Washington, outside and inside. A picture and a narrative of the origin, growth, excellencies, abuses, beauties, and personages of our governing city. By Geo. Alfred Townsend

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WASHINGTON, OUTSIDE AND INSIDE.

A PICTURE AND A NARRATIVE OF THE ORIGIN, GROWTH, EXCELLENCES, ABUSES, BEAUTIES, AND PERSONAGES OF OUR GOVERNING CITY.

55/1337

BY GEO. ALFRED TOWNSEND, “GATH,” AUTHOR OF “THE NEW WORLD COMPARED WITH THE OLD,” AND WASHINGTON CORRESPONDENT OF THE CHICAGO TRIBUNE.

“WE do not know of any American newspaper-English which we like better, as English, than that of Mr. Geo. Alfred Townsend. Our readers are not ignorant of Mr. Townsend's services at the Capital, where he has distinguished himself as a hater of shams and friendly to all those measures of political reform to which the better portion of the Republican party is irrevocably committed. It is, to be sure, sometimes easier to be amused by Mr. Townsend's personalities, than to apologize for them; but there is a humor and picturesqueness about them which is nothing less than poetical.”—NEW YORK NATION.

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From the NEW YORK NATION.

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INTRODUCTORY CHAPTER.

The public mind is at last exercised on the subject of scheming and jobbery.

The Credit Mobilier investigation accomplished what many years of unthanked agitation and challenge failed to do. It reached such eminent reputations and made such general wreck of political prospects and accomplishments, that every class of citizens—even those who came to scoff, remained beside their Capitol to pray. This was the first element of

encouragement; for it proved that in every extremity of the American nation there is still a public sentiment to be found, and it will rally on the side of good morals and the reputation of the state if it understands the necessity.

The people must not be blamed if, in the great variety of affairs and investigations, they often look on confused and apathetic. Our government is so extensive in area and so diversified in operations, that it requires men of state—statesmen—to keep its machinery in order and prevent waste, neglect, interference, and incendiarism. No amount of mere honesty and good negative inclination can keep the ship of state headed well to the wind. A reasonable experience in civil affairs, education, and executive capacity are requisite, and it is when the accidents of war and the extremities of political parties bring men without these qualities to the surface that the enemy of public order and well regulated government seeks and finds his opportunity.

Such is our present condition. It is to our noble system of schools and our unhampered social civilization that we owe the moderate capacity, even of men of accident, for pubic affairs. 22 From the time of President Fillmore, all our Chief Magistrates have been of this popular growth. Mr. Lincoln proved to be the possessor of powers extraordinary in their combination, ranging from the Jesuitry of the frivolous to the depth and gravity of the heroic, and, at last, the tragic. He kept in view great objects of human performance, and showed how profoundly his inherited idea of the equality of rights and his belief in the destiny of America to protect and teach them, animated his conduct. He bore the sword of the country while constantly possessed of the ambition to preserve its nationality and expel slavery; his amiable nature added to these achievements the softness and sweetness of a personal mission, and his lofty fate the solemnity of a personal martyrdom.

The elements of corruption, inseparable from human nature, had long existed in a more or less organized form in the United States, and they waxed in strength and took enormous proportions during Mr. Lincoln's administration. He was a statesman and kept his mind steadily upon the larger objects, preferring to leave the correction of incidental evils to

the administrators who should succeed the war. Had he been of a desponding spirit, and nervous and violent upon errors of omission and commission by the way, we might never have kept in view the main purposes of the war, but would have been demoralized by the ten thousand peculations and intrigues which marked the course of that extraordinary conflict.

It is our province and the task of statesmanship in our time, to return along the course of those war-ridden years and take up their civil grievances, exhibit them clearly and correct them unflinchingly. If we do not do so the Union is too great for us and emancipation has been a mockery.

The opportunities for gain at the public and general expense, had been too vast during the war to be suddenly relinquished at the peace. President Johnson was as honest personally as President Lincoln, but the division of arms was now succeeded by a conflict of policy in which the harpies who had studied the government to take advantage of it plied between both sides, 23 and by the common weakness of the administration and Congress continued their work. They set up the audacious proposition that the schemes which prevailed in the war and the grade of taxation consequent upon it were the declared national policy. A large proportion of the capital and enterprise of the country took the same ground. The currency was maintained in its expanded amount, and war was even declared upon gold, the standard of valuation throughout civilization. High prices and high wages were advocated as evidences of national happiness, and, of course, high salaries were demanded to make public and private conditions consistent with each other. The prevalence of money, work, and rank during the war were not suffered to relax, and congress undertook to supply artificial means of prosperity by laying out schemes, subsidizing and endowing corporations, increasing offices and commissions, and altering the tariff and the tax list. The victorious side in the wrangle about policy was soon represented in congress by a great number of adventurers, foreigners in the constituency they affected to represent, and shameless and unknown.

At this period the third President of the new era was elected, a brave and victorious soldier, who was in part a pupil and associate of the loose notions of the period. He had a modest person, and this, with his historic exploits, affected the sensibilities of his countrymen, including many of the larger men in literature, criticism, and society, so that this personal sympathy, added to the financial necessities of the time, and the well organized Northern sentiment of the majority of the people carried him again into the White House. Whatever might have been the capacity or incapacity of General Grant to direct the law makers and give example to the laws, he sank into a relatively inconspicuous place almost at the moment of his second inauguration by the nearly simultaneous exposure of a series of old and new corruptions in congress which involved the Vice-President of the United States, the Chairman of the three leading committees of Congress, the head of the Protection 24 School in public life, h alf a dozen senators and as many members of the House, of both parties.

The Vice-President departing and the new Vice-President acceding, both complicated in the celebrated Credit Mobilier corruption, confronted the public gaze as actors in the same ceremonial with President Grant, who was waiting to deliver his second inaugural address to the public. Five senators, Bogy, Casserly, Clayton, Caldwell, and Pomeroy, were at that moment under accusation of purchasing their seats in the Senate. Th ree judges of the United States Courts, Delahay, S herman, and Durrell, were under imp eachment or imputation for co mplicity in the Credit Mobilier in trigue. The proudest foreh eads in the national legislature were abashed. It was a melancholy and disgraceful spectacle, and it saddened the capital and cast a cloud over all the country.

The purpose of this book is to make Washington at the present day visible to voters, so that they can be guided in criticism upon abuses such as have been related. The course of the chapters is purposely made discursive so that the mind can be carried through a variety of scenes without flagging.

CHAPTER II. HOW WASHINGTON CAME TO BE.

The American Capital is the only seat of government of a first-class power which was a thought and performance of the Government itself. It used to be called, in the Madisonian era, “the only virgin Capital in the world.”

St. Petersburg was the thought of an Emperor, but the Capital of Russia long afterward remained at Moscow, and Peter the Great said that he designed St. Petersburg to be only “a window looking out into Europe.”

Washington City was designed to be not merely a window, but a whole inhabitancy in fee simple for the deliberations of Congress, and they were to exercise exclusive legislation over it. So the Constitutional Convention ordained; and, in less than seven weeks after the thirteenth state ratified the Constitution, the place of the Capital was designated by Congress to the Potomac River. In six months more, the precise territory On the Potomac was defined, under the personal eye of Washington.

The motive of building an entirely new city for the Federal seat was not arbitrary, like Peter the Great's will with St. Petersburg, nor fanciful, like that of the founder of Versailles. It was, like many of our institutions, an act of reflection suggested by such harsh experience as once dro ve the Papal head from Rome to Avignon, and, in our day, has withdrawn the French G overnment from Paris to Versailles. Four years before the Constitution was made, Congress, while sitting at Philadelphia, —the largest city in the States,— had been grossly insulted by some of the unpaid troops of the Revolutionary War, and the 26 Pennsylvania authorities showed it no protection . Co ngress with commendable dignity, with drew to Pri nceton, and t he re, in the collegiate halls, Eldridge Gerry, of Massachusetts, (whose remains now lie in the Congressional Cemetery of Washington,) moved that the buildings for the use of Congress be erected either on the Delaware or the Potomac.

Library of Congress

The State of Maryland was an early applicant for the permanent seat of the Government, and, after the result at Philadelphia, hastened to otter Congress its Capitol edifice and other accommodations at Annapolis. Congress accepted the invitation, and therefore, it was at Annapolis that Washington surrendered his commission, in the presence of that body. The career of Congress at Annapolis—which was a very perfect, tidy, and pretty miniature city—left a good impression upon the members for years afterwards, and was probably not without its influence in making Maryland soil the future Federal District. The growing “Baltimore Town,” which was the first place in America, after the revolution, to exhibit the Western spirit of “driving things,” appeared in the lobby and prints, as an anxious competitor for the award of the Capital; and the stimulation of that day bore fruits in the first and only admirable patriotic monument raised to Washington, while Washington City was yet seeking to survive its ashes. With the jealousy of a neighbor, the snug port and portage settlement of Georgetown opposed Baltimore, and directed attention to itself as deserving the Federal bestowal, and counted, not without reason, upon the influence of the President of the United States in its behalf.

Many other places strove for the exaggerated honor and profit of the Capital, and it is tradition in half-a-dozen villages of the country,—at Havre de Grace, Trenton, Wrightsville, Pa; Germantown, Pa; Williamsport, Md; Kingston, N. Y., and others—that the seat of government was at one time nearly their prize. Two points, however, gained steadily on the rest,—New York and some indefinite spot on the Potomac. The Eastern Congressmen, used to the life of towns, and little in love with what they considered the barbaric plantation life of the South, desired 27 to assemble amongst urbane comforts, in a place already established. Provincialism, prejudice, and avarice all played their part in the contest; and, in that day of paper money, it was thought by many that the currency must follow the Capital. Hence, according to Jefferson, whose accounts on this head do not read very clearly, the financial problems of the time were offset by the selection of the Capital. Hamilton deferred to the South the Federal City, and had his Treasury policy adopted in exchange for it. When Jefferson and Hamilton came to write about each other, we are

reminded of the adage that, when the wine is in, the wit is out; but it is agreeable to reflect that they were both accordant with Washington on this point, and Jefferson had great influence over the young Capital's fortunes.

Congress made a reasonable decision on the subject. The comforts of a home were to be accorded at Philadelphia for ten years, to quiet Philadelphia, and meantime a new place was to be planned on the Potomac River, and public edifices erected upon it. The actual selection and plan were to be left to a commission selected by the President; and thus the Federal City is an executive act, deliberated between Washington and private citizens.

Mortifying, indeed, was the early work of making the Capital City for the three Commissioners, whose ranks were renewed as one grew despondent and another enraged.

It was July 16, 1790, that President Washington approved the bill of six sections which directed the acceptance of ten miles square “for the permanent seat of the Government,” “between the mouths of the Eastern Branch and Conogocheague.” The bill had become a law by a close vote in both Houses, and the Capital might have been placed, under the terms of it, at the Great Falls, or near the future battle-site of Ball's Bluff, or under the presence of the Sugar-Loaf Mountain, in the vale of the River Antietam. It is possible that Washington himself, who held discretionary control over the Commissioners, was not firmly of the opinion that the future city 28 should stand on tide-water; for he had previously written letters, in praise of the thrifty German country beyond the Monocacy, in Maryland. But the matter of transportation and passage was greatly dependent, in those days, upon navigable water-courses, and it is probable that, when the law passed, the spot of the city was already appointed.

About five years before selecting the site for the Federal Capital, Washington made a canoe upon the Monocacy River, and, descending to the Potomac, made the exploration of the whole river, from the mountains to tide-water, in order to test the feasibility of lock

and dam navigation. It is apparent, from his letters to Arthur Young, the Earl of Buchan, and others, that he was aware that the value of his estates on tide-water was declining, and he wanted both the city and the canal contiguous to them. A noble man might well, however, have such an attachment to the haunts of his youth as to wish to see it beautified by a city.

The bill was passed while Congress sat in New York; six months later, on January 24, 1791, Washington, at Philadelphia, made proclamation that, “After duly examining and weighing the advantages and disadvantages of the several situations within the limits,” he had thrown the Federal territory across the Potomac from Alexandria.

The site of the new district was not entirely the wilderness it has been represented. The Potomac had been explored up to this point, and as far as the Little Falls above, by Henry Fleet, one hundred and sixty years before. Fleet was the first civilized being who ever looked upon the site of Washington, and his manuscript story of ascending the river was never published until 1871. When Leonard Calvert arrived in the Potomac, in 1634, he went up to confer with this adventurous furtrader, who had been many years in the country.

“The place,” said Fleet, evidently alluding to the contracted Potomac just above Georgetown, “is, without, all question, the most healthful and pleasant place in all this country, and most convenient for habitation; the air temperate in Summer and 29 not violent in Winter. It aboundeth with all manner of fish. The Indians in one night commonly will catch thirty sturgeons in a place where the river is not over twelve fathoms broad. And, for deer, buffaloes, bears, turkeys, the woods do swarm with them, and the soil is exceedingly fertile; but, above this place, the country is rocky and mountainous, like Canada. * * * * We had not rowed above three miles but we might hear the Falls to roar.”

Library of Congress

The early settlers of Maryland and Virginia kept to the navigable streams, and the earliest pioneers of the terrace country of Maryland were Scotch and Scotch-Irish, some Germans, and a few Catholícs.

Georgetown and Bellhaven (or Alexandria) were rather old places when the surveys were made for Washington City, and the former had been laid out fully forty years. The army of General Braddock had landed at Alexandria, and a large portion of his army marched from Rock Creek, as the infant Georgetown was then called, for Fredericktown and the Ohio. As early as 1763, the father of Gen. James Wilkinson purchased a tract of “five hundred acres of land on the Tyber and the Potomac, which probably comprehended the President's house;” but the purchaser's wife objected to a removal to such an isolated spot, and the property was transferred to one Thomas Johns. In 1775, the young Wilkinson “shouldered a firelock at Georgetown, in a company commanded by a Rhode Island Quaker, Thomas Richardson,” in which also the future Gen. Lingan was a subaltern, and this full company drilled for the Revolutionary struggle “on a small spot of table-land hanging over Rock Creek, below the upper bridge.” As Wilkinson lived “thirty miles in the up-country, and was always punctual at parade,” we may infer that Georgetown was the most considerable place in all this quarter of Maryland. As early as 1779, William Wirt, whose parents resided at Bladensburg, went to “a Classical Academy at Georgetown;” and he and others long bore remembrance of the passage of the French and American armies from north to south over the ferry at that place, of 30 encampment at Kalorama Hill, and wagons loaded with specie crossing Rock Creek. Gen. Washington also designated Georgetown as one of the three great places of deposit for military stores; and so important was Alexandria that Charles Lee, in his plan of treason, had proposed to cut the Northern States from the South by occupying it with a permanent detachment of British troops, who should keep open the ferries between Alexandria and Annapolis, and, by menacing the rich farms of the German settlers in the up-country, compel them to starve out the Patriot armies.

The port-town of Bladensburg was now just upon the decline, and the period had come when the interior parts of Maryland, Pennsylvania, and Virginia were showing forth their promises. Maryland had contained considerably more population than New York during the Revolutionary War, and we may conceive Georgetown and Alexandria to have been amongst the best grade of secondary towns at that period. They stood, as now, in full sight of each other; and the ridgy basin and lower terraces between them, where the Federal City was to rise, presented a few good farms tilled by slaves, and was already marked for a couple of rival settlements before the Commissioners adopted it.

One of these prospective settlements was located near the present National Observatory, and took the name of Hamburg; afterward Funkstown, the other was projected near the present Navy-Yard, and was named after the proprietor of the estate, Carrollsburg. At any rate, there were enough people on the site to give the Commissioners a great deal of trouble with their bickering and rapacity; and it is likely that the idea got abroad in advance of the official choice, that here was to be the mighty Capital, and therefore lands and lots had been matters of considerable speculation.

Few who had passed the ferry at Georgetown, and beheld the sight from the opposite hills of Virginia, could fail to have marked the breadth of the picture, and the strong colors in the ground and the environing wall of wooded heights, which rolled back against the distant sky, as if to enclose a noble arena of 31 landscape, fit for the supreme deliberations of a continental nation.

Dropping down from those heights by stately gradations, over several miles, to a terrace of hills in the middle ground, the foreground then divided, parallel with the eye, into a basin and a plateau. The plateau on the right showed one prominent but not precipitous hill, with an agreeable slope, at the back of which the Potomac reached a deep, supporting arm, while around the base meandered a creek that changed course, when half-way advanced, and then flowed to the left, parallel with knolls, straight through the plain or

basin,—defining to the inspired eye, as plainly as revelation, the avenues, grades, and commanding positions of a city.

As such, Washington must have builded it up in his own formative mind; for many a time he had passed it in review. He did not require to take note of the shiftless slave farms for which the ground had been already broken. Where yonder orchard grew, he saw the Executive Mansion, with its grounds extending down to the river-side cottage of that curmudgeon Scotch planter who was to be among the last to say words of impudence to the father of the city. Where the pleasant hill swelled up to the clear skies in the night, Washington saw the Spiritual outlines of the fair white Capitol, soon to be embodied there. Flowing down into the plain, and extending back over the hill of the Capital, he realized the lower and the upper city, on which a circle of villas in the higher background should some day look down; and all the undulating space between the blue heights of Georgetown, from the river back to the table-land, should, by another century, smoke with population, worship with bells, and march with music to honor the founder of this virgin Capital.

Having named the three civil Commissioners to whom Congress—wiser than Congresses of a later period—committed the business of Capital-making, Washington set out from Philadelphia, to confer with them on the spot.

It is characteristic of Maryland roads in those days, in March, 32 that the President drove down the Eastern shore of Maryland, instead of crossing the Susquehanna, and was ferried over from Rockhall to Annapolis. At the latter place, he rested all Saturday, receiving hospitality; and, on Sunday, continued his journey by Queen Ann to Bladensburg, where he dined and slept. Next morning he took breakfast at Suter's tavern, a one-story frame in Georgetown,—having occupied one week in fatiguing and perilous travel from Philadelphia.

From the heights of Georgetown, Washington could look over the half-uncultivated tract, where the commissioners had plotted a part of their surveys for the Federal City, and

Pennsylvania Avenue was then a path through an o a lder swamp from Georgetown to Carrollsburg.

On Tuesday, a misty and disagreeable day, Washington rode out at seven o'clock, with David Stuart, Daniel Carroll, and Thomas Johnson, the three Commissioners, and with Mr. Andrew Ellicott and Major L'Enfant, who were surveying the grounds and projecting the streets of the city. “I derived no great satisfaction,” says Washington, “from the review,” and this we can readily suppose from our present knowledge of what might be the condition of the soil of the District in the spring of the year, on a damp day, with the landholders of Georgetown and Carrollsburg contending with each other by the way, with the numerous uninvited idlers pressing after, and the crude and tangled nature of the region.

That night at six o'clock, Washington endeavored to contrive an accommodation between the Georgetowners and Carrollsburgers, and it was probably at this time that he had reason to designate Davy Burns, the Scotch farmer and father to the future heiress of the city, as “The obstinate Mr. Burns.” He dined that night at Colonel Forrest's, with a large company. The next day, the contending landholders agreed to Washington's suggestions, and entered into articles to surrender half their lots when surveyed; and, having given some of his characteristically precise instructions to the engineers and others, the President crossed the Potomac in the ferry-boat, 33 his equipage following, and dined at Alexandria, and slept that night at Mount Vernon, his homestead.

There is a statue of Washington in one of the public circles of the Capital City, representing him on a terrified steed doing battle-duty; but a local treatment of the subject would have been more touching and thoughtful; the veteran of war and politics, worn down with the friction of public duty and rising party asperity, riding through the marshes and fields of Washington, on the brink of his sixtieth year, to give the foundling government he had reared an honorable home. Could a finer subject appeal to the artist or to the municipality of Washington; the virgin landscape of the Capital, and this

greatest of founders of cities since Romulus, surrounded by the two engineers, the three commissioners, and certain courteous denizens, and seeking to reason the necessities of the state and the pride of the country into the flinty soul of Davy Burns, that successor of Dogberry,—for he is said to have been a magistrate?

The new city was one of the plagues of General Washington for the remainder of his days, because he was very sensitive as to its success; and it had to suffer the concentrated fire of criticism and witticism, domestic and foreign, as well as more serious financial adversity. He never beheld any of the glory of it; and the fact that he had been responsible for it, and had settled it in the neighborhood of his estates, probably weighed somewhat upon his spirits in the midst of that light repartee which a grave nature cannot answer. Greater is he who keepeth his temper than he who buildeth a city. That Washington did both well, the latter century can answer better than the former. The extravagant plan of Major L' Enfa nt has not been vindicated until now, when the habitations of one hundred thousand people begin to develop upon the plane of his magnificence. The neighbors of General Washington had no capacity in that early day to congregate in cities, and the Federal site had to wait for a gregarious domination and a period of comparative wealth. It is yet to be tested whether the ornamentation of the city is to conduce to an equally Republican 3 34 rule with that of more squalid times; for, New York excepted, Washington is now the dearest city in America.

The trustees of the Federal city in whom at law nominally reposed the conveyed property, were Thomas Beall and John M. Gautt. The chief owners of the site were David Burns, Samuel Davidson, Notley Young, and Daniel Carroll.

The cost of the ground on which Washington City stands was truly insignificant as compared with the remarkable expenditures of the years 1871, '72, '73.

The few property-holders agreed to convey to the government out of their farm-lands as much ground as would be required for streets, avenues, public-building-sites, reservations,

areas, etc., and to surrender, also, one-half of the remaining land, to be sold by the United States as it might deem fit,—receiving, however, at the rate of twenty-five pounds per acre for the public grounds, but nothing for the streets. In other words, the government through its three commissioners, was to plot out the Federal City in the first place, delineating all the grounds required for buildings and reservations, and surveying the parts to be inhabited. It was then to divide these inhabitable lots equally between itself and the landholders, and sell its own lots when, and on what prices and terms, it pleased, and, out of the proceeds of such sales, to make its payments for the national grounds and reservations.

In this way the government took seventeen great parcels of ground out of the general plan, such as now surround the Capitol, the President's House, etc., and the same amounted to five hundred and forty-one acres. At sixty-six dollars and sixty-six cents per acre, this yielded to the farm holders thirty-six thousand ninety-nine dollars,—a very small sum indeed if we compute interest upon it, and subtract principal and inter est from the present value of the ground.

The building lots assigned to the government numbered ten thousand one hundred and thirty-six. The amount of sales o these lots, up to the year 1834, was seven hundred forty-one thousand twenty-four dollars and forty-five cents, and an assessment 35 upon the unsold lots, made at that time, brought the government's share up to eight, hundred fifty thousand dollars. Besides this handsome speculation, the State of Virginia voted to the government the sum of one hundred twenty thousand dollars, and the State of Maryland seventy-two thousand dollars, as a concession for planting the great city on their borders. With equal courtesy, the government gave away a great many lots to such institutions as the Columbian dud Georgetown Colleges, and the Washington and St. Vincents Orphan Asylums; and it also squandered many lots upon less worthy solicitors, giving a depot site away to a railway company in 1872, which was worth several hundred thousand dollars.

In the entire area included tinder the above agreement, there were seven thousand one hundred acres, with a circumference of fourteen miles. The uneven plain of the city extended four miles along the river, and averaged three-quarters of a mile in breadth. The only streams were the Tiber, which divided the plain nearly equally; James' Creek, emptying into the mouth of the Eastern Branch; and Slash Run, emptying into Rock Creek. These streams still preserve the names they received long before the capital was pitched. The first dedicatory act was to fix the corner-stone at Jones' Point, near Alexandria. James Muir preached the sermon, Daniel Carroll and David Stuart placed the stone, and the Masons of Alexandria performed their mystic rites.

A glimpse of the United States as it was at that day (1791) will complete the impression we may derive on thus revisiting the nearly naked site of the “Federal Seat.” Virginia led all the states with nearly seven hundred fifty thousand people; Pennsylvania and New York combined did little more than balance Virginia with four hundred thirty-four thousand and three hundred forty thousand respectively. North Carolina outweighed Massachusetts with three hundred ninety-four thousand to the Bay State's three hundred seventy-nine thousand. All the rest of New England displayed about six hundred thousand population. South Carolina and Georgia with three 36 hundred thirty thousand people together, were inferior to Maryland and Delaware together by fifty thousand. There were only two Western States, Kentucky and Tennessee, whose one hundred eight thousand people lacked seventy-five thousand of the population of New Jersey and altogether, four millions of Americans were watching with various human expressions the puzzle of the capital town. Such was the showing of the census of 1790, but by the year 1800, when the infant city was occupied by its government, the country was one third greater in inhabitants. It was not until 1820 that any state passed Virginia, but in 1830 both New York and Pennsylvania had bidden her good-bye.

The capital was staked out the year after Franklin's death, thirty years before the death of George III, in Goethe's fifty-second year and Schiller's thirty-second, sixteen years before

the first steamboat, two ?? years before Louis XVI was guillotined, when Louis Phillipe was in his nineteenth year, while Count Rochambeau was commander of the French army, two years after Robespierre became head deputy, five years after the death of Frederick the Great, while George Stephenson was a boy of ten, the year subsequent to the death of Ad ?n Smith, the year John Wesley and Mirabeau died, two years before Brissot was guillotined, in Napoleon's twenty-second year, the year before Lord Nott died, the year Morse was born and Mirabeau was buried, in the third year of the London Times, just after Lafayette had been the most powerful man in France, three years before the death of Edward Gibbon, while Warren Hastings was on trial, in Burke's sixty-first year and Fox's forty-second and Pitt's thirty-second, three years after the death of Chatham, in the Popedom of Pius VI, while Simon Bolivar was a child eight years old, the year Cowper translated Homer, and in Burns' prime.

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CHAPTER III. THE CIVIL VS. THE CONGRESSIONAL SERVICE.

What part of the government most requires correction, the executive or the legislative?

I do not think it will be a hasty answer to give the palm for corruption, looseness, and disorder to Congress. Perhaps it it would not be saying too much to add that this has been the fact ever since the government went into operation in 1789.

We came into the world with our teeth cut so far as party spirit went. The American people have changed much less since the colonial days than one would think, considering the enormous in fusion of European material amo ngst us. In several of the colonies contests between the legislative power and the royal or provincial governors were rife for half a century before our common patriotic insurrection. Massachusetts, Vermont, New York, New Jersey, Pennsylvania, Maryland, and the Carolinas bore the same internal political aspect twenty years before Lexington that they did twenty years after Yorktown. The politician is almost invariably identical with the congressman. He reflects in the

government the condition of the society, and particularly the character of the fraction which delegated him. In some cases he may be a commanding, suggestive spirit, with sufficient estate or personal following to impress himself upon the day and carry messages ahead of the society which he represents or the Congress to which he comes. But the representative system is truly so denominated in that the average Congressman lives near the level of the constituency, and in too many cases his real morality is beneath it. A very small proportion of voters do the work of the constituency, 38 and it is to the interest of the politician that this number be as small as convenient. His personal faction is generally made up of those who represent the positive wants of the constituency, in his day, and such elements of the constituency never propose to give the nation as much as they can take out of its common hopper. Hence what ought to be a deliberative body of the whole country is a succession of individuals bent on avaricious errands. One wants a new section added to the tariff and a gorgeous post-office building to ornament his principal town. Another is in pursuit of a railroad project which it is to the interest Of a few rich men to have, and these in turn have got control of the county papers and give the intention the appearance of a public want. A third lives in a ship-building district where there are a great many hulls lying up with no place for them on the high seas, and it is an object of this Congressman to set back the maritime ideas of the world so that those vessels can recover supremacy, or if this cannot be done the Congressman is bound to make the whole nation in some way pay back to the vessel-owners in his constituency as much money as if they were fairly earning it. A fourth Congressman is desperately bent upon bringing into the Union the territory adjacent to his own state, with the promise that if he succeed he or his brother-in-law (for brothers-in-law constitute a formidable kinship in our country) will be sent to the Senate from the new State. A fifth Congressman has no other real constituency than a bank or a coalition of contractors in public works. A sixth comes from a district where some one nationality, as the German, or Scandinavian, or Irish prevails over all others, and he demagogues to this alone. In some of the larger cities, where there may be two, three, four, or five Congressmen a pool is made by the municipal ring *regnant,* and the seats at Washington are given out for money, friendship, admiration,

gratitude, or in deference to some class, national, or religious influence. Of course the representative system is not faulty in any of these cases, for what sends the Congressman to Washington generally directs attention 39 and often enterprise in the constituency. The consequence is that the American Congress, except in great national emergencies, is an aggregation of selfish atoms. The larger operations of the country, which are conducive to its ideal and serious glory, are every day speared through and through by somebody who would spare no energy to pluck enough from the common purse to ornament his particular district.

Mr. Holman, of Indiana, gave an instance of this at the close of the last Congress when he rose in his place and objected to an appropriation to make observations on the transit of Venus in the year 1874. Mr. Holman, however, was animated by a narrow desire to save money to his tax paying constituency. What concerned everybody, and learning in particular, was of no concern to his voters as he had apprehended them. But had his little town of Aurora been *omnibussed* with a dozen other towns for a grand Marine Hospital or District Court building, Mr. Holman would not have raised his voice, even had he known that there were buildings already more than sufficient for the purpose; the country newspapers of both parties would pounce upon him instantly and demand that he be sacrificed because he would not be a party to plundering the general treasury in aid of the vanity of his neighborhood. Where have we an unselfish constituency in the United States? And how many broad-minded men of state can exist in Congress under the nature of American constituencies? The fault is more than half with the constituency, and the course of the constituency, as we have always had it in America, may be called *provincialism.* To four-fifths of all our journals provincialism sets the key. In the same proportion runs criticism on public affairs at the fireside circle, in the average pulpit, and in the town-meeting.

The few institutions which directly appertain to the General Government, and are the property, more or less directly, of the whole nation, have been the subject of attack ever since the Government was instituted;— West Point, the Naval School, the Regular Army,

Washington City, the National Observatory, 40 a responsible and durable civil service, the public navy yards, the public officers which do not lie within the constituency, and all such organic matters. Private ship-builders inevitably denounce the building of naval vessels in the public navy yards, although it would seem to every reasoning man that the officers who were to sail the ships and trust their lives to them and fight with them ought to be the best constructors. But woe to the Congressman from the banks of the Delaware, the Kennebec, or the East River who casts his vote in favor of the performance of this general function by the legitimate power. As a consequence we have a navy that decays every six years, built at the private ship-yards of green timber with hasty carpentry and all the appurtenances of a job. In the height of the war a ship-yard lobby crowded Congress, and everybody remembers how a flighty private engineer at Brooklyn had sufficient influence to compel a vessel constructed at the Government yard to be tied at a wharf beside his own and the revolutions of the engine in the two vessels counted as a determination of speed. That vessel with which the private ship-yard challenged the Government boat to a stationary trial of speed is now a fish-factory near Greenport, Long Island, and was sold for little more than the price of a laborer's frame dwelling. And yet at the time her contractors called everybody in the opposition atrocious names, his Congressmen stood up for this experimental constituent against all the naval engineers in the world, and the Government was plundered of the money as truly as if the builder of the ship had been a traitor to his country and had sunk an American vessel on the seas.

For reasons such as I have mentioned Congress and the Bureau officers of the Government have produced very unlike exponents. A Bureau officer, by the nature of his duties, grows conservative, methodical, and reticent, and sometimes takes upon himself a natural dignity highly offensive to the Congressman who rushes up with a letter from Jones, who has the chief sawmill in the Wabash district and demands within five minutes to know some secret, the revelation of which might be a breach 41 of official etiquette, or which at any rate, should require a decent consideration before the exposure be made.

Library of Congress

In the Bureaus of the United States are some of the most accomplished officials to be found in the Governments of civilization. It is really extraordinary to see how the old fashioned salaries will retain men of often exceptional rank in the public service. This is the case at present as truly as it was at the beginning of the Government, which in the hands of private inventors would become monopolies and used to make the State pay tribute. The Patent office of the United States was first organized by a one thousand five hundred dollar clerk,—the same Dr. Thornton who drew the elevations of the present capital and impressed the form of it upon the whole history of America.

In the Coast survey a mere pressman invented the importhe process of separating the steel and copper plates by an elec?ts galvanic deposit of nitrate of silver, so as to give the fines impression. The establishment of the National Observatory was a suggestion of a clerk, Lambert, who received but one thousand five hundred dollars, for laboring nearly twenty years, making frequent memorials, lobbying socially and taking the longitude of the Capitol as early as 1822. The Observatory itself might never have come into existence but for the action of a naval lieutenant, now Rear Admiral Goldsborough, who smuggled into existence under the name of a depot of charts and instruments, the nucleus of the present institution, which is comparable to Greenwich, and is now being provided with a refractory telescope superior in size to any in the world. But even here the contractor makes his appearance, for this telescope must be of American manufacture, although the object-glass had to be cast in the rough at Birmingham, England. The publisher of the Congressional Globe,—the man who made the enterprise a success, self sustaining, and kept it in existence for a quarter of a century—was John C. Rives, who was merely a clerk in the treasury at one thousand two hundred dollars 42 salary when Francis P. Blair, Sr,—who had no business management adequate to the task—discovered him by accident

The Post Office Department as we see it in our time energized and so comprehensive and thorough that if our paper comes three hours late we make complaint, was the development of the clerical force and owes its vigor to Amos Kendall who was

successively country postmaster, clerk, and auditor. In the Capitol building there is an assistant clerk with a salary of three thousand dollars a year, who has collated, edited, and indexed, and made a dissertation on parliamentary law which has become the standard book on this subject throughout the United States.

Such are examples of a few quiet men in the public service whose names come to mind. In these Departments it may be that honesty is the rule and intrigue the exception. It is true that even with the present grade of salaries many of these men satisfy their wants, educate their families and generally die possessed of some little property which will enable their families to live for a time without straits. The little buggy or carry all and pony of the clerk is nearly as common in our streets as the coach and pair of the gorgeous Senator who has just struck oil or watered his Galena.

The general rise of real estate and the increase of local taxation are fast breaking up American homes, and the era is not distant when life in apartments must be the rule of American as of European cities for people of moderate incomes. The clerk of the class I have named often submits to what is now called the privations of country-life in order to keep his roof-tree separate and have his family around him. On the heights back of the city is a settlement of cozy cottages, many of them built of the old hospital lumber which was plentiful here just after the war, and this village, which bears the name of Mount Pleasant, goes by the name of Clerksville,—a pretty word, and if public service were held in the consideration that it might be, would politics allow, the name would convey a pleasant sense to the ear and the mind. Another town has sprung up across the 43 Eastern Branch which is set down as Howardsville, named after General Howard. Here also quite a number of clerks have betaken themselves, and it is agreeable when one rides out in the morning to see them quietly trudging along at eight o'clock to walk three miles to the Treasury. One of these Howardsville clerks has already got a name in American “historical literature.” I mean Edward D. Neill, the author of the History of Minnesota, and to the credit of Senator Ramsay—our present consul at the city of Dublin —while President's clerk and chaplain at Washington and living on the grounds across

the Eastern branch Mr. Neill collated from original papers the colonial history of Maryland under the name of “Terra Mariae,” and a history of the London Company, which answers the same purpose for Virginia. While in Dublin he has published from entirely original data “the English Colonization of America during the Seventeenth Century.” This latter book in several respects shows Mr. Bancroft and the more presumptuous historians of the country to be at fault as in the case of Pocahontas, whom Bancroft describes as having been wedded by “an amiable enthusiast who daily, hourly, and, as it were, in his very sleep had heard a voice crying in his ears that he should strive to make this young Indian maiden a Christian.” So says our minister at Berlin,—but our consul at Dublin shows, from the pages of the London company's transactions, that Rolfe was a married man when he wedded Pocahontas, and that after his death there was a white widow and her children besides the Son he had by Pocahontas asking support from the Company. In view of this development it is somewhat amusing to see one of the great panels in the rotunda of the Capitol covered with a depiction of the second act of matrimony by this apostolic bigamist.

Whatever corruption exists in the Bureaus at Washington will be found to be sustained by those arms of the service which come most frequently into contact with the politicians and Congressmen. The Land office and the Interior Department contain many efficient men, but the belief is current that railroad Congressmen have corrupted some of these, and when the first 44 shilling passes stealthily into the official's palm half the journey to vice is made already. In the Treasury Department corruption exists almost wholly where Congressmen control the appointments, as in the outer revenue offices and in the Custom Houses of the sea-board cities. But in the Treasury building at Washington there is an appearance of industry, method, and order which disarms suspicion, and when the visitor becomes acquainted with many of the heads of bureaus he will discover men of remarkable faculties and acquirements receiving quite ordinary but still sufficient salaries. The venerable Treasurer of the United States, General F. E. Spinner, preserves the respect even of Congress to such an extent that when defalcations have occurred in

his office they have been made good in the appropriation bills without party division and without lobbying.

The Comptroller of the currency at present, whose name is an antique combination—John Jay Knox—is an official of the very highest grade, and although a young man, is perhaps as fully informed in monetary questions as any authority in an equally responsible position in any contemporary government. While Deputy Comptroller, with a salary of three-thousand dollars, he prepared a mint and coinage bill which was a marvel of exactness, research, and perspicuity, and he was able, notwithstanding fierce local opposition, to make it a law of the country, so that the national mint will hereafter be directed from the Capital, and not made an ornamental station on a side-track for the provincial benefit of Philadelphia. Mr. Knox was also cashier of a bank when, perceiving opportunities for a more influential and intellectual career at Washington, he resigned and took a subordinate position in the Comptroller's Bureau. He had an indirect influence in bringing out the State of Virginia under good government, by making Gilbert Walker, his class-fellow at college, President of the Norfolk National Bank, a place which brought Walker forward and enabled him to make the race for governor with success. Mr. Knox's predecessor was loose or unfortunate in the selection of his examiners, and some ugly developments were made after 45 the failure of some of the banks. When Mr. Hulburd retired a regular mob race was made for the vacant position about which there should not have been a particle of hesitation in the President's mind, for the next in succession was known to be the best qualified of all the candidates. However, civil service prevailed in this instance, and the new Comptroller soon demonstrated his executive courage by sending his examiner to inspect the affairs of all the banks in the District of Columbia which, owing their charters to congress, came within the sphere of his administration; showed that the Freedmen's Bank, which stands at the apex of the system of savings banks organized for the benefit of the emancipated laborers of the South, had been squandering its money on mortgages around the capital city to such an extent that but seven thousand dollars surplus out of three or four million appeared on its balance sheet. The ignorance of the majority of the

depositors and the distance of the branch banks from the central bank prevented a run on this institution, but the warning was not without its lesson. Meantime a savings bank kept by a private person named Roth Ru? was shown, to the astonishment of everybody, to possess above one million dollars deposits and little or no surplus. The report of the examiner brought the town around the ears of this money-lender, and in the space of two days nearly three thousand dollars were drawn out of its coffers by the depositors and he had to hypothecate his bonds, mortgages, etc., to meet the run. This prompt exhibition of vigilance and discipline might have tumbled Mr. Knox out of his place had it not been that his social independence had meantime become such that his nerve was not that of a starveling. Had he delayed until some of these saving institutions, keeping their true condition a secret, and playing Wall Street with their deposits, failed and so started a series of explosions to consume the earnings of the poor and make a financial panic, he could hardly have been more hounded than by these pawnbrokers who abhor in general anything of investigation or exposure The savings banks of the United States have more capital than the National 46 Banks of the country. Thus it would seem that the poor are stronger than the rich but unfortunately the rich obtain all the influence which the capital of the poor can give by its use. The Comptroller of the currency has uniformly discouraged the attachment of a savings department to national banks, and he is of the opinion, that the principle of savings banks is much abused in all parts of the country and particularly in the West, where the most reckless operators often avail themselves of the enormous savings of the poor by means of charters lobbied through the legislatures or brought on the street. Some of the savings banks of New England are quite differently managed, and Mr. Knox instances one, I think at Newburyport, which had four million dollars deposits but was so well methodized and in such conservative management that it cost only about two thousand dollars a year to do all the clerical work of the bank.

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CHAPTER IV. PUBLIC BUILDINGS.

According to the whole of many authorities and a part of all, the city of Washington itself was a scheme and the public buildings severally were sown in corruption. That they have been raised in incorruption, however, is clear to the cheerful, patriotic mind; for the Capitol is the ornament in some manner of nearly every American dwelling. The White House is the most beautiful building in the world to a politician aspiring toward it. Thousands of people would be glad to get as much as a hand in the Treasury or even a name in the Pension office.

These buildings make a continuous romance in respect to their design, construction, and personal associations. In their day they were esteemed the noblest edifices on the continent, and educed praise even from such censorious strangers as Mrs. Trollope. To this day the Capitol and President's house remain as they were exteriorly, the same in style and proportions, and the additions to the Capitol have been made consistent with the old elevation. The public is better satisfied with the Capitol from year to year, and many men of culture and travel even prefer the old freestone original edifice to the spacious and costly marble wings. The President's House has lost somewhat of its superiority as a residence, owing to the progress made in household comforts during the last half century, but it is still admired by the visitor for the extent, harmony, and impressiveness of its saloons. Both buildings and the city as well invite at this day our inquisitiveness as to how the young republic became posssesed of architects and engineers of capacity equal to such ample and effective constructions.

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The material for this inquiry is to be found in the journals and letter books of the early commissioners of the Federal City, which are kept on the crypt floor of the Capitol and are partly indexed. The personal story of the early architects must be obtained by family tradition and partly by recollection. The printed documents of congress continue the story of those constructions to our own day, but many of them are rare and some missing,

because the Capitol has been three times devastated by fire which twice chose the library as the point of attack.

Let us first note the lives of the planners of the city itself.

They assembled at Georgetown with tents, horses, and laborers, and proceeded to plot the city upon the site, while the commissioners, acting for the executive, raised and supplied the money, dealt with the owners of the ground and negotiated with quarrymen, carters, and boat owners. Every step was a matter of delicacy, and conflicts were frequent between all parties. A high degree of personal independence prevailed in the late colonies and in military, political, and professional life, amounting in many cases to sensitiveness and jealousy.

The commissioners had little consonance of temperament with the professional men, many of whom were foreigners, and both had reason to dislike the natives who began by craving the boon of the city, and ended by showing all the forms of querulousness and discontent which rise from excited avarice.

First in consideration is the man out of whose mind and art were drawn the design of Washington city as we find it still. Peter Charles L'Enfant was born in France, 1755 12-1754 , and made a Lieutenant in the French provincial forces. Touched at an early period in the American revolution with the spirit of the American Colonies and the opportunities afforded in the new world for a young officer and engineer he tendered his services in the latter capacity to the United States in the autumn of 1777. He received his wish and the appointment of Captain of Engineers February 18, 1778. At the siege of Savannah he was wounded and left on the field of battle. After c?re he took a position in the army under the immediate eye of Washington 49 and was promoted Major of Engineers May 2, 1 87 7? 3. Hence the rank with which he descends to history.

At the close of the Revolution L'Enfant commended himself to Jefferson who almost monopolized the artistic taste and knowledge of the first administration, and as the project

for a Federal city developed L'Enfant was brought into very close relations with President Washington. The artistic and the executive mind rarely run parallel, however, and very soon Washington heard with indignation that L'Enfant, enamored of his plan of the city, had refused to let it be used by the Commissioners as an incitement and directory to purchasers. The excuse of L'Enfant appears to have been that if acquainted with the plan speculators would build up his finest avenues with unsuitable structures. Washington's letter displays both the ability and weakness of his architect and engineer:

“It is much to be regretted,” he says, “that men who possess talents which fit them for peculiar purposes should almost invariably be under the influence of an untoward disposition * *. I have thought that for such employment that he is now engaged in for prosecuting public works and carrying them into effect. Major L'Enfant was better qualified than any one who had come within my knowledge in this country or indeed in any other I had no doubt at the same time, that this was the light in which he considered himself.”

This letter was written in the autumn of 1791, eight months after Jefferson instructed L'Enfant as follows:

“You are directed to proceed to Georgetown where you will find Mr. Ellicott in making a survey and map of the Federal territory.” Jefferson then distributed the responsibility by prescribing as L'Enfant's duty “to draw the site of the Federal town and buildings.” He was to begin at the Eastern branch and proceed upwards, and the word “Tyber” is used thus early in the history of the city as applying to the celebrated creek of that name, long afterwards the eye-sore of the city.

As between the immortal patron of the new city and the poor military artist posterity will expend no sympathies upon L'Enfant, 4 50 but there was probably a provincial hardness amongst the Commissioners and a want of consideration for the engineers, for even “ Ellicott, ” also a man of uncommon talents in his way and of a more placid temper, was incensed at the slights put upon him.

Jefferson wrote to L'Enfant Nov. 21, 1791, that he must not delay the engraving of his map by over nicety and thus spoil the sale of town lots, which it appears brought as good prices without the map as with it; for he had written in October that “the sales at Georgetown were few but good.” They averaged two thousand four hundred the acre.

The Map was not produced, however, and his appeals over the heads of the. Commissioners on points of difference were decided against the artist. His task lasted but one year and was abruptly terminated March 6th, 1792, as the following letter of Jefferson to the Commissioners shows:

“It having been found impracticable to employ Major L'Enfant about the Federal city in that degree of subordination which was lawful and proper, he has been notified that his services are at an end. It is now proper that he should receive the reward of his past services and the wish that he should have no just cause of discontent suggests that it should be liberal. The President thinks of two thousand five hundred dollars or three thousand dollars, but leaves the determination to you. Ellicott is to go on and finish laying off the plan on the ground and surveying and plotting the district.”

L'Enfant's reputation and acquaintance were such that he might have done the new city great injury by taking a position to its detriment, and Washington wrote that “the enemies of the enterprise will take the advantage of the retirement of L'Enfant to trumpet the whole as an abortion.” It appears, however, that L'Enfant was loyal to the government and the city, for he lived on the site and in the neighborhood all his days, and several times afterwards came under the notice of the executive and was a baffled petition e r before Congress.

We hear of him in 1794 in the public employment as Engineer 51 at Fort Mifflin below Philadelphia and after a long lapse as declining the Professorship of Engineers at West Point, July, 1812.

Christian Hines, referred to elsewhere, told me that he had seen Major L'Enfant many a time wearing a green surtout and never appearing in a change of clothes, walking across the commons and fields followed by half a dozen hunting dogs. Mr. Hines reported with some of his company to L'Enfant at Fort Washington in 1814 to do duty, and that officer, who was in temporary command, filled him a glass of wine in his old broadly hospitable way and told him what to do.

