations for about 150 guests. Around the statue a rope was stretched, inside of which were seats for 1,000 people, beside the band. None but the bearers of cards of invitation were allowed to come inside of the circle. The canvas covering, which had hidden the statue after the occupation of its present position, had given way to the Stars and Stripes arranged so as to be easily removed. Through this thin covering the bronze form glittered in the afternoon sun, exciting the expectations of the observers, but giving them no idea, or rather a false idea of the figure beneath. . . . Flags were also festooned about the speaker's stand.

\* \* \* \* \*

After music by the band, the President of the Department of Public Parks, William R. Martin, in calling the assembly to order, said:

"Ladies and Gentlemen: We attend to-day the unveiling of the first statue erected in this city to a citizen of our own State. . . . This

statue is a gift to the City of New-York from the gentlemen from whose contributions it was made and erected. In the absence of the Secretary of State of the United States, the Hon. John Bigelow, Secretary of State of this State, will in their behalf present it to the city. It will be received on the part of the city by the Mayor, after which we will listen to Mr. Evarts, the orator of the day. I have the honor now to introduce to you Mr. Bigelow."

Mr. Bigelow, in presenting the statue to the City of New-York in behalf of the subscribers to the fund, said:

"Mr. Mayor: The State of New-York, to-day, desires to do homage to one of its illustrious dead. I am charged by a body of its representative men, who are wise enough to regard the fame of its great men as among its priceless treasures, their example and achievements as inexhaustible and among the purest incentives to noble endeavor, to present to this metropolis the monument before you, by which the noblest of the arts seeks to perpetuate the memory of William H. Seward. In the name of these gentlemen whose enlightened liberality has so happily coöperated with the genius of the artist, and in the name of that heavenly grace which teaches men to regard gratitude for eminent public service as among the first of national as well as personal duties, I now have the honor to request the City of New-York, of which you are the Chief Magistrate, to accept this memorial of one of its greatest benefactors, and to see that it shall be placed where, while grass grows and water runs, it shall be the inspiration of the student, the lawyer, the patriot, and the sage."

At the conclusion of this speech the flag was quickly pulled from the statue amid applause and cheers. The band then played "Yankee Doodle," with cornet variations. Mayor Wickham then came forward, and, accepting the gift, returned thanks in behalf of the city in the following words:

"Mr. Bigelow, Ladies and Gentlemen: In accepting this statue I must express the thanks of the city for the munificence displayed by those who have made the gift. The work of a distinguished American artist, it is a credit to him, an ornament to the city, and an honor to a country which, in appreciating this production of his studio, shows that it has attained what has been said to be an evidence of the highest civilization — the culture necessary to a correct estimation of excellence in sculpture. . . ."

At the close of the Mayor's acceptance, and after music by the band, the exercises terminated with a splendid oration delivered by Seward's friend and associate William M. Evarts.

#### FROM MY DIARY

*Albany, November 11, 1876.* The election came off on Tuesday last, but it is not yet ascertained who is to be the next president.

There is danger that the result may finally depend upon the vote of Louisiana, and if so, the country will never believe it has not been cheated if its vote is given by the Returning Board for Hayes. The action of that board for two past elections had destroyed all confidence in it. Another civil war may be the consequence of this state of things, and we may enter upon the next century under a different form of government from that of which for nearly a century we have been boasting.

I rode out with Tilden to High Bridge on Thursday, and we agreed that whether he had been elected or not, there was nothing to reproach him with in his defeat. The result shows that nothing but the reform issue he had made saved the ticket, and that Bayard or any one else could have made no head at all against the cry of the bloody shirt, which has been after all the *pièce de résistance* of the Republicans in this canvass — the shirt and the rebel claims.

J. S. BOYD TO BIGELOW

*Private*

JACKSONVILLE, FLORIDA, 14th Nov. [1876].

*Dear Mr. Bigelow:*

Your anxious letter I have just recd, and will answer it at once to the best of my ability and belief; I can truly say, we have carried the ticket both National and State, by a majority of at least 1 thousand votes, over and above all the radical estimates, including, their swindling operations of stuffing the ballot boxes, repeating etc., and we are determined to hold the state to an honest count at all hazards, always looking towards harmony in all our actions, so as to have no difficulty with the Federal authorities. What the infamous rascals will do at Tallahassee, on the 5th of December, no one can predict, but we are obtaining evidence quietly but surely, all over the state, of their acts of cheating and other nefarious acts which I think, [suspect] so as to overwhelm them at the capital in December; I have just sent 3 men white and *coloured*, into the interior in the black belt of counties, and if they obtain the evidence of fraud I think they will, it will be a death blow to Gov. Stearns and his party. The powers of the board of canvassers are considerably larger in *this state* than even in South

Carolina, they have far greater powers to defraud; the board of state canvassers consists of the Secretary of State,<sup>1</sup> Attorney-general and the Comptroller; the Attorney-general is most decidedly with us and of our party. I consider the Secretary of State a most infamous man and would do anything for the sake of office; the Comptroller, Mr. Hazell, is about the fairest man in their party. Last evening I telegraphed to Mr. Drew, our candidate for Governor, to meet Judge Baker and myself in this city at once, and as I know the Comptroller well, the Judge and myself will suggest to Mr. Drew to retain him in his cabinet, providing he will insist upon a fair vote of the Electoral ticket, which I know the Secretary of State will not do. We are watching the radicals at every point. I have left my open check to defray the expenses of sending honest and determined men to every important place where they can obtain evidence of fraud having been perpetrated. The independent coloured candidate for Congress, Mr. Maynard, is with us. I sent him before the election at Alachua County at my own expense to watch and work for us; he has returned and told me that the radicals have only in their official count 483 majority while they claim in their list of majorities 1002, but everything must be kept quiet until the proper time to act. The people here are poor, have made a grand fight, and I deeply regret they could not have had more aid sent them, if we could have had the assistance I asked Mr. Hewitt, our chairman National Comm. for, we would have carried the state by such a majority, so large, that the Radicals would not have thought to have attempted to count us out in this State; this I know from a lukewarm radical. Florida is a large and thinly populated state, and the committee are compelled at a great expense to send special agents with rolls and documents on horse back into the far interior counties, so as to insure their safe arrival. When I presented the letter of introduction you gave me to the Hon. Mr. Hewitt, I told him clearly what a bad and unscrupulous set of men (they holding all the offices) we had to contend against, tried to impress upon him the great importance of having substantial aid to help us carry the State for Gov. Tilden; I told him with 10 thousand dollars I could insure the state, and that I would give 1 thousand dollars towards the fund — not to purchase votes, for I would not have anything to do with dishonest votes, but that we wished to be able, and have the means, to send strong and honest men to every

<sup>1</sup>S. B. McLin.



voting precinct in the state, in order to secure a fair count, but he said he could not do anything more for Florida than was being done. I can not tell you how sad I felt when I left him. I knew full well he wished to help us, but he could not; we then determined to depend upon ourselves and, in the evening of the 8th, my heart fairly sank within me when I saw, as the returns came in, if we had recd the aid I almost implored for, the state would have been carried by such a majority that the radicals would not have made a doubt as to the result; but the state is ours, and we must only pray to our God that He will give us an honest victory. I was quite sick when I arrived here; the people, white, Cuban, and coloured met me with open arms and for 10 days we had neither time to sleep or eat. I threw myself into the fight at once; the Cubans and very many of the coloured men stayed by me to the last, and I shall never forget them. After we have the conversation with our Governor elect, many of us will go to Tallahassee and remain until every vote is counted; I do not believe they will get through before the 8th or 9th of December. Of this you may depend upon, every attempt at fraud will be watched and objected to, and testimony taken to fully establish such fraud. I send this to the care of my lawyer in Phila., to be forwarded to you, since I would not trust the letter carriers in the train with a letter from me to anyone; in haste,

Yours very truly

JN STOKES BOYD.

[P. S.] I send you a newspaper; you will see by it how the Southern gentlemen scorn their Northern friends. Will you kindly send me a line saying if you recd the newspapers I send you with this mail, as I have my fears they will throw them out of the *mail car*?

#### FROM MY DIARY

*Albany, Wednesday, November 22, 1876.* Last Thursday received a note from Robinson that he proposed to be in New York on Saturday to see the Governor and would be glad to meet me there. As I knew his purpose was to discuss his staff, his successor in the comptrollership, and his message, I concluded to

go to Albany and come down with him. I did so, and as soon as possible after our arrival in the evening we went to the Governor's. Not much was done, both being shy of naming their candidates for comptroller. I suggested William Russell of Saugerties. Both seemed to think well of it.

While there the Governor suggested to Robinson the question whether it might not be well to make General McClellan his adjutant, in view of possible contingencies. The Governor had spoken to me of the matter earlier in the evening. Robinson and I discussed the subject a little on our way home. I doubted the wisdom of such a selection. It would be a red rag to the Republicans and would serve to confirm their apprehensions of a reactionary administration. It would be better, I thought, to take a man of no significance, and require him to avail himself of any suggestions the General might make and to retire when it became an object to give his place to McClellan. The moral effect of such a choice, if the time were properly selected, it might be important to reserve.

The fact that we have to contemplate such emergencies is a melancholy commentary upon the anniversary we have been celebrating. The chances are by no means inconsiderable that our form of government may not survive another fourth of July without serious mortifications, the results of a perhaps bloody strife. Grant has already commenced massing troops at Washington. He ordered over 1,000 there within a week. Mrs. Eames recalls the story she told me last summer of Sherman's reply to some one who said to him, "General, I suppose you consider your military career at an end; you hardly expect to take the field again." "Oh, by no means. I expect we shall have war (or a revolution) in this country within a year."

Hewitt asked who should be nominated for congress in place of Ely<sup>1</sup> elected Mayor, that would be capable of taking an efficient part in the contest likely to occur in congress this winter. I was astonished to find how difficult it was to find a single man who possessed the qualities required for such an emergency. The Democratic party has been so long out of office that it has grown no first class men, or, if it has, they have none of the experience required for this emergency. Hewitt thought we could not do better than nominate Clarkson Potter. To this I objected. My reasons are (though I did not state them all) that he is a man who

<sup>1</sup>Smith Ely, Jr.

does not impress any one as having any convictions; that he has been trying to make himself the leader of an opposition to the Governor ever since the Governor became prominent for the presidency; and I did not believe in committing the Governor's fortunes in congress to such a man, who would be restrained only by selfish considerations from betraying him.

Yesterday I wrote the Governor not to encourage Potter's nomination.

Morrissey told me the other day that he had in his hands over \$700,000 bet on this election. That is but a fraction of the amount pending upon the result through the state and country, and aggravating the passions which prevent rather than promote a fair count.

Received to-day from Mrs. H. M. Randall, the widow, four letters to her late husband<sup>1</sup> from Macaulay in 1857, 8, 9. They were provoked by his sending Macaulay an autograph of General Washington and by promising to send a copy of his [Randall's] *Life of Jefferson*. Not content with the courtesies he extended to Macaulay, he ventured to express his surprise that Macaulay did not take as high a view of Jefferson as he did. This led Macaulay to express his surprise at Randall's surprise; that beguiled Randall into an argument to vindicate his opinion of Jefferson; and that provoked Macaulay to make mincemeat of Randall. I shall publish the letters where they will bring most money for Mrs. Randall.

*Albany, Sunday, December 4, 1876.* . . . The Macaulay letters are of the most intense interest to an American, and the weakness of the Jeffersonian theory of government was never presented more plausibly — at least in so little space. Randall's letters do not appear, but he seems to have been the intrusive conductor that invited Macaulay's lightning.

I spoke to Alden<sup>2</sup> on Monday last about publishing these letters for the widow's benefit, suggesting that they would cost him not less than \$200. He expressed a desire to see them and I promised to send them.<sup>3</sup>

<sup>1</sup>H. S. Randall (1811-1876), served one term as Secretary of State of N. Y., and one term as assemblyman. Author of *Life of Thomas Jefferson* and *Sheep Husbandry*.

<sup>2</sup>H. M. Alden, editor of *Harper's New Monthly Magazine*.

<sup>3</sup>They were sent and published (*Harper's* LIV, 460).

BIGELOW TO JOSEPH H. CHOATE

CENTURY CLUB,  
109 EAST 15th STREET.  
December — 1876.

*My dear Choate:*

I have come reluctantly to the conclusion that the Union League Club is not quite large enough for me and for all of its other members. As its privileges may be more important to them than to myself, a non-resident, I will thank you — who are still, I assume, the President of that citadel of all the freedoms — to have my name erased from the list of its members.

None the less sincerely, my dear Choate.

Your friend and servant

F. A. BARTHOLDI TO BIGELOW

N. Y., LIVINGSTON PLACE 9,  
17 décembre, 1876.

*Cher Monsieur:*

Je suis très sensible à l'intérêt que vous voulez bien me témoigner dans mon œuvre. Je serai très heureux si vous pouvez me donner votre appui; car je suis fatigué, j'ai besoin de terminer et de retourner en France le plus tôt possible.

Le prix de la fontaine donné à la commission par M. Durenne et moi était de huit mille dollars currency, je l'avais laissé à 7,000 dans ces derniers temps à Philadelphie qui pleurait misère. Je le réduirai de ma propre autorité à 6000 dollars pour m'en défaire, si cela peut décider la Commission du Parc, au moins je n'aurai pas les tracas et les frais du retour et je serai personnellement soulagé.

On peut recommander cette œuvre en toute assurance. Mr. Olmstedt l'architecte de New York l'aurait vue avec plaisir dans un des parcs qu'il dirige, mais on lui a refusé l'argent. Il pensait à Buffalo, mais il paraît qu'il n'y a pas non plus de fonds. C'est un modèle tout nouveau, non une reproduction. Nous l'avions faite exprès pour l'Exposition, les œuvres décoratives de ce genre

sont rares aux Etats-Unis et c'est une véritable occasion, car elle coûterait plus du double si on voulait la faire faire. Enfin j'ajouterais qu'elle a obtenu deux médailles, tant pour la fonte que pour le modèle, à l'Exposition.

Je vous remercie bien, cher Monsieur, de la gracieuse pensée qui vous a inspiré, et vous prie d'agréer l'expression de mes sentiments très respectueux et reconnaissants.

BARTHOLDI.

FROM MY DIARY

*January 4, 1877.* Some things in Tilden's preparation of public papers, in very many of which I have had part, have struck me very much. He will shrink from no amount of labor to make his statement full and exhaustive. He is perfectly fair, but neglects no fair advantage. He will insist upon having every point in, at no matter what inconvenience or sacrifice of symmetry in the form of his argument. His style is singularly clear to the average mind, though full of incorrectnesses in his draft at first. He is never fluent, and alters every sentence over and over, but his logic is irresistible. He never uses weak expressions nor any which are not idiomatic among the people. It is impossible to assist him much except in artistic finish, for he cannot readily accommodate himself to any order of ideas but that by which the subject is developed in his own mind. His judgment, though, of what weakens or strengthens one of his own sentences, is wonderfully good. He seizes the strong point of his case with unerring accuracy, but gets on very slowly, and while at work on one thing cannot be induced to give any attention to anything else.

Governor Tilden's term of office expired on Monday [Jan. 1st] at 12M. I swore in Governor Robinson and Lieutenant-governor Dorsheimer. Tilden's address, which I had discussed with him at breakfast, was not felicitous, though it had many merits. His voice was feeble, and both he and Robinson looked as though they were fully entitled to their *nunc dimittis*.

Governor Tilden and the family left in the 5 P. M. train. I went down to take leave of him at the station. I felt sad. There were only two or three of his friends at the station to see him off. I have scarcely known a man of more remarkable powers than his, in some respects, but more rarely a man of parts who attached

people so little to him. None of the people in Albany, even of those thoroughly identified with his political fortunes, seem to care for him personally. The reason for this cannot, of course, be entirely creditable to Tilden, but it is less discreditable than the same result would be in almost any other person I ever knew. He sets his mind upon an object; that object is always respectable, commonly of the first importance in all respects. He pursues that object with a single eye; allows nothing to distract him; knows neither kindred nor family nor friend, except as means of prosecuting that object. In ordinary cases such adhesion to a plan of any sort would seem the extreme of ill manners and selfishness. It is less so in Tilden, because he is never working so much for himself as for the mass of the people; he sacrifices social relations to promote ends in the triumph of which all the world has an interest.

I devoted as much as I could of what remained of New Year's day to calls. Mr. Taylor placed his sleigh at my disposal. I invited Martin Farquahr Tupper, the proverbial philosopher, to take a seat with me. Mr. Tupper, who arrived on Sunday evening about ten o'clock, is a short, florid-complexioned, rather ignoble looking party, a kindly disposed and pious sort of man, with a passion for being talked about so insane that it makes him nearly indifferent about what people say, if they only talk of him. He insisted upon reading all through breakfast, with the gesture and high key of a school-boy, some verses on which he has been incubating here about America. He made Poultney promise to copy and then mail them to Bryant with a letter asking Mr. B. to publish them at once, to see that they are widely copied, and that copies are sent to him together with clippings from all the papers which speak of them. This modest request I was requested to forward, and did so.

*Friday, January 12, 1877.* Last evening attended a meeting of the Board of Regents. Chancellor Haven of the Rochester University read a report from a joint committee of college officers and regents on a scheme for improving our colleges. And all he recommended was that the Regents should give degrees to persons who should pursue a sort of post-graduate course. I could not keep silent, and when all the rest had done, I rose to express my disappointment at the result of the report. I said the difficulty with our colleges consisted in the insufficiency of primary in-

struction; they were starved; the young men were inadequately prepared; the preparatory schools were of too low a grade, and too little time entered into the preparation. There was no good of getting famous instructors and costly buildings and apparatus if we don't take means to supply young men prepared to appreciate such opportunities and absorb such instruction. The reason why the first-class colleges of America were all in New England and none above the second class were in New York resulted from the fact that the New England preparatory schools had been for half a century superior, as their colleges, [were] to ours; that we must begin at the foundation, &c. Mr. Bostwick followed and tried to defend our system. Dr. Woolworth twaddled in the same direction, and Dr. Haven rather conceded the point as to the past, but was disposed to deny the advantage now of the New England schools. The direction I gave the discussion was the sensation of the evening. George W. Curtis made a short speech in reply to Bostwick and substantially sustaining my view.

*Sunday, January 18, 1877.* Friday week received a telegram from — at Washington informing me that Sunset Cox's friend would meet me at Westminster Hotel on the following day, Saturday, at 12M. Cox's friend was — Corbin, Grant's brother-in-law, and Cox had told — some weeks before, that Corbin would see me and confer about the complication at Washington, if I chose. I had told — he might arrange a meeting anywhere but in Corbin's house.

At twelve, or rather at eleven, on Saturday Corbin arrived and staid two hours. He gave detailed evidence of John Sherman's expectation that his brother would have been nominated at Cincinnati, and that the intrigue for his nomination in 1880 is already begun. He thought we would win by the Compromise.<sup>1</sup> He regarded Field<sup>2</sup> as the ruling spirit.

*Minutes of an interview between Bigelow and — Corbin, brother-in-law of General Grant, at Mr. Bigelow's rooms in the Hotel Westminster, New-York, Jan. 21, 1877, and written down immediately after its conclusion.*

John Sherman invites Corbin to come and talk about a piece of land adjoining a piece owned by Corbin and others. Corbin

<sup>1</sup>The Electoral Commission appointed to decide whether Hayes or Tilden was elected President.

<sup>2</sup>David Dudley Field of N. Y.

told President Grant that that invitation meant General Sherman for President. At the interview of Corbin with John Sherman they talked land, and finally Sherman proposed to run Sherman Avenue through their land and change the name to suit them. Corbin said, "There is no other name good enough; it may be the name of a President one of these days."

Sherman said, to cover previous declarations of the General that he, General Sherman, would never accept the office if elected — that if called by the people to that high office he could not refuse it.

C — But who is this Hayes you have been recommending in a letter?

S — Oh, a nice man, we are all going for him. You will go for him in New Jersey, won't you?

C — Well, I don't know. I'll go and see our people; sometimes they listen to my suggestions, though I don't often meddle with politics. If that is thought best, I'll see what I can do.

Corbin went home, picked out an old Presbyterian neighbor, inflamed him on the subject, and in the convention he pinned six delegates out of the seventeen for Hayes so that they could not be shaken. This, done in the name of John Sherman, made it impossible to present Sherman's name at Cincinnati. Corbin claims the whole credit of defeating S. at Cincinnati by hugging him. S. was killed in the house of his friends.

As to the proposition before Congress, Corbin thinks the Democrats have the advantage; that Field's strong will sweeps that bench before it, and Tilden will win under it; that Morton doubtless thought so or he would not oppose it.

B — Does Morton really oppose it, or only pretend to?

C — Perhaps not, though he would not wish to have Hayes succeed in spite of him.

B — But if a certain amount of opposition from Republicans was necessary to make Democrats support it, who better to oppose than Morton.

C — True.

B — As I shall probably have an opportunity before long of mentioning some things which have passed at this interview to Governor Tilden, I wish now to make a remark which I could not make after seeing him without justifying a suspicion that I was speaking his views as well as my own. I am opposed to this arrangement simply because the time for legislation upon the



mode of counting the vote was past when the election was held; now we have nothing to steer by but precedent. The moment either party leaves the "ancient ways" under present circumstances, their motives will be open to suspicion and the judges brought into this tribunal will be ruined, whichever way they vote.

Well, said Corbin, I mentioned one day to Mr. Fay, our district attorney at Elizabeth, who suggested that if I would see the committee in Washington I might be useful, that I would not have anything to do with these babbling fools; if I could see Bigelow, who is discreet and is not anxious to get everything he does or hears into the newspapers, I would talk with him and might be useful. That resulted in a letter from Cox (Sunset) proposing that I should see you. I wrote back that I would meet *Mr. Bigelow* wherever and whenever he would designate, if my health permitted.

Mr. Corbin then protested that Grant only wanted to see fair play; had no special interest in Hayes; that he did not wish to be threatened; wished us to move on quietly, persist in taking every trick that we could and pushing our adversaries without relaxation. And if at any time there was anything in reason that we wanted the President to do or about which we wished to know the President's intentions, he would try to enlighten me, not the committee or any one else, that I was the cleverest adviser Tilden had about him; and that all his Democratic friends wanted me Secretary of State. I interrupted him to say that I did not care to hear that discussed.

He said the President only desired to go out of office leaving both parties satisfied that he had acted fairly, but that he had no interest in either candidate's election that made it worth his while to deviate from that position.

I asked him to explain:

*First* — The reason for acting so differently on the application of Governor Chamberlain for troops in 1876 from what he did with Ames' appeal in 1875;

*Second* — The explanation of the massing of troops at Washington; and

*Third* — Webster's declaration that Grant was not a fool.

His explanation was that Grant could not afford to be taken by surprise, and the first line of the Constitution, under which his duties are defined, prescribes to him the function of maintaining

peace. In regard to Webster's remark that Grant personally had nothing to conceal, whatever the people about him had done, he repeated for the third time his readiness to be instrumental in letting me know what might be the President's intentions upon any given emergency, if practicable, etc.

I said my opinion was that Congress cannot agree upon any new tribunal, however plausible it may seem at first; there are insuperable difficulties to such a measure which the great desire for a solution makes some people blind to now, but none can now be devised that will stand discussion. We have got to follow precedent; that may result in the choice of two claimants. In that emergency the final decision may seem to be with the President. Now, it would of course be interesting and important to know whether President Grant would try to solve that problem by the sword or leave it to solve itself.

C — Suggested that something which the President said to him some time ago might throw some light upon that question, though he did not know whether he ought to mention it. He finally concluded he would, with the understanding that this, like everything he had said in this interview, should never go beyond myself and Governor Tilden; to wit, Grant had already sent a number of boxes to his house at Elizabeth to have them out of the way, and, in stating his intention to do so, observed that as the inauguration would occur on Sunday at twelve o'clock, he proposed to quit the White House Saturday night, leaving it empty. Whoever gets in there will give his orders at 12 midnight under great advantages. The President might stay in till the next day, if any reason were shown for his doing so. This, said Corbin, is what I wanted to tell you.

But, said I, suppose one candidate gets the House and the other the Capitol, then what?

Corbin paused a little and then said, that is to be thought of. The keeper of the capitol is under the control of the Commissioner of Public Buildings. He is an engineer detailed for that service by the Chief Engineer Humphreys. His name is Babcock. He is a man who, like St. Paul, is generally credited with having an eye to the recompense of the reward. Then, said Corbin, those Irish door-keepers may be worth looking after.

At the beginning and near the close of the interview Corbin said he thought we had overlooked an important mine to work, in that Danish Wisconsin elector, of whose father's naturalization

or his own no evidence could be produced. He did not believe any such evidence could be produced. He for himself preferred Tilden's election *forty times* to Hayes'.

Governor Phelps knows more than any one else about the people at the capitol, whom to move, whom to retain, where the power is lodged, and where it should be lodged.

B — Does Phelps ever come this way?

C — No, but he would come, if he were given to understand that he was wanted here.

C — Claims to have defeated Evarts for the Supreme Court.

B — But they say Hayes will provide for him.

C — That may be so. He then said when Jim Fisk had D. B. Eaton knocked on the head, it cured him and Evarts both of their disposition to betray an old client (the Erie Railroad).

The ladies of Grant's family are not pleased that General Sherman was not content with refusing to take Fred. on his staff but must take the public at once into his confidence upon the subject. The Shermans are now laying their plans for 1880.

C — Wishes to be useful in preserving the reputation of General Grant, or preventing his being misled or beguiled into errors by the people around him; is willing to do what he can to that end; comes to me because his friend Phelps agrees with him in thinking me the wisest man near Governor Tilden, and if I or the Governor need his intervention where none but a member of the family could intervene, I have only to let him know and he would meet me in town or I would always find him at Elizabeth.

This was the substance of a long talk, and what Corbin's motive was for seeking the interview, unless to give himself importance, I have no idea. He may have wished to make a market of Grant's control over the White House between Saturday night and Sunday noon; but it is so unlikely that Grant could possibly have been induced to play thus publicly into the hands of the Democratic party that I can hardly suppose he had the means which he would have thought sufficient to make us trust Grant's disposition to fulfil any such engagement, should any one have been found to enter into it for him.

## FROM MY DIARY

*January 28, 1877 (continued).* Governor Seymour spent a couple of hours at my office yesterday, and in reply to my objurgations of the scheme adopted the day before for counting the votes, he said that it might be that Conkling and Frelinghuysen and many other Republicans in the senate, and especially those who were going out of the senate, might prefer to have Tilden to Hayes for President, for H. would be obliged to yield to the cry of the "Honest Republicans" to turn out nearly every one in office, and if he did so the senate could not well refuse to confirm his nominations. Whereas, if Tilden came in, they need not confirm any of his nominations if they don't choose to. He suggested that this might have much to do with the decision; it might even make the choice of Bradley of New Jersey, a Republican Judge of Supreme Court and an appointee of Frelinghuysen, a not necessarily bad member of the Compromise Committee.

My reply was that they could make what terms they pleased with Hayes as soon as they got him in their power. Why should they burn down their barn to roast their pig?

*February 9, 1877.* I started to go off in the 5 P. M. train. When I got to the station I accidentally overheard some one say that the Electoral Commission had decided not to go behind the returning board in the Florida case except as to the eligibility of Humphreys.<sup>1</sup> This startled and surprised me so much that I determined to return and spend the night with Tilden. In the evening we walked out and discussed the pleasant places in Europe for him to visit next summer. He inclined to spend most of his time in England.

Senator Stockton<sup>2</sup> came in in the evening. He knows Justice Bradley well, having been a long time associated with him as counsel for the Camden & Amboy R. R. He says he is not particular about the means with which he compasses his ends.

On Thursday Tilden told me a man had called to say that the Commission was for sale. When I expressed an incredulous sort of astonishment he said that one of the justices (Republican) was

<sup>1</sup>F. C. Humphreys, an elector — spelled also *Humphries*.

<sup>2</sup>U. S. senator from N. J., 1865-1866 and 1869-1875. P. J. Stockton.

ready to give his vote to Tilden for \$200,000. I asked which one. He thought he would not tell me that at present. I told him it was improbable, for the judges were all well paid and had life terms of their office. He said the justice in question is reported to be embarrassed from old engagements and obligations. As Bradley is the youngest appointment it would look as though he was most likely to be the man, though I did not try again to ascertain. Tilden said the Florida returning board was offered him and for the same money. "That," he said, "seems to be the standard figure."

The Governor said if elected he wanted me to come down and help him with his inaugural. In the course of his morning's walk he stated to me the three points of which he proposed to compound it:

*First*, to restore the good understanding between the North and the South by a policy which should harmonize instead of dividing us,

*Second*, to restore the reverence of former years for the authority of the constitution and the laws, which has suffered from the war and its exigencies,

*Third*, related to improving the credit of the country.

Tilden dictated the article which appeared in the *World* on Thursday morning on the first orders or rulings of the extraordinary Commission made the day previous.

I had a little talk with Tilden about the Cabinet. I think his mind quite settled in regard to two, Trumbull and O'Connor, the latter of course for Attorney-general. He doubts if O'Connor will stand, but he thinks he must offer it. He asked again about Adams for Secretary of State, but not seeming to incline that way much. He asked about D. A. Wells for the Treasury, and Professor Sumner.

W. T. PELTON TO BIGELOW

THE ARLINGTON, WASHINGTON, D. C.  
Feby. 10, 1877.

*My dear Mr. Bigelow:*

I telegraphed so that you would surely be in N. Y. Sunday. It's of vital importance you see Jno. A. C. Gray, and as an old

and tried friend advise him to see that Justice Bradley *does right*. Mr. Gray can do this. It's best he should act at once. It is probably best he come here Sunday night *at latest*.

I think Mr. Gray will understand when you talk to him, but, in case he should not respond to the friendly suggestion you make to him, remind him of Courtlandt Parker's telegram of June 15/70 to Blanton Duncan, a photographic copy of which is before me as I write.

You can reply by messenger who will leave N. Y., Sunday night.

Sincerely

W. T. P.

#### FROM MY DIARY

*Monday, February 13, 1877.* . . . I called at Gray's house on Sunday but he was at Garrison. Telegraphed to let me see him as soon as possible. Saw him at his house this morning at ten. He did not think Bradley would allow him to talk about the business of the Commission. Was willing to go to Washington, if he could do any good; would be glad for the interests of the country, as things now looked, to have Tilden counted in. Would not go without seeing Courtlandt Parker. He went to Newark for the purpose, and at half-past two I met him at his son's office. Parker thinks it would irritate Bradley to talk with him about his duty as commissioner; would not therefore undertake it; and, if he did, could not recommend him to decide differently from the judgment in the Florida case, having published a letter taking the same ground, which Gray lent me to read.

Gray said to me that shortly after the decision of Chase, denying the constitutionality of the Legal Tender Act, he was with Grant and spoke of the decision, which affected very seriously certain railway property in which he was interested. Grant said, "Give yourself no trouble about that; that decision will be reversed." And so it was. Bradley was appointed very shortly after this interview. The President, therefore, must have had an opinion from him before he was named as judge. How natural to select such a man to cast the decisive vote in this presidential question

*Tuesday, February 20, 1877.* While in New York, Tilden showed me an anonymous letter in which it was stated that

Justice Bradley, whose decisions in the Electoral Commission have so disappointed the Democrats, received \$100,000 as the price of his labors for Hayes before he took his seat.

To-day brings news that the last hope for a Republican revolt in the Senate against the Hayes fraud is gone. The Senate by a strict party vote sustained the vote of the electoral commission on the Louisiana count. Conkling has been trusted by our people to do something for Tilden; to at least enter his protest against giving a congressional sanction to the operations of the Louisiana returning board. Our friends have been fearfully deceived by him, or he has overestimated his courage. Both probably. It is some satisfaction to me now to reflect, when there is so much in the situation to depress, that I urged our friends to have nothing to do with the congressional counting device, and, when my apprehensions were justified by its action on the Florida case, I wrote Tilden to recommend the Democratic judges to retire from the Commission on the ground that a vote of the majority had put out one of their eyes; had deprived them of the light necessary to decide properly the questions submitted to them, and, therefore, they should decline to receive any more references.

ASHER P. NICHOLS TO BIGELOW

*Confidential*

BUFFALO, Feby. 26, '77.

*My dear Sir:*

Passing away, for a moment, from our national calamity, which I feel was *self invoked*, & which I have no patience to contemplate, I am getting anxious about our State affairs. From what I see and hear, I cannot doubt that the broken, scattered elements of the Canal Ring feel that they have some vitality left; that now is their opportunity, and that they [are] actively and in every direction making supreme efforts to rally and reunite themselves to get possession of the political organization of the State.