The author of the plan of the city led a long and melancholy career about Washington and died on the farm of Mr. Digges in Prince George's County, about eight miles from the Capital he planned. The Digges family were allied to the Carrolls of Duddington, and had pity upon the military gentleman who had been

MAJOR L'ENFANT'S RESTING PLACE—THE DIGGES FARM.

at once so capable, so willful, and so unfortunate. The banker Corcoran has a distinct remembrance of L'Enfant as he lived, a rather seedy, stylish old man with a long blue coat buttoned up on his breast and a bell-crowned hat, a little moody and lonely like one wronged. He wrote much and left many papers which Mr. Wyeth of Washington told me he had inspected. He would not abate a particle of his claim against the Government, being to the last as tenacious of the point of pride as when he refused his maps to the Commissioners to be the accessory of the auctioneer and the lot speculator. The Digges farm was 52 purchased by the banker, George Riggs, Esq., many years after L'Enfant's death, and a superb stone mansion and a chapel for worship were erected upon the pleasant hill where the architect of the ruling city sleeps. In the garden planted by the Digges family there had been one of those private burial grounds not uncommon in Maryland and quite common to Catholic families. Amongst the people who closed his eyes he was laid to rest in June, 1825, at the age of seventy. Mr. Riggs says that subsequently a member of the Digges family committed suicide and the negroes buried this person *cursuise* to L'Enfant's body. The leading members of the family were disinterred afterward

and the old soldier left there nearly alone. Some measures were suggested for giving him a monument at the time I made these inquiries.

L'Enfant's judgment was not equal to his imagination, but he had taste, knowledge, and amplitude, and with a richer patron than the American Nation might have made a more sounding fame. His plan of the capital city is gradually vindicating itself as the magnificent distances fill up with buildings, and the recent happy expedient of parking the streets has made it possible to pave them all without extraordinary expense. Such as it is, the city is irrevocably a part of his fame. One cannot fail to see that he drew it from the study of LeNotre's work in the city of Versailles and in the forests contiguous to Paris, where aisles, *routes,* etc., meet at broad open *carrefours* and a prospect or bit of architecture closes each avenue. Washington city in its grand plan is French; in its minor plan Quaker. It is the city of Philadelphia griddled across the city of Versailles. Anybody who will look at the design of the house which L'Enfant built for Robert Morris at Philadelphia after he was discharged from the public service,—that house which so far exceeded the estimates, that it was pulled down after the ruin of Morris and the materials made a quarry of—will observe that it is very much in the style of Mansard and the French architects of the seventeenth contury. Thus the French alliance with America brought to our shores the draughtsman 53 of the government city, and few men have had it in their power to define so absolutely a stage for historical and biographical movement. As L'Enfant made the city it remains, with little or no alteration. And his misfortunes and poverty contrasted with his noble opportunity will always classify him with the brotherhood of art and genius, and make him remembered as long as the city shall exist.

The first quarrel which L'Enfant had with the commissioners related to the destruction of a mansion belonging to one of the proprietors of the ground, the aged Daniel Carroll, who had begun to build a great brick house which he called “Duddington,” in the middle of New Jersey Avenue right under the Capitol. As this house embarrassed the engineer's much beloved plan and assumed for itself the importance of a public edifice, L'Enfant issued an order for its demolition. The commissioners protested but the artist gave orders

to his Lieutenant, Isaac Roberdeau, to pull down the structure in his absence while he meantime should be at Acquia Creek where he had leased the quarries of Brent and Gibson. Roberdeau was stopped by Carroll who sent a courier to Annapolis to get an injunction, but seeing the speed the Frenchman was making in the interval Carroll served a local magistrate's warrant upon him. When L'Enfant returned and found his orders unfulfilled he quietly organized a gang of laborers and in the evening these set to work and reduced the presumptuous edifice with a hearty diligence which led to a shower of complaints from both proprietors and commissioners. Carroll proposed to sue L'Enfant; Roberdeau was discharged and the artist in chief kept his place only two months longer. The Administration directed Duddington House to be reconstructed as it was before but in another spot, and there it remains to-day, a grim old relic surrounded with a high brick wall and a park of forest trees.

Andrew Ellicott, the consulting and practical engineer of the new city, was a native of Bucks county, Pennsylvania, where his English father emigrated in 1730. He and two brothers had moved from Pennsylvania in wagons in 1772 and started 54 the town of Ellicott's Mills and were promoters of the fortunes of Baltimore and enterprising merchants, manufacturers, agriculturists, and inventors. They were the fathers of good road building, of iron roiling and copper working in Maryland, and inventors of many useful things, such as the wagon-brake. Andrew Ellicott was in the prime of life,—thirty-seven years old,—when he rode out with Washington to inspect the embryo city. Of all the party he was the most intellectual unless we except L'Enfant; for although a Quaker he had commanded a battalion of militia in the revolution, and it gives us a wondering insight into the resources of the American Colonial mind to find that this companion of Franklin, Rittenhouse, and Washington learned the elements of what he knew at the little Maryland milling place he established.

Ellicott had surveyed portions of the boundaries of New York, Pennsylvania, and Virginia, executed a topographical map of the country bordering off Lake Erie, and made the first accurate measurement of Niagara Falls. He had besides been a member of the Maryland

Legislature. His more tractable and accommodating disposition secured him the honor of finishing the work of L'Enfant, and it appears that he was paid while on this service five dollars a day and his expenses.

In 1792 he became Surveyor General of the United States, laid out the towns of Erie, Warren, and Franklin in Pennsylvania, and constructed Fort Erie. In 1796 he determined the boundary line separating the republic from the Spanish possessions, and for many years subsequently was Secretary of the Pennsylvania state land office. His acquaintance and correspondence were with the most eminent people of his day in America and Europe, and in 1812 he was made Professor of Mathematics at West Point, where he died August 28, 1820, at the age of sixty-six. One of his family, Mr. Jos. C. G. Kennedy, was Superintendent of the United States census in 1860, and is now a resident of Washington. Amongst the assistants to run the lines of the new city was one man entitled to the future consideration of all his race, Benjamin Banneker, a negro. 55 He was at this time sixty years of age and a native of Ellicott's Mills and the protégé of the family of Andrew Ellicott. He is represented to have been a large man of noble appearance with venerable white hair, wearing a coat of superfine drab broad cloth and a broad brimmed hat, and to have resembled Benjamin Franklin. He was honored by the commissioners with a request to sit at their table, but his unobtrusive nature made him prefer a separate table. He was not only considerately cared for by these gentlemen, but Mr. Jefferson with his broad encouragement for learning and ability had praised an almanac he constructed, and the black man's proficiency in the exact sciences had given him a general reputation. He was sometimes too fond of a glass, but made it a matter of pride that at Washington he had carefully avoided temptation. Banneker died in 1804, and his grave at Ellicott's Mills is without a mark.

Thus much for the makers of the plan of the city. The trials and quarrels of the architects will be found even more romantic.

With all his discouragements concerning it Washington kept up the gleam of belief in the fortunes of his namesake city and called attention to it in letters to the Earl of Buchan and his old neighbor Mrs. S. Fairfax. To the latter, who was in England, he wrote the year before his decease:

“A century hence, if this country keeps united, it will produce a city though not as large as London yet of a magnitude inferior to few others in Europe.”

Three quarters of that century have expired and Washington is a city of one hundred and fifty thousand people. By the year 1900 this should increase to two hundred and fifty thousand. At the time Washington wrote, London had eight hundred thousand inhabitants.

CHAPTER V. THE ARCHITECTS OF THE CAPITOL AND THEIR FEUDS.

The first architect of the Capitol in the proper sense of a professional man was Stephen S. Hallet, whose name is also spelled *Hallate.* About this gentleman, whose career on the public buildings was very brief, no recollections and scarcely a tradition prevails. It has been generally said that he was an Englishman and a pupil of the celebrated John Nash of London. It is apparent however, from the books of the Commissioners, that Hallet was a Frenchman. He is addressed by them as Monsieur Hallet and referred to by them as a French artist. They also apologize for writing him a letter by saying that the difficulty of making explanations between themselves and him verbally suggests the former manner of communication. Hallet sent his plan to the Commissioners and they received it July 17, 1792. They were struck with the evidences of his professional capacity, and invited him to visit the spot as soon as he could. These were the old Commissioners, Johnson, Stewart, and Carroll. It appears that Hallet's plans, which were several in number, had about commended him as the author of the building, and he was employed in that capacity when Dr. Thornton, an Englishman, also presented a plan which the Commissioners requested him to lodge with the Secretary of State at Philadelphia. This latter plan, although drawn by

an amateur, affected both Jefferson and Washington to such a degree that a letter was at once despatched to the Commissioners requesting them to adopt it and to substitute it for Hallet's, but to do this with as much delicacy as possible and to retain Hallet in the public service. This peremptory order probably gave the Commissioners 57 much relief if we may believe the statement of George Hadfield, another architect who wrote twenty years later to the following effect:

“A premium had been offered of five hundred dollars and a building lot for the best design for a capitol, at a time when scarcely a professional artist was to be found in any part of the United States; which is plainly to be seen from the pile of trash presented as designs.”

It does not appear that Monsieur Hallet received in a cordial way this assurance that an English amateur had made a superior elevation to his own, and he drew again and again designs while Thornton's were also amended after the foundations of the Capitol had been raised to the ground level. The situation was further embarrassed by Thornton's appointment as one of the Commissioners where he came into conflict with his predecessor in an administrative as well as a professional way. Mr. Hallet, in deference to Jefferson's suggestion, was employed at four hundred pounds per year, November 20, 1793. More than nine months previously, on April 5, 1793, the Commissioners wrote to Thornton: “The President has given his formal approbation of your plan.” The changes in Thornton's design were, however, made so nearly like that of Hallet's, particularly as to the interior, that Monsieur demurred to the premium being accorded to Doctor Thornton. Quarrels ensued and Hallet withheld his drawings and wrote a letter to the Commissioners June 28, 1794, saying: “I claim the original invention of the plan now executing and beg leave to lay hereafter before you and the President the proofs of my right to it.”' Thereupon the Commissioners demanded the plans and Monsieur Hallet refused to surrender them. He was then verbally acquainted with the order that their connection with him had ceased and he was no longer in the public service. From this time forward there is no notable mention in the Commissioner's books of this unfortunate architect, and I have not been able to find any traditions respecting him. His successor was George Hadfield, who

continued on the work until May 10, 1798. Mr. 58 Hallet's account, amounting to upwards of one hundred and seventy-six pounds, was allowed by the Commissioners.

His name, however, had been deposited in the corner-stone as one of the architects, and subsequent developments have in a great measure vindicated his claim as a principal suggestor of the building. About seventy years after his disappearance from the public view a son of B. H. Latrobe, the real builder of the wings, returned to Washington Hallet's drawings. Mr. Clark the architect passed them over to the Librarian of Congress in 1873. I was permitted to make sketch copies of Hallet's plans, and Mr. Clark came into the library while I was drawing from these plans and expressed his opinion that Hallet was the real architect, that what he called his “fanciful plan” had been borrowed by Thornton and changed to such a degree that Hallet was overridden in the premises. He called my attention to this memorandum in Hallet's handwriting:

“A grand plan accompanied this (elevation) which Dr. Thornton sent for, together with my plan in pencil.”

On another drawing the following memorandum in Hallet's handwriting appeared:

“Sketch of the groundwork: part of the foundations were laid by sometime in August, 1793, now useless on account of the alterations since introduced. S. HALLET.”

Other drawings by Mr. Hallet were endorsed as follows:

“The ground floor of a plan of the Capitol, laid before the board in October, 1793.”

“Plan of the ground and principal floor sent from Philadelphia to the board in July, 1793.”

Doctor William Thornton came to America, like Alexander Hamilton, from the West India Islands. He was a man of a good deal of amateur talent, and his introduction to Jefferson brought him to live on the Capitol site where he remained for the remainder of his days. He would appear to have been of an officious, buoyant, persevering disposition, and

after he was relieved as Commissioner he gathered together models and curiosities 59 in an abandoned hotel which stood on the site of the present general Post-office, and these curiosities were spared at his intercession from the British incendiary and became the nucleus of the present Patent Office collection, of which, while nominal clerk, Thornton was really the first Commissioner. He was also the founder of the first race track at Washington, and took delight in blooded horses, entering the lists with the great John Tayloe, the chief stock breeder and the richest citizen of the District. Dr. Thornton always insisted with vehemence that he was the original architect of the Capitol, and no doubt his picture of the elevations brought the administration to a conclusion. Jefferson says of it: “The grandeur, simplicity, and beauty of the exterior, the propriety with which the apartments are distributed and economy in the mass of the whole structure recommended this plan.” The next day he says that Thornton's plan has captivated the eyes and judgment of all. “It is simple, noble, beautiful, excellently distributed, and moderate in size. * * Among its admirers no one is more decided than he whose decision is most important,” meaning Washington.

Mr. Jefferson, at the time above referred to, was held in great consideration by Washington. He had been stationed at the Court of France and was known to have a fine fancy for the arts and to take a patron's delight in the legislative edifices of his country. We can get an idea of his sentiments on art from a letter which he wrote April 10, 1791. He says:

“For the capitol I should prefer the adoption of some of the models of antiquity, which have had the approbation of thousands of years—and for the President's House I should prefer the celebrated fonts of modern buildings.”

A controversy sprang up amongst the architects, which outlived the life of Washington, and Thornton was put upon the defensive. In 1804, Mr. Latrobe addressed a report to Congress in which he denounced Thornton's plan and animadverted with some severity upon the principle of competition for designs of great public buildings, saying that “A

picture” was not a 60 plan, and intimating that Thornton's work in the premises was merely pictorial. To this Thornton rejoined in a pamphlet, of which a copy exists in the Congressional Library,—a purchase with Mr. Jefferson's collection. Thornton says:

“Mr. Hallet was not in the public service when or since I was appointed commissioner, which was on the twelfth day of September, 1794. *Mr. Hadfield* was appointed to superintend the work at the Capitol, October 15, 1795.” Thornton says further:

“Mr. Hallet changed and diminished the senate room, which is now too small. He laid square the foundation at the centre building, excluding the dome; and when General Washington saw the extent of the alterations proposed he expressed his disapprobation in a style of such warmth as his dignity and self-command seldom permitted. * * * Mr. Hallet was desirous not merely of altering what might be improved, but even what was most approved. He made some judicious alterations, but in other instances he did injury * * *. When General Washington honored me with the appointment of commissioner he requested that I should restore the building to a correspondence with the original plan.”

It further seems that Washington addressed the commissioners, Gustavus Scott, William Thornton, and Alexander White, February 27, 1797, expressing his “Real satisfaction with their conduct,” which involved an endorsement of Thornton's ideas.

Mr. Hallet's first design for the capitol, as well as the modifications and amendments of the same, show that he was an architect of very perfect knowledge. Mr. Clark, as we have said, the architect in 1873, told me that he had heard that Hallet was a pupil of Nash, who was the leading English architect of his period. Nash was born in London in 1752, and after undergoing a course of training in his profession and practising it for some time, withdrew under the delusion of speculation and lost considerable sums of money. When he returned to his profession he met with very great success and opened an office in London in 1792. He designed and constructed 61 numerous splendid mansion houses for the nobility and gentry in England and Ireland, and performed some of the most celebrated

street improvements in the British metropolis. He was an inventor as well, and in 1797 obtained a patent for improvement in the construction of arches and piers of bridges, which led him to assume the credit of introducing the use of cast-iron girders. His work in London has been quite celebrated, including the fashioning of Regent Street and its beautiful blocks, the Langham Place Church, the Haymarket Theater, the terraces in Regent's Park, and the pavilion at Brighton. England contains many superb interiors and imposing mansion-houses accredited to him, and he lived until 1835.

It would be interesting only to architects to go at length into a discussion of the relative cleverness of Thornton's original plan, of Hallet's plans and of the amended Capitol as we see it to-day, the work of Latrobe and Bulfinch. The building has received the general approval of the public sentiment, and with the magnificent marble extensions of Mr. Walter, —which are a pattern with the old Capitol,—is one of the most imposing buildings in the world. Thornton's original design of the Capitol had but one dome, a great eagle in the pediment, a statue with a club on the top of the pediment flanked by two female statues on the balustrade, and oak or laurel encompassed the rounded top of the chief window in each wing.

The original plan by Hallet placed the dome outside of the rectangle of the center and put the senate chamber in that rotunda. The center of the building was made a square open court with a covered walk around the sides and a carriage turn in the middle. The Supreme Court took the place of the subsequent senate chamber and the Vice-President's room was semi-circular and facing the long main corridor which traversed the edifice lengthwise.

It would appear that Hallet was in Washington until February 22, 1795, for in the bunch of drawings recently consigned to the library and which were doubtless sent to the authorities by Hallet to prove his right to the premium—there is one 62 “A fanciful plan and elevation which the President having seen accidentally in September, 1793, agreed with the commissioners to have the Capitol planned in imitation thereof.”

HALLET'S PLAN OF THE CAPITOL.

Hallet's “Fanciful plan” was surmounted by a dome with drum pillars and a light open cupola. Six Doric columns supported the center which upheld a curved pediment with a large eagle in the tympanum, and below were four standing colossal figures of WAR, PEACE, JUSTICE, and TIME. Three columns flanked the portico, which had four doors of equal size and low flights of steps. Shallow curtains with one door and one window connected in the center with the wings, which consisted of a basement and one story. The basement was of stone rusticated, and the portico above had four Ionic columns flanked by windows flush with the portico. In the pediment of each of the wings was a group of statuary of half a dozen figures, representing war and peace. In the recess under the porticoes were three designs in relief over the three doors which opened upon the portico. Hallet's “Fanciful plan” was borrowed by Thornton.

We may congratulate ourselves that the present state of the arts and the unity of official direction in this country prevent such scandals in public construction as attended the building of the old Capitol. It does not appear that any harmony prevailed, and dishonesty was often charged and sometimes proved. The early commissioners accused L'Enfant, Roberdeau, Baoroaf, and others of circulating on the spot infamous falsehoods to

CAPITOL.

SENATE CHAMBER.

HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES.

63 the prejudice of our character. Hadfield says that unfavorable reports were taken to General Washington of Thornton's ground plan, and he was ignorantly advised to retain the elevations and change the interior plans. The corner stone had no sooner been laid than “squabbles began; differences, factions, and broils were the order of the day.” The contractor for the foundation was displaced for another mason, “who used what is called

the continental trowel, which was wheelbarrows filled promiscuously with stones and mortar and emptied on the walls. When the foundation was completed or nearly so, the whole was condemned and the second contractor or continental trowelist was dismissed."

It is very certain that the foundations of the first Capitol were condemned and obliged to be rebuilt. After the first crop of commissioners had passed away it was found that at least two of their successors were short in their accounts or had kept no responsible accounts whatever. Mr. Hadfield, to whom we shall come directly, who resided in the city until his death and lived to see the reconstruction of the wings, published at the time a dignified criticism upon the edifice with these admissions:

"The proper way to have built the Capitol was to have offered an adequate sum to the most eminent architect in any of the European cities, to furnish the design and working drawings, also a person of his own choice to superintend the work. In that case the Capitol would have been long ago completed and for half the sum that has been expended on the present, wreck."

The second architect in order is Mr. Hadfield, an Englishman who had been requested to come to this country and give some responsibility to the work on the public buildings. He received the endorsement of that undoubted genius, Latrobe, who employed him between 1803 and 1817 after the commissioners had cast him off, and he bore testimony that Hadfield had "talent, taste, and knowledge of art." Mr. Hadfield left behind him abiding proofs to the same effect in the City Hall and in the two remaining department buildings which he constructed 64 "Of brick in the Ionic order with freestone basements," two on each side of the President's house, namely, Treasury and State, War and Navy buildings. He could agree with the commissioners but a short time, one of whom was Thornton aforesaid, and instead of discharging Hadfield courteously it appears by their minutes that on May 10, 1798, they gave notice to a citizen, Mr. William Brent, to tell Hadfield that he was no longer in their employ. Hadfield died in Washington, February, 1826. His successor was James Hoban, who must have then lived elsewhere, probably in Maryland, where he

had married, for he was ordered May 28, 1798, to superintend the building of the Capitol, to remove to the city, and to occupy Hadfield's house, or if he did not get it to charge his rent in some other dwelling to the government.

At this time Hoban was architect of the President's house as well as of the Capitol, and he was allowed for the moment to draw his full salary on both buildings. He received a hundred guineas a year for his subsequent attention to the President's house. Hoban was a native of Kilkenny County, Ireland, and was educated and taught the profession of an architect at Dublin. His living grand-son, James Hoban, is possessed of a medal awarded to the architect by the Dublin Society, for the best style of ornamental brackets. In 1780, Hoban, still unmarried, sailed from Ireland to Charleston, S. C. Where he settled and soon received employment on the public and private constructions of the place. South Carolina has had the honor of furnishing two architects and a sculptor to Washington, Hoban, Robert Mills and Clark Mills.

At the conception of the Capital city, Mr. Laurens (Henry Laurens, long a State captive in the tower of London) gave Hoban a letter of recommendation to Washington. He speedily drew the prize for the President's palace and was employed to construct it, which he did with equal particularity, stability, and speed, so that it was habitable in 1799. It is traditional in the Hoban family that President Washington took exception to the style and proportions of the White House as inviting 65 criticism from severe Republicans, but that he gave up the point to the architect. It was revived, however, by Jefferson, of whom Tom Moore, Hoban's poet countryman, wrote in 1803: “The President's House, a very noble structure, is by no means suited to the philosophical humility of its present possessor, who inhabits but a corner of the mansion himself and abandons the rest to a state of uncleanly desolation. This grand edifice is encircled by a very rude paling through which a common rustic hill introduces the visitors to the first man in America.”

As an instance of the boorish feeling prevailing between the Commissioners, citizens, and architects, we may mention that David Burns, who owned a large part of the ground

taken up by the city, resisted the opening of a cartway over his land to haul stone from the landing to the White House, and also threatened to sue the Commissioners, and complained of Mr. Hoban for cutting his wood, saying: “Such persons are not responsible, because they have no property any body can lay hands on, but are miserable speculators and without thrift.” Mr. Hoban built the first post-office at Washington and many other good buildings, but he also failed to please the civil authorities although he reconstructed the White House after 1814 and maintained his influence in the city to the end. Captain Hoban died in the year 1831, possessed of about sixty thousand dollars in property, and having lived a comfortable and active life. He was at first interred in the old graveyard of St. Patrick's Church, but the remains were removed at a later date to N . Olivet cemetery on the Bladensburg turnpike, where they lie at present. He left an efficient posterity, two sons in the U. S. Navy, another a priest, and a fourth, James, who was a fine Speaker and was United States Attorney of the District in the administration of President Polk. Hoban's residence is still standing at this writing on F street in the rear of 15th, on the north side, a landmark in itself. Sharp-gabled and very decrepit, and pointing toward the street. He married after he removed to Washington, and his wife was Miss Se u l ell of Maryland. He was a devout Catholic, and those who most distinctly recall him at 5 66 this day are clergymen like Fathers Lynch and McElroy. During the early building of the Capitol the clerk of the works, Lenthall, Blagden, the chief stone mason, and a citizen, Cocking, were killed upon it. The stone quarries used for the early public edifices were at Acquia creek and at Hamburg near the mouth of Rock Creek, the latter within the city limits; these quarries for stone and slate were purchased outright and cost twenty-nine thousand five hundred and fifty-eight dollars. The since celebrated Seneca stone was also used at a very early period for flagging and steps; the former cost, about seven dollars a ton and the latter about fifteen dollars, delivered.

The fourth professional Architect of the Capitol was one of the remarkable, men of the country. His constructions of both a public and private character are numerous at Washington and in other cities of the country. One of his sons, B. H. Latrobe, Jr., was

afterwards made engineer of location and construction of the Baltimore and Ohio railroad, July 1, 1836. He was the genius of that great mountain highway. He had been educated by his father, the architect, for a lawyer, but took to engineering, while his brother John H. B. Latrobe, educated for an engineer, became a lawyer of Baltimore, equally celebrated. The elder, Benjamin H. Latrobe, was born in Yorkshire, England, May 1, 1767, and was the son of Rev. Henry Latrobe, a Moravian clergyman of Huguenot descent, who figured as Super-intendent of the Moravian establishments in England and as an author in the Church. The architect was educated at a village near Leeds, at the Moravian school of Weisky in Saxony and at the University of Leipsic. He was a cornet of Prussian Hussars, and made the tour of Europe, examining all the public buildings of note before he returned to England in 1782. He entered the office of Cockrell, an eminent English architect, and married the daughter of the rector of Clerkenwell parish. The death of his wife gave him such desire of change that in 1796 he resolved to come to America and visit an uncle, Colonel Antes. The ship brought him to Norfolk where by good luck he fell in with the officer of customs who introduced

MARBLE HALL, CAPITOL, WASHINGTON.

67 him to Judge Bushrod Washington, a nephew of President Washington, which led to his visiting Mount Vernon and becoming one of the fast young friends of that father of the Capital.

Richmond, Virginia, was then rapidly growing, and Latrobe designed the penitentiary and several fine private mansions. In 1798 he was established in Philadelphia where he built the old water works on Penn square and the old Banks of Pennsylvania and Philadelphia, and he also designed the Bank of the United States which was built by his pupil, Strickland. It is to be remarked that as Latrobe was the preceptor of Strickland, Strickland was the preceptor of Walter and Walter of Clark. As Latrobe availed himself of the services of Hadfield there has been a close succession of minds of the same order

and of mutual inspiration at work on the Capitol for eighty years. Few buildings in the world have commanded the services for so long a time of men who knew each other.

At Philadelphia Latrobe married his second wife, the daughter of Robert Hazelhurst, who had been a partner of Robert Norris, the early speculator in Washington lots and buildings. From this second marriage arose the two eminent sons above referred to. Mr. Latrobe was summoned from Philadelphia to be surveyor of the Public buildings at Washington in 1808. He made a report at the beginning of the following year to this effect: “The hall in which the house of Representatives are now assembled was erected in part of the permanent building. I am, however, under the necessity of representing to you that the whole of the masonry from the very foundation is of such bad workmanship and materials that it would have been dangerous to have assembled within the building had not the walls been strongly supported by shores from without.”

After due inspection Mr. Latrobe reported that the south wing of the Capitol required rebuilding from the very foundation. He also resolved upon a reformation of the outer plan and a very thorough change of the inner. This led to the criticism from his associate Hadfield, “That there is no conformity between the outer parts and the interior of the Capitol, 68 the original designs having been totally disregarded.” Particularly does Hadfield denounce the raising of the entire floor throughout the building from the ground story to the principal order over the casement, excluding the light, making catacombs of the basement and turning an inferior part of the edifice into the superior uses.” We may regard the east front and wings of the old freestone Capitol in mass as we see it as the design of Mr. Latrobe, who had sufficient influence with Mr. Jefferson to make him modify his extravagant praise of Thornton's design. The embargo and non-intercourse acts of that administration made money so scarce that very little was accomplished beyond finishing the interior of the wings, and when the Capitol was burnt in 1814, Latrobe, who was then absent at Pittsburg building the first steamboat to descend the western waters (jointly with Fulton, Livingstone, and Nicholas I. Roosevelt, his son-in-law by his first marriage) hastened back to the Capitol and took charge of its reconstruction in a more methodical

and comprehensive way than any of his predecessors. He first made an inspection of the m ined building and reported part of the walls and all the foundations sound and the more delicate work of the interior little injured although the incendiaries had labored all night to make the devastation complete, using powder, etc., of their rockets for that purpose. It was Latrobe who designed what Madison called the American order of architecture, using the cotton blossom, the tobacco leaf, and the Indian corn, shaft and ear, in his columns and capitals. He made a personal visit to the Catoctin and Lo n u don hills to find quarries, and discovered the breccia or blue mottled marble which is used in the old hall of Representatives and in the corridors. The hall of Representatives, the Senate Chamber, the old Supreme Court Room, and the old lobbies, as well as the ground plan of the two wings, were Latrobe's work. He also erected St. John's Church, the Van Ness and Brentwood mansions, the arched gate of the Navy Yard, and was conferred with as to public buildings in many parts of the country. Latrobe had been on good terms with the commissioners fourteen

LADIES' RECEPTION ROOM, CAPITOL, WASHINGTON.

69 years when President Monroe appointed a one-armed Virginia Colonel, Samuel S. Lane, with whom he soon came into collision, and he resigned in 1817. Removing to Baltimore he built the noted Cathedral there and a part of the Commercial Exchange. His son, Henry S. Latrobe, had been sent to New Orleans to build the water works in 1811 and died there in 1817. Following him upon the same errand, the architect of the Capitol met with the same fate September 3, 1820.

Mr. Latrobe has left behind him letters, compositions, constructions, and a posterity which will give him a permanent fame in the Republic. He was well acquainted with the Latin, Greek, Hebrew, French, Spanish, Portuguese, Italian, and German languages.

The fifth architect on the Capitol was Charles Bulfinch, the senior of Latrobe, who had been born in Boston, August 8,1763, the son of a physician. He saw the battle of Bunker Hill from the housetops of the city, and graduated at Harvard in 1781. Finding life in

a country house distasteful he made the tour of Europe to further his desire to be an architect, and returning to Boston—he married his cousin, Hannah Apthorp, and became at the same time a constructor, merchant, and selectman. It was he who laid out the streets and filled up the marshes of Boston, built the Boston State House, and was one of the partners to dispatch the ships Columbia and Washington to the Pacific Ocean whereby Captain Gray discovered the Columbia River, He twice failed in business, once by putting up Franklin Place, Boston, on too ambitious a scale, and again by the endeavor to fill up the Charles River marshes. His work is plentiful in Boston, as in the Court House and the North and South Churches. He also built the State House at Augusta, Me.

Bulfinch made the acquaintance of President-elect Monroe in 1816. At this time he was a lame man, having crippled himself for life by slipping on the steps of Fanueil Hall, and he was visiting Washington and other cities to obtain suggestions for a hospital for Boston. President Monroe renewed the 70 acquaintance while making a tour in the East subsequently, and was struck with the elegance of Bulfinch's buildings. The architect refused to take Latrobe's place until the latter had resigned absolutely, and then he proceeded to complete the wings on Latrobe's plan and to build the rotunda, old dome, and library, and to give area to the west front of the Capitol, which had been built too near the brow of the hill, by putting up the glaci e s and architectural terrace. In 1830 when the Capitol was virtually completed, Bulfinch resigned and returned to Boston, where he died April 15, 1844, at the age of eighty-one. He built two other buildings at Washington, the church for the Unitarian Society of which he was a member, and the old penitentiary at Greenleaf's Point, where the conspirators were imprisoned, tried, and hanged in 1865.

The criticism of Hadfield, already twice referred to, was written in 1819 in the period of Bulfinch. That artist throws some light upon the cost and style of the edifice. He begins by calling it “A very singular building,” ascended by “uncouth stairs in the south wing.” The plan of the Representatives Hall, he says, was taken from the remains of a theater near Athens as described by Stewart, an authority. It had gained “some advantage in appearance of form and costliness of materials” over the former hall, which was, however,

more consistent, being all of native freestone. The capitals of the columns in this hall were executed in Italy" and are a copy from the capitals of the well-known remains of the lantern of Demosthenes at Athens. Had the entire columns been in Carrara marble they would have cost less money. Hadfield rebukes the coupling of the form center columns, the screen between the columns of the peristyle, the gallery door, and the principal entrance crowding each other, and the screen of columns on the south side of the hall, which "would be better among the ruins of Palmyra."

Such criticisms as Hadfield's lose their effect upon the public mind by their minuteness. The building stood for a quarter of a century complete as Bulfinch left it, and meantime

HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES, CAPITOL, WASHINGTON.

71 persons of every quality from all parts of the world bestowed their encomiums upon it. For many years a contest raged about the difficulty of hearing in that ambitious domed, column-encircled Hall of Representatives, but no portion of the building is more admired to-day, and perhaps people of wisest censure prefer the involutions, quaint workmanship, economy of space, and classical simplicity of the old freestone building to the marble wings which are modeled upon the former plan.

The old Capitol, including the works of art which, belonged there, cost about two million seven hundred thousand dollars. It covered considerably more than an acre and a half of ground. It was three hundred and fifty-two feet, four inches long, seventy feet high to the top of the balustrade, one hundred and forty-five feet high to the top of the old dome, and the wings were one hundred and twenty-one feet, six inches deep. These dimensions show a sufficient edifice for the period to have been truly a national Capitol. The part which the British burnt had cost about seven hundred and ninety thousand dollars; to restore those parts cost about six hundred and ninety thousand dollars; the freestone center cost about six hundred and ninety thousand dollars. The park enclosing this old Capitol contained about twenty-two and a half acres.

Within that old building happened, all the contests of the first social civilization of the Republic. Every room and lobby and recess of it is full of reminiscence. Attempts are now being made on the score of architectural harmony to demolish it and erect a new center in keeping with the wings. We may hope that this will not take place until reverence and innovation, the historical and the artistic spirit, have a full debate on the subject in which the country can take sides.

The successor of Mr. Bulfinch was Robert Mills, who was appointed government architect, by Andrew Jackson in 1830. He was a man of mediocre talents, whose opportunities allowed him to impress himself favorably upon the country. He was born in Charleston, S. C., and placed under the tuition of James Hoban in 1800, with whom he remained two years. Mr. 72 Jefferson introduced him to Latrobe. He had very extensive employment in the country, and constructed churches, public buildings, and mansions from Pennsylvania to Georgia; he built the second Treasury, of which the façade remains, and commenced the Patent Office and the general Post-Office, all three of which retain the impression of his style. He designed the Washington Monument, made a design for the Bunker Hill Monument, built the Monument Church at Richmond, the State Capitol at Harrisburgh, the Philadelphia Mint, and was the engineer of South Carolina when the Charleston and Hamburg Railroad was constructed between 1830 and 1834. Mr. Mills completed Bulfinch's work on the Capitol but got into a wrangle about the Patent Office which led to his removal. He long inhabited a tall brick house on New Jersey Avenue, Capitol Hill, and died in Washington, March 3, 1855. Mr. Mills had very little connection with the Capitol building, and for twenty years after its completion there was nothing more of architecture except a wrangle about the acoustics of the Hall of Congress.

New states were, however, admitted to the Union, and the increase of population in all the states multiplied Congressmen so that in 1850 it was determined to extend the old wings by greater wings named “extensions,” to be constructed of more durable materials and

upon the original plan. Proposals were invited and the fortunate architect was Thomas W. Walter.

He held and keeps the rank of the foremost classical architect in America. The corner-stone of the additions was laid by President Filmore, July 4, 1851, more than fifty-nine years after Washington laid the south-east corner stone of the old Capitol. Mr. Walter was born in Philadelphia, September 4, 1804, and was the son of a builder. In 1819 he entered the office of Mr. Strickland and, working with the trowel, supported himself and became a fair artist in colors. In 1830 he became an architect on his own account and the following year designed Moyamensing Prison. His plans for Girard College were accepted, and from 1833 to 1847 he superintended its construction, visiting Europe in 1838 to make studies for that institution.

SENATE CHAMBER, CAPITOL, WASHINGTON.

73 In 1843 the Venezuelan Government employed him to construct a mole and port at LaGuayra, and from 1851 to 1865 he was the architect of the Capitol and had an influence in the Treasury, Patent Office, and Post-Office extensions. Mr. Walter was accused of influencing contracts on the public works in Washington, and the disposition of funds on the Capitol building was mainly committed to an able engineer officer, Montgomery C. Meigs.

The first estimate for the Capitol extension was two million six hundred and seventy-five thousand dollars and five years time. In 1856 Captain Meigs called upon Jefferson Davis for two million eight hundred and thirty-five thousand dollars and said that the additional cost was on account of the low estimates of Mr. Walter and in the substitution of marble, iron, encaustic tiles, etc., for wood, plaster, and stone. And he added: “I have labored faithfully and diligently to construct this building in such a manner that it would last for ages as a creditable monument of the state of the arts at this time in this country.” At that time the expenditure was about ninety thousand dollars monthly.

Captain M. C. Meigs reported in August, 1856, that above two million five hundred thousand dollars had been expended on the new wings up to that time, that the work had no debts, and that everything had been bought for cash. The Berkshire marble shafts, monolitho, cost one thousand four hundred dollars each, and the shafts for the corridors of the south basement two hundred dollars each. The following were the prices of marbles per cubic foot. Massachusetts, two dollars and fifty cents; Tennesee, six dollars; Vermont Green, seven dollars; Potomac Breccia, four dollars; Levant from Barbary, five dollars; Italian Statuary, seven dollars and ninety-five cents; Common Italian, two dollars and seventy-five cents. Meigs changed Walters' design somewhat, putting in one hundred and ninety-two columns in all instead of two hundred and fifty-two. Bricks, from all cities, cost from five dollars and fifty cents to nine dollars and 74 twelve cents per thousand. To lay the bricks cost five dollars and eight cents per thousand.

The cost of the Capitol extension was about eight million dollars, of the new dome about one million two hundred and fifty thousand dollars, and of the new library enough additional to make the entire cost upwards of ten million dollars. Works of art and ornaments made three hundred and fifty thousand dollars more. The extensions are about one hundred and forty-three by two hundred and thirty-nine feet each exclusive of porticoes. The whole Capitol has therefore cost about thirteen million dollars.

LOBBY OF SENATE, CAPITOL, WASHINGTON.

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CHAPTER VI. THE LOBBY AND ITS GENTRY.

The word “Lobbyist,” as any body might guess, is derived from the part of the Capitol where people go, who have objects to attain on the floors of Congress but not the right of access. In the Latin *lobby* signifies a covered portico-pit for walking, and in the Capitol at Washington the lobbies are long, lofty, and lighted corridors completely enclosing both balls of legislation. One of the four sides of this Lobby is guarded by doorkeepers who can

generally be seduced by good treatment or a *douceur* to admit people to its privacy, and in this darkened corridor the lobbyists call out their members and make their solicitations.

The lobby at Washington is referred to by the architect Latrobe as early as 1806. He explains that “The Lobby of the House is so separated from it that those who retire to it cannot see and probably will not distinctly hear what is going forward in it. This arrangement, he says, “has been made with the approbation of the President of the United States and also under the advice of the speakers of the two houses at the time when the designs were made. It is novel, but it is supposed that the inconveniences to which the Lobby now subjects the House will be thereby avoided.”

This shows the high antiquity of the Washington Lobby.

I have no doubt that many of my readers may be asking themselves, what kind of a fellow is a lobbyist to look at?

A lobbyist is an operator upon his acquaintance, his wits, and his audacity. Your lobbyist may be an old man, whose experience, *a plomb,* suavity or venerableness may recommend 76 him. He may be a strong man in middle life, who commands what he is paid for doing by a knowledge of his own force and magnetism, He may be an adroit young man, full of hollow profession, who dexterously leads his victim along from terrace to terrace of sentimentality, until that dell is reached where the two men become confederates, and may whisper the truth to each other.

The average lobbyist must seem an agreeable man, whether he be so or no. He is seldom so foolish as to risk a quarrel for no end, and therefore a newspaper-writer can readily approach him and learn the news,—there being a tacit truce understood between them, by which the writer gets his news on the understanding that he will give trouble, in the way of revelations, to none less than the lobbyist's principals. The native lobbyist rather likes to

read quick-witted accounts of such operations as he is about, and, if somebody in his own line other than himself, be described, enjoys the matter hugely.

I recollect, on one occasion, having it suggested to me that a sketch on the game of poker as played at Washington might incidentally trench upon a character of lobby influence not generally understood. The intimation that I received was, that certain prominent men in Congress and the government were very fond of the Western game of draw-poker; and that certain gentlemen in the Lobby, knowing this fact, humored the inclination, and played a losing game with the aforesaid dignitaries, in order that the acquaintance might be closer, and the legislative business in hand easy to approach. It is well established that, if you can deceive a man into believing that he has plundered you at cards, he feels under a sort of chivalric obligation; and hence a strong lobbyist will permit himself to lose heavily at the poker-table, under the assumption that the great Congressman who wins the stake will look leniently upon the little appropriation he means to ask for. As the appropriation is sure to be twenty-fold the loss at cards, it is plain that the loser really plays the best game at poker.

On this occasion, I went directly to a couple of fellows whom 77 I knew to be prime hands at the draw game, and stated to them that I could not play poker, and wanted to get an idea of it *sans* experience, and also some points with which to point my article. Both men entered into the spirit of the proposition, and while one sat down, with a mischievous twinkle in his eye, and gave me some inside information, the other slipped off and bought a book called “The American Hoyle,” which he sent to me under the frank of the very member of Congress who was to be the subject of the article.

Amongst the lobbyists at Washington, is one very agreeable, well-behaved, and most learned man, who is on excellent terms with some of the most prominent of the judges, senators, etc., at the Capital. He formerly enjoyed the advantage of a partnership-at-law, and in a distant state was quite an influence in politics and at the bar. I believe that an unfortunate streak of luck came to him in the course of his practice, by which he was able,

upon a speculation, involving some legislative proceedings, to make very much more money in a short space of time than he could do in a year or two by methodical practice. Whatever the cause, he slipped his moorings as a fair lawyer, and took to the legislature every winter, but never in support of any small matter. His propositions were all imperial, and to hear him talk you would think his ends were his country's, his God's, and truth's. He had a fine way of talking about “ The equities, ” which he explained to be something superior in morals to mere points of law and evidence; and, with his fin e grave face, suave manner, and enormous determination, he never failed to be respectable, and I always wondered how h e ever c ould fail. Yet he always did fail, that is, he could inspire sufficient confidence in those who backed him with mo ney to be kept at Washington from year to year at their expense, but his proposals were so preposterous in the amount asked, that nobody dared to vote for them.

On one occasion I was bound to New York, when this gentleman was discovered to have the adjacent berth to mine, and to be my companion in those agreeable hours one spends sitting 78 up until the berth shall be made, the lights put down, and the last passenger turned in. I was but imperfectly aware of his business at Washington, where he had always addressed me respectfully, and with a lazy man's privilege, I turned to him more unguardedly than on previous occasions, and soon found myself under the glamour of a very remarkable mind. He had spent much of his life in a distant part of the country, among associations interesting in themselves, and the grade of his acquaintances was high, and often eminent. He was President-making on this particular evening, and called my attention to the force, record, and consistency of some gentlemen whom I had never thought of in association with the Chief Magistracy. As he proceeded in his talk, I felt a luminous mind near me as truly as if I had been sitting under some shining orb. His literary tastes were just crude enough to be original and honest. His acquaintance with men was that of one who never took a suggestion but he gave one back like an equal. There was bearing in the man also, and that feeling of warm interest in my youth which had the effect to make me feel that there was something to pity in my associate. Without

any clear knowledge that he had ever been wronged, I got to feel that his desert had been unequal to his aspiration, and imperceptibly the impression was made upon me that he had lost his grasp upon fortune by too much courage, rather than by the abandonment of his friends; for, like every man in the Lobby, as I afterwards found out, he placed much stress upon personal fidelity. You never find a genuine lobbyist but he makes it a point of honor that friendship is the last manly element to be given up, and I suppose that this is an approximate notion to that older relation we express when we say that there is honor among thieves. At Washington one hears much more of loyalty to one's friends than of loyalty to one's country. In fact, one would soon become unpopular in that promiscuous society by affecting any undue or juvenile consideration for his country. They expect John A. Bingham, or Daniel Voorhees, or some of the professional orators, to attend to that kind of sentiment exclusively.

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Time ran on, and I discovered what my quondam companion of the sleeping car was working his brain upon during the pending session. He had a fine scheme, based upon the nicest principles of equity, to take s ixty million dollars out of the Treasury to refund the cotton tax. I have never been able to persuade myself that he did not believe he was engaged in a highly meritorious duty in seeking to have that cotton-tax taken out of the Treasury and refunded, because, as he expressed it, the Supreme Court had been equally divided on the subject, and would certainly have made a decision as he argued it, except that two unjudicial Justices had been added to the Bench to anticipate certain railway decisions, and were not to be relied upon when a fine point of law and honor came up. The sixty million dollars were not to be grossly shoveled out of the Treasury, for my friend was no such gross disturber of the revenues and the tax-scale. Like every other lobbyist, he preferred the plea sant form of a bonded restitution.

The Treasury was merely to listen to the courts, as the courts were merely to do justice to a war-ridden people. If the courts should be so lost to judicial integrity as to slip the matter over from term to term, he did not entertain the supposition that a Congress of his

countrymen would be equally tardy in doing their duty. When this Congress had shown, in a chivalric way, its origin with the constituency, and its respect for law and “equity,” by passing the little bill which he proposed, nothing else was necessary than for the Treasury to issue sixty million do llars of bon ds, redeemable in forty years, with the proper coupons attached. Having your coupons attached, you, as a friend of the outraged planter, were merely to collect the interest annually; and here my friend was wont to stop and say, with a look which was as impressive as Chevalier Bayard's: “What is interest at seven per cent to a nation like ours, which owes so much to the cotton interest?”

You can see it all in a twinkling. The whole thing involved but four million or so per annum; while, meantime, with his three cents per pound on cotton refunded to him, the planter 80 would take new heart, believe again in the generosity of the country, put this annual amount into gins, seed, and labor, and push the country so far ahead that, when the bonds came due at the end of forty years, so far from anything being lost, there would only be a magnificent investment on all sides. It would bless him that gave and him that took.

If there could be such a thing in our days as a simple-minded man in Congress, it might not be hard to suppose that a scheme like this might carry conviction to his mind. But my friend, probably, had a less sentimental backing than this to his proposition. All that portion of the press, all those Congressmen, all the commercial interests, in the cotton area, were, perhaps, already driven up and prepared to vote for this job as a sectional issue; for he makes a great mistake who thinks we have got out of sectionalism by getting out of slavery. It was the cotton which made the sectionalism before fully as much as the slave; because the slave might grow anywhere, but the cotton would not. In this scheme, however, there was still another powerful interest lying back in the rear, and that was a combination of disinterested gentlemen who paid my friend's expenses in Washington, and had already secured nearly the whole sum to be restored from the Treasury, by obtaining the refusal of nearly all the said claims for the cotton which had been seized.