Success on their part, I need not say, would in my judgment be disastrous. Their objective point at the moment is the superintendency of the Public Works, in the incumbency of Mr. Walker. Personally I like him very much; but as the representative of

those who are urging him, it seems to me that his appointment would be cause for most painful solicitude, and I can only contemplate it with the gravest anxiety. By this extent of apprehension I am moved to write you, to ask if it is not unwise, & if so, can it not be prevented? I have unshaken confidence in our Governor, but the Doe in the fable had a *blind side*, on which the Hunter presented himself, you know! Gov. R. is conspicuously the pride of the "Southern tier," & naturally gives unstinted love in return, and Mr. Walker is notably a "Southern tier" man! Is there not danger? What can be done? The Canal Ring must not be re-formed. How eagerly they are watching! I take the liberty of writing you, as I feel such deep interest in continuing the Canal Reform, with which you have been so closely associated and which I regard as inseparable from the welfare of the State.

With great respect

Yours faithfully

ASHER P. NICHOLS.

#### FROM MY DIARY

\* \* \* \* \*

*Tuesday, February 17, 1877.* Senator Starbuck dined with me to-day, and we went over to the Governor's<sup>1</sup> in the evening to meet Manning. It was like an oven. I came out in a dripping perspiration. The conference was unprofitable except so far as it promoted a disposition in the Governor to consult. Tilden sought others' opinions before he expressed his own and until he had exhausted every means of improving it. Robinson, on the contrary, lacking the sovereign instinct, begins a consultation by expressing his own opinion, which is almost always immature, and which, in nine cases out of ten, he is obliged to abandon or modify. As if feeling it necessary to adopt another's opinion if he asks it, he expresses his own first, — in order to guard his independence, or as if he feared he would not appear to be up to his position. Tilden was one of the most difficult men to get an opinion out of that I ever knew, and Robinson one of the easiest — the difference between a man born to rule and a man born to serve; between a man assured of his position and a man not assured of it.

<sup>1</sup>Lucius Robinson.



*April 1, 1877.* I find in an Oswego paper (unfriendly to Tilden) the following extract from a speech made by Watterson, which unhappily has enough truth in it to qualify very much the dignity of his position as the unquestionable choice of the nation. The fact is, an invalid, whatever may be his intellectual ability and experience, always lacks something that is indispensable for leadership. Tilden should have taken the field, so to speak, immediately after the election, gone to Washington, moved amongst, inspired, and directed them. If that had been done, his election would have been a matter of course. But it was impossible. A man who must have a man rub him every morning and evening for an hour or so; who must take a tonic or some other medicinal preparation before every meal; who must ride a couple of hours every day and sleep or rest an hour after it; who, as he once said to me, never knew what it was to eat a square meal in his life or to feel the joy of abounding health; how could such a man be expected to go to Washington, to live there at a hotel, and have not a moment he could call his own for several weeks in succession, and wind up perhaps at the last in a prison? Three days of such a life would knock him up entirely.

FROM A SPEECH BY HENRY WATTERSON AT LOUISVILLE,  
MARCH 22, 1877.

\* \* \* \* \*

There are two ways of securing our rights in this world; one is by law, and the other is by force. The court of last resort<sup>1</sup> was in this instance practically closed upon us, and conceiving Mr. Tilden to be the rightfully chosen Chief Magistrate, I proposed to prepare to seat him in office; to provide the physical means of doing so; to take all needful risks, and to leave the result to look after itself. There are times when impudence is safety. I would have had Mr. Tilden emulate the firmness of Hampden. I would have had him assemble the people about him, and say to them simply this: "I am an old man, sixty years and upwards, nor wife nor child, and I care little for the office of President of the United States, but I have been elected thereto — overwhelmingly elected — and as I love my country and owe duty to

<sup>1</sup>U. S. Supreme Court.

my countrymen, I mean to see that their will is done." Mr. Tilden did not take this view. He had confidence in the powers and forms of law. He believed his case was irresistible. It seemed to him a thing apart from reason or probability that any tribunal would or could count the votes of Florida and Louisiana against him. A peaceful, patriotic man, conservative, law-abiding — the suggestion of an organized popular opinion upon an uncompromising line brought before his eyes nothing but the spectacle of public and private ruin. If peace had been put in one scale and the Presidency in another he would not have hesitated to choose against himself. His mind may have wavered at times, but his influence was speedily against agitation. I say it in no reproach, I say it entertaining distrust of my own opinion, that it was impossible to proceed without Mr. Tilden at the front. It was for him to lead, for the rest to follow.

Thus the ground slipped away from us inch by inch. When we were brought face to face with the Electoral Commission bill, we found ourselves occupying a narrow slip of territory lying about midway between the devil and the deep sea; in the far front, confusion, chaos, coupled to inevitable, perhaps disgraceful, defeat; just before us a scheme which no sound judgment could approve as an original proposition. I suppose it is known to all of you that I fought it earnestly in committee; that, unable to defeat it, I yielded a most reluctant consent to it; that, finally, I voted for it with the full consciousness of the danger it foreclosed. It was distinctly a choice of evils.

If fame for its own sake, if to live long in the memory of man, be an end in itself worth toiling for, Tilden was to be congratulated upon the decision of the Electoral Commission, for it was the means of conferring upon him an historic prominence which the most successful administration of the presidential office could not have assured him. The poet Martial tells us that the name of Mucius Scævola, who thrust his right arm into the fire to punish it for having taken the life of another by mistake for that of the royal invader of his country, would have found its way to the "wallet in which Time carries, on his back, alms for oblivion," had the avenging dagger reached the heart of King Porsenna for whom it was intended.

“Major deceptæ fama est et gloria dextrae  
Si non errasset, fecerat illa minus.”

So the action of the Electoral Commission has conferred upon Mr. Tilden the unique distinction of being the first — let us hope the last — President-elect of the United States feloniously excluded from the chief magistracy; a distinction which, like the banishment of Aristides and of Carnot, the assassination of Cæsar, of Henry IV of France, and of Lincoln, makes it one of the conspicuous and indestructible landmarks of history.

My views of the methods by which Rutherford B. Hayes was made President of the United States, and of the political harm resulting therefrom, were expressed in an interview given at the request of the New York *Herald* and published in its issue of March 5th, 1877.

#### INTERVIEW BETWEEN JOHN BIGELOW AND HERALD REPORTER

*Reporter* — Well, Mr. Secretary, we have a President at last.

*Mr. Bigelow* — A provisional President, you mean. The people elect Presidents in this country.

*Reporter* — Would you intimate that the government to be organized to-morrow will be only a provisional one?

*Mr. Bigelow* — Only a provisional government. All governments are provisional that are illegitimate. Hayes was not elected by the people. Everybody knows it; everybody feels it. Had he been, some would have begun to rejoice by this time. It is forty-eight hours already since he was declared President. Have you heard a gun fired? Have you seen a flag hoisted? a hat thrown into the air? or remarked any other manifestation of popular satisfaction such as usually attends the triumph of a great party? One would suppose from their appearance and behavior that the Republicans were preparing for Hayes' funeral rather than for his inauguration, and that his friends had been requested not to send flowers.

*Reporter* — But, legitimate or illegitimate, Hayes is to all intents and purposes as much a President as Grant or Lincoln was, is he not?

*Mr. Bigelow* — By no means. He will be invested with the

symbols of power to-morrow, but the power will not be there. His thunder will be of sheet iron and his lightning will not kill. Tilden, by virtue of the sovereignty with which the people clothed him in November, without title or patronage, without truncheon or sceptre, will remain a greater political force in the country than Hayes can possibly become. The fact is, and it would be folly to disguise it, our political system has for once miscarried; to use a commercial phrase, it has failed to meet its engagements and gone to protest.

*Reporter* — Do you mean that we have realized Macaulay's prediction that, under our institutions, liberty or civilization must be sacrificed?

*Mr. Bigelow* — By no means. A horse that draws its halter has not escaped. Our Republican institutions have stumbled, but not fallen. They have suspended, but are not bankrupt. Their credit is impaired, but can and must be restored. The work of restoring it must begin at once. For the next four years our political life must be one continuous moral protest against the processes by which Hayes' elevation has been accomplished, in order, as Governor Tilden said, "not to naturalize the system by which success has now been achieved." You now understand what I meant by calling the government of which Hayes will be the nominal head a provisional government. Hayes' administration will be compelled to struggle through every moment of its existence under the fatal curse of illegitimacy, and, when it expires, history will appropriate to it the epitaph of the Spanish slave: "I wept when I was born, and every moment I have lived has been teaching me why."

*Reporter* — How can you question Mr. Hayes' title? The law under which he was counted in would never have passed but for Democratic votes, and it is even said to have had its origin in the Democratic party.

*Mr. Bigelow* — The Republicans threatened revolutionary measures. Senator Morton proposed to have the President of the Senate usurp the unprecedented, and under a popular government, absurd, authority to count the electoral vote. That meant two Presidents and civil war, or the retreat of one of the parties. To avoid the risk of one of these alternatives some of the Democrats in Congress, taking counsel of their fears, like the spies whom Moses sent to report upon the land of Canaan, others of their desire to escape responsibility, and all, perhaps, supposing

that the result would be the same in either case, assented to the gambling device which has made Hayes provisional President. The Democratic party, as a party, desired a peaceful and orderly solution of the Presidential problem. They could not hope to benefit by any departure from the precedents which had been sanctioned by twenty-one separate Congresses, and which the Republican party, at three consecutive Presidential elections, had deliberately pronounced good; but they were not disposed to resist any expedient which would have a tendency to quiet the public mind. To that extent and no further the Democratic party assented to the counting machine. I did not approve of it, and did what little I could to discourage its adoption. I foresaw nothing but mischief from any effort of the two houses of Congress to evade their constitutional responsibilities. My apprehensions have been more than realized. But whether they did right or wrong in calling in outsiders to aid in counting the electoral vote, they had no right to consult outsiders, except as experts; they could ask their opinions, but they could not bind themselves in advance to be governed by those conclusions. So far, however, from acting as experts and enlightening their constituent bodies by their investigation, the Commissioners began their work by putting out one of their eyes. They proclaimed their determination neither to take nor read any of the testimony which their Congressional constituents had spent two or three months in collecting for this very purpose, and, after thus deliberately blinding themselves, they proceeded to discharge the trust which had been confided to them precisely as if their blindness was connate and not deliberate.

The fact that instead of increasing they reduced the information which the houses of Congress placed at their disposal is a practical admission that the use of that information would have compelled them to different conclusions and convicts the majority of a deliberate purpose to count in Hayes without reference to the law or the testimony. The moment that was apparent, as it was when they decided the Florida case, it was manifest that the Electoral Commission was not the sort of tribunal which Congress had either the purpose or the power to create, nor the one which the people supposed had been created. I urged that the minority judges, when thus deprived of the rights necessary for a satisfactory performance of their trust, should decline to accept any further references from the houses of Congress. Hope,

however, that springs eternal in the human breast, and, in this case most unfortunately, made those to whom this advice was addressed think there were some things yet to be done before Hayes could be counted in so shamefully and erroneously that at least a majority of the Commissioners would shrink from. On that point they are now undeceived, I presume.

*Reporter* — After all, will the Democrats not soon forget this? The French republicans soon stopped discussing Napoleon's title to the crown.

*Mr. Bigelow* — I think too well of my country people to suppose they will ever give their confidence to a government which is the apotheosis of fraud and violence. They are not ready to abdicate. They know full well that the moment they condone what has just been done at Washington, that moment they concede that a title to the Presidency can be acquired by the means which have placed Hayes in the White House or by any other means than a fair expression of the popular will, and they also know that from that moment popular government with us becomes a chimera, and personal government ensues with its inevitable incidents — a venal or restricted press, an obsequious legislature, a time-serving judiciary, a post-office and telegraph system like the whispering gallery of Dionysius — treacherous instruments of partisan vengeance and public oppression.

Our people are tolerably familiar with the ways in which other nations have lost their liberties, and if there is any one danger against which they are least likely to be off their guard, I think it is precisely that which would follow their covering with the mantle of forgiveness the processes by which their sovereignty has been violated. They will not forgive it. They will not, they cannot for one moment forgive it. Forgiveness is dishonor, it is servitude. They must and will perform their duties as citizens under continuous protest. Like the violated sister of Abasalom they must sit with ashes on their heads till this national outrage has been expiated.

That is not a state of things favorable to new enterprises, to bold or successful financial adventures, when the government is struggling helplessly with the devil to whom it has sold itself and the people are afraid to extend a hand to it for fear of being compromised as its friend or confederate.

*Reporter* — But you don't apprehend any disposition in any faction of the Democratic party to resist Hayes' administration?

*Mr. Bigelow* — There's no such disposition, as far as I know, anywhere, and if there should be it will not be the peculiar property of either of the two parties. I believe the country is at this moment unanimous in its acceptance of Mr. Hayes as the chief magistrate, but who can answer for the supremacy of a magistrate who comes to power by what, to a large majority of the country, is regarded as a usurpation? Lacking the moral authority which always hedges about the legitimate sovereign, Mr. Hayes will find himself obliged to supplement what power he has by unpopular devices, to eke out the lion's skin with the fox's. He must continually struggle with the feebleness of his birthright. One exercise of illegitimate power can only be maintained by a continuous series of usurpations.

*Reporter* — But may not Hayes appoint a cabinet which will command the confidence and support of the entire country?

*Mr. Bigelow* — If he does his administration will "die a burning." It would require him to turn his back upon every man who has had anything to do with his upheaval, and they are so entrenched at Washington for at least one session of Congress that he is at their mercy.

*Reporter* — Won't the country be satisfied with John Sherman in the Treasury?

*Mr. Bigelow* — The nomination of Sherman for the Treasury means General Sherman for the succession in 1880. It was John's intention and expectation that the General would have been nominated in place of Hayes, but he covered his potatoes a little too deep; they did not sprout till after the Convention at Cincinnati.

*Reporter* — I don't understand what you mean by planting his potatoes too deep.

*Mr. Bigelow* — It is not necessary that you should at present. I don't suppose Hayes would understand it either. I don't suppose he has any idea that in putting Sherman into the Treasury he is uniting the purse and the sword in practically the same hands, and thereby rendering "Returning Boards," which are just now unpopular, no longer necessary. Under such an arrangement they can be made the scapegoat for the sins of the last administration and driven into the wilderness, to the infinite edification of those dear old ladies who delight in holding emergency conferences and are always curing the political diseases of the country by sounding manifestoes.

What! Hayes make a Cabinet that will deserve the confidence of the country! It is impossible. The stream cannot rise higher than the fountain. The creature does not argue with its creator; the marble does not argue with the sculptor that fashions it; the tree does not argue with the sun that feeds it. Is Cameron a man whose presence in the Cabinet would inspire confidence? Yet he must be there in person or by his representative. He made Hayes President. Hayes' presidency is purely the creation of the War Department. Then there are Morton, Hoar, Blaine and Conkling, each the head of an important faction at Cincinnati, but neither thought quite worthy of public confidence by their party. These men, who have borne the burden and heat of the day, will they consent to take their cold cut in the kitchen while your public confidence men are revelling in the parlor? Not much. The fact is, no matter what ministers Mr. Hayes calls into his service to-morrow, they must wear the livery of his household. They cannot be better dressed, of better manner, than their master. He cannot have a class of men about him whose very presence is a perpetual accusation and reproach, and whose virtues would be always setting fire to the scaffolding on which he stands.

E. SWEET, JR., TO BIGELOW

STATE OF NEW YORK,  
DIVISION ENGINEER'S OFFICE,  
NEW YORK STATE CANALS.

ALBANY, March 17, 1877.

*Dear Sir:*

The admirable qualifications of Gen. McClellan to administer the office for which he has been named<sup>1</sup> by Gov. Robinson will, in the event of his confirmation and acceptance, give the amplest assurance of a successful future for our system of Public Works. To prepare himself for an intelligent occupation of this new field, he will naturally turn for preliminary information to those persons who have thoroughly investigated the abuses of the old Canal System and have patiently studied their present condition and wants — foremost among whom you confessedly stand.

<sup>1</sup>Superintendent of Public Works.



Among the subjects that will naturally arise for deliberation, and needing the light of such investigation and study, is the best and most efficient organization of the new system. I beg leave to offer for your consideration some suggestions in this regard, the results of considerable observation and study. Though the general features of this organization are determined by the new law relating to the Public Works, its details are wisely untouched. The Superintendent is left free to determine the duties and the number of his Assistant Superintendents, except that there shall not be more than three.

A glance at the geographical distribution and physical features of the Canal System shows a natural division at Syracuse. All that portion of the Erie Canal east of Syracuse is fed through the long level west of Utica from the system of reservoirs of the upper Mohawk and Black River watersheds, while the portion west of Syracuse has its independent sources of water supply, viz., Lake Erie and reservoirs supplied by the small watersheds between the Oswego and Genesee Rivers. The Oswego and the Cayuga and Seneca Canals would naturally go with the portion of the Canal west of Syracuse, and the Champlain and Black River with the portion of the Erie east of that place.

These form the two natural divisions of the Canal System, and it would seem proper to assign to the supervision of each an Assistant Superintendent. It is clear to me that a third Assistant Superintendent should act as a purchasing agent, charged with the duty of procuring all the supplies for all the Canal.

The sections into which the Superintendent of Public Works is directed by the law to divide the canals should be of as great extent (say 30 or 40 miles) as one practical general foreman could supervise; and the "Section Overseer" required by the law should be such practical foreman. The class of men who have generally heretofore held the position of Superintendent of Canal Repairs can well be dispensed with as having no proper place in the new system, and as having been the most offensive feature of the old *régime*. The repairs to bridges and other important structures should be entrusted to skilled mechanical foremen, a few of whom would suffice for the entire system.

One of the most difficult questions left by the new law to the Superintendent of Public Works is that relating to the Engineering Department. Contrary to the spirit of the constitutional amendment under which the Public Works bill was passed, the

Legislature has removed the control of this department from the State Engineer and reposed it in the Superintendent of Public Works.

Assuming the canals to be divided as suggested above, the importance and extent of the engineering works on each would seem to permanently require a competent and experienced engineer on each, with a corps of assistants sufficient for the prosecution of engineering work in the office and upon the works. This question is however entirely safe in the hands of so eminent an engineer as General McClellan.

Yours respectfully  
E. SWEET, Jr.

GEORGE B. McCLELLAN TO BIGELOW

ST. JAMES HOTEL, BALTIMORE.

March 19, 1877.

*My dear Mr. Bigelow:*

I thank you most sincerely for your most kind letter of the 17th, and fully appreciate the friendly feeling of confidence it expresses. I have written to Colonel Pelton asking him to send me the package if the nomination — its confirmation rather — hangs fire; but to retain it if the action to-morrow is favorable — as I shall start for Albany the moment I hear that action is taken, provided of course it is favorable. If the event is as we wish, I shall not hesitate to avail myself of your kind offer, for which I thank you most cordially.

In haste very sincerely yours,

GEO. B. McCLELLAN.<sup>1</sup>

HUNTINGTON TO BIGELOW

PISA, 20 March, 1877.

*Dear Mr. Bigelow:*

\*      \*      \*      \*      \*      \*

I think I must have voted for Hayes rather than Tilden, despite you & Brooks, unpleasant as it would have been to seem to

<sup>1</sup>General McClellan's nomination for Superintendent of Public Works was not confirmed. For whatever disappointment this may have caused him he was presumably compensated by his election in the following fall to the office of Governor of New Jersey.

vote *with* the Chandlers, Blaines, & other of the bloody shirt and foul linen persuasions. Of the exuberant rascality of the Louisiana election business, on both sides, I've not the slightest doubt. In equity, it is quite clear to me, that the state should have been thrown out of the electoral count. The nearest to a constitutional course that Congress could and ought to follow — or say, devise — I can well believe is the one you point out. But, the Compromise Commission being once created, for any one, who assented to its creation, to afterwards quarrel with its decision, strikes one at this distance as the action of a fretful child. . . .

With great respect

Truly yours

DANIEL S. LAMONT<sup>1</sup> TO BIGELOW

. . . March, 1877.

*Elegant extracts from McQuade's<sup>2</sup> telegrams.*

*To Senator Kernan:*<sup>3</sup>

The Democrats here are quite unanimous in expressing their disgust at the timidity of their representatives in Washington.

*To Frank Hurd:*<sup>4</sup>

Democratic imbecility and cowardice enable Republican fraud to succeed. The people will never forgive the cowards.

*To Frank Hurd:*

Advise our Southern friends not to make a bargain with Hayes unless they get it in writing. They will be cheated.

*To Sam. J. Randall:*<sup>5</sup>

Fraudulent occupation of Presidency by defeated candidate would prove more injurious to business interests than new elec-

<sup>1</sup>Chief Clerk in the office of the Secretary of State of New York, later Secretary of War under President Cleveland.

<sup>2</sup>Colonel James McQuade, Jr., aide-de-camp on the Governor's Staff.

<sup>3</sup>U. S. Senator Francis Kernan, from New York.

<sup>4</sup>F. H. Hurd, Democratic Representative in Congress from Ohio.

<sup>5</sup>Speaker of House of Representatives.

tion. The peanut policy of the New York *Herald* is a mere Republican device to bulldoze the Democratic House of Representatives. Bad strategy to take advice of the enemy. People will never forgive cowardice that fears to do right. No party blunders in upholding truth and justice.

*To S. S. Cox:*

Better a year of Morton legally than a minute of Hayes fraudulently.

*To B. A. Willis, a renowned warrior:*<sup>1</sup>

When treason and cowardice achieve the same result people are not apt to distinguish between them.

*General summing up for Frank Hurd:*

Northern Democratic cowardice in November and Southern Democratic treachery in February enable Republican fraud to succeed in March.

R. C. WINTHROP TO BIGELOW

BOSTON, 30 March, 1877.

*My dear Mr. Bigelow:*

\*            \*            \*            \*            \*            \*            \*

Thanks for the *Life of Tilden*, & particularly for your own chapter, which I have read with great pleasure. I know how to sympathize with those unjustly charged with indifference during the late War, because they could not support the Republican party. I had my share of this injustice, though I made recruiting speeches, presented standards, & subscribed to funds according to my means. Your concluding paragraph gave me great pleasure, & I thank you sincerely for the compliment.

In the way of exchange, I shall send you a little volume which I printed last year, containing, among other things, my tribute to Franklin. Your *Life of him*, which I have rather examined than read, entitles you to everything relating to him. My oration<sup>2</sup> is

<sup>1</sup>Late Major 119 N. Y. Volunteers, Congressional Representative from New York.

<sup>2</sup>*Oration at the Inauguration of the Statue of Benjamin Franklin at his native city, Sept. 17, 1856.*

more than 20 years old, & the lecture on Archimedes & Franklin<sup>1</sup> older still. The Bowdoin<sup>2</sup> goes back further still but has much about Franklin too. My great-grandfather Bowdoin was a personal friend of Washington & Franklin both, & I gladly bound up together all I had said about them. You will not read them, but may be glad to include the little volume among your *Frankliniana*. . .

Yours, very truly,

ROBT. C. WINTHROP.

#### FROM MY DIARY

*Monday, April 16, 1877.* Tilden has been reading Carlyle's *Cromwell*, and, in connection, various biographies of Cromwell in his library, and monographs. He says he does not remember to have had his views of any eminent man more seriously modified by reading about him, than his about Cromwell. He is specially impressed with the man's moderation, sagacity, and general superiority. He seems to have considered and provided everything that was required for the success of the revolution he conducted. Tilden recurred to the subject repeatedly in the course of the evening, and after we returned from the theatre. He was constantly viewing Cromwell from his own standpoint. He remarked that Cromwell had a religious fanaticism to cement his partisans which had far more cohesive power than any mere political discontent such as operates upon parties now. He also noticed that Cromwell began his revolution only with money raised by subscription, a thought suggested by the excuses assigned by Edward Cooper and A. Hewitt for not insisting upon our rights to aid from the National Democratic Committee at Washington, at all hazards. Knowing as I did the situation which directed Tilden's attention to the study of Cromwell's career at this period, I could not help thinking, if he were as badly disposed a man as the Republican press represented him during the late canvass, what a dangerous man he might be.

Took tea with the Bryants. He is working as hard and producing rather more I should think, daily, than he did when with me in the *Post*, and he is now eighty-three years old. He relies, I

<sup>1</sup>*Archimedes and Franklin, a Lecture introductory to the Application of Science to Art.*

<sup>2</sup>*Washington, Bowdoin, and Franklin, as portrayed in occasional Addresses.*

suspect, largely upon the product of his pen outside of the *Evening Post* for his daily bread nowadays, for, as I learned later in the evening from Gray, the financial condition of Wm. C. Bryant & Co. is just now very critical.

SAMUEL A. GREEN TO BIGELOW

BOSTON, April 19, 1877.

*My dear Mr. Bigelow:*

I wish to thank you for the copy of *Wit and Wisdom of the Haytiens*, which came duly by mail. It is very curious and interesting, and I have enjoyed reading it very much. Of course you know that Mr. Hunt,<sup>1</sup> to whom you refer in the preface, is dead. His collection of books and pamphlets, bequeathed to the Boston Public Library, has already been received by that institution.

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Yours very sincerely,  
SAMUEL A. GREEN.

P. T. CHAMBERLAIN TO BIGELOW

1724 FRANKFORD ROAD,  
PHILADELPHIA, April 8th, 1877.

*Dear Sir:* I have felt, since your old friend and mine, Mr. B. P. Hunt, left us, that you would be glad to hear some particulars of his sickness and death. He died on the morning of February 2nd, last, of dropsy, a development of his long seated heart disease, or *angina pectoris*, as it was his habit to call it. . . .

When he knew that he could not live, he accepted the situation, and arranged every minute affair of his business, even to his funeral services and burial. He died in the happy faith in which he lived — a Swedenborgian — and talked much & often of the spirit world and the friends he expected to meet & welcome him on his entrance into it. He had many & very loving friends

<sup>1</sup>B. P. Hunt of Philadelphia, who, at the time of my visit to Hayti in 1854, was the head of a large commercial house in Port-au-Prince. His collection of books relating to the Antilles, referred to by Doctor Green, is the most complete one of its kind in this country, perhaps in the world.

about him in his sickness, and he was much touched by the affection shown him by both old and young. He said that if Swed-  
 enborg was right, and it was permitted those who had passed into  
 the future life to welcome & care for those about entering it, he  
 would esteem it the greatest privilege to minister then to those  
 kind & loving friends who were watching his departure from this  
 world.

\* \* \* \* \*

I need not tell you how much Mr. Hunt is missed in his house-  
 hold, nor the loss his death is to me after having passed six happy  
 years under the roof and in the society of so good & kind a friend  
 as Mr. Hunt has always been. But it was one of those things, to  
 use a common expression, too good to last.

Very sincerely yours,

PHEBE T. CHAMBERLAIN.

P. T. CHAMBERLAIN TO BIGELOW

1724 FRANKFORD ROAD,  
 PHILADELPHIA, April 11th, 1877.

*Dear Sir:*

Mr. Hunt left his library in my care until it should be disposed  
 of in accordance with the directions left in his will. His collec-  
 tion of books, manuscripts, newspapers &c., relating to the West  
 Indies, he left to the Boston Public Library. Since his death, I  
 have been making a new catalogue of them, from his old one, and  
 last week I took them down from their shelves, packed them up,  
 and I presume that to-day they will arrive at their destination in  
 Boston. It was like parting with old friends, of course, but it had  
 to be done. With them he sent all his own manuscripts, an  
 unfinished history of Hayti, of about two hundred folio pages, &  
 an account of the Haytians, somewhat over one hundred folio  
 pages. This is extremely interesting, and I believe valuable.  
 His friends were always talking to him about having it published,  
 & it was one of the last things I asked him about before he died.  
 But he said, "Let it go with the rest. The Boston people may do  
 what they like with it." It would make a book probably about  
 twice as large as the "Wit and Wisdom," and it really seems a  
 pity for it not to be published. I suggested to him some time

ago having it published in the *Atlantic* or *Harper's*, in chapters, but he wouldn't listen to it — said he didn't write for fame, and all that kind of talk. I could almost wish that if you were ever in Boston you would look at it; or perhaps a few lines from you to Mr. Winsor, the Librarian, would call his attention to it. There is a chapter in it on "Serpent-worship" illustrative of the "vau-douxism" which still exists in Hayti. This Mr. Hunt spent a good deal of time over, & consulted many books bearing on the subject. He has given a condensed account of this once almost universal worship, which to me was very interesting and I should think would be very readable to others. Accompanying this manuscript are six note-books, filled with extracts from books, several lists of proverbs, cuttings from newspapers, curious little items of information which came to Mr. Hunt's knowledge, all of which he intended to work into the book as he had leisure and inclination. The work he was engaged upon when he was taken sick he called *The Redemptioners, or some Account of the early Emigration of the Poor to America*. His purpose was to show the condition of the poor in Europe from the days of feudalism until the discovery and colonization of America opened a door for their release from what was not only in name but in fact slavery. I spent the larger part of two years in collecting materials for this book, and there are not less than two thousand folio pages of manuscript notes, in eight volumes, which were sent with the others to Boston, all relating to this subject. He had put into shape six chapters, and we were going on so well with it when he was taken sick that it was a very bitter disappointment to him to have to give it up. He left it to the Boston Public Library, as he said, "in the hope that at some future time there would be some one sufficiently interested in the subject to complete it."

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I am very sincerely yours,

FROM MY DIARY

. *April 25, 1877.* Received an invitation through Elliot Cowdin<sup>1</sup> to participate in a reception to be offered at Albany next week, Thursday, to William M. Evarts the Secretary of State of

<sup>1</sup>E. C. Cowdin, Assemblyman from N. Y. Co.



Mr. Hayes. I sent a letter declining to avail myself of the invitation. I took it for granted that our state officers would all decline to be trapped into any recognition of the Hayes dynasty until they were obliged to. The reception is given to Evarts in Albany for no other purpose. Governor Robinson told me that Cowdin came to him after having been to my office, and that he gave Cowdin his reasons for not going to the reception; and when Cowdin found he could not shake the Governor's purpose he said, "Well, do I understand that, if two years hence your party should get control of both houses of Congress, you would turn Hayes out?" Robinson inferred from this remark that somebody had put that idea into Cowdin's mind; that it could hardly have originated with him.

*Thursday, May 17, 1877.* The Chamber of Commerce sent me a notice that their dinner was postponed to the 14th instant. It transpired through the press that this postponement was arranged to secure the presence of Hayes and some of his cabinet. In due time I sent my regrets "to find myself unable to avail myself," &c. Senator Morgan invited me "to meet the President of the United States" on the following evening. That also I declined in the same way. A few days before the Chamber of Commerce dinner Babcock, the President, telegraphed to me that he wished me to respond for the State. I telegraphed my regrets, &c.

Ex-Governor Hoffman responded for the State. There was fitness in his selection, for, like Hayes, he is more than suspected of having been counted into the governorship by fraudulent votes.

*June 5, 1877.* Senator Blaine, who is on the board of examiners this year at West Point, dined and spent the afternoon with us. He spoke very freely of Hayes and his southern policy, which he says, if pursued, makes an end of the Republican party. Referred to Hayes' speech the night after the election, when he supposed he was defeated. In that nothing was said of the calamity that had overtaken civil service reform, but his soul was racked with grief for the deplorable fate of the poor African. Now civil service is all he is concerned for, and the poor African is given over to the tender mercies of southern Democrats remorselessly.

Blaine does not hesitate to say that if Packard is not Governor of Louisiana Hayes is not President of the United States. He said also that he was astonished when he found the Democrats acceding to the Electoral Commission.

## HUNTINGTON TO BIGELOW

42 RUE LA BRUYÈRE, 9 May, 1877.

*My dear Mr. Bigelow:*

I am not as much in the wrong as you have seeming right to think me. It is only yesterday that I reached Paris after a two nights' ride — to find you & the Haytiens' *Wit & Wisdom* telling truth on the table, and the *Argus* on the watch for me; and this morning, "thick as tale, came post with post" the *New Century* with your friendly hand of write extended to me on the envelope. I've not yet had time to read all these good things, for which pray accept my very hearty thanks. Though, really, is there cause here for exercise of that painful virtue, gratitude? It so chances that the first and only Proverb I've read, with its commentary, is your No. XIII, *Nion doigt pas sa pouand puces*<sup>1</sup>. Have nothing to say agin the duality of fingers for fleas, but why need you, with the Pharisaic arrogance of a blessed member of the Married Sect, go a quoting Dr. Franklin against we Unitarians of the unwedded persuasion. So, that *Argus* notice. Was it meant for personal warning? Mayn't a man have a friendship for elderly MSS. & things of an historical nature, nay a fondness for picking of them up, without having the finger of suspicion pointed at him? Did I ever take any unconsidered trifle yet — and have it proved on me? By the way (of Florence) my Franklin collection has lately received handsome additions. I spent the last two weeks of April in the above parenthesized city, where I was for some days most pleasantly occupied in turning over again the library of my poor friend Lorry Graham, and from which Mrs. Graham most kindly bade me select what Franklinism suited my taste. Would you believe it, I kept conscience in a sort, and despite, that generous offer, limited my plundering [to] small volumes & portraits — not even gobbling *all* of these last. I also found some oldish copies of B. F.'s writings done into Italian, among the book-sellers. I send you, by the way, one of these copies (long since your due) of the *Way to Wealth* I found in London last year. My portraits of B. F. in all kinds, on paper, in different metals, painted, carved, molten, etc., amount all told to 200; some of them of surpassing ugliness & unlikeness or otherwise quite curious.

<sup>1</sup>A single finger can't catch fleas.

I will take to-morrow to that friendly man, C. W. May, the copy of the W. & W. of the Haytians you intended for him.

As for the political & other affairs of France "you remember France?" as Chas. Lamb says in his letter to Manning, I am but two days old here, and know, if possible, less than usual. I'm told that your old friend Hyacinthe's, Father of a family Hyacinthe's, lectures at the Winter Circus, drew packed and appreciative audiences, and are a not unimportant element of the old war between Rome and Modern France, which always so much interested you, & which is always waging with unabated, nay, accrescent vivacity & virulence. . . . Not speaking of diplomatists, let me tell you a proper good story told not long ago to me by one who was speaking of Plenipo. Pierrepont. My informant gave it on the authority of Ex-Plenipop. Motley. It was all in the days of Stevenson, erst time envoy of the U. S. (and of Kentucky) to the Court of St. James. He entering an ironmonger's upon business with the observation: "I am the representative of Twenty-Five Millions of People — what is the price of this gimlet?" "Now," continues my informant, "P. [Pierrepont] has never rizzen to this height, but (like Longfellow's young man) he is en route, upward."

In a counting room this morning, I chanced to hear a man behind an American newspaper suddenly bulge out with, "See they've apinted Noyes minister to France," which struck my unexpected ear like a thunder mug from a clear-sky window. I had supposed that Washburne, when he went home, had secured pledges from fortune and made his diplomatic calling sure for the next four years. That he never wanted to be presidential candidate — oh, by no means — not that kind of person — we all knew; but that, not being wanted as incumberer of the White House, he did quite specially desire continuous residence in the Parisian stretch of this vale of tears — we all, if possible, yet more knew.

Pray write me one of these days and tell me what you are doing and contemplating respecting our neglected friend, the good Archbishop of Cambay. Is it within the wide limits of hope that you come for quiet, research, & writing to Europe again? I have been spending nearly 3 months at Pisa. There's a place for throwing off MS. Let us meet there next winter. Climate delightful, rent and victuals (in hired furnished apartment) cheap, most attractively destitute of "society" and "objects of interest

to the intelligent stranger." Nothing to interrupt one in the easy experiment of being, living, and doing as he dam pleases. *Item*, wonderful climate is that of Pisa, for solace to the nerves and bronchial pipes: sleep nine hours out of the 24 and cough only occasionally — just enough to be interesting — at convenient rare intervals during the remaining twelve: two hours at table fill the tale.

With renewed thanks, dear Mr. Bigelow, for your frequent kind remembrances, I rest

Always yours truly

#### FROM MY DIARY

*June 19, 1877.* Ex-Senator James D. Westcott, formerly of Florida, sends me the following extract from a London paper copied into the *Montreal Gazette*, Dec. 11, 1788 (the *Gazette* was founded with money, \$200 of which was furnished to its editor and publisher by Congress):

"In the general bustle of European politics America seems wholly forgotten. Separated from Great Britain, she is neglected by the whole world, she not appearing an object of dread, or to court the assistance of. Where now is the prophesied great and united Republic? Where's the potent rising empire in the west? Alas poor Franklin! born to curse your country with mistaken notions of liberty and greatness, you have rendered her independent of her great support. Neglected by the fostering care of Great Britain, she has dwindled into nothing — her littleness is conspicuous. She meets with less notice than the most petty state of Barbary."

It is a curious commentary upon this bit of malice to read a statement which I cut from Saturday's *Commercial Advertiser* of the shipment of provisions by four steamers on that day only for the relief of starving Ireland.

## X

### VISIT EUROPE WITH TILDEN

#### FROM MY DIARY

*June 28, 1877.*

**C**ALLED upon Tilden, where I came to the conclusion not to run for Secretary of State again under any circumstances. I was fearful that Tilden might think it necessary to renominate the whole ticket. But he seemed to think that was more than anybody had a right to ask of me. I was too happy to hear him say so, and then said that I would not allow myself to be considered for one hour a candidate for that or any other office again except it proved necessary to protect his position; and after what he had said that I should not hesitate to turn my back upon an application from any other quarter.

It already seemed highly probable that Governor Robinson would desire a renomination of most or all of the State officers at the approaching fall election. I was indisposed to a renomination on every ground; none of the motives which led me to accept a nomination in 1875 were longer operative. My work in Albany, such as it was, was done. To accept a renomination under the circumstances was simply to hold an office which conferred upon me no dignity, and which cost me more than double my salary. Albany was always to me an uncongenial residence, mainly, I suppose, because pretty much every brick in the city had been bought and put in its place by public money too often unrighteously obtained, while I from the day of my arrival was prominently identified with the party which owed its existence and its strength entirely to its successful efforts in resisting public abuses and checking official extravagance. As a matter of course the

“society” of Albany was not in sympathy with the administration nor with its objects. Nor were my political associations at Albany much more congenial.

It was decided in the month of July that I should accompany Governor Tilden to Europe for an absence of two or three months. As I was holding the office of Secretary of State, I felt it my duty to notify Governor Robinson of my contemplated absence, with my reason for taking the step without previously consulting him. These facts will explain the following letter addressed to him a few days before we sailed:

BIGELOW TO GOVERNOR ROBINSON

ALBANY, July 11, 1877.

*My dear Governor:*

I have lived in the hourly expectation until this morning of seeing you here; but we have just learned that you will not be in Albany until this week.

Governor Tilden informed me on the fourth, when I met him at Sea Girt, that nothing but extraordinaries and improbabilities would prevent his sailing in the *Scythia* on the 18th, if I would go with him. I told him I would not prevent his going. I also told him that you expressed a desire to see him before he sailed, and he instructed me to say that he would be very glad to meet you, either in New York, or at Long Branch, or at any intermediate place that would best suit your convenience. I expected to find you here on my return on Monday and every day since, and so have neglected to write. From the telegram which I received this evening, I infer that it will not be either in his power or mine to see you again before we sail. I regret this on many accounts, for there are some matters about which it is difficult and would be tedious perhaps to write. I should have been glad to have had from you a more distinct approval of my going; and yet upon reflection I concluded that that was something which I could not ask without appearing to wish to divide with you a responsibility that belongs exclusively to myself.

I should not have consented to go, however, if I had not believed that you would have given as much weight to my reasons for going as I have given them myself. If I had felt at liberty to consult my own preferences, however, I should have remained.

I should like to have assisted according to the measure of my ability in shaping the canvass this fall in the interest of honest and wise government. I do not feel, however, as much anxiety upon the subject now as I did a month ago. It seems to me that the whole matter is in your hands and may be shaped at your pleasure. The issue upon which delegates to the Convention are to be selected has been already well defined by circumstances: it is whether Fairchild or Tweed shall be Attorney-general. A better issue than that you could not desire. I think, however, some intimation from you to a few discreet and influential men in different parts of the State that you expect your friends to sustain Mr. Fairchild had better be made with as little delay as possible and before his enemies, who are your enemies or at least enemies of principles upon which your administration had been and will be conducted, have an opportunity to rally from their recent discomfiture under the Tweed-Townsend flag.

I think if you would suggest to Mr. Ross<sup>1</sup> that it would be a feather in his cap to run for State Senator and beat Woodin, it might result in putting him to the best use of which he is capable, strengthen the State ticket, and greatly improve the Canal Board for the next two years of your administration.

These are suggestions rather than recommendations, the value of which you have abundant means of testing. I wish to see your administration successful; I wish to see your friends prevail in the State, and the cause with which your political fame has always been identified triumph. I hope to be here about the first of October and to find by that time a ticket nominated, in the success of which you and I can rejoice.

Please present my kindest regards to the members of your household, and accept the assurance of my sincere desire that the blessing of God may rest upon you all. Yours very sincerely

GOVERNOR ROBINSON TO BIGELOW

ELMIRA, July 13, 1877.

*My dear Sir:*

I have just received yours of 11th inst. I regret extremely to miss the opportunity of a visit & consultation with you & Gov.

<sup>1</sup>C. N. Ross, Treasurer Canal Board.

Tilden before your departure for Europe. I should have gone to N. Y. for that purpose, if it had been in my power. I have been, as you know, half blind for the last three or four months. Upon reaching home & consulting my oculist, I found it necessary to resort to an immediate course of treatment in order to save my eyes. I am compelled to abstain from the use of them for reading, writing, or traveling, & shall be kept here probably a week or two longer in pretty close confinement.

I desired especially to talk with you further in regard to your own resolution not to go upon the ticket again. I agree to all you say in regard to Fairchild, & have already intimated to all the friends I have met my views upon that subject. I have less confidence than you express in my power to shape the action of the Convention. My weak eyes will prevent any special activity in that direction, & moreover after last year's experience it is impossible to predict what a State Convention will do. So far as I may have anything to say in the matter, I need not assure you that I shall insist upon a firm adherence to the issues upon which we were elected.

Accept my earnest wishes that you & the Governor may have a pleasant & prosperous voyage & a safe return. I hardly know where I would best direct this letter, but conclude you will spend Sunday at Highland Falls, & send it there with instructions to forward it if you are not there.

Very truly yours,

L. ROBINSON.

BIGELOW TO DANIEL MAGONE

NEW YORK, July 17, 1877.

*My dear Magone:*

I sail for Europe to-morrow for a few weeks' recreation. I suppose this step will be regarded as a sufficient notification to my friends, and to my enemies also, if I have any, that I am not to be considered a candidate for reëlection as Secretary of State.

That there may be no misunderstanding, however, upon this point, I deem it proper before leaving to say to you, as Chairman of the State Convention, that if my name chance to be presented



to the Convention this fall for any office whatever, you are authorized to withdraw it unconditionally. You know that it was with reluctance and against my own judgment that I consented in 1875 to accept the nomination tendered to me by the party in such an exceptionally flattering manner. As the reasons which then prevailed over my settled aversion for official life no longer exist, I presume so far upon your friendship as to ask you to see that I am not placed in a false position before the Convention or the public.

I expect to be home in ample time to do my part towards electing any ticket our Convention may nominate.

Meantime I remain, my dear Magone,  
Very truly yours

We heard in London of Kelly's triumph over the Governor in the Convention, but in the reports that reached us it appeared that all the State officers were put in nomination, and no allusion made to my letter, which was less annoying, however, than it would have been had I been elected. It was not till some years afterward that in reply to a letter of mine Magone gave his excuse for not using my letter. He said:

"When the Convention convened in Albany, it was clear from the start that the opponents, if I should not use a harsher name and call them enemies, of Mr. Tilden and his friends were in control of the Convention. The late Chief Judge Ruger was the foremost leader on the part of Mr. Tilden's opponents, and it was clear to everybody that the nominations were to be made, as they were made, of anti-Tilden men. You know Hon. Charles S. Fairchild was turned down; I was careful that you could not and should not be, hence I suppressed your letter as I believed it would not be received graciously.

"The mere suggestion that the former Lieutenant-governor Beach was being pressed for Secretary of State controlled my action.

"Judge Peckham, now of the United States Supreme Court, who was a delegate in the Convention from Albany, took a very active part in the opposition to the then Attorney-general Charles S. Fairchild."

Mr. Magone's explanation was not very satisfactory, nor even intelligible to me. If he had laid my letter before the nominating committee of the Convention, there would have been no occasion for the Convention to receive it ungraciously or in any other way; while by allowing it to go to the Convention, with the knowledge that the friends of our ticket were in the minority, was the surest possible way of the Convention not receiving it graciously.

Allen C. Beach was nominated for Secretary of State. Two or three years before, it became the duty of the Canal Investigating Commission, of which I was Chairman, to humiliate him in a way that he could hardly be expected to condone. In the first Report given to the public by our Canal Investigating Committee, we charged that the Canal Board, of which he had been a member, gave contracts on the canals in gross violation of law. The day after the appearance of our report a letter signed by him appeared in the Albany *Argus* contradicting every allegation we had made. Mr. Magone, who was habitually an early riser, saw this letter in the *Argus*, and between seven and eight o'clock on that morning our messenger was on his way to Saratoga with a subpoena requiring Mr. Beach to appear before our Board that morning at ten o'clock.

Rather to my surprise he appeared. He was at once put upon the stand, and in less than an hour he was compelled to admit under oath every charge we had made against the Canal Board of which he, as Lieutenant-governor, had been the presiding officer. He left our office a wiser, but I fear not a much better, man. He was a kinsman, I think a brother-in-law, of the late Governor Flower.<sup>1</sup> He never fully recovered the confidence of the party to which he professed to belong.

#### FROM MY DIARY

*Buckingham Palace Hotel, London, August 4, 1877.* Houghton said that the London *Times* was losing ground, and he did not see why it should not go down to the level of the ordinary dailies. Delane<sup>2</sup> is old, goes no more into society, and knows nothing of what is going on. He had a genius for circulating in

<sup>1</sup>R. P. Flower, governor of N. Y. 1892-1894.

<sup>2</sup>J. T. Delane, editor of the *Times*.

the best society, and enjoyed the confidence of cabinet ministers which was never enjoyed by any journalist before and is not likely to be enjoyed by any one else. He mentioned the case of a projected change in the cabinet by Gladstone about which no one was advised but him and Lord Granville. I suggested that the *Times* had in itself an educating power which would soon make another editor as good as Delane, and that I had no doubt he (Lord Houghton) could name twenty of his acquaintance under forty who in a very short time would be all that Delane ever was; that people did not give such exceptional confidence to Delane because he was Delane, but because he was editor of the *Times*. Lord Houghton insisted that no man could ever get the circulation in society and reach the ears that he did. It was genius with him, &c. I remarked quietly that "no man is necessary." Siemens,<sup>1</sup> sitting opposite, who had been listening to our conversation, seemed struck with this remark as if it were new to him, and said rather emphatically, "that is true." Houghton then said it was Lavoisier to whom that remark was first made. When the revolutionists informed him that he must go to the block, he remarked that "France might need him." "*Personne n'est nécessaire,*" replied Pouquine de Tinville,<sup>2</sup> — I think was the name he gave.

I afterwards learned from Chesson that Houghton's trouble with the *Times* is that he has become a rabid Russophobist or Turkophilist. He took occasion to say in the course of his conversation, conscious of the need of guarding his opinions from suspicion, that the *Times* had always treated him very well because he once said in parliament that one rose from a perusal of the *Times* feeling as though he had been talking with one of the cleverest men in England. I told him I had never heard a better description of a model newspaper.

After breakfast drove to Pierrepont's.<sup>3</sup> I congratulated him upon his success in handling our ex-President Grant on his recent visit to London. He then went into a detailed history of the transaction. He remembered being here in 1854 or '55 when Van Buren<sup>4</sup> was here, and McLane<sup>5</sup> also, then not on very cordial terms with Van Buren because of the latter's Free Soil associations

<sup>1</sup>Dr. C. W. Siemens.

<sup>2</sup>Fouquier-Tinville? (1747-1795)

<sup>3</sup>Edwards Pierrepont, U. S. Minister.

<sup>4</sup>Martin Van Buren on a tour in Europe (1853-1855).

<sup>5</sup>Louis McLane, minister to England 1829-1831 and 1845-1846.

in 1848. Both were invited to a dinner at Lord Clarendon's, then minister of foreign affairs. McLane, who also was invited, told Pierrepont that when Van Buren arrived Clarendon, being occupied with other guests, overlooked Van Buren, who stood unnoticed till dinner was announced, and then found himself relegated to the foot of the table. McLane complained of this to some one the following day or soon after, and the reply was, "Why, you give your ex-President no rank: how can we?" Van Buren declined all farther invitations, from unwillingness to subject himself to such humiliations. Remembering this incident, Pierrepont says that when he had a letter from Grant some twenty days before he arrived announcing his intention to come, he went to see Lord Derby to have with him an unofficial talk on the subject. He wished to know how the ex-President, if he came, was to be received. He got the same reply that Clarendon gave to the expostulations of McLane. "You give Mr. Grant no rank: how can we?" Pierrepont quoted the case of the ex-Emperor Napoleon who came to England with no title, and was received, and his descendants after him are still treated, as members of a royal or imperial family. Derby said there might be something in that, and asked P. to put his wishes in writing and meantime he would see some of his colleagues. P. did so and in a day or two took him his programme. Derby said there would be no difficulty so far as the cabinet was concerned, but intimated that he would have difficulty in persuading the ambassadors to yield their precedence to a title-less man. P. called then on three or four of them together. Münster said an ambassador had no right or power, whatever might be his disposition, to yield the *pas*. Pierrepont argued the question, said he should yield it himself, and hoped they would not see any impropriety in yielding the *pas* to an ex-president. He rose to leave, and Münster called him back and said, "Stop, let us see if this cannot be arranged. Make out and give us the arrangement of your table as you propose to make it — (Pierrepont having insisted that Grant should make no calls except upon the royal family and at all entertainments should rank next the Prince of Wales, his precedence being conceded always as a courtesy). Pierrepont said he would, and did. The programme was accepted substantially, and they all came, and that rule prevailed on all occasions. At the dinner given by the Prince of Wales to the Emperor and Empress of Brazil, of course as an actual sovereign, not

to speak of his being the guest of honor, he took precedence of Grant.

We felicitated Pierrepont upon his success and upon the satisfaction which his management of the matter had given in America. I asked why Grant did not go to France. Pierrepont replied that Grant got a letter from Washburne plainly disclosing between the lines that he had no particular desire to have such an elephant on his hands in Paris. Somewhat later he got another still more unmistakable in its tone and purpose. The political effect of such a visit was assigned as the reason. Pierrepont asked the French ambassador here if there would be any political inconvenience in a visit to the French capital by Grant, and the ambassador scouted the idea. P.'s notion was that Washburne's social position and surroundings did not answer to the exigencies of such a visit, for he observed that the longer Grant was in London the less disposed Washburne seemed to have him come there.

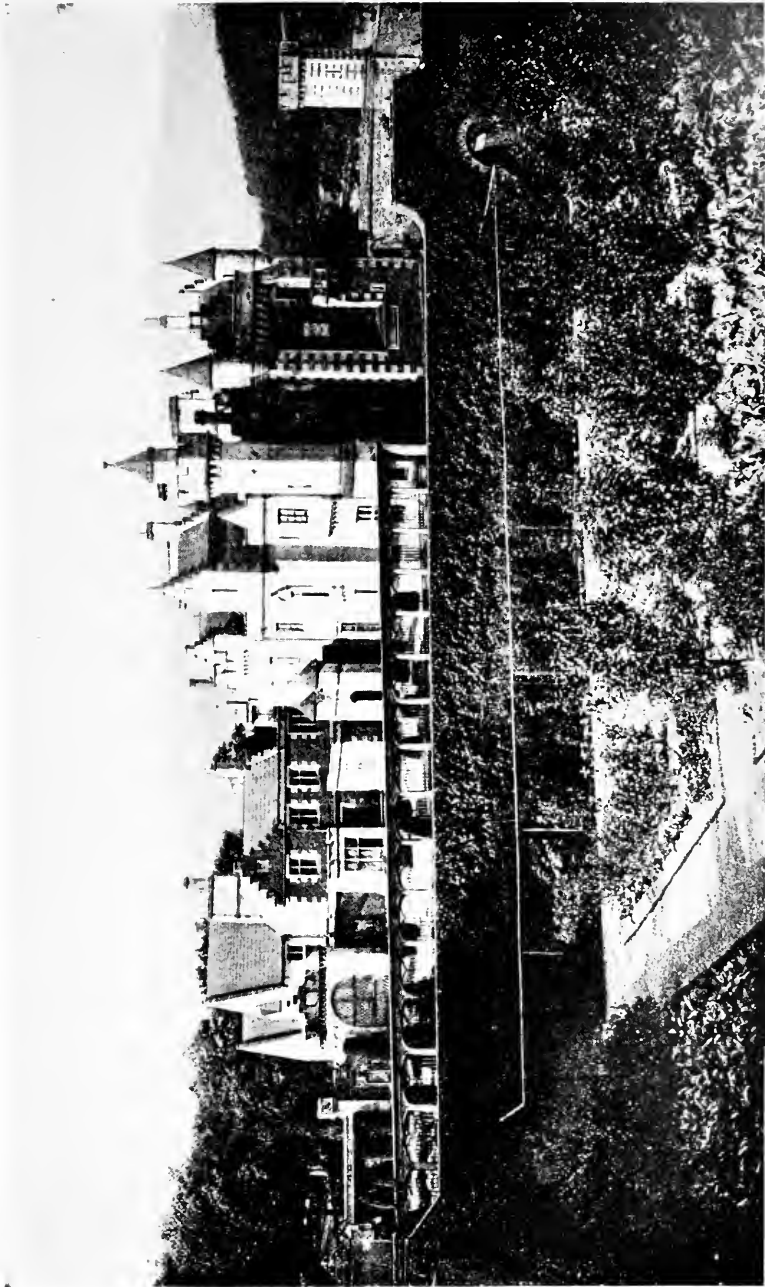
I observed that I was under the impression that Grant's relations with Washburne had been a little chilled ever since the question of candidates for the presidency for 1876 loomed upon the horizon. He said Grant told him when here that Washburne when last home in — 76 seemed cold and disgruntled about something, but Grant could not imagine what.

*Buckingham Palace Hotel, August 5, 1877.* Drove to the Cosmopolitan Club, where we arrived about eleven. Houghton, who had invited us, was there with his son, an uncommonly fine looking and promising young man of twenty-two or three, I should say, with whom I talked mostly. Tilden brought up Baron Hübner to be presented to me. Of course the idea of an ex-ambassador making an advance to the acquaintance of an ex-minister, and he an American, must have been excruciating, but Tilden was quite unconscious of the wound he was inflicting upon the poor old Austrian.

*August 7, 1877.* Dined with Pierrepont, Lord Chancellor Cairnes, Courtlandt Parker; John Russell Young, London correspondent of the *N. Y. Herald*; Hoppin, Secretary of Legation, and Jackson of New Jersey; and Beckwith. Pierrepont gave his arm to the Lord Chancellor; Tilden and I went down together; Lord Chancellor on Pierrepont's right, Tilden on his left and I on Ld. C.'s right. The Ld. C. spoke of the interesting part Egypt may be

destined yet to take in world history, alluded to its prominence in the Bible, though that he supposed was all past. Like Cobden he seemed to think the Old Testament was written for the Jews, and for them only; said the son of the Khedive of Egypt was educated at Oxford; that great pains were taken by those in charge of him to avoid the appearance of any designs upon his faith. It happened, however, that some new church was to be dedicated of which much talk had been made, and the young prince was anxious to witness the dedicatory services. It chanced that they included the reading of the striking chapter in Isaiah beginning, "The burden of Egypt," in which the Prince's country was treated to his thinking with less than proper ceremony. He was breathless during the reading and was exceedingly indignant, suspecting the selection to have been made with reference to him. It was the only occasion of his attending a Christian temple during his stay at Oxford, and the Lord Chancellor thought it a wonderful coincidence that on that day the chapter in question should by the purest accident have formed a part of the service. I asked if what he heard did not awaken in the Prince some curiosity to know more of the book in which such sentiments were found, youth never distrusting its ability to cope with the influences of anything in print to which its curiosity is attracted. His Lordship could not enlighten me. He then said Maharajah Duleep Singh, who is living in London, told him the other day at dinner that he was converted to Christianity in this wise. He asked a Brahmin one day what were the peculiar tenets of these English Christians. The Brahmin said he knew where there was one of their books that told all about it, and in due time produced and read from it to him. The effect was as all good Christians would expect. The Chancellor, however, did not seem to regard him as a very important acquisition to the church, and Beckwith spoke of him as a Christian cobra. The Chancellor said Duleep Singh remarked to him the other day that no one knew the Bible better than he did, but he could not read it now as he used to, that he was too rich a man.

Speaking of Napoleon the Third, the Chancellor said his was a singular fate illustrating the saying in Euripides, "Call no man happy till he dies." I said I always credited that *mot* to the Spaniards. "No," said he, "I believe Euripides could not have borrowed it from Spain." Then he corrected himself and said it was in the *Œdipus* of Sophocles.



Abbotsford, Scotland





Beckwith said that after two or three years of turbulence, Prince Bonaparte, the Prince Imperial, will be recalled. Of that he did not think there was room for a reasonable doubt. I asked him how he thought the elections would result in France this fall. "Oh, I don't know. I have not considered the subject, it is of no consequence. The result will be later. The election this fall will decide nothing." I disagreed with him in all these conclusions, but I did not think it worth while to debate the matter. I found it difficult to repel an apprehension that the Imperial sheen had overshadowed the American Commissioner-general of the French Exposition.

When we called on Mr. Pierrepont Monday he promised we should see Mrs. P. at dinner to-day. I asked for her immediately on entering. He said she was very much fatigued and had retired. Her fatigues and exhaustion were assigned as her excuse for not seeing us on Monday. As the company to-night were all but one Americans and most of them her acquaintances, it *donne à réfléchir* that she kept away. I suppose it was to avoid the necessity of asking Miss Parker<sup>1</sup> or Mr. Field's<sup>2</sup> daughter. Perhaps the explanation may be found in the answer she is reported to have given an American lady the other day. "I cannot go to call upon Americans; am too much occupied with the aristocracy." Field said one of his lady friends professed to have heard this, and on Sunday last wrote down the very words at his request, and I copied them from her original. I judge that if correctly quoted, which is more or less doubtful, Mrs. Pierrepont did her meaning injustice in the language she used. She probably meant that official visiting absorbed all the time she could spare to society, and her view of official visiting probably meant visiting the most influential class.

*Douglass Hotel, Edinburgh, August 12, 1877.* Mr. Tilden and I left London yesterday in the 10 A. M. train, reaching here about 7:30 P. M., some 390 miles.

*August 15, Wednesday.* Went this mg. at 10:30 to Melrose, accompanied by Mr. Robeson, the Consul. We drove directly upon our arrival to Abbotsford. Met Mrs. Maxwell Scott [daughter of Sir Walter] in a carriage driving to Melrose. At

<sup>1</sup>Miss M. F. Parker, daughter of Hon. Courtlandt Parker.

<sup>2</sup>Cyrus W. Field.

Abbotsford we were required to wait for some minutes in the reception room for our conductor to dispose of another company, and invited by a placard to subscribe our names in a book and pay the guide 1s. for each member of our party. As I was already sufficiently familiar with what there was worth seeing, I did not care to incur the fatigue of another *tournée*. I improved the interval to gather the following statistics:

1 name on each ruled line of each page of the register,

27 lines on each page,

160 pp. since the 1st of January, 1877,

26 pp. since 1st of August, leaving

134 pp. for 7 months from Jan. 1st to Aug. 1st,

which at 27 signatures to a page, gives 3216 visitors; that is, 3216 shillings, 517 shillings a month, which would amount for the year to £310 or say \$1500 a year income from visitors alone. That is 5% on a capital of \$30,000, which is more than the property is worth without its *reliquiae* and library.

At the rate of visitors for the half of August just expired the income for a month would be 1404 shillings, or 842l. 8s. for a year, or over \$4000, being 5% on \$80,000. So that on the whole Scott did not make such a bad investment. This income I understand is an important resource to the family.

The library did not seem so imposing or large to me to-day as when I saw it eighteen years ago. The gallery, I find, is only attached to his *cabinet de travail*. The picture of Mary Queen of Scots, taken by a Prussian immediately after she was beheaded, was the most startling of the many curious and interesting novelties collected there. The want of judgment in selecting the site for such a house and the waste of money in and upon it seemed more conspicuous to me now than before. I brought away some ivy.

We returned to Melrose and visited the ruins while lunch was preparing. After lunch we drove to Dryburgh, where we saw the tombs of Sir Walter, his wife, son, and son-in-law, Lockhart. The weather meantime had cleared off and the scene was lovely. I bought copies of *The Lady of the Lake* and of *Marmion* bound with the wood of the place.

As we crossed the bridge leading to the Abbey, the toll-taker proving a chatty, pleasant old man, I asked him what the little temple or mortuary summer-house on the hill immediately above his shanty meant. He said it was put there by the Earl of Buchan, who owns the land, in compliment to Thomson, the author of

*The Seasons.* I asked why he did it, wishing to know what special motive could have animated the Earl to do this honor to a mere man of letters. "Fuller o' siller nor sense" was the reply. He then said that Thomson was born about ten miles from there, and the Earl took a fancy to him. [We returned to the Buckingham Palace Hotel on the 22d of August].

*Buckingham Palace Hotel, Aug. 23, 1877, Thursday.* Spent yesterday mg. at the 4th Centennial Caxton Exhibition. The features that impressed me were the collection of Caxton's printed books, and of Bibles. Of the latter I was most interested in examining the first edition of what is known as the Authorized Version of King James' Bible published in 1611. The changes in spelling which our language has undergone since then appeared to be so numerous that I asked Mr. — Fry, a book-dealer in Bristol who chanced to be present, whether the authorized version had ever been reprinted with the original spelling. He said it was, in 1856 or thereabouts, at Oxford. I must send for it to ascertain what is the ratio of obsoletized words the language has yielded in two and a half centuries. That will enable us to determine approximately how long before Shakespeare will be to the Englishman as Horace is to the Italian or Homer to the Greek of to-day.

The "Wicked Bible" as it is described was so named because the negative is omitted from the Seventh Commandment, leaving it to read "Thou shalt commit adultery." The edition, printed in 1631, was rigidly suppressed and the printers fined £300 by Archbishop Laud. Only four copies of the edition escaped. It is difficult to conceive the number so restricted when society furnishes so many who seem to have used no other version. The same mistake, if a mistake and not deliberate, was made in a German edition, of which the library at Wolfenbeutel possesses a copy.

The "Bug Bible" too, printed in 1551, I saw, so called from the translation of Ps. XCI, 5, as follows: "Thou shalt not neede to be afraidd for eny Bugges by nyght nor for the arowe that flyeth by daye." The modern version reads "terror by night." The word *bug* in those days was applied to anything that caused terror, such as a hobgoblin or a nightmare.

"Coverdale Bible," the first entire Bible printed in English, though not in England, and which Henry VIII allowed people of

quality to read "quietly in their houses, orchards, and gardens alone and not to others," his original order that it be placed in every parish church "for every man to read and look thereon" having been retracted, lest the people might misread it.

The "Breeches Bible," printed at Geneva 1560, so called from Gen. III. 7, "and they sewed fig leaves together and made themselves breeches." This Bible, a revision of Tyndall's, was for many years the household Bible in England and went through over 200 editions.

The "Vinegar Bible" — because of the headline "The parable of the *Vinegar*" instead of the *Vineyard*.

The "Old Bay State Psalm Book" — the first book printed in America.

Indulgences issued by Nicolas V in 1451 for money to assist King John II of Cyprus against the Turks. Paulinus Chappe, agent of the Pope in this commerce, had heard of an invention at Metz for rapid printing, and forthwith went there to profit by it. Jay Cooke seems to have been a plagiarist from him in his methods of marketing Federal and railroad loans.

The date of this celebration was fixed by the imprint in the "Dictes and Sayings of the Philosophers," which says:

Empeynted by me William Caxton at Westminister in the year of our lorde MCCCCIXXVij.

I saw downstairs a curious letter from Cardinal Wolsey to the Pope asking for authority to get rid of a few "superfluous monasteries" and use the proceeds in promoting education in order to counteract the influences hostile to the interests of the Church then at work in England. I have sent for and hope to get a copy.

[On the 24th of August we went to Canterbury to visit the original English home of the Tilden family, with some of the members of which he had met in America and with others had had some correspondence. After dinner we sent a telegram to Mrs. Tylden — for that is the way the Tildens in England continue to spell their name — at Chilham about six miles distant, to notify her that we promised ourselves the pleasure of calling upon her to-morrow after lunch.]

*Hotel Royal Fountain, Canterbury, Saturday, August 25.* We spent this morning in the Cathedral; saw the place where Thomas à Becket was slain, though the altar and everything else of the

period, together with his remains, were expelled from the premises by Henry VIII during the Reformation. The statue of the Black Prince recumbent overlies his remains, and over it hangs what is represented to be his tunic, his helmet, his gloves and his sword, or scabbard rather.

The lower floor of the cathedral, once occupied by the French refugees with their industries and still in part as a church with the French service, interested me as much as any part.

From the cathedral went to an old book store and bought poems of Sir William Jones, two small 12<sup>mo</sup> volumes 5/s, and Marshal Saxe's *Art of War* for John.

After lunch drove out to Chilham to see Mrs. William I. Tylden, widow of the former vicar of Chilham for 54 years. We found an intelligent, well-bred gentlewoman of about 44, with a daughter just 21, of fair complexion, robust, and with a good deal of somewhat provincial, not to say rustic, beauty, and a son of 19 who has just received his commission as Lieutenant in the Cavalry. Mrs. T. was 22 when she married her husband, who was 68. These two children are the fruit of that anachronism. Miss T. is fond of horse-riding, and extremely anxious to see something of the world not visible from the towers of Castle Chilham, which they took us to see. They live very nicely in a very old, and no doubt, once notable, cottage to which is attached a garden and orchard of from two to four acres, I should judge by the view I got of it from the Church, through which also we were taken. They gave us tea, bread and butter, cake and wine. On Monday we are to drive over there early and take them with us to Milsted, where a nephew resides. It will be about 22 miles there and as many more back, but we anticipate compensatory satisfaction for such a long ride, in a view of the country under the peculiar advantages of such a guide.