Although sixty million dollars were to be represented by the bonds which the Treasury were to issue, it might take but a few thousand dollars to get control of the bonds in anticipation of their issue. These few thousand dollars would, perhaps, come from some plethoric banker who was to be promised the negotiation of the bonds when the Treasury should put them out. In order to make everything fair, perhaps a stock company, with no capital to see, but plenty to talk about, had arranged to distribute stock in anticipation of the bonds, to redeem the stock with the bonds when they were at last printed, and perhaps the whole Confederacy was to be “taken in” somewhere between the passage of the bill and the insurance of the bonds.

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Another of our sterling knights of the Lobby of Washington is the gentleman who is responsible for the great tunnel project.

This man is a Columbus, a Lesseps, and a De Witt Clinton of his kind. He is, I believe, a native of Prussia, and a fine-looking man, with Oriental features, a dark eye, excellent address, in despite of his German accent, and he is both an author, a pleader, and a diplomatist. Some say he is no engineer; but, if this be the case, he has performed an enormous amount of work as a mere assumer, which it would have been hard for a real professional mining engineer to do as well.

I made this gentleman's acquaintance the first year I came to Washington, while visiting, as I was in the habit of doing, Mr. Riley, clerk of the Mining Committee.

Mr. Riley had led a life of adventure; had edited a newspaper in British Columbia, and subsequently made a journey to the diamond fields of South Africa, to write a book for a Hartford publishing house. He died of cancer in the face before his book was completed.

One day while speaking to Mr. Riley, he called my attention to some large and beautiful albums filled with the richest photographs of Kings and Queens, works of art, fine

architectures, and people prominent in literature, opera, and adventure, which could be collected in Europe. I had never seen, even in Europe, such a perfect and exquisite library of photographs, and they have been uniformly the admiration of all who have seen them. They were the property of the tunnel-maker. Adjacent to these photographic books was a magnificent collection of gems, minerals, etc., from the various mines of Europe. I was told by Mr. Riley, as a mark of confidence, that he would see to it that I should become possessed of a copy of an extraordinary book on mining which his great friend and collector was at that time publishing.

In due time this book came out, and it was, indeed, an expensive and entertaining work, and of a somewhat technical character. 6

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The title of this work was, “The Comstock Lode, and the Evils of the Present System of Mining.”

It began with a description of the Comstock Lode,—a mighty vein of gold and silver in the State of Nevada, which was discovered in the year 1869, and on which nearly forty companies owned claims. These companies had already produced the incredible sum of one hundred and thirty million dollars in bullion. The shafts into the lode had been sunk more than one thousand feet, so that, between the cost of labor, the interference of water, and the loss of power, the whole lode was in danger of abandonment. If abandoned, one hundred thousand people would be deprived of their occupation and means of subsistence! Such a calamity Providence had done its part to avert by raising the lode a thousand feet or more above the adjacent valley, which was thus manifestly designed to be used for the propulsion of a tunnel beneath the lode, which would at once draw off the water and carry off the ore by an inclined plane, and permit economical and vastly ramified mining for a hundred years to come. This tunnel, which would be called after its proposer, would have a length of twenty-one thousand feet, with shafts making the amount total forty-three thousand. The scheme had been already proposed to eminent “experts”

in Europe, who forthwith came to the aid of the engineer with letters of indorsement, all duly printed in this beautiful volume. The mining companies working far above the lode had agreed to pay two dollars a ton for the ore which the great tunnel should carry out for them. The Tunnel was to have two substantial railroad tracks. Such tunnels had been built in Germany and elsewhere, as in the Hartz Mountains; and the engineer staked his reputation, and gave the whole tunnel, liberally, as security, that, if Congress would issue bonds and come to the aid of the work to the extent of five million dollars, fifty million dollars per annum of precious metal could be brought out, science would be benefited, the mineral domain would be filled with immigration, the burdens of the people in taxation would be reduced, and the national debt paid off!

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Some years have passed since this book was placed in my hands, and every year the indefatigable,?ngineer adds another tome, if possible more agreeable, more eloquent, and more convincing, in favor of the proposition. He has obtained some private credit, and has had sympathy among the miners, hundreds of whom have given parts of their work for nothing; while, in Congress, men like William D. Kelley, Gen. Banks, and Senator Nye, have made such speeches in his favor as Queen Isabel might have delivered before the King of Arragon in aid of Columbus. Every session of Congress finds the engineer in good apartments at Washington, patiently reasoning out the cause, showering his scorn upon those too blind to see and too selfish to help; and, in the face of the opposition of the most powerful Capital on the Pacific Coast, he has succeeded in getting two or three reports from the Mining and other Committees, indorsing his project. Horace Greeley committed the editorial columns of the New York Tribune to it. If never achieved, it has become one of the notorieties of the period.

There is a certain kind of nature in your fine old lobbyist, which grows tough and sturdy by opposition. In the amount of opposition, it avows that it finds at least the bitter half of the appreciation which belongs to it. This tunnel, however, has not risen above the usual cares of such popular propositions, and the handsome shares of stock of the Tunnel Company,

which represent the golden meed of victory, if ever that time comes, are not uncommon on the streets of the Federal City.

But, “Pshaw!” says your fine old lobbyist, “what is there wrong about our stock? What is our property we have a right to divide, as we are a chartered institution under the laws.”

The great banking institution which is fighting the tunnel proposition has, however, its own suggestion for the development of the country and decrease of taxation on a scale scarcely less extraordinary, in the matter of irrigation.

While our engineering friend wants to take all the water out of the Comstock lode, the quartz company and bank which oppose him want to flood all the San Joaquin Valley with 84 water, and redeem an empire from the drought. They have had engineers from India to demonstrate the entire feasibility of the project, and I believe that their bill passed Congress near the close of the session, sustained, as it was, by all the powerful influences which resist the scheme of the tunnel.

What will become of us if the great tunnel and the great irrigating scheme combine and drench all the Pacific Coast with the water pumped out of the lode? If both the schemes be successful, our heads will fly off; and, if both fail, where will be our pockets?

The next of our exalted lobbyists is the gentleman who watches the claims for French spoliation. He advertises with the regularity of the original Jacobs, whenever the prospect revives for paying these seventy-year-old losses. Does the Alabama Treaty arrange to pay losses inflicted by British slavery-corsairs? So much more the reason for beginning in the right way with the wrongs of our grandfathers! Is there a V enezuelean claim commission prepared? Then why do we expect other governments to deal restitution to us who began with swindling our countrymen during the Fre nch republican w ars? We think our gifted friend deceased sometimes; like Mr. Hood's infant; We thought him dying when he slept,

And sleeping when he died; for, after we have ceased to regret him, hard as his loss has been, up turns that familiar advertisement in the Washington journals:

“The French claims agency. In uninterrupted existence for forty-five years. Justice is to be done to us at last, friends! I have never doubted the integrity of the United States Government, if the matter were pressed steadily upon its attention. The prospects at the present time are light almost unto the perfect day. Send us the name of your grandfather's stepfather. If the middle name is remembered, please put it in; otherwise no matter, for we shall be sure to know all about it. We keep a list of ships, captains, breadth of beam and keel, 85 and damages at compound interest. Broken hearts, assuage your tears! All will be well by addressing Brobiggan, post-office box 41,144.”

What kind of looking man is this French claim agent? I often wondered! Is he the son or grandson of himself, having inherited the business in direct line, or is he like “Pecksniff, architect,” possessed of the designs of Chuzzlewit, merely a clerk of the original Jacobs, who has wormed into the scheme or purchased it for the heirs? If he be himself, the same in memory, faith, and perseverance, the same stalwart old-hunker of the Lobby whom Benton fought, and who stood with fortitude the thunder of Silas Wright, let him come forward and give us a specimen hair from his brave old wig. Let him organize the third house and make it regular; for late Congresses have not even been dignified Lobbies.

Do I see amongst these great knights of the Lobby my old friend who wishes a self-respecting government to behave itself at once, neglect the great considerations of empire no longer, and rebuild the levees of the mighty Mississippi? I do! His honest face shines with its wonted fires. He is a little deaf on one side; but it does not affect the sonorousness of his elocution, nor make him swerve one hair from his intent. He fought in the Confederate Army, but he laid down his arms like a man. He knew when he was whipped. From that day to this, he has accepted the arrangement of bunting as we tendered it to him upon the end of a pole. He kneels to the judgment of Heaven and the comities of time. Yes, he will take something, as in former days.

We see him wipe his magnificent brow, and grow slightly more pronounced in the Southern foreshortenings and inflections. We see his forefinger extended, and that oath which has done more service on great occasions than the involuntary prayer come forth with the rare intensity of a low whisper.

When he sees the alluvial of his country running by the thousands of tons into the Gulf of Mexico,—the richest soil under the providence of Heaven, with capacity for several 86 nations to the square acre,—to build up Cuba and that foreign archipelago which is merely the delta of the Mississippi.

Stop! says he “are not the West Indies of volcanic formation?”

Volcanic, of course! That's where the wrong and devastation lie. Left to their volcanic selves, they would be barren as the burning marl; but it is *our* alluvial which clothes them green and makes them teem with sugar, indigo, and tobacker. Yes, he will have some Havanny tobacker, though he despises the fatality which produces it.

And my lobby friend, with unfailing resources, spirits, and individualism, unfolds again his olden tale. A few thousand miles of embankment, at a few thousand dollars a mile, will narrow the Mississippi and each of its arteries, and correspondingly deepen them. Hence you save all that you spend for improving rivers; you make every great river navigable the year round; you can build railroads on your levees. And, instead of five million bales of cotton you make fifteen million. Mark this, and wonder at the blindness of human governments! Do you spend the Treasury's money to accomplish such a result.? Oh, no! You give merely that useless credit which blesses him that gives, and him that takes; you give merely the indorsement of the United States to the bonds of a Levee Company, which relieves the Federal government from the jealousy of the states in undertaking local work. The Levee Corporation accomplishes its object, collects taxes on all staples raised on the redeemed territory, meets the interest on the bonds, and pays the principal when they fall due in twenty years. Oh, Chiralrickards!

Do you still harp on your state rights, and prefer to be taxed by a construction company instead of by your government? Show me that stock with which your pockets are filled! Whose image and superscription is it? If men would render frankly unto Cæsar the things which are Cæsar's how much less would they have to render unto God!

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CHAPTER VII. A RUNNING HISTORY OF GOVERNMENT SCANDAL.

Lest we might be discouraged in our day by the presumption that we live in the only dishonest period of the Government, it will be a duty of solace rather than of scandal to show that a percentage of evil has always been present in the public councils and that episodes of impurity and treachery in the administration have been sufficiently frequent to excite the gravest apprehensions and indignations of their day.

In every case, however, the public sentiment in reserve has been strong enough to wash out the stain. Our first scandals referred to speculations in the public lands and the public funds.

The State of Georgia was the first to inaugurate a land swindle in 1789. It sold out to these private companies pre-emption rights to tracts of land; these companies were called the South Carolina Yazoo, the Virginia Yazoo, and the Tennessee Yazoo; the whole amount of land disposed of was fifteen and a half millions acres, and the sum agreed to be paid was upwards of two hundred thousand dollars. Subsequently the same lands were sold to other companies because the first purchasers insisted upon making their payments in depreciated Georgia paper. Hence arose the controversy on the celebrated Yazoo claims, so-called.

1798. This year is notable in the chronicles of Congress for the first scandalous breach of decorum that was ever witnessed in that body. It occurred in the lower House during the balloting for managers to conduct the impeachment of Blount, and the chief parties to it

were Roger Griswold of Connecticut and Mathew Lyon of Vermont. A number of the 88 members had collected about the bar of the House, and among them was Lyon, who in loud tones indulged in abuse of the Connecticut members for their course with reference to a measure that had just before been under discussion, declaring that he entertained a serious notion of moving into Connecticut for the purpose of fighting them on their own ground. Griswold retorted by saying “If you come, Mr. Lyon, I suppose you will wear your wooden sword!” in allusion to Lyon's having been cashiered and to a rumor that he had been drummed out of the army while compelled to wear a wooden sword. At this Lyon spat in his face, for which he was about to be subjected to bodily punishment by Griswold when friends interposed and prevented it. Immediately the Speaker, who had previously quitted the chair, resumed it and stated the facts to the House which resulted in a motion for Lyon's expulsion. This motion being referred to a committee of privileges, the latter quickly reported a resolution for expulsion accompanied by a full statement of the facts. But Lyon's Democratic friends obstinately opposing the resolution it was only by a majority of five votes that the House proceeded to consider the subject in Committee of the Whole; and then, not content with the report already made, required that the witnesses should again testify. Lyon in a speech against the resolution jeopardized his defense by using a vulgar and indecent expression which became the basis of a fresh charge. One of the witnesses who had testified to the fact that Lyon had been cashiered was Senator Chipman of his own State. Lyon stated in his speech, by way of rebuttal, that he had once chastised Chipman for an insult, which drew from the latter a full account of the affair, placing Lyon in an unenviable position. After one ineffectual effort on the part of the opposition, who were unwilling to lose even one vote, to substitute a reprimand for expulsion, the resolution was lost. This unsatisfactory termination of the action of the House, intensifying instead of allaying the resentment of Griswold, he determined himself to punish Lyon. Upon the occasion of his first appearance in the House after the decision Lyon was reading 89 in his seat when Griswold approached and commenced beating him on the head with a cane. Lyon arose in defense of himself, and a struggle of some minutes duration ensued in which he rushed to the fire-place and seized the tongs but was felled to the floor by

Griswold who closed with and continued beating him until they were separated by the friends of the vanquished Democrat. The House being now called to order, there was a demand made for the expulsion of both Griswold and Lyon, but the resolution offered for that purpose was defeated.

Lyon is further notorious as being the first to suffer penalty under the Sedition Law then recently passed. A principal charge against him was that he wrote a letter which was published in a Vermont paper, stating that with the President “every consideration of the public welfare was swallowed up in a continual grasp for power, an unbounded thirst for ridiculous pomp, foolish adulation, and selfish avarice,” etc. He was convicted and sentenced to four months imprisonment and to pay a fine of one thousand dollars. During his imprisonment he was re-elected to Congress, and, after serving out the term of his sentence he appeared in the House and took his seat, whereupon a resolution for his expulsion was offered, the causes alleged being “that he had been convicted of being a malicious and seditious person, of a depraved mind and wicked and diabolical disposition, guilty of publishing libels against the President, with design to bring the Government of the United States into contempt.” But this resolution also was defeated, although it received a bare majority vote, and Lyon kept his seat.

The house, during the session of 1798, refused to pass a resolution previously adopted in the senate to authorize Thomas Pinckney to receive certain presents which in accordance with custom had been tendered him by the courts of Madrid and London at the close of his missions thither, and which he had refused to accept because of the constitutional provision relating to presents from foreign powers. The resolution was rejected on grounds of public policy as was afterwards declared by unanimous vote of the house.

The seat of government was removed to Washington in 1800, but it had been established here only a short time when the building used as the War Office was burned and many valuable papers were destroyed. Within a few months after this occurrence the Treasury

building took fire, and although important documents were lost the damage was not so great as in the former case. The violence of party feeling which characterized the times, imputed these occurrences to the design of public officers in seeking to destroy the evidence of their deficiencies.

1804. The Federal Judge of the District Court of New Hampshire was this year tried on an impeachment during the previous Congress for willfully sacrificing the rights of the government in a case tried before him, and for drunkenness and profanity on the bench. He did not appear at the trial before the Senate, but a petition was received from his son representing that the Judge was insane and praying to be heard by counsel. Against some opposition the prayer was granted and testimony was offered tending to prove the fact of his insanity. To this it was answered that his insanity, if it existed, was the result of habitual drunkenness, and the impeachment was sustained.

1804. The impeachment of Judge Chase of the Supreme Court followed closely upon the above and was the work of the Jeffersonians who were in a majority in the house. Chase was a Federalist and had made himself extremely obnoxious to his political opponents by including in his charges to the grand juries of his circuit political dissertations. In one of these he had condemned the action of Congress in repealing a late Judiciary Act, had depreciated the change in the constitution of Maryland dispensing with the property qualification of voters, and had dwelt with some emphasis upon certain proposed changes in state laws which he considered pernicious. His ability made him an object of fear to his opponents hardly less than his obnoxious doctrines subjected him to their hatred, and they determined to make this an instance of popular vengeance. 91 On motion of John Randolph a committee of investigation was appointed for the purpose of inquiring into his official conduct, but they were compelled to turn back five years into his record before they could discover much against him which would offer a semblance of justification for his impeachment, and they finally concluded to present his action in the Callender and Fries cases as affording the least defensible points in his judicial administration. He was accordingly impeached and preparations were made to prosecute him at the next session.

The articles of impeachment were eight in number. In addition to those founded on his conduct in the cases named, two articles were based on his charge to the grand jury referred to. A month was given to the Judge to prepare his defense. It was a remarkable scene when the case came to trial. The Vice-President, Burr, was under indictment for murder and red with the blood of Hamilton, while the man impeached was a signer of the Declaration of Independence, sixteen years a judge, and pure and venerable. Luther Martin, a drunken genius and a Federalist, made a wonderful speech for Chase, and he was acquitted on a majority of the articles while in no case were two-thirds of the votes cast for his conviction. John Randolph played Ben. Butler in this trial and wanted judges made removable by joint resolution. He even opposed paying Chase's witnesses, an act so like Butler's at a later day as to arouse a smile in the reader.

In 1805, Mr. Dallas, father of the subsequent Vice-President, was unofficially, charged with having pocketed six thousand five hundred and ninety-eight dollars, for three months services as state paymaster during the whisky insurrection.

In 1806, the Federalists charged Jefferson's administration with voting two million dollars in secret session to bribe France to compel Spain to come to some reasonable arrangement as to the boundaries of Louisiana.

In the same year, 1806, a draft was found amongst the effects of a Kentucky merchant tending to show that Judge Sebastian had been a pensioner of Spain. The same was charged against 92 General James Wilkinson, Commander-in-Chief of the American Army. About this time Aaron Burr conceived his scheme of fillibustering in the Spanish Colonies, which has led to a very gaseous romance in our history. Burr's whole career shows that he was a sensationalist with little ballast of character or mind. Wilkinson was a military genius without sincerity, and he was court-martialed twice, and vindicated by his talents rather than by the facts. John Randolph was challenged by Wilkinson in 1808, and John Smith, a senator from Ohio, was set apart for expulsion by John Quincy Adams on the charge of complicity with Burr's treason, but a majority only voted to expel.

Library of Congress

In 1809, an intricate and prolonged judicial and congressional process arose out of a claim by Edward Livingstone of Louisiana,—who had been a defaulter as Jefferson's District Attorney of New York,—for reclaimed lands known as the Batture in front of New Orleans. Livingstone bought the Batture, conditional upon his recovering it by suit from the city. The court of final resort decided that it was his and he paid ninety thousand dollars for it, but the citizens combined against him and dispossessed him. Jefferson believed that he was an unprincipled speculator, and the militia were paraded and the dikes on the property broken down. Livingstone sued the marshal who had dispossessed him and sued also Mr. Jefferson. The Supreme Chart at Washington put Livingstone in possession and after indefatigable exertions he got the property only to find that his title was defective; but he compromised with the other claimants so that the fourth which he obtained netted him a handsome fortune.

We have omitted in this sketch any reference to Albert Gallatin and Mr. Breckenridge, both men of national reputation who were in much responsible for the whisky insurrection in western Pennsylvania. Gallatin, was a Swiss who became a United States Senator, Secretary of the Treasury, and Minister to Russia,—one of the most remarkable men we have produced 93 who lived to be more than four-score and had the greatness to decline offices greater than he had ever filled.

In 1809, prolonged litigation and scandal arose over the case of the British Sloop “Active” which had been seized by her American crew and taken by a Pennsylvania State cruiser. Connecticut men seized her and Pennsylvanians recaptured her. A Pennsylvania Judge, despite an injunction from a Congressional Committee, ordered the prize to be sold. Congress reversed the decision of the State Court, but Rittenhouse, the Pennsylvania Treasurer, held as indemnity against his personal bond the certificates of federal debt in which the prize money had been invested. His estate was sued by a subsequent State Treasurer. This led to a conflict between militia acting for the general government and for the state. The government triumphed, and punished the resistants.

Library of Congress

It was in 1810 that Congress set apart one day in the week for private bills.

In 1811, the charter of the Bank of the United States expired, and the offer of a bonus of one million and a quarter failed to secure a renewal.

In 1812, John Henry, an Irish adventurer, naturalized, brought on a great scandal by accepting a commission to detach the New England States from the Union, and then receiving fifty thousand dollars from President Madison.

In 1813, Clay and Calhoun united in a successful effort to expel newspaper reporters from the floor, where they had long been sitting, to the gallery where they could hear nothing.

In 1814 the Yazoo claims were settled by the issue of scrip to the amount of eight million dollars to the claimants, most of the money going to a set of sharks who had bought the claims for a trifle.

In 1815, Dallas's scheme for a National Bank with thirty-five million dollars capital was adopted. Calhoun carried it through the house. The next year three hundred and fifty thousand dollars was voted to the Cumberland Road, the system of fortifications was provided for and the first public buildings 94 outside of Washington were resolved upon. Congress also voted itself one thousand five hundred dollars a year per man in place of six dollars a day, and in the same session a preemption right for settlers on the public lands was adopted.

When the books were opened for the Second United States Bank twenty-five million dollars was subscribed, and three million dollars more were taken by Stephen Girard who huckstered it out to other bankers. Branches were established from the present bank in Philadelphia, at Boston, New York, Baltimore, Portsmouth, Providence, Middletown, Washington, Richmond, Charleston, Norfolk, Savannah, Lexington, New Orleans, Cincinnati, Louisville, Chillicothe, Pittsburg, Fayetteville, and Augusta. At that time the public debt was one hundred and five million dollars and the revenue forty-seven million

dollars. Jefferson vetoed the bill making the bank pay a bonus of one million five hundred thousand dollars, as well, as all dividends upon the public stock which it held for internal improvements. The bank grew corrupt almost immediately, and the State of Ohio refused to pay the tax upon its two branches. This Bank was a source of annoyance, scandal, and corruption until President Jackson finally dosed it out. Amos Kendall's biographer summed up the subsequent history of that Bank in 1873:

“Despairing of a recharger from congress, the Bank purchased an act of incorporation from the Pennsylvania Legislature, and still carried on its operations under the name of the Bank of the United States. In common with the other State Banks it stopped payment in 1837, and never resumed. Though declaring its entire individual ability, it discouraged a general return to specie payments to the last, and when the other banks could no longer be restrained it threw off the mask and exposed its insolvency. Its entire capital of thirty-five millions of dollars was dissipated and lost. Such a record as its books exhibited of loans to insolvent political men, evidently without expectation of repayment, of debts due by that class of men charged to profit and loss, of loans to editors and reckless speculators, 95 and of expenditures for political electioneering and corrupt purposes, was never before exhibited in a Christian land. The ambitious author of all this ruin, who had aspired with the aid of his political allies to govern the government of the United States, and through his cotton speculations control the exchanges of the commercial world, and had been carried on men's shoulders as a sort of demi-god, had resigned the Presidency of the Bank and retired to a private life, where he died miserably with the disease which consumed Herod of old.”

Mr. Horace Clarke of New York, exposed in the winter of 1872, a plot against him, the principal figure in which was a Committee Clerk named Cowlam. Mr. Negley, of Pittsburgh, introduced a resolution in the House, which had been preceded by alarming telegraphic despatches from Cowlam to Clarke, to this effect: “Honorable Clarke! I do not know you! Hence the startling information I give you is the warning counsel of an honorable friend

and the secretary of Benjamin Butler. An attempt is to be made to pizen you. A dreadful conspiracy is planned. ‘Thrice the brinded cat hath mewed.’ Bewair!”

To this, Clarke responded characteristically with an essay Several reams long, breathing an essence of a gentleman, a statesman, sweet bread and peas.

Another telegraph-despatch rejoined from Cowlam. The conspiracy was the most dreadful known since the days of Guy Fawkes, and headed by resolute and extraordinary men. One of these gigantic freebooters was to rise in Congress and point the way to the booty, and all the rest were to fill the breach. “Be warned,” says Cowlam, “for my intentions never were sinister, since I am the secretary of Benjamin Butler.”

A lawyer was sent down by the Owl Line, and he called on Cowlam. For this disinterested savior of the Union Pacific Road, he saw a youth of a freckled physiognomy, with eyes which sparkled at the rattle of pennies, and whiskers blown out from his chops, as if at the vigor of his own windiness. This was the rescuer of the corporation; and he pointed out, after much mystery, the dangerous authority who was to have 96 mounted the barricades. It was Negley, calmly arranging his hair at a glass.

The lawyer at once stuck Cowlam's correspondence in the hands of the immaculate Jim Brooks. When Negley mounted the breach, Jim Brooks appeard at the sally-port, and presented the veracious Cowlam correspondence. Negley fell into the moat, Cowlam disappeared by volatile evaporation, and Jim Brooks slapped his hand over his pocket, and exclaimed:

“The honor of congress has been maintained by me to the extent of deserving fifty more shares of Mobilier for my dear little son-in-law!”

An enormous amount of forgery, lobbying, bribery, and litigation has taken place over land claimed under Spanish, French, and Mexican titles. Each of these claims has been in the nature of a romance. The Bastrop claim was the pretext of Aaron Burr's descent of the

Ohio and Mississippi Rivers. The Limantour claim, so called from a very noble appearing old French gentleman named José Yves Limantour who prosecuted it, is described below.

Real Estate valued in California which had continually increased since the acquisition of that State were among other causes depressed between 1854 and 1858 by the uncertainty of land titles resulting from the numerous and fraudulent claims set up to property that had been purchased in good faith and long held by its occupants. Of these claims the most distinguished for audacity and extravagance were those of José Yves Limantour, by birth a FrenChman. His claims included four square leagues of land on the San Francisco Peninsula, embracing about half of the most valuable part of that city, Alcatraz and Yerba Buena Islands and the Farralores together with lands in other parts of the state—in all about a hundred square leagues, and he asserted his right to the same on the ground of a grant made to him by Governor Micheltorena in payment for merchandise and money advanced by him to the latter ten years before. The Board of Land Commissioners created by act of Congress in 1851 having confirmed his claims, an appeal was 97 taken to the United States District Court, and the following quotation from the opinion of the Judge rendered in 1858 discloses the enormity of the fraud and the means resorted to for its accomplishment:

“Whether we consider the enormous extent or the extraordinary character of the alleged concessions to Limantour, the official positions and the distinguished antecedents of the principal witnesses who have testified in support of them, or the conclusive and unanswerable proofs by which their falsehood has been exposed—whether we consider the unscrupulous and pertinacious obstinacy with which the claims now before the court have been persisted in—although six others presented to the Board have long since been abandoned—or the large sums extorted from property-owners in this city as the price of the relinquishment of these fraudulent pretentions; or, finally, the conclusive and irresistible proofs by which the perjuries by which they have been attempted to be maintained have

been exposed, and their true character demonstrated, it may safely be affirmed that these cases are without a parallel in the judicial history of the country."

Before its conquest by the United States a very considerable portion of the best agricultural lands in California had been granted to individuals by the Mexican Government, and the boundaries of these grants had been loosely described. By the treaty of Guadalupe Hidalgo the United States agreed not to disturb the titles so vested, but the greatest difficulty has been encountered in ascertaining the extent and limitations of such grants. This in part explains the uncertainty of land titles which has occasioned so much confusion and annoyance and which has been the source of a large proportion of the fraud and litigation that has characterized the history of that state. No sooner had the motley crowd of adventurers who had congregated from all parts of the world upon the shores of California, discovered the nature and uncertainty of the title to the lands there than forthwith sprang up from among them a host of claimants and counter-claimants under alleged Spanish and 7 98 Mexican grants, bearing aloft in their hands the forged documents, covered by a superabundance of seals, to which they pointed as evidence of their rights. About eight hundred claims were presented to the Board of Commissioners provided for the emergency, half of which number they confirmed and the other half they rejected for manifest fraud and informality. Nineteen thousand one hundred and forty-eight square miles, was the area of land covered by these claims. On appeal to the district courts many of those rejected by the Board were allowed and some that had received the sanction of the Board were disallowed. Even now on the docket of the Supreme Court of the United States this business is well represented, and so far from being settled it yet affords employment and lucrative pay to our army of attorneys and clerks. The General Law Office has done a goodly share of the labor involved, but it has marked against it this passage quoted from Tuthill's history of California: "It was a grievance loudly complained of, that an appeal from the survey made necessary a journey to Washington to watch proceedings under a subordinate of the Land Office, and many a disappointed claimant

has come home, alleging that the party which accommodated the clerk with the largest loan won the decision.”

During Pierce's administration the Clerk of the Congressional Committee of claims, Abel R. Corbin, was detected and exposed in the act of black-mailing some merchants of Boston under the pretense of saving them taxation. He was paid one thousand dollars but the disclosure lost him his clerkship. A special report of a blistering nature was made on the case by Hon. Benjamin P. Stanton. Corbin had been brought to Washington by Senator Benton, whose organ he had edited at St. Louis. After his exposure he removed to New York; with means obtained from his first wife, who was much his senior, he acquired a moderate fortune by speculation. Years after his humiliation at Washington he contrived to marry a maiden sister of President Grant, and it was he who devised the scheme of selling a house which he owned to the admirers of his brother-in-law. 99 The house passed out of Corbin's hands into Grant's and was again sold to one Bowen who was induced to surrender it by the promise of controlling the local offices of the District of Columbia; a new set of admirers again purchased the same dwelling for Gen. Sherman. Corbin went into a desperate speculation with Fisk, Gould, Smith, and other unscrupulous gamblers, on the memorable “black Friday” of 1869. Attention was then called to his previous history and I recovered Stanton's report from the Document room and printed it simultaneously in Chicago and New York.

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CHAPTER VIII. NOTABLE TOWN-CHARACTERS IN WASHINGTON.

The Capitol of a great nation will inevitably draw to it persons of quaint idiosyncracies. Amongst the celebrated men and women who have flourished in the city, Lorenzo Dow and his wife Peggy may be mentioned. Dow died in Washington and was buried on Fourteenth Street in the northern part of the town. Ann Royall was another singular being who published abusive books and papers from her nest, on Capitol Hill. Many aged claimants and people with grievances have worried out their days around the Capitol.

Library of Congress

Inventors and people with ambitious schemes will continue as in all ages to beseige their government at its place of residence, and some of these become chronic afflictions.

Amongst the three Or four thousand Washington clerks recorded in the Blue Book of the United States is that of Charles L. Alexander, inscribed in the book of 1867 as a clerk in the sixth Auditor's office, but better known in the former Agricultural Bureau of the Interior Department. He has, or had, a brother also in the government service, and several years ago their father was favorably, yet painfully known, to many people in Washington, as passing by the title of “the Earl of Stirling and Hereditary Lieutenant of her Majesty in the Provinces of Nova Scotia, including New Brunswick and Upper and Lower Canada,” and as having suffered and struggled much between the peerage and the gaol, between conscious right and imputed crime. The old man passed away in the sad satisfaction of having done and lost his best to establish the honor of his name and the estate of his children. These latter are still zealously at work, one in England and one here, 101 searching the libraries and the old book-stalls and explaining law and genealogy; and the subject of our notice amongst us is now turning gray, as much with this inherited responsibility as with years. Dependent upon this government salary, he is still frequently seen at the library of Congress, prying into the “Force Collection” in the infinitesimal hope that there the lost link may have been hidden away. He says that his race have been treated badly; that his father never had a charitable hearing; and that while he is translating and compiling in growing age for the price of bread, his immense property is the spoil of squatters and irreconcilable relatives. This is no delusion of this man; it is an inherited lawsuit, complete in every proof and paper, save only that a Scottish court, after one of the most remarkable trials in history, pronounced a part of the papers to be forged, while they exonerated his father. But had you or I succeeded to this monument of evidence; impregnated with our father's faith, we should have had thrice the presumption of its validity that we may have already by examining it. Of all the stories of lost heirs it is the most persuasive.

To begin this case where it starts itself:

In 1621 King James I. granted to one of his courtiers and Privy Councillors, Sir William Alexander, the territory of Nova Scotia, and in 1628 Charles I. added thereto the whole of Canada, soon after, also, raising him to the peerage by the title of “Viscount Canada and Earl of Stirling,” and the same to descend to his *heirs male.* Five Earls of Stifling existed in all, and the fifth one, dying without issue, in 1739, left the title “dormant,” until, in 1759, Mr. William Alexander, Surveyor General of the State of New Jersey, appeared, and petitioned the sovereign for the recognition of his honors. The same was disallowed by a committee of the House of Lords; but many of the better English noblemen conceded it, and he always passed as the Earl of Stirling down to the day of his death, which occurred at Albany, in 1783. He was the celebrated General Lord Stirling of our Revolutionary War, and ancestor, through a daughter of the Duer family, of New York. 102 He commanded at one time or another, nearly every American brigade in the Revolution, carried a wardrobe of four hundred and twelve garments, among them fifteen night-caps, fifty-eight vests, and one hundred and nineteen pairs of hose, and once, when he shot a deserter, the latter, looking to Heaven, cried, “Oh! Lord, have mercy on me!” “No, you scoundrel!” cried Stirling, “I won't have any mercy on you whatever!” Stirling established iron works, achieved distinction, and died rich, and his descendants, Satisfied with their republican inheritance, have never troubled themselves about the Scottish earldom and estate. After General Alexander was rebuffed by Parliament, in 1762, the title again lay dormant for fifty-three years, when in 1815, an entirely new claimant appeared, to the consternation of the Scottish Chiefs.

This was Alexander Humphreys, the grandson of a Presbyterian minister at Dublin, Ireland, named John Alexander, and the son of a rich merchant of Birmingham, who had married the above clergyman's daughter. In one of the brief periods of peace between England and Napoleon, this Alexander Humphreys visited France with his father, when, war suddenly recommencing, both were seized and detained twelve years. The father died

in exile; the mother in his absence; the son reappeared in England in 1814, thirty years of age, with a foreign wife, the mother of these American clerks. He became a school teacher at Worcester, and afterward proprietor of the school, and was much of the time in straitened circumstances. But while in exile a mysterious and supernatural communication had been made to him by a fortune-teller, one Mademoiselle Le Normand, the friend of his wife,—that he was the heir to great honors and vast estates, which he should secure after many toils and sufferings.

The theory of his most charitable opponents was built upon the gigantic presumption that this woman, Le Normand, and others had prepared voluminous forgeries in the French, Latin, and early English manuscripts, with the intention of connecting 103 Humphreys with the dormant peerage of Stirling, and that he had been their dupe for twenty-seven years!

Such conspirators would require the possession of immense and ubiquitous skill and intelligence; a knowledge of the shifting histories of the Canadas and Nova Scotia, and of all their forms of law, of Scottish jurisprudence and genealogy, of various penmanships, seals, and heraldries, and the entire science and symbolism of a peculiar province and its various eras. Yet it is undoubtedly true that this presumed Earl of Stifling received during a long period of years, by mysterious posts and expresses, by silent messengers, and by the agency of obscure peasants in Ireland and elsewhere, a new document in every emergency, now a map, and now a genealogical tree, and now a new writ or patent; and these seem to have been rivalled by the number of real documents bearing in his favor, collected by his learned lawyers in Canada and America; for among his suppositions was that when the American General Stirling presented his claims to this peerage, parties in his interest stole and scattered the papers of the future (present) and legitimate claimant, and that many of them were conveyed to America.

However this may be, the new claimant enlisted in his favor, as attorney and agent, Mr. Thomas Christopher Banks, the author of a book upon dormant and extinct peerages (who died in 1859, at the age of ninety years), by whose suggestion he took his mother's

name of Alexander, and in 1825 he appeared at an election of Scottish Representative Peers, and actually voted as the Earl of Stirling. The following year he instituted legal proceedings in Scotland to be declared heir to HIS MOTHER, and entered papers, proving the existence of a charter of *Novodamus.* This charter was alleged to be a second charter issued to the original Earl of Stifling, admitting not only his male but his FEMALE heirs to inherit his title and estates,—for the present claimant, inheriting only from his mother, might have proved his descent, and still been no Earl of Stirling, had the males only inherited. To find this charter in the 104 archives of Canada, Banks was despatched thither, and soon reported important discoveries. The claimant meantime retired to Worcester, engaged in correspondence with all parts of the world relative to his pretensions, and on the strength of his claim (one hundred million acres of land), received thirteen thousand pounds upon bonds granted by him for fifty thousand pounds.

According to the Scottish law, a right of succession in pedigree can be obtained before a Sheriff's inquest, if there be no opponent claiming in precisely the same character; and availing himself of this, Humphreys was declared in 1830 the great-great-great-grandson of William, first Earl of Stirling. Soon afterward he was declared heir to the great American possessions of the same Earl, and he formally communicated the fact to the public authorities of British America in terms almost befitting a sovereign newly restored to his dominions.

This was the hey-day time of the new Earl, who seems throughout to have been a benignant, dignified, noble man, whether nobleman or not. He moved from Worcester, where he had been dunned by butchers and tradesmen, to fashionable quarters in London, and he opened an office under the eaves of the Parliament House, where he issued advertisements for the sale of territories in Canada and debentures on his American possessions. *Eclat* attended him and sympathy; he preserved all the friendships of his youth, and the energy with which he pressed his rights in the peerage was demonstrated by his twice voting at Holyrood in elections, though under protest, by his creating Baronets of Nova Scotia, and by his petition, when Victoria was crowned, to do

homage as hereditary Lieutenant of Nova Scotia. He also forwarded, in 1838, a solemn protest to the English Prime Minister against, appointing the Earl of Durham Governor-General of Canada.

The novelty and daring of these measures aroused the jealousy of the Scottish Peers, and the Crown Lawyers of Scotland commenced formidable proceedings to prove that Humphreys was not descended from the Earl of Stirling, and that he had no 105 pretensions to its name, title, or rights. In the course of this long investigation the same mysterious agency which had whispered his destiny to him, followed him with new proofs when any proof had failed, with a new document when any document was confounded. By post and by miracle the wonderful missives came, to the confusion of the claimant no less than his adversaries, and they surrounded him with a maze of far-reaching data and infinite links of evidence, till his friends saw, what he was blind to see, that either this was the hand of Providence, or of devils,—or *forgery!*

The Crown Lawyers believed the last, and, on the 29th of April thirty years ago, “Alexander Humphreys, or Alexander, pretending to be the. ‘Earl of Stirling,’” was arraigned in the prisoner's dock, before the High Court of Justiciary, to answer for the highest degree of the highest crime, next to murder only.

And here the strange spectacle was presented of a man past the prime of life, with a mountain of evidence ready to fall upon him, befriended, even in the prisoner's dock, by George Charles D'Aquilas, Deputy Adjutant-General of the forces in Ireland, his former schoolmate.

“Nothing on earth,” said this chivalrous soldier, “would induce me to stand where I do before this court if I did not believe Lord Stifling to be incapable of doing a dishonorable action.”

The latter waived his privileges as a Peer to be trod by a higher court and by a jury of landed men only. There were four Judges on the bench, three lawyers in the defence, and

fifteen jurymen in the box—a majority to make a verdict. Members of Sir Robert Peel's family testified to Humphrey's high character, and then the seven days' trial began, to the intense interest and excitement of all Scotland and the aristocratic world of Englishmen.

You have not the space, and the subject is not now entitled, in a chapter of this nature, to the consideration which would permit one to follow out the labyrinths of this evidence, wherein 106 by experts, French and English, the signatures of priests like Fénélon and Kings like Charles I, the dates of extinct Colonial maps, the leaves of alleged old Bibles, inscriptions on alleged crumbled tombstones, letters half consumed by time, parchments strangely all destroyed by corrosion, save some *excerpt,* bearing solely upon the prisoner's right—all these things you may find related, if you think this article of doubtful credit, in Townsend's Modern State Trials, in the second volume of Samuel Warren's Judicial Miscellanies, and in Archibald Swinton's report of this trial, issued at Edinburgh the year of its occurrence. The Earl of Stirling saw the fabric of his cause wormed through and through by practical publicists and exceptional men of minute scholarship upon dates, doubts, and particles of circumstances, till the whole edifice fell around him; and yet, more wonderful still, while fraud upon fraud and forgery upon forgery lay revealed in the ruin, he himself stood alone and untouched, not a mite of evidence connecting him with any episode of the crime, however slight. The process was like that of picking, tint by tint and inch by inch, some perfect dream from the awakening slumberer, the delusion not all destroyed till the last gossamer veil is withdrawn; and then in terrible shape the Earl of yesterday saw in himself the possible convict of to-morrow.

It was not so with the jury. They constructed the supposition which I have already stated —that the Neapolitan wife of Alexander Humphrey's, in correspondence with Madame Le Normand—the D. D. Home, the Cagliostro, the wizard-demon of that period—had given the latter the family circumstances out of which Le Normand, by means of her large literary acquaintance and her talents, had put together the intricate block-work of this dangerous puzzle.

The jury returned, after five hours' consideration, and unanimously found that two sets of papers were forgeries; that the two other sets of papers were not proven to be forgeries; and that in neither case was the prisoner at the bar proven to have uttered any of them knowing it to be forged.

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The prisoner swooned, on hearing the verdict, and was carried out of the court insensible.

This verdict must have settled the fate of Madame Le Normand, if she had anything to do with the fortunes of this case—and the claimant swore to having borrowed four hundred thousand francs of her—for at the time of the trial she was aged seventy.

In 1842, Lord Ashburton came to America to conclude the treaty as to our Canadian boundaries, and then, for the first time, the people of Washington heard of the Earl Of Stirling. He had come to say, firmly but courteously, to the American Government that they ought to buy his right in buying his land; for the personal trial he had passed, established nothing against the legal validity of his title. He was still the hereditary Lieutenant of New Brunswick, Canada, and Nova-Scotia, and he demeaned himself as worthy of his rank. If he obtained no money here he obtained respect. His children passed into the civil service of the United States, and are well known as stern and implacable advocates of their cause. Here they have lived; here is still their home, until Britain is kinder; and no British sovereign holds more firmly to his shield, with the motto “Dieu et mon Droit,” than the children of Alexander, sixth Earl of Stirling, working in their government clerkships at two thousand a year.

Seventy years of age is the learned Cushing, the universal attorney for and against the government. His income is not less than forty thousand dollars a year, and his expenses are seventy-five cents a day, his clients paying for his stationery. He receives twenty-five thousand dollars per annum from the Mexican Republic to defend it before the existing Commission, besides copious clerks' hire. There is a well accredited superstition here

that he makes his clerks work, and that he sets them the example. Besides this fat thing, which gives him free office-rent, Cushing is literally the *ultima ratio regum* of the Federal Government. Mr. Akerman, coming from the wilds of the Ocmulgee, and knowing nothing of State Department 108 cases, flies to Mr. Cushing and retains him in forty or more. Mr. Bristow, the new Solicitor General, sees no other alternative. The Democratic election frauds in New York demand somebody to represent the Administration, and the President of the Baltimore Democratic Convention is the man. Mr. Seward leaned upon the arm of the delightful Caleb, and the latter was vulgarly alleged here to “run” the State Department. He is still the benevolent legal encyclopaedia of this anti-judicial period,—a political time when “the party” proposes to annihilate the Supreme Court because it will not upset the President into the bears' den of Congress,—and there appears to be nobody in the country who is so close to the official elbow. I write all this without mischief. Cushing is the Administration's only trusted legal adviser. Politics has gained so much upon law in the last few years that General Grant has to reach into a past civilization and fetch out John Tyler's Commissioner to China and Franklin Pierre's Attorney-General. Who can explain this necessity, except on the ground that Evarts, Curtis, Trumbull, Hoar, and other large national men, make the administration uneasy by their “muchness” of character and judgment, and that a fine old hack lawyer is preferred, to whom all generations are the same, whose manner never varies, and who universally disbelieves in everybody?

Cushing's character is what might be expected from a man of New England birth and domestic education, who began life by a renunciation of every conventional patriotism, and resolved simply to be very learned. Without any principles except a few business rules; his decalogue ten general antipathies, covering everything human; no ballast but industry, and over all the facile complexion of affability—he has descended to us through seventy active years, and for forty-five of them he has been in incidental public life. He has had for clients nine administrations. His only delight is work. It is his repose, his worship, his substitute for faith. To see him rise at five o'clock, breakfast frugally, and then, with almost sensual avidity, repair to his labor, is to teach us the divine economy of 109 for a soul with

that unwearying scavenger, the fly. It gives almost a human interest to a Yankee clock, and it links Caleb Cushing to his species. His only enjoyment is to go fishing, all alone, about twice a year, and he fishes with the intensity of a full moon, drawing a high tide by his assiduity. At a State dinner he is a delightful guest, full of anecdote, reminiscences and suavity, but few suspect that all this is sheer employment with him. He writes for the great reviews, the North American, Forney's Chronicle, etc., with abundant learning, but only as an attorney, affirmed or concealed. He went to the Mexican war for employment, but he had no belief in it. Wily, sly, wise, whatever he may be, he has no definite notion of the result which he influences. He is simply an automaton library and gazetteer, worked by perpetual motion in the unknown interest of Caleb Cushing.

As a pleader in court, Cushing is without brillancy. He will give an owl the blues to listen to him. His three elements of success are learning, the long renown of nearly half a century's prominence, and almost conscienceless tenacity to the cause of his client. He had been eight years in Congress in 1843. He has been a tutor in Cambridge, a Supreme Judge in Massachusetts, and time and again in the State Legislature since 1833. Author, codifier, foreign traveler, Prince in high society, wire-puller in politics, the moderator in that pandemonium after the angel Michael had defeated the slave party, Cushing has descended to us a political atheist, and it is a general remark among the lawyers here that his judgment is not worth an office boy's.

This it is to enter public life without intentions or sympathies, those two grand virtues—the one in man, the other in woman—which make the political son of Hermes.

Solomon tried it longer than Caleb Cushing, and wound up his career with the same words: “Vanity of vanities;” saith the lawyer. There is no reward to mere industry, but industry. A clock exists no more where it ceases to run. Put it in the town steeple or on the family mantel, and to its application is 110 superadded a sentiment, a duty, a beneficence. But Caleb Cushing runs entirely to himself. He neither tells the time nor knows it. He chews law books for fuel, and runs.