*Hotel Royal Fountain, Tuesday, August 28, 1877.* We went to the cathedral on Sunday and heard the service droned by a couple of old barnacles who read in such a perfunctory way that I could not understand a word of it. The sermon was well enough, but as commonplace as the alphabet. Young Tylden spent the afternoon and dined with us. . . .

Yesterday we drove over in a landau to Chilham and there took up Mrs. Tylden and her two children, and with them drove

to Milsted, arriving about 12 o'clock. . . . We were conducted to the church containing the tombs of many generations of Tildens in the chapel of the Tildens forming a wing or alcove of the church. We next visited the manor house. . . . I was struck with two things in my circulation among these people. They are all exceedingly well bred and they all speak exquisite English. That is due partly to the fact that they are all in the Church, or wives or children of those who are. Thus far Tilden has no cause to be ashamed of his English kindred, however he may differ from them in their politics — for they are Conservatives of course in action, though when their real feelings are allowed development they are as radical democrats as all dependents who think, are sure to be. On our return we took a route to visit another old church where the first Tylden known used to preach. We landed our Chilham friends at 6 and reached our hotel ourselves at 7.

In the course of our ride Mrs. Tylden said the ignorance of the country aristocracy was shocking. She gave many illustrations of it among their neighbors; she said I could not read a note of Lord Maidstone's writing. She attributed it to their education by governesses who could not make them work; their preference for hunting, out-door life and amusement; and their assured social position which ignorance could not fatally compromise. She thought that this country life was very deteriorating, in which I agreed with her. She said England could not long sustain herself unless she did something to counteract this tendency. She enumerated nearly a dozen families of high titles in the county who had not a penny — all squandered by extravagance. Among them she mentioned that of Honeywood. I remembered that was the name of a lady whose saddle was offered me in the morning by Mr. Ditch, a saddler in Canterbury, whose store is opposite our hotel and whom I was asking in the morning about a saddle for Grace. He showed me one which he said was as fine a one as he could make and which he made for Lady Honeywood, and which had been sent there to sell. He sold it to her for 10 guineas. It was now for sale at 7 gs. I asked why it was for sale? Want of money. She sold out everything. [Before leaving I bought the saddle and a bridle to match it for 9l 10s.] . . .

This morning when I went out of our hotel I met Tennyson the poet entering the house. He has been spending a day or two

here, and left at noon. He is thin and stoops a little, reminding me somewhat of Bryant, though smaller.

At 11 we took the train for Chilham, where we lunched with the Tyldens by invitation. . . . At this lunch it was agreed that Tilden should send Miss Kate a dress from Paris. On a private consultation with her and with her mother both agreed that a black velvet would suit best. After we left I told the Governor the result of my inquiries. He says she shall have it. [And she did, and from Worth.]

We left Canterbury about 7 P. M. on Friday evening and reached the Buckingham Palace Hotel about 10, where I found cards from Sir Stafford Northcote. At 2 the Governor left for Lowestoft to consult his physician, and at 3.13 I took the train for Send-Holme, now the residence of Mr. Hargreaves' widow.

*Send-Holme, Sept. 2d, 1877.* To-day about 12, Mrs. Hargreaves and I walked down to her husband's grave in the yard of the pretty little church near their farm house. A polished red granite (Scotch) slab, about 2 feet, 6 inches by 5 feet, marked the spot, and on it was written the name of the deceased, the time of his death, his age, and a few words stating that he was a man of a gentle nature, a republican in principle, and a friend of humanity. Mrs. H. said that he was tenacious about his republican principles being professed on his tomb. She tried to dissuade him lest it might give offense in their little community, among whom such another thing as a republican could not be found; but he said, "No, I have been prevented by ill health in my lifetime from bearing public testimony in favor of my principles, and I must therefore do it on my tomb."

Returning, Mrs. H. told me of a dream she had of his appearing to her and her saying to him, "Why, William, how glad I am to see you back!" to which he replied, "Why, I have not been away." She said she was very much struck by his answer. I said, "Have you any doubt that your husband continues to live as much now as he ever did?" She said she did not know what to think. I then went on at her request to explain my own views of the continuity of life, in which she seemed greatly interested. When we reached the house it was time to start at once for Boughton Hall to dine with Mrs. Paulton, Mrs. Hargreaves' sister, who had sent Mrs. H. and myself an invitation that morning. As Mrs. Hargreaves did not go with me, I had no opportunity of

renewing a conversation which I would have been glad to prosecute a little farther.

Hon. Mr. Smith, M. P., and Mr. Lees, Mrs. Hargreaves' son-in-law, were the only guests, except a Mrs. Paley. Mr. Smith said that when Cobden had concluded the terms of his Commercial Treaty he asked Bright to come over to Paris. The Emperor, hearing he was there, invited him to the Tuileries. In the course of their interview Bright said, "While you are removing restrictions from trade, why don't you extend the reform to people as well, and let your subjects and the Queen's circulate in the country of the other as their merchandise does; in other words, why not abolish the passport system? The Emperor said there were serious difficulties about it; but Bright presented so many plausible considerations in favor of his suggestion that the Emperor promised to have his Council of State examine the question. That suggestion of Bright's, Smith says, was the beginning of the entire abolition of the passport system in Europe.

Mr. Tilden and I found ourselves again in London on the 6th of September, 1877, where I found a letter from Bright naming a day for us to visit Rochdale, but of which it was already too late to avail ourselves. We packed up that evening; and Friday morning, the 7th left at 7:40 for Paris, to witness the funeral of Thiers which was to take place the following day.

#### BIGELOW TO HUNTINGTON

HOTEL WESTMINSTER,  
Friday, 1 P. M. [September 7, 1877.]

*My dear Huntington:*

You are a "disapinting Sweedlepipes." I was up at yr. room at 12:30 expecting to find you at yr. pipe, and convey to you the Gov<sup>r's</sup> wish that you wd take your pork & beans with him this evg. at 6. Of course you were out, and I returned with the sense of *un jour perdu* to my hotel to find that you had been gone from there just five minutes. If they had only said two hours I could have borne it, but 5 minutes, just the time I wasted upon two or three shop windows (on the way to the Asylum) in which no one ever found any thing one wanted! Well! Go yr. ways; make your



friends miserable in yr. own fashion, but don't forget this — I shall be beyond the reach of yr. torments Monday mg. at 7:45. So put that in your pipe and smoke it. You'd better not come to dinner this evening. It would be so in keeping with the rest of yr. conduct, you incarnate disappointment.

The most indulgent of your judges

FROM MY DIARY

*Sunday, September 9, 1877.* . . . Saturday morning, the day fixed for the funeral, Huntington called. While we were considering what steps we should take to see our share of the funeral solemnities (if solemnity is ever an attribute of a French funeral), he informed us that Smalley was here, had a carriage, and was proposing to go to the funeral, and if we chose to join him, he would no doubt be delighted to have us. I told him we had no plans and scarcely any time to make any, and if we had ever so much, could not probably suggest anything more satisfactory. I asked him to go and see, and arrange as seemed to him good. He returned presently to say that it would be very agreeable to Mr Smalley to have us join him, and he would call for us about 11. Smalley came himself in a few minutes to call and said the same. So at 11 he was as good as his word. When we reached the house of Mr. Thiers we were stopped, our yellow ticket confining us apparently to the outside. I then handed my card as an "*Ancien Ministre des Etats-Unis*," when the barrier dropped and I was referred to a gentleman whom I recognized as Mr. Pontet de Coulon, one of the men in the Ministry of Foreign Affairs, who came up to my legation in 1866 to pump me in regard to the contents of the dispatch from Seward about Mexico after I had communicated the neglect of the Emperor to fulfil his promise to commence the withdrawal of his troops in September. At the same time I was handed a white ticket, which entitled me to all the privileges of the Diplomatic Corps. We were then admitted to the room where were assembled the members of the Academy and other most distinguished friends of the family. As soon as arrangements were made, we formed in procession and walked to the church. I omitted to state that on entering and before receiving the white ticket, we passed

into the reception room and inscribed our names in the register for visitors.

At the church I was invited to sit with the diplomatic corps, but as Tilden and Smalley were with me and as I did not care to meet the representative of my country in Paris at this moment there, I took a seat near, but not with, the diplomatic body. After the service, by some coincidence which no one could explain, we found our carriage in the *cortège* immediately after the hearse; so we passed on through the streets of Paris all the way to the cemetery of Père la Chaise among the chief mourners, enjoying the undisguised sympathy of the largest crowd of people I ever saw in any one day. The windows, balconies, and every standing place commanding a view of the procession at any point, however limited, was beaming with faces. The street was solid with people almost up to the wheels of our carriage, leaving scant room for the police to walk their patrol. At the cemetery we could not get within 50 feet of the tomb, and of course could hear very little of the discourses, which were delivered in a conversational tone, the speakers standing on the ground and being short men, all invisible to every one more than twenty feet from them. We got home at just 6 P. M. Huntington and Smalley dined with us and spent the evening.

The question whether the remains of the wily old politician should belong to the republicans or the administration was settled. There could be no mistaking the political significance of the vast crowd which gathered to do him honor, without the aid of a single government drum or placeman.

[On the 10th Mr. Tilden and I called at the consulate. The consul, Mr. Torbert, was in America. Mr. Hooper, the vice-consul, showed us a copy of the *Paris Register* containing an invitation, signed by Dr. Evans and a dozen or fifteen Americans, to Washburne to accept a public dinner, and Washburne's reply declining because of the shortness of time, &c. When I got home I asked Huntington and HARRISSE who were there why Washburne declined. Both said promptly, because that was *sous entendu* when invited, and the Americans would not unite sufficiently in the request.]

*Hotel Westminster, Sept. 10, 1877.* . . . Hooper says Washburne did not invite Grant to Paris because his apartment

was too small; because he did not get on well with McMahan, whom he was in the habit of styling an idiot, and because W's pronounced relations with the Republicans would have given such a political character to Grant's visit as might have proved unpleasant. I do not know if Hooper makes due allowance for the coolness between W. and Grant of late years. H. says W. was certain of the Cincinnati nomination and does not to this day see how any one else could have been nominated. He goes home with any but friendly feelings toward Hayes.

*Hotel Westminster, Sept. 11, Tuesday.* While at breakfast this morning Crawford called and said he spent an hour with Gambetta after leaving us last night, and was told there would be no hearing to-day, as he proposed to make default, which according to French law would require a new citation and thereby defer the final decision to the extent of time a new citation has to run; also that he would be very glad to see me and the Governor to-morrow morning at 10 at his house and office, 53 Chaussée d'Antin, near my old office.

At 10½ joined Smalley and went to see Louis Blanc, a little man with irregular, unattractive teeth and mouth, very short, but good talker and very affable manners. He said to Mr. Smalley that he would be very happy to present me to Victor Hugo when I pleased, and we agreed that he dine with us on Saturday evening next, and go then. He said Hugo's habits were a little peculiar, though very convenient for such a hard worker. He rises early, works till breakfast about 12, which eaten, he betakes himself to the imperial of an omnibus and rides all about town on one line and another, not returning till dinner time. He dines at eight, usually has some friends, and in the evening receives those who may call. Because of this arrangement of his life it was that L. Blanc proposed that we go up after our dinner.

He said also that Victor Hugo returns no visits. When Dom Pedro, the Emperor of Brazil, was here, he sent a message that he would be glad to see Mr. Hugo. Hugo replied that he was much obliged to his Majesty, but that he made no visits. The Emperor sent a messenger the second time to know whether, if he called first on V. Hugo, the poet would return his visit. Hugo replied that he could not depart from his rule; that his Majesty the King of Bavaria had done him the honor to visit him, and that he had not returned his visit, and it was therefore only more difficult to

make an exception, however agreeable it might be to do so, in the case of his Majesty.

The Emperor sent again to know if they could not meet somewhere at Versailles during the session of the Senate of which Hugo was a member. Hugo saw no difficulty about that, and thereupon they did meet in one of the committee rooms, and "had a charming time." The Emperor, when he learned from Hugo himself his habits of life, asked if he might not be admitted to his table on some of the occasions when there was room. Hugo replied, of course, and said he would always be welcome. The Emperor went. After dinner Hugo's daughter, little Jeanne, came in. Her father presented her and told her to embrace the Emperor. She inclined her forehead to the embrace. "No," said the Emperor, "I wish to be embraced with the arms around my neck," and thereupon the child sprang up and threw her arms around his neck, and they hugged each other *à discrétion*. Then the son entered. "Go," said Hugo, "and salute his Majesty." "No," replied the Emperor, "there is but one Majesty here, and he sits there" — pointing to Hugo; all which was highly satisfactory to all parties.

Blanc, or as he is tenacious of being called, Louis Blanc, explained the origin of Hugo's taste for riding on the "imperial of the omnibus." When he was in London he asked L. B. how he could manage best to get around and see the people and shops without being too much fatigued. Neither could afford cabs. L. B. laughingly replied, "Take the top of the omnibuses." He said this as a joke, never having ridden on one in his life himself. V. H. at once said, "That is a good idea. Let us try it." Thereupon they got up, and from that day to this it has been V. H.'s favorite mode *de se délasser*. L. B. said the poet rode thus every day after his breakfast. He bought a *carnet*, and goes on from one route to another till it is time to return. Reflecting upon this story, I could see that riding in that way might have attractions for a literary man and a lion, because it isolates him from acquaintances, protects him from interruption, and offers him peculiar opportunities for meeting the people and getting at their views and thoughts; also when he prefers it, opportunity for reflection. To a vain man also it offers an opportunity of flattering the class whose choice of the imperial is determined by the state of their finances.

Louis Blanc is a very short man with bright black eyes, dark

hair, not much gray, and a smooth, boyish complexion still, and with very agreeable manners.

On our return had a call from O'Sullivan.

*Thursday, September 13, 1877.* Yesterday by appointment Governor Tilden and I went to see Gambetta, 53 *Chaussée d'Antin*. He was evidently gratified with our visit. We sat with him about an hour. He spoke with entire unconcern of the judicial proceedings the day previous condemning him to fine and imprisonment. He said *délais judiciaires* would throw the final decision over the election when he would be protected by his parliamentary privileges from arrest. I asked him if the *Assemblée* to be elected would meet soon enough to clothe him with this privilege before he could be imprisoned. He said they would meet immediately after the election by the present law, which was enacted since the provisional government, to embarrass the republicans, but which seems destined to serve them only.

In reply to the Governor's inquiries, he said that the republican voters numbered a little less than five millions, and the other side all told a little less than two millions; that the republicans consisted of a very large proportion of the *ouvriers*, and of the very large and more intelligent class of people with their *pécules* who work for themselves; that is, are not salaried, but independent of masters, or of capital, to a great extent. These he regarded as the most independent voters in France. He described them as *patentés* — men who had licenses to pursue all kinds of business for themselves. The third quatum were acquisitions not very numerous from the other parties. The whole number of voters inscribed was about 11,000,000; the civil force of officers, exclusive of army and navy, about 300,000. The *maires* of cantons, about 30,000 in France, were till recently named by the government. They are now elected by the cantons; but the necessity of having men with some official experience and culture forbids rapid changes and consequently the popular influence is not yet very much felt but is of course gradually increasing. The old set and old political influences still prevail. He thinks there are many democrats among the lower clergy. The circulation of the press in France has decupled in ten years. The army he seems to have no apprehension of. He says they are now thoroughly national in their feelings; they understand and keep even with the political problems, and cannot be used for mischief; that in

this respect the army now is very much changed from what it was under the Empire, is animated by new, fresh, and more elevated purposes and feelings. He has grown fleshy since I saw him last, and his glass eye seems to disfigure him more.

*Monday, Sept. 17th.* Saturday the Crawfords, Louis Blanc, and Abram S. Hewitt to dine. Louis Blanc gave us an interesting account of his acquaintance with Louis Napoleon. When, after his attempt at Boulogne, he was tried and condemned to the prison at Ham, he was assailed by the press and the senators or peers who judged him, with the vilest epithets and grossest indignities. L. B., who was then proprietor of a journal, wrote an expostulatory article ending with the remark, in substance, that many of those who now abused him would, had he been successful, have licked his boots. Napoleon he said was allowed every comfort and even luxury at Ham, and in a few days Louis Blanc received a letter thanking him for the article he had written and asking him to come and spend a few days with him at Ham. He wrote him that he could not go in any sense as associating himself in any degree or way with the prisoner's schemes of ambition past or future, but as a fellow citizen in trouble he would come. He went and spent three days shut up there with him and when they had no other resource but conversation — which Louis Blanc spoke of as a great hardship, inasmuch as Napoleon was not at all fluent and was always seeking the word to express his idea that did not come. This made conversation with him tedious. The prisoner spoke a great deal of his political plans, and while he expressed himself a friend of universal suffrage and ready to do whatever the people of France desired of him as their ruler, when asked in what direction and to what ends he would use his influence to bend the national will, whether to a democratic or a despotic form, Louis Blanc could never get a definite reply. He often tried him on this subject, but always in vain. L. B. told me the curious incident which terminated their relations, but I have forgotten it.

At 9.30 L. B., Mr. Crawford and I drove to the residence of Victor Hugo, rue Clichy. There were two ladies present apparently belonging to the family, and two gentlemen who appeared to have been dining with him. We sat awhile, during which the conversation related chiefly to some matters of politics in which as senators and representatives they were concerned. When

these gentlemen left, Hugo sat down by me and spoke of miscellaneous matters, he doing most of the talking. He found occasion to get off one of his fatuous theories that France is the light of the world, and that but for her the world would roll back into barbarism. He uttered this with a solemnity which would have become a quotation from Scripture, and to support some encouraging words about what would happen even if McMahanism were to do its worst. France in other words must continue to be France, simply because the world could not get on without her. Louis Blanc, to this remark, quoted some one to the effect that, if France were extinguished, the world would be left in darkness. Voltaire spoke ironically of "*un garçon pâtissier qui avait l'insolence d'aimer son pays.*" He might with less injustice have sneered at a love of country which so blinds the judgment of such a genius as Victor Hugo. About eleven our host gave his arm to one of the ladies, and asked L. B. to give his to the other and walk in to the supper table. I followed. There he began to question me about our recent Presidential election and wanted to know precisely why, if Tilden was elected, he was not installed. I explained the facts as well as I could in the brief space that I felt it proper to devote to such a topic, and was successful in making them all think they understood the subject; but I failed to make him understand why Tilden did not resist the inauguration of Hayes.

I asked him if he had a copy of the sketch of the grounds at Passy where Franklin lived which he sent to the fair in America in 1862 or 3. He said he had somewhere, but where, it was impossible for him to say; that it would be found when he died; that his papers were not arranged and he would never have time to arrange them. He said he was walking out once with Béranger and B. proposed they should go in and examine the place where Franklin lived. While there Hugo made the sketch from which the drawing sent to the fair was made.<sup>1</sup> We took Mrs. Crawford home, then I took Blanc home, and finally got home myself about 12.

<sup>1</sup>The original of this picture subsequently became the property of Samuel J. Tilden as related in an article, *Franklin's Home and Host in France*, which I contributed, in 1888, to the *Century* magazine (XXXV, 741).

BIGELOW TO WILLIAM L. STONE.<sup>1</sup>

PARIS, Sept. 14th, 1877.

*Dear Sir:*

The invitation of your committee only found me the other day in Scotland. It will not be in my power to reach home in time to be at Saratoga on the 17th of October. I hasten to thank you, however, and those associated with you in your efforts to testify the national appreciation of a battle which — if any link in the chain of God's Providence is of more importance than another — was beyond all question the most important battle of the Revolution.

It was at Saratoga that our militia first became aware of their ability to cope successfully with the English regulars; it was in that battle the British government was taught the folly, if not the wickedness, of its unholy alliance with savages; it was the defeat of Burgoyne which practically decided France to lend us her sword, thereby insuring if not actually accomplishing, our deliverance. Such a landmark in our history can hardly be made too conspicuous. It is only less meritorious to assist in perpetuating the memory of great public services than to have conferred them, and the monuments of a nation's gratitude are perhaps the truest measure of its patriotism as well as the most eloquent propagators of those distinctive virtues by which great states are founded, aggrandized, and perpetuated. Should it be proposed at your gathering in October to erect some memorial of the Saratoga victory more durable — if such a thing be possible — than the discourse and poem to be pronounced on that occasion, I venture to solicit the privilege of associating myself with the advocates of such a proposal, and, according to my means, with any effort looking to its realization.

I am, dear Sir,

Very respectfully yours

<sup>1</sup>Historian of the Campaign of Saratoga.



BIGELOW TO MRS. CHARLES EAMES

MCLEAN'S HOTEL, GLASGOW,  
Aug. 19, 1877.

*My dear Friend:*

\* \* \* \* \*

The Louisiana retg. board matter has, I think, a purely local origin. Governor Tilden had nothing to do with it. The unburied iniquities of that board were sure to rise, and there is no power in or out of Washington to conjure them into their grave. They will testify against their authors in season and out of season, until the wrong has been righted and the crooked is made straight. Whether the testimony will come in the whirlwind, in the storm, or in the still small voice, it is not necessary now to inquire.

\* \* \* \* \*

Very sincerely yours

DANIEL MANNING TO BIGELOW

ALBANY, Aug. 19, '77.

*Dear Mr. Bigelow:*

At last somebody has stepped on the tails of our coat, and we are to have a fight — a pretty, ding-dong, slashing affair, really enjoyable, as the weather begins to grow cooler. It is the opening of a new chapter in the anti-Tilden vendetta. Mr. David Robinson and myself had a chat with Mr. John Kelly [head of Tammany Hall] last week. He was told that the Governor desired the renomination of yourself and associate state officers; and he told us that he didn't desire any such consummation, that he was opposed to Bigelow and Fairchild (particularly Fairchild); and that if Gov. R. should go to him in New York and ask him to support those gentlemen in convention, he wouldn't do it. He was told that Gov. R. had not thought of making any request of him; that we had called simply to inform him of the views of the Governor. Of course you know the Governor well enough to realize

that this opposition adds strength and spirit to his purpose. The issue will be squarely made — Tammany or Robinson. I don't think that we have lost anything of our old strength, and I count as against us all the malcontents of '76. I am sorry that you are not here to see the marshaling of the clans.

We have already had a skirmish and a victory. You know our enemies have all along counted on playing Beach as their strongest trump card — for Secretary of State, as entering wedge; hence there has been much intriguing: first, to induce the Governor not to send in his name again for Bank Superintendent; and failing in that, to treacherously prevent his confirmation. Ellis<sup>1</sup> has been removed in disgrace; Beach's name was again sent in, and rejected by a vote of 15 to 15, according to the report of the associated press. This at Saratoga; and while we are puzzled by this vote, and wondering why Dorsheimer didn't break the tie, that gentleman (passing thro' Albany yesterday P. M.) sends me a request to state that, although the vote did originally stand 15 to 15, Carpenter and Moore, who had voted with the Democrats, suddenly changed under Woodin's bulldozing. Late last night, however, when our Saratoga correspondent reached our office, he reported that he was informed by Mr. Morrissey that after the vote was taken, and stood 15 to 15, Mr. Dorsheimer permitted at least two minutes to elapse before announcing the result, and then declared it lost! In other words, that an ordinarily prompt announcement of the result would have carried confirmation, as Mr. D. must have voted with his party; but that there was intentional delay to enable the Republicans to reclaim their two lost sheep. I shall soon have means of verifying or disproving this story. I understand Beach's position to be that he will not consent to the use of his name without the approval of the Governor, and the Governor says that Beach is the party candidate for Bank Superintendent, and that he will again send in his name next January.

Several of our Senators would like to get on the state ticket, and, of course, they don't "inwardly" approve of the Governor's attitude. Ross set Moses<sup>2</sup> at work for a new ticket, except himself and Olcott;<sup>3</sup> and at the same time pressed him upon the Governor for B'k Superintendent. Hence a coldness; and now

<sup>1</sup>De Witt C. Ellis, Superintendent of Bank Department since 1873.

<sup>2</sup>W. J. Moses, deputy state treasurer.

<sup>3</sup>F. P. Olcott, comptroller.

the discomfiture of Ross, himself, is among the probabilities. Kelly would gladly avoid the scrimmage, if he would go for an entire new deal, except Olcott. But our stakes are set. There must be no bargaining. Ross's course is very weak, and unless speedily changed, is almost certain to lead to a formidable combination against himself.

Lanning of Buffalo, Spriggs, Poucher, and Schoonmaker,<sup>1</sup> are candidates for Att'y-gen'l; but Kelly won't go for either. He is looking for a man of greater "depth and breadth and weight" — somebody, I suppose, after the fashion of the late acquisition to the famous law firm of Wingate & Cullen. Peckham is not in the race, and will fight on our side.

I have now given you, hastily, a sort of *pot pourri* of our latest politics. There is much more that can't well be trusted to a letter, but your imagination can safely and surely add all the spices to the delectable dish.

The Governor's hold on the regard of the people is stronger than ever, since the riots. Even the rebellious in our own ranks bend before his popularity. They protest that he must be sustained; that they wouldn't nominate anybody not heartily with him, etc., etc., but nevertheless their dark ways belie their speech, and they are not to be trusted, and will not be trusted.

\* \* \* \* \*

Sincerely yours,

DANIEL MANNING.

DANIEL MANNING TO BIGELOW

ALBANY, Sept, 19, '77.

*Dear Mr. Bigelow:*

I received your very welcome letter day before yesterday, and intended to acknowledge its receipt immediately, but to-night, after a tedious day at the State House and the office, is my first opportunity. The Governor has been at Elmira since the 11th, nursing his eyes. He remained with us until the state committee met at the Delavan House, and the emphatic manner in which he supported his friends was very formidable and refreshing. The

<sup>1</sup>Augustus Schoonmaker, Jr., state senator, appointed attorney-general Nov. 6, 1877.

committee met in the afternoon. There was an unprecedentedly large outside attendance, and many called at the Executive Chamber. I heard him say to a party of several callers, "I don't dictate; I merely express my views, and I tell you that a failure to renominate the present state officers will be regarded by the people as a rebuke of my administration, as a vote of want of confidence in me; and I, too, will certainly so regard it."

This is only a specimen brick of the outspoken, sledge-hammer fashion in which the fight is being conducted on our side. Since we opened, three or four weeks ago, the *Argus* has been a sort of gatling-gun newspaper. We haven't missed firing, a single day, and the old gun has grown decidedly hot. We have drawn the enemy's fire from all their old quarters, and they die hard. First, they said that we misrepresented Gov. R.; then, that Gov. Tilden disapproved of our course; and then that the "State Paper" ought to remain dumb; and now they insinuate that we got some of Tweed's money. This refers to the check which I foolishly, or thoughtlessly, endorsed at his request, several years ago, for identification at the Bank. If that charge should be made by any responsible party, we will sue for libel, as the most effectual way of disproving it. Kelly, you see, by means of his aldermanic committee, and his no less subservient Judge Donohue, brings Tweed out of jail every other day or so, to swear as he may think will prove most advantageous for his full release. Levien, of the *Herald*, tells me he knows that Tweed says he has an unqualified promise of release in return for his perjuries, in the event of Fairchild's defeat. No doubt he tells some truths, but his *ex parte* testimony and statements find few believers, and they no longer have the merit of novelty; while Kelly's game is so mean and outrageous that public sentiment turns against him in utter disgust.

It is amusing to hear our old enemies of 1874-75-76 talk glibly of the views and wishes of Gov. Tilden. They tell us that he confidentially advised a new ticket; that the *Argus* takes advantage of his absence to dictate; that if he were here it would sing another tune; and that he has too much sagacity to acquiesce in our plan. To all such I reply that the *Argus* has never connected his name with our present campaign; that we do not pretend to represent or know his views on this issue; that it is enough for us to know that we are fairly representing the convictions of

Gov. Robinson; that for the time being he is the head and leading guide of our party in the State; and that we propose to sustain him faithfully, fearlessly, and with all our might. They are trying their old game of threats against the *Argus*, but they haven't got anything better or worse than that check story to throw at us.

A gentleman from New York tells me he knows that Dorsheimer is a disappointment down there. I suppose they have discovered that he can't deliver according to the promise of his physique, or up to their expectations. I have no doubt that he is disappointed with them. He is under grave suspicions in regard to the Bank Superintendency. You see, the vote stood 15 to 15 — two Republicans voting with the Democrats. . . . The strongest point against him is that he ought to, but did not, declare the result, after receiving it from the clerk, without entertaining any other business. When I asked him why he did not do this, he replied that they wd have moved a reconsideration. Suppose they did. That wouldn't have been bad for us. It would have placed them in a bad plight before the public, and besides, we now know that some of the Republicans would have voted against a reconsideration. It is whispered that Harris<sup>1</sup> and Dorsheimer are singularly intimate, and it is said that Harris manœuvred against a confirmation because he wanted Lamb, the Deputy,<sup>2</sup> kept in charge of the Department. Beach confirmed, the Malignants would have been without a candidate upon whom they could have consolidated. Ross wanted Moses to have the place, and Senator Schoonmaker had a candidate in Mr. Jones of Greene County. So you see the Governor had many complications to contend with. Beach is acting badly, and I imagine I hear you say, "I told you so." Twice nominated by the Governor, with his full concurrence, and his confirmation defeated by those who are using his name to defeat us, it seems that the thinnest gratitude would lead him to consult the Governor before consenting to the use of his name. But he was in Albany twenty-four hours before calling upon the Governor, and then his face dripped with the perspiration of shame; and the weather was not warm.

At the meeting of the Committee they counted on a two-third vote, but we got it instead. It was like the meeting of our dele-

<sup>1</sup>Hamilton Harris, state senator.

<sup>2</sup>H. L. Lamb, deputy superintdt Bk. Dept.

gation at St. Louis. They entered the room with lowering countenances and eyes looking into vacancy, grouping themselves in the farthest corner, making motions and voting without animation, and accepting defeat in dumb astonishment. Of course I don't look upon that result as a certain index of the coming Convention. They are very bitter towards you and Fairchild, and there are many all over the State who would change one or the other, and go the rest of the ticket. There remains much work to be done, and we are not idle. To-night we have news of the two first conventions—Fulton and Montgomery. Both all right. It looks as if Ross is almost certain to go down. Moses is determined to run for the Senate against Woodin. Olcott is a perfect trump—one of our hardest and boldest fighters. Kelly may outlive, politically, all this pretty racket, but I doubt it.

One ring says to us, yield on Bigelow and we'll go the rest of the ticket; while the other ring says, we don't care particularly about Bigelow, but give up Fairchild, and we will vote with you for the rest of the old ticket. The answer is, we can afford to be beaten, but we cannot afford to compromise; and there will not be any compromise.

Have you forgotten that at the last convention anti-Tammany was given, without question, one-third of the city representation, and three of the seven committee-men? Can they be given less now? Are our friends likely to divide on such a question now? I think not. On the question as to where the convention should be held, they voted with us, for Albany, and thus Tammany had but one effective vote against us.

But all this gossip will tire you, so good night, and good-bye, until we meet again in old Albany, which event I hope is not many weeks distant.

I need not say that we are rejoiced to learn that the Governor's health is good and his spirits high. We all feel that the present campaign involves the complexion of our organization for the next Presidential contest. I feel very thankful for your letter and I have taken the liberty to copy for the Sunday *Argus* that portion of it which refers to America's opportunity. Thus I turn your labor to our profit. You needn't cable us as to whether the Governor is for a new or the old ticket, but if we win on the third of October, keep an ear open for the music of our telephone.

Most sincerely yours

*Hôtel Royal, Berlin, Sept. 20, 1877.* Left Paris yesterday mg. at 7:40. Slept at Hôtel du Nord, Cologne. On getting into the cars this mg. to come here whom should I meet but Count Münster, the German ambassador at London. He asked me to take a seat in his car, which I did. We talked nearly all day. He said Grant made a sad mess of his visit to the Queen at Windsor. She never has more than a dozen or so at her table; the rest of the people of her household have a table to themselves. She invited Grant, but not his son. He took him however without an invitation, and when the time came to sit down to dinner the young man was informed that he would find his place at the table with the gentlemen of the household. The boy supposed this meant the servants, and he said he would not go there and appealed to Papa. Papa said he should not go there either, and if he could not dine with him, he would not dine there either and would leave. The Queen said that rather than have any fuss about it, she would let the boy dine with them, and accordingly had him invited. The boy asked his father to present him to the Queen, which his father did, another proceeding which must have shocked the people of the court very much.

Münster first met Grant at the races. To Münster's first remark Grant said that here in England one saw "gentlemen" at races, but not in America. Münster then said, "You are here, General, at an interesting time." "Do you expect me to express an opinion on the eastern question?" Grant asked. "I don't care whether you do or not," replied Münster. Conscious that he had made a mistake, and trying to correct it, the General said, "Oh, I did not mean that; I meant merely to say that I'm such an important man that anything I might say would be taken up and quoted in America." "But," replied Münster, "I hope you do not take me for a newspaper reporter" — and left him.