By some one of those unaccountable inundations which drive wharf rats ashore, and make poor houses yawn, Beau Hickman has been alive at Washington for fifty years and may be seen daily in the capitol, fluctuating between Downing's Restaurant and the reception room of the Senate, a consumptive old bummer, with curled moustaches, very fierce, and a ragged old blanket thrown across his shoulders, a cane in his hands, borrowed boots, a spotted brown neck-tie, and a gorgeously-figured vest. His left hand is always twisting his moustache up into additional fierceness, while his right leans heavily upon his cane to save him from the twinges of rheumatism. His face is not without imposing characteristics, and the old vagrant has fought age step by step, clutching on life desperately. His career is a mild exponent of the force of an original predilection for living off men of the world and amongst them. He came to Washington in the hey-day of Southern domination, was a convenient time-server, an amusing bar-room acquaintance, and a man of tailorly appearance, dressed in the height of splendor. For some time he kept his head level; next he descended to being a harmless curiosity whose company paid for his extortion; then he became the *protégé* of gamblers and worse. What terrible struggles with hunger he has had, what secret misgivings of suicide, what human yearnings for death, what aroused instants of sincere and tearful shame, we may never know. A Wandering Jew in the world of politics, a dauntless outcast, too timid for crime, he has illustrated here the extremest miseries of the man who deliberately evades the social contract and trusts to the idle charities of the profligate of his own sex. The brave old vagrant is near the end of his days. The feet of invisible ravens show round his eyes. His stare of precipitate and grateful recognition grows more piteous. What loneliness! What resources! God help us all in our fight; for existence.

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BEAU HICKMAN.

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He waiteth at the Senate door, And passing victims grips, His waxed moustache he stroketh o'er, His seedy beaver tips, And he saith: “The good times come no more When Beau was full of chips.”

He hobbles to the restaurant, And spendeth not a groat, He wears a President's cast-off boots, And a gambler's overcoat; And pines for a change in politics, By the Democratic vote.

When two or three together be He will unbidden come, And strike that goodly company, For currency and rum; And they pay the impost hastily, Lest longer he might bum.

Toiling, rejoicing, sorrowing, Onward through life he goes; Each morning sees him out of food, Each evening winter out of clothes— Something encountered, something struck, Has earned a night's repose.

Thanks, thanks to thee, my deathless Beau For the lesson thou hast taught; Thus on the fly in politics, Our chances must be caught, Thus on the anvil of much cheek Is fortune beat or bought.

Across a vacant lot from the capitol building, you see a marble yard next to an isolated street corner. Around the corner one door is an alley gate, wide enough for a wagon. A wicket in this gate will admit you into a clean little back yard, closed up by a small, two storied brick carpenter shop. This is the Government Instrument-maker; down stairs are the cabinet-makers, up stairs are the brass workers, It is snug, secluded 112 and old-fashioned, a place you never suspect, going hastily by—without a signboard, with scarcely a sound to betray itself, a nook where one might wander by some accident and see quaint bits of individual character living there. Here the theodolites, field-glasses, and instruments of engineering upon far plains, mountains, and coasts, are so put together that they fit into boxes small enough to be strapped upon a mule's back. For nearly twenty years these quiet instrument-makers have been working without a rival, just equal to the demands of

the Government, building up its necessities. By a link their humdrum lives are bound to the far adventurers, the Indian camping grounds, the railways of the Rocky Mountains, galleries, the canons and sierras of the Pacific Slope. One might dwell in Washington for twenty years and never think to ask whence came the multitude of instruments which are lost, broken or captured upon the wilds of the far West. A little chance suggests the question and reveals the secret together.

Not having been in the habit of holding any interviews, I resolved, one day, to call upon a celebrated corn doctor here, and while pretending to have him rid me of “bunion's” burdens, be really making some inquiries about the footprints of statesmen. This was a highly novel idea, because I have been two years studying heads here, with all the ardor of Gall and Spurzheim, and, as the subject is growing monotonous, I felt that the feet of great men would avail me as an extremity. So I rubbed up my memory with a stiff hair brush, and gave alertness to my faculty of hearing by means of a conch shell which I keep as a gentle stimulant. After listening to this conch some time, speaking with such impressive emptiness, I can hear the foot-steps of the flies as they crawl up my sheet of foolscap.

So, with all my antennæ out, I dropped, in an indifferent way, into the sanctum of our greatest corn-surgeon, and asked him to cut four dollars' worth off, but not to hurry about it.

The skillful chiropodist asked me to recline in a luxurious chair, and, while he prepared some occult salve to soften my pilgrim's pack, he gave me a large pile of corns to examine. 113 He had about one thousand hard corns of all sizes strung upon wire, as a merchant keeps his bills or charges on file. Some were nearly an inch square and looked like a section cut out of a horse's hoof; others were little delicate corns no larger than those raised upon the branching feet of a young, robin; others were clear as isinglass, and might have made the previous crystal window in the heel of Achilles; while some were dark and muddy, and the coagulated blood at their centre made them resemble ossified violets or heart's-ease. What a memoranda of mankind and womankind it was! The story of

torture for vanity's sake; of high heels consented to in the sacrifice of love; of man's pursuit of wealth, all day upon his feet, and these horny milestones, the silently accumulating measure of his journey; of weary postmen bearing our letters from door to door, while the long, poignant ache rested within the boot unnoticed, like the doleful heartaches in the envelopes which they distributed; of soldiers marching into the jaws of death, but recking less of the enemy's Minie balls than of those missiles which crush the feet at every stride. Here it was, the intensest epitome of woe ever hung up as a business museum.

“What do you keep them for, Doctor?” I asked.

“Curiosity,” he said, “and also as an evidence that I have not lived in vain. If the man who gives a cup of cold water to one of these little ones, expects to be remembered in Heaven, what will they say up there when I appear with my linear half-mile of such corns as this?”

He showed right here a corn which looked like three silver half dollars that had been run over by a locomotive:

“Didn't that make him ‘ouch’,” he said, “and yet that disagreeable and ungrateful fellow had no sooner shed that corn than he turned round, and says: ‘If I knew you'd a charged two dollars I'd walked with it half a century first.’ That corn ought to have been biled, and he fed on it as it would hev agreed with the old flint stone.”

“So you think there is a religious aspect to your business, Doctor?” 8

“Yes; I like to think so. So does everybody like to think that he is necessary and comfortable to have round. Yesterday there was a young lady here, whose foot looked like a slim new moon made out of ivory, with a corn peeping out behind it like a star. I cut it off for her, and she said: ‘Oh! Doctor, I feel as if I could fly.’ And the young man who came with her asked me to give him the corn to put in his watch seal. The young lady says, ‘Oh! pshaw, what for, John?’ and he replied that he was too jealous to let anybody else keep it.

Said I: ‘Well, my friend, if you look at it through this magnifying glass you'll find that it isn't a very handsome jewel.’ He took it up, and saw what you can see now, if you want to; for he didn't take the corn.”

I looked at the little delicate filament through the glass, and it immediately resolved into a whole cow's-hoof, with terraces, spikes, splinters, and at the summit of the gristly pyramid there was a red spot like the crater of a volcano.

“Why,” said I, “it is truly piling Pelion on Ossa.”

The Doctor now took my foot very much as if he were picking at the flint of an old-fashioned musket, and, having moistened the corn, proceeded with three sorts of knives alternately to quarry off the capstone. Then he cut all my nails with a machine which seemed to be a sort of juvenile guillotine, and having set a plaster upon the spot showed me through the glass a corn like a limekiln.

“Why,” said I, “it is as big as Mount Caucasus, and the ache of it was like a vulture's bite. Perhaps Prometheus was only a man with a perpetual corn.”

“I don't read mythology no more,” he said, “since old Senator McDougall died. After going on a spree he always sobered up, the first thing, by getting his corns cut. He'd come here whether he had any corns or not, for he knew he deserved them; and he would talk Persian, Greek, and Iroquois mythology indifferently. Once poor old Mac told me that he had been on a great spree and fell into an open sewer.

“‘Who are you?’ said the policeman.

“‘Where did you find me?’ said Mac.

“‘In a sewer.’

“‘Then I must be Seward!’

“When he told me that anecdote he laughed so that I nearly cut off the whole of his inferior phalanges.”

“But you didn't finish your scriptural account of corns. I don't remember that the Bible ever mentioned any other sort of sore but a boil, as in the case of Job.”

“No! but there are hundreds of inferences which are a great comfort to me; for I'm a Methodist. It's a comfort to me to believe that John Bunyan conceived the Pilgrim's footsore progress out of his own name. The whole Bible is full of the anointing of feet; of the bearing up of feet by angels lest they be dashed against stones; and on the human foot the nicest architecture of Providence was expended. The Roman arch was conceived out of the instep. Why, in this here foot of yours, there are twenty-six several bones. Look at my little library, and see how many ingenious and noble men have written upon the foot. Here is Dr. Humphrey on ‘the Human Foot and the Human Hand.’ Here is Craig's translation of the work by Meyer, of Zurich, called ‘Why the Shoe Pinches.’ Here is Professor Owens' essay to prove that the human foot is the last and farthest divergence of man's anatomy from the nearest animals. Here is Meyer's model for a perfect and scientific shoe. Here is Craig's pamphlet against high-heels. We have plenty of literature on feet.”

“You might add the essays of the Anti-Corn Law League,” I suggested, “and Ebenezer Elliott. But, Doctor do any of the great politicians come here?”.

“Yes, all of them. There's a corn I cut off the little toe of Grant after Lee's surrender. It's the only wound he ever received in the war; and I've been offered twenty-five dollars for it. There's one of George H. Thomas, a little fellow, and here are the principal scars of Sheridan, McClellan, Lincoln, the whole set. It's the only collection in the United States.”

I was now getting down to business, and I put out this question for a flyer:

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“Doctor, what sort of a foot has Grant?”

“A solid sort of a edifice,” said the Doctor. “He's well sot on his astragali, but horseback has given him a pigeon-toed tendency. When he stands up and ain't thinking, the axes of his feet, if prolonged, pass through each other a rod ahead of him. He's a better officer than ossifier, and his shoemaker has taken a spite against me, so that he don't bear but one crop of corns a year. When old General Halleck was at the head of the army, he walked about so much, devising strategy, that he bore an entire new set every six weeks. He was fruitful as a tomato vine. Some men run as naturally to chalk as a schoolboy to a blackboard. Others are so stingy that a glove never pinches them. But, I hear steps, as of a man limping in the next room, and I presume it is one of the Pennsylvania delegation whose toes the tariff has abraded. Your corn has gone into the American National Pedalion collection, and will be preserved for the benefit of posterity. Good day, sir!”

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CHAPTER IX. SOCIETY AND THE CITY FROM THE MADISONIAN TO THE EMANCIPATION PERIOD.

The custom of making New Year's calls in Washington is of comparatively recent origin. Mr. Madison, who had witnessed the interesting ceremony in the city of New York, in 1790—then the seat of government—inaugurated the custom at the Executive Mansion, when President, Jan. 1st, 1810. Washington Irving was there in January, 1811, and in a letter to Henry Brevoort, describes Mrs. Madison as “a fine, portly, buxom dame, who has a smile and a pleasant word for everybody. Her sisters, Mrs. Cutts and Mrs. Washington, are like the two merry wives of Windsor; but as to Jemmy Madison, ah! poor Jemmy! he is but a withered little apple-John.” Francis Jeffrey of the Edinburgh Review, who came out in 1812 to marry Miss Wilkes of New York, said—“Mr. Madison looked like a schoolmaster dressed

up for a funeral." When Mr. Madison asked Jeffrey on his presentation—"what is thought of our war in England?"—the latter replied, "it is not thought of at all."

Mr. Madison was small in stature and dressed in the old style, in small clothes and knee-buckles, with powdered hair—was unostentatious in his manners and mode of life—but very hospitable and liberal in his entertainments; with great powers of conversation, full of anecdotes and not averse to a *double entendre,* though of the utmost purity of life. He was a thorough-bred Virginia gentleman, Jeffrey to the contrary notwithstanding.

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In August, 1814, the White House was burned by the British, and Mr. Madison removed to the Octagon, the residence of Colonel John Tayloe on the corner of New York Avenue and Tenth 18th street—now the Bureau of Hydrography. Here he held his New Year's levee, in 1815, and here he signed the Treaty of Ghent, in the month of February of the same year, in the circular room over tho entrance-hall. In 1816 and 1817, Mr. Madison occupied the house at the north-west corner of Pennsylvania avenue and Nineteenth street, and here received his guests on the first day of those years.

TAYLOE MANSION.

Mr. Monroe's first New Year's reception was held at the White House in 1818. The first term of Mr. Monroe's administration, from 1817 to 1821, has been pronounced by competent authority, the period of the best society in Washington. Gentlemen of high character and high breeding abounded in both Houses of Congress, and many of the foreign ministers were distinguished for talent, learning, and elegant manners. The Baron Hydé de Neuville represented the French aristocracy of the old *régime,* as Mr. Stratford Canning, now Lord Stratford de Redclyffe, did that of Great Britain.

Mr. Monroe was plain and awkward and frequently at a loss for conversation. His manner was kind and unpretending.

Mrs. Monroe, a Kortwright of New York, was handsome and graceful, but so dignified as to be thought haughty. While in the White House Mrs. Monroe was out of health. Her daughter, Mrs. George Hay of Virginia, attended Madame Campan's famous boarding-school in Paris, and was there the intimate 119 friend of Hortense Beauharnais, the mother of Louis Napoleon. Mrs. Hay was witty and accomplished and a great favorite in society.

In 1822, the Marine Band* performed at the White House on New Year's day, as the custom has been ever since. In 1824, the doors of the White House were thrown open for the first time on the 1st of January to the public. The Intelligencer of the next day congratulates its leaders on the decorous deportment of the people on that occasion.

* The Marine Band of Washington has made music at every great entertainment, levee, funeral, or parade held at the Capital since its foundation. It was formerly esteemed the greatest band on the continent, but has of late years grown rusty and inferior. There are fifty pieces in it, and its leader, a Mr. Scala, receives $75 a month, the men being all enlisted at $21 a month. They live outside the barracks, marry, draw rations, keep shops, and are chiefly foreigners. This band needs overhauling.

The winter of 1825 was one of the most brilliant ever known in Washington. It was the period of the exciting election in the House of Representatives, when Mr. Adams, Mr. Clay, and General Jackson were candidates for the Presidency. The Marquis de la Fayette was here as the guest of Congress, and occupied apartments at Brown's Hotel. In the last week of December, 1824, Congress had voted him the munificent sum of $200,000 for his Revolutionary services. On the 1st of January, the reception at the President's was unusually brilliant—for among the guests were the Marquis de la Fayette and his son, George Washington Lafayette, Harrison Gray Otis of Boston, the northern Chesterfield, Governor Gore of Massachusetts, Stephen Van Rensselaer the Patroon, Rufus King, Mr. Lowell and Mr. Graham of Boston, Mr. Edward Lungston of Louisiana, Mr. Clay, Mr. Webster, Mr. Calhoun, Mr. Crawford, Mr. Everett, Mr. Wilde of Georgia, Mr. Hayne of

South Carolina, General Jackson, and many other distinguished persons, with the ladies of their households—all resident in Washington during that memorable winter and forming a galaxy of talent, beauty, and accomplishment which has never been surpassed in any subsequent period of Washington Society.

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A grand entertainment was given on the evening of the 12th of January, 1825, by Congress to the Marquis de La Fayette at Williamson's, now Willard's, hotel. The management of the affair was entrusted to the Hon. Joel R. Poinsett, M. C. from S. C., Secretary of war in Mr. Van Buren's administration. This duty Mr. Poinsett discharged with admirable taste and to the entire satisfaction of Congress and its guests. The company assembled at six P. M., to the number of two hundred. Mr. Gaillard of S. C., President of the Senate, presided at one table—Mr. Clay of Ky., Speaker of the House, at the other. The President of the U. S., James Monroe, sat on one side of Mr. Gaillard, and La Fayette on the other. The latter was supported by Gen. Samuel Smith of Md., a hero of the Revolution, and in the immediate vicinity with Rufus King, Gen. Jackson, John Quincy Adams, Samuel L. Southard, Mr. Calhoun, Senators Chandler of Me., and D'Wolf of R. I., Gens. Dearborn, Scott, Macomb, Bernard, and Jesup—Commodores Bainbridge, Tingley, Stewart, Morris, and other officers of distinction.

The dinner was prepared by M. Joseph Prospere, a celebrated French cook who came from New York for the purpose, and who charged for his services the modest sum of one hundred dollars. It was the most elegant and elaborate entertainment ever given in Washington—many of the dishes being unique and artistically ornamented in a style never witnessed previously in this country.

In the midst of the dinner, an old soldier of the Revolution, arrived at the hotel from the Shenandoah Valley. He was eighty years of age and had served under La Fayette. Mr. Poinsett being informed of his arrival descended to the reception room and thence escorted him to the dining-hall on the floor above and presented him to the Marquis.

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“General,” said the veteran—“you do not remember me. I took you off the field when wounded in the fight at Brandywine.” “Is your name John Near,” inquired the Marquis. “It is General,” replied the veteran. Whereupon the Marquis embraced him in the French fashion and congratulated him on his healthy condition 121 and long life. John Near also became the guest of Congress and remained at Williamson's a fortnight, feasting to his heart's content upon the good cheer provided him and retiring to bed every night in a comfortable state of inebriation. When he returned to Virginia, La Fayette presented him the munificent sum of two thousand dollars, with which he bought a farm which is now in the possession of his descendants.

La Fayette at this dinner gave the following toast: “Perpetual union among the States—It has saved us in times of danger, it will save the world.” Mr. Clay gave “Gen. Bolivar the Washington of South America and the Republic of Colombia.”

The first private house in Washington thrown open for the reception of visitors on New Year's Day was that of the late Mr. Ogle Tayloe on La Fayette Square, in the year 1830. Here the members of the diplomatic corps were accustomed to present themselves, after their official visit to the President, arrayed in their court dresses and accompanied by their Secretaries and *attachés.* Many years elapsed before this custom became general. In 1849 the visitors at the White House proceeded thence to the residence of Mrs. Madison, where they were hospitably entertained. Mrs. Madison was by far the most popular of all the ladies who have presided at the White House. Mr. Ogle Tayloe, in his delightful reminiscences, tells us “She never forgot a face or a name—had been very handsome—was graceful and gracious and was loved alike by rich and poor.” Mr. Madison, when a member of Congress, boarded in her father's house in Philadelphia where he fell in love with her, then the widow of Mr. Todd. Mrs. Madison was ruined by her son Payne Todd, who squandered her estate from which she would have realized at least one hundred thousand dollars.

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On New Year's Day, 1828, President John Quincy Adams wrote in the album of Mrs. Ogle Tayloe a poem of eleven stanzas, and of great merit. He received on New Year's Day and, like his predecessors Mr. Madison and Mr. Monroe, hospitably entertained his guests. After his retirement from the 122 Presidency he resided on the corner of Ninth and Sixteenth Streets, where until the close of his life he was accustomed to receive the calls from ladies and gentlemen on the 1st of January. Mr. Adams was stiff and ceremonious in his manners, and though by no means popular, was always an object of respect to the people of Washington. His wife was eminently beloved wherever known.

Forty years ago it was customary among the ladies of Washington to wear for the first time at the New Year's reception at the White House, their new winter bonnets, cloaks, shawls, etc., etc.

General Jackson's receptions, commencing in 1830 and continuing till 1837, were marked by a greater infusion of the l *oi polloi* than those of his predecessors. He also provided refreshments, and in 1836, being the recipient of a prodigious cheese from a farmer in Jefferson County, N. Y. ordered it to be cut on New Year's Day and distributed in large slices of a quarter of a pound weight. Many slices of this cheese were trampled under foot on the carpets, and the odor which ascended from it was far from savory.

Mr. Van Buren discontinued the custom of serving refreshments on New Year's Day at the White House, and it has never been revived.

The Winter of 1852, during the administration of Mr. Fillmore, was especially brilliant in Washington. On the 1st of January, the reception at the White House was characterized by the presence of many distinguished persons from every section of the Union. The agitation of the slavery question appeared to have subsided and good-will and fraternity between the North and South were once more the order of the day.

Mr. Fillmore never appeared to better advantage than when receiving his friends. His fine person and graceful manner rendered him conspicuous in this position.

His successor, Gen. Pierce, had also the manners of a gentleman. Mrs. Pierce was saddened by the death of her son, and took little part in the ceremonies of the White House.

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Mr. Buchanan's New Year's receptions did not differ from those of his immediate predecessors. Their great charm was the presence of the mistress of his household, Miss Harriet Lane, now Mrs. Johnston of Baltimore, a woman of exquisite loveliness of person and the most charming manners. Who that was ever presented to her can forget the graceful success of her courtesy and her radiant smile of welcome?

During these later years it has gradually become the custom for our private citizens to open their houses on the first day of the year, so that the unusual spectacle to a New Yorker of ladies in the streets on that holiday, is now seldom witnessed. Twenty years ago the streets were filled with carriages on the first of January, bearing ladies in full dress and without bonnets to the President's house and the residences of other members of the Government.

In Mr. Madison's time Washington was a straggling village, without pavements, street lamps, or other signs of civilization. The White House itself was enclosed by a common post and rail fence, while all the other reservations were unenclosed and destitute of trees or any improvement. Even in Mr. Monroe's time carriages were frequently mired on Pennsylvania Avenue in rainy weather. In 1810, the population of Washington was less than that of Georgetown or Alexandria which then each contained eight thousand inhabitants. All those adventurous spirits like Law, Morris, Greenleaf, and others who had made here large investments in real estate, were ruined. Mr. Bush of Philadelphia, writing as late as 1841, said he had long before lost all confidence in Washington property. It was

not until the commencement of the Capitol extension in 1851 that the city began to show signs of substantial prosperity and to afford an earnest of its subsequent greatness and strength. In all the past years of its history no improvements equal to those of the year 1872 have been made. At least five hundred elegant houses have been erected by private enterprise—to say nothing of the miles of pavement and drives, constructed by the District Government. A few years more of equal enterprise and 124 Washington will rank among the most beautiful cities on this continent.

Washington changed character almost entirely after the war. Northern capital moved in and fine architecture prevailed in private buildings. The very form of government was altered, and a Board of Public Works took the paving of streets out of the hands of the local legislature.

The appropriations are now greater than they have ever been in the history of the city,—far greater than when the place was first pitched here. They amount to about $3,000,000 direct this year, and nearly $2,000,000 more for public edifices. The Capitol edifice itself gets a snubbing, the architect being a shy man, who had not learned the art of lobbying and could only state the necessity of repairs at least. But the great new renaissance building for the State, War, and Navy Departments has received a lift which will cover it with stone-cutters as soon as Spring opens; a new statue of General Thomas is ordered, to cost $40,000; and the Farragut statue is taken out of the hands of the artists of the lobby. In two years from this period, there will be six colossal statues in the streets of this city, five of them equestrian, Washington, Jackson, Scott, Grant, Thomas, and Farragut, besides out-of-door statues of Lincoln, Scott, and Washington. The old City Hall has passed wholly into the possession of the United States, and with the proceeds and a diversion of city funds, a new Hotel de Ville will be erected in front of the great new market-house, which has cost $300,000. Several new street-railways are authorized, and the building-permits applied for or granted show an extraordinary advance in construction, much of which is of a villa character in the suburbs. In May, the whole line of the Baltimore & Potomac Road will be opened, as well as the new Metropolitan Branch of the Baltimore

& Ohio. And the Municipal Government has spent $8,300,000 in about eighteen months, according to its own report, and its opponents say $14,000,000, assessed upon nearly the full valuation of property.

The enormous aqueduct which runs eighteen miles, through 125 eleven tunnels and over six bridges, is at last completed and connected with the city, at a total cost of about $6,000,000. Five bridges of the most durable character, probably good for the next quarter of a century, span Rock Creek. One hundred and twenty miles of water-main are now in use in this District, of which twelve miles have been raised or lowered to the new grades; and 530 fire-plugs, 255 public hydrants, and many drinking-fountains carry off the 31,000,000 gallons used every twenty-four hours in this Capital, which is but 20,000,000 less than all Paris gets from its government.

The amount of paving done in the past sixteen months is almost incredible in view of the former slow and conservative progress of the city. Ninety-three miles of brick and concrete sidewalks, and 115 miles of concrete, wood, round-block, graveled, cobblestone, Macadam, or Belgium block street have been laid. Add to this seventy miles of tile-sewer, and eight miles of brick main sewerage through which a buggy can be driven with ease, and the obliteration of the old Tiber Creek and canal by one of the largest sewers in the world, in diameter from 20 to 30 feet, and you will see that old Washington is no more. The landmarks have perished from the eye. And the names of the streets are also to be changed,—those running from north to south to be numbered from First to Sixtieth, instead of First street West, Second street East, etc.; and those running from east to west are to be no longer lettered A, B, C, D, etc., but named, alphabetically, Adams, Benton, Clay, Douglas, etc., on one side, and Anderson, Bainbridge, Chauncey, Decatur, etc., on the other.

The Board of Public Works claims that, between 1802–'72, the Federal Government has spent but $1,321,288 on the streets of the Capital, while the municipality spent upon the same $13,921,767; adding Georgetown's expenditure, $2,000,000 more.

CHAPTER X. JOURNALISM AT WASHINGTON.

EBBITT HOUSE AND NEWSPAPER ROW.

Of which are we representative, who presume to write about these legislators and their legislation? We are representative of an institution coeval with modern forms of government; an institution as human as government, as apt to be wrong as parties; more apt to right up promptly and to see the new dispensation than parties; far less sacred than government itself, and no longer a mystery except to the ignorant—the press! Under various forms we are all striving, in our different ways and according to our several sagacities, or want of sagacity, to determine what the people want. If they want the little and the small, the half-peck measure, the microscope view, the sordid, the pensioned, the deferential, we have cords of it amongst us! If they want the substantial, the results, the ostensible, the official conclusions, the supremely conventional, here it is! I night give you instances of these types, but what is the use? Most of you illustrate for yourselves. If the atmosphere and stimulus of this sort of legislative society are also wanted, the clues, the 127 missing sequences, the leanings, the entity of separate acts, here a little class works for that also. You have only, in your vast aggregate of the class of readers, to coalesce with the parties which exist, to make your journalism nothing but your prejudice: the daily color of the bile which you raise. A nervous, absorbing, not lucrative profession is ours. Without an intellectual passion in it, it is apt to be degenerating. It has its apprentices and its journeymen, its faithful file and its acquitted rank. It is no nearer perfection now than Congress, the Executive Staff, or the people. But the history of journalism as related to our government is curious and progressive. The democratic passion has broken in upon its former exclusiveness. Instead of being the cats-paw of leaders, it is a daily convenience of the people. Reader and writer are more mutually dependent than formerly, and both regard the politician as a kind of middleman, who subsists by shaving both.

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Let us take up the subject of government journalism.

The first paper started under the Federal Government was John Fenno's *Gazette of the United States,* at New York. It was indirectly controlled by the Treasury Department, then the only department with much pap, and was the organ of Hamilton. John Adams was a correspondent for it, under the name of “Davilla.” To offset this paper, Madison gave assistance to Freneau in establishing the *National Gazette,* and Jefferson gave Philip Freneau, who was a college graduate, the only disposable office in the State Department, translating clerk.

These papers are collected in the library of Congress, and the following is the head of Fenno's prospectus in his first number:

PLAN OF THE GAZETTE OF THE UNITED STATES, A NATIONAL PAPER, To be published at the seat of the Federal Government, and to comprise, as fully as possible, the following objects, viz.: 128

1. Early and authentic accounts of the proceedings of Congress.

2. Impartial sketches of the debates of Congress.

3. Essays on the great subject of government in general, and the Federal Legislature in particular.

4. A series of paragraphs calculated to catch the “living manners as they rise,” &c., &c., &c.

Published every Wednesday and Saturday. Three dollars per annum, exclusive of postage. Subscriptions will be received in all the capital towns upon the continent; also, at the City Coffee House, and at No. 86 William street.

John Fenno.

April 15, 1789.

Freneau, the Madisonian editor, was the abler of the two, and, from the beginning, the outside aggressive journalism of the country has been more influential and better sustained than the pap-journalism. Freneau finally provoked Hamilton, in the third year of Washington's administration, to reply to him anonymously, saying truly that to be a government clerk and edit a political paper was “indelicate, unfit, and inconsistent with republican purity.” Freneau published an affidavit denying that Jefferson ever gave a cent, or wrote a line for his paper. This was the first newspaper war under the republic; Washington interfered in it. Freneau's official salary was $250 a year; he modelled and took much of his news from the *Leyden* (Holland) *Gazette.* Jefferson is said to have always affected unconcern in newspapers. Hamilton began public life as a newspaper contributor, and he instigated the earliest personal journalism under the government. Jefferson, however, alleged that Freneau had saved the Republic from being monarchized. Freneau's field was soon competed for by Bache, Franklin's grandson, in the *Advertiser,* afterward the *Aurora,* and the Jeffersonian press wrote compactly and in unison over all the country. Then Madison, under the name of “Helvidius,” attacked Hamilton, who wrote under the name 129 of “Pacificus.” Washington wrote that the “publications in Freneau's and Bache's papers were outrages on decency;” nevertheless, Freneau sent him three copies gratis every day.

The administration of Washington closed gloomily, and Dr. Michael Leib, afterward Congressman and Senator, wrote in the *Aurora,* the day the President retired to peace, an article upon the corruptions of the Administration, that a ship contractor cudgelled him for. When Adams came in, almost the whole press was Jeffersonian, and Freneau and Bache had completely exhausted Hamilton with his own favorite weapon, the pen. Hamilton was pursued still further; in 1797, Thomas Callendar, a pamphleteer, whose descendants

are said to be still booksellers in Philadelphia, exposed Hamilton's *liaison* with a Mrs. Reynolds, and many indecent letters were published.

The defeated Hamiltonians patronized William Cobbett and his Porcupine's *Gazette,* the *eighth* daily paper published in Philadelphia eighty-three years ago, more than in all the country. Cobbett was then an English Tory, and he did the Federalists more harm than good. He got into collisions with Noah Webster, then a New York editor. In 1797 he was put under bonds for libelling the Spanish Minister. Matthew Carey was also a Jeffersonian editor at that time. Callender was always getting on a drunk, and Cobbett was always getting into court; so John Adams' party resolved upon a sedition law to break up the anti-Federalist press. By opposition the journals thrived and grew steadily bolder.

The *Aurora* accomplished the first newspaper “beat,” by printing Talleyrand's despatches against the partiality of the Adams administration before the government got them. This led to a deep jealousy against the newspapers, as dangerous malcontents and usurpers of government authority.

In 1798, the “Party,” otherwise the administration, and the press came to a colossal trial of strength. James Lloyd, of Maryland, presented the Sedition Bill, especially aimed at 9 130 the *Aurora* newspaper, Hamilton warned the Federalists against it; but it passed. In essentials, it was the French censorship system without warnings. At this time Philadelphia had eight daily papers, New York five, Baltimore two, Boston only semi-weeklies. The *Minerva* in New York, now the *Commercial Advertiser,* was the ablest Federal paper.

The yellow fever, of 1798, slew Bache, the editor of the *Aurora;* but James Duane, born on the shores of Lake Champlain of Irish parents, stepped into the vacant seat. This man had established the first English newspaper in the British East Indies. He married Bache's widow, and rode forth to slay. The yellow fever killed Fenno, also, and his son carried on the concern.

The first victim of the Sedition law was Matthew Lyon, of Pennsylvania, sentenced to four weeks' imprisonment and $1,000 fine. Lyon was elected to Congress forthwith. The papers now took each other's part, though without organization, and in half a dozen places at once prosecutions began. The Supreme Court was a creature of the Federalists, to silence attacks upon the government. Next, Federal militia officers assaulted Duane. Duane's lawyer, Cooper, was hounded to jail by the implacable Federalists. Chase, the Federal Justice, afterward impeached, then went to Richmond, Virginia, and prosecuted Callender, who was publishing there. Meantime, even Cobbet was driven out of Pennsylvania, and his properly sold behind him. He retired to England, and there began the first complete report of the parliamentary debates ever published, while he also conducted a great political journal, no longer reactionary, but radical. Thus, parliamentary reporting over the world may be said to have been born at the American seat of government.

Philadelphia, where these inhospitable things had been wrought upon the press, experienced a successive intellectual decline after the passage of the Sedition law. It has not had one great newspaper since the Capital quitted it. No better did it fare with the party which passed to conclusions the tyrannical 131 Sedition law. The Federal party departed dishonored. Adams and Hamilton mutually destroyed each other at last, and the spectacle was witnessed of the beaten lights of centralization endeavoring to elect Aaron Burr to the Presidency over Thomas Jefferson. In 1801, the Sedition law expired.

The removal of the public offices to the new city of Washington, was the signal for two new papers, the *National Intelligencer,* Jeffersonian, edited by Samuel Harrison Smith, of Philadelphia, long called by the Federalists, “The National Smoothing-plane,” and attacked by Duane's more radical contemporary, as edited by “Silky, Milky Smith.” The opposition paper was the Washington *Federalist,* which tumbled to pieces as the gall of its faction wore out.

About the same time the *Evening Post* appeared for Hamilton at New York. Callender, then publishing a paper at Richmond, was refused a Post Office by Jefferson, and he

published statements of his patron's negro amours until he fortunately fell into the James River and was drowned. The Clinton Republicans of New York now put James Cheetham, an Englishman, in the *American Citizen* paper, and he began to flay Burr. Burr forthwith established the *Morning Chronicle.* In this latter fight we hear the first of the Dent family, one of whom took an office for his vote against Burr. The end of this triangular contest was the death of Hamilton. He was a gallant, arrogant figure, but he had all the military vices. He planned a government which should appreciate himself, and he threw himself to pieces against the greater politician, Jefferson.

In 1804, Thomas Ritchie established a Jeffersonian journal at Richmond, called the *Enquirer,* the first influential Southern paper, “warm, lucid, gossiping,” as Hildreth says of it.

In 1812, the Alexandria (Va.) *Herald* committed the first breach of privilege in publishing a report of a secret session upon a proposed Embargo bill. The editor got off, though he refused to give the name of the leaky member.

In 1812, occurred the Baltimore riots over Alexander Hanson's Baltimore *Federal Republican,* partly stimulated by its 132 rival, the Baltimore *Whig.* Baltimore was a red-hot war city in Madison's time, and the people were tired of the “old Feds,” who were opposed to everything but the English. However, the British got into Washington, and the *Intelligencer* office was torn out by Admiral Cockburn, in person, in 1814.

The *Intelligencer* suffered nothing by this accident. It was forever a decent and cleanly-clad pensioner upon the United States—Jeffersonian till Jackson's time, and then Whig till Lincoln's time, when it became rebel Democratic, and went into the lobby under Johnny Coyle. It was, in its best days, cold-hearted, didactic, rather a “bore,” except to a reverent man, a sort of Sunday-school journal for grown-up sinners. It never fulfilled its business contracts, was always praying for relief or subsidy; was swindled by its business clerks,

and it did nothing for independent literature. But it had the longest existence of any merely national journal.

This grave old affectation of a newspaper used to say not one word for perhaps a week after the issuing of a President's message. Then it would appear with a didactic broadside of comment, which would be meat for Whig journals all over the country.

When Jackson's new Democratic party drove the friends of Monroe and Adams to the wall, he resolved upon a new journalist, and a journalistic system as tyrannical and as dynastic as his own nature. He sent down to Kentucky for this individual, and fetched up Frank Blair,—not to be the Freneau of the period, not the witty and fertile aggressor, but the organizer of the newspaper system; and we probably owe to Frank Blair the little that is left of the disposition on the part of party organization to cow editors and read newspapers out of the party. Blair was one of the worst satraps ever engaged in the interest of power against political literature.

During much of Jackson's administration, the quaint, and quaintly named, Duff Green published the *Telegraph* for Calhoun, against old Frank Blair's *Globe* and Gales' *Intelligencer.* On, or about this time, Reuben M. Whitney, who wrote financial 133 articles for the *Globe,* was threatened with death in committee-room by Baillie Peyton and Henry A. Wise. They put offensive questions to him, and Whitney retorted in kind. These honorable members carried loaded pistols and confessed to their brutality and cowardice at the bar of the House. Investigating committees have little improved in thirty years. Whitney was afterward John Tyler's Register of the Land Office.

The Graves and Cilley duel, in 1838, arose from Cilley's charging correspondent James Watson Webb with receiving a bribe of $52,000 from the bank of the United States. Graves took Webb's message and Cilley declined to recognize Webb as a gentleman, or “to get into difficulties with public journalists.” This duel, in reality, was a blood-thirsty Whig conspiracy, in which Webb and Wise were equally and disgracefully prominent.

Seaton, of the *Intelligencer,* was Harrison's host and Washington city's mayor, when the hard-cider party triumphed.

Henry Clay was a thin-skinned public man. Old Blair punctured his vanity deeply, and Clay revenged himself by taking a printing job from him. “I consider the *Globe* a libel, and Blair a common libeller,” said Clay at the same time insulting Senator King, of Alabama. He had to make a public apology to King, who alleged of Blair that “for kindness of heart, humanity, and exemplary deportment, Mr. Blair could proudly compare with the Senator from Kentucky.”

Tyler's organ was the *Madisonian,* edited by Thomas Allen and John B. Jones—poor shoats. Jones still lives. He edited a paper at Philadelphia, called the *Monitor,* in 1857, and paid the correspondent *Gath* the first dollars he ever received for writing. This is the best evidence that he was a poor editor. In the *Madisonian* office, John Wentworth and Stephen A. Douglas heard and applauded Tyler's resignation in favor of Polk, both of them here to represent Illinois for the first time.

On the 19th of June, 1844, Morse set up the telegraph between Washington and Baltimore. The *Sun* was probably the first paper in the country, to receive dispatches from the Capital.

Polk brought out old Blair, and brought Father Ritchie from Richmond to edit his new paper, the *Union.* The venerable Blair forthwith retired from his long autocracy of luxurious pensionership; he had been the most dependent independent man who ever reduced public sentiment to a printing job. This old “galvanized corpse,” as Clay called him, had largely ruled the party which ruled the United States for three administrations. He used to prepare an article in the *Globe* office and send slips of it to the papers dependent on him for an editorial policy; these papers would alter it and publish it; then old Blair would copy back into his own paper these modified articles, making a whole broad sheet, and call

them “Voice of the Democratic press.” This tyrannical and gifted old man. used to be the political Pope of the party, to read people out of it. Some of his successors try to carry the keys, but there is no party now-a-days strong enough to afford to lose a newspaper. I saw old Blair this day riding into town on horseback, with his wife—a stoutish old dame with bunches of luxuriant white hair. There were some great elements about those Kentucky folks.

It was in February, 1858, that the Honorable William Sawyer, of Wisconsin Ohio , took up the New York *Tribune,* and found himself writ down a “critter,” who ate sausages behind the Speaker's chair and wiped his hands on his bald head. “Then,” said the article, “he picks his teeth with a jack-knife, and goes on the floor to abuse the Whigs as the British party.”

The article was signed “Persimmon.” William E. Robinson, “Richelieu,” correspondent of the same paper, endorsed it. Sawyer rose to a question of privilege, and drew upon himself the everlasting name of “Sausage Sawyer,” while “Richelieu,” expelled, betook himself to the gallery, and thence worked down to be a member of Congress.

In May, 1848, John Nugent, of the New York *Herald,* got an advance copy of Polk's Mexican treaty, a “confidential document” to the Senate. Nugent refused at the bar of the Senate to tell who gave it to him, and he was put in jail till the end of the session.

Gamaliel Bailey, with the *National Era,* in which he published “Uncle Tom's Cabin,” was mobbed by a howling proslavery society, very high-toned, in April, 1848. The occasion was some crazy Abolitionists running off seventy-seven negroes in a vessel. Peter Force acted as Mayor, to preserve the peace. James Clephane, clerk in the *Era* office, drove the offending mariners safely out of town by night four years afterward.

Library of Congress

In 1850, the *Southern Press* was started in Washington, to drive the Northern papers out of the South. It was a dead failure.

In Fillmore's administration some of the correspondents used to get into the reception room next door to the Cabinet room, and overhear the discussions. Daniel Webster discovered it, and had a door interposed.

In Pierce's time, Forney and the *Union* newspaper began to make a noise. Giddings, of Ohio, wanted the whole set expelled. Frank Pierce was so sensitive about newspaper correspondents, that he had printers set his message in the White House. Giddings used these prophetic words about Forney at that time:

“The editor has read me out of the pale of human society, but the day will come when no individual will have that power or authority.”

The civil war enormously increased the influence of the press. Persons who had previously taken one weekly paper, began to take one or more dailies, in order to read the news from the front and to follow the career of their sons and neighbors in the army. About one hundred correspondents were kept in the field, and these had to compete with the narrow military spirit which resented criticism and frequently sought to set the correspondents aside and debar them from information. The correspondents however remained in journalism after the war was over when they again encountered the military men as politicians and Congressmen. The press had now become quite independent of merely partisan patronage and openly entered the lists against the corruptions which had survived 136 the war. The national campaign of 1872 was inaugurated by editors, and a journalist was placed in nomination. Although the combination was beaten, the press kept the sympathy of the country, and none of the journals which had undertaken to chasten public affairs lost in circulation or influence. The charges of loose morals, bribery, and collusion with railroad capitalists, which had been made during the campaign, were clearly proven true by an investigating committee. The chairman of this committee, Judge

Poland of Vermont, had a short time previously exonerated a journalist who had made reckless charges on some issue where he was but partly informed. Two newspaper men, who obtained a treaty in some surreptitious way, were indicted at the bar of the Senate but set loose. So formidable had the press become as a purifying instrumentality that one of the Senators, Harlan, joined the profession in order to get square with the correspondents. His efforts in this direction were chiefly notable for their squeamishness and absurdity. The newspapers which won most reputation in the contest with jobbery were the Springfield *Republican,* the New York *Tribune,* the New York *Sun,* the New York *Herald,* the Cincinnati *Commercial,* and the Chicago *Tribune.*

INSIDE SECTION OF THE DOME OF THE CAPITOL, WASHINGTON.

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CHAPTER XI. THE DOME AND EXTENSIONS OF OUR CAPITOL DESCRIBED.

THE CAPITOL, AS SEEN FROM PENNSYLVANIA AVENUE.

The *Dome* of the Capitol, as you know, overhangs the middle of the great building, whose name, in any monarchical country, would be the “Palace of the Legislative Body,” as even in this country the White House was originally named the President's Palace, and so described by Washington.

The old Capitol building had three domes upon it; the middle one, standing in the place of the present dome, was constructed of wood, and it stood one hundred and forty-two feet lower than the present. In 1856, it was removed, and the construction of the new dome began, which occupied nine years. It is formed almost entirely of cast iron, resting upon the old Capitol edifice, which, to support so vast additional weight, has been trussed up, buttressed, and strengthened, so that it seems to cower beneath the threatening mass of its superimposed burden.

Let us look at this dome.

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Poised over the middle of the long white rectangle of buildings, the great dome rises in two order: a drum of iron 138 columns first encircling it, with an open gallery and balustrade at the top; then an order of tall, slim windows; then a great series of brackets, holding the plated and ribbed roof, which ascends, balloon-fashion, to a gallery, within which is a tall lantern, surrounded with columns, like a cupola, and over this a bronze figure of Liberty, capped with eagle feathers, holding

STATUE OF LIBERTY.

in her right hand a sheathed sword, in her left a wreath and shield. She faces east. Her back is to the settled city of the Capital. Excepting this figure, which is of a rich bronze color, and the dark-glazed windows, the whole dome is white as marble. The whole of it, as you see it from the ground, is made of cast-iron; but it harmonizes well in tint with the Capitol building, and is of such symmetrical proportions that it gives you no impression of excessive weight.

It was on the second day of December, 1863, that, at a signal gun from Fort Stanton, across the eastern branch, the head and shoulders of the genius of Liberty began to arise from the ground. As it slowly ascended the exterior of the dome, gun after gun rang out from the successive forts encircling the city; when it reached the summit of the lantern, and joined its heretofore beheaded body, all the artillery of the hills saluted again, and the flags were dipped on every ship 139 and encampment. Majesty and grace are names for it, and holding at its cloudy height the boldest conception of Liberty, its genius looks calmly into the sunrise, and at night, like a directress of the stars, lives among them, as if in the constellation of her own banner.

Having taken this observation, let us climb to the rotunda. Now look straight up. You are amidst and beneath a vast hollow sphere of iron, weighing 8,009,200 lbs. How much is that? More than four thousand tons; or about the weight of seventy thousand full-grown people; or about equal to a thousand laden coal cars, which, holding four tons apiece, would reach two miles and a-half. Directly over your head is a figure in bronze,

weighing 14,985 lbs. If it should fall plumb down, it would mash you as if thirty-seven hogs, weighing four hundred pounds a piece, were dropped on your head from a height of two hundred and eighty-eight feet. This bronze figure is sixteen feet and a-half high, and with its pedestal nineteen feet and a-half. Right over your head, suspended like a canopy, is a sheet of metal and plaster covered with allegorical paintings. This hangs between you and the bronze statue of Liberty, and is a hundred and eighty feet distant. There are, therefore, one hundred and eight feet of the full height of the dome which you cannot see at all within, and in like manner the diameter of the rotunda in which you stand is ninety-seven feet, or eleven feet less than the exterior diameter of the great dome, far above, and thirty-eight feet less than the extreme exterior diameter at the base. The old rotunda erected here by Bulfinch was ninety-six feet high.

This dome differs interiorly at present from most others by being a mere cylinder, closed with a dome, whereas, nearly all famous domes besides are raised upon churches, which are cross-shaped, and project a dome from the abutments of the hollow cross. In these abutments, high up, statues are commonly set, as in St. Peter's, where the four angels are placed there. No merely civil edifice in the world can boast a dome at all approaching these proportions.

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The pressure of the iron dome upon its piers and pillars is 13,477 pounds to the square foot. St. Peter's presses nearly 20,000 pounds more to the square foot, and St. Genevieve, at Paris, 46,000 pounds more. It would require to crush the supports of our dome a pressure of 755,280 pounds to the square foot.

The first part of the rotunda, next to the floor, is a series of panels, divided from each other by Grecian pilasters, or *axtœ,* which support the first entablature, a bold one, with wreaths of olive interwoven in it.

The decorations of the dome consist of four great *basso-relievos,* over the four exit doors from it, and of eight oil paintings, each containing from twenty to a hundred figures, life-size. These paintings are set in great panels in the wall, under the lower entablature. Four of them are by Colonel Trumbull, Aid-de-Camp to Washington, the “Porte Crayon” of the Revolution, and these are altogether the best historical paintings which the country has yet produced. The other four paintings, with forty years advantage over those of Trumbull, are deteriorations. Three of them represent, respectively, the marriage of Pocahontas, the landing of Columbus, and the discovery of the Mississippi. They are poorer than the average of paintings in the gallery of Versailles, and scarcely rise above the art of house and sign painting. The other picture, Prayer on the Mayflower, has good faces in it, and dignity of expression, but it is dull of color, and without any breadth of light. Trumbull's pictures are conscientious portraits, the work of thirty years' study; they are without any genius, and timid in grouping; but accurate, appropriate, and invaluable. Congress gave him an order for the whole four at once, and wisely. The others ought to be taken down when we can get anything better, and sent into some of the committee rooms.

The *basso-relievos* in the panels, above the paintings, are works of two Italians, pupils of Canova, named Causici and Capellano, who, like a great many other itinerant Italians, have done work about the Capitol. One or two of them, disgusted 141 with the American taste in art, or stricken with the national *benzine,* jumped into the Potomac, and made their lives more romantic than their works. These base reliefs are only of three or four figures each, and are copied from curious old engravings, cotemporary with the events; they are not beautiful, but odd, and make variety amidst our perennial and distressing newness. Between these large reliefs are carved heads of Columbus, Raleigh, La Salle, and Cabot.

These pictures, true and disgraceful both to the national taste, answer in general the purpose of pleasing people. Learned rustics may be seen laboriously criticising them to their sweethearts. The privilege is also accorded to artists and others of exhibiting

their models and amateur sketches in the rotunda, whereby all sorts of strange prodigies appear, flattering, at least, to our democratic charity, but very amusing to foreigners.

Above this series of *relievos* and paintings, there is a broad frieze, intended to be painted in imitation of *basso-relievo.* Above this frieze there is another entablature; these are broken up by tall windows on the outer circumference of the walls of the dome, and at places between the domes can be seen glimpses of galleries and stairways ascending between the inner and outer walls. At last, the interior concave walls of the dome proper made to represent panels of oak foliage, rise in diminishing circles to the amphitheatre in the eye of the dome, which is sixty feet in diameter, and surrounded with a gallery all of iron. Down through the eye of the dome looks the great fresco painting of Brumidi, and you can see people the size of toys walking directly under this fresco, looking now up, now down.

It will cost to finish and paint this dome as it should be done, not less than $250,000. For the painting in the frieze, $20,000 will be required; to reform the architecture of the dome by reducing the number of the entablatures will cost, probably, $100,000. To paint the iron panels in imitation of oak, as they are cast, will cost $30,000 to $50,000. It was the intention to have buried Washington under the floor of the rotunda; this failing, to bury Lincoln there, and to open a 142 large galleried place in the floor, through which the visitor could look at the sarcophagus, as is the case with the tomb of Napoleon, under the dome of the *Hotel des Invalides,* in Paris. In either case, the families of the dead objected, and with good taste; for a rotunda, used for profane and noisy flirting, hobnobbing, lobbying, and loitering, is no place for a hallowed sepulture. Here the statue of Washington, by Greenough, stood, till removed by barbarous enactment, in all its Roman nakedness, into the adjacent park. Something of the worthiest and most colossal is requisite here—a statue of Public Opinion, say, or an allegory of Destiny, or an effigy of Democracy. So, around the sides of the dome, there are spaces for statues and busts, which ought some day to be filled.

Situated midway between the two houses of Congress, at the middle of the Capitol, and across all the avenues of communication, the rotunda under the dome obtains, as it always will obtain, an important and picturesque place in the history of legislation. There are iron settees around it, where wait for appointments of various sorts, people of all qualities and pursuits, some to waylay, some to rest, some to see the infinite variety of race or station, or behavior of passing people. Bright paintings encircle it, for height and admissible enterprise are suggested there; something curiously instructive, some problem to the thought, is everywhere. Danger and power, suppositions accident and vivid carnival, fill up the hours. It is one of the most curious studies in the world, and destined to be the scene of vital conferences, wild collisions, perhaps of solemn ceremonials, sometimes of happiness, sometimes of anarchy, sit here, under this high concave; and, while the feet of the perpetual passengers fill the void with echoes, you may interpret them to the coming of the mob, when legislation is too slow for brutal party rage, or some unflinching Senator may hear from hence the howling of Public Opinion. Here may some brave act the best assassination; here may be promised the price of eminent treason. Here may some conquering army, mastering the Capitol once more, unfurl their foreign standards, and with

THE DOME AND SPIRAL STAIR CASE IN CONSERVATORY, AT WASHINGTON.

 their enthusiasm or orchestras celebrate the fall of the Republic. So long as the people reign, the Capitol of the United States will not be distributed between the wings, but concentrated under the dome. The rotunda is western human nature's amphitheatre. Here will stroll the chaotic dictator of Democracy, with its hundred hands on the wires of the continent. Many a fair face will do temptation upon patriotism and public duty in the broad sounding area of assignation, typical as it is of the arcana of the earth, where the individual voice but rolls into the general echo; the general echo is sometimes articulate, but the highest shout that all can raise stays a little while, and expires in stronger silence. The dome, with its hungry, hollow belly, is government as you find it, familiar with its gluttonies and processes, its dyspepsias and cramps. The outer dome is government as the vast mass of citizens behold it—white and monumental, and crowned with Liberty.

How is this vast height lighted, is the next question. Here we are in the battery room, which adjoins the dome. The smell of the acids, ranged in quadruple circles around the place, in glass jars as big as horse-buckets, has no other effect upon the battery-tender, he says, than to make him fat. There are here one hundred and eighty cells set up and filled with sulphuric acid, after the principle of Smee, constituting altogether the strongest battery in the world, and which furnishes the power to Mr. Gardiner's electro-magnetic apparatus, which lights the lantern, the dome and the rotunda, touching up thirteen hundred gas-burners in a few moments. The whole machinery cost about thirty thousand dollars. Of itself, this beautiful and almost miraculous apparatus deserves a newspaper article. The power is fifty tons, as if a thunder cloud as heavy as a laden canal boat were concentrated on the point of a needle, and “fetched” you a dash in the eye. To light up the Capitol by this machinery, there is an electro-magnetic engine, with connecting wires to all the burners in the building, and to each wire a metallic pointer; the gas is turned on by cranks, answering each to a portion of the Capitol; then the magnetic bolt is 144 darted up the proper wire; in thirty seconds the darkness is ablaze. This apparatus occupies one of the old wing domes of wood, the dome being the battery room, the engine standing next door. Thus the old building sends light up to the new one; the little dome holds fire for the great dome. You should see them turn the great dome from perfect night to perfect day. Stand under it! A little moon dazes the far up slits of windows; the concave eye is absolute night; all the sculptures are lost upon the wall; color and action are gone out of the historic canvases; the stone floor of the rotunda might be some great cathredal's, for you can only feel the gliding objects going by, and hear the dull, commingling echoes of feet and whispers.

At a wink the great hollow sphere is aflame. You can see the spark-spirit run on tip-toe around the high entablature, planting its fire-fly foot on every spear of bronze; a blaze springs up on each; chasing each other hither and thither, the winged torch-bearing fairies on the several levels race down the aisles to the remote niches, to lateral halls, to stairways all variegated with polished marbles, over illuminated sky-lights armorially painted. Your thought does not leap so instantly; and people far off in the city see the

lantern at the feet of the statue of Liberty, arise in the sky as if a star had lighted it. Since the first commandment of God to the earth, light has had no such messenger. It is nearest to will—it vindicates Moses.

No great building in the world is so lighted, except the Academy of Music, and some theatres in New York. But thirty thousand dollars is dear even for a miracle. Matches are high.

Standing here, at so lofty an altitude, one is apt to suppose that he has reached the king of human peaks. Not so. St. Peter's at Rome, is 432 feet high to the lantern, or 144 feet higher than the tip of this airy Liberty. St. Paul's in London, is seventy-two feet higher than this.

And the great Capitol itself, down upon which we are looking, covering 652 square feet, more than three and a half acres, is one-eighth smaller than St. Peter's Church, and only one-fifth larger than St. Paul's.

VIEW IN THE CONSERVATORY AT WASHINGTON. FAN PALMS, ETC.

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Yet it is high enough for timid people. The highest part of the Capitol building is nearly two hundred feet below us.

How much money is there in all this Capitol? What did it cost? Upon the aggregate head, I doubt if the congregated consciences of all the architects and builders of the Capitol can reply, exactly. One gentleman, who has been figuring up at it a long time, estimates the cost at $39,000,000. The lowest estimate I have heard at all was $15,000,000. But let us see what is the architect's statement. The entire cost of the old Capitol, down to 1827, was less than $1,800,000. St. Peter's Church, at Rome, cost $49,000,000. The new Court House in New York, is said to have cost $8,000,000. People have talked foolishly about

the cost of the public edifices at the seat of government. Here are some precise figures, as Mr. Clark gave them to me. They do not include the furnishing of the buildings, however:

Cost of the library apartments, $ 780,500

“ “ “ Oil painting by Walker:

“ Storming of Chapultepec,“ 6,000

Five water closets in the House of Representatives, 2,178

Annual repairs, 15,000

Annual repairs for dome, 5,000

Heating old Capitol (centre), 15,000

Cost of the new wings of the Capitol, 6,433,621

Cost of building the dome, 1,125,000

Total cost of construction of all the public buildings in Washington City, 27,715,522

It is very pleasant to visit the Capitol in the recess. After Congress adjourns, we begin to know each other. The carpenter and the barber go fishing together. The architect of the Capitol inquires for your family. The Capitol policemen and the officers of the barracks near by stop at your door-step to chat with your baby. It is like living in some college town during the vacation, and very cool, amiable, and agreeable is Capitol Hill in Summer. 10

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At Whitney's I saw, a few days ago, a white bearded old gentleman, of a Northern and business habit and address. He had a brown complexion, a square-ended nose, beveled at the tip, and a hearty down-east manner.

“Don't you know Mr. Fowler, Gath?” said a gentleman near by. “This is Mr. Charles Fowler, who built the dome of the Capitol.”

Mr. Fowler was born in Hartford, Connecticut. He is, or was, a member of the former firm of iron founders, Fowler & Beeby, at Read and Centre streets, New York. He was the lowest bidder to cast the patterns for the dome, and that noble piece of iron work, solitary in the world, was set up by him. Perhaps you can best get the spirit of what he had to say in the categorial form in which he gave it.

“What was your contract, Mr. Fowler, when you first undertook to build the dome?”

“Seven cents a pound for all the iron used. The architect, Thomas N. U. Walter, made the designs, piece by piece. They ran, for example, an inch to eight feet. I was to put up the dome, furnishing all the scaffolds, workmen, and so forth, for seven cents a pound.”

“Did they keep their bargain?”

“No. General Franklin was superintending engineer when I first arrived here. He made the contract for the War Department. After I had run the dome up to the top of the first order, or the drum, as you see it there, General Meigs was put in Franklin's place. He cut my contract down, arbitrarily, to six cents a pound. I consulted my lawyers, and they said:

‘This cutting down of your contract is a piece of force, having no authority in law. But if you don't submit to it, you will be kept out of your money at ruinous expense. So accept it and come back upon the justice of the government at another time.’

“Therefore I took the six cents, and the work was stopped.

“The yard of the Capitol was littered with iron, Senator Foot and others began to ask:

‘Why is the work on the dome suspended?’

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“They demanded a recontinuance of the work, and had an order made out transferring the work upon the Capitol extension from the War to the Interior Department. This was done to lift out of Cameron's hands the matter of the dome.

“I went to the Secretary of the Interior and demanded my additional cent a pound. It was paid. I demanded also the fifteen thousand dollars which, under the first arrangement, was withheld from my control to insure the finishing of the dome. This was paid over. Then I went to work again.”

“On what principle is that dome set up, Mr. Fowler?”

“On this principle: there is a skeleton series of ribs within: they extrude supports for the outer dome: the figure on the top, the government guaranteed to furnish, as it afterwards did, from Clark Mill's designs and castings. The scales on the dome are bolted together. There is no structure in the world more enduring than that dome. You may call it eternal, if you like. It weighs over 5,000 tons. That is, you tell me, only one-ninth the weight of the Victoria tower, on the Parliament buildings, in London. Why, sir, the Rocky Mountains will budge as quickly as that structure. There are some things about it which I don't like, but the Government Superintendent is absolute. For example, the first coat of paint should have been different. I protested. ‘Put it on white,’ said the chief. Consequently the dome eats up paint by the ton every year, because there is not a good color for a base.”

“Does not the dome leak, sir, by reason of the metal plates expanding and contracting? Is it not possible that by the perpetual working to and fro of the plates, rust, fractured rivets and final collapse will take place?”

“Why, the whole dome is of one metal: it expands and contracts like the folding and unfolding of a lily, all moving together. An atmospheric change that will move one piece

moves all—scale and bolt. Rust will happen, but to avoid this the building must be kept water-tight and well painted. It is not by mechanical changes that public works are affected, but by sudden and unnecessary political changes. For example: I got 148 a judgment against the Government in the Court of Claims last week for twenty-six thousand dollars. They made a contract with me to put up the wings of the Library, as I had already finished and delivered the main part of it. The Secretary of the Interior was suddenly changed, and he abolished my contract whimsically. Therefore, I bring suit, and his little whim costs the people twenty-six thousand dollars, besides putting me out of pocket even at that. See, also, the effect of a change of superintendents, which I have already referred to. I have a claim of sixty-odd thousand dollars for the increased cost and delay incurred by me through the substitution of Meigs for Franklin. Had they let me go on by the terms of my contract, I should have had the work done by 1861. They stopped me arbitrarily; the war came on; iron went up some hundred per cent; the river was lined with rebel batteries; freights went up 400 per cent; the price of labor went up almost as badly. A new man's whim will cost sixty thousand dollars, perhaps, to the people; if not, it will come out of my pocket.

“I tell you, sir,” said the dome-builder, encouraged in his theme, “whim, freak, change, are responsible for a good deal of folly and more extravagance here.

“Let me show you how they got a dome in the first place; for that is an example:

“Mr. Walter, the architect, prepared the plans for a complete extension of the Capitol—new wings, new dome, and a new marble front for the middle or freestone building, which was the old Capitol; and, as he knew very well that Congress would never vote this money in the most economical way,—that is, in bulk, or by fixed yearly parcels—he first submitted the wings.

“Next, as Congress was about adjourning at the end of a session, and they were all very merry at night—ladies on the floor, everything lively, the dome, splendidly painted, was presented in a picture and adopted at once.”

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CHAPTER XII. SOME OF THE ORGANIC EVILS IN OUR CONGRESSIONAL SYSTEM.

The present chapter will deal in a discursive way with some of the evils in general legislation.

With every Congressman comes a little knot of retainers, often to his own disgust; for he has used them and finished, and now they are quick that he shall fulfil his promises. Promises are ruin-seeds. Nine-tenths of the crime of the state is tied to rash and often needless promises. “Mr. Godtalk,” says Stirrup the saddler, “I admire your course, sir, and want to see you re-elected.”

“Stirrup,” says Godtalk, “why don't you get the postoffice? It will be a nice little addition to your income, take no time from your trade, and be an honor amongst your neighbors.”

“Mr. Godtalk, I never aspired to office, sir.”

“Tut! tut! Stirrup; it's easy as asking. If I'm elected I'll work for you!”

Behold! the first uneasy and interested seed is planted in the good citizen. He becomes henceforward a corrupted man, the “bore” of his Representative, another hanger-on around the Capitol. This loose and almost always needless tendering of promises is the mistake of the politician, and the corruption of the constituent alike. Every promise, loosely made and broken to the hope, returns to plague giver and receiver. We have been promising the darkeys in the South—some of us—a 150 mule and a forty-acre farm. Let us look out that the mule doesn't kick us dead, and the forty-acre farm be our political cemetery. Promise nothing out of the contract of principles. Come to Washington with free

hands, and the highway to honor, if it has enemies before, will have no assassins behind! No sooner had the members of Congress begun to arrive, than the poor promise-bearers followed after. They looked mean, as does every man with an immortal soul, who waits for a favor that he does not deserve. The saddler's fingers were nervous. The citizen's direct look of searchingness, and yet confidence, had a sycophantish, sidewise smile in the bottom of it. The man was clinging by his eyelids to a politician's word of honor, and God help the hold on that support! The constituent had already begun to feel revengeful, for his suspicious fears, born of his conscious meanness, had begun to reproach his Representative. Both were disgusted. The politician had dishonored the saddler's hearth with a foolish promise, and made a family malcontent, and traitors to obedient, cheerful citizenship.

There is no time when one sees these personal errors so vividly in their effect upon the State as at the opening of Congress. The power of the State, as an attraction and an evil, when it enters into competition with the private patrons of the people, is at this time very manifest. You live, perhaps, down in Egypt, or on the Illinois Central Road, and get the paper afar off, and in your heart you honor the State. The news, as it comes from Washington, is vague and great to you. The names of senators are resonant names, which you hold in excellent respect. The Government is the mighty protector of you and yours, a sworded benefactor, a most impartial father, and yet almost your son.

When this Government, by one of its officers—legislator or what not—comes down from its misty remoteness of sun and thunder cloud, like Jupiter to Danae, and singles one of you out for its caresses, the pure worship you have paid it turns to personal lust and jealousy. Therefore, the fewer possessions 151 that the Government holds, the better for it and you. With its clear, attenuated brow and naked buckler, it is our Common champion; but with armsfull of public lands, bon-bons of railway subsidies, Christmas gifts of Indian contracts and sinecures, and the whim and capacity to make invidious favoritisms, Government entering the market place is the wickedest debaucher of the people.

Library of Congress

A man Came to me recently. “You know a good many people in Congress,” he said; “I've got a little business I want to see you about after awhile. I'm here in behalf of the Snuffbox tribe of Indians!”

“What do the Snuffboxes want?”

“Oh! they're despret anxious to get that treaty o' theirn fixed; want to sell their land, you know, being hard-up and desirous of agoing South. It's all just and fair as the Golding Rule, This yer Osage expozay spiled the treaty of the Snuffboxes. But, as I said before, ourn is clar and just as the Golding Rule.”

Not being a street preacher, I replied only in generalities to this gentleman; but in this correspondence may make it plain to you that by the very situation of the Government we have been unjust to the Snuffbox Indians and this corrupt lobbyist together. This was evidently an intention to cozen the Snuffboxes out of three or four millions of rich acres; but why was this man, apparently a good citizen (he had been a soldier) in the job?

Because Government was in the market as patron and employer. The citizen found a short cut to Wealth by making a treaty, and quitted his honest livelihood to come to Washington and make marketable the plausibilities of Congressmen. Here he saw a way to spend a year of dishonorable feeling, “smelling,” and huckstering for the sake of a lifetime of wealth. We must make an honest man of him by putting Governments out of the market, abolishing the Indian title in lands, and setting the entire government real estate on an equal footing, so that you, John Smith, Tom Walker, and the 152 devil may be made equal as purchasers, so far as nature finds you.

The mere value of a residence here is esteemed as so much money-right, because you may board with a Senator, lend a horse to a Sergeant-at-Arms, or know a doorkeeper well, and this involves the possible right to demand a favor of the Federal State.

Library of Congress

“Do you want five thousand dollars down in a check?” said a man to another once in my hearing. “Here it is. I want somebody in the Senate to propose to take up the bill making seven Judge Advocates. I don't want you to see it pass, because there are seven of us who have fixed all that. It's bound to pass! We only want some one Senator to lift it up. Whom do you know?”

This was in the last hours of the session. Suppose you lived here, and had entertained Senator Enoch, of Hindoocush, with a soft crab lunch; what more easy than to slip up to the doorkeeper, say, “Take this card to Enoch,” see Enoch come benevolent through the door, say “Senator, my nephew depends on this bill being raised; vote as you please, only move to lift it; did you enjoy those crabs?” And, presto, there is $5,000 down merely for knowing one man.

So large is the power of the Federal Congress becoming, that to be a doorkeeper, messenger, even a page, is to possess a chance to obtain offices, privileges, and appropriations. I used to see a dull-eyed man in one of the galleries—a doorkeeper. One day there was a huge overthrow of officials, and into a post of great trust this doorkeeper walked. From being a servant, he became an officer of Congress, and in his present place knows matters so valuable, that the regular Secretary of the Senate cannot know them. The choice may have been a superb one, but I instance it only to show the advantage of having the right of acquaintanceship with Congress. Clerkships in the House and Senate, are worth fortunes to some people. Here in the Clerkship of Claims, Mr. Corbin grew wealthy, and yet he never had a vote; but the knowledge of 153 what was going on, and the right to salute honorable members familiarly, and to say a good familiar word for some one's claim—this was his royal road.

Few persons are aware how Congress conducts business, and one might go to the chambers and read the *Globe* every day for two years, without growing a great deal wiser.

Yet it is by the defects of the organization of Congress that thievery thrives—defects inseparable from all human contrivances.

The commercial republic whose soul and courage be not in sentiment, but in necessity, is open to this criticism, that, while it has money to spend to keep the empire together, it does not like to risk its blood for the same purpose.

A Mr. Shannon, of California, who was a member of Congress during the war, said to me the other day:

“This Congress, and every other that I have seen, is cursed. by demagogues. I can understand a scoundrel, and meet him; but a demagogue is an insidious being, who works with treachery upon the instability of periods and localities, and defeats good legislation, by making somewhere a prejudice. During the war, when we had been defeated on the Rappahannock, and everything was going to pieces, Congress sat here in session, debating how to make a new army. It was proposed, in this emergency, to have a conscription, and make every man, if necessary, come out to defend his country; but when this bill passed, what did that demagoguing Congress do, though it sat within a day's march of the enemy? Why, they set about passing a commutation bill, which was, in fact, nothing but a bill to raise revenue. The United States had a right to every man in it to go to the front if he was needed and take his chances, but that miserable set of demagogues sat there wrangling as to whether the draft policy could not be evaded by the payment of some money.”

In this you can see how the commercial republic prefers to sacrifice but one thing, and that is cash. In peace it will buy justice, and in war it prefers to buy the nation back, rather than to fight for it. Here is one of the greatest evils at the Capital, 154 not that corrupt legislators hot from the stews of caucus, will take money for their vote, but that commercial men of high character, will pay the money in order to save time. When a set of interests in New York want a bill essential to their solvency,—a bill perfectly proper in itself to pass

Congress, they employ a lawyer and send him on here, with authority to draw money if it be needful; and he generally gets but one instruction, and that is to carry the bill, and, “if these fellows begin to tinker about it, just pay them.” It is the country people of the United States who are still its mainstay—the large class who have not been debuached by great profits, and whose devotion to the State is as strong as the family tie itself. If we can stop demagoguing among the poor people, and corruption amongst the enterprising, we shall have solved the main problem; and our reserve forces, which are rapidly gaining strength, —such as intelligence amongst the masses, the dissipation of old illusions—such as the assumption that the plundering of the many is business—and the drafting of good men into politics by a sort of social enforcement—these are our reliances to save the State.

Here, before me, as I write, is the Captain's chart, the manual for the Speaker of the House of Representatives. It consists of 500 odd pages, and superbly bound, and is a piece of government work, pronounced by Colfax to be the best parliamentary manual in the English language.

The contents of this book are: 1. The Constitution, and amendments, of the United States —so well indexed that the Speaker can catch any phrase of it in a couple of winks. 2. Thomas Jefferson's manual of parliamentary practice, which, by law of 1837, governs “in all applicable cases.” 3. The standing rules and orders of business in the House of Representatives, 161 in number. 4. Joint rules and orders of the house, 22 in number. 5. Standing rules in the Senate, 53 in number. 6. The whole of the foregoing digested or made compendious and perspicuous by John M. Barclay, Journal Clerk of the House of Representatives. The digest alone, 155 making 212 large pages. Herein you have the traditional and self-imposed laws of the National Legislature in the popular branch, and he who shall study this book well, can be advised of the most economical, expeditious, and impartial way of carrying on the federal legislation of the Republic. A very few members, however, have studied the manual: some have never looked into; and a large proportion of those who know it best, have mastered it for the purpose of taking advantage of it.

Young men and boys have a good deal to do with legislation.

Willie Todd, Speaker Colfax's messenger. Of him I took occasion to inquire into the person and history of Thaddy Morris, who had been page to Speaker Pennington in 1859, and virtual Speaker of the House of Representatives. Mr. Pennington was a delightful old gentleman, ignorant of parliamentary practice, and he was elected by a compromise between the adherents of Sherman and Marshall, of Kentucky. Placed in his embarrassing chair, he found the great dog-pit of the House barking, like Cerberus, under him, and he took every ruling, point, and suggestion from Thaddeus, most gratefully.

Once, it is related, when young Morris had prepared everything snugly for Pennington, outlined the order of business, prompted him completely, and left the course “straight as the crow flies,” so that a wayfaring man, though a fool, need not go astray, he said to the Speaker: “Now, go on.”

“Now, go on!” cried Pennington, promptly, to the House; at which there was huge laughter.

It was an inspiring thing to see that delicate boy, secreted in the pinnacle of the nation, like Paul Revere's friend in the old South Church spire, supplying knowledge to the graybeard who had the honor without the skill of governing. There is many a boy, unseen, at the elbows of statesmen—little fellows of downy chins—whose heads are as long as a sum at compound interest.

This is the Senate-house, a room all gold and buff, a belt of buff gallery running round it; through the gold of the roof twenty-one great enameled windows giving light. The floor hereof is a soft red English carpet; deep golden cornices surround 156 the hall; a blue-faced clock without a sound goes on with time remorselessly. So blackly the people fill all these galleries that it is but here and there a sunbeam falls upon a face, making it warm yellow; the far-ceiling corners of this hall are full of darkness; dark also are the deep-gilt

ornamentations in the edge of the ceiling; upon the floor, however, where the chief actors stand, it is clear as open day.

The scenes witnessed in the night sessions are a good deal like the physical manifestations to which you are used in old cross-road churches at what is called “revival time.” People speaking against time to exhausted auditors, each auditor, however, getting up steam for his particular turn at exhortation or prayer. The Speaker, whose attention and nervous readiness must be kept up to a high pitch, sits far up in his seat, behind the marble desks of the clerks, gavel in hand, like a man on a wagon-box, keeping in rein two hundred horses at once, and these horses—“fractious,” or poorly broken—duck, break up, rear, neigh, or pull the wrong way, or lazily, while his gavel is flourished like a whip-handle without a lash. The disposition to draw blood, and the incapacity to do it, are very clearly expressed in his face, and therefore he brings the House to by a loud “Whoa!” Then he straightens them up with a cautious “Peddy—peddy—whoa! G'lang now!” Directly some stallion bounces off into a ditch, and the Speaker's “Gee, there, Mike!” or “Haw! haw! Tommy!” with dreadful indications of the broken whip-handle, coerce the team into some degree of good behavior.

In the cloak-room, some groups of Congressmen are smoking. Here and there on the floor of the House you see some one surreptitiously pulling at his cigar. Every lobbyist, who by book or crook can get upon the floor, is traveling about between seats and sofas, with a sly, sidewise look, an express-train tongue, and a vigorous movement of his hand, gesturing on his private interest. Here is a member helping out some such lobbyist, introducing him round, pulling a group of folks 157 into the wash-room or side-lobby, all talking, hearing, suggesting, flying round like folks wrought up to the verge of despair. In the open space before the Speaker a score of anxious people assemble, ready to seize the Speaker's eye and gouge some proposition through it. Now vindictiveness is most alert to beat some hated rival or adverse interest in the dying hours of the session, as it has succeeded so well in doing during the bulk of the season. You can make intense studies wherever you look, as of two such hating and hated enemies watching each other. Here

is Bellerophon, the member from Pascagoula, resolved to get his friend Shiftless, of the contested seat, through in the nick of time, for Shiftless has scarcely money enough to embark on the train for his home, and he hopes, by a decisive vote, to save all his back pay, settle his board bills, and have some spending money.

Bellerophon is on the floor, in the area, working his faithfullest. He cries, “Mr. Speaker,” in and out of time, feels his skin abraded by repeated failures, and the color, pale or red, rises alternately to his cheeks, while poor Shiftless stands off in pleading silence, saying short pieces of prayer between his need and his hypocrisy, like a man in a steamboat when there is inevitably to be a scuttling. Some distance off, Strike, the unappeasable enemy of Shiftless, lurks, with the light of revenge in his eyeball, and the phrase “I object!” upon his tongue, balanced like a man's revolver at full-cock. So they fight it out. So they stand arrayed—the old immemorial history of friendship, enmity, and hero, celebrated since literature could venture to portray anything. The morning hours advance; nature gives out, and all doze or sleep but these three, and many similar trios like them. At last even interest subsides, and he whose rights are being guarded, feels himself satiety, listlessness, inattention. He sleeps at his desk, while vigilant Friendship, keeping guard in the area with weary legs, cries steadily in all the pauses:

“Mr. Speaker, I believe I have the floor!”

“Mr. Speaker, you recognized me, I am sure, sir!”

Still Malice, with unsmoothable eyes, is ready with his cocked revolver, saying ever:

“I object!”

Even Friendship wearies in the end, and stopping in some empty perch to rest, feels the leaden weights upon its eyeballs, drive them slowly down. But when the interested one

and his champion are quite overcome, still tireless and remorseless the Enemy looks out, bright and prepared, with the uncompromising—“I object!”

Knowing, as I did, the undertone of motive at the Capitol, I watched the last hours of the session on a Saturday with something of the sentiment of Lord Macaulay when he contemplated the Tower of London:

“They are associated with whatever is darkest in human nature and in human destiny, with the savage triumph of implacable enemies, with the inconstancy, the ingratitude, the cowardice of friends, with all the miseries of fallen greatness and blighted fame.”

The same must be said of the latter days of the Senate, in executive session here, when enemies fall afoul of each other and slaughter each other's hopes of place between the decisive instants of triumph. It is the old, old story of Raleigh, Essex, and Sidney.

CHAPTER XIII. THE CHEERFUL PATRIOT IN WASHINGTON AND WHAT HE SAID.

The Cheerful Patriot arrived in Washington on a bright morning of 1868, that he seemed to have brought with him. His face was extremely amiable. Stepping from the depot, he looked round about him benignantly, evidently on the eve of bowing to anybody who would give him a chance.

“How did you enjoy your ride from the Western Reserve?” said I.

“My dear boy! it surpassed all that I had read of our progress. We have truly a wonderful country. Is that Willard's over yonder?”

He pointed with his stick to the yellow gable of Dyer's Hotel, where some brakemen and conductors Were basking.

“No! Willard's is as big as forty of that!”

“Bless my soul! The progress of the people is wonderful. Did I ever tell you that story of the first hotel they built in Ashtabuley? Well, lead me along; I'll tell you all about it.”

I enjoyed the Cheerful Patriot's anecdote very much, though I did not hear a word of it. He wore an ancient white hat, and a black cloth suit. Neither moustache nor bearded chin had he, but genuine whiskers of a healthy gray.

“Is that the City Hall?” he said. “Why, it's big enough for Solomon's Temple. The monument there looks like one of the seven candlesticks. Mr. Lincoln was a noble man! That Mr. Booth was truly a wild young person. But, then, we musn't judge each other.”

“Here, Mr. Chase lives.”

“Dear me! I voted for him way back in the fifties. I was never sorry for it. If it wishes him no harm, I am glad that 161 he lost the nomination this time, for I should hate to have voted against him. In pint of fact,” said the Cheerful Patriot, “I should like to have two votes: one of 'em I would give on election day, the other I would give after election, to soften the disappointment of the losing man. I'd give Mr. Seymour a vote a few days after this election—say a hundred years or two!”

To the Patent Office the Cheerful Patriot put on his spectacles and said that it was vast, even considering the number of patent medicines we had. The General Post-Office, he said with all reverence, was the Thirteenth Apostle.

“In my day,” he alleged, “I sent a valentine to my wife, that was afterward, and by the lightning mail coach, she received it the following Fourth of July. Perhaps she wouldn't have had any more pleasure had it come earlier. There's compensation for all things.”

At Willard's I apologized to the Cheerful Patriot, that there was no elevator. He said to Mr. Chadwick that an elevator might be a curiosity, but the grandeur of the establishment made its loss unnoticeable to any sturdy pair of legs. He was given a closet room on the

fifth floor, for the clerk said, *sotto voce,* that he'd be derned if any man had any right to be so well satisfied at Willard's.

Said the clerk: “Nobody wan't ever quite satisfied here, and the Cheerful Patriot shan't be no exception!”

Said I to the Cheerful Patriot: “They allege in all the Washington hotels that it's better to keep a bad hotel than a good one. All being equally ill-kept, there is no choice, and nobody ever changes from one to the other, because it will be to discover different evils from those we are used to.”

“My dear boy,” replied the C. P., “all this is a vast improvement upon Washington, as I knew it forty years ago. Then we came by stage from Baltimore, paying three dollars hard cash, where we ride now in an hour or more, for twelve York shillings currency. The hotels were provincial, like those of all the country. The beef was all taken apparently from one inexhaustible ox, and the bread was made of corn meal, on all 11 162 but rare occasions. The servants were slaves and slow; the cooking utensils admitted of little haste; there were few facilities for expediting the food to the table. Go back to the contrivances of that time, from this gilded dining room to the whitewashed walls, from smoking rolls to yellow pone, from free waiters to slaves! Be compensated in knowing that if this landlord does not do as well as he might, he at any rate pays his servants wages.”

I look around me and I think I see politer manners, less deference perhaps, or less assumption, but more equal claims, more equally accorded. The faces of the people show better digestion, better food, less coarseness that used to pass for individualism.

“They drink, Cheerful Patriot! There is a great marble bar here; across the way is a nest of hungry gamblers, who watch the stranger and the dignitary, alike.”

“These evils are sad,” said the Cheerful Patriot, “but we were not rid of them in our days. Then the grosser liquors were set upon the private tables, and men talked in the heat of

them. We elected Presidents by hard cider. Apple brandy, the parent of drunkenness, affected the head of the wisest. Whiskey was as patent, but the drink of Statesmen was raw brandy, a combative and violent liquor, that was the challenger and slayer in one-half the cases on the field at Bladensburg. Gambling is a low and concealed craft, to-day. It used to be part of hospitality here, and host plundered guest, and guest felt the injury. Then, indeed, women shared in it, taking cue from court-life abroad, and so aggravated their weaknesses with avarice and despair. My dear boy! many of us old men say better things of those days than we know, because they were our youth. Believe Cheerful Patriot when he tells you, that the new days are the best for the new men!"

"But the chaste Commandment is broken here, among the oftenest. Between the Avenue and the Smithsonian, on much of the 'Island,' in all localities, base and high, there are vile places shut up from daylight. It is not doubted that in some of the departments, stained women hide."

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"Sadder! sadder still!" said the Cheerful Patriot, "but even to this sorrow there is hope! I remember in the days of slavery, that the planter came to Congress with his slave concubine and there was no scandal, because there was no law. The husband and father, Hamilton, closest friend of Washington, confessed that he had become a woman's victim to the extent of embarrassing his public accounts. Of Jefferson some men spoke no better; the times were lax; Virginia made the sentiment; New England made only the religion. A government clerk entrapped into a duel the brother of one he made a castaway, and the loss of his office was his only punishment. A woman's disputed fame turned out a cabinet. For Vice-President we had no better than Aaron Burr, whose path was strewn with young victims. In those days, as now, I was a Cheerful Patriot, seeing how more excellent were our public morals than those of any court in Christendom. I see woman still erring and man depraved, but the Capital is better. With these sad social questions even legislation is busy. Oh, no, my dear boy: in this pint there is no improvement!"

Here the Cheerful Patriot shook hands with the porter who handed him his hat, and asked if he could see the President's house.

“Bless my soul!” he said, “is that the United States' Treasury? It's an apocalypse in granite! Monoliths, are they, the pillars? They're strong for one stone, sure. This is a great country. The Treasury building is our *Sans souci.* Frederick the Great built his palace of that name to show the people how much money he had after the war. We build this to show how much debt we have. It indicates it splendidly, and the White House is truly the Palace Beautiful. I am glad to see the President with a good roof over his head! Takes ten thousand dollars a year to repair it! Well, that's not three per cent of the cost. See how figures come down when they are explained! You think the city sprawling, half built over, never to be finished? Why, it has arisen like a Phœnix since my last visit. They were twenty-five years building the old Capitol; the new 164 wings were finished in a very few. There's not a big church in Europe that three generations of men didn't work upon. If we expect to finish this nation, Capital and all, in eighty years, we shall leave nothing for our own boys to do. How much of a town was Paris eighty years after they begun it? The storks flew over Rome for the first century, unable to see it. The Washington monument is abandoned! Yes! but he'll grow in fame with every posterity. If we've done our work well, and it will only stand, somebody will come up to resume and finish it!”

Here we reach the Van Ness Mausoleum on H street.

“See this!” I said, “this cool old nook of private sepulture. Observe its venerable form and high grass that grows around it. Within sleeps one of the former mayors of this city, General Van Ness. He was a man of the old time; people speak reverently of him yet. Our fussy Wallachs and money-grubbing Bowens are very different!”

“Be just to the living as well as the dead,” said the Cheerful Patriot; “all memories mellow by age. I knew General Van Ness well. He was a New York city politician and came here as a Congressman when the city was a slough, the Capitol a scaffold, and the

White House an ague-bed. The members fled to Georgetown to find board and lodging. They went in hacks or on horseback across the muddy landscape to sit in the unfinished Capitol, their sessions beguiled by the thud of trowel and hammer. At night they pined for company, and for want of it they drank, gambled, and did worse. Cock-fighting was common among the most eminent. It was an amusement of Washington itself. Prize-fighting of the spontaneous, rough-and-tumble sort, accompanied with the gouging out of eyes and the biting off of ears, was frequent; men were executed and statesmen looked on at the foot of Capitol Hill. At that time an ignorant, obstinate, canny Scotch farmer named Davy Burns lived in a farmhouse down by the fogs of the river. The location of the Capital City upon his grounds made him rich. To his crude shanty, young Congressmen pressed at night courting 165 for the heiress, and Van Ness, having the New York “dash,” carried off Miss Marcia Burns. In your time this would be called a shoddy-wedding, turf-hunting, what-not. Shoddy and silk wear the same hue fifty years off. The Scotch girl made a good wife; the politician settled on his lands and rose to be mayor. One of his wife's cousins died in the poor-house, neglected. Now the family is extinct and the heiress to half the site of Washington lies under this fantastic mausoleum. If you had seen, as I have, the wild partisanship of General Van Ness for General Jackson, you would have ascertained that the race of politicians had somewhat improved. Justice to them all, my dear boy, good in their day, but the breed is bettering!”

“Cheerful Patriot!” I said, “see the despicable contest between the co-ordinate departments of our government! Review the Impeachment Trial! Consider that with the President of the United States one third of the public officers have broken social intercourse! Had you such discourtesy in old days?”

The Cheerful Patriot looked a little pained and said that I was looking too closely into the coal-hole of the ship. “You see the firemen and the sailors fighting,” he said, “and lose heart in the steamer! Come on deck among the people. Why, my dear boy, I have seen the Vice-President of the United States preside over the Senate with the blood of the Secretary of the Treasury on his hands! I have seen the Vice-President, though of

the same party, upon no terms of communication with the President. Andrew Jackson sat in Congress and refused to vote the thanks of that body to President Washington. Jefferson, in danger of being cheated out of the chief magistracy by Burr, prepared the Governors of two states to march with militia upon Washington. Jackson's retainers waylaid Congressmen as they quitted their chamber and left them for dead. The passions of individuals break out, but patriotism goes on."

"O! too Cheerful Patriot!" I said again, "there are two recent crimes new to our country and novel to your experience: Assassination! Rebellion!"

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The Cheerful Patriot bent his white hat, and walked a long way, saying nothing.

"The great God has crooked ways for all great races," he said, "our only statesman whom murder ever aimed at was the best, and therefore the infamy of his taking off will find no future aspirants. In the shudder of all human kind the last of our braves perished with the first.

And rebellion was only an essential passage in the life of slavery, the ante-climax, where the terror is rolled up against the State to make the great *finale* glad with freedom. Lincoln was murdered when the first slave came! No, my dear boy! let us be cheerful patriots! The death of Lincoln lay back in the decrees of the insatiable demon of Slavery. What hope is there not for the land that could tear a tumor like this from its loins and live! Even for the rebel South there is hope. As Cheerful Patriots we must not cease to hope for the most remorseless. Firm to be merciful, distributing sympathy between our wayward elder brother and the new-born heir of freedom he has scourged, let us go forward cheerfully, proud of the present, confident of the future."

The Cheerful Patriot ascended the dome of the Capitol, wondering at every step, declaiming of the great country, and as he burst upon the panorama from the upper cupola, he shut his eyes with pious joy: "Move the Capitol!" he said, "it won't be the

Cheerful Patriots that will do it these hundred years. If Richmond can outlive defeat and Washington expire with victory, how much will glory be quoted at by the square foot? My dear boy," he said, "this site is fine as Rome. It has already outlived almost as many perils. It has sheltered more virtuous rulers. It will ever be visited reverently whether we depopulate it or not. Looking down upon it as do we, following the solemn circle of those far bastioned hills, exploring the grey highway of its forked river, seeing it momentarily expand and flourish, and feeling the memories that possess it as well as the commemorations to come, what American will not be a grave and also a Cheerful Patriot.

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CHAPTER XIV. TALK WITH THE OLDEST CITIZEN OF WASHINGTON—REMINISCENCES OF THREE-QUARTERS OF A CENTURY.

To talk with a man 89 years of age, who has passed all his life on one spot, and has a good memory for all the incidents respecting it, is in itself instructive. If your acquaintance should chance to have passed all his life on the site of the Capital City, and is able to recollect distinctly events between 1797 and 1873, you will converse with him with perhaps greater satisfaction than with the oldest denizen of any other town in America, because his experience will span the entire personal life of the nation.

There are in Washington several old men who recollect Gen. Washington. One of them is Noble Hurdle, of Georgetown, living at No. 176 High street, who is said to be 96 years old, and to have a grand-child past 40. Another, Christian Hines, I went to see a few days ago, who was 89 years of age, and was an object of curiosity for relic-hunters and people who wish to ask questions on old sites and points of interest. At the age of 82, he published at his own expense, a pamphlet of 96 pages, entitled "Early Recollections of Washington City;" but he was in very straitened circumstanceS, and the little book was not remunerative, so that much which he might have committed to print was allowed to go to waste. He had a clear apprehension, however, that, in his remarkable old age and keen memory, Providence had left him some dignity worth living for, in being of use to the

future historians of the city. This consciousness lightened up his face, and seemed to give increased tenacity to his memory, for he would sometimes make flights of reminiscence, impelled by the strong desire of giving help 168 to literary folks, by which results were obtained as satisfactory to himself as to his hearers.

A visit. One blustering Sunday I sought the old man's tenement, on Twentieth street, between H street and Pennsylvania avenue. It was the last piece of property which he retained out of a large portion of the block which had belonged to his family, and here he had attended to an old furniture and junk-store as long as he was able to get about, but had finally been driven by rheumatism and increasing infirmities to the upperstory, where he resided in a lonely way with his neice, who was very deaf, and who shared the solitude and gave him some little help. The lower portion of the store was filled with everything quaint under the sun, and the loft where the old man lived consisted of three rooms without carpets or plaster, two of which were forward of a partition which divided the loft crosswise, and in one of these forward rooms Mr. Hines slept, and in the other had his frugal meal cooked. He lived almost wholly upon his pension of a few dollars a quarter, received from the Government for his services in the War of 1812, which he entered as a private, and became a Lieutenant at the time of the Battle of Bladensburg, in which he was engaged. In the same company appeared the names of the Bealls, Millers, Milburns, Shepherds, Goldsboroughs, and many other families well known in Washington.

Christian Hines was a fine-looking old man, and, old as he was, there was another brother, aged 93, resident in Washington, who, he said, was in much better health and memory than himself. This brother lived on Eleventh street near S. There were thirteen children in the family, whose common father had been an emigrant from Germany to Pennsylvania, and, by his partial knowledge of the English language, was recommended to an emigrant Captain as a proper person to procure a vessel load of people to come out of Maryland. With these emigrants, the elder Hines settled in Montgomery County, Md., about thirty years before the Revolution. He was, therefore, in Montgomery County when Braddock's army marched through it from Georgetown to Frederick. Christian Hines was brought up

in Georgetown, which he describes as “pretty much of a 169 mud-hole” before the Capitol was built on the other side of Rock Creek.

His first recollection is that of going to see the President's House, which was then just rising above the basement story. He recollects that some cakes were bought for the children at a bake-house kept in a small frame building, which relied for custom upon the laborers who were building the White House.

At fourteen years of age he was put in a clothing store, which a Georgetown merchant established at Greenleaf's Point, and of this episode he gives a very complete account. He passed but one house from Georgetown and the President's, except two well-known blocks called the Six and Seven Buildings. The road led by F street to Eleventh, and thence across to the Island. There was not a single house on the Avenue from the President's to the Capitol. Many acres of elegant forest trees bordered the Avenue, on what is now the promenade side. An insecure crossway crossed Tiber Creek, with berries growing in the marsh close to the bridge; and the old man remembered the sweetness of those berries more than any of the prospects which might have been supposed to touch his imagination in the Government town. Across the bridge he plunged into the woods, and then, emerging, he saw that a vast plain of old fields extended to the river, with a few of the fruit trees of old farms standing up at places in it; and there were no houses in all the view, except some speculative edifices called the “Twenty Buildings,” an old mansion, and some farmers' shanties, already condemned.