Münster wondered why he did not go to the manœuvres in Germany on 1st September, now just closed, and where he was expected; thinks his pretensions to precedence were not allowed and that that was the cause of his absence.

Münster said that Prince Metternich has been trying to be appointed to London, but the Queen has requested that she might not be asked to receive him. The reason M. assigned was she feared the influence of Princess Metternich upon London society.

Münster did not approve of sending von Arnim to Paris, and

the day the nomination was made he met Bismarck riding in the Thiergarten, and Bismarck said, "I have just appointed von Arnim ambassador to Paris." "Well, you have made a very bad appointment." "I know it," said Bismarck. "Then why did you do it?" asked Münster. "Will you take it?" asked B. very seriously. "No, I will not," replied Münster. "Then you have nothing to say about it," said Bismarck. Münster says it was true that v. Arnim aspired to play the part of General Monk in bringing back one of the dynasties, and also that he and Decazes speculated on the Bourse upon their official information.

Münster just came from Knowsley, the residence of Lord Derby, whose income now he says exceeds £250,000 a year. It costs him £25,000 a year to keep up Knowsley. M. says Derby did not try to conceal his satisfaction with the check the Russians have received from the Turks. M. doubts whether they will not be obliged to withdraw from Bulgaria altogether this winter. If so, they will have to commence their next campaign where they commenced the first, at the beginning. He says they obtained their first successes by corruption and expected to have bought their way to Constantinople. The Turks discovered this, and finally got men in charge of the army and navy who were incorruptible, and since then they have had no trouble in holding their own with the Russians, and something over.

M. says the young Prince Napoleon seems to be a promising boy; he took a high stand at Woolwich, the 7th in his class. When the Emperor of Russia was at Woolwich two years ago he asked to see the Prince. He was informed that the lad was in the ranks or on service. "Oh, no matter," the Emperor replied, "call him out." They did so, and when the young man appeared, the Emperor kissed him in the presence of all the world. Münster referred to this fact as an illustration of the disposition of the Russians to support the Bonapartist wing in France. As if conscious that the Emperor had overdone the business, the people about him took great pains to have no publicity given to the incident by the press — another Russian artifice, for the Emperor knew the Prince would never forget it.

[On the 22d of September I met Münster again casually in the street, when learning that I was to leave for Paris the following day he expressed the desire that I would share his compartment as far as Hanover, which I cheerfully accepted.



Sept. 23.] I found that since we had parted he had slightly modified his view as to the possibility of a peace. He says he spent the evening with Bismarck, and now says if the Russians could have a slight success or could gain any concession from Turkey they would be ready to make peace. They would not hesitate a moment if they could have the freedom of the Dardanelles. He said Bismarck spoke to him of a paper that had been seized in Russia for saying, "So many soldiers have been killed and so many officers, but unhappily there were no Grand Dukes among them."

He referred to some articles recently written by Stoffel<sup>1</sup> discouraging all thoughts of vengeance in France, for the reason among others that Bismarck already saw the mistake he had made in taking Metz; and some fine day he will make a present of it to France. Münster says that Bismarck with all his power could not do that, nor is there any man strong enough. He said Moltke estimated the possession of Metz as equivalent to an army of 200,000 men, and in case of a Franco-Russian coalition against Germany, always to be apprehended, a *corps d'armée* with Metz would suffice to keep France in check until Russia was attended to. Besides, with Metz in possession of Germany, France could never invade Belgium without Germany's consent.

Münster gave several illustrations of Ignatieff's<sup>2</sup> capacity for lying, and mentioned that he had been sent to his estates. . . .

Münster thinks Beaconsfield a greatly overrated man. He succeeds by intrigue and flattery. He is a great favorite of the Queen because he never spares praise with her. He said to her once that he only read three books now, the Bible, Shakespeare, and her Majesty's Life of the Prince Consort. His making her Empress was another piece of flattery which pleased her much. She had no peace while her Imperial sister Augusta signed her letters as Empress Queen and she could not. He thinks Gladstone will never hold office again in England. . . .

[After Münster left me, I read in *Les Moralistes espagnoles* an account of King Alphonso X, called the Astrologer], something that reminded me of Hayes' system of civil service. Speaking of

<sup>1</sup>Eugene Baron Stoffel, military attaché of French Legation in Berlin, who reported to the French government the preparedness of the Germans for the Franco-German war.

<sup>2</sup>N. P. Ignatieff, general and diplomatist, for nearly fourteen years Russian representative at Constantinople, contributed to the rupture of the conference of Constantinople (Jan., 1877), and after the Russo-Turkish War, took part in the negotiations of Adrianople and San Stefano.

an Egyptian from whom he professed to have learned the mysteries of alchemy, the King said, "*Cet homme savait faire la pierre qu'on appelle philosophale, et il m'enseigna à la composer. Nous travaillâmes d'abord ensemble, puis je travaillai seul et mes finances s'augmentèrent considérablement.*"

"*Il est permis de douter,*" says his biographer, "*de la vertu de la pierre philosophale; quant à l'accroissement des finances du roi, l'histoire leur donne une cause plus naturelle et moins morale, en accusant Alphonse d'avoir altéré la monnaie frappée dans les Etats.*"

*Hotel Westminster, Oct. 1, 1877.* . . . I called this morning on Kate Field, whose card had been left on us by King. She was at 78 Rue Neuve des petits Champs. She has now put on the exactiveness of the journalist in place of that of the coquette, her age and plainness rendering the change a necessity. But for that, she would be very agreeable, for her manners are otherwise good, her wit ready, and intelligence more than common. I asked her to dine with us to-day. I then went with King to Louis Blanc and asked him to dine with us also. He said he was to speak to his constituents to-day at 2, but would come if he could be disengaged at a sufficiently early hour. I told him to come if he could. He did come, and Huntington and King and Miss Field, making six. Blanc did the best of the talking, of course, and the most. He described his meeting and gave the points he made, one especially upon McMahan, without mentioning his name, by telling a story of one of the first Napoleon's generals addressing his soldiers on the eve of an election: "Soldiers, you will vote as you please. You are perfectly free to act according to your conviction, but any man who does not vote this ticket I will run through with my sabre." This story was applauded with phrensy.

Louis Blanc then told us how he undertook, when in London, to deliver a lecture for the first time in English. Dixon (Edward), who was to preside, invited him to dine with him. During his dinner he suddenly lost his voice and seemed incapable of getting an utterance above a whisper. He was in despair. There was no way but to make the true excuse and dismiss the audience. But the audience consisted of everything most distinguished in London. The more they told him of the audience the worse he felt and the more feeble his voice became. Finally Dixon said they must show themselves and let the audience see that he could

not speak audibly. So Dixon went on the stage and made Louis Blanc's excuses, that his voice was so utterly gone within a few hours, &c. L. Blanc then went forward. Dixon's remarks had been received with sympathetic applause by the entire house. When Louis Blanc appeared the applause was deafening. He opened his mouth to utter a few sentences, mainly for the purpose of showing his dephonetized condition, when to his utter surprise his voice sounded clearer and louder than ever before. It was never in better state. He thereupon went on, spoke for two whole hours without the slightest inconvenience.

I was glad to find he shared my views entirely about Taine's *Ancien Régime*, about which he had a tussle with Huntington. I remarked that one could best apprehend the imperfections of Taine's book by reading de Tocqueville's book on the same subject. The one [de T.] was satisfying; the other not at all. The one presented facts according to their weight, value, and authenticity; the other, Taine allowed to all his facts the same weight, the same measure, and the same authority. Anything printed by anybody was quoted by him with the same respect as if written by another. L. Blanc said that was exactly so, and he was the more positive because he had just been reading it.

I told him I had been urged to advise Gambetta to bring in a bill at the opening of the next session for a general amnesty, and asked if he thought G. would entertain such a suggestion. He thought not. Gambetta is afraid of the men, or at least about 100 of them, and apprehends they may do him harm; and besides, he desires to conciliate the conservatives, who would hold such a step in horror. I told him of the letter which Cte de Montalembert wrote me deprecating the half-way amnesty of Johnson in 1865, and referring to the disastrous effect upon public opinion of shooting Marshal Ney. I said it was so easy to tell others how to do right. If Montalembert were here, he probably would be opposed to the amnesty. He said, no doubt; but expressed the greatest anxiety to have that letter, that he might read it in the Chambers when he spoke on that subject, for it would have, he thought, a prodigious effect. I promised that he should have it, and hope I will not forget it.

Of the mode in which the Church influences politics he told a story worth preserving. The brother of General Cavaignac was a *libre penseur*, a most intimate friend of Louis Blanc, and in fact died in his arms. One day he came to consult Louis about

a most delicate matter. He said his mother for two weeks had been at him every day to go and confess himself. It was no use to tell her that he did not believe in a priest pardoning sins, that he did not wish to act like a hypocrite, and so on. She only redoubled her pertinacity; asked if he was willing to embitter her remaining days, not only by refusing her request, by refusing her the assurance of his salvation, but by persisting in a course which would assure her of his damnation. This with sobs, and weeping, and tearing of hair, and getting upon her knees, had been his daily discipline for over a fortnight, and he wanted Louis to tell him what he ought to do. "I replied," said Louis, "that that was a question which he must decide for himself, and I could not accept the responsibility of advising him." He went off, and two days after, Louis heard he had been to confess, and the clerical journals immediately after his death made a great time over his "conversion," and his experience in the presence of death, of consolations which the Church only could furnish, and of which Cavaignac had till then always made light. "It is in this way," said Blanc, "that the priests retain their power through the women, the mothers and the sisters of the men." No man had more often dwelt upon this than Cavaignac himself. He was never done saying that the power of the priest lay in the weakness of the men in not resisting the solicitations of their wives and mothers set on by the priests.

Louis B. said Smalley had written to know if he might tell the story of Hugo and the Emperor of Brazil, which he had related at the dinner at our room. Louis said he asked Hugo, who said he had no objection provided every incident was made to redound to the honor of the Emperor of Brazil. How Hugo-ish! how French!

I was a little shocked when Miss Kate Field, who chanced to be one of our guests, as Louis Blanc rose to leave, rose also and said, "Mr. Blanc (he hates to be called Blanc), you have never returned my call." Louis did not appear to remember what she referred to, and she continued: "I brought to you a letter of introduction and you did not come to see me; when are you coming?" He answered, "Whenever you please. When would it be most agreeable [to you] to receive? [At] what hours do you receive?" &c. She, however — declining to name any hour when she was always at home — insisted upon his fixing an hour when he would come, and in which she at last triumphed. They agreed

at four o'clock to-morrow. Kate having no longer the authority to be *exigeante* as a young lady, as a coquette — is now *exigeante* as a journalist. . . .

*Edwards Hotel, London, Oct. 8, 1877.* We left Paris this morning at 7:35. The Channel was very rough. Tilden took a seat between the wheels, the most sheltered place on deck I have always supposed. When about a half hour out, a sea struck the boat with great violence, carried away one of the davits, and the boat suspended on it deluged the deck with water, wet Tilden to his knees, and saturated his blanket. There he sat till we got into the cars, an hour and a half, and three hours longer in the cars. He was dreadfully chilled, and became so sluggish and somnolent that I became quite alarmed. As soon as we reached Charing Cross station I sent him off with Louis [Mr. Tilden's valet] while I stayed to see the baggage through the custom house. When I arrived I found him standing before the fire with his legs bare and his short coat and vest on, waiting for a hot bath to be prepared to warm him. After that, he lay down and slept a little, after which he seemed to feel better, though weak — so weak that he refused to walk up and down the room a little as I wished him to do. Presently he took some supper — a chop, tea and toast, with a bit of cauliflower. This refreshed him, and he asked me to read his letters. Among them was a dispatch giving the composition of all the new state ticket. This relieved him very much, and he was quite gay and talkative. . . .

About 10 $\frac{1}{2}$  he complained of feeling chilly. I got him into bed as soon as possible. He had a chill in bed and then fever. I sent for Doctor Garrod, who came and prescribed something to sweat him and prevent a congestion from the chill he had received. We gave him a dose of that at 1 o'clock, and then I went to bed, Louis sleeping on the sofa in front of his bedroom door. . . .

*Tuesday, Oct. 9.* Doctor says the lower tips of Governor's lungs slightly congested, and heart weak. Must not go out to Smalley's dinner to-night, but stay in bed. His pulse and temperature improving, but too high yet to justify any relaxation of prudence or precautions. . . .

Dined with Smalley. The other guests were Mr., Mrs., and Miss Huxley, Mr. and Mrs. T. Hughes, Mr. Kinglake, and Mr. and Mrs. Hill of the *Daily News*. Mrs. Smalley was suffering

from a cold, and all were disappointed at Tilden's absence, which I had to explain in detail. The dinner was very nice and nicely served. . . .

Huxley, who sat next to me, and I, had been speaking of Grant's interview about Motley, Motley's fondness for titled people, and incidentally of the charms of aristocratic society. I said that I supposed their circle possessed some privileges enjoyed by no other class. "No," Huxley replied, "they are generally a dull set. Even the Duke of Argyle, a lettered, agreeable man, would be nothing without his title and is very much hampered by his rank." I said, "I suppose one day you will be required to contribute to the influence of the noble class by taking a title." "Oh, no," he exclaimed, and burst into a loud laugh. "First, I could not get it; and in the second place, I could not accept it, if offered. The government does well enough to reward in such ways as its sees fit those whose public services it is competent to appreciate, but it is not competent to appreciate my work at all. Nothing but evil ever comes of its attempt to measure and reward the work of men of science. Michael Faraday, the man who has placed his country under the greatest obligations of any man of science of our time, always refused to accept any patent of honor from the government, giving as a reason that he would never be sure of himself, if he were to accept one. Neither would I. I think the same is true of men of letters. The government is not competent to measure their work, and when they attempt to it only leads to intrigue and corruption." He was sorry Macaulay accepted a title. "However," added Huxley "he was only a pamphleteer in the interest of Whigism, and perhaps therefore he did not come within my rules. His work perhaps the government could appreciate. It is a matter for English people to take pride in that the greatest names of which she has to boast, Shakespeare, and Dryden, and Milton, had no title but that which the people awarded them." Huxley spoke of it as a curious instinct of the English people never to speak of Bacon as Lord Verulam, but as Lord Bacon, though there is no such title, and never was, as Lord Bacon.

Miss Huxley is a very pretty and agreeable girl, engaged to be married next June.

*Edwards Hotel, Oct. 11.* The Governor is improving, but persists in drinking so much stimulant of one kind and another,

coffee in the morning, tea at lunch and again at supper, together with brandy occasionally when there is an unexpected call upon his energy, that I do not hope for his restoration until he gets to sea. The doctor is not sure that he will be well enough to leave to-morrow, though he thinks he will, but the Governor himself is not quite sure he wants to go. A telegram from Pelton says Robinson and Manning say no harm if we are detained a week or two, — until after the election, that is to say. I have been very much worried by this kind of talk, and have given the governor notice that I at least must return without delay.

## BIGELOW TO LOUIS BLANC

STATE OF NEW YORK,  
OFFICE OF THE SECRETARY OF STATE,  
ALBANY, ——— 1877.

*My dear Sir:*

In compliance with the promise which I made you in Paris a few weeks since, I lose no time in sending you the letter written by the Count de Montalembert to me shortly after the termination of our Civil War, in which reference is made to the amnesty question.<sup>1</sup> As it is a letter to which I attach special value for its allusions to a then recent and serious domestic affliction, I will thank you when you have done with it to return it addressed to *John Bigelow, Highland Falls, Orange County, New York*. Should you have occasion to use this letter in the Assembly, I should esteem it a favor if you would send me newspaper report of the debate, as otherwise it might escape my attention.

Accept my congratulations upon the result of the elections in France. I had expected a larger republican majority, but perhaps the actual majority is large enough. It is as rarely given to political parties as to individuals, to bear wisely extraordinary success. President McMahan did not intend to make any concession to republicanism and thought in forming his new ministry, I suppose, that he had made none. In this he was mistaken. In the change itself there was an admission that in the act of the 16th of May he had meant to defy national opinion or that he had made a blunder. In either case he and his party are weakened before

<sup>1</sup>For this letter, see III, 161 *ante*.

the country. If, as the papers say, his change of ministers is merely a change of names — not of measures or policy — that fact when it transpires, as in due time it will, will weaken him and his allies still more and will consolidate the republican party by giving it confidence, courage, and what is more important & too generally lacking in France perhaps, respect for its leadership. Let the republican motto now be that which used to be inscribed on the Pillars of Hercules, *Plus Ultra*. Thus far every struggle of the Conservative party in France has only operated like the struggles of a pig with his throat cut, to make him bleed the faster. See to it, you who bear the banner under which the people conquer, that you appropriate the wasted blood and strength of your adversaries by moderation, firmness, and faith.

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Very Sincerely Yours



## XI

THE EVENING POST — DEATH OF BRYANT —  
THE CIPHER DISPATCHES

MOREAU TO BIGELOW

370 RUE ST. HONORÉ,  
2 janvier 1878.

*Mon cher Ami:*

\* \* \* \* \*

DANS quelques jours les élections pour le renouvellement du tiers du Sénat vont se faire et tout le monde s'attend au succès du parti républicain modéré qui aura pour conséquence de déplacer la majorité dans cette assemblée et de faire du centre gauche le pivot de cette majorité. Tout, du reste, est très-tranquille ici. Nos cultivateurs se plaignent amèrement de la concurrence sans précédent que leur font vos grains. Les statistiques annoncent une insuffisance de 20 millions d'hectolitres dans le rendement des céréales indigènes et malgré cela grâce aux importations et surtout à celles qui viennent des pays d'outremer, les blés et les farines et par conséquent le pain sont à bon marché. Jusqu'ici les années de mauvaises récoltes avaient été rémunératrices pour la culture qui vendait ses produits très chers, cette année on n'a ni la quantité ni le prix.

Nous sommes très frappés ici de l'ascendant qu'a repris l'Angleterre dans les affaires générales du monde. Il est bien certain aujourd'hui que les gros bataillons de la Russie pèsent moins lourds dans la balance que la politique sage et hardie de Lord Beaconsfield secondée par un crédit sans rival au monde.

Isaac Pereire vient de faire une brochure qui a assez étonné le

public. Sous le titre de *Question religieuse*, il engage le Pape Léon XIII à faire entrer l'Eglise dans une voie nouvelle et à s'occuper moins de dogme et de liturgie pour se mettre à la tête des questions anonymes de crédit et de banque. Il est peu vraisemblable que ce conseil soit suivi, et le pape a déjà bien assez des affaires de sa charge sans se mêler des autres.

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#### FROM MY DIARY

*January 30th, 1878.* John A. C. Gray tells me to-day that Mr. Henderson had been required to transfer all but five shares of his stock in the *Evening Post* to Godwin to secure him for what the *Evening Post* is owing for the purchase money of his stock. This shows that Henderson's money and credit are both gone, and that he is to-day, in all probability, a poor man. The papers were to have been signed yesterday. Monnell, Bryant, Godwin, Henderson, and some one else are the Trustees who are to have the future management of the paper. They will probably signalize their advent by rooting out all the Henderson interest in the paper so far as the editorship and book-keeping are concerned. There is something under the brush that smacks of fraud, I am told by Mr. Gray, who hears the subject discussed by Mr. Monnell, and it was to avoid another criminal prosecution that H. consented so quietly to the terms imposed.

Horace White is spoken of as the probable successor to Sperry.<sup>1</sup> If he can be secured the proprietors will be lucky, for he is not only capable as a journalist, but he is, I believe, a good man of business.

*New York, February 21, 1878.* The other day I picked up for 50 cts. a volume of *Letters, Speeches, Charges, Advices, &c. of Francis Bacon* . . . now first published by Thomas Birch, D. D., London, 1793. I have read about two thirds of it. The discourses do not amount to much, nor the letters either for that matter. But in one respect the collection has astonished me. Between the years 1617 and 1620, I think, I have discovered at least 20 letters from Buckingham commending the cases of suitors to Lord Chancellor, with the evident intention to bring Crown influence to bear upon his decision. For example:

<sup>1</sup>W. R. Sperry, late managing editor of the *Evening Post*. Horace White became connected with the *Evening Post* in 1883, and was editor-in-chief from 1899 to 1903.

“My desire unto your lordship is that you would shew the said Huddy what favor you lawfully may and it will bear, when it cometh before you, for my sake.” *Janry 1617.*

Feb'y 4, 1617, at the earnest request of his noble friend, Lord Norris, “on whom I account myself much beholden” he says, he proceeds to recommend unto Bacon’s special favor “Sir Thomas Monk who hath a suit before your Lordship in the Chancery with Sir Thomas Bassett, which upon the report made unto me thereof seemeth so reasonable that I doubt not the cause itself will move your Lordship to favor him, if upon the hearing thereof, it shall appear the same unto yr Lordship as at the first sight it appears to me. I therefore pray your Lordship to shew in this particular what favor you lawfully may, for my sake who will account it as done to myself.”

Again, Dec. 2, 1618, B. writes:

“I having understood by Dr. Seward that yr. lordship hath made a decree against him in Chancery, which he thinks very hard for him to perform; although I know it is unusual to your Lordship to make any alterations when things are so far past, yet *in regard I owe him* a good turn which I know not how to perform but in this way, I desire your Lordship, if there be any place left for mitigation, yr Lordship would show him what favor you may for my sake, in his desire, which I shall be ready to acknowledge as a great curtesy done unto myself.”

Thus continually this favorite of the King writes for favor to suitors, and several letters are in acknowledgment of such favor. True, Bacon could not help being written to perhaps by a nobleman in Buckingham’s position, but it is pretty certain that such appeals would not be persisted in for years, if they did not bear fruit. This correspondence shows that Bacon considered the administration of strict justice secondary to obliging the King.

In writing to Cecil he says, “But to do you service, I will come out of my religion at any time.” P. 25.

There is never an intimation in this correspondence that these suggestions are otherwise than agreeable or that they are without their weight. It is difficult to believe that these letters were from the pen of the author of the “Essays,” for they show no special literary merit. Perhaps Bacon was an overrated man, of which for these, besides many other reasons, I have long had suspicions.

*New York, February 27, 1878.* Gray called this evening and gave me another shock about the *Evening Post*. Mr. Monnell has discovered over \$200,000 wrongfully charged against Mr.

Bryant, \$105,000 in a single item. Mr. M. was to-day to have told Henderson that he must secure Mr. Bryant for this, by a mortgage upon, or surrender of, all or enough property for the purpose, or he must take his chances before the criminal court of going to the State prison; but unfortunately he was so ill that he was unable to leave his bed, & the matter will go over until to-morrow. Gray wants me to go into the paper & so does Julia. Mr. Bryant, when my name was mentioned, only said it will not do for the paper to come out Democratic. I see nothing in store for Henderson but ruin and disgrace.

If it should take such a direction, could I consent to take the laboring oar of the *Post* again? It would be one of the most embarrassing questions I have ever had to consider. A business office for its conveniences; a remunerative employment by which I might increase my income; a position which would increase my facilities for introducing Poultney and perhaps Johnny into a career; the restoration of the *Post* to its legitimate influence and authority; the rescue of Mr. Bryant from the jaws of destruction into which he seems hastening; the saving something for his family and preventing his existence from setting in a cloud — all these are considerations which would have great weight with me, and they deserve to have. I tremble lest they have too much, and precipitate me into something indiscreet.

Now the obverse is:

Putting a mortgage upon all my future and compelling myself to give all my time to the study of matters very many of which are of no interest to me; suspending, which I fear at my age means abandoning, the literary plans for which I have made so much preparation and from which I have promised myself much satisfaction; entering into financial engagements which must involve some risk; taking charge of a vast property, the exact condition of which it is exceedingly difficult to ascertain and from which therefore it is not possible to anticipate the result; associating myself in the management of a paper, the politics of which I cannot wholly adopt, nor wholly reject, without prejudice to the property nor without virtually administering a rebuke to Mr. Bryant; putting on the editorial harness at a time of life when it is uncertain whether I have a sufficiently lively interest in the popular topics of the day to treat them in a popular way. Are the probabilities of success sufficient to justify the experiment? and finally; putting myself in a position which will

interfere very seriously with my enjoyment of my home in the country.

Here is an array of obvious difficulties which, great as they are, I feel that I am in more danger of underrating than overrating.

*March 17, 1878.* Yesterday mg. attended a breakfast given at the Century to Bayard Taylor.<sup>1</sup> About 40 Centurions. Bryant, the President, made a very happy speech, and Taylor's reply was tolerably felicitous. He read it. Geo. W. Curtis made a very happy speech. His also was written. Then they called for Bellows, and then for me. I spoke a few minutes. I made the appointment of another of them d —— d literary fellows to office an occasion for saying that I remembered no great fame made by a diplomatist pure and simple, and I said that the most famous names in diplomacy derived their fame from their achievements as men of letters. I illustrated it from Chaucer down. Talleyrand was an apparent exception. He owes his fame to his wit and social qualities, not to anything he did as a diplomatist.

*Saturday, April 6, 1878.* Baron Blanc, the Italian Minister, Sir Peter Coates (knighted I believe for his excellence in the manufacture of cotton thread), Mr. & Mrs. George Folsom, Mr. Sedgwick, and Miss Hunt, a grandniece of Chancellor Livingston, dined with us. I had to go and get a waiter at 6 o'clock, the dinner hour. I told the story of the Empress Carlotta I had read this P. M. in Tissot's *Vienne et les Viennois* which I bought this mg., when she went to Rome to seek aid for her husband in Mexico, being rec<sup>d</sup> by the Pope while at his breakfast and [her] taking his cup of chocolate & drinking it off, saying as she did so, this I know is not poisoned; and then asking to dine & pass the night at the Vatican, as they were trying to poison her at her hotel. Baron Blanc said he had not heard that; but he was assured that when she asked her first audience of the Pope, she was admitted by one door of the vast reception hall and the Pope awaited her at the opposite end of it. The long walk imposed upon her, with all its discouraging and painful implications, was too much for her nervous system, and it gave way. That was the beginning of her derangement, or of a relapse of it.

Blanc also told me this, which was new. Eloin, the private secretary of Maximilian, a Belgian, was sent to the different

<sup>1</sup>About to go abroad as minister to Germany.

courts to ascertain their sentiments toward him and the prospects of his receiving any relief. At the Austrian court he was told that if Maximilian came back, he must expect to rank as an Archduke and not as an Emperor. This report was brought to Maximilian after he had rec<sup>d</sup> the report of the Empress's derangement and as he was on his way to embark from Vera Cruz where the frigate *Dandolo* awaited him. It decided him to return and live or die an Emperor. It was, therefore, his brother and not Juarez who killed him, for but for his brother's declaration, Maximilian would never have been shot. . . .

*Friday [April 12].* I called on Julia Bryant, who, I had just heard, had been seriously ill for two weeks. Miss Fairchild was engaged in fixing her for the night and she could not see me, so I asked for Mr. Monnell who is still staying there, arranging the affairs of the *Post*. I was greatly relieved at the intelligence which he gave me of its affairs.

1. Mr. Bryant has been fully secured for everything due him from Henderson,

2. Henderson has no longer any connection with the *Post*, and only an equity of redemption upon some of the stock of which it is not likely he will ever be able to avail himself; and if he does, it will give him no power in the management of the property, which is now all in the hands of Bryant, except what was pledged to secure the debt of the *E. Post* to Godwin,

3. The paper is netting about \$5,000 a month,

4. The real estate will probably be sold under the hammer before long, and the money is ready to buy it for the *Post*,

5. This has all been accomplished without any public scandal, with the entire acquiescence of Henderson, and without the least detriment to the business of the concern. Mr. Monnell either greatly overestimated his achievements or grossly misrepresented them, I fear.

*Saturday, April 27, '78.* . . . Called upon Morgan, E. D., last evening. He said that when Hayes was nominated, he inquired of every leading Repub. in Ohio about the man, who were his confidential friends & what were his political ways. He got but one answer from all; he had no confidants. He spoke of his plans to no mortal man. I asked if that was because he had none. He said H. had been elected Govr. 3 times, the last against his

earnest protest. That looked as if he had some of the secrets of success.

*Sunday, June 2, 1878.* . . . I sent the carriage to West Point to get David A. Wells to come down & spend the day with me. . . . Wells brought Col. Venable with him, a Confederate general & now prof of mathematics in the University of Virginia. Wells while here, toward night, took up the *Herald* and read Anderson's testimony yesterday, and seemed a good deal disturbed by it. He said Nordhoff seemed to think the evidence was more important than had been anticipated. I told him it was hardly to be expected that the present Congress could have been forced into voting for an investigating committee unless they had become satisfied that they would be ruined at home by voting against it or they were convinced that there was in existence some thing which would make resistance to its production compromising. "Well," said Wells, "what then?"

The future, I said, must take care of itself. It had always proved capable of doing it, & always would. If proof of an indisputable character should be presented that Hayes was not elected, and the responsibility for the frauds by which he was seated should be traced to Washington, as I was persuaded they would be, Hayes, if he was a man fit to be President, would take his hat and retire; would decline to hold the office a moment after he was satisfied he had no right to it.

Wells said, "I suppose he has a perfect legal title to the Presidency."

There is nothing better settled in law, I said, than that nothing can cure fraud in a title.

"Well, it will be a dreadful thing I fear to undertake to change the Presidency except by another election."

"Oh," I said, "you can't tell anything about what will happen till you know what state of public opinion will exist when the facts are fully before the people. It may be so pronounced that no one will think it worth while to attempt to resist it." I did not add what I might have added, if I had been willing to make him feel more uncomfortable than I found he did feel at having been weak enough to accept a paltry office at the hands of this Presidential imposter — that there would be no trouble if the investigating Commission did not make out a case; nor did any one pretend to apprehend any if they [the Commission] did; no trouble

could arise except from resistance on the part of Hayes and his friends who might try to maintain themselves in a government they had fraudulently usurped. To yield to that is to surrender popular sovereignty at once, and put a premium upon fraud and violence in politics.

I think Wells saw this logical necessity without my saying anything, for he seemed silent and gloomy and unhappy all the rest of the evg. I drove them up to the Point, and he said little or nothing all the way.

R. C. WATERSTON TO BIGELOW

MOUNTAIN COTTAGE, WHITEFIELD, N. H.,  
June 27th, 1879.

*Dear Sir:*

. . . While you were absent from the country, fulfilling your high mission in France, during the summer in which the Bryants occupied your charming home at West Point, known as "The Squirrels,"<sup>1</sup> they wrote to Mrs. Waterston and myself to make them a visit there, which we did, and never can I cease to remember with thankfulness that delightful occasion, in the splendor of that scenery, the walks and the conversations both with Mr. and Mrs. Bryant. I could tell you many things connected with that delightful visit. Your books were there, so that I became familiar with your library. We talked of you many times, so that I came to feel something like personal friendship. Thus when you published your valuable edition of Franklin, I at once obtained it and read it, not only with intense interest, but with a sense of nearness and as it were relationship. Mrs. Bryant was not strong, and a certain feebleness reminded her of a possible change. One day leaning upon my arm as she gazed out upon the river, the whole scene seeming like Heaven, she said, "You can hardly wonder that I do not wish just yet to leave such a beautiful world." And then looking with tender affection at Mr. Bryant who was standing at a little distance, she added, "I should like to stay and see William through."<sup>2</sup> That was not to be but now I rejoice that they are together "in Heaven's sweet

<sup>1</sup>In 1859. I was abroad, but, at that time, had no foreign mission.

<sup>2</sup>Mrs. Bryant died on the 27th of July 1866; her husband survived her twelve years.



climate," though Paradise could hardly be more beautiful than the scene in which we there stood, or the love of Heaven more pure or perfect than the love which united them when here.

\* \* \* \* \*

Truly and respectfully yours,  
R. C. WATERSTON.

*Tuesday, June 11.* Rec<sup>d</sup> a telegram yesterday from Mr. Platt<sup>1</sup> stating that Mr. Bryant was very low, and Miss Bryant wished to see me. I went down in the two o'clock train. I found Mr. Bryant had been considered as beyond the reach of human aid since Saturday last. His demise was liable to occur at any moment. Miss Fairchild received me, and afterward Miss Minna Godwin came in. I asked if I could see Mr. Bryant. They said they thought there would be no possible objection now. Just then Dr. Gray rang the bell & went up. Minna said I must wait till he came down. I asked that he might come into the dining room, that I might see him when he came down. He came presently; said there had been hemorrhage of the brain & paralysis of the left side, & that it was now only a question of time.

I then went upstairs. I found the invalid lying in the hall room attended by a man nurse. He was breathing hurriedly, his eyes were closed, and he seemed to be entirely unconscious. He moved his hands occasionally, at least one of them, under the bed-clothes, and once he put up his hand and parted his moustache one side as if to get it out of his mouth. The nurse fed him some milk with a spoon. He took the food in a way to show he was not asleep but in a condition of imperfect consciousness. He evidently suffered no pain.

I visited him again about 9 o'clock in the evening. He was then breathing with difficulty, and making a noise in the effort which I heard distinctly in the parlor below. The windows were open, to give him as much air as possible. I tarried for half an hour. . . .

I had called about 8 at the house of Dr. Bellows, from whom I learned that Julia had requested him the day before to advise with Mr. Graham,<sup>2</sup> Mr. Platt, Mr. Geo. Schuyler, and myself,

<sup>1</sup>J. H. Platt, an executor of Mr. Bryant's will.

<sup>2</sup>John Graham, an executor of Mr. Bryant's will.

about the arrangements for the funeral. He said she felt herself instructed by her father to have as quiet a funeral as possible, only a few friends to accompany him to his grave. Dr. Bellows had attempted to remonstrate with her on the ground that her father was a public man and that something was due to that. She said her father had said to her when her mother was buried that he wished her to see that his funeral was quite private, and that he has repeated that wish to her frequently since, and once within a month; & on that a/c she could not feel herself at liberty to exercise any discretion. She thought if the body were taken down to Roslyn, it might be buried there without difficulty, either from the house or church, without any conflict with his wishes.

Dr. Bellows then said that he would not disguise his disappointment at this determination; that Mr. Byrant was one of the most assiduous attendants of his church when in town — indeed, the most assiduous; that he was proud of the fact, and would like on many grounds to have the funeral exercises at his church — though of course he would wish to follow Mr. Bryant's wishes.

After some further discussion I said that I was satisfied that the way most in harmony with Mr. Bryant's taste and which would have least of the appearance of the awkward squad firing over his grave, was for the body to be taken to the church beforehand, no procession or pallbearers; a funeral service conducted in the usual way at the Church by the Dr. himself, who at the close would announce that the body of the deceased would be taken to Roslyn for interment, & dismiss the audience. Then the body would be replaced in a hearse, and taken to a steamer to be provided for the purpose and taken to Roslyn, where he might be interred with such additional ceremonies as might be thought suitable. In the steamer, such friends of the family as Julia might select could be taken down & brought back the same day. This programme was agreed upon, and I was instructed to report it to Julia for approval.

*Sunday, June 16, 1878.* I ret<sup>d</sup> to town in the first train. [Wednesday, June 12] Mr. Bryant had passed away that morning about 5.<sup>40</sup> o' the clock.

\*            \*            \*            \*            \*            \*

Went to the house, where I discussed with Julia the plan we

had formed of a funeral at the Church of All Souls, with the least possible ceremony. She said she was disappointed; she had hoped for a perfectly quiet interment at Roslyn; but finally, after being made to see the risk she would be taking of seeming to despise the interest which the world at large felt in Mr. Bryant, and the impossibility of burying so large a personality as if he were merely a favorite horse or dog, she concluded that we were right, and gave her assent.

\* \* \* \* \*

We decided to take the remains as soon as possible after the service by rail, which had the advantage of going most rapidly and landing the company at the gate of the cemetery. . . .

Dr. Bellows' discourse, which he read to me on Wednesday evg., June 12, at tea, was admirable, & every one of many whom I asked about it after it was delivered, said it was up to the occasion. Julia charged me to say to the Dr. that she thanked him & that his address was entirely satisfactory.

The tone of the press on Thursday morning was excellent. The theme seemed to lift it up. I doubt whether an edition of the New York press was ever published by which it might be more content to be judged.

\* \* \* \* \*

Mr. Platt informed me, to my great surprise, that I am named in the will as one of the executors of Mr. Bryant's estate. Mr. Bryant had never mentioned such a purpose to me. The will was to be opened yesterday, and Platt asked me if I would not be present. I said that I had no information, on which I was at liberty to take notice, that I was named in the will, and therefore, I should feel myself without an excuse for presenting myself at the reading of it. Besides which, as there was no possible advantage to result from my being there that I knew of, the best way, I thought, was for him to send me a copy of the will when, after reading it, it should be found to impose any duties upon me, and to notify me of the time & place to meet the other parties charged with the execution of the will. He said he would do it. He said he had read the will — I presume he wrote it — and knew that I was one of the executors.

On the 17th of June I received the following note from Miss Minna Godwin, Mr. Bryant's eldest granddaughter.

*Private*

Tuesday, June 17 [18].  
19 E. 37 Street.

*My dear Mr. Bigelow:*

In reading the will yesterday, you were mentioned as one of the executors. As we think it important to have someone that understands the business at the *Eve. Post*, and as the other executors do not, we hope that you may not find it inconvenient to accept the position.

With regards to the family I am

Very sincerely yours,

MINNA GODWIN.

On the 21st of June I called upon Mr. Platt and learned from him that the executors of Mr. Bryant could not be sworn in till notice had been served personally or by advertisement on Mrs. Godwin, then in Europe. Of course when I first became assured that I had been named in Mr. Bryant's will as one of his executors, I assumed that it would be my duty to qualify and serve as such. I may be pardoned for adding that I esteemed my selection by Mr. Bryant for such a duty quite the most honorable and flattering distinction ever bestowed upon me.

When I came to read the will and note the number of executors designated for its execution, though it did not diminish in the least my pride in being one of the five, I could see no propriety in adding to the expenses of the estate a fifth executor. Indeed, I felt ashamed to accept the trust when I discovered that the will disposed of all the testator's property to members of his family who were all of mature years and as capable of taking care of it, at least, as I was.

On the 28th of July I wrote to Mr. Platt that I saw no sufficient cause for my qualifying as executor, and he concurred in that opinion.

On September 7th I received from Mrs. Godwin, who had returned from Europe, the following note:

SNELL FARM, CUMMINGTON  
Sept, 6th, 1878.

*My dear Mr. Bigelow:*

Many thanks for your note, and friendly welcome. I regret that necessary engagements will prevent my visiting you this fall.

Minna tells me that you think of not qualifying as executor under father's will. Pray change your mind; at any rate, do not act in the matter before seeing me, & oblige

Your sincere friend

FANNY BRYANT GODWIN.

I waited upon Mrs. Godwin and convinced her that it was subjecting the estate to a useless expense to have me qualify as executor, and that in case she ever needed my advice she would be welcome to it for the asking.

JOHN C. GOURLIE TO BIGELOW

STOCKBRIDGE, MASS.,  
July 1, 1878.

*My dear Bigelow:*

\* \* \* \* \*

I knew Mr. Bryant by being a member of the "Sketch Club," a great many years ago, and I think he always was my kind friend.

The day before I left to come to this place, he called at our house in 17th St. I was at home. He said, "I am glad you are in. I feel lonely, as Julia has gone to Atlantic City for her health, and I came to spend an hour with you" — which he did, and I never knew him more cheerful and in finer health. I had occasion to go around to his house that evg to take something I had made for him — a *black board* with which (or one like it) I do all my reading. You will hardly understand it unless you saw it. It is a simple invention of Prof. Rood — made for me. Mr. Bryant tried it in my room while there and could read so well with it, and as he expressed so much satisfaction with it, I made *two* for him and took them around to him. He was then alone, reading the *Evening Post* in his dining room. He thanked me and said, "Gourlie, you're a good natured man."

These were the last words the dear old gentleman made to me! I left for Stockbridge the next day, only to hear too soon afterwards of his sad accident. It broke my heart to learn the news and it made me indignant to think he was not permitted to go

directly home after the ceremonies. I forbear any comments on Wilson's leading him away!<sup>1</sup>

Yes! I loved Mr. Bryant. His kindness to and familiarity with me were always cordial and brotherly, for I had known him and he me more than forty years. I have seen him at home and in Europe and our intercourse was of a friendly, and, sometimes, of a very confidential character. This I am quite sure *you* will believe.

\*      \*      \*      \*      \*      \*      \*

Mr. Bryant's memory,  
His self discipline and control,  
His placid life in later years,  
His intense activity, physical and mental,  
and then the freshness of his love of nature — were all marked features of the man. . . .

How I will miss my dear friend — no one knows! My visits were made to him in the *morning* about 9 to 10 o'clock, and I was always welcome. He would tell me what he was at work at &c., &c., and complain of annoyances to which he was subject and other things of like nature — but — I will tell you hereafter.

\*      \*      \*      \*      \*      \*      \*

Very truly yours,

JOHN C. GOURLIE

JOHN C. GOURLIE TO BIGELOW

STOCKBRIDGE, MASS.,  
July 6 [1878].

*Dear John:*

When you write me will you please inform me if Mr. Watson R. Sperry is still the *managing* Editor of the *Evening Post*. I sent to him a few days since, [a letter] in which I informed him of a grievous error in Grant Wilson's "Mr. Bryant's last words." Wilson states that he asked Mr. Bryant, "Which do you consider your best portrait?" Mr. Bryant is reported to have said, "Of

<sup>1</sup>Mr. Bryant, after delivering an address at the unveiling of a statue to Mazzini, the Italian patriot, in Central Park, New York, was invited by General James Grant Wilson to accompany him across the Park to the General's home on foot. Mr. Bryant was too amiable to decline the invitation.

the earlier portraits the one by Inman *which you have seen at the Century Club*" &c., &c. I informed Mr. Sperry that there was *no* portrait of Mr. Bryant, by Inman, at the Century Club. There *never* was one by Inman at the Club; that there was *no painted* portrait of him in the Club, and that Mr. Bryant with his wonderfully active and perfect memory, *never could have made the remark!* I said "The only portrait *ever* painted by Inman, of Mr. Bryant, was a miniature painted in 1832 — and engraved for the N. Y. *Mirror*, and that, probably, that miniature was in the possession of the family of Genl. Morris<sup>1</sup> — the Editor of the *Mirror*."

I gave Mr. Sperry in my letter the privilege of publishing my remarks — the truth of which was corroborated by Danl. Huntington, in a letter he wrote me last week.

Mr. Huntington said that Mr. Bryant was always correct in his memory of names, and that he could never have jumbled the names of his old associates, Cole, Inman, Durand, Morse, &c., together.

Very truly yours

At the memorial meeting of the Century Association held in honor of William Cullen Bryant on the 12th of November, 1878, and pursuant to a resolution of the Century, I delivered an address of which I give the following passages: . . .

Bryant sprang into the world as a poet full grown. His muse had no adolescence. As with Pindar, the bees swarmed in his mouth while yet a child. At eighteen he took his place as the first poet of the country, but not to realize the too common fate of such rare precocity and fall a prey to the envy of the gods, as Dryden puts it, who

‘When their gifts too lavishly are placed,  
Soon they repent and will not make them last.’

“There is no evidence that Bryant’s genius ever suffered from prematurity of development. He never wrote a poem from the day that ‘Thanatopsis’ appeared until his death that was unworthy of his best, and the cadences yet linger in the air of those impressive lines with which he commemorated the last birthday of the

<sup>1</sup>G. P. Morris (1802–1864), one of the founders of the N. Y. *Mirror* and *Ladies Literary Gazette*, and later, of the *New Mirror* and the *Evening Mirror*; established the *National Press* and the *Home Journal*; served in the N. Y. Militia in every grade from private to brigadier-general; author of *Woodman Spare that Tree*.

hero of our Republic. Was there ever a more meritorious poem written by a youth of eighteen than 'Thanatopsis'? Was there ever a nobler, a more Homeric thought more exquisitely set to verse by an octogenarian than is developed in the three last stanzas, which I offer no apology for reciting from his last printed poem, entitled, 'The 22d of February,' the birthday of Washington?

Lo, where beneath an icy shield,  
Calmly the mighty Hudson flows!  
By snow clad fell and frozen fields,  
Broadening the mighty river goes.

The wildest storm that sweeps through space,  
And rends the oak with sudden force,  
Can raise no ripple on his face,  
Or slacken his majestic course.

Thus 'mid the wreck of thrones shall live,  
Unmarred, undimmed our hero's fame,  
And years, succeeding years, shall give  
Increase of honors to his name.

"No one will deny that, in one respect at least, Bryant's fame was entirely unique. He was the author of the finest verses ever produced by any one so young and so old as the author of 'Thanatopsis' and of 'The 22d of February.' . . .

As a consequence of the severe conscientiousness which ruled his tongue and consecrated his pen, Bryant never wrote a poem which was not winged with a high moral purpose. He never degraded his gift of song to the glorification of any of the lusts of the flesh, the pride of the eye or the pride of life; he never wrote an erotic or bacchanalian song; he never burned incense upon the altars of transient popular idols. He never exchanged praise for money or honors, 'nor opened a shop for condolence or congratulation.' There is perhaps no feature of Bryant's poetry that more faithfully reflects the completeness and admirable proportions of the man than its freedom from what is transient and perishable; from what is born of the passion, the prejudice, or the weakness of the hour; from everything wearing the livery of the period. . . .

Bryant's muse lacked those qualities which insure a prompt and general popularity. It was owing less, I think, to a lack in himself of the qualities necessary to secure immediate acceptance



than to the presence of qualities which consecrated his muse to more exalted uses. He had an exquisite humor, but it was the servant of his thought and not its master; no one could tell a story better, but his stories were only the accessories to opinions of greater moment, the blossoms incident to fruiting. Who shall say that with his wonderful mastery of the poetic art, had he been disposed, he might not have been the popular satirist of the day, or the sentimental favorite of the *salon*; that he might not have excelled as a writer of amorous and bacchanalian verse, and, like too many of our English classics, have made himself the idol of the drinking saloon and the brothel. The fact that he never prostituted his muse to any such base uses only proves that his aims were higher; that he wished to be the interpreter of universal truth, not of transitory opinions; to elevate and purify rather than to amuse; to quicken our nobler sensibilities, rather than be simply the interpreter of our baser natures; and in short he attached more value to the solemn verdict of posterity than to the freakish applause of contemporaries. Enough praise has never been given to what poets of genius have sometimes forborne to write.

\* \* \* \* \*

“Bryant was born to the same sinful inheritance as the rest of us; but I can say of him with perfect truth, that with his faults he was always at war. No one better than he knew the enemies with which the human heart is always besieged, the enemies of his own household; and few men ever fought them more valiantly, more persistently or more successfully. Those who only knew him in his later years would scarcely believe that he had been endowed by nature with a very quick and passionate temper. He never entirely overcame it, but he held every impulse of his nature to such a rigorous accountability that few have ever suspected the struggles with which he purchased the self-control which constituted one of the conspicuous graces of his character. Bryant had his faults, but he made of them agents of purification. He learned from them humility and faith; a wise distrust of himself, and an unfaltering trust in Him, through whose aid he was strengthened to keep them in abeyance. By God’s help he converted the tears of his angels into pearls.

“It was this constant and successful warfare upon every unworthy and degrading propensity that sought an asylum in his

heart, that made him such a moral force in the country; that invested any occasion to which he lent his presence with an especial dignity; that gave to his personal example a peculiar power and authority. No one could be much in the society of Bryant without feeling more respect for himself, without being conscious that his better nature had been awakened to a higher activity; without an increased reluctance to say or do anything which Bryant himself under similar circumstances would probably not have said or done.

“Though not at all given to speak of himself or of his own habits or methods of life as a guide for others, the radiance of his example had a peculiar efficacy. Like the shadow of St. Peter, upon whomsoever it fell it seemed to exert a healing influence. In that bright example he still lives. To a life so full of wisdom and virtue, so complete and symmetrical, there is change, there is growth, but there is no death. The attributes of God are imperishable.”

Bayard Taylor, R. H. Stoddard, and E. C. Stedman each read a poem.<sup>1</sup> Two days later, by invitation of the Long Island Historical Society I read before that body a paper on the latest heir presumptive to the Imperial Crown of Mexico, Don Augustin de Iturbide.<sup>2</sup>

#### FROM MY DIARY

*Highland Falls, November 18, Monday Evening.* Recd a note from Mrs. Godwin this evening in which she says:

“I cannot forbear expressing to you my feeling about yr. address on Father [at the Century] which I have read over several times. That he sh’d be so well understood & appreciated, both mentally and morally, by one who has seen so much of him is a great satisfaction and consolation to me. It was no panegyric, but just what he would like said of him, and delivered, so Godwin tells me, with an elegant simplicity which left nothing to be desired, and worthy of the matter. I am sure that you will like to hear that Godwin cannot say enough in praise both of the address, its style, matter, and delivery.”

<sup>1</sup>The proceedings were printed by the Association (Press of G. P. Putnam’s Sons) under the title *Bryant Memorial Meeting of the Century*.

<sup>2</sup>Published in *Harper’s Monthly Magazine* for April, 1883.

It was gratifying to receive such an assurance that I was not thought to have fallen below my theme.

## D. MAGONE TO BIGELOW

OGDENSBURG [N. Y.], Jan. 14th, 1879.

*My dear Friend:*

I am this morning in receipt of the Proceedings of the Memorial Meeting of William Cullen Bryant, for which I return sincere thanks. I feel an additional tie binds me to the deceased poet, since his daughters exhibited the merit of attending the proceedings in company with Gov. Tilden, instead of recognizing the acting President.<sup>1</sup> All praise to these worthy women. Should occasion offer, thank them for me, a sincere admirer of their honored father.

Respectfully yours

## FROM MY DIARY

*Monday, December 2d, 1878.* . . . Week before last Ex-Gov<sup>r</sup> Moses of S. C. called & sent up his card. His business [was] to place at Gov. Tilden's disposal a letter written by Judge Carter to his father offering a judgeship or some other nice place if he would decide *right* on a question before him affecting the validity of the election returns in that State. I said, very well. Well, he said, he was just beginning the practice of the law here and he wanted a good word to help him along. I told him that of course neither Tilden nor I knew enough of him to give a letter that would do any good. Knowing that his next move would be for money, I said that if I were in his place I would use or not use the letter of Judge Carter as I saw fit, but I would attach no conditions whatever to its use, for they would only qualify its value. He said that was so; that the letter was in S. C.; that he must go there to get it; that he had no money and was anxious to

<sup>1</sup>R. B. Hayes.

go on his own account, and if I would pay his fare there he would send me the letter by return mail. Between the weakness of my character for people in poverty, and the strength of my curiosity to see what the scamp would develop, I handed him \$40. He assured me that the letter would be here by Wednesday last. I must have believed he meant to send it when I gave him \$40, but I do not now see how I could have believed him for a moment.

## XII

ARISTOCRACY VERSUS DEMOCRACY — THE CIPHER DISPATCHES  
— FRANKLIN'S CHARACTER — ROBINSON AS CANDIDATE  
FOR GOVERNOR

CAPTAIN ST-CLAIRE STEVENSON TO BIGELOW

Le 23 [et 24] janvier 1879 — on *board* the "DONAU."

*Cher Monsieur:*

\* \* \* \* \*

**D**U PREMIER ouvrage<sup>1</sup> j'aurai peu de choses à dire; sur quelques points je suis de votre avis, surtout en ce qui concerne la politique de M. Thiers. Elle a été fort bien comprise en France, du reste; & elle lui a valu le sobriquet de "Faute-de-mieux 1<sup>er</sup>" — Sur la question de monarchie héréditaire ou de monarchie pure et simple, je me permettrai une seule observation. Comme républicain, puisque vous n'admettez pas les bienfaits de la monarchie, vous ne pouvez pas admettre ceux de l'aristocratie, de la noblesse d'un pays. Prenez la France, si vous le voulez bien. Elle existe. Vous la considérez, sans doute, comme un monument national, une belle ruine historique. Pour moi il n'y a pas de France possible sans noblesse. Je ne conçois pas plus une nation sans une aristocratie classée, sans une noblesse, que je ne concevais une armée sans état-major. La noblesse est l'état — major intellectuel & moral d'un pays. Elle l'a été toujours; elle a été la tête, le cœur & le bras de la nation. Vous me direz qu'une aristocratie doit surveiller attentivement la marche de la civilisation de son temps & de son pays, & non seulement la suivre, mais la guider toujours. Vous me direz

<sup>1</sup>*France and Hereditary Monarchy.*

qu'en France nous avons cet état-major intellectuel que vous demandez; que c'est l'aristocratie naturelle & légitime du travail du mérite. Celle-là ne vous manquera jamais. Qu'il ne faut pas créer une institution, quand il y a là une faite, éternelle de sa nature, qui se renouvelle & se perpétue d'elle-même à chaque génération.

Je ne suis point de votre avis, si telle est votre pensée. Et je vous demanderai, si vous croyez de bonne foi, qu'une nation, un génie national, une civilisation nationale, puissent naître, se développer et se conserver par le seul fait des individualités plus ou moins brillantes que chaque génération met au jour? Interrogez l'histoire! ou plutôt regardez votre propre pays, l'Amérique. Les Etats-Unis ont, comme tous les autres états, leur contingent naturel d'hommes de talent & de vertu; ont ils ce qu'on peu appeler un génie national? Quel est il? Faites moi l'honneur de m'en décrire un seul trait. Vous n'avez pas seulement de capitale, & je vous défie d'en avoir une, car une capitale n'est que le siège d'une aristocratie. Non, cher Monsieur, le fait ne suffit pas; il y a une loi qu'on ne peut méconnaître: rien de fort, rien de grand, rien de durable, sous le ciel, sans l'autorité, sans l'unité, sans la tradition. Ces trois conditions de grandeur & de durée vous ne les trouvez que dans une institution permanente. Il faut une unie tribu sainte à la garde du feu sacré. Il nous faut un corps d'élite qui se fasse un devoir & un honneur héréditaires de concentrer dans son sein le culte du génie de la patrie, de maintenir, de pratiquer ou d'encourager les vertus, l'urbanité, les sciences, les arts, les industries, qui composent ce que le monde entier salue sous le nom de civilisation française. Avec cette aristocratie là, notre société, notre patrie vivront & grandiront. Sinon, non. Paris, vrai symbole aristocratique, se maintiendra encore quelque temps — voilà tout. . . . Et ce que je pense là, s'applique aussi bien à la monarchie qu' à l'aristocratie, car après tout, le roi ou l'empereur n'est autre que le chef choisi de la noblesse. Et vous-même, cher Monsieur, vous sentez si bien en Amérique ce besoin d'avoir ce corps d'élite, cet état-major, cette tête; & ce cœur de la nation, que petit, à petit il se forme dans les grands centres & que vous le recherchez avec avidité chaque fois que vous en avez l'occasion. N'en ai-je pas trouvé un exemple dans vos petites coteries de New York, aristocratie à l'état d'embryon. N'avez vous pas ceux qui se vantent d'appartenir aux descendants des émigrants de la "Mayflower" & ceux qui

vous étalent comme brevet de noblesse, les parchemins constatant que leurs ancêtres ont signé l'Acte d'Indépendance? Que de gens font de bassesses pour entrer & être admis dans ces cercles que j'ai entendu qualifier de "upper ten" de la société Américaine? Etant en république vous n'admettez pas les titres de duc marquis, et comtes, mais vous en avez d'autres que vous conservez même après avoir quitté les fonctions qui vous les donnaient Et pourquoi? Parce que vous en sentez le besoin naturel, parce que tout peuple, quel qu'il soit, demande une institution permanente, & cherchera malgré elle, une étoile brillante qui la conduira, et vers laquelle il pourra tourner la tête. L'Amérique est encore trop jeune pour qu'elle ait une tradition, mais au fur & à mesure qu'elle vieillira, sa tradition se formera, & avec elle une noblesse, qui ne sera pas celle que le talent produit chaque génération, mais une noblesse de sang — autrement dit l'aristocratie.

Je ne veux pas me permettre, Monsieur & cher ami, d'entamer ici une discussion que mon manque d'expérience me défendrait. Nous laisserons, si vous le permettez, la politique de côté; du reste, pour être critique, il faut avoir reçu de la nature un don que bien peu d'hommes possèdent. Ce don est de pouvoir se mettre à la place de l'auteur, penser et agir comme lui, sentir ce qu'il sent, & aimer ce qu'il aime. Malgré tout mon bon vouloir, malgré tous les beaux exemples que j'ai vus dans votre pays, je suis trop monarchique pour me mettre, pour cinq minutes seulement, dans la peau d'un républicain. Je ne peux pourtant pas, ne pas vous remercier sincèrement de la bonne opinion que vous avez de mon pays; qu'il soit gouverné par un Roi, un Empereur ou un Président; ce n'en est pas moins la France que vous aimez, puisque vous désirez son bonheur.

Permettez-moi, maintenant, cher Monsieur, d'exprimer un regret: c'est d'avoir reçu votre second ouvrage<sup>1</sup> qu'à la veille de mon départ. Il me semble que, si je l'avais lu les premiers jours de notre connaissance, j'aurais *plus profité* des rapports que j'ai eus avec vous & dont je garderai toujours un bien agréable souvenir.

"Lis moi ce que tu écris, & je te dirai ce que tu es;" on peut bien dire, en travestissant le vieux proverbe. Et en vous lisant, je vous ai mieux connu à travers ces pages d'une touchante éloquence, que pendant les quelques heures qu'un heureux hasard m'a permis de passer avec vous. En les parcourant, j'ai éprouvé

<sup>1</sup> Bryant Memorial Meeting of the Century.

un sentiment de calme & de bien-être moral que peu d'auteurs m'ont procuré; ce sont de nobles et belles pages que seul un homme comme Bryant a pu inspirer. Mercie de m'avoir permis de les connaître. Je les ai quittées av ecregret—heureux de pou-voir les reprendre un jour, car on ne peut se fatiguer de les lire. Elles rehaussent l'âme, comme elles savent calmer & fortifier l'esprit.

*Southhampton, 24 janvier* — Nous voilà arrivés après une traversée bien pénible. Nous avons éprouvé un temps affreux, & été surpris par un cyclone qui nous a mis trois jours en retard. J'ai trouvé ici, une lettre qui me forcera de passer un temps plus ou moins long en Angleterre. Il se peut donc que je ne verrai pas Paris d'ici à quelque temps. J'ai chargé mon commandant, Mr. Biard, de remettre entre les mains de Mr. Loyson, la lettre & la brochure que vous m'avez remises. Il s'acquittera, soyez en sûr de ce service, aussi fidèlement que je l'aurais fait moi-même. Je vois dans un journal de ce matin qu'il va fonder à Paris une Eglise dite "Anglicaine." Ce que cela peut bien être, je l'ignore. Je ne pensais pas qu'avec le Catholicisme, le Judaïsme, & le Protestantisme & toutes ses sectes, il y eût place pour une nouvelle Eglise. Il n'y en a que trois, comme disait un prélat d'esprit: le Judaïsme, d'abord, puis le Catholicisme & ensuite le Protestantisme — "le Christ entre les deux voleurs."

Excusez je vous prie, cher Monsieur, la longueur démesurée de cet épître. Mais comme vous disiez en me remettant votre livre, espérant que je le lirais: "*There is so little to be done on board ship.*"

Mes hommages respectueux à Madame Bigelow, & à ces demoiselles, & agréez, je vous prie, l'assurance de ma haute considération & de mon sincère dévouement.

G. DE SAINT CLAIRE-STEVENSON,  
CAPT<sup>E</sup>.

BIGELOW TO CAPTAIN ST-CLAIRE STEVENSON

34 E. 23d St., NEW YORK,  
Feb. 17th, 1879.

*My dear Sir:*

Your favor of the 23d Jan. gave to all our household a pang of pleasure, for you left us, you know, in a storm and Neptune has



been so much more freaky this winter than usual that we could not help feeling more than ordinary solicitude for friends who committed themselves to his mercies. It was of course a great satisfaction to me to learn that I had, in the least, contributed to mitigate the discomforts of your voyage, and for your kind words about my memorial address please accept my thanks.

Your comments upon the other *brochure* interested me very much, and though they open a question rather too comprehensive to be properly discussed within the limits of a private correspondence, I am tempted to state the points upon which we seem to differ; leaving their fuller consideration to such time as I may have the advantage — soon I hope — of meeting you here on Republican soil, for I am enough of a soldier to know that half the battle consists in having the choice of the ground on which to fight it.

I agree with you that a great nation must have its intellectual and moral *état-major* or staff; its head, heart and arm, as you describe its great intellectual and moral forces.

I will not deny that “there is nothing great, strong or durable without authority, without tradition, without unity.” I concede that every country should have its *corps d'élite*, whose duty it should be “to concentrate in its bosom the culture of genius, and of patriotism,<sup>1</sup> and maintain, practice or encourage the virtues, urbanity, the sciences, arts, and industries, which compose what the whole world agrees in denominating French civilization.” You will see in these admissions that though I am a republican we have a good deal of territory in common. When we come to fix the methods by which this intellectual and moral staff shall be chosen; to determine what feature of society it is that combines in largest proportions, the desirable elements of authority, tradition, and unity; what constitutes the *corps d'élite* to which the world owes what it most cherishes in French civilization, we shall have some points to debate before we are likely to fall into accord.

You will say that the Herald's college is to determine who shall constitute this national *état-major*, this *corps d'élite*; I should say they ought to be chosen as they were chosen before heraldry was invented. It is my notion that the men who show most aptitudes for excellence, for leadership; the Duces, the Aristos, or as our aborigines call them “the Braves,” should constitute the staff.

. . . <sup>1</sup>the cultivation of the genius of the country . . . (*le culte du génie de la patrie*, p. 3 (1879) *ante*).

Obviously the descendants of these *aristos* should not inherit the rank unless they inherit the qualities which belong to and are the essential qualifications for that rank. Now the only attribute of an aristocracy of which I complain is its heredity. No one takes off his hat more cheerfully than I to the man who, in a fair competition, gets the lead. Unfortunately there is no security that sons will inherit the virtues or capabilities of their parents. So far from it, there is nothing more rare than an illustrious sire succeeded by an equally illustrious son. Of all the great personalities of which history has preserved any authentic memorials, I think you will find it difficult to name a half dozen who have transmitted any considerable portion of their greatness to their offspring. I go farther — had you nothing in France to be proud of but the contributions of its aristocracy, you would hardly present her institutions to the admiration and imitation of the world. Were you asked to name twenty five, nay, fifty of the greatest benefactors of your country, would you be able to include a single one among even the larger number of noble birth, outside of the Church; or save Fénelon, in the church?

The fact is — and history demonstrates nothing more clearly — the qualities of leadership among men are not transmissible with any certainty either as to quality or degree. On the contrary the great conjurers of this world are buried with their wands,

“no lineal hand succeeding.”

The higher the mountain, the more certain it is to be bounded on all sides by valleys. Had not the peerage of England been recruited from the rank and file for the last three hundred years — to go no farther back, every surviving member of it now would probably have to be sought in an idiot or lunatic asylum.

The qualities of animals may be perpetuated by keeping their blood pure. Were men only animals, an hereditary aristocracy might perhaps be reconciled with sound statesmanship. But there is one great difference — the greatest — between a man and a horse. The man can do or abstain from doing a thing because it is morally right or wrong to do or to abstain from doing it. The horse has no such capability. It is just where that difference begins that your hereditary principle of selection fails. A man's moral qualities are what he makes them. He inherits a

certain moral capital, if you please, but his character is determined by what he adds to or subtracts from this inheritance.

Whatever physical or intellectual gift he may inherit, if he allows impure motives to control him — and any theory of freedom of the will implies not only the power, but the liability of every one to obey impure motives — he is thereby and to that extent unfitted for the leadership, or the staff. Would you perpetuate the supremacy of such a leader by law? We think it better to reserve the power to dismiss a man when he deteriorates so as to cease to be the fittest for his rank, and not to continue to call him “Captain” who is no longer competent to lead, nor him “noble” whose daily life may be a reproach to his order.

Permit me here to add that to my mind the apostles of heredity are hardly true to their own principles or I should rather say are not logical. If they were, when they found a man of genius and merit in the ranks, they would at once put him upon the staff. They would ennoble not only him but his descendants. They would not only have made a peer of Berryer, of Arago and of Guizot, but they would have provided that their titles should descend to their respective sons. If, as you insist, the aristocracy is to consist of *élite*, any one who by virtue of his talents and achievements is of the *élite* should belong with his family, *ipso facto* to the *état-major*. But, if persons without the aid of blood can reach sudden eminence and entitle themselves to be ennobled, it shows first that hereditary rank is not necessary and 2nd. that it is liable to be forfeited as suddenly as won. Sound logic equally requires that when you fall sick, after your family physician dies, you should send for his son to prescribe for you; that, if your notary should chance also to have died, you should send for his son to draw your will, and if your clergyman chances also to have paid the debt of nature you should send for his son to bury you; for you certainly will not pretend that the genius of Descartes, of Voltaire, of Laplace, of Broussais, of La Fontaine who by any standard of merit deserve to rank among the *élite* of France is any more likely to descend to their children respectively than the professional accomplishments of your family physician, lawyer, or clergyman to theirs.

Granting that there is nothing great, strong, or durable without authority, without tradition, without unity, is there any existing organization that combines all these elements of greatness, strength, and durability in larger proportions than the Latin

church. The pontifical is the oldest and doubtless the strongest government in Europe. It has maintained itself with fewer changes and vicissitudes than any other for at least sixteen centuries without any of the advantages either of an hereditary aristocracy [or of an hereditary sovereign?], which you regard as such quintessential factors of civilization, and it is under the influence and authority of this same Latin Church — I will not say by or because of it — that all we most admire in French civilization has been developed. How long do you suppose the Papacy would have endured had its princes been invested with the power to transmit their responsibilities and dignities to their next of kin. The fact that the clergy of the Latin Church are supposed to have no children, only strengthens my position. The chief motive for imposing celibacy upon the clergy of that Church was to prevent any of its power oozing out through channels which render the church no equivalent.