Settling the town. The store being a failure, young Hines went to school, next door to the house of the Rev. Stephen Balch, in Georgetown, until 1798. At this time, business got to be relatively brisk in Washington, and many strangers moved in. Some settled at the Navy Yard, a few about the Capitol, but the most about the Treasury Office, and along F street, beyond the Treasury, as far as St. Patrick's Church. The F street neighborhood got the most settlers, and to anticipate the removal of the Government from Philadelphia, Mr. 170 Hines' father, and his intimate friends in Georgetown, held a meeting and selected a

spot for their future residences in Washington. They then removed from their large two-story log-house and frame attachment, and squatted near the Observatory. They had difficulties in getting water, as there were but few pumps. A part of the family began to work cutting timber in the white-oak slashes on the higher grounds of Washington, to build the Navy Yard wharf. The roads were wretched, and the boys had to haul the chips from the spot where the timber was cut to their distant house. Mr. Hines remembers with perfect distinctness the vessels discharging furniture, &c., for the Government edifices, at Lear's wharf on Tiber Creek; and carts were so scarce that his father's was impressed to remove boxes of books, papers, &c. He remembers that many of the boxes were marked “Joseph Nourse, Register.” At this time, Mr. Hines remembers the north wing of the Capitol just rising out of the ground, and the President's House half a story high, and the only place between, with anything like the appearance of a village, was middle F street.

Where the General Post Office stands, there were a few laborers' shanties huddled around a great hulk of a hotel, called Blodgett's. There was no street opened across the city. Where Washington's statue now stands, at “The Circle,” was the place for cock-fights and scrub races, where the laborers working on the public buildings used to have shillelah fights with the idlers of Georgetown. At the election between Jefferson and Adams, held at Suter's Tavern, Georgetown, there was a good deal of fighting and disputing in the rain and mud, and Lieutenant Peter, son of Robert Peter, who was a lieutenant in the regular army, and a connection of Washington, set one of his men to fighting with a Georgetown rough, by which the wounded soldier was made blind by the other man smearing his eyes with mud, and Mr. Hines remembers him led about the streets of Georgetown by a boy for years.

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There were no druggists' stores in the city, and but few groceries, and a coarse country fair was kept up on the present Smithsonian grounds. The first tavern in the city was Betz's, in an old two-story frame between Thirteenth and Fourteenth streets, with a swinging black horse sign. After this came Rhodes', Queen's, Davidson's, and Tunnecliff's, the first of

which was at the corner of F and Fifteenth, the next two on the Avenue, and Tunnecliff's on Capitol Hill. Mr. Hines saw General Washington twice,—the last time in 1798, when he crossed the Potomac from the Virginia shore on a ferry-boat, near the present Aqueduct bridge, and walked down Water street, Georgetown, through rows of citizens uncovered like himself. He bowed to them as he passed on. The Georgetown College boys were all formed in a line, in uniforms of blue coats and red waistcoats. Washington was escorted by the volunteers of Georgetown, and as he crossed Rock Creek bridge, to enter the house of his nephew, Thomas Peter, the volunteers fired complimentary volleys. At another time, Mr. Hines remembers Washington coming up the Potomac in a sail-boat, and disembarking in Rock Creek, where there were semi-circular steps leading up the bank to Peter's house, where he made his home in the city, and which is still standing. Mr. Hines remembers John Adams in a line of men aiding to pass buckets of water to and fro from the burning of the first Treasury Building. He remembers Jefferson, as if it were yesterday, riding his horse through the city, wearing his hat down over his eyes, and with a blue-cloth double-breasted coat with gilded buttons. During Jefferson's first term, a freshet in the Potomac, and a sudden torrent of rain, which lasted a whole day, so raised the Tiber Creek that it flooded Pennsylvania Avenue from the Capitol gate to Sixth street, and made a river on the south side of the Avenue. Laborers on the Capitol building, wishing to get to their homes, attempted to wade this torrent, and were carried off their feet and floated down the stream, where they caught in the bushes and branches of trees, and held on perilously 172 through the whole night. Mr. Jefferson rode down to the spot on horseback, and offered $15 a head for each man saved, and the use of his horse to anybody who would make the venture to rescue them.

Mr. Hines remembers Mr. Madison, with his hair powdered on all occasions, walking up F street, when Secretary of State, from his residence to the White House, where he kept his office. He remembers Mr. Monroe walking from the western part of the city to the White House, while Secretary of State, limping a little, and with his left side always foremost. He remembers the General Post Office when it was kept in the War Office building, along

with the Patent Office, and has seen Mr. Gideon Granger enter his boarding-house in the “Seven Buildings.”

In 1858, Christian Hines, and his brother, Matthew Hines, took advantage of the latter's confinement to his house to jot down together, from their united memories, all the early houses and families in the Capital. Matthew Hines died in 1868, and his brother, with pious industry, recorded their reminiscences.

The first roadway made on the Avenue was by cutting down the bushes and briers with scythes, and carting gravel, chips of freestone, and refuse from the new buildings to make a footway. The footways were made first, and the middle of the street filled and levelled afterward, until the whole resembled one of the army-roads made in Virginia during the War. Four rows of trees were planted down the Avenue in 1801, and Mr. Jefferson was frequently there, looking at an old man named Buntin setting out the Lombardy poplars. Jefferson was fond of going to the spot where all the improvements were made, and his poplar trees lasted for very many years; but it was rumored that they would not procreate, being female trees only. He remembers the forest trees growing in beautiful clusters on the site of Welcker's restaurant, and has passed through noble virgin groves in various parts of the city.

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The Tiber Creek, now almost entirely filled in, was then a large sheet of water, clear and deep, great sycamore trees extending their roots beneath the banks; and he has seen scows, laden with marble and limestone, towed up the creek and fastened to the roots. Wild ducks would settle where the Centre Market now stands, so close to the shore that people used to throw stones at them; and he has seen flat-bottomed boats, at high tide, towed across part of the President's grounds; and at such times, David Burns' farm and house lay off like an island in the deluge. Mr. Hines does not clearly recollect that he ever saw Davy Burns, the owner of the farm on which the most important part of Washington was laid out. He is satisfied, however, from hearing people talk about Burns'

former condition, that he had been poor, and, like the majority of the people of the region, was fond of ardent spirits, and often took too much. His jug had been known to come with much regularity to Georgetown to be filled with whiskey, and this fact led to much unneighborly comment when, after some years, the farmer's fine daughter, Marcia, rode over to the burgh to have her dresses fitted. Burns' farm extended from the present Van Ness mansion to the Mausoleum, where he was afterwards buried (on H street, near Ninth), and thence to the Centre Market, on the Tiber. It therefore included the site of the new State Department, Winder's. Building, the Corcoran Art Gallery, the White House, the Treasury, the most valuable lands afterward built over by Corcoran and others, the Centre Market-house, Willard's Hotel, and the most valuable parts of the Avenue.

Mr. Hines remembers the execution of McGirk, a wife murderer, at the foot of Capitol Hill, early in Jefferson's Administration; and he attended the first play ever acted in the city, where Joseph Jefferson and Junius Brutus Booth acquired much of their art. The play was given in the shell of Blodgett's unfinished hotel,— that Blodgett who had proposed to Jefferson to habilitate a whole street with horses,—on the Post Office Hill, in 1802. Hines and the boys sucked 174 their way into the hotel by getting into the basement, and removing loose boards from the floor.

I asked the old gentleman to tell me how the stone from Acquia Creek was raised up Capitol Hill. He said that it was taken as far up the Tiber Creek in scows as possible, and then run up a sort of platform railway,—the hoisting done from the summit.

The Potomac channel was formerly on the Virginia side of Mason's Island, and on that side an emigrant vessel direct from Europe landed passengers in the early days, many of whom gave respectable families to Washington. Mr. Hines keeps in his room the portraits of Lorenzo and Peggy Dow, whom he knew very well, and saw Lorenzo's grave many a time, in Holmead's burying-ground, at Twentieth and Boundary streets, the bodies from which were removed within my own memory. He has heard Lorenzo preach in the old Hall of Representatives, many Congressmen listening. Mr. Hines remembers ten old and now

extinct grave-yards on the site of Washington,—one of which (Pearce's) covered a part of Lafayette Square, and was an attachment of an apple-orchard. Pearce was a saddler at Georgetown, and a teacher beyond the Eastern Branch. Where his old farm-house and orchard stood, the finest part of Washington is now established. Jenkins' farm adjoined the Patent Office site. Funk's property—the house built of small imported Holland brick—covered Observatory Hill.

Mr. Hines listened at Decatur's window, with other persons, in 1819, and heard the low, dying groans of that gallant sailor. “With the poor people of Washington,” he said, “Decatur was not as popular as with the rich; yet there was a certain austerity about him. He would fight duels, but he was brave enough without that.”

Mr. Hines family bought a farm from Dr. Thornton, the architect of the Capitol, and had to forfeit it for want of funds to make the final payments. The farm stood out near the foot of Meridian Hill. He also invested, with his brother, 175 $900 in the Potomac Canal Company, and lost it, and dug a spadeful of earth at the Little Falls, with the spade John Quincy Adams had just used. He remembers Adams going into swim, as he was wont, near the present Monument. grounds; and there is a tradition that the President once had his garments stolen while swimming, and was compelled to get to the Executive Mansion in a somewhat undignified state of nudeness.

He remembers, when General James Wilkinson had his headquarters on the Observatory Hill, and also the arrival of the first steamboat at the city wharves, the stages running to Fredericktown, as they do no longer, and the maintenance of a regular sail-ferry over the Potomac at Georgetown. The old gentleman, showed me a beautiful etching of John Randolph, who had bought a lot and put up a house on the Hines property,—which house burned down afterward—and stated that a lady had made the picture by improving the opportunity of Randolph's daily trip along the Avenue. He is represented with long, bony legs and thighs, and shallow chest—a mere skeleton—and riding a splendid-blooded

animal, whose sleekness is in strong contrast to *his* meagerness. Randolph's cap is pulled down over his eyes, like a student's green patch; but he rides like a natural Virginia hunter.

Such were some of the recollections of this feeble, stalwart old man, who sat before me, with a high black cravat, veins large, and feebly moving in the hands and throat; gray but abundant hair, and gray whiskers of a healthy hue. He looked poor, but not in need—poor chiefly in days, which he counted without apprehension, saying, “The Almighty means to send for me very soon now.”

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CHAPTER XV. STYLE, EXTRAVAGANCE, AND MATRIMONY AT THE SEAT OF GOVERNMENT.

Dining in Washington is a great element in politics. The lobby man dines the Representative; the Representative dines the Senator; the Senator dines the charming widow, and the charming widow dines her coming man. For reed birds the politician consults Hancock, on the avenue; for oysters, Harvey; and for an ice or a quiet supper, Wormly or Page; but there is no dinner like Welcker's. He possesses an autograph letter from Charles Dickens, saying that he kept the best restaurant in the world. He has given all the expensive and remarkable dinners here for several years; and talking over the subject of his art with him a few days ago, we obtained some notions about food and cooking at Washington.

JNO. WELCKER.

Welcker is said to be a Belgian, but he has resided in New York since boyhood, and he made his appearance in Washington at the beginning of the war as steward of the seventh regiment. He is a youthful, florid, stoutish man, with a hearty address, a ready blush, and a love for the open air and children. Every Summer he goes down the Potomac, shutting his place behind him, and there he fishes and shoots off the entire warm season, wearing an old straw hat 177 and a coat with only one flap on the tail. Nobody suspects that this

apparition of Mr. Winkle is the great caterer for the Congressional stomach. Nobody imagines that this rustic is the person whose sauces can please even Mr. Sam. Ward, that distinguished observer for the house of Baring Brothers. Nobody knows—not even the innocent and festive shad—that this Welcker is John Welcker, who came to Washington during our civil broil, drew and quartered for Provost Marshal Fry, fed all the war ministers, and gave that historic period the agreeable flavor of Mushrooms.

In the early days of Washington, entertainments other than family ones were given at the taverns, some of which, as Beale's, stood on Capitol Hill. Afterward Mrs. Wetherill, on Carroll Row, set especial dinners, breakfasts, and suppers to order. In later times Crutchett on Sixth street, Gautier on the Avenue, and Thompson on C street, established restaurants *a la carte.* Gautier sold out to Welcker, who had such success during the war that he bought a large brick dwelling on Fifteenth street, near the Treasury, and at times he has leased several surrounding dwellings, So that he kept a hotel in fact, though without the name. Welcker has a large dining room, eighty feet long by sixteen feet wide, with adjustable screens, adapting it to several small parties, or by their removal to make one large dining room, which will seat one hundred people. Welcker's main lot is one hundred and thirty-three by twenty-five feet.

The character of Welcker's entertainments is eminently select, and his prices approach those of the English *Castle and Falcon,* or of Philippe's in Paris. His breakfasts and dinners *a la carte* are about at New York rates, less than those of the Fourteenth Street Delmonico, and matching the St. James and Hoffman restaurant prices. The most expensive dinners he has ever given have cost $20 a plate. Fine dinners cost from $10 to $12 per plate, and breakfast from $5 to $8 per plate. He has fed between six and seven hundred people per diem, as on the day of Grant's inauguration. His best rooms rent at $8 a day, and consist of a suite of three rooms, but the habitants 12 178 thereof pay the establishment for food, wine, &c., not less than $50 a day.

Welcker's chief cook is an Italian Swiss, obtained from Martini's, New York,—the same who distinguished himself at Charles Knapp's great entertainment in 1865, the cost of which was $15,000. Welcker supplied the food for Mr. Knapp's last entertainment, in 1867, at the I St. mansion, now occupied by Sir Edward Thorntop. There are five cooks in all at Welcker's, and the establishment employs thirty servants. During the past session he has given at least two dinner parties a day, averaging twelve guests at each, and each costing upwards of $100.

The best fish in the waters of Washington is the Spanish mackerel, which ascends the Potomac as high as Wicomico river. They come as late as August, and bring even five dollars a pair when quite fresh.

Brook trout, propagated artificially, Welcker thinks lack flavor. He obtains his from Brooklyn, but says that there are trout in the Virginia streams of the Blue Ridge.

Freezing-boxes, or freezing-houses, such as are established in Fulton Market, New York, do not exist in Washington. These keep fish solid and pure for the entire season. The inventor of them is a Newfoundland man, and he proposes to put them up in Washington for $300 a piece.

Welcker says that the articles in which the District of Columbia-excels all other places are celery, asparagus, and lettuce. The potatoes and carrots hereabouts he does not esteem. The beef is inferior to the Virginia mutton, which he thinks is the best in the world —better than the English Southdown. Potomac snipe and canvas-back ducks Welcker thinks the best in the world, and the oysters of Tangier, York river, and Elizabeth river he considers unexcelled by any in the world. The Virginia partridge and the pheasant,—which are the same as the northern quail and the partridge,—Welcker also holds to be of the most delicious description.

Our markets, he says, are dearer than those of New York 179 and Baltimore, and less variously and fully stocked. The market system here requires organization, being carried on by a multitude of small operators who are too uninformed about prices to institute a competitive system, and hence it often happens that potatoes are sold at one place for $1.50 a bushel, and somewhere near by for only fifty cents a bushel. His market bill will average during the session, $600 a week, and sometimes rises to $300 a day.

The most expensive fisheries on the Potomac rent for about $6,000 a year. Messrs. Knight & Gibson, who have the Long Bridge fishery, opposite Washington, paying $2,000 a year for it, pay also $6,000 for a fishery near Matthias Point, about seventy miles down the Potomac. Knight & Gibson keep a fish stand in the Center market.

The first shad which reach the North come from Savannah, and bring in the month of February as much as $6 a pair. Alexandria is the chief mart for saving and salting shad. Gangs are often brought from Baltimore, Frederick, and Philadelphia to man the shad boats, and five miles of seine are frequently played out. The black bass in the Potomac river were put in at Cumberland several years ago, and have propagated with astonishing fecundity. How much nobler was the experiment of this benefactor of our rivers than the wide spread appetite for destructiveness we see everywhere manifested.

The most expensive dish furnished by Welcker is Philadelphia capon *au sauce Goddard,* stuffed with truffles, named for the celebrated surgeon Goddard of Philadelphia. The best capons come from New Jersey, but good ones are raised in the region of Frederick, Md. The capon is probably the most delicious of domestic fowls, attaining the size of the turkey, but possessing the delicate flesh and flavor of the chicken. Truffles cost eight dollars a quart can, and four dollars and a-half the pint can. They come from France and North Italy, and grow on the roots of certain trees. Truffle dogs and boars are used to discover them, and the boars wear wire muzzles to keep them from eating the precious

parasites. Truffles look 180 like small potatoes, except that they are jet black through and through. The capon is boiled and served with white-wine sauce and with sweet breads.

Take next for an example the prices which we receive in the Arlington, which is a small hotel, with a capacity for no more than three hundred and twenty-five persons.

Senator Cameron paid for himself and wife $450 per month, and had but two rooms. Senator Fenton had a parlor, two bedrooms, and an office, and paid $1,000 per month. Mr. S. S. Cox and wife, paid $250 per week, and he gave a buffet supper, for one hundred persons, which cost him $1,500. Mr. W. S. Huntington, gave the Japanese the finest spread ever set in the Arlington Hotel; there were only twenty persons, and he paid $1,000. Dr. Helmbold paid $96 per day, and his bill for two weeks was about $1,600. A parlor, and three bedrooms in the second story of the Arlington, with a small family occupying them, are worth $450 per week, during the season; and one guest here pays for a parlor, bedroom, and bathroom, $300 per month.

At the Delevan House, Albany, Dr. Gautier used to pay $375 per week, and General Darling, with a parlor, three bedrooms, and four persons, paid $400. The hotel at Lake George, had $7,000 on the register last season, in four mouths; it took in that space of time $294,000, and the net profits were $52,000.

The Fifth Avenue Hotel in New York, rents for $200,000 a year, including the stores beneath it. The St. Nicholas rents for $95,000, although it cost but $425,000. Mr. A. T. Stewart has just rented to William M. Tweed, the Metropolitan Hotel, New York, for $65,000 a year, to put his son, Richard Tweed, into business as a landlord; and the Lelands, who go out, paid $75,000.

The cheapest piece of hotel property, in point of rent, in this country, is the Brevoort House, New York, which rents for $27,500, and has three owners; it is kept on the

European plan, excepting the *table d' hote,* which it does not keep up, as it has made its reputation on the best *cuisine* in the world.

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One evening in 1870 the Capitol of the nation did itself credit, by heartily welcoming one of the young sons of the Queen of England. The opportunity was a ball given by the British Minister, Thornton, to Prince Arthur, probably with the original motive of making his visit agreeable to the young man, by showing him the pretty girls in their most becoming dresses, and giving him a convenient chance to speak to them, as a young man likes to speak to a fine girl, intimately, and agreeably. Nothing has ever been invented like a dance, to bring the young folks together. The story of Cinderella's slipper turns, upon going to the Prince's ball; and I suppose that, so long as human nature remains what it always has been, Princes' balls will be popular, and Princes the type of all that is noble, and exalted. Jones is called the prince of caterers, and Simon the prince of sleeping-car conductors, and if the term be a compliment when it has no reality in it, how really infatuating must be a true Prince, born of the Queen, peer above the highest, with jealous mysteries of blood, and a birthright which will keep respect and inspire superstition, long after its wearer is broken down in character, and ruined in purse. The most decided Republican and Democrat, though he may sneer at Princes and deprecate attention to them, is apt to feel the strange magnetism of the name and the office, for it is an admonition of antique times and government, a word of spell, signifying to the ear at least, the issue of those whose love and nuptials affected a realm, a period, or a world. This Prince is still a Prince, though not a powerful one—a far-off son, with elder brothers between him and a throne,—and perhaps he has had reason to feel the distance at which he stands from favor; therefore, it was gentle in us, who had treated his high-born brother with such opulence of incense and favor, to be no colder towards young Arthur. His father and mother were exceptionally chaste, as affectionate as wife and man in two sensual and selfish lives could be. His mother wrote with her hand, a letter of sympathy to the widow of our most precious President. The office of Prince in our day is reduced to such small

political 182 figure, that we could do no harm to monarchy, by showing republican bad manners to this young gentleman. And we owe it to our high place amongst nations to do cheerful hospitality to any Prince or ruler, well-behaved, who comes amongst us with frank confidence in our good will and good breeding.

I write this down, because it is always easy and tempting to sneer at Princes; and when this young man came to the Capital, I had an itching to say something that would make you laugh about him. There is really no reason, however, for any disparagement, because the good sense of our guest and our people, has been displayed during his visit. If any low fellow has said anything coarse in his presence, I have not heard of it. He has been subjected to a round of official dinners and receptions, which I would not have passed through for a hundred dollars a day, and he has kept himself patient and obliging all the time. More than that, he is a young man, and can't help being a Prince. So good luck to him!

Mrs. Thornton, like the first walking lady in a comedy, gathered up her moire antique dress with the satin trail, close to the blue satin punier, and surrounded with Apollos of legation, each looking like a silver-enamelled angel out of a valentine, accomplished the descent of the stairs, treading all the way upon scarlet drugget, and helped by the laurel-entwined balusters.

At the foot was the Prince, dressed in the uniform of the British Rifles,—dark sack coat, double-breasted, buttoned to the throat, and well trimmed and frogged along the lappels; tight, dark-colored pantaloons, with a stripe, strapped over patent leather boots; a steel-sheathed dress sword, at his side; an infantry cap in his hand; a little cartridge box, like a tourist's glass, strapped across his shoulder; and what shone and flashed like a streak of day-light through him, was a huge jewelled star, the insignia of the Garter. This latter, perhaps the symbol of the highest nobility in Christendom, was more observed than the clear skinned, rosy face of the young man, his brown hair, good teeth, and obedient and intelligent eye. 183 His clothes clung almost as closely to him as his skin, and while he

was one of the most plainly-dressed persons conspicuous upon the floor, this fact alone made him somewhat eminent. There was that, besides, which gave him beauty and character beyond the star that threw a hundred sheets of light every way he turned; the fine distinction of ruddy youthfulness, made modest and interesting by being placed in such prominence. If a young man knows how to feel publicity, and yet bear himself well under it, so that there is a nice mingling of self-reliance and sensitiveness, the effect upon a crowd is to get him hearty sympathy—the next thing to admiration.

Arthur gave Mrs. Thornton his arm, and escorted her to the ball room. The Cupids out of the valentines, the Prince's followers, and all the rest of the little suite and embassy joined in behind, making quite a spangled procession, as if the gas fixtures were going to a party in company with the window curtains. As they all came along together, gold ramrod and satin drapery, the band in the gallery struck up, “God save the Queen!” Then the people sitting in cane chairs on both sides of the long hall stood up, and ceased waving their fans. The shoe blacks and darkeys in the street below, looked up at the flaming windows, and said interjections, and danced steps of involuntary jigs, and said out of their malicious little spirits: “Shoo Fly.”

Arthur, with Mrs. Thornton still on his arm, walked the whole length of the hall to the carpeted platform, when he turned about, and waited modestly till the music ceased. Then he shook hands with many folks standing round, whom he remembered, or thought he did. Elphinstone, his aid, was covered all over with medals of daring, gained probably, by such victories as this, and he wore the gorgeous uniform of his red-complexioned nation. Picard, another aid, wore the English artillery uniform. They looked well, as Englishmen look—a sort of stiffened-up suggestion of manhood, with indications of skye terrier fringing out.

One of the romances of Washington city was recently enacted 184 in the Diplomatic Corps. For nearly thirty years Baron Gerolt served the interests of Prussia at Washington city, and he lived long enough to rear native-born American children under the shadow

of the Capitol, one of whom married Mr. Rangabe, the Greek minister. Gerolt owed his appointment to this country to Baron Humboldt, who had been entertained by him while *chargé* in Mexico, and who recommended him to the King of Prussia. Gerolt was an affable, republican sort of man in society, fond of the American people, and his social associates were men like Charles Sumner and others, who inclined him towards the Federal side in the war of the rebellion. He probably got considerable credit for original principle during the war, when he was really subordinate to acquaintances of a stronger will, who impressed the claims of the North upon him. It is charged that, at home, he was somewhat tyrannical with his family, as is the German custom: and that he and his wife wished to assert too much authority over their children, who had inhaled the breath of the Western hemisphere. Whatever the interior side of his life might have been, Gerolt is remembered enthusiastically by some of the best people in Washington, Republicans and Democrats alike. He resides at Linz, near Bonn, in Rhenish Prussia, and is permanently out of the diplomatic service of North Germany.

The Gerolts, although Germans, are Catholics, and the girls were strictly brought up under the tuition of the priests at Georgetown. Bertha, the youngest daughter of the Baron, now about twenty-three years of age, and a very rich and handsome type of the young German girl, fell in love, three or four years ago, with her father's Secretary of Legation, a tall, handsome, dashing and somewhat reckless Prussian, and a connection or relative of Bismarck. This young Secretary belonged to a fine old Brandenburg Protestant family, which had decided notions against forming Catholic alliances. The young gentleman would have fallen heir, in time, to large estates in North Prussia; but these were in some manner, as it is stated, made conditional upon his keeping up the ancestral Lutheran faith. 185 This young Prussian chap, you may recollect as being the antagonist of one of our ministers, Lawrence of Central America, some two or three years ago, when the two met on what is called the field of honor, exchanged shots, and then patched up the fight without bloodshed. He paid court to Bertha Gerolt, and she was intensely enamored of him. In order to make the nuptials easy on both sides, Gerolt applied to the Catholic Church

authorities for an indulgence, or something, warranting the marriage of this hereditary Protestant with his Catholic daughter; but as it was specified that the children issuing from such marriage were to be brought up Protestants, the Roman dignitaries refused. Gerolt, who appears sincerely to have wished to please his child, had also intentions upon the Pope; but while these ecclesiastical efforts were being made, the domestic correspondence between the Secretary and his mother in Germany, and some ensuing letters from Madame, growing warmer and more indignant from time to time, had the effect of racking the poor girl's feelings; and, in the end, the handsome Prussian went home. This is an end to the matter up to the present. Bertha Gerolt refused to accompany either her father or mother to Germany, and has retired to the Georgetown Convent, where, some say, she will take the last veil; and others that she will repent after a while, and reappear in the world.

Opinion is divided in this city as to why Gerolt was remanded to his own country. Some say that he suffered certain indignities at the hands of our State Department. Others allege that he was insufficient particularly about the time that American arms were shipped to France to be used against the Prussians. It is said that, on that occasion, Bismarck asked Mr. Bancroft why our government permitted such things; and Bancroft, to make it easy for himself, retorted that there was Baron Gerolt in Washington, and, if he had been attending to his business, the arms would have been detained. Others say that Catacazy drew Gerolt into an intrigue, and got him to work against the late treaty which we made about the Alabama claims. Whatever 186 ever the facts, the Baron has gone for good, and his admirers here are preparing to forward him an elaborate service of silver, to show that what he did for the country in its crisis is remembered at least by its private citizens.

You have many a pretty girl in the West who would be excited if the prospect were held out to her of marrying the Portuguese Secretary of Legation. Yet a Portuguese person of nearly that description was content to marry a negro girl the other day, at the Capital to which he was accredited. The Peruvian minister's wife was raised here; and the former Russian minister married the pretty daughter of a boarding-house keeper at Georgetown.

Yet were any of them happier, or even richer? I doubt it much. One New Year's day I saw a beautiful woman, reared here, who is soon to go to Russia for life, and consort with candle eaters in a cold empire where the flag that was the pride of our babyhood does not float, where the music and the language we love is not spoken, and middle age, and old age, and her children must be given to a people who can never know her like her countrymen. It is strange to see women deluded into these alliances by some high fangled echo of a word, or a fashion-plate. As a rule, these foreigners accredited to the Capital of the United States are either politicians of the third class around the governments of their countries, or courtiers of the third class. An European courtier, reduced to his essentials, is a pleasing politician around his Capital, pressing to be provided for, fed, and rewarded. He has passed through the same straights, shrewnesses, and triumphs as an American politician, held up somebody's coat tail, been somebody's brother-in-law, owed his appointment to the pretty face of a sister, or he has written up the side of some patron, in a pamphlet or newspaper, and crowded all sail to be furnished with an exchequer in other parts. When an American girl, therefore, marries “a member of the foreign legation,” she marries merely a politician or a noodle who can speak only bad English, who probably marries her for her money or for his *ennui,* and who is habituated to having mistresses at home.

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I am not speaking of anybody, nor of everybody, in the foreign legations at Washington, when I thus produce the comparative light of fact and experience upon them; but as a general rule, I would not take a turn next door, to see a member of legation.

We know, by observation upon him at home,—that being in a white and gold cocked hat, a sword, a ruffled shirt, and a pair of scarlet and gold trousers, who came up before the President on the first day of the year, and bowed, and left his royal master's condescensions.

It was with such feelings,—while recognizing many reverend and excellent gentlemen among the foreign ministers at a levee, and several persons of talent and pursuit,—that I ran my eye along the gaily attired line,—the romance of the name, and the livery gone from my mind; while at the head of our State, in plain black, stood the little General who fought bigger battles than any of their Kings, and commanded a nation of men with more destiny than all their combined States possessed antiquity.

The mystery and magic of the foreign service and uniform, are kept alive entirely by our American women. We men do not believe in them. If Miss Jane Smith, or the widow Tompkins, marries Signor Straddlebanjo, she ascends, in the female mind, to the seventh heaven of respect, while eating yet the same pork chops, and taking milk from the same pump and milkman.

Many of these gentlemen have found good wives and comfortable homes among us. You are aware that the famous French Minister, Genet, set this example early, by retreating from the contempt of Washington, and the frown of Jefferson, into the bosom of the Clinton family, and never returned to France at all. That famous old rooster married three times, if I am well informed, in the United States, and some time ago, when I was introduced in New York to a lawyer and city politician named Genet, I said to him musingly:

“Why! that was the name of the great lettre de marque Frenchman!”

“My grandfather!” replied the politician of Tammany Hall.

When Mr. Johnson shoved his friend, the Adjutant-General, through the tenure-of-office act, he had little idea how he was hastening the marriage ceremony of little Bibbapron. Bibbapron had fixed his engagement day for the first of July, so as to be in New York on the Fourth, and set off some firecrackers, after which he expected to make some good resolutions to regulate family life at Saratoga Springs. But people who are engaged, are

always impatient. They are left alone together a good deal, and find waiting to be a sort of dissipation. It is neither pursuit nor possession, neither fish nor flesh. It is the tenderest, most quarrelsome, most tantalized, most disheartened, most forebode-ful period of love. No wonder that Bibbapron, when he heard of the “High Court of Impeachment,” the solemnity of the spectacle, and the great, learning of the managers and counsel, had but to suggest to Molly what a delightful time it would be to visit Washington, when she embraced himself, and the occasion. The milliner was hurried up. Ma was persuaded that Summer was an unhealthy season in the East. The little marriage ceremony was not held in the church, but in the parlor at home, and the clergyman's fee reduced somewhat in consequence. Bibbapron's papa gave his son a letter to Congressman Starch, and the express train saw the pair tucked in, the last tear shed, and the town of Skyuga fade from the presence of its prettiest girl. It is to tell all the engaged folks how to get to Washington and how to see it, that I reluctantly took Mrs. Bibbapron's diary and copy a few pages from it. They are strictly accurate, for which the other correspondents don't care to use them. Mrs. Bibbapron has a way of italicising every other word in diary, which I don't care to imitate, and she makes a very pretty period with a tear, which, of course, I cannot do. The diary was a present from her younger sister; it had an almanac in it and blank washing lists, with quotations from the poets under each date. Here it begins:

“April 22, 1868—Dear me, how tired! I am in Washington, the Capital of the United States. It's not larger than New 189 York, my husband, Alonzo, says, which I think is a great shame. Government ought to make it bigger right away, or have it somewhere where it would get bigger, itself. The maps are all incorrect about Washington, where it is represented by a great many dots, while all the other towns have only one dot. We went to Willard's Hotel, and, in order to give us a fine view of the city, they put us up in the top story. We went down to breakfast at nine o'clock, and called for oysters, of course. They tasted as if they had been caught in warm water. The fresh shad was quite a bone to pick. My dear husband took a cocktail before breakfast. He says it's quite the thing here. Senator Tatterson joined him, he says. I hope my husband will never be a drunkard!”

N. B.—He says the Senator took *his* straight.

Half-past ten o'clock.—Alonzo, my darling husband, has been to see Congressmen Starch, and brought him into the ladies' parlor. Pa can't abide Congressman Starch, because they differ in politics; but Alonzo's Pa is a Republican, and lent Mr. Starch a horse and wagon to bring up voters. I think it was very generous of the Congressman to ask so particularly about Pa's health. He gave me two tickets for the great trial. He says they are very scarce, and old ones are sold for relics for ever so much money. The managers buy the old ones to paste their photographs on them, and present them to the Historical Societies. Congressman Starch says he lost his best constituent to give me these tickets, but told me to be particular not to tell Pa about it. He says Johnson is the great criminal of the age, and ought to have been impeached before he was born. There is no doubt, he says, that it was Johnson in disguise who murdered Mr. Lincoln, and then bribed Booth with a clerkship to be killed in his place. He says that General Butler offers to prove that Boston Corbett was only Andrew Johnson, who killed Booth to keep him from telling. Poor Booth! He died saying ‘Poor Carlotta!’ I never sing that song but tears come to my eyes, and I think of my husband. Alonzo will never kill the President. He was brought up a Baptist.

Five o'clock, P. M. I have seen all the great patriots of our country. Mr. Sumner is the greatest of them all, his hair is so exquisite. Mr. Brooks, of New York, who gave him such a beating, was on the floor of the Senate, wearing spectacles. He is a newspaper editor, and drives a pair of cream-colored horses. He must be a dreadful man, but is right good looking. Mr. Sumner forgives him, because he prints his speeches.

I am going too fast, but really, I have so much to do to-day, that I don't know where to begin. We took the horse cars to the Capitol, and went along Pennsylvania Avenue. The National Hotel looks sick, ever since the celebrated disease there. I was surprised to see so many negroes in the car. Congress compels them to ride, in order to carry out the Civil

Rights bill. The poor souls look dreadfully as if they wanted to walk some. Dear me! I love to walk since I am married. I can take my husband's arm then and pinch him. It seems to me that we ain't happy unless we pinch those we love!

The Capitol is the grandest, most wonderful building in the whole world. It is all marble, with a splendid dome above it, and a perfect hide-and-seek of aisles, passages, and gorgeous stairways. It looks like a marble quarry in blossom. They wash it every night, and the government officers spit it yellow every day. Alonzo says tobacco is bought by the ream, and charged to “stationery.” He says that this is quite right, because when the members have a chaw in their mouths they speak less and save time. I hope my husband will never chew tobacco. Government ought to pass a law against it, and get the women to enforce it. On the top of the Capitol is a statue of Pocahontas, flying a kite; I should think it ought to be Benjamin Franklin, but they have got him inside in marble. It will take millions and millions to furnish the Capitol. I suppose they will have nothing but Axminster carpets and oiled walnut. In the dome of the Capitol there are beautiful pictures. I liked the marriage of Pocahontas the best. She wears her hair plain, and her dress looks like a bolster case. The 191 Indian women have beautiful figures but their clothes are dowdy. Some of them in this picture wear goose feathers for full dress, and look to have caught cold. But that's what's expected of a bridesmaid. She dresses for a consumption!

We got good seats next to the Diplomatic Gallery. Alonzo pointed out the Russian Minister and his wife to me; we admired them very much till we heard that it was the Minister's Coachman and cook. The foreign Ministers send their servants here when they want their gallery to look genteel. Theodore Tilton was distinguished by his long hair. He has withdrawn the nomination of Chase, and ruined the Chief-Justice. He looks sad about it. Congressman Starch showed us the Chief-Justice, a man like Washington in holy orders. Mr. Starch said he would be impeached soon with all the Judges. The Bench, he says, is rotten. (Why not give them chairs?) He said if it had not been for the Bench, the constitution, which is the cause of all this trouble, would have been done away with long ago. Dear me! an old rotten bench ought not to keep our country in such peril. The Senate

Chamber is all buff and gilt, like an envelope on Valentine's day. There is a silver ice pitcher on the table of the President's counsel, which I believe is plated. I wish I could just go down and feel of it. They say that the Government is swindled in everything. Perhaps the coolest swindle is ice pitchers. This is mean. Washington, Webster, and Mr. Starch must be incapable of it. If my husband ever comes to Congress I mean to work him a pair of slippers in red, white, and blue. Then he can't go across the street, like Mr. Alwusbeery to drink between votes, in his stocking feet.

I saw Mrs. Southworth, the great novelist, author of the “Deserted Step-Mother.” She lives at Georgetown in a haunted boarding-house. Her health is good, considering what must be her distress of mind, say two hundred pounds without jewelry. Her dress was a black silk, tabs on the mantilla, and angel-sleeves, so as to leave space to swing her beautiful pen. If I could write like Mrs. Southworth, I would keep 192 Alonzo, my darling husband, sitting at my feet in tears all the time.

Mrs. Swizzlem, the colored authoress of Mrs. Keckley's book, was in the diplomatic gallery with one of Mrs. Lincoln's dresses on, counting through an opera glass the pimples on the face of one of the Senators. She hates his wife, Alonzo says, and means to worry her.

Mr. Thornton, the British Minister, looks very much worried. Congressman Starch says that Senator Chandler is a Fenian, and means to make a dreadful speech at poor Mr. Thornton. Alonzo is afraid it will miss fire, and kill some innocent person. Senator Wade, the next President, looks like Martha Washington. He is a very pious man, beloved by everybody, and would have become a preacher if they had not wanted him so bad for President.

Twelve A. M! Oh, dear! that ever I was married! Be still, my poor soul! I have heard of the wickedness of men—now I know it! Last night I heard something like a wheelbarrow coming up stairs. It seemed to fall around the elbows and upset at all the platforms. It tumbled right up to my room. The wheelbarrow, burst right through the door; first came the

wheel and then pitched the barrow on top of it. The barrow was Congressman Starch, the wheel was—Alonzo. They joined themselves together again and wheeled forward, right up onto the bed. There were so many legs and so much motion and hallooing that I could not tell my husband from the other. I said, however:

“Merciful Heavens!”

To this replied my husband, in terms like the following:

“Johnsing's gone up. Starchy threw cashting vote. Mime going tee be Conshul-General under Ben Wade—all hunk!”

Said a voice, proceeding, as I conjectured, from the owner of that pair of legs which did not wear Alonzo's trowsers:

“Yesh! bet your Impartial Justice according to zhee laws. Mime going ter be Secretary thinteeryer!”

I rang the bell and wept. The waiters removed the Congressman. 193 My husband snored. I hope the bed was buggy, for he deserved it. In the morning, after a sleepless night, I heard Alonzo cry:

“Miss Bibbapron! Congress water!”

Now I know where this dreadful Congress water gets its name. It's what makes Senators tipsy.

I hope the Impeachment trial will be done soon. Congressman Starch shall never get my vote. Oh! that I should be a bride and bring my husband to Washington!” 13

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CHAPTER XVI. THE WHITE HOUSE AND ITS OCCUPANTS.

Library of Congress

WASHINGTON'S WHITE HOUSE AS IT WAS IN PHILADELPHIA, 1790.

The President's residence down to 1800 was of a floating character; now in New York, now in Philadelphia; and the ladies of the Executive branch of the government were very like women in barracks with army officers; sometimes sent into damp dwellings, again like the wives of Methodist preachers, perpetually waiting for ships to come with their clothes and carpets.

Mrs. John Adams, in a volume of letters, edited by the late Minister to England, her grandson, which I have found in the Congressional Library, gives some lively sketches of a President's wife. Writing to her married daughter in the latter part of November, 1790, from Philadelphia, she speaks dolefully of her quarters and those of the ladies of the Cabinet.

“Poor Mrs. Knox, (wife of the first Secretary of War,) is in great tribulation about her furniture. The vessel sailed the day before the storm and had not been heard of on Friday last. I had a great misfortune happen to my best trunk of clothes. The vessel sprung a leak and my trunks got wet a foot high, by 195 which means I have several gowns spoiled; and the one you (Mrs. Smith) worked is the most damaged, and a black satin—the blessed effects of tumbling about the world.”

After a while the City of Washington was laid out, and in the first year of this century, Mrs. John Adams started for the great new “Palace” of the President. The whole story is told in a letter to her daughter, Mrs. Smith, written November 21st, 1800. It is notable as being probably the first letter ever written in the White House by its mistress:

“I arrived here Sunday last, and without meeting with any accident worth noticing, except losing ourselves when we left Baltimore, and going eight or nine miles on the Frederick road, by which means we were obliged to go the other eight through woods, where we wandered two hours without finding a guide or the path. Fortunately a straggling black came up with us, and we engaged him as a guide, to extricate us out of our difficulty; but

woods are all you see from Baltimore until you reach *the city,* which is so only in name. Here and there is a small cot, without a glass window, interspersed among the forests, through which you travel miles without seeing any human being. * * * * * *

“The house is upon a grand and superb scale, requiring about thirty servants to attend and keep the apartments in proper order, and perform the ordinary business of the house and stables—an establishment very well proportioned to the President's salary. The lighting of the apartments from the kitchen to parlor and chambers, is a tax indeed; and the fires we are obliged to keep to secure us from daily agues is another very cheering comfort. To assist us in this great castle, and render less attendance necessary, bells are wholly wanting, not one single one being hung through the whole house, and promises are all you can obtain. This is so great an inconvenience that I know not what to do or how to do. * * * If they will put up some bells and let me have wood enough to keep fires, I design to be pleased. Surrounded with forests, can you believe that wood is not to be had, because people cannot be 196 found to cut and cart it? * * * Briesler has had recourse to coal; but we cannot get grates made and set. We have indeed come into a new country. You must keep all this to yourself, and when asked how I like it, say that I write you the situation is beautiful, which is true.

“The house is made habitable, but there is not a single apartment finished, and all within-side, except the plastering, has been done since Briesler (the steward) came. We have not the least fence, yard or other convenience without, and the great unfinished audience-room I make a drying-room of, to hang up the clothes in. The principal stairs are not up, and will not be this Winter. Six chambers are made comfortable; two are occupied by the President and Mr. Shaw; two lower rooms, one for a common parlor, and one for a levee room. Up stairs there is the oval room, which is designed for the drawing-room, and has the crimson furniture in it. It is a very handsome room now, but when completed, it will be beautiful. If the twelve years in which this place has been considered as the future seat of

Government, had been improved, as they would have been in New England, very many of the present inconveniences would have been removed."

Mrs. Adams, writing again November 27th, says that: "Two articles we are most distressed for; the one is bells, but the more important is wood. Yet you cannot see wood for trees. We have only one cord and a half of wood in this house where twelve fires are constantly required. It is at a price, indeed; from four dollars it has risen to nine!"

Again, Mrs. Adams shows us a picture of distress almost as bad as a Methodist preacher's wife's experiences:

"The vessel which has my clothes and other matters is not arrived. The ladies are impatient for a drawing-room. I have no looking-glasses but "dwarfs" for this house; nor a twentieth-part lamps enough to light it. Many things were stolen; more broken by removal; among the number my tea china is more than half missing. Georgetown affords nothing."

Mrs. Adams was a preacher's daughter, married young, and

THE CABINET CHAMBER IN THE WHITE HOUSE, OR PRESIDENTIAL MANSION, AT WASHINGTON.

197 she burst into tears when her husband got his first nomination to anything. They lived together fifty-three years. John was the son of a religious shoemaker, and himself a school-teacher. His conceit was large, his thrift equal to it, and all the Adamses since his day have not degenerated from these standards. They were the original Yankees of the White House, and it is remarkable that every Northern President has saved some of his salary, while the contrary is true of every Southerner but one. They kept the unfinished mansion in a righteous sort of way, drank a good deal of tea, shopped cheap, went to church through mud and snow, and the plasterers told so many stories about what they saw through the cracks that Congress elected Adams out, and demanded a man who

should be a little wicked and swear some. Lemonade and oat-cakes were the standard lunch in those times.

Jefferson liked his social glass; he used darkeys to do the chores; he had to pay his own secretary, like everybody else down to Jackson's time, provide his own library, and meet deficits out of his own pocket.* His wife, who had been a widow, like Mrs. Washington, died long before his accession, and he had a house full of daughters and adopted daughters. It was French republican simplicity and camp-meeting courting. Jefferson talked with everybody freely, disliked clergymen, never had an opinion but he ventilated it; but he held more than his own, because he was a great man, without affectations.

* It is common saying in these days, that it costs a President for the first time more than $25,000 per annum to live in Washington. Mr. Jefferson wrote in 1807: “I find on a review of my affairs here as they will stand on the 3d of March, that I shall be three or four months' salary behindhand. In ordinary cases, this degree of arrearage would not be serious, but on the scale of the establishment here, it amounts to seven or eight thousand dollars, which having to come out of my private funds, will be felt by me sensibly.” He then directs his commission merchant to obtain a loan from a Virginia bank, and adds: “I have been under an agony of mortification * * * Nothing could be more distressing to me than to leave debts here unpaid, if indeed, I should be permitted to depart with them unpaid, of which I am by no means certain.” He may have apprehended from tradesmens' rapacity, aided by political hostility, imprisonment for debt.

198 In those days, atheists, painters, editors, Bohemians, and carpet-baggers of all sorts, foreign and domestic, made free with the White House. The President, red-haired and spindle-shanked, read all the new poems, admired all that was antique and all that was new, but nothing between times. The white House was hung with no red tape. It stood all this loose invasion because there was a real, sincere man in it.

In Mrs. James Madison the present White House found its brilliant mistress, albeit she had been brought up a Quaker, Mistress Dolly Payne, then Mrs. Todd, widow, and at

last the wife of Congressman Madison, who had been jilted early in life by Miss Floyd, her townswoman. Madison was well along in years when he married, and Mrs. Madison had to take care of him. He had no children. The place was clear there for outside company, and it is questionable as to whether the house has at any time since been so well administered. Madison was a diminished and watered copy of Washington, and made a good parlor ornament. There was nothing little about him, except a general want of character, compensated for by a good deal of respectability Mrs. Madison made the big house ring with good cheer; dancing was lively, as in Jefferson's time; the lady was “boss,” and, unlike most of her imitators, had the genius for it. The whole cost of the President's house, now perfectly completed, had been $333,307.

After the British burned it, the total cost of rebuilding, and adding two porticoes, $301,496.25. The burning happened so unexpectedly, that one of Mrs. Madison's great dinners was eaten by the British, all smoking as they found it. The lady herself cut out of its frame a cherished portrait of Washington, still preserved in the mansion, and when the President returned, they opened house on the corner of Twentieth street and the avenue, near the “circle,” on the way to Georgetown. After Madison died, his widow rented a house opposite the White House, and kept up the only secondary, or ex-Presidential Court, ever held in Washington.

Mr. Monroe's wife was a fairly wealthy lady of New York,

THE BLUE ROOM AT THE WHITE HOUSE, OR PRESIDENTIAL MANSION, AT WASHINGTON.