I do not know that I understand precisely what you mean by a "national genius" and am therefore unable to say whether the United States has or has not yet given any tokens of it. Still less can I be sure that we should have given more of them if we had remained under the sovereignty of England and uninterruptedly enjoyed the advantages of her system of social and political stratification. But Austria and Russia are both older empires than this. Have they or has either of them thus far exhibited any corresponding evidences of what you call "national genius"? Is either producing more books thought worthy of translation into foreign tongues? Is either inhabited by a more contented and more prosperous people? Is the alliance of either deemed of greater social or commercial value by the other states of the world? Is either exerting a more beneficent influence upon mankind? I think I anticipate your answer, and yet neither of these great empires has suffered like the United States for the want either of an hereditary sovereign or of an hereditary aristocracy.

It is true that my country people are disposed to pay a certain homage to foreigners of rank, too much sometimes perhaps to persons who have little besides their heraldic titles to recommend them. They are encouraged in this by the presumptions in favor of those who have enjoyed the peculiar advantages of the privileged classes in the old world and still more by occasionally meeting with persons like yourself who show, even upon a short

acquaintance, that, unlike the potato, the best part of them is not under the ground.

But whatever may be the weakness of my country people for titles and hereditary rank, I never knew them to select one for a public trust because of his possessing either, nor did I ever hear of a candidate for any public trust who ventured to solicit the suffrages of the people on the ground of ancestral distinction.

So far from it, I can think of nothing more likely to prove fatal to a man's political aspirations than an appeal to such considerations.

That the method of selecting staff officers in the United States is defective no one will dispute. In some respects it is worse, and in some respects it is better than in some other countries. Whether better or worse depends largely upon the initial principles of selection in the different countries. A majority of the people with us, however, are generally better satisfied with the selections made than the people of any other country that I am acquainted with seem to be with theirs. There is no country in the world, I believe, where there is so little persistent antagonism between the ruled and the ruling classes. The reason is obvious. Our "staff" is chosen by the majority of those interested in what that staff is expected to do, and can be removed when it ceases to give satisfaction. You cannot send to the rear an hereditary legislator who leads a profligate life, who does not pay his debts, who does all he can to make gambling, and the ruin of women *comme il faut* and whose advice on public affairs is worse than worthless, and yet the aristocracy of every country abounds in such men.

But I seem to have forgotten that I have already adjourned the discussion of this question, till I find my interlocutor on republican soil, which I hope may be at an early day. I will close with offering you *my cordial* congratulations upon the consolidation of republicanism in France by the election of Grévy and the disappearance of the Bourbon-Orleanist dynasties as forces to be reckoned with in her future history. *Cætera desunt.*

#### FROM MY DIARY

*Saturday. Jan. 18, 1879.* When Jacob Jones was here a few weeks ago, I asked him to get me, if he could, a statement of the

expenditures and receipts of the Centennial Exposition. Yesterday I recd from him the *Ledger* of the 16th containing the final report of the Centennial Commission. An expenditure of over 11 million to get back less than 5 million is hardly the sort of success which was promised to those who should subscribe for the stock when the Philadelphians were urging it upon the market. Whether the indirect advantages were any greater is not quite clear. The Penn. Cent. R. R., which expected to reap the lion's share, sold for about 52, I think, in those days, and now at 32. Nor do I know of a single manufacture more prosperous now than then through any influence traceable to the exhibition. So perish every attempt to coin the patriotic sentiment of the country into drachmas. With less vanity, less selfishness, and more patriotism, the balance to be carried over from the old to the new century would have been represented by more wealth in the country and by far pleasanter memories. As it is, what remains of the commemoration in the history or the literature of the country of which any one is proud? Who would repeat the folly on similar terms, except the officers and judges and such who received salaries, and the press which was subsidized?

ABEL TO BIGELOW

99 BÜLOW STRASSE W,  
BERLIN, January 26, 1879.

*My dear Friend:*

I am greatly indebted to you for sending me your memorial oration in honour of [William] Cullen Bryant. I have long been acquainted with the English edition of his select works, and always admired the intense earnestness and poetical veracity of the man. Yet I failed to discern his real proportions until delineated in your masterly speech. Your speech is a performance such as could have been accomplished even by you only on an occasion when heart and mind moved in perfect unison. If I take upon myself to say that I have never read a finer necrologue it is that I am proud of being permitted to call that man friend, whose hearty generosity is so warmly extended to those whom he honours by his regard. I say nothing of the eloquence, brilliancy, and pregnant depth of your oration; however marked, however

fascinating in themselves, it is the happy reunion of judgment and sentiment rather, which attracts me most. You have known how to combine Roman stateliness and French intellectuality with the weight and searching truthfulness of the Germanic speaker. There will probably not be much to say about me after I am gone; but if you will be good enough to remark on that occasion, that I rejoiced in your esteem, it will mean something to those who remember your parting words on Cullen Bryant.

I saw but little of Bayard Taylor, for whose introduction to me I owe you thanks. I liked him much, and doubtless, but for his sudden seizure, we should have become more to each other. Unfortunately, his disease soon proving incurable, cut him off from all social intercourse. Though his fine intellect was unimpaired till within a short time of his death, bodily weakness was but too apparent for a year past. He delivered a splendid speech on July 4, 1878, but immediately after had to leave the room.

*Si parva licet componere magnis*, I have given up coffee entirely, though I cannot say willingly. I am suffering from nervous and bilious affections, but being one of a long-lived family, shall probably hold on still for a while. It is chiefly owing to overwork and misfortunes that I have been such a negligent correspondent. What I referred to in my last is all over, and I am a single man again. I had no alternative. My two daughters are living with me; my two sons are away at school. I have left *The Times*. Other English papers are constantly making offers to me. If I accept any, it will be for a short time only. I long for my books, and — if I could find one to suit me — a professorship.

Bismarck will not carry his high-handed protectionism. Indeed, he does not even intend to. What he wants is to make some slight concessions to protectionists, and thus gain their support for granting him a heavy tobacco-tax, to keep the army at its present figure. The accompanying noise and din is only *mise-en-scène*.

The chief topic of conversation here is the Russian plague. If it shd increase, it may possibly compel Russia to carry out the Berlin treaty — a consummation apparently not now contemplated at St. Petersburg. Possibly Germany may not be exempt from the scourge, which has penetrated to within 750 miles of the Austrian frontier. The last time the East presented us with the deadly gift was 1713.

Kindest regards to Mrs. Bigelow, your daughters, and sons.  
Do let me hear from you again.

Ever yours sincerely,

FROM MY DIARY

*34 E. 25th St., Jan. 25, [1879]. Saturday.* Met Joe Choate at the Century this evening. He said it looked as if the Union League was being converted into a Grant machine. He went there last night to assist in organizing the executive committee. One of the members whom they had tried unsuccessfully to manipulate in the Grant interest being absent, the members stood 8 to 8. They had a man downstairs whom they proposed to put in the place of the impracticable member, whose resignation from the committee had been procured. On the question of accepting his resignation, I think it was, they stood 8 to 8. Choate objected to going into such questions till the committee was organized and moved to proceed to the election of officers. The vote standing 8 to 8, it was lost. Hamilton Fish, recently elected the Prest. of the Club, declined to vote, as he felt some delicacy in voting, &c. Then came a motion to accept the resignation of the member. The vote being a tie, Fish said he considered the fact of a letter of resignation having been received, worked a vacancy of the office, and therefore he had no delicacy in voting aye. That gave them a majority, and thereupon they proceeded to bring their man and pack their committee to suit them. Choate thought this a small business for a man who had been Governor, Senator, & Secretary of State. No President of the Club had ever before participated in such an election.

FROM MY DIARY

*Highland Falls, Novr. 17, 1878, Sunday morning.* The election regulated a good many other blunders of the Dem. party. The candidate for the Ct. of Appeals nominated by John Kelly's convention was defeated; the Republicans carried the legislature by an overwhelming majority. Kelly's mayoralty candidate in



New York, Augustus Schell, was defeated by Cooper, Tammany Hall was placed a suppliant at the feet of the man whom it turned out of its communion only a few months ago.

The election of a friend of Tilden to the mayoralty, by disarming Tammany Hall, restores the friends of Tilden presumptively to the supremacy in the state, and would have rendered his renomination to the Presidency almost inevitable, but for the recent publication of cipher dispatches addressed to Pelton, Havermeyer, and others from Florida, S. C., & La., by Marble, Coyle, Smith Weed.<sup>1</sup> & others during the counting of the votes in those States. They connect so many persons more or less near to Tilden with plans to purchase the votes of Electors as to place his renomination in some uncertainty. These dispatches, I am told, were before a Congressional Committee, but not used, both parties recognizing the unfitness of such an investigation of private dispatches to gratify partisan spite. It was understood then that the dispatches were to be destroyed. Instead, Senator Morton, Chairman of the Senate Committee, took them home with him. When he died, they somehow fell into the hands of B. F. Butler, of Mass., who, to propitiate the *Tribune* during his canvass for the governorship, allowed the *Tribune* to have them. John Sherman is supposed to be the engineer, assisted by Jay Gould.

When the first publication was made about Oct. 7, I went to town to see Tilden. I found him very much affected. It was to him a clap of thunder out of a clear sky. He was very indignant that even the existence of such compromising communications should have been kept from him so long. He begged me to stay with him a few days. He said he had no one but me that he could talk or ride with, and was more completely overcome and broken down than I ever saw him. At last he determined to make a statement to the public on the subject, and he kept me there nearly a week preparing it.<sup>2</sup> The MS. signed by him is among my papers.

These dispatches are the reply of the administration at Washington to the Potter investigation.<sup>3</sup> It being now established to the conviction of the whole nation that Hayes was not elected and that Tilden was, the administration have abandoned the

<sup>1</sup>Smith M. Weed.

<sup>2</sup>This letter, dated Oct. 16, 1878, may be read in my *Life of Samuel J. Tilden*, II, 175 *et seq.*

<sup>3</sup>A committee of the House, of which Clarkson N. Potter was chairman investigated "Alleged electoral Frauds in the late Presidential Election."

defense of Hayes' title and have determined to show, if they can, that Tilden was bad enough to have been elected by the same means. It is the *tu quoque* defense of the *gamins*. The facts fortunately that are not disputed protect Tilden's character.

1. Only one vote was required to elect Tilden. It is proven that the votes of three States were in the market and at a price which would have been but a flea-bite to Tilden,

2. Tilden did not get that vote, and the telegraphing of Marble, Weed, & Coyle from the south shows that none of them had any authority to dicker for votes, but wanted to receive authority. Nor is it longer pretended that any money was ever furnished to any one by Tilden or any one else on his account to secure the one needed vote,

3. Hayes needed all the votes of three States. All were for sale. Hayes got them all & was elected. Within six months, every person concerned in securing or giving those votes received an office, many the highest offices in the gift of the government. Two or three cabinet places, three or more first class missions are among them.

Tilden's indignation with Pelton he takes no pains to conceal from me. He says P. shall never live under the same roof again with him. P. left N. Y. in June, and has not been in Gramercy Park since. He is now in Canada. Mrs. P. worries me almost as much as she is worried herself, about her son, for whom she feels a great deal more concern than for her brother.

*Saturday, Febry 7.* A little before 12 on Wednesday last, Smith<sup>1</sup> came around to tell me that he would like to see me in Gramercy Park. . . . When I went around there, I first learned that the sub-com. of Congress to investigate the cipher dispatches had arrived at the Fifth Av. hotel and were to commence their sessions at 12. I immediately went. Found a board differently constituted from what had been anticipated. Hunton, Va., Chairman; Springer of Ill., Stenger of Pa., Democrats; & Hiscock of New York and Reed of Me., Reps.

Smith Weed was the first witness. He admitted his willingness "to ransom the rights of the people," and that he failed only because he could not get the money; he said that Tilden knew nothing of these negotiations with returning boards, and the fact

<sup>1</sup>G. W. Smith, personal secretary of Tilden.

was carefully kept from him because they knew he would not permit them to be consummated.

Pelton followed Weed on Thursday mg & occupied substantially the same position. They kept him like Weed until 6 P. M. Yesterday mg I went around to the Governor's about 10, intending to go to hear Marble's examination. But the Gov. wanted me to wait and talk. He was not feeling as well in voice as the day previous and said his nerves were very much unstrung. We went out and walked. Before going, however, I drafted a note to the Prest. of the Board requesting "an opportunity to offer some testimony pertinent to the inquiry the Committee are charged with" for Tilden to sign. He moved in this with his usual caution. He was not certain that he ought to submit to an examination, as none of his statements had been impeached and he was not inculpated; then it was a question if he should ask for an opportunity or require a subpoena, or let the Committee ask him, and if he should ask the Committee to come to his house. Hunton had said that Mr. Tilden must ask to come or be subpoenaed or not examd. They could not ask a witness to come and be refused. So it was decided to ask the opportunity to go before the Committee at its rooms. He ordered his horses to be ready at 2 o'clock. About 1 at his request I went over to the hotel and asked for Springer to come out to ascertain if Tilden could not be examined that evg. He said that Marble, who was on the stand, wd. occupy all the evening, and he thought it better to have the Gov fresh this morning at 11. I went back and told this to Tilden. We lunched and then rode in his coupé up to Manhattanville nearly. He discussed on his way many of the things he would say. He only prayed that he might have the physical strength which he required. I am to go to his house this mg at 10<sup>30</sup> to accompany him to the Committee room.

TILDEN TO CHAIRMAN OF CONGRESSIONAL  
SUB-COMMITTEE

15 GRAMERCY PARK, [NEW YORK] Feb. 8th, 1879.

*Dear Sir:*

I learn from the public press that it is the desire of your committee to terminate its session in this city during the current

week. I take the liberty of requesting that, before you leave, an opportunity be permitted me to appear before you to submit some testimony which I deem pertinent to the inquiry with which you are charged.

Very respectfully,

ABRAM S. HEWITT TO BIGELOW

HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES,  
WASHINGTON, D. C., Febry 7, 1879.

*My dear Mr. Bigelow:*

It seems to be thought here that Pelton's testimony gives the impression that in some way the National Dem. Com. were involved or connected with the cypher despatches relating to the purchase of returning boards or electoral votes. The basis seems to be that the despatches were sent to the Headquarters of the Committee. I do not know what can be done to clear up the matter, but it is certain that none of these despatches were ever shown to me. So far as I understand the testimony, no such charge is made, but if the matter can be made any clearer, it would be well to do it; but I would not advise recalling Pelton for that purpose. Thus far the investigation is perfectly satisfactory, & if necessary I can testify as to the telegrams being kept from my knowledge; but I do not wish to go upon the stand unless it be indispensable.

Faithfully yours

FROM MY DIARY

*Saturday, Febry 8, 1879.* After breakfast walked around to Tilden's; found Henry<sup>1</sup> there. He told a story of Pelton which, if true, does not prove him to be entirely truthful. About 11 Tilden & Henry rode around to the hotel, and Dimmick & I walked around. I presented Tilden to Reed. He knew Hotchkiss.<sup>2</sup> When he was seated, the Chairman, Hunton, said, "Govr.

<sup>1</sup>Tilden's brother.

<sup>2</sup>Hiscock?

Tilden, you have requested an opportunity of appearing before the Board to make a statement, and the Board is now ready to hear you, subject of course to cross-examination." The old man then went on and gave his statement almost in the very words he used to me the other day when we were riding. The effect was very impressive, especially when the cross-examination began. It was soon apparent that the cross-examiners were in the hands of their master; before Hiscock got through Tilden changed places with him and put him on the stand to defend the administration. He tossed H. & Reed on his horns, first one, then the other, until they seemed glad to get him out of the room.<sup>1</sup>

Marble in his examination did not do himself much good.

*Sunday, Febry 9.* Tilden came around in the evening. He was vexed at having forgotten to ask, while testifying in reply to the questions in regard to his continuing to hold relations with Pelton & to keep him in his family, if the interrogator still kept up relations with Mr. Hayes, who, he added, was in the daily enjoyment of the fruits of perjury and forgery. He says he will yet get it off in an interview some way.

CHARLES FRANCIS ADAMS TO BIGELOW

*Private*

BOSTON, 16th February, 1879.

*Dear Mr. Bigelow:*

I am obliged to you for pointing out to me the *least incorrect* report of Mr. Tilden's testimony. I did not need to be convinced that the man whom his opponents dreaded so much was not a fool, much less a rascal. At the same time it must be admitted that the ground and lofty tumbling of his nephew<sup>2</sup> proves *him* little better than a circus clown who should not have been permitted to touch the outer boards. I had my lessons on that subject more than half a century ago, which makes me wonder at Mr. Tilden's patience. The practical result is that the *worst* of the gang appear highly likely to come back into power again.

Very truly yours

<sup>1</sup>His testimony is given at length in my *Life of Samuel J. Tilden, II, 182 et seq.*

<sup>2</sup>Colonel Pelton.

## FROM MY DIARY

*March 14, 1879.* Tilden told me yesterday as we rode together through the Park, that Pelton had been very bad for the past three days — *delirium tremens*. He came around to the house in a cab, & said he was going to the police for protection from a man who had been in his room all night with a pistol at his, Pelton's, head. P. was a little better yesterday. T. says he is now persuaded that it was drink which kept P. in bed so late in the morning frequently, especially after the election, when the pretext given was that he worried so about his uncle's defeat that he could not sleep, but lay awake the whole night. T. has offered to allow him and his travelling companion, Dickenson, \$5,000 to go and travel in Europe, D. to hold the purse.

*Friday, March 21.* Rode down town with Tilden yesterday. The poor man has trials without end. He said the day before had been full of annoyance. First he found himself called upon to pay for his brother from \$50,000 to \$75,000 on guaranties given to assist him and Pelton out of difficulty. Then Dimmick had been there to claim a share of the profits on the Elevated R. R. stock as per agreement with Pelton. Tilden told him he should not have been more surprised if he had claimed part of the price of the house over their heads under some agreement with Pelton. Then to this was added extraordinary pretensions from Pelton for his services in connexion with the E. R. R. He did not say how much, but I inferred the amt. was sufficient to make him independent. Tilden told his mother he would give him the income of \$50,000 as long as he behaved himself, but would stop that if he resumed drinking.

O. W. HOLMES TO BIGELOW

BOSTON, March 29th, 1879.

*My dear Mr. Bigelow:*

I am very glad you got your copy of the Memoir of Motley at last.<sup>1</sup> My sending the book to a few friends of his in England

<sup>1</sup>*Memoir of J. L. Motley* by O. W. Holmes.

has been, as in your case, like casting my bread upon the waters — the notice of their reception has not reached me until after many days.

If I ever have the pleasure of meeting you and talking over the general subject to which you allude,<sup>1</sup> I very much doubt whether we shall find so much difference of opinion to fight over as you might suppose. There is no question that Motley's temperament was that of the cool, wary, self-contained diplomatist, any more than [that] Sumner's was that of the sagacious, organising, managing politician. What I undertook to do was to defend him against certain specific accusations. I was his *counsel*, as it were, and when an indictment is drawn up against one's client, it is not his counsel's business to go to work to find faults — *counts*, if you will — not in the adverse paper. I do really feel very confident that Motley would not have been recalled from England but for the quarrel between the President and Sumner, though there were other petty motives which may have helped. And I do really believe that, if he had been kept at his post, he would have proved tractable, faithful, useful, and have left an honorable record.

\* \* \* \* \*

I am, dear Mr. Bigelow,  
Faithfully yours,

GEORGE V. BUNSEN TO BIGELOW

BERLIN W., POSTAMT 30, 18 [and 23 and 24] June, 1879.

*My faithful Friend:*

As in all things, you are *tui generis* in this also, that you do not give me up; I pray most contritely that you will not, nor your wife, nor your daughters, nor your sons.

\* \* \* \* \*

If you were to return to Germany, you would hardly recognize the country, not the Liberals at least. Disappointment everywhere, rage, black forebodings, prophecies of ill, except from those radicals who laughed at us for helping Bismarck, heavily it is true, yet efficiently and in obedience to that law which Carlyle inscribed on brazen tablets thirty and more years ago: that when

<sup>1</sup>The removal of Motley from office as minister to Great Britain.

Providence has given the nation a ruler, he is a blasphemer who thwarts and does not assist him. Everything at a standstill. Not in trade only; but the scientific perfection and the *faith in itself* is wanting to all professions, one only excepted. The army *alone* is flourishing, progressing, believing in itself; humble withal, and with no other pretention in society but that of each officer to be thought an educated and refined man. No new appliance, no progress in science, no extension of knowledge, which Moltke does not apply, *instantly*, to the improvement of his armour. The navy too, expanding inwardly as well as outwardly. But all other institutions! There is not one which Bismarck has spared. His sarcastic words and irreverential bearing would have undermined monarchy, if the two personages who chiefly represent it were not "representative men." The mainstay of old Prussia, I mean our bureaucracy, is treated with contempt, not for their failings but their virtues, which a wit (Börne, I think) described so well when he spoke of "backs crooked with work, yet not crouching." As for Parliament, *il faut l'avilir d'abord, puis l'anéantir*. You have retained a certain affection for Germany, I doubt not, and will have felt aggrieved, therefore, at a state of things which brought a conservative and a Romanist fanatic, to the presidential chair of the Reichstag. I sometimes take comfort in the old German proverb: "Ein Krug geht so lange zu Wasser bis er bricht," imagining fondly, I am afraid, that the constant practice of playing off one party against another, of planning deceit against the friend of to-day with the persecuted of many days;

*Ein Mädchen das an meiner Brust.*

*Mit acugeln schon dem Nachbar sich verbindet.*

(Göthe's "Faust")

that this practice is leading Bismarck to a speedy and lasting destruction. May this happen without too great a shock to our national safety, whenever it does happen.

23rd June. . . . The public is sick of reform. Parliament-freedom of contract — a freer press — labor-laws — freedom of settlement — this and all other improvements since 1866 are condemned by a disappointed philistinism that feels their inconvenience and wishes, at the least, to combine them with the absolute rule of other days. In the question of indirect taxation, too, a reaction has taken place in public opinion. Most of



us share it so far that we see the necessity of increasing it instead of pursuing our exclusive direct taxation policy. Of course *we* wish to diminish the burden of direct taxation where it appears to be most keenly felt, through the means to be obtained from the indirect. Bismarck holds out hopes of the same kind, without as yet wishing to bind himself, because (say his adversaries), of his desire to intercept the monies, in the legal form of course, and through bills regularly voted — the surpluses as they arise.

The public, however, goes much further and supports Bismarck in his present *protectionist* mood, to the detriment (we believe) of not only all consumers, but also of the vast majority of persons employed in manufacture and in husbandry. Bismarck wishes, no doubt, to enrich the country; but “the country” means for him, the sum total of all very large and very loud interests, such as the *latifundia*, the factories of big companies, the stock-jobbing interest, the great ship owners. All the rest dwindles into small fry.

\* \* \* \* \*

I have so much to talk to you about. There is the French republic for example, with regard to which we agree marvelously in all essentials, so that I cannot see why we must differ in minor matters. Is it not so that we consider the cautious blue republic to be more appropriate to the cautious, hoarding Frenchman than the republic of the *républicains de la veille*, who represent the Celtic, unstable, incalculable element of the nation? Well, that was Mr. Thiers and is now Mr. Waddington. What we differed in during those delightful Carlsbad days was (I believe) the judgment we were each inclined to bear upon the Commune. Well, I confess not to be converted to it yet, inasmuch as it represents the city-rabble element solely in contradistinction to all the rest of the nation. Imagine America ruled by the New York street mob. Is it wise to forget the results of commune rule in Paris during the Terror? It is true that they showed moderation in many respects; but the principle was evil, and would be so *in your mind* most chiefly, I should think, considering your national principles.

I read American news not without misgivings. At this distance Southern claims appear exorbitant. Perhaps Mr. White (who brought me your kind letter) will give me the necessary clue.

Very truly yours,

24th June, 1879.

VON BUNSEN TO BIGELOW

BERLIN W., POSTAMT 30, 8 Novr., 1879.

*My dear Friend:*

\*           \*           \*           \*           \*           \*           \*

You will find Paris much changed, I fear. It struck me last year (as I think I already remarked to you) as wonderfully Teutonic, sensible, sage, almost oversage. Now the Celtic is cropping up again, and nobody seems willing to thank Grévy *et Cie* for their earnest endeavor "to give every fool a rope to hang himself by"; *i. e.*, full liberty to express any amount of insanity. No, this is thought weakness, and apparently, at least, it has strengthened the hands of those who wish to overthrow the present, and to see what the next state of existence will look like — a curiosity which may be called the sin that most easily besets Frenchmen. Perhaps the strongest outward sign of change that has come to my knowledge was contained in a communication received from an English friend, whom I can name to you when next we meet and whose sources of information are certainly the very best. "Gambetta," he says, "has changed his views of policy, and sooner or later he certainly will undertake the *présidence de la revanche*."

I truly grieve over the rebuke you bestow upon me for my speech against the protective system introduced by Bismarck. I expected to be thrown out at the next elections, and I have [been] (for the *Prussian* parliament) — or at least I declined standing, when I had discovered that I must fall. But I should not have expected that you of all men should have disapproved of its contents. I will not produce against your vote the commendation I received from persons for whom the future of this country is as important as they are excluded from influencing its present policy; nor that from all liberal editors who assured me in private letters that every right thinking person agreed with me, BUT WHO PRINTED NOT A WORD OF MY SPEECH — not from fear of the government, but of the public, I must hasten to add. The only remark I would venture to make, although it exceeds perhaps the freedom of speech that you have any obligation to accord to me, is this: how comes it that Mr. Bigelow, to whom

even the *république bleue* of France does not suffice, but who must needs defend the Paris and Lyons mob when it wanted to impose its will upon the entire country; to whom every assertion of kingly power or ministerial dictatorship in England is distasteful; how comes it that *he* desires Germany to silence every criticism, every doubt even, of Bismarck's measures; that *he* recommends never wavering trust towards the Emperor's *majordomus*, even in the matter of custom-house duties? Europeans are often scandalized at the unblushing affection shown by Americans towards Russian autocracy. I confess I thought Germany must have gained so much of Mr. Bigelow's respect as to be thought worthy of the right of regulating, controlling, moderating, her Chancellor's freaks.

Bismarck's foreign policy is, to my humble conception at least, beyond all praise, excellent. He had invented a German policy, a thing as novel as an American policy may have been for the founders of your commonwealth 100 years ago. And his last act, drawing closer the bonds that unite us with Austria is, in my eyes, a masterpiece, the most daring one perhaps in his extraordinary life. Rage, spite, hatred of Gortchakoff *may* have played a part in his resolution, I do not say it is improbable: but the main purpose, to break an alliance with the more barbarous and seek another with the less barbarous one; to place barrier, in the strength of Austro Hungary; *i. e.*, of Roumania, against further Russian conquests southward — this main idea is a grand conception and independent of the personal passions of the moment. You will, no doubt, have guessed as well as myself that, among the motives that determined him, a regard of the Crown Prince may have played a part, a *two-fold* regard, I should say: first, to inaugurate a policy *agreeable* to the Crown Prince; secondly, to bring about a state of things so fraught with *dangers* of all kinds that the Crown Prince<sup>1</sup> could never dream of facing it without Bismarck.

\* \* \* \* \*

With kindest regards to Mrs. Bigelow and your dear children,  
Yrs truly

<sup>1</sup>Frederick-William, son of Emperor William I.

HENRY MOREAU TO BIGELOW

370 RUE ST. HONORÉ,  
2 juillet 1879.*Mon cher Ami:*

\*      \*      \*      \*      \*      \*      \*

Vous avez parfaitement raison de vous mettre à écrire vos mémoires et surtout le récit de votre mission à Paris. Ce récit aura un double intérêt pour votre pays d'abord et aussi pour l'histoire générale de l'Europe. Les faits auxquels vous avez participé depuis 1861 jusqu' à 1867 sont en effet d'une très-grande importance par eux-mêmes et, en ce qui concerne l'Europe et la France, n'indiquent que trop ce qui les ont suivis de si près; et nul mieux que vous n'en peut rendre compte parce que vous les connaissez par le menu aussi bien que par leurs lignes générales.

\*      \*      \*      \*      \*      \*      \*

Vous me demandez ce que je pense de nos affaires intérieures. Je vous avouerai que je suis fort embarrassé pour vous le dire. Il est très-certain que la République n'a plus parmi ses anciens adversaires d'ennemis très sérieux ou réellement puissants, et la mort de l'infortuné prince impérial, en divisant profondément le parti Bona-partiste qu'elle décapite, éloigne encore les dangers qui semblaient la menacer. Mais la République a de redoutables ennemis dans un grand nombre de ses anciens partisans, qui au lieu de s'appliquer à faire le gouvernement du pays, cherchent à la confisquer pour eux et leurs amis, et subordonnent tout à des passions de secte et de coterie. C'est ainsi qu'ils font une guerre acharnée à tout ce qui est religion et institution religieuse, et cette guerre ne réussit jamais au gouvernement qui s'y laisse entraîner. Au lieu de suivre les exemples des Etats-Unis ils préfèrent marcher sur les brisées du Mexique, et cependant l'histoire nous montre que votre politique en pareille matière est la seule bonne.

La République est donc fondée en France, mais comme toute chose de ce monde, elle est sujette à dépérir si elle n'est pas sagement gouvernée. Ce qui fait la durée de votre gouvernement, ce

n'est pas surtout parcequ'il est républicain mais c'est surtout parcequ'il est sage. Il est malheureusement bien difficile que nous vous imitions, nos politiciens n'ont pas les idées assez larges pour cela, et le niveau intellectuel de la Chambre des Députés est trèsabaissé. Quant aux membres du gouvernement, ils manquent essentiellement et d'idées philosophiques et de principes politiques; ils sont tous plus ou moins de la même école que M. Rouher, préoccupés de jeter de la poudre aux yeux du peuple et de donner aux appétits de leurs amis la pâture qu'ils réclament impérieusement, et surtout de garder leurs portefeuilles sous les divers présidents qui se succèdent.

Somme —, il y a entre le régime actuel et le régime impérial, tel que vous l'avez vu fonctionner dans ses dernières années, de grandes analogies; le nom est changé mais le principe est le même, d'autres hommes seulement l'appliquent.

\* \* \* \* \*

HENRY MOREAU TO BIGELOW

VITRY SUR SEINE,  
1 octobre 1879.

*Mon cher Ami:*

\* \* \* \* \*

. . . tout irait bien si le gouvernement, cédant à la pression de Gambetta, ne faisait pas une campagne contre la liberté de conscience et d'enseignement; c'est là une mauvaise action et une grosse maladie, et on mécontente ainsi, non seulement les Catholiques qui, comme cela doit être dans une circonstance pareille, identifient leurs intérêts avec celui du clergé mais aussi les hommes sincèrement libéraux, les Laboulaye, les Jules Simon, les Littré, et beaucoup d'autres, qui expriment publiquement leur antipathie contre des actes de ce genre. La République en ce moment n'a autres dangers à éviter que ceux qui proviennent de l'inexpérience et de l'étroitesse de vue d'un grand nombre de ses anciens partisans, mais ces dangers sont sérieux. La mort du jeune Napoléon a été fatale au parti Bonapartiste dont les membres les plus éminents sont personnellement hostiles au prince Napoléon. D'un autre côté tant que M. le Cte de Chambord

vivra, il ne peut pas être question d'un retour à la maison Bourbon. Les princes d'Orléans sont à Paris comme des honnêtes gens dévoués à leur pays, et ne permettent à personne de dire qu'ils trament quoi que ce soit contre l'ordre public, aussi n'ont ils pas d'ennemis, ce qui est le premier pas vers la popularité.

\*            \*            \*            \*            \*            \*            \*

#### FROM MY DIARY

*July 11, 1879.* A week ago to-day was the 4th. The evening before, at Tilden's special request, I accompanied him to Graystone, the place he has leased for the summer and thinks of buying. It belongs to Waring<sup>1</sup> & cost about \$450,000: the land \$130,000, the house \$200,000, the stable \$35,000, the furniture \$70,000 &c. Before it was finished the owner had to mortgage it for \$113,000 or thereabouts to complete it, and is now obliged to sell it for about the amt. of the mortgage & accumulated interest. It is one of the finest houses I ever saw, well planned and constructed in every detail without regard to expense. Tilden pays \$3,000 for the use of it during the summer. He has the privilege of buying it till the 1st of Aug. for \$150,000. He will probably buy it because it is 375 ft. above the level of the river and gives him an air which he would have to go at least 50 miles from New York to get except he went upon this or some other height, if there is one no more remote. This is important for T. and will probably decide him to buy it. He must spend his summer where he can get to N. Y. without inconvenience any or every day, and a longer journey than Yonkers would be too fatiguing. He talked about the house and the air constantly, and wanted every window & door open all the time. He was nearly blown away the first night in consequence, for it blew violently in the night.