199 and he came to the Presidency at an era when all parties harmonized. The White House was quite a court in his day, as he had an interesting family, gave great dinners, and looked benevolently through his blue eyes, at all the receptions. He had no brilliant qualities, and therefore had no “nonsense about him.” By this time the White House had been all restored and furnished, although the grounds were still a good deal like a brick

yard. Let us look at the furniture of it in those days, little changed down to the period of Harriet Lane and Mrs. Lincoln.

James Hoban built both the original and the reconstructed White House. It stands on ground forty-four feet above high water, but the drainage all around it is bad, so that fever and ague may be caught there if you only prepare your mind to get them. A small chest of hoœopathic medicines in the house is a sure preventative, whether you take them or not. The building is

THE WHITE HOUSE.

one hundred and seventy feet long and eighty-six deep, built of free-stone over all. There is an Ionic portico in front and rear, opening upon grounds of shade and lawn which are open to the public at all times. The front portico is double, so as to admit folks on foot and carriages also. About one-half of the upper part of this house belongs to the family elected to live in it, and also some of the basement; but the whole of the 200 first or main floor is really public property, and half the second floor is the President's business office. Therefore, ladies, you will own as much of the White House when you come to live in it, as you own of the hotel in which you board.

The great mansion has a wide hall in it, a stairway on one side, leading up to the office-rooms, and at the bottom, or, to be less Cockney, the end of the hall, there is a large oval room, opening out of which are two parlors, left and right; go through the room to the right and you enter the great dining-room; go through the room to the left and you enter the large banqueting-room. Now see the size of these rooms, which you will perceive at once to be home-like as a connected series of meeting-houses:

Hall (entrance), 40 by 50 feet.

Oval room, 40 by 30 feet.

Square parlors (left and right), 30 by 22 feet.

Company dining-room, 40 by 30 feet.

Banqueting (or East) room, 80 by 40 feet.

All these rooms are twenty-two feet high. You will perceive that they are eminently cosy and contracted. The President's private rooms consist of a great barn-like waiting-room, and two or three connecting offices. Let us see how these rooms were furnished in the time of Monroe, Adams, and Jackson; a description which is nearly perfect for to-day. I get these facts from an old book, defunct since 1830, called “Jonathan Elliot's History of the Ten Mile Square.” Oval-room, crimson flock paper, with deep gilt border; crimson silk chairs, ditto window curtains; one great piece of pattern carpet interwoven with arms of the United States; tables and chimney-pieces of marble; two huge minors and a cut-glass chandelier. Into this oval room the square rooms to left and right open on levee nights, with furniture as follows, distributed also amongst the dining-rooms: Paper of green, yellow, white and blue, respectively sprinkled with gilt stars and bordered with gold; between the two dining-rooms, company and private, the china (not your own, ladies), is stored, and the provender (enough in all conscience

THE EAST ROOM IN THE WHITE HOUSE, OR PRESIDENTIAL MANSION, AT WASHINGTON.

201 to pay for) is kept on ice, subject only to the trifling pilferings of the aristocratic steward, who commonly keeps two or three small groceries in the suburbs running. These rooms are plentiful with panelings, mirrors, chandeliers, and a painting or two of not much consequence comes in. There was no gas in these rooms till the time of Polk, and everybody was greasy with candles. It looked like a perpetual secular mass, got up for the masses. The enormous East room had lemon-colored paper with cloth border; four mantels of black marble with Italian black and gold fronts; great grates, all polished; a mirror over each mantel, eight and a half feet high by five feet wide, ponderously framed;

INTERIOR EAST ROOM.

five hundred yards of Brussels carpet, colored fawn, blue and yellow with deep red borders; three great cut-glass chandeliers and numerous gilt brackets; curtains of light blue moreen with yellow draperies, a gilded eagle holding up the drapery of each; a cornice of gilded stars all around the room; sofas and chairs of blue damask satin; under every chandelier a rich round table of black and gold slabs, and in all the piers a table corresponding, with splendid lamps above each; rare French China vases, etc.

Here, you have the White House pretty much as it stands, barring the leaky roof that nobody can mend; a huge hotel, full of the ghosts of dead men and the echoes of political gabble; ringing of nights with the oaths of Jackson, the fiddle of Jefferson, the cooing of John Tyler, the dirges over the corpses of Harrison, Taylor, and Lincoln. If you come to live in it, you know nothing of who else is visitor. Marry a man who keeps a hotel, and you have about all that a President's lady possesses.

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John Quincy Adams was arraigned in the campaign of 1828 for having put up a billiard table in the White House. This had been bought by his son and secretary, Charles Francis Adams, out of the letter's private allowance. It was the first billiard table ever set up in the White House. During his administration, the East room, in which his mother had hung clothes to dry, was so gorgeously furnished, that the Jackson people abused him for it on the stump, and in the party newspapers. He was the most perfect host, except Millard Fillmore, and possibly Frank Pierce, that the North ever gave to the White House. Modest, bold, widely experienced, he was the last learned man that has lived in the Executive Mansion, and more learned than any other occupant of it. He was too genteel to be re-elected. He went down to duty as cheerfully as to an apotheosis, and graduated out of the White House into Congress.

“The White House,” says James Parton, “has more in common with the marquee of a Commander-in-Chief than the home of a civilized family. Take it, therefore, as it looked under Old Hickory, the archetype of Mr. Johnson. To keep up the Presidential hospitality,

he had to draw upon the proceeds of his farm. Before leaving Washington, in 1837, he had to send for six thousand dollars of the proceeds of his cotton crop in order to pay the debts caused by the deficit of the last year's salary. A year previous to that time he had to offer for sale a valuable piece of land in Tennessee, to get three thousand dollars, for which he was in real distress. “Here in Washington,” he says, “I have no control of my expenses, and can calculate nothing on my salary.”

Earl was the painter Carpenter of Andrew Jackson, and painted his portrait in the White House. Earl used to get orders because he had the ear of Jackson. Everybody in Christendom poured into the White House in those days. Mrs. Eaten was the Mrs. Cobb of the time, and Jackson's most persistent public effort was to make people visit her. He used Martin Van Buren for the tolerably little business of forcing

THE GREEN ROOM IN THE WHITE HOUSE, OR PRESIDENTIAL MANSION, AT WASHINGTON.

203 this lady into society, and finally dismissed all his cabinet and sent his daughter and son home to Tennessee, because they refused to embrace this lady. At the levees everybody ate cheese; when there was no cheese they ate apples, cold smoked sausage, anything provided it had a smell. The place stank with old pipe and smoke; it was redolent with Bourbon whiskey. For the first time the Executive Mansion became a police-office, a caucus-room, a guard-room, a mess-tent. But Jackson's vices were all of a popular sort. He called all his supporters by their first names. General Dale, of Mississippi, met Jackson strolling in the grounds in front of the President's house. (What President walks in the grounds familiarly any more?) “Sam,” said the General, “come up and take some whiskey.” He shivered his clay pipes, uttering emphatic sentences. He invited his friends to roam at will in the White House. He used to smoke corn-cob pipes, which he whittled and bored with his own hands. He had a collection of pipes greater than has ever been seen in this country outside of a tobacco-shop. There was wine always on his table. He cracked hickory-nuts on a hand-iron upon his knee. The cold-blooded and impenetrable Van Buren he called “Matty,” as if Mr. Johnson should address Mr. Seward as “Little Bill.” He drove

all sorts of odd coaches, had street fights, behaved like the incomprehensibly despotic old patriot that he was; but the people always stood by him, because the people were about as bad as he was. He kept the city in dreadful fear; all his friends were duelists and office-grabbers, desperate with thirst and low origin. Jackson turned 2,000 people out of office in the first year of his reign. Prior to that time only seventy-three removals had been made in nearly half a century. Said one of Jackson's most intimate friends:

“Our republic, henceforth, will be governed by factions, and the struggle will be, who shall get the offices and their emoluments—a struggle embittered by the most base and sordid passions of the human heart.”

After the First Andrew had retired from the Presidency, he wrote to a Nashville newspaper in 1840, of Henry Clay:

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“How contemptible does this demagogue appear when he descends from his high place in the Senate, and roams over the country retailing slanders against the living and the dead.”

Jackson also encouraged Sam Houston to waylay and brutally beat Congressman William Stanberry, of Ohio, for words spoken in debate, saying: “After a few more examples of the same kind, members of Congress will learn to keep civil tongues in their heads.” He also pardoned Houston when the latter had been fined by a District of Columbia court for the same act.

When the First Andrew left the White House with a farewell address, the New York *American* said: “Happily it is the last humbug which the mischievous popularity of this illiterate, violent, vain and iron-willed soldier can impose upon a confiding and credulous people.” Jackson returned home to Tennessee with just ninety dollars in money, having expended all his salary and all the proceeds of his cotton crop. He was then an even seventy years of age, racked with pains, rheums, and passions, a poor life to pilot by.

Jackson kept two forks beside the plate of every guest, one of steel, another of silver, as he always ate, himself, with a steel fork. I have found in a sketch-book this picture of the White House as he was seen in it at his best:

“A large parlor, scantily furnished, lighted from above by a chandelier; a bright fire in the grate; around the fire four or five ladies sewing, say Mrs. Donelson, Mrs. Andrew Jackson (adopted son's wife), Mrs. Edward Livingstone, &c. Five or six children, from two to seven years of age, playing about the room, regardless of documents and work-baskets. At a distant end of the apartment, General Jackson, seated in an arm chair, wearing a long, loose coat, smoking a long reed pipe, with a red Virginia clay bowl (price four cents). A little behind the President, Edward Livingstone, Secretary of State, reading a despatch from the French minister, and the President waves his pipe absently at the children to make them play less noisily.”

Martin Van Buren, the first of the New York politicians,

THE RED ROOM IN THE WHITE HOUSE, OR PRESIDENTIAL MANSION, AT WASHINGTON.

205 and the political heir of Aaron Burr, was boosted into the White House by Jackson, to whom he played parasite for eight years, and who rode with him to inauguration. Van Buren's wife died in 1818; he had four sons; kept the White House clean and decent, but never was heartily beloved. The East Room was one cause of his political death, as Ogle, a Pennsylvania Congressman, described it as a warehouse of luxuries bought with the people's money. Ogle mentioned every ornament and its cost, and the ladies kept all the items going. Had Van Buren been a married man, they would have “skinned” his lady in every dreadful drawing-room in the Union. Happily the poor woman was dead. I forgot to mention, that General Jackson's wife died of joy over his election. She was a very religious woman, very ignorant, and Jackson's friends thought it well that she was never tempted with the White House.

The short month of President Harrison in the White House is chiefly memorable by his death. His was the first funeral ever held in the building. He was sixty-eight years old, a magnified physical portrait of William H. Seward, with something of the bearing of Henry Clay. A full Major-General he had been, and, beloved by almost every one, his graces were nearly meek, except as relieved by the remembrance of his valor. The power of “hard cider,” and “log cabin,” nick names, while they elected him to the Presidency, also put him under a campaign pressure, which, added to the crowd of office-seekers who ran him down by day and night, quite terminated his life. He took cold seeking the outer air for privacy's sake, and diarrhœa carried him away. His last words were: “I wish the true principles of the government carried out. I ask for nothing more!”

John Tyler was the first President who brought a bride into the White House, as he was the first who buried a wife from its portal The dead wife he had married in 1813, the new one in 1844. He took the oath of office, owing to Harrison's dying during the recess of Congress, to 206 a District of Columbia Judge. The White House was therefore in a tolerably dull condition all this time, and it improved very little under General Taylor. Two dead Presidents, one dead wife, and a widower's wedding are dismal stock enough for one house in five years. Tyler approaches Johnson in some disagreeable respects. He went back on his party, and never recovered good esteem even among traitors to the country.

President Polk suggests something of Johnson in the place of birth, North Carolina, and in his place of adoption, Tennessee. He was just fifty years old when he took possession of the While House. Mrs. Polk was a daughter of Joel Childress, a merchant of Tennessee, and a Presbyterian, while the President inclined toward the Methodists. She made a good hostess and leaves a good name in the old mansion.

As President Harrison was killed by office-seekers, President Taylor was killed by a Fourth of July,—standing out in the hot sun, after fourteen months' tenure of office. Taylor made more mistakes of etiquette than any other President, not excepting Mr. Johnson, but he

had a heart. His war horse followed his rider's body out. of the White House gate. In those days Jeff Davis, son-in-law of the President, came familiarly to the White House. Taylor was a good father and a jagged old host. But he always meant well.

Millard-Fillmore, his successor, was by odds the handsomest man that ever lived in the building, and also the most elegant. He was the American Louis Philippe. His wife died a few days after the expiration of his term, and also his daughter. Frank Pierce was a winning man, but without any large magnetic graces. He rode horseback every day, unattended, miles into the country; his wife was a perpetual invalid.

We have now come close to the great clash of the rebellion. James Buchanan, the ancient news-carrier between Clay and Jackson, mounting upon the spiral stairs of office-holding, brought for his house-keeper, Hattie Lane, a red-haired, rosy-checked, buxom Lancaster county lass, not unused to fair

VIEW IN THE CONSERVATORY AT THE WHITE HOUSE, OR PRESIDENTIAL MANSION, AT WASHINGTON.

207 society, and the only drawback to her perfect happiness in the White House was the old uncle himself. He bullied small politicians who had served him at his own table before his niece, but in the sense of outward courtliness, when it suited him, there were few such masters of deportment as old Buck himself. He fell, like all Northern dough-faces, into the hands of rebel thieves like Floyd, and did their bidding till the powder was hot for the match.

Then came Abraham Lincoln with his ambitious wife.

Afterward with Mr. Johnson came his invalid lady, and his daughters, Mrs. Patterson and the widow Stover.

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CHAPTER XVII. A SERIES OF OPEN-AIR EXCURSIONS AROUND WASHINGTON TO GET RID OF POLITICS—BULL RUN FIELD—THE OLD FORTS—THE PAUPER'S REST.

On the ninth anniversary of the battle of the first Bull Run, I wrote these opening lines at the Robinson House, where the hottest battle was concentrated. That day, Sunday, two weeks, would have been the exact anniversary of the battle. How time flies! It is a beautiful day, not quite so warm as the day of the battle, andre are all looking at maps and eating soft-boiled eggs under Robinson's shed, with old Mrs. Robinson looking down on us benevolently.

“Mrs. Robinson,” says one of the ladies, “were you frightened when you saw they were going to fight a battle round your house?”

“Dear, dear, honey,” says Mrs. Robinson, “I was so frightened that I can't tell you anything about it. 'Peared like I had done so many sins, they sent all their armies after me a purpose, that blessed Sabbath day. I jest got in the cellar and prayed, and the ole man he got under a bridge, and I 'spect he prayed too. Thank the Lord for these bright, still Sundays now-a-days!”

The old road to Bull Run. We paid twenty-five dollars for a fine, solid; showy team and two horses, and left Washington with four persons—one of us acting as driver—on Saturday afternoon at four o'clock. Country roads of a fair sort led us by Ball's Cross Roads, Upton Hill, Falls Church, and across the shallow branches of the Accotink to Fairfax Court House —fully 209 eighteen miles—where we put up for the night at the clean and not expensive tavern of Major Tyler, a cousin of the deceased President John Tyler, and formerly Commandant of Marines at Washington Barracks.

Tyler is a thick-set, peculiar man, with big ears and small eyes and mouth, and a disposition to be amiable and lordly together. Altogether a man capable of furnishing

good waffles, Maryland biscuit, and delicious slappers, with spring chickens and fresh eggs, and he keeps a cellar full of clear ice. The rest we produce from the carriage box, and, after supper, sitting on tho upper veranda, we look down at tho two little country stores, at the “chivs” talking about Governor Walker and Underwood, at the hard gravelly turnpike up which Tompkins made that absurdly interesting raid, and at the brick court-house across tho way, with freshly-cemented loop holes in the sides and gable, where George Washington's will is kept. The air is cool as early spring, and the moonlight makes a wondrous effect in this Virginia country, shining up the white streamers of the woods, tinging the woods, making rivers and bays of the clouds, so that every star breaking through seems to be the lamp set in a ship that rides there.

“This is five hundred feet higher than Washington,” says Major Tyler, it's the dividing ridge between the Accotink and the Occoquan. They set the court-house here wisely.”

“What brought you here, Major?”

“I had to do something, sir. I was a dishonored man if I did not give my services to my State. I put all my money—$36,000—in Confederate securities, and left a place where I had been all my years of manhood. My property in Washington is confiscated, and John Defrees, who bought it, makes me pay its taxes, and has, besides, insured my life, to protect himself in the property.”

Centreville is one of the most ruined of all hamlets. There were originally about thirty houses in it, a majority of which are now mere chimneys, standing erect among weeds, and 14 210 several of the houses which remain have been patched up with logs and planks, so that what stands is, if possible, more forbidding than what is destroyed. At present the only signs of life about Centreville seem to be one store, one shop, one new church, and one Methodist Sunday-school. There is no tavern in the place, and there seem to be no wells of water in the Vicinity, and all the water is pulled from the branch, a half-dry arm of Bull Run. The site of Centreville is one of the noblest in Virginia, standing

upon the tall spine of a long, crescent-shaped ridge, which bristles with dry forts along its whole profile, and makes against the sky a battlemented horizon, which might almost give suggestions to an architect. Seven different roads meet at Centreville, and in revived times it ought to be a busy place.

One naturally expects, as he approaches a celebrated field soon after the event which commemorates it, that he will observe many vestiges of the action. There are but two battle fields I have seen which bear out this character—Waterloo, where the loop-holed brick walls of the orchard remain as they were on the day of the fight, as well as the blackened ruins of the Chateau of Hougonmont. The other battle-field is Bull Run, which is full of ruin, and the signs of ruin begin from the time you quit Fairfax Court-house, following the path of the Northern Army. In the first place, there is Fairfax itself, partly pulled down; the Court-house, which was loop-holed during three-fourths of the war, still showing the fresh bricks in it; the Jail, also loop-holed, and just on the outskirts of Fairfax a few bricks are lying upon each other to tell where existed the hamlet of Germantown.

About a mile past Fairfax, the good turnpike runs off to Chantilly, the scene of Pope's final defeat, where Stevens and Kearney gave up their lives. Leaving this turnpike, our carriage descended into what is, above all other highways known to man, a road to ruin —the road to Centreville. A forbidding and lonesome look marks this wide road from a far distance. Like all the old turnpikes of Virginia, it had been 211 built in a staunch manner, with a hard, high limestone pavement in the middle of it: some of the stones white, and some red, but all large, hard, and set up endways; and, formerly, this rampart of rock was covered with clay, sand, and gravel, so that it made the broad area of the road level and like a parade. Now the material part of the road in the centre has been washed free of all the gravel and the clay, so that it looks like the naked skeleton of a blasted highway, the bones of a road once merry with life, and tinkling with teams. The only way to travel it at all was to take the side-paths, or what are called here the Summer roads, which sometimes run pleasantly for little skips, and then suddenly come to little promontories of trap rock and outcropping limestone, at which we could see the ladies looking alarmed

frown a distance, and nervously holding tight their seats. This lonely, this desolate, this battle-accursed road runs from Fairfax almost due west for thirteen miles, passing through Centreville, and a short distance from Stone Bridge it is barred across its whole length by rails, for Stone Bridge is still a ruin after five years of peace, and all wagons have to take to the fields, making a long detour, and fording Bull Run at a point where the long, aged, gnarled roots of the oaks, elms, and hemlocks form a Dantesque bank against the ford, while the other is a dark, succulent and snaky copse, with swamps, grape vines, and wild mixtures of dogwood, willow, and Virginia creepers. Through this defile, worthy of the pencil of Salvator Rosa, our city-made carriage moved like a London snob hunting in a Bungalce jungle, and directly we plunged to the hubs into Bull Run, a pretty stream of a reddish gray color, inclined to be muddy, with swampy banks, and crops of corn growing closely up to the margin. Below and above, the stream made an aisle of black light under the arch of the trees, and in the current grew bunches of duck-weeds, blue-stalked flags, and other aquatic leaves, the appearance of which indicated snakes beneath them. We made another long detour on the other side, and came to a pair of bars, which again admitted us to 212 the turnpike, and here we made inquiries at the Van Pelt House, and then retreated, over the track taken by Tyler's division, to the celebrated stone bridge. The turnpike was grown up into long green grass, and before we got to the bridge we saw a snake wriggle off before the horses' hoofs. Close by the bridge we took the horses out of their harness, descended beneath the abutments of the bridge, spread shawls for the ladies, and proceeded ourselves to cross the stream by certain stones and fish-boxes which span it. We had no sooner put our feet on the first stones than three black water-snakes dropped noiselessly into the water, and swam away. A black boy coming by told us that the stone bridge had become a spot where you are always sure to see snakes, and that sometimes they lie up on the tall red abutments, and throw themselves with a lifeless plash into the water.

I sat by the single arch of red limestone—broken, grass-covered, the parapets of the approaches overgrown—and heard the dark water sing and curdle along under the natural

ledges of rock, and saw the turnpike, barred by worm-fences and deep with grass, where once, in times of peace, the young men rode courting, the buggies rolled to church, the runaway negroes slipped Northward by night, the cattle and sheep limped in dusty groves to slaughter, and finally, where great guns rumbled, and the troops stacked arms to rest, and thought of death close by. All these images were faint by the light of this highway of desolation, and these appealing abutments stretching toward each other, and seeking to span the river. What a little stream to be known round the world—fordable every few rods, not above sixty feet wide—yet, withal, a stream of dignity and austerity! The timber that grew along the half morasses here and there upon its borders, was high and branching; the morasses themselves were full of rank grass, and the movement of the water was sullen and dull, as if it loved to tarry in the dark pools and drew back from the light. To left and right the woods closed in upon the visitor, and over these tree tops careened the tall hills, 213 with but one house in sight, and a vague suggestion besides of Robinson's shanty in some huddling fruit trees, which carried a human intimation. Looking back toward Centreville from the bridge, a group of negro quarters and a small house stood on one side in an out-field, and a new negro hut, solitary in a cornfield, on the other, both backed by wood. Down this road the half-willing troops of Tyler had moved at daylight, blocking up the way, delaying Hunter's men, and these last had finally reappeared across the bridge, their advance measured by the clouds of dust, which were denser and higher than the cannons' smoke.

We followed up this turnpike to where the Ludley Ford road crossed it at right angles, down which, marching Southward, the flanking division of Hunter came, and by the white cabin of Matthews it unfolded from column to line, stretching three-quarters of a mile, and staking a fringe of skirmishers to the front. All the forenoon the contest was to carry the turnpike, and release the divisions behind the stone bridge. By beating Evans and Bee this much was accomplished, and then the battle was transferred to the other end of the turnpike, where one long, oval hill, the promontory of a high plateau, stretched from the turnpike to the Ludley road, and on this exalted cape the first armies of civil war fought.

Library of Congress

What was the real battle of Bull Run was on a space of ground not above two hundred acres in area. The shape of this bill is defined by two rivulets tributary to Bull Run: that in front called Young's Branch, which twice crosses the turnpike, once at the cross roads, and again nearer Bull Run, crossed in the latter case by a small wooden bridge. The back side of the hill, is covered with small wild timber, oak and pine, which leave the summit and the slopes toward the roads nearly bare. Upon the bare parts the fiercest battle raged for three hours around two small common farm houses—Robinson's, nearest Bull Run, and Henry's, near by the Ludley road. The Federal troops were strongest along the latter half-sunken country road, and they formed a line of battle like a carpenter's 214 square, while the rebels made a line like a crescent in the edge of the low woods, which half covered their battalions. The length of the line of battle was about half a mile, or less, and the Confederate batteries were massed on their right, and the Federal batteries on their own right, respectively. Upon this small oval summit a fight as desperate as any of the war took place, fiercest around the shanty called the Henry House, confined almost entirely to musketry and artillery, and the hottest contests for the batteries, whose horses had been quickly killed.

At present, this hill is marked with a few gulleys, where the rains have washed, and by many excavated pits where the dead have been disinterred. The country for many miles hereabout is plainly revealed, the monument at Groveton, on the second battle-field of Bull Run, showing distinctly, and Manassas Junction, a fine white village, five miles away, is seen through a fissure in the timber.

I ascertained these facts about the persons who occupied the dwellings on the battle-field of the first Bull Run; the first house on the Warrenton turnpike, to the right hand, after passing the stone bridge, is occupied by Mr. Donahue, who lives in the house of the widow Van Pelt.

This house is a pleasant frame dwelling, surrounded by tall and umbrageous trees, and it was the only house in sight from the stone bridge, on the day of the battle. All the buildings

stand, though the barn was shelled through and through, but on this particular farm no fighting was done, yet across it hundreds of troops retreated, to re-cross Bull Run.

The second house to the right is that of Gus. Van Pelt, in which Bob Paine now lives; this house shows marks of the fight, and the farm was well fought over on the morning of the action.

The third house on the right of the turnpike is a very peculiar one, and no man who figured in that action can well forget it. It is a large, oblong, red lime-stone house, built of large blocks, and it stands nearly at the junction of the Ludley road. It is owned by Mr. Starbuck, who was a sutler in the Federal 217 army, and, who, true to his army instincts, keeps a house?'s entertainment there now. This house was well-riddled in the battle with shell and ball, and was set on fire sometime during the day, but the neighbors, in a very neighborly manner, overcame their fear so far as to rush in and put the fire out. All accounts, even the most moderate, agree that the Northern troops put the highest construction on the crime of treason, on the day of the battle of Bull Run, and set fire to whatever would burn.

Turning to the left of the turnpike, the first place beyond the stone bridge is the celebrated Jim Robinson's farm, which was one of the centres of the elliptical battle of the afternoon—the other centre being a farm of the widow Henry, just to the right of it, a quater of a mile.

Our party made an impromptu dinner in the cool lawn before Jim Robinson's house; for Jim is a venerable free negro who owns his own farm and the house, and his regular business is keeping drove cattle, and fattening them, on their road to Washington, but since the battle of Bull Run, he also furnishes fresh eggs, salt pork, fresh milk, and occasionally a spring chicken, for any visitors willing to pay for such luxuries. We gave Robinson about eighteen and three quarters cents a head for a very excellent lunch, and had our horses fed for a quarter a head. He had just built an aristocratic extension to his log cabin, consisting of a two-story plank structure, still in the hands of the carpenter. The old house is marked in fifty places with Minie balls, and Robinson's sons have collected

a large coffee-pot full of canister, bullets, and conical balls, and they have half a barrel of grape, and bits of shell and rifle projectiles, plowed up in the fields. Robinson is a conservative Republican, and his eldest son who was a servant to General Beauregard during the war, said to me:

“Most all the colored people are Republicans, although a few, who know no better, have been coaxed over to the Democracy. We are not violent party men, sir—father and his sons—but we think that for the present, our interest lies that way. They 214 s?e a Union League down at Manassas, but I reckon it is a sort of playing out.”

The Robinsons, in fact, are rather opinionated and exclusive colored folks, having been born free, and the old man has a wonderful way of parading large and philosophic terms, his ignorance of which is so well covered by a benignant and plausible manner, that one listens with a mixture of humor and awe. During the battle, old Robinson hid under a bridge beneath the turnpike road, where he says there were about fifty of his neighbors, white and black, making a mottled and shivering democracy. His son went over to the Lewis house, then known by the name of “Portico”—every Virginian capable of living between two chimneys, dignifying his estate with a memorial title. The Lewis house was the headquarters of both Beauregard and of Johnston; it stood on a round hill about a mile back of the Robinson and Henry houses, and was surrounded with ancient shade trees, and with orchards. From this point the operations of the battle were mainly conducted. Lewis acted as a sort of guide to the Confederate army, during much of the war, for he had a thorough knowledge of the streams, nooks, bridges, and cattle-paths in all this region. His house stood until the day of the second battle of Bull Run, when some Federal camp-followers set it on fire, and burnt it to the ground. We saw Lewis and his family returning from church as we entered Robinson's place, and, mounted on a frisky young sorrel colt, he politely opened and shut the gate for us. His daughters and sons all rode horses, and it was interesting to see that two girls rode one horse, the girl behind having

no saddle. Lewis is a sandy-haired, sandy-bearded man of middle age, and of quick, nervous temperament.

Ed. Carter, (pronounced all through Virginia as Kyarter), lives on a part of the battle field, and like everybody else in that region, is scarcely able to make a living.

I walked from Robinson's to the widow Henry's, over a part of the field where the most terrific fighting happened, passing the spot where the two rebel Generals, Bee and Barton, 217 were struck dead. A block of marble was set up to Bee's memory, after the first battle of Bull Run, but when Joe Johnston deserted Manassas, in the spring of 1862, Northern soldiers cracked the stone to pieces, and carried off the chips for relics. Bee was an able officer, raised by the United States, and it was he who gave the name of “Stonewall” to Thomas Jonathan Jackson, as the latter came to his support in the action.

“There stands Jackson,” he said, “like a stone wall.”

As we approached the Henry house, we saw a woman, dressed in black, picking flowers in the fields. She was the daughter of the widow. Henry, who suffered a cruel death in her own house. She was aged and an invalid, and when the battle suddenly surged up to her house, her children sought safety in various places and left the old woman in bed. The full hurricane of the action burst right round this old shanty, and the unfortunate woman was cut all to pieces with shell, ball, and bullets, and the house itself was torn to flinders; they could scarcely recognize her body after the fury of the fight was over.

The Henry house is now replaced by a small frame building painted blue, with end chimneys outside, and in the yard of this dwelling stands in the open sun a small monument made of red limestone, from the banks of the Bull Run, two miles away; the monument is about sixteen feet high, and is capped with a large rifle projectile, while round the corners of the base four other cones of stone and exploded shell are raised, the whole edifice standing upon a mound of sod which has given way, so that it is probable the whole thing will tumble down in a few years. A white stone says in crudely carved letters, “Honor

to the patriot dead!" But round the monument are neat little wooden signs on each of the four sides, which tell the story of the surroundings. One says that near that spot were captured parts of Griffin's, Rickett's, and other batteries. Another sign says that Stonewall Jackson was wounded hard-by, and that here he got his historic appellation. The fourth sign says that twenty-four Federal soldiers lie beneath. The monument is leaning, from defective foundations, and will soon tumble down.

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The number of people lost in this battle attests, and by its equality as well, that it was a well maintained conflict. The rebel killed and wounded numbered 1,857, one-fifth of them slain. The Federal killed and wounded were 1,492, one-third slain. These official figures are probably too low on both sides. About one thousand persons gave up the ghost on this field. The Federal loss in all was ten cannons captured, besides seventeen others abandoned, and 4,000 muskets thrown away. Nearly one-third of the men afterward prominent in both armies, fought in the first battle of Bull Run, as subordinate officers.

Nine years after this battle has happened, we begin to feel that we walk upon the solid ground, in estimating its heroes and its importance.

In the first place, we have learned to estimate the character of McDowell, who planned this battle with a cool, wise head, and fought it out upon this plan according to the best advantage he could make of the material that lay at his command. No other battle during the whole war was better devised, and none in the East, fought on the offensive, during the next three years, had more nearly been successful. The Federal Commander was assailed for the folly of his troops here as few commanders have ever been, and yet he kept up heart, stood patiently by the cause, took a third-rate place under McClellan with generous resignation, and gave all the successive men placed over him hearty support, and since the death of George H. Thomas, it is safe to say there is no man in the United States upon whom we can rely for judgment, for devotion, for willingness to suffer above the common fate of all who suffered then, more than Irving McDowell.

Last winter, when the Army of the Potomac met at Philadelphia, and McDowell sat quietly amongst them, thinking himself an unsuccessful man, and one set down amongst the failures of the war, a quiet young officer arose with his glass in his hand, and proposed the health of General McDowell. As he did so, he made a stammering effort to say that since the war had passed by, and we had come to know man for man, and man 219 to man, we were equal to the appreciation of the Commander of the first Army of the Potomac. At once the whole table rattled with bravos and hearty cheers, and amidst more applause than had greeted the name of any man that night, McDowell rose, profoundly moved, the most patient and heroic martyr of the war, and he said as he always had said, that he knew the justice of his countrymen would come at last; that he had expected it long before, but that he had not complained, because he knew that it would come; and then his cold, regular army nature melting down to the occasion, he gave a little burst of egotism which was truer than tears, because it was both the occasion and himself.

We reached home after midnight on the second day, after a ride of fifty-six miles in sixteen hours. There were a good many old shoes and tin cups on the way, and a bridge of precarious fence-rails crosses Cub Run.

I climbed the high hills one day on the other side, and pushing up by-paths through bramble and laurel, gained the ramparts of old Fort Stanton.

How old already seem those fortresses, drawing their amphitheatre around the Capital city! Here the scarf had fallen off in places; the *abatis* had been wrenched out for firewood; even the solid log platforms, where late the great guns stood on tiptoe, had yielded to the farmer's lever, and made, perhaps, joists for his barn, and piles for his bridge. The solid stone portals opening into bomb-proof and magazine, still remained strong and mortised, but down in the battery and dark subterranean quarters the smell was rank, the floor was full of mushrooms; a dog had littered in the innermost powder magazine, and showed her fangs as I held a lighted match before me advancing. Still the old names and numbers were painted upon the huge doorways beneath the inner parapet: “Officers quarters,

21," "Mess, 12," "Cartridge Box, 7." But around the slopes of the fort, among the bush and in the laurel clearing free negroes had built their cabins out of the wrecks of battery wagon and sentry-box, and down the paths that the cannoniers had 220 made in the moist hill sides, negro men and women, with pails and bundles on their heads, went jogging steadily, as in the first listless experience of self-ownership.

What a picturesque and stirring crime is war! Suggestively useless are the monuments it leaves, but touching the imagination far more than the lordliest architectures of peace. Now do we feel among these shriveled moats and salients that the Capital city of our country has some surroundings to make it an inspiration. These wrecks of its defences will be some day the picnic haunts of curious patriotism, when Washington has grown to be a great city. Greater than its founders ever wished!

I climbed upon the windiest corner of the rampart and looked down at the town. Its site is a noble one,—a bowlder bottom, it seemed to be, like the green meadows of those ancient salt estuaries in Holland, where the lambs play in the caverns of the fishes. Sloping up from the huddle of the city, the landscape stretched into far spines and capes of lofty woodland, and amidst them the dome of the Capitol crouched merely, as if driven into the ground. At my feet the navy yard lay, very silent, surrounded by its monitors and men-of-war; over the ravine of road behind me Booth galloped with his ghost on that Good Friday night; beyond the bridge he had crossed, the little, lonely cemetery of Congress lay on the river bank. I could make out the Treasury and the Capitol, like two towers of a great suspension bridge, and Washington city swung between them, like a great drove of speckled cattle crossing between the cables. It is impossible that this city shall not be a beautiful and respected one. But the curse of it and the country is the infamous system of rotation in office, whereby our Capital is peopled with periodicald roves of hungry adventurers, who expect to steal a patrimony in four years.

About twenty thousand acres of wood land were felled around Washington to give play for the artillery of the forts. The fifty-six forts mounted from ten to fifty guns each; the batteries

from three to twelve, making between eight and nine hundred guns in all. These were connected by rifle pits seven feet high, 221 and Alexandria's military road passed in from the rear of all these, works through valley parts to conceal the movements of soldiers.*

* The line of earth forts built to defend Washington city in the Summer, Fall and early Winter of 1861 was reported on the seventh of December of that year by Chief Engineer Barnard to number forty-eight works, mounting over three hundred heavy guns: the actual defensive perimeter occupied was about thirty-five miles, exceeding the Torres Vedras by several miles, which were previously the most extensive. Of these forts several were outside the Columbia line in Maryland, all in Montgomery County, as follows: Fort Sumner, Fort Kirby, Fort Cross, Fort Davis: and Fort Mansfield, Fort Bayard and Fort Simmons. The three first named covered the Chain Bridge and the river side-ways, and were strengthened besides by Battery Bailey, Battery Benson and Battery Alexander, as well as by a block house looking down the Chain Bridge line. The field batteries of McClellan's army at, or soon after, this time assembled around Washington, consisted of 520 guns served by 12,500 men.

A stranger in Washington looking down the wide outer avenue, named “Massachusetts,” which goes bowling from knoll to knoll and disappears in the unknown hills of the East, has no notion that it leads anywhere, and gives up the conundrum. On the contrary it points straight to the Washington Asylum, better known as the District Poor-house, an institution to become hereafter conspicuous to every tourist who shall prefer the Baltimore and Potomac, to the Baltimore and Ohio railroad; for the new line crosses the Eastern Branch by a pile-bridge nearly in the rear of the poor-house, and let us hope that when the whistle, like “the pibroch's music thrills To the heart of those lone hills,” the dreary banks and bluffs of the Eastern Branch will show more frequent signs of habitation and visitation.

To visit the Poor-House one must have a “permit” from the mayor, physician, or a poor commissioner. Provided with this, he will follow out Pennsylvani Aavenue over Capitol Hill, until nearly at the brink of the Anacostia or Eastern Branch, when by the oblique Avenue

called “Georgia” he will pass to his right the Congressional burying ground, and arriving at the powder magazine in front, draw up at the alms-house gate, a mile and a quarter from the palace of Congress.

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It is a smart brick building, four stories high, with green trimmings, standing on the last promontory of some grassy commons beloved of geese and billy-goats. The short, black cedars, which appear to be a species of vegetable crape, give a stubby look of grief to the region round the poorhouse, and thickest at the Congressional Cemetery, screen from the paupers the view of the city. Across the plains, once made populous by army hospitals, few objects move except funeral processions, creeping toward the graveyard or receding at a merry gait, and occasional pensioners, out on leave, coming home dutifully to their bed of charity. The report of some sportsman's gun, where he is rowing in the marshes of the gray river, sometimes raises echoes in the high hills and ravines of the other shore, where, many years ago, the rifles of Graves and Cilley were heard by every partisan in the land. Now the tall forts, raised in the war, are silent and deserted; the few villas and farmhouses look from their back-ground of pine upon the smart edifice on the city shore, and its circle of hospitals nearer the water, and its small-pox hospital a little removed, and upon the dead-house and the “Potter's Field,” at the river brink. We all know the melancholy landscape of a poor-house.

The Potter's Field preceded the Poor-house on this side by many years. The almshouse was formerly erected on M street, between Sixth and Seventh, and, being removed here, it burned to the ground in the month of March, fourteen years ago, when the present brick structure was raised. The entire premises, of which the main part is the almshouse garden, occupy less than fifty acres, and the number of inmates is less than two hundred, the females preponderating in the proportion of three to one. Under the same roof are the Almshouse and the Workhouse, the inmates of the former being styled “Informants,” and of the latter “Penitents.” The government of the Institution is vested in

three commissioners, to whom is responsible the intendent, Mr. Joseph F. Hodgson, a very cheerful and practical-looking “Bumble.”

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Every Wednesday the three commissioners meet at this Almshouse and receive the weekly reports of the intendent, physician, and gardener. Once every year these officers and the matron, wagoner, and baker are elected. Sixteen ounces of bread and eight ounces of beef are the ration of the district pauper. The turnkey, gate-keeper, chief watchmen, and chief nurses are elected from the inmates. The gates are closed at sunset, and the lights go out at 8 p.m., all Winter. The inmates wear a uniform, labelled in large letters: Work-House or Washington Asylum.

The Poorhouse is an institution coeval with the Capital. We are told that while crabbed old Davy Burns, the owner of the most valuable part of the site of Washington city, was haggling with General Washington over his proportion of lots, his neglected and intemperate brother, Tommy, was an inmate of the Poorhouse.

Thus, while the Romulus of the place married his daughter to a Congressman, and was buried in a “mausoleum,” on H street, Remus died without the walls and mingled his ashes, perhaps, with paupers.

The vaunted metropolis of the republican hopes of mankind, for such was Washington, the fabulous city, advertised and praised in every Capital of Western Europe, drew to its site artists, adventurers, and speculators from all lands. From Thomas Law, a secretary of Warren Hastings, who wasted the earnings of India on enterprises here, to a Frenchmen who died on the guillotine for practicing with an infernal machine upon the life of Napoleon Bonaparte, the long train of pilgrims came, and saw, and despaired, and many of them, perhaps, lie in the Potter's Field. Old books and newspapers, chary on such personal questions, contain occasional references as to some sculptor's suicide, or to the straits of this or that French officer, or Claimant about Congress; and we know that Major L'Enfant,

who conceived the plan of the place, sought refuge with a pitying friend and died here penniless.

The long war of twenty years in Europe brought to America 224 thousands in search of safety and rest, and to these the magnetism of the word “Capital” was often the song of the siren wiling them to the Poor-house. By the time Europe had wearied of the sword, the fatality attending high living, large slave-tilled estates, the love of official society, and the defective education of the young men of tide-water Virginia and Maryland, produced a new class of native-born errants and broken profligates, at Washington, and many a life whose memories began with a coach and four and a park of deer, ended them between the coverlets of a poorhouse bed. The old times were, after all, very hollow times! We are fond of reading about the hospitality of the Madisonian age, but could so many have accepted it if all were prosperous?

In our time work being the fate and the redemption of us all, the District Almshouse contains few government employees. Now and then, as Mr. Hodgson told us, some clerk, spent with sickness or exhausted by evil indulgences, takes the inevitable road across the vacant plains, and eats his pauper ration in silence or in resignation, but the age is better, not, perhaps, because the heart of man is changed, but in that society is organized upon truer principles of honor, of manfulness, and of labor. The class of well-bred young men who are ashamed to admit that they must earn their living, and who affect the company of gamesters and chicken-fighters, has some remnants left amongst us, but they find no aliment in the public sentiment, and hear no response in the public tone. Duelling is done; visiting one's relatives as a profession is done; thrift is no more a reproach, and even the reputation of being a miser is rather complimentary to a man. The worst chapters of humanity in America are those narrating the indigence of the old agricultural families on the streams of the Chesapeake; the quarterly sale of a slave to supply the demands of a false understanding of generosity; the inhuman revelling of one's friends upon the last possessions of his family, holding it to be a jest to precipitate his ruin; the wild orgies held on the glebe of some old parish church, horses 225 hitched to the gravestones, and punch

mixed in the baptismal font; and at the last, delirium, impotence, decay! Let those who would understand it read Bishop Meade, or descend the Potomac and Rappahannock, even at this day, and cross certain thresholds.

The Washington Poor-house seems to be well arranged, except in one respect: under the same roof, divided only by a partition and a corridor, the vicious are lodged for punishment and the unfortunate for refuge.

We passed through a part of the building where, amongst old, toothless women, semi-imbecile girls—the relicts of error, the heirs of affliction—three babies of one mother were in charge of a strong, rosy Irish nurse. Two of them, twins, were in her lap, and a third upon the floor, hallooing for joy. Such noble specimens of childhood we had never seen; heads like Cæsar's, eyes bright as the depths of wells into which one laughs and receives his laughter back, and complexions and carriage of high birth. The woman was suckling them all, and all crowded alternately, so that they made the bare floors and walls light up with pictures. A few yards off, though out of hearing, were the thick forms of criminals, drunkards, wantons, and vagrants, seen through the iron bars of their wickets, raising the croon and song of an idle din, drumming on the floor, or moving to and fro restlessly. Beneath this part of the Almshouse were cells where bad cases were locked up. The association of the poor and the wicked affected us painfully.

Strolling into the syphilitic wards, where, in the awful contemplation of their daily, piecemeal decay, the silent victims were stretched all day upon their cots; amongst the idiotic and the crazed; into the apartments of the aged poor, seeing, let us hope, blessed visions of life beyond these shambles; and drinking in, as we walked, the solemn but needful lessons of our own possibilities, and the mutations of our nature, we stood at last amongst the graves of the Almshouse dead—those who have escaped the dissecting knife. Scattered about with little stones and mounds here and there, under the occasional sullen 15 226 green of cedars, a dead-cart and a spade sticking up as symbols, and the

neglected river, deserted as the Styx, plashing against the low banks, we felt the sobering melancholy of the spot and made the prayer of “Give me neither poverty nor riches!”

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CHAPTER XVIII. AMENDMENTS PROPOSED TO THE CONSTITUTION OF THE UNITED STATES. OUGHT THE SENATE TO BE ELECTED BY THE PEOPLE?

The experience of more than fourscore years has shown that many things in our Government need amendment. A great many propositions have been made to effect reforms in the nature of our Government. Mr. Morton has proposed to abolish the electoral college; Mr. Robertson to establish a tribunal which shall decide questions in the electoral college; Mr. Pomeroy to make the States regulate the basis of citizenship in their own way; Mr. Drake to empower the federal government to put down disorder in the States; Mr. Yates to make foreign born citizens eligible to the Presidency; Mr. Davis to establish a constitutional tribunal of which each State shall have one judge to be paid by the State, and not by the Government; Mr. Stewart to compel free schools in each State and territory: Mr. Sumner to limit the President to one term and abolish the Vice-Presidency; Mr. Lawrence to choose electors by a different system; Mr. Ingersoll to give Congress the power of making United States notes legal tenders; Mr. Julian to enact female suffrage; Mr. Burdett to forbid States and corporations levying taxes for any sectarian purpose; Mr. Coburn to make federal officials elective by the people of the State or Territory where they shall reside; Mr. Potter to stop the chartering of private corporations by Congress; Mr. Potter also to 228 make the President's term six years; Mr. Coghlan to stop the sale of public lands except to actual settlers (lost by 85 to 87); Mr. King to make amalgamation illegal and to separate the races in the public schools; Mr. McNealy to stop import and excise duties and to raise revenue by direct taxation; Mr. Morgan to make naturalized citizens eligible for President and Vice-President (81 yeas, 65 nays, lost); Mr. Comingo to admit no State which does not contain a full representative population; Mr. McCrary to elect Postmasters and make all offices hold for four years and be removable by the President only for bad morals; Mr. Snapp to make judges of the Supreme Court non-

eligible for the Presidency; Mr. McIntyre to give the Supreme Court original and enlarged appellate jurisdiction; Mr. Parker to make Senators and Members non-eligible for the Presidency; Mr. Hawley to make Senators elective by the people; Mr. Jones to give territorial delegates all the rights of Congressmen and to enact female suffrage.

In addition to all these proposed amendments, a natural religious association of which a judge of the Supreme Court is a member, wants “Almighty God and the Lord Jesus Christ” violently inserted into the preamble to the constitution after the words, “We the people of the United States.” It is apprehended that in this way we shall become immediately a Christian Government.