*Sunday, June 29, 1879.* The *Observer* of N. Y. has been publishing a letter I addressed to Mr. S. Prime in reply to one in-

<sup>1</sup>J. T. Waring, a hat manufacturer, who failed in business about 1872; he subsequently made another fortune and was in good circumstances at the time of his death.

quiring for "the facts" in regard to certain charges made against Franklin by the Phil. correspondent of the Boston *Watchman*.<sup>1</sup> 2 numbers have appeared and two more are to come. When he wrote for permission to publish it, I should have recalled the article and perfected it. It is not written quite effectively enough. I wish I had seen, before printing the first number in which I speak of his illegitimate son — Girardin's *Essai* on St. Augustine,<sup>2</sup> who expiated a similar folly in the same manly way that Franklin did, and it never interfered with his authority in the Church nor proved a stumbling block to true religion. "Le jour où St. Augustin reçoit lui-même le baptême, son fils marche à ses côtés et devient chrétien avec lui. Son repentir aime cet enfant comme un perpétuel avertissement de ses faiblesses, comme un devoir né de sa faute même; et ce devoir qu'il lui a été doux de l'accomplir! Combien il a chéri ce fils qu'il ne pouvait pas regarder sans s'humilier à la fois et sans s'attendrir! Comme le père s'est retrouvé dans le chrétien! Aussi avec quelle ferveur il l'a offert à Dieu! Dieu a trop vite accepté l'offrande, car il l'a retiré de cette terre qu'il avait seize ans à peine; et maintenant il ne reste plus de lui, au cœur de St. Augustin, qu'un souvenir plein de douce et triste émotions que la piété contient, mais quelle n'étouffe pas." II, 15.

<sup>1</sup>Editorial Rooms, *New York Observer*,

NEW YORK, March 28th, 1879.

*My dear Sir:*

As you are *the* authority on *Franklin*, will you pardon me for calling your attention to the paragraph which I take from a Boston paper. If you can, without trouble, give me in a few lines (or more as you please) the facts in regard to the last five lines, I will be under very great obligations to you.

With great respect, I am very truly yours,

S. IRENÆUS PRIME.

"Provost Smith had some pretty animated differences with Benjamin Franklin. The descendant and author has taken up warmly the side of his great-grandfather, and speaks severely of Franklin, charging him with (among other things) having usurped the credit of other men's discoveries. I am led to believe that Professor Ebenezer Kinnersley, a Baptist professor in the University, was entitled to not a little of the honor of the discoveries credited to Franklin. And I have always felt that the laudation heaped on Franklin by clergymen and religious teachers resulted from ignorance or something else. Franklin moved on one occasion that prayer be offered in the Convention; and he had a patronizing word for the Bible. But his illegitimate children are a part of history; and I am told that his conversation, particularly in the latter part of his days, was as impure as his life. Religion owes him nothing."

My letter in reply to these strictures was published in my *Life of Franklin* (Ed. 1905) III 492 *et seq.* as well as in the *N. Y. Observer* of June 19 and 26 and July 3, 1879.

<sup>2</sup>*Essais de Littérature et de Morale par Saint Marc Girardin.*

THOMAS HUGHES TO BIGELOW

ATHENÆUM CLUB, PALL MALL, S. W.,  
October 25th, 1879.*Dear Sir:*

\*            \*            \*            \*            \*            \*            \*

I have received several letters on the Franklin subject,<sup>1</sup> and am in hopes the article has done some small good here in the case of the fairly cultivated classes; but, somehow, and strangely, I think there is an hereditary prejudice against him which, I suppose, now will never be thoroughly overcome. I think there is a tradition that he was by no means a moral man in his relations with women. What grounds there is for it (if any) I have not been able to ascertain; but this, coupled with the notion that he was the most personally hostile to England of the Commissioners (which is not true), has undoubtedly prevented his character from being properly appreciated. I quite agree with you that his testimony in favour of the dignity of manual labour ought, apart from all his other work, to make him a household word in the England of our day. I only wish he were so.

\*            \*            \*            \*            \*            \*            \*

Every most truly yours,  
TH<sup>s</sup> HUGHES.

HUNTINGTON TO BIGELOW

42 RUE LA BRUYÈRE, PARIS,  
13 July, 1879.*Dear Mr. Bigelow:*

Some one touched me on the shoulder the other morning, whom, looking about, I was very glad to find our excellent Mr. Hoe. At the end of a pleasant evening spent with him yesterday, I had his very ready assent on asking him to take this last-come vol. of Molière to you.

<sup>1</sup>An article on Franklin contributed by Thomas Hughes to the *Contemporary Review*, London (XXXV, 581).



They are burying that heady young Nap. IV to-day in England. Jerome, now Nap. V or nothing, leading the *mourning*. I don't see that any one but the Count of Paris is much like to take profit, and he not much, from the boy's death. I doubt if it bring notable advantage to the Republic or notable loss to the Napoleonic party — for whose access to power there was and is no show for the next ten years. Meantime Prince Jerome is on the whole better head for it than the Spanish woman's big-eared son: he is an undoubted Napoleon; he will drop enough of his free thinking — eat stockfish Fridays and go to mass, if he thinks it will pay — to meet the needs of the clerical faction of the Bonapartists, & keep enough of his free thinking to not scare the bourgeois who thinks himself a Voltairian and the peasant, who fears Legitimist clericalism. . . .

Yours very truly

HUNTINGTON TO BIGELOW

42 RUE LA BRUYÈRE, Paris,  
13 Sept., 1879.

*Dear Mr. Bigelow:*

. . . I am uncommon glad to read of your germinated plan of wintering in Florence; and do hope that this protoplasm hath now developed to fixed purpose. . . . The hard times in England are like to send out good families in search of economical winter quarters. So that — or if it be only as it was last year — your young folks would not lack for pleasant company. As for staying at home for the elections, it's no good. They either will or won't, go this way or that — a proposition you can't dispute. No human being can keep them from going one of the ways. I prophecy they won't go your way; and by the time you are once well this way you'll not greatly mind the order of their going. It is curious to observe (at this distance) that force of habit, by virtue of which the world keeps rolling, whether a fellow pushes behind or does not push behind, whether his party rolls a top or is rolled under. Not, to be sure, that this excuses a fellow from doing his part. Only there be many parts. Some of us must put in our contribution to the murders, some again must be murdered; the rôle,

equally important to the *ensemble*, of others is to industriously look on and diligently let it slide. No one is useless nor indispensably useful. If this dam pen did not keep crossing its legs so and making writing difficult, I could go on with a couple of pages as good as the above. For, see the quick provision of nature. I am partly returned to newspaper writing, and so again secrete matter for the general reader. Chas. Dana was here a month ago, and made such favoring proposals to write occasional letters to his *Sun*, that I have fallen into two already and think of committing a few more: enough more to pay my museum expenses; the which Franklin & Washington museum is considerably enlarged since your time, and at considerable expense.

Which reminds me to say that I have read T. Hughes on B. Franklin in the *Contemporary* with much less gratification than I was anticipating before Smalley sent it to me. Limiting himself mainly to an apology of B. F., he surely is not blamable for large omissions respecting the whole Life & Works of the man. But it seems to me that as apology it lacks something of completeness & force; and that the article do contain several committed errors of fact, as though the Queen's consul had by no means thoroughly studied his brief.

I have very much to thank you for the nos. of the *Observer* you sent me long ago. They were thorough as far as they pretended to go. I only could wish that you had inserted the letter to Stiles in full. But that perhaps were too strong meat for the reading babes of that print. I lately came into possession of Ste-Beuve's copy of Sparks' *Life & Writing of B. F.* It is clean as the day it left the booksellers — not a pencil mark or dogs' ear in all the volumes: only "Ste-Beuve" on the fly leaf of the first. . . .

WHITELAW REID TO BIGELOW

NEW YORK TRIBUNE, NEW YORK, Aug. 27, 1879.

*My dear Mr. Bigelow:*

\*            \*            \*            \*            \*            \*            \*

The fact that enormous capital is now required for the conduct of first-class newspapers does bring some advantages, but I am not quite sure whether there are not also serious disadvantages.

The point you make as to the tendency to conduct the paper solely in the interest of the capital invested is very forcible, and the only way to guard against it is to have this capital mainly in the hands of the men who make the paper, and as far as possible, in the hands of the editor whose individuality it must always more or less express.

Like you, I look some day for a newspaper which shall have no advertisements. I doubt very much, however, whether we are likely also to see one which has no opinions.

\* \* \* \* \*

Very truly yours

BIGELOW TO B. R. CHAMPION

THE SQUIRRELS, Aug. 26, 1879.

*My dear Champion:*

\* \* \* \* \*

To concede to any man the right to say who shall not be nominated for governor is to concede to him the right to say who shall be. The moment such a concession is made by the democracy of New York, the Tammany method will infest the whole State, and nominating conventions will "become a delusion and a snare." Tammany's sole objection to Robinson is his too faithful prosecution of the Reform policy inaugurated by Tilden and his insisting, to the extent of his responsibility, upon having men in the public offices who would co-operate with him.

You can nominate no man for governor who will do his duty, that will not incur the same measure of hostility from Tammany Hall and who, in the interest of what they call "harmony," will not deserve to be sacrificed as much as Robinson. Harmony purchased at such a price means the demoralization of the party and its defeat. No candidate that shall represent the triumph of Tammany Hall and the humiliation of Governor Robinson can reasonably be expected to succeed. No Democratic ticket has ever suffered from the opposition of Tammany Hall so far as I remember; on the other hand its opposition has frequently, indeed usually, proved an element of strength. . . . To harmonize with it under existing circumstances and upon the terms proposed,

is to sell the party to the Devil. When Tammany is ready to harmonize with the Democracy there will be no farther trouble. Till then not only the usefulness, but the very existence, of the party depends upon a stern resistance to its pretensions. Like fire, Tammany Hall is a good servant, but a bad master.

There are many excellent candidates in our party for governor, but none of them appear to represent so fully as Governor Robinson, the issues upon which, if ever, the Democratic party of this nation is to be re-established; none who combines, therefore, so many elements of strength. It is for that very reason that he has been singled out for this indecent proscription by Mr. Kelly.

To deliberately surrender the stronger for the weaker position is to invoke defeat; it is to repeat the folly of our friends in Congress, who for the sake of "peace at any price" abdicated their constitutional prerogative of counting the electoral vote, in favor of a mongrel commission. Any candidate nominated for Governor on "peace at any price" terms, dictated by Tammany Hall, can certainly expect no better fate than befell the President elect in 1876.

It may be of little importance that Lucius Robinson rather than many other men whom you and I could name should be nominated for Governor, but it is of vital importance to the party that delegates should be chosen who would be able and willing to nominate Robinson, if satisfied that he is the fittest candidate for the emergency, and who would not allow him to be set aside in deference to any influences which are now organized against him. I hope therefore that Orange Co. will send delegates to Syracuse who will represent the sentiments of its own people and not the selfish passions of a faction elsewhere.

I am sure you share these views, and I cannot doubt that they are shared by Montayne<sup>1</sup> and by the mass of our party throughout the country. If so, why not bestir yourselves and help send a delegation of independent men from your district who will fairly represent it. Let us have a convention that is not only able to nominate Robinson, if that is thought best, but that is unable to nominate any man whom the friends of Governor Robinson's state policy could not cordially support.

Very truly yours,

<sup>1</sup>J. V. Montayne of Goshen, N. Y., editor of the *Independent Republican*.

BIGELOW TO DAVID BIGELOW<sup>1</sup>

THE SQUIRRELS, Nov. 6, '79.

*My dear Brother:*

\* \* \* \* \*

On the whole, though Robinson's defeat has disappointed me, the results of the election are not without their consolations:

1. The Republican party has not shown the ability to carry the state,

2. The Democrats have, — if united,

3. Tammany Hall, or rather Kelly, has lost his hold on N. Y., and Tammany Hall is no longer in a condition to dictate terms to the party. With the offices of sheriff, county clerk, and county judge, under our control, Kelly is powerless,

4. The treachery of the Catholics is apparent and will be remembered,

5. Kelly will not be in a position to bolt again, and the party will go into the Nat. Conv. in 1880, united, with all the presumptions in favor of its ability to carry the state.

Yr af. brother

<sup>1</sup>My younger brother.

THE END



## APPENDIX A

*To The Honorable, the Senate and House of Representatives of the United States, in Congress Assembled.*

The undersigned, your petitioners respectfully represent— That during the insurrection and attempted rebellion of the Southern States, they were very great losers from spoliations committed by armed cruisers at sea, claiming to sail under the name and flag of the late so called “Confederate States of America.” But such armed cruisers, your petitioners believe, and therefore affirm, were, some of them, and the chief, if not all of them, built and fitted out from the ports of Great Britain, with British capital, manned by British seamen, allowed the hospitality of British ports when seeking shelter, refreshments or repairs, at and during the time when the spoliations above mentioned were committed during the years 1861-’2-’3-’4 and these vessels, or some of them, your petitioners believe and affirm, were never in any port or place within the so-called “Confederate States of America,” and therefore never changed their nationality after leaving the ports of Great Britain, but were at all times, and to all intents and purposes *British Vessels*, and were entitled to sail only under the British Flag, and as your petitioners are informed and believe they did sail under the British Flag at sea, which they used as decoy, hoisting the so-called Confederate Flag only when within reach of their guns to an American Merchantman; and your petitioners submit that all captures and destructions of property made by such vessels, their officers or men, or by other vessels fitted out from them, at sea or in port, were British captures, and justly chargeable as British spoliations on American Commerce.

Your petitioners recognize with satisfaction that the Government of the United States and the Government of Great Britain are so far in accord, in respect to the claims of American citizens, growing out of these spoliations, that while the Government of the United States claim from Great Britain, unconditional satisfaction for all the so-called Confederate spoliations at sea, the Government of Great Britain has so far acknowledged the validity of these claims against her, or a large proportion of them, as to consent to treat for their adjustment. Your petitioners therefore desire to present to your

Honorable Body, such views as appear to them to be the moral and legal aspects of these claims, and the rights of the citizens to be therein considered, and —

FIRST. — These claims assume their national character only by reason of the obligation of the Government to protect the rights and property of its citizens against foreign aggression, or any aggression, for or against which the laws do not afford an efficient remedy. This is not a mere political or voluntary service to be rendered at the discretion of the Government, for the honor of the nation, or to command respect abroad, but in a Government like ours, it is a solemn duty, owed by the Government to every individual; an implied contract, with a condition precedent, in which the citizen yields his allegiance, to obey the laws, to pay taxes and to render civil and military service, and in return for these the Government agrees to protect him in person and property, and to sustain his rights with the whole force of the Government when the laws do not afford the degree of protection necessary to secure reasonable justice. In the present case the claims being against a foreign Government, we are debarred the right of a civil suit, and hence the Government is bound to adopt our suit, and claim *for us* and in *our behalf* — and if necessary, to *enforce* the claim, even to the extremity of reprisal and war.

SECONDLY. — These claims for spoliation, whatever they may be, are to all intents and purposes the property of the first sufferers, or their legal representatives, and they have the legal right to do what they please with them. They may without any legal impediment remit them altogether pecuniarily, — they may apply to the British Government for relief and cancel and surrender the claims for a consideration, or they may by virtue of their rights as citizens, demand the intervention of the United States Government for their relief, and to give them an efficient remedy for the recovery of their lost property. But under no circumstances whatever has the United States Government any right of sovereignty over these claims, or any property in them, until they have acquired it from the original sufferers or their legal representatives. — Under no circumstances therefore can the Government legally barter away these claims in offset of counter claims, without first acquiring the right to do so by some special authority, agreement, understanding, or consideration paid to the holders.

These principles were all distinctly set forth and clearly vindicated in a speech of Mr. Webster on the floor of the Senate, on the 12th of January, 1835, on the subject of the French spoliations previous to the year 1800.

And your petitioners beg leave to represent that they have from two to four years since filed with the Department of State of the United States,



proofs of their losses by spoliations as aforesaid with petitions for the intervention of the Government for their relief; and as your petitioners are informed, the United States Government, through the Department of State and its Ministers, has laid the subject of these claims before the Government of Great Britain in the form of diplomatic negotiations for their settlement, and such application has been met by the presentation of counter claims, but of what character and to what extent your petitioners are not precisely informed. But your petitioners respectfully represent that whatever questions of difference may exist between the Government of the United States and the Government of Great Britain of a public character, these claims for spoliation being matters of private interest, cannot be put in the scale of public policy to the injury of your petitioners, without liability to the claimants on the part of the Government. And your petitioners also represent that they have seen or been informed of no action of Congress in the matter as was meet, or any recommendation of the President to Congress to take any definite action, (though solicited thereto,) either to determine the extent of these claims, or to define the liability of the Government in regard to them, or to afford relief to the sufferers as belongs to the duty and privilege of the representatives of the People. But otherwise, in the discussions which have taken place in Congress on the subject of the so called "Alabama Claims," your petitioners have witnessed with no little alarm, that the claims have thus far been treated as if subject only to the sovereign disposal of the Government, and they remember that in former cases, wherein the Government have assumed the sovereignty over such claims, the rights of individuals have been sacrificed to what was supposed to be public policy without compensation. Such was the fact as your petitioners believe with the French spoliation claims both before and after the year 1800.

Your petitioners therefore beg leave to suggest that the present is a time when it is necessary to settle definitely the principles of the Government in regard to spoliations committed by nations with whom we are at peace. The precedents formed in the past history of the country and particularly those relating to French spoliations are not such as are befitting a Government of law, and therefore not worthy to be followed; these precedents were in fact *usurpations of authority contrary to law*, because they at the same time deprived the citizens both of their rights and their remedy without compensation.

Your petitioners therefore pray that such means may be immediately devised by Congress for their relief, as are consistent with the duties of the Government and the rights of citizens in the premises. And your petitioners respectfully suggest as a preliminary step towards the consummation of that object, that Congress authorize a mercantile commission to be

appointed by the President to examine and determine the amount of actual loss sustained by citizens of the United States, from capture or destruction by the so-called Confederate cruisers, with authority to issue to each claimant certificates of the amount of their loss, such certificates to be transferable by endorsement or otherwise, and to certify by what vessel or craft the capture or destruction was made, these certificates to form the basis of distribution to the holders, of such sums as in case of settlement with Great Britain, the Government may accept in compromise for spoliations committed by each cruiser respectively, whether the same be paid in money or considered in offset against other claims at estimated values, and to afford such other and further relief in the premises as to the wisdom of Congress may seem meet.    And your petitioners will ever pray.

## APPENDIX B

REVERDY JOHNSON TO PARKER

BALTIMORE, Nov. 28, 1870.

*My dear Sir,* — Your letter to me of the 5th inst., and copies of your letters to Secretary Fish and Mr. Frelinghuysen, dated respectively July and August, were duly received. Before proceeding to consider the points stated in this correspondence, it is proper to a clear apprehension of them that I state succinctly what was the condition of the negotiation between the two Governments regarding the *Alabama* claims at the termination of my mission to England.

Soon after the commencement of our civil war the British Government, on the 13th day of May, 1861, recognized the Confederates as belligerents, and the *Alabama* and several other vessels of the same character were from time to time built in that country for the use of the Confederates, and were permitted to go to sea. These vessels destroyed American ships and cargoes to the value, it is stated, in the aggregates of 13 millions of dollars. For these depredations the British Government was advised that it was responsible. Under instructions, Mr. Adams, our then Minister, made the demand, and supported it with great zeal and ability, and, with a view to its adjustment, proposed an arbitration similar to the one provided for by the Convention between the two countries of the 8th of February, 1853. Earl Russell, then at the head of the Foreign Office, promptly and decidedly rejected the proposition, maintaining that his Government was so clearly irresponsible that it could not with proper respect submit the question to arbitration.

When Lord Stanley succeeded him, Mr. Adams renewed the proposition, and his Lordship agreed to submit the question whether England was liable, because she had not fulfilled her neutral duty in the premises, but firmly refused to submit the other question of liability, from her having accorded belligerency to the Confederates, holding that every nation has an absolute right to decide for itself such a matter. This appears in his Lordship's despatch to Mr. Ford, then in charge of the British Legation at Washington, dated the 15th of November, 1867. His language is this: I quote — "To

prevent any misapprehension on this subject Her Majesty's Government think it necessary distinctly say, to both as regards the so-called *Alabama* claims brought forward by citizens of the United States, and as regards the general claims, that they cannot depart directly or indirectly from their refusal to refer to a foreign Power to determine whether the policy of recognizing the Confederate States as abelligerent Power was or was not suitable to the circumstances of the time when the negotiation was made." Our Government insisting upon the submission, the negotiation failed. And this was communicated to Mr. Seward by Mr. Adams in his despatch of the 4th of December, 1867, and the gentleman having afterwards stated to Lord Stanley that he considered the negotiation closed, Mr. Seward, in his despatch of the 13th of January, 1868, approved this statement. His words are as follows: — "That the negotiation in regard to the so-called *Alabama* claims is now considered by this Government to have been closed without a prospect of its being reopened."

This was the state of things when I arrived in London on the 17th of August, 1868, as the successor of Mr. Adams. My instructions, dated the 20th of July, 1868, as to the claims were, that, before entering upon the subject, I should first obtain a satisfactory adjustment of the Naturalization and the North-west Boundary controversies. My first interview with Lord Stanley was on the 10th of September, 1868. We lost no time in discussing the questions involved in those two controversies, and the result was that we agreed upon the terms of their settlement, by separate protocols dated respectively the 9th and 17th days of the following month. We then commenced the consideration of the *Alabama* claims, and on the 10th of November agreed to a convention for their settlement. For reasons not necessary now to be given, our Government was not satisfied with that convention. Afterwards, on Lord Clarendon's accession to the Foreign Office, the negotiation was renewed and concluded to the satisfaction of our then Administration by a convention dated the 14th of January, 1869.

Under this convention I have not the shadow of a doubt that all the losses to our citizens inflicted by the *Alabama* and other vessels fitted out as she was would long since have been fully discharged. The public sentiment of the people of Great Britain, exhibited to me on visits by invitation to all the large towns in England and Scotland, obviously favoured such payment. And, as far as I had an opportunity to learn it, the opinion of Parliament was to the same effect. Under this convention the question of the recognition of Southern belligerency, as well as any other question which either Government might think proper to raise before the Commission, could have been presented. This was the understanding

of both Lords Stanley and Clarendon and myself. No attempt on my part was made to delude them in this or in any other matter. Such an attempt would have been equally foolish and futile. These statesmen possessed great experience and consummate ability. And while they were both solicitous that the most friendly relations between the two countries should be established, as important to the prosperity and good name of each, they never would have consented to, or could have been deluded into, any arrangement which would have surrendered any material right, or injuriously affected in the least degree the true honour of England.

The convention was laid before the Senate by the then President, on the 2d or 3d of March, 1869, but was not finally acted upon until the 12th of April following, when it was rejected. During the interval between its transmission to and rejection by the Senate, I was not advised by any member of the body or by the State Department what were the objections to the convention, or that there were any. I collected, however, from articles in our Press brought to my notice in London that the main, if not the only, objection was that it did not provide for the settlement of claims which our Government then supposed it had in its own right upon Great Britain. Up to this period I had never heard that the United States contemplated such a demand. My instructions, as did those to Mr. Adams, looked exclusively to the adjustment of individual claims, and no alleged commission or omission of the British Government of her duty to the United States pending the war was given in any part of the correspondence between the two Governments as having any influence upon other than individual claims.

As soon as I discovered, in the way just stated, that our present Administration, and the Senate or some of its members, were of opinion that the Government had a claim of its own for alleged pecuniary losses, caused directly or indirectly by the conduct of the British Government, I proposed to Lord Clarendon, first in a personal interview and afterwards in an official note dated the 25th of March, 1869, the signing of a supplementary convention, which should only so far modify that of the 14th of January as to provide for the settlement of any claims that either Government might have upon the other. The answer of his Lordship, dated the 8th of the ensuing month, induced me to believe that, if I was expressly instructed to make such an offer, it would be acceded to — a belief which I still entertain. Feeling most anxious that the entire controversy should be closed, I telegraphed to Secretary Fish on the 9th or 10th of April that I thought I could obtain such a modification if instructed to propose it. But that gentleman instantly replied by telegraph that the convention being before the Senate, the President did not think it advisable to change it — a

reason the force of which I did not then nor do I now perceive, if the Administration really desired an amicable settlement of the controversy.

Since the termination of my mission I do not understand that any effort has been made on our part to renew the negotiation. And, indeed, it is rumoured that we will not renew it until Great Britain shall first offer a more acceptable mode of settlement than was contained in the rejected convention. That no such offer will be made is apparent from the subsequent correspondence between the two Governments. Great Britain seems to be of opinion that she has yielded as much as her honour will permit. The whole matter, therefore, as far as the private claimants are concerned, is ended, and without a reasonable hope that they will at any time obtain indemnity through the action of our Government. Their losses are most severe, and are increasing in amount by delay. Justice demands that they be satisfied. The parties are now informed, and believe, that an application made by themselves directly to the British Government for such satisfaction will be successful if our Government shall interpose no objection.

This, you write me, has been made known to the President and Secretary of State, and that they have not only not sanctioned it, but said that if the claimants attempted it, they would be prosecuted for a misdemeanour, under the Act of Congress of the 30th of January, 1799; and what is, if possible, yet more astonishing, that the President has said that the underwriters, who are the holders of the greater part, if not of all, of the claims, having paid the losses to the original owners, are not entitled to them, on the ground of their having been paid, as he conceives, by their insurance premiums, and that such claims belong to the Government; and that the Secretary of State, in June last, informed you that such an opinion was "largely entertained in Washington." Neither of these objections, in my opinion, have the least foundation in justice or in law. I proceed briefly to consider them.

First.—The Act of '99 was passed to effect a wise and constitutional purpose. It would be mischievous to permit individual citizens to interpose in any negotiation between our own and any foreign Government. To do so was, therefore, properly made a misdemeanour, punishable by fine and imprisonment.

The Act, however, was passed when statesmen administered the Government. They knew what its legitimate powers are, and that these were intended for the protection of individual rights, not their destruction. They, therefore, provided that nothing in the Act "shall be construed to abridge the right of individual citizens of the United States, to apply by themselves or their lawful agents to any foreign Government, or the agents thereof, for

the redress of any injuries in relation to persons or property which such individuals may have sustained from such Government, or any of its agents, citizens, or subjects.

It is not even open to doubt that the claims in question are within this proviso. They belong to individual citizens, and originated from injuries to their property, sustained by the action of Great Britain or its agents, citizens, or subjects, and being such, are, by the very terms of the proviso, embraced within it. The claimants consequently have a right to apply to the British Government for redress. They were in the first instance under no obligation to solicit the aid of the Government. They could at once have applied directly to Great Britain. But, as things then stood, they deemed it advisable to ask such aid, and with this view filed their claims in the State Department.

Suppose they had applied directly to the English Government, and that Government had fully paid them, would this have been a violation of the Act of '99? Can it be possible that the present Administration will continue to hold the opinion that the recovery by a citizen of a debt due to him by a foreign Government is a crime? Independent of the proviso, such a doctrine would shock common sense as being utterly untenable and grossly unjust. Are the claimants in a worse situation in this respect from their having invoked the aid of the Government? In undertaking the duty the Government only acted as their agent or trustee, and, from causes for which the claimants are not responsible, its efforts have proved wholly unavailing. The claims are still unsatisfied, and there is no present prospect that they will ever be satisfied through governmental assistance.

Is it conceivable that such an impotent agency is to continue against the wish of the principals? Are their rights to be sacrificed or rendered valueless by the ruinous delays caused by the agent? His failure to obtain redress for the claimants is evidently referable to the fact that he has associated with the claims demands of his own. He has rejected an agreement that would have resulted in their liquidation, because it did not provide for demands of his own. The Government, therefore, is using individual rights growing out of individual wrongs to recover something for itself, arising from alleged public wrongs.

This is virtually appropriating private property "for public use without compensation," which is expressly prohibited by the Constitution of the United States. The Government has no right to pursue such a course. It is bound, I think, in justice, in law, and in honour, to permit the claimants to seek redress for themselves. No part of what is due to them belongs to the Government. It has no more right to seize upon it to accomplish some end of its own that it would have, if the British Government was

to transmit the amount claimed to the State Department for the benefit of the claimants—to refuse to pay it over, and appropriate it to some purpose of its own.

Whatever the Government may do in the matter, the public sentiment of the country cannot fail to sustain the claimants. The conduct of Great Britain out of which these claims originated involved a wrong to the United States as well as to the claimants. Should the latter be redressed by Great Britain, that will not condone the injustice done the Government, or satisfy any pecuniary demands arising from it. These will still be open to adjustment by negotiation. But to prohibit the claimants from proceeding to obtain satisfaction for their individual losses, until the Government shall succeed in effecting a settlement of their asserted losses, would be the height of injustice, and, in my judgment, would be without a semblance of legal authority. If the British Government should now pay the claimants, would this be an offence to the United States? The claims are due because of the misconduct of that Government. Will they be guilty of a further misconduct if they satisfy the individuals who were the sufferers by it? That would be to hold that to do right is as unjust as to do wrong—a proposition too absurd to be entertained by any sane mind.

Second. — Do the claims in the possession of the underwriters belong to them or to the United States?

Notwithstanding the high official authority which raises these questions, they do not seem to me to merit serious consideration. The vessels and their cargoes destroyed by the *Alabama* cruisers were insured against loss by capture — the war risk was assumed by the underwriters, and they, having paid the original owners the full value of the property destroyed, it seems to be but just that they should receive whatever may be saved. No principle of law is better settled than that, in such a case, the underwriter is subrogated to all the rights of the assured. He is esteemed as a *quasi* purchaser of the property, and as standing in all respects to it in the place of the assured. This doctrine is so obviously right and so familiar to all who have the least knowledge of the law that to cite authorities in its support would seem to be idle. But, as it appears that there is lamentable ignorance upon the point, they who are thus ignorant will find the principle stated in clear terms in every work on insurance, and in every adjudicated case in which the proposition was involved. Not to refer to any other adjudication, I content myself with that of “*The North of England Insurance Association v. Armstrong*,” decided in the present year in the Queen’s Bench, and reported in 5 *Law Reports*, 244. In giving the opinion, Lord Chief Justice Cockburn stated the principle in these words:

“Now, I take it to be clearly established in the case of a total loss, that



whatever remains of the vessel in the shape of salvage, or whatever rights accrue to the owner of the thing insured and lost, they pass to the underwriter the moment he is called upon to satisfy the exigency of the policy, and he does satisfy it." . . . "It has always been considered as a settled rule in insurance law that where there is a total loss the underwriters, who pay upon a total loss, whether it is actual or whether it is constructive, are entitled to anything that remains of the vessel, and to anything which would otherwise have accrued to the owner of the vessel by reason of his ownership.

I suppose that dulness itself could hardly maintain that the original owners of the property would not have a right to demand satisfaction of the British Government if they had not been fully indemnified by the underwriters. Then, if the underwriters are not substituted for the insured, and entitled to whatever may be recovered of the claim, who else is? It cannot be that the right of the property insured was extinguished by its destruction. For, if it was, the original owners, had they been uninsured, would have had no claim to indemnity. Can it be that their having been paid in full by the underwriters annuls the right and exonerates the British Government? All intelligent men must answer this question in the negative. The right, then, not being extinguished, and Great Britain not exonerated, she is bound to pay the underwriters.

What conceivable title have the United States? They were not the original owners of the property. They have never paid a dollar on account of it, nor do they propose to pay a dollar to the underwriters. It would, consequently, follow that, if, on any ground, the underwriters are not the owners of the claims, they are without an owner, and there is no one who can call upon Great Britain for satisfaction. But the Government, from the first, have been requiring such satisfaction for the benefit of the claimants, and have never, on this ground, made any pecuniary demand for themselves. Is there the slightest foundation for the President's view that the underwriters are not entitled to the claims, because they were satisfied by the premiums they received?

The underwriters have paid the entire value of every vessel and cargo destroyed. I do not certainly know what the whole amount was, but the folly and injustice of the proposition is strikingly illustrated in the case of your company. The list you have sent me shows that your company during the war insured against war risk 24 vessels, with their cargoes, and that the premiums charged were from half per cent. to five per cent. — the average being two and seven-tenths per cent. The amount of losses paid was, in the total, \$334,810, and the premiums received, \$8,867.66, being a loss to the company of \$325,942.34. The rates of insurance charged by you for

the war risk, you inform me, were the same as those of all underwriters in New York and Boston. The average rate, therefore, upon the entire losses through the depredations of the *Alabama* and her associates was two and seven-tenths per cent., and the losses being, it is said, 13 millions of dollars, the premiums received in the aggregate were \$351,000, being a loss to the underwriters of \$12,600,049.

These facts demonstrate the utter absurdity of the proposition. If Secretary Fish is right, that the opinion expressed by the President on this point is "largely entertained in Washington," it can only be because the atmosphere in that city is more partisan than judicial. I cannot believe that this is the case, or that the President, or any other sensible man who holds such a doctrine, will hesitate to discard it when he sees the iniquity to which it leads.

My advice to the underwriters is, that they withdraw the claims they hold from the State Department, and seek satisfaction of Great Britain. This, I can hardly suppose, will be refused them or that the Administration, if they will consult their law officer, will not be advised that to refuse would be alike illegal and unjust.

I am, with regard, your obedient servant.

REVERDY JOHNSON.

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