The happiest accident since the close of the War has been the Crédit Mobilier exposure. It has tumbled some hollow effigies of reputation, and proved that eminent success cannot cure a lying tongue, nor ennoble sinister character. But, in the moral needs of a nation, the unworthy must go, and not the exposure, but the concealment, of their crimes is the sign of disease. It is better to see the purloiner and the pirate on the gibbet of public opinion, instead of blandly plying their craft in the security of eminence.

About this period it would be timely for some of those old-fashioned sermons on the driving of peddlers out of the Temple,—particularly the peddlers who sold doves, the soft and 229 cooing kind of chaps, who disguised the trade in the innocence of the commodity: sleek and harmless little Crédit Mobilier.

The exposure of thieves is a good sign.

It is the first step to health, and its effects have been already extroradinary. The franking fraud has been abolished; the Steamship-Subsidy bill to Australia,—a mere grab in the name of a trade which sailing ships only can do with profit,—has failed; the Goat Island plunder has been repudiated by the very Congress which had previously passed it; the Cotton-Tax Refunding bill has perished; Pomeroy has been pitched out of the Senate; Caldwell, Clayton, Pinchback, Carolina Patterson, and some others will go out, or the

Senate itself will know the sentiment of this country by other than newspaper-leaders. Finally, Oliver P. Morton has advocated the abolition of the Electoral College, and—*mirabile dictu!* Mr. Harlan has proposed the election of Senators by the people. He knows how it is himself, since he got $30,000 railway money to elect himself. Out of the fullness of the conscience and the efficacy of exposure, the mouth speaketh!

In the Senate of the United States, Jan. 31, 1873, Mr. Harlan asked, and, by unanimous consent, obtained, leave to bring in the following joint resolution; which was read twice and ordered to be printed:

Joint Resolution Proposing an Amendment to the Constitution of the United States.

Resolved, by the Senate and House of Representatives of the United States of America in Congress Assembled (two-thirds of each House concurring therein), That the following article be proposed to the Legislatures of the several States as an amendment to the Constitution of the United States, which, when ratified by three fourths of said Legislatures, shall be valid as part of the Constitution, namely:

ARTICLE XVI.

Section 1. The Senate of the United States shall be composed of two Senators from each State, chosen by the people of the several States for six years; and the electors in each State shall have the qualifications requisite for electors of the most numerous branch of the State Legislature; and, if vacancies happen by resignation, or otherwise, in the Senatorial representation from any State, the Executive authority thereof shall issue writs of election to fill such vacancies.

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It may appear impossible to secure a two-thirds vote in the Senate for the proposition of an amendment which will burn the ships behind many of the corsairs and conquistadores there. But knaves slouch along in the wake of upright people, even in the Senate, and

vigorous agitation of the subject, and its espousal by the abler men of that body, will silence the tongue of him whose unworthiness will be admitted by the act of opposition. The Senate of the United States was originally designed to reflect the selected sentiment of the wisest electors in each State,—the Legislatures. It was supposed that the hearty emulation of the States would keep high, and apart from party management and momentary passion, the exalted offices of these censors upon more popular legislation; that the length of the term of Senator would ordinarily survive the duration of a party; and that a body of grave and reflecting men, unusually versed in affairs, would bridge over Administrations and party periods, and, never expiring, prolong an aristocracy of intellect, experience, and calm demeanor. Such was the beautiful conception of the Senate.

In the course of time, the Senate has come to be the chief object of political conspiracy, and in every State the Governorship is prostituted to obtain it,—men walking over their oaths and sense of Commonwealth duty to bound into the Senate, and stay there two years longer than the President can keep his office.

The voting constituency of a State like Pennsylvania is reduced from hundreds of thousands to hundreds, in order that a man may spend a lifetime in the Senate, who could never be elected Governor, and against whose name a resolution of censure and disgrace is recorded on the Journal of the House of Representatives.

The Senate, in its present organization, is suggestive of the steady decline of its manhood and conduct.

The presiding officer of the Senate, Schuyler Colfax, the Vice-President, has solicited an inquiry into his character on the charges of corruption and perjury, which were refused by 231 the Senate on the ground that impeachment was the only method to reach him, and it was now too late to adopt that, because, although the presiding officer might have been interested in jobbery for the whole period of his term, he was soon to retire to private life,

after declinations too numerous to mention. And how could a man remember his Crédit Mobilier stock who had so often forgotten to retire at the time he promised?

The predecessor of Schuyler Colfax in the Senate, B. F. Wade, had promised to divide the raiment of his country, had he been made President, amongst such people as E. B. Ward, John Conness, and other drovers. He missed the Presidency by the votes of Lyman Trumbull and others, and has since been riding oxen, in a congenial way, through the jobbing pastures of Santo Domingo.

The successor of Schuyler Colfax, Henry Wilson, has just escaped the Crédit Mobilier implication by such a close shave that we hope it will steady him up for the next four years, and that certain of the angels will have charge concerning him, lest at any time, while uttering a platitude, he dash his foot against a stone.

The President of the caucus, and vice-presiding officer went about the city, saying that there is nothing in Caldwell's case requiring the Senate to take any action,—thereby exonerating bribery. He is an unblushing defender of every man who took the Crédit Mobilier stock.

The Executive clerk of the Senate is a carpet-bagger, formerly a clergyman, who is a publisher of a journal in this city of which the Washington *Herald* spoke as follows last week: “How can we expect honesty in public life when a Senator (Harlan), the Executive Clerk of the Senate (Morris), and the Paymaster's Department of the Army (?) unite to publish a journal at the Capitol defending every exposed rascal of Congress.” The paper thus spoken of is now defending Pomeroy, who, perhaps, has an interest in it.

There are about twenty Senators who fill the full measure 232 of their station, and these could be even more readily elected by the people than by the State Legislatures. Of these, four, and possibly five, are from New England, four from the Middle States, seven from

the Western States, and five from the Southern States. The House of Representatives contains two-fold the average talent and character of the Senate.

In the year 1862, John C. Breckinridge, Jesse D. Bright, and Trusten Polk were expelled from the Senate; but their offence of treason, then general with an entire section, exonerates them from the more contemptible charges rife at this period.

The Senators of Rome were forbidden to engage in commercial pursuits, and that great body kept its character for a long period, until Sylla, Cæsar, and other ambitious captains made it an instrument; and, at last, one of the Caldwells of that period, a certain Senator Didius Julianus, bought the Imperial crown for about two hundred, pounds sterling per vote, or 6,250 drachms.

The life, antecedents, and reign of Didius Julianus present an opportunity for parallel readings.

Mr. Julianus was a good trader, and his commercial word was good. For a business man, he was of the frankest nature. His checks, when he bought an office, were promptly paid, and, like men now-a-days, he thought it was of no consequence what the line of business was, provided you could get into it.

The Prætorian Guard, otherwise the Kansas Legislature, had cut off the head of Pertinax Ross, the Emperor, for voting not guilty on the trial of Andrew Johnson, Sulpicianus (or Sidney Clark) began to treat for the Imperial dignity, but he demanded the office by right of party fealty and performance, and said too little on the important subject of a *quid pro quo.* At this announcement, “His freedmen and his parasites,” says one of the newspaper authorities of his time, “easily convinced Julianus that he deserved the throne, and earnestly conjured him to embrace so fortunate an opportunity.” This picture does not seem to smack of antiquity, but to be a plain passage in Kansas politics.

Library of Congress

Didius Julianus was indulging himself in the luxury of the table when he heard that the purple was for sale. He took out his lead-pencil, and made a computation as to how much the prize would cost, and what the opportunities were for a trade in the office. He bid against Sulpicianus at the foot of the ramparts,—we had almost said in the town of Topeka; and at $1,000 in gold per man,—a sum, considering the increase of money, not widely different from Topeka's prices,—he knocked off the crown.

He then made a speech couched in the Pomeroy vein. He expatiated on the freedom of his election, his own eminent virtues, and his full assurance of the affections of the Senate. The Senate voted him a golden statue, but, with that remarkable sagacity which only a business Senator can possess, Julianus remarked that “he preferred one of brass as more lasting; for he had always observed that the statues of former Emperors were soon destroyed, and those of brass alone remained, not being worth destruction.” If the above were signed “Gath,” instead of Edward Gibbon, the loyal party press would go for it; but the chief practical difference is, that the latter wrote about a nation destroyed by its corruption, which might have been arrested had it possessed such an historian, and been aroused by his depictions of those evil days.

There was indignation throughout the Roman Empire, but the Senate alone, whose conspicuous station and ample possessions exacted the strictest caution, dissembled their sentiments, and met the affected civility of Julianus with smiles of complacency. This is a good piece of sculpture of a Senate to this day,—the difference being that Didius dealt with Conscript Fathers, and Caldwell with Bankscrip Fathers.

The army, however, concluded to take Julianus in hand, particularly after its General, Septimius Severus,—a native of Africa, and doubtless a progenitor of Senator Pinchback, —had offered every soldier £400 to investigate Julianus with a spear. Julianus, however, called on the Prætorian party, to which he had been truly loyal, to defend him in committee or 234 otherwise, and sought to “negotiate” with his rapidly-advancing enemy. But the Prætorians heard the long, dull roar of the whole empire, and abandoned their creation

after his brief reign of sixty-six days. That Severus should have marched from the confines of Pannonia (or Kansas) so rapidly, is proof, says Gibbon, “of the goodness of the roads, and the indolent and subdued temper of the provinces.”

The dismayed Prætorians cut off the head of Julianus, and were in turn banished and dispensed with by the empire.

This seems to be a good lesson all around. Julianus, however, was spared the humiliation of buying a seat in the Senate from a set of negro field-hands, like Patterson, of South Carolina, or of buying a patent for it.

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CHAPTER XIX. SOME OF THE BUREAUX OF OUR GOVERNMENT VISITED—LIGHT SHED UPON THEIR MANAGEMENT AND CONTENTS.

Some parts of the Federal Government are never noticed here, because they have not associated with politics, and, therefore, never become the subject of party news.

Few persons ever hear of the National Observatory, the only public building here which stands near our meridian of longitude, and where the computations are made by which American sailors grope their way over the main. Few know anything of the Columbia Institution for the Deaf and Dumb, one of those extraordinary enterprises of the Gallaudet family, where deaf mutes are educated for professions, and to be teachers of other institutions. The Coast Survey is also a lost institution to the great mass of Americans, although it is better known abroad than any bureau of our Government.

It is the nearest of all the public ateliers to the Capitol edifice—only one block. A small tin sign set up against the jamb of the open door of a very old brick residence, has been its only advertisement for forty years. This old residence is one of half a dozen stretched along old New Jersey Avenue and on the scarp of Capitol Hill, which are tenanted by the office employees of a service embracing the largest area of labor in the government.

Library of Congress

Some of the buildings are across the way; some are in a newer, smaller row on the same Avenue; one building is a fire-proof safe, big enough for a family to live 236 in; the main office is in Law's old block, a highly respectable, thread bare, Bleak House sort of pile, which is cracking and groaning through its hollow concavities more and more every year.

If you have any business with the Coast Survey—and it is not to folks in general a “show” department—you might venture to peep into its office door some morning, and there you would see a bare vestibule, a couple of inhospitable naked rooms for clerks, and for the rest a couple of worn and creaking stairs, leading to former bed-chambers. Back passages, also uncarpeted, conduct to some old and would be stately saloons, where a few steel engraved plates of the coast surveyings hang, as well as photographic pictures of the founders and Superintendents of this beneficent undertaking.

As we wander around these grim and rheumatic old apartments, over the half-faded carpets, amongst the quaint patterns of furniture and plush in former woods, and modes of weaving, and feel the mouldering, dry smell of the rented rooms where science is driven by democracy, we may well experience a sensitiveness as to what a little chance the useful, the diligent, and the conscientious attain amongst us, and how busy are the criticisms of ignorance, calling itself “practicability,” upon matters beyond its ken. The meanest committee of Congress has a fire-proof parlor, walnut and leather furniture, a sumptuous clerk and a lackey.

But here is the Coast Survey, suggested by Jefferson, begun by Gallatin, organized by Hassler, perfected by Baché, and recognized by every learned body in this world,—this institution may be said to exist by the oversight of politicians; it scarcely knows where to lay its head; it lives like the poor scholar, up back-attics, and in neglected dormitories; it steadily refuses to be regulated by politicians, and it only gets its regular appropriation because of the ignorance of the caucus Congressmen, who are afraid to be voted asses if they denounce it.

One of the most interesting personages of the Coast Survey is Mathiot, the electrotyper, who has been at his business for the Government about a third of a century.

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He is a Marylander, a quiet, spectacled, grave man, below the medium size, and he discovered the art of separating the engraved plates of coast survey charts from the metallic impressions taken of them—these impressions being used to print from, while the original plate is deposited in the fire-proof magazine. This discovery has saved ours and other governments tens of thousands of dollars, but it is needless to say that Mathiot never got any recompense, and perhaps little recognition for it. He is one of those ancient, slow, dutiful men, such as grow up and ripen, and are happy under benignant governments. Some years ago he went down the river on the memorable excursion which killed a part of Tyler's Cabinet, and when the gun called the “Peacemaker” burst, Mathiot heard the gunmakers discuss the causes. They agreed that all the vibrations of the metal were caught in the acute angle where the breech was pealed down to the barrel—tons of pressure concentrated upon a spot. Mathiot got to thinking this over, as it applied to the substance he should interpose between his plates. He had tried wax, and many other mediums, but the problem seemed to be something which should receive and deaden the whole force of electrotyping,—not make the plates cohere, nor yet deface the original plate. After much groping he hit upon alcohol and iodine. This, transferred by galvanism, makes a thin coating between the plate and the metal copy, of the scarcely conceivable thinness of 1,400 of the billionth part of an inch. Then, by filing off the edges of the two plates, the copy comes off absolutely perfect. Prior to that discovery the costly plates were crushed and defaced in the press, and were good for nothing after a few hundred impressions. But by the Mathiot process a dozen printing plates could be produced from one engraving.

It is the pleasantest sight in this bureau, to see the plates separated, and the tin burnished silver faces of the large and delicate charts come perfect from their delicate embrace,

every line, figure, fluting and hair clearly defined, and the microscope showing no difference whatever. They have not touched, yet 238 they have imparted and received the whole story. It makes the dogma of the Immaculate Conception credible.

To reduce the original drawings of charts to plate and standard size, the camera is used. The sheets are printed on a hand press, the ink being rolled over frequently. There is no line engraving in the world superior to these charts.

By the establishment of the Coast Survey the sea is made as sure and as familiar as the land. Almost every port in the Union has derived benefit from this organization.

A Judge of the Supreme Court was telling me, a few days ago, about some inordinate fees which counsel had received, within his knowledge. For example: David Dudley Field received $300,000 from the Erie Railroad. William M. Stewart was paid $25,000 cash by the Gould-Curry silver mine, and so many feet of the ore, which altogether netted him $200,000. Jeremiah S. Black received $60,000 from the New Alexander mine, and a few months ago he sued them for $75,000 in addition, and received judgment. Wm. M. Evarts has been paid $25,000 for defending Andrew Johnson, and his annual income is $125,000. He recently charged $5,000 for one speech, which occupied eighty minutes. The Justice who gave this information decried the high charges which lawyers everywhere receive in one day, making no apology for extorting $100, where, ten years ago, $5 and $10 were deemed good fees.

A few days ago I had the pleasure of passing through the document and folding-rooms of the Capitol, which are under the custody of the Doorkeeper of the House. If you understand by the Doorkeeper of Congress, a person who stands on guard at the entrance thereof, you greatly err; for the door-keeper has more than one hundred employees, and is literally a person in authority, saying to one person go and he goeth, and to another come and he cometh. The chief subject of superintendence with the doorkeeper is that of the printed bills, acts, memorials, petitions, reports, etc., of Congress, which are filed,

preserved, and distributed in a series of rooms called the document room, and he also has all the printed matter of Congress 239 wrapped up and mailed, after it has been franked. The Chief Doorkeeper's salary is $2,650, and his Chief of Folding Room and Chief of Document Room receive each $2,500. The folding-rooms lie in the cellars and clefts of the old Capitol building, and comprise twenty-six rooms, some of which are below the surface of the ground, and are packed with layers of books twelve deep, the fall of a pile of which would crush a man to death. About 260,000 copies of the Agricultural Report alone are printed every year, and these will probably weigh two pounds a-piece, or 260 tons. Each member of Congress has about 1,000 copies of this book, for distribution, and all these copies are put up and warehoused in the folding-room, subject to the member's frank, and when they are to be mailed they are packed in strong canvas bags, of the capacity of two bushels of grain measure. Sometimes 200 of these heavy bags are sent of a single night to the Post-office, to take their turn on the much-abused mail train. The boys who put up speeches and books for the mail are paid by the quantity of work done, and good hands can make nearly $50 a month. It is a busy scene in the depths of the old Capitol building, to see wagons come filled with documents, long rows of boys sealing envelopes, and others working with twine, and the custodians and directors of the work are generally free to admit that there is much unnecessary printing done, and that many of the books printed are stored away and forgotten, in the vaults of the mighty labyrinth.

The document-room occupies what was once the Post Office for the House of Representatives, and a part of the lobby and galleries of that celebrated old hall, now many years deserted for the new wing, where subsequent to the year 1818, the popular body of the Legislature assembled under the Speakership of Henry Clay, James K. Polk, John Bell, Philip Barbour, Andrew Stevenson, Robert C. Winthrop, Howell Cobb, and Linn Boyd. Here upwards of two millions of copies of bills and documents are annually received, distributed, and filed, for nearly the whole of the vast business of Congress is done by 240 aid of printing,—the bills, acts, etc., being on the desk for every member at the moment of debating them. The usual number of copies of a bill printed is 750, and,

if five amendments should be proposed, this would make 3,750 copies. If, therefore, each Congress should pass or consider 1,000 bills, each having five amendments, there would be 15,000,000 copies issued. About 20,000 copies of the laws of the United States are printed every year at a cost of several thousand dollars, and the sum of $689,000 was expended last year in all sorts of Congressional literature. The documents of Congress go back to the first Congress, and a manuscript index to them is kept, but the repository for them is neither fire-proof nor of sufficient capacity, so that they are in danger of combustion or hopeless confusion. The Capitol edifice is already too small for the multifarious offices and uses required of it, and we shall soon be compelled to meet the question of a general enlargement of the whole affair or a relinquishment of much of the work which has been imposed upon the legislative body.

We shall have to expect differences of opinion on such questions as concern the gravity and self-knowledge of the whole Federal Republic.

Take this case: The Commissioner of the Land Office, Joseph Wilson, is a man of wide reading and wonderful industry, and every year he prepares a very voluminous report upon the condition of the public domain, not only returning the statement of the new surveys, the quantity of land sold, and such technical tables as belong to his duty, but he also composes and throws together in an admirable way, the latest problems of empire and extension, the history of gold, and many miscellaneous statements of the highest interest. In addition to this he has handsomely measured and executed in his office, by accomplished German map-makers, such charts as will illustrate his report. One of these maps in particular, intended to show, upon Mercator's projection, the past, the present, and the prospective routes to, and possessions of, the Pacific, is entirely unique and admirable, and it is, perhaps, twelve feet square.

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The question at once arises in the mind of every Congressman, “Shall we accept and print that report and have the expensive maps appended to it engraved?”

Here are two arguments at once; and where would you, if a Congressman, stand upon the question?

1. Pro.: It was good of the Commissioner to do so much good work, and he ought to be encouraged in it. He is justly proud of his valuable map, and it will do much good to scatter it broadcast with the report. The nation rejoices to see itself in the light of its rivals, and to see the century in the light of the past. Few officials care to do overwork, and Wilson's reports are as readable as they are important.

2. Contra: The Commissioner's reports are too long, and undertake too much schoolmastership. His big map will cost $200,000 to engrave it. The Republic is not a high school, and a Land Commissioner is not a Professor of History. If we print this report it will be putting a premium on extra and unnecessary printing, and if we circulate the map the private map-makers will find their trade gone.

Where do you stand on this question?

Yet, this is one of the innumerable topics coming up to require to be voted upon, and this one was discussed last session in all varieties of ways. Charles Sumner thought the Federal State ought to waste no expense to understand and properly represent itself, both before its own citizens and the world. Mr. Anthony thought economy and a due restriction of Federal endeavors inclined us to reject the map.

I think that I should have voted with Anthony and against Sumner, and on this ground: Under our institutions the Government has no business to try to do too much for us. If it content itself with giving us a fair chance, the people of themselves will write treatises and engrave maps, particularly upon special topics. An international copyright law, which will cost the Government nothing, will at once raise authorship to a profession here, and out of authorship will come maps, facts, excursions, discoveries, and books, all the more valuable that 16 242 the people were rational enough to do them without law. Too much

help at the centre makes helplessness in the extremities. Mr. Wilson's maps ought to be deposited in the Library of Congress, and any map-maker should be allowed to take copies of them at his own expense. Help the Library, Mr. Sumner! and give us a copyright law, and national instruction from American sources will ensue.

“Are you a revenue detective?” said I to a man of my acquaintance.

“No, not exactly. I had been studying up whiskey frauds, and I told Mr. Boutwell, who is an old friend of mine, that I believed that I could recover some millions of money lost during the years 1866, 1867, 1868.”

“You see,” continued Mr. Martin, “that during those years of Johnson's administration the revenue derived from whiskey was only about $15,000,000 a year, although five times as much whiskey was distilled then as now, and although the tax, which is now 50 cents a gallon, was then $2 a gallon. Now, the revenue from whiskey obtained during the first year of Grant's administration has been $72,000,000, and I believe that $200,000,000 can be recovered from the distilleries and the defaulting revenue officials at civil suit. My investigations have been confined to New York, where I am confident that I can recover $50,000,000.”

“What was the nature of those frauds?”

“It is my belief that in nine-tenths of the cases the government officials were the corrupters of the distillers. Those corrupt officials escaped summary expulsion by the operations of the Tenure-of-Office law, for, even when Johnson was willing to turn out a perjured collector or assessor, that willingness was interpreted by the Senate to be a political prejudice, and the rascal always kept his place by proving that he was an anti-Johnson man. The distillers have almost invariably admitted to me that they would have made more money, with less wear and tear of conscience, had they paid the whole tax and traded on the square”

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“Explain how the frauds were committed generally.”

“Well, the act of fraud was generally perpetrated in this manner: The law compels every distillery to have two receiving tubs, into which the high wines or whiskey is run, and no liquor is to be run into those tubs after dark. The revenue officer is supposed to come to the distillery and watch the whiskey drawn from the tubs into barrels, at which time he takes note of the number of gallons, and collects the tax. I have found distilleries of the largest capacity to return fifteen or twenty barrels a day, whereas a thousand, fifteen hundred, or two thousand barrels was probably the actual quantity manufactured. The fraud was, of course, perpetrated by collusion with the revenue officers, and in this way: An underground pipe extended from the bottom of the receiving tubs to a neighboring building rented by the distiller and called a rectifying room. If the underground pipe was suspected or found to be awkward, some boards were loosened in the roof above, and a hose or pipe dropped into the whiskey, which was then pumped by a hand pump or a steam engine into the rectifying room, where it was secretly barreled. Now, we come to that part of the fraud by which it was made next to impossible to trace the illegal whiskey into the hands of the buyer. The distiller would go to a whiskey dealer or speculator and conclude a mock purchase from him of, say, two thousand barrels of whiskey. When the illegal whiskey from the rectifying room was sold and shipped, therefore, the distiller's books showed that he has purchased two thousand barrels of crude whiskey of a certain party, and rectified it merely; while a detective, tracing up this whiskey, would find the books of the pseudo seller to correspond with those of the distiller; everything, therefore seemed to be fair and square, and the detectives were battled. But, I am able to show, even where I cannot prove such a sale to have been a false one, that the government has a right to damages because, in almost every case this mock sale is marked down at a price below the tax, and this of itself the law supposes to be *primâ facie* evidence of evasion.”

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“But, Mr. Martin, were there not door-keepers, placed upon all the distilleries?”

“Certainly; but they, like the gaugers, and all the rest up to collectors, were put upon salary, and found it convenient to slip away whenever necessary. I am prepared to show that as much as $15,000 a week was paid for months and months by some single distilleries, and from that down to $100 and $500 a week, as blackmail. In many cases the first instalments of these enormous subsidies were paid as flat blackmail. Let me give you an example: A distiller, in one case which I investigated, was a matter-of-fact German, who was mentally incapable of keeping himself informed upon the intricate system of laws affecting the distilleries, which were constantly being amended, repaired, or repealed by Congress. The character of legislation upon this subject is of itself a snare and a pitfall to the simple man. Well, my old German distiller, knowing little of some new turn in the law, was waited upon one day by a revenue officer, who told him that he was operating illegally, and that his place must be forthwith closed up.

“‘Why,’ says my simple-minded man, ‘I had no intention of violating the regulations. If you close me up now you will ruin me. Here I have stored away an immense quantity of grain and other material. Is there no way of avoiding this seizure?’

“‘I don't know,’ says the revenue man, dubiously, ‘I have only one set of orders. But you may keep on until to-morrow, when I will see the Collector. I won't close you up to-day.’

“The next day back comes the revenue man, with a serious face, and says:

“‘We have talked this matter over at the office, and we don't want to shut you up. We think that you are a good man, and that you mean to do right. I am instructed to say that $5,000 will fix this matter for the present.’

“The distiller sees no way of escape. Time is precious to him. So he gives his check for five thousand dollars drawn to ‘cash.’ Thus begins a series of blackmailings, and there is no 245 going back, because the distiller's offence is a State's Prison one. At last weary of

these repeated exactions, he agrees with the revenue officer to pay a fixed salary every week.

“Take another case: A man has put up a distillery; he finds the tax on whiskey is two dollars a gallon, and yet that he can buy it in the market for a dollar and a quarter, so he goes to the Collector.

“‘I have spent a hundred thousand on my distillery,’ he says, ‘and I propose to go into the busines; but, if I pay the tax and sell at the market rates, I do not see how I can make anything.’

“Well,’ answers the Collector, ‘you must do as others do. I will send a man to you to-morrow, who will tell you how to act.’

“The next day a man goes down and debauches the distiller with a statement of how others do. Thus a mighty net-work of villainy covers the whole trade. The distillers get to look upon the government officials as a class of blackmailers, and, as I have said at least a quarter of a million dollars has been lost to the Treasury. The distillers put upon their guard, effect an organization for mutual defense, and send their attorneys to Washington. In the pursuit of these discoveries, I have been opposed by the majority of the revenue officers in New York most bitterly. But I believe that the distillers, as a class, have been seduced into dishonesty, and, instead of sending them to jail, I am in favor of beginning a series of civil suits to recover the money lost during the years I have named.

At this point Mr. Martin gathered himself up like a box-terrapin, and refused to make whiskey frauds any more mysterious.

Washington City is the paradise of blank-book and bill-head makers. There are about half-a-dozen firms of this sort on Pennsylvania Avenue, which keep up an ornamental shop front, sell an envelope or a bottle of ink twice a week, and for the rest exist, or rather prosper, upon government contracts. The fattest take these worthies have is the Interior

Department, whose Secretary makes his stationery contracts blind-folded. 246 A couple of ex-Commissioners of Patents seem to have seconded him to the extent of ordering about ten thousand dollars in stationery every month, and when, some time ago, Hon. Elisha Foote took charge of the office, and found that a thousand dollars a month would be an extravagant outlay for this material, the combined cohorts of Browning, the stationers, the Patent agents, and the corrupt clerks of the Patent Office in collusion with the swindlers, charged home upon him.

The subject-matter of this collusion was the merry contract of Dempsey and O'Toole, a pair of gentlemen whose losses in the lost cause of J. Davis & Co., naturally made them objects of sympathy. They were awarded the contract for stationery and printing for the entire Interior Department, being the lowest bidders, according to the extraordinary description of bidding in vogue in Washington. This manner of bidding is something like this; the stationer sees that among a large number of articles there are needed gold pens, steel pens, expensive bound books, and envelopes. He makes a mental guess that not more than twenty-five gold pens will be needed by the whole department; therefore, he offers to furnish these at seven cents each, the price of the same being, perhaps, three dollars each. But steel pens, he guesses, will be required to the amount of a hundred thousand; the price of these he sets at five times their value. So with the few expensive ledgers. These he bids for at half their value, while he charges 300 per cent. profit upon common envelopes, the demand for which is enormous. By taking the average of an audacious bid like this it will be found in the aggregate lower than an honest contract; for the department is unable to specify precisely the amount of each article it may wish to use, and the stationer expects to regulate this use by collusion with parties inside the office.

When Mr. Elisha Foote, the Commissioner of Patents, came to his office, he found that under this fraudulent contract he was burdened with useless Stationery at enormous rates. Bond paper, worth two cents a sheet, charged eight cents, lay in the vaults of the Patent Office, enough to last twenty years. Nevertheless, 247 the contractors demanded to furnish $24,000 worth more at the same extravagant rate, and claimed that a verbal

contract to that effect had been made with A. M. Stout, ex Commissioner. Mr. Foote then, to test the honesty of the contract, ordered three hundred gold pens at the low rate annexed in the schedule; at this the stationers raised the cry that Commissioner Foote was profligately buying gold pens for all his clerks. Small paper-covered entry-books, as big as a boy's “copy-book,” worth twenty-five cents, were charged twenty-five dollars! Fifty thousand strips of paste-board, three inches square, worth a mill apiece, were charged four cents apiece. A bill was exhibited, paid by one of Mr. Foote's predecessors, for twenty-eight thousand Patent Office heads and forms whereas only eleven thousand had been delivered. Interrogated upon this, the stationers, appearing by Richard Merrick, their counsel, alleged that they had been permitted to collect in advance and use the government funds in their business. Asked why the additional heads were not forthcoming, they accused Mr. Foote of taking away the printing plate.

In brief, Mr. Foote refused to pay the bill of $24,000 without an investigation. This was ordered to take place before three patent-officers, B. F. James, of Illinois, Norris Peters, of Delaware, and E. W. W. Griffin of the District of Columbia. This report is one of the most extraordinary pieces of white-washing in the history of Washington audacity.

“The terms and conditions of the contract proper,” says this commission, “exclude, necessarily, any inquiry into its character or of the prices stipulated to be paid, unless fraud is shown.”

“And we are also of the opinion that bills presented to the Patent Office, accepted and paid, are also an estoppel on the part of the office as to the character of goods purchased and the prices paid therefor. Such purchases may be considered a matter of contract,” etc., * * * “other matters that *refer to the interests of the Office,* in which Dempsey & O'Toole have not by any testimony been implicated, and which 248 in their nature should not be made public by the commission, will form the subject of a separate report.”

Meantime Secretary Browning, with unseemly haste, twice ordered Commissioner Foote to cash this bill. The Commissioner said he would go to jail first. Arrangements were then made to take him in front, flank, and rear, by threat, inuendo, and storm, and while the stout old gentleman was wondering whether it was wise or possible to be honest in any public place, Congress happily came to his relief, despite the objections of the Democrats, and forbade the bill to be paid without investigation.

This case is convincing that the whole business of contracting for stationery at Washington is unprincipled, that waste and profligacy of stationery is universal, and that the Patent Office is full of people in collusion with outside scoundrels.

Here comes the manuscript of the Secretary of State, and it is set up by sworn compositors, who dare not disclose it. Here most generally by observance, but not at present by breach, comes the first draft of the President's message, and all its accompanying papers. The long reports of Committees of Congress upon every conceivable question, are put into type here. In a word, no where else is any printing done for the general Government except the debates of Congress, which are given out by contract, and the bonds and notes of the United States, which are printed in the Treasury Department. In this building even the money orders are printed and stamped, which go through the post-office like so many drafts. So are the lithographic plates prepared, here to illustrate the large reports of explorations.

In 1860, Cornelius Wendell, a celebrated typographical and political jobber, sold this establishment to the United States for $135,000, and it is now the very largest printing office in the world.

Among the public printers have been Gales and Seaton, Jonathan Elliott, Armstrong of Tennessee, Duff Green, Blair and Rives, Cornelius Wendell, and John D. Defrees, who has held the position since 1861.

Library of Congress

If there is anything that is pretty, it is to see a pretty girl on an Adams' press, feeding the monster so daintily.

Here is a double row of them—Una and the lion reduced to machinery—presses and girls, the press looking up as if it would like to “chaw” the girl up, if it could only get loose from the floor, and the girl dropping a pair of black eyes into the cold heart of the press, all warm now with friction, ashamed of its grimy mouth, burning to slip its belt and trample the paper to ribbons, and turn bondage into bliss. She, meantime, touches it with her little foot, thrills it with the gliding of her garment, poises over it on one white little finger the plain gold ring of some more Christian engagement, and black with jealousy, the press plunges into its slavery again, dishevelled with ink; dripping varnish, cold and keen of teeth, the imp goes on, and the beautiful tyrant only smiles.

The government printing-office involves a yearly expense of from one million and a-half dollars to over two millions, and this does not include the printing of the debates of Congress, which is done by contract at the Globe office, and which costs seven dollars a column to report them, and six dollars (I believe) a copy per session for the Globe, in which they are printed.

The five successive stages of this building are busy in scenes and suggestions worthy of our attention, but the limits of your pages and your patience demand more substantial matter.

Government printers get a trifle better prices than are paid elsewhere in the country. Steady work will give one $1500 a year in this manufactory. The work girls get from nine to twelve dollars a week. The printers are almost always in excess, however.

The great Bullock press cost $25,490. In one year new type added cost $18,804; printing ink, $19,717; coal, seven hundred tons; new machinery, $5,000.

Library of Congress

In the bindery, four thousand Russian teacher skins were 250 used, seven hundred and sixty packs of gold leaf (costing nearly $7,000), nearly five thousand dollars worth, of twine, and as much of glue.

The Executive Departments, with the Courts, required in 1867 about $757,000 worth of printing, while the House of Representatives ran up a bill of $454,000, and the Senate $186,000. In addition to this, Acts of Congress warranted about $233,000 additional of work done for miscellaneOus objects. Mr. Seward was a dainty hand with the types, and would have no bindings but the best. His bill in one year was about $32,000. The Supreme Courts and its satellite courts take less than half as much, or nearly $15,000. The Congressional printer himself has a little bill of $700, but the Attorney-General is most modest of all, not reaching the figure of $600, nor does the new Department of Education consume more. The Agricultural Department, with its huge reports, passes $32,000. The monstrous appetite of the Treasury leads everything, with nearly $300,000, and the War Department follows it with $148,000. Next come the Post Office, Navy and Interior Departments, ranging from $78,000 to $52,000.

No enlightened Government in this age can do without public documents, but the whole system of distributing them should be clanged. Tltere are, perhaps, 3,000 odd counties in the United States. Let Government content itself with presenting a copy of every public work to these, and let it sell the rest to the people at cost price.

Of the agricultural report the extraordinary number of 220,000 copies have been ordered for last year alone, at a cost of $180,000, or about eighty-five cents a copy. This cost is enough to pay the President, Vice-President, all the Cabinet officers, the Speaker of the House, and two-thirds of the first-class foreign ministers. In these reports there are 450,000 pounds of paper, or 225 tons, enough to take 225 double-horse wagons to pull them. Now, put these 225 tons into the mail bags, franked by Congressmen to corner

grocers and gin-mill 251 proprietors, and you get some notion of the reason why the Post-Office Department was not self-sustaining.

One evil suggests and supports another. The swindles of the world are linked together, and the devil's forlorn expedients against the nation are “omnibussed.”

At this very moment there are 800,000 copies of the reports for various years lying in the vaults of the Patent Office building, being the quantity annually printed in excess of the demands even of extravagance. These copies represent $80,000 of the people's money invested in waste paper, mildewing, rotting, the spoil of paste-rats and truss makers. The new Commissioner of Patents, Mr. Foote, when he took his seat some time ago, was not aware of this decaying mass of agricultural knowledge, manuring the ground instead of the yeoman intellect. The Patent Office is self-supporting, but that is no reason why it should print more books than it wants. The bill for engraving plates of models for the Patent Office last year, was $85,000. This is not mis-spent, but She excess of books was profligacy.

The usual number of copies printed of any public document is 1,550, or about the average circulation of books printed by private publishing houses. Out of this number more than one-half are bound up, the rest being distributed in sheets by gift, mail, or otherwise.

It is the current belief in Washington that the Patent Office department of the Government is not without corruption, but the agents and lawyers whose offices lie in its environs, and who are at the mercy of its examiners, are chary to speak, much of their bread and butter being bound up in the good-will of the directory. A partial awarding of patents, in the interest of money instead of merit, involves unjust millions of dollars, besides discouraging inventors, and making them doubt the righteousness of the Government. With a corrupt Patent Office, infinite law-suits arise, and yet it is probable that money is freely used within the precincts of that building, the claims of inventors who are willing to pay being considered in many gross cases 252 beyond those of the needy. So is there preference among the patent agents—those who solicit patents—some being understood to have the

ears of the office at their disposal, others failing to secure patents which are afterwards willingly granted to cotemporaries. One of the oldest patent lawyers in the city said to me a few days ago:

“The Patent Office has been more or less corrupt for fifteen years! Yes, twenty! When I used to be an anti-slavery man, in the years of Pierce and Buchanan, my clients were given to understand that they would be wise to apply for patents by some other agent. Recently, I have known the changing of the agent to get the patent promptly. The office ought to be thoroughly overhauled. It has become so that examiners expect to serve a brief term and go out rich.”

Mrs. Foote, the wife of the Commissioner, is an inventor, whose patens have been profitable. She has invented a skate without straps, and several other things.

Thaddeus Hyatt, once incarcerated in the District Jail for a complicity which he affected to have with John Brown's raid, is now a successful inventor, his patents for glass-lights in pavements netting him a very large income.

About fifty thousand patents have been issued in the United States in thirty years, the receipts for which in fees have been nearly two millions and a half of dollars, while the British Government has granted only about forty thousand patents in 250 years. This shows the extraordinary mental activity of the American mind in mechanics, and the Patent Office building, which has cost the government no money, is the best monument to American shrewdness and suggestiveness in the world. Amongst nearly a hundred thousand models stored in the splendid galleries of that institution, one may wander in hopeless bewilderment, feeling that every model, however small, is the work of some patient year, lifetime, and often of many lifetimes, so that the entire contribution, if achieved by one mind, would have extended far into a human conception of an eternity of labor.

The best patent lawyers in the United States are Judge Curtis and Mr. Whiting of Boston, Messrs. Gafford and Keller of New York, George Harding of Philadelphia, and Mr. Latrobe of Baltimore.

The most succesful firm of parent agents is represented by the newspaper called the *Scientific American,* which began upwards of twenty-two years ago. One of its partners is one of the ancient enemies of Bennett, who classified them as “Old Moses Beach and those other sons of Beaches,” proprietors of the New York *Sun.* The other partners are Munn and Wales. Their income is fifty thousand dollars a year to each partner, and they obtain one-third of all the patents issued, which are chiefly, however, what are classified as “cheap patents,” on small and simple inventions. The *Scientific American* was started by an inventor, Rufus Porter, who sold out to the present owners. They refused to insert in it the cards of other patent agents, and it being the only paper of its class, the inventors at large transact their business through its proprietors. It was lately edited by Mr. McFarland, and under his management was altogether the best paper for inventors in the world.
The Commissioners of Patents include some good names, chief of whom was Attorney General Holt, others being Ellsworth and Bishop of Connecticut, Burke of New Hampshire, Ewbank of New York, Hooper of Vermont, Mason of Iowa, and Theaker of Ohio.

The Patent Office building is generally adjudged to be the most imposing of all the national edifiers of the Capital. To my mind the Post Office is a better adaptation. The former was the work of the present architect of the Capital, Edward Clark, and its three porticoes cost $75,000 apiece. The four grand galleries, or model rooms, are unlike and magnificent. It is related here that inventors who spend many years among these models commonly go crazy.

These divers operations, possessing little affinity, are all to be transacted by one head. The Bureau of Pensions dispenses nearly nineteen millions of dollars a year; the Land Office gives 254 away from seven to ten millions of acres of land; three hundred thousand Indians are dealt with by the Indian Bureau; seventeen thousand patents are applied for

to the Commissioner; all the Pacific railways are superintended and subsidized; the public buildings and property in the United States in the District of Columbia and all the territories are administered; two millions of dollars are paid to the United States Courts; the whole of this immense and various business is transacted by one man. The Secretaryship of the Interior is therefore one of the very strongest positions in the government. So manifold became its duties that sometime ago the Agricultural Bureau was endowed with a special head, reporting directly to Congress, and moved out of the o'ercrowded Patent Office. Now the Indian Bureau demands to be also brought nearer to the executive head of the Government, or made independent, so that its Commissioner can have his legitimate influence with Congress. The Patent Office building is packed with Clerks, who also occupy the whole or parts of adjacent buildings, and it is demanded that a Department of the Interior be built on the Judiciary square, in the rear of the city hall, with the earnings of the Patent Office.

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CHAPTER XX. CELEBRATED SCANDALS OF OUR TIME.

The war of the rebellion was attended with the demoralization usual to wars, and the extent of the disorder was proportionate to the area and cost of the war. A portion of the State legislatures had been corrupt for fifteen years prior to the rebellion. The corruptions in New York State and Pennsylvania had long attracted the serious consideration of patriotic people, and were ascribed to the patronage of the State works, railroads, canals, which being commonwealth enterprises, got to be the spoils of party. In Pennsylvania a coalition between private capitalists and reformers took the canals and railways out of the hands of the State, and there grew up in turn powerful corporate interests which were constantly breaking the law, and seeking new concessions. At the head of these was the great Pennsylvania Company which preferred to purchase legislation rather than to persuade it, because it was not the desire of this company that there should be any general discussion of railroad ethics. Such discussion might have resulted in enlarging the charities and educating the people in political economy to the extent of

dangerous concessions to rival companies. The State of Pennsylvania, stretching across the Union from tide water to the lakes, was a perpetual barrier between the population of the interior, and the great sea-ports and manufacturing districts of the East; it was the policy of the Pennsylvania railroad from the day of its consolidation, to inculcate 256 a selfish policy amongst the citizens of the State, and hence the, press and the legislature were subsidized almost from the outset. The corporations grew in time to be the waste of the Commonwealth, and the morals and intellect of the State were corrupted, while at the same time the natural advantages of Pennsylvania gave it a career of prosperity which was adroitly made to appear the result of the great monopoly.

New York State took another course; it has never surrendered the public works and canals, although many ardent reformers like Horace Greeley have argued that political morals would be improved at the State Capital by leaving these works to individuals, and getting rid of temptation. New York contains also two belt lines of rail across her territory, which have neutralized each other at the State Legislature. Thus corruption in the Empire State has thriven almost wholly upon the spoils of the metropolis, and in a less degree upon the canals.

The State of New Jersey received a different treatment from its great railroad corporations; the policy of the New Jersey railroad was neighborly, provincial, and accommodating. But corruption upon a wholesale plan was not indigenous there, but was imported from the two great States over the borders. It was not until the war was done that such scandals ensued, as the removal of the Erie Office from New York to Jersey City, and the extension of the Pennsylvania Railroad purchase and monopoly over the Jersey lines. It is necessary to instance these railways and public works as the first and general corruptors of the three great Middle States.

Under the old condition of things, when the State Legislature had final and general jurisdiction over matters of transportation, investment, barter, &c., there was an abiding temptation to under-reach the State Legislatures, and capitalists in New England and the

populous towns of the East believed corruption to be a cheaper and surer way, than to wait for the enlightment of public opinion. Hence a set of dexterous attorneys, solicitors, and lobby-men grew up around the State Capitols, ready to be hired to buy a bank charter, procure some 257 reduction of taxation, some enlarged power over debtors, or some act of incorporation which the narrow spirit of the Legislature would not accord, by merely frank and ingenuous entreaty.

It is to be observed that while the Federal Government took enlarged power during the contest, none of the central States of the Union grew a particle more tolerant. Pennsylvania and New Jersey were fastened closer in the embrace of one interest, while the great battle for liberalization went on throughout the South.

The influences which existed in a partially organized state at Boston, Albany, and Harrisburg, at the outbreak of the Rebellion, were speedily mustered at Washington City, and a simultaneous attack was made upon the virtue of every Department of the Government. Under the color of ridding the Departments of disloyal clerks, a wholly new set of officials, greatly enlarged as to numbers, were put in the public Departments, and in many cases the influences which secured the appointment, designed to use the clerk. The dimensions of the war and its suddenness, presented such a market for supplies, and gave so little time to bargain about rates or qualites, that every manufacturing producer and importer in the country was brought into intimate relations with the Government, and recognized a chance for instant riches, such as the previous history of the country had never permitted.

The currency of the country was at once enormously expanded, and the rate of duties raised higher than the most sanguine dreams of the Protection school. Thenceforward for four years, the interior history of legislation and administration presented a scene of selfishness hardly ever paralleled in Christian society, but concealed from the people by the splendor and heroism of the military movements and mechanical enterprises on the surface. Every department of business was enormously expanded; every municipality

undertook a lavish system of local improvements; the frontier States and Territories developed a desperate class of land-grabbers and railway incorporators, who had formerly been suffers or teamsters on the plains. And 17 258 of course such feverish conditions in society could not fail to put directly into Congress representatives of schemes, interests and mercantile apprehensions, instead of high-minded, individual, patriotic men.

The morals of the country in other respects had undergone deterioration. A sentimentality usurped the place of discreet and orthodox common-sense. So much had been said and sung about freedom in the abstract, that the women had got to ranting for a suffrage of their own, the workmen for a contract to which there should be but one side, the religious people for an etymological God in the Constitution, and the temperance people for a physical and compulsory diet of cold water. It very often happened that the sentimentalist and the thief took the same personality, and hence an enormous body of men have been developed by the war who will never forgive treason, and never stop robbing their country. There can be no doubt that the general happiness of the American citizen, has been enormously enhanced and equalized by the suppression of slavery, but it is time that the pæns over the great victory be hushed, in order that we may review our social and political condition, and separate the loyalist from the hypocrite, the unionist from the pirate.

There is no way in our country to change the direction of affairs except by public opinion expressed at the ballot box. But with politicians since the war, parties have lost their traditions and faded into each other. Nobody in power is interested to produce a change of things, neither that Democratic Congressman who is sure of his seat from some rutted constituency, nor that aspirant for greater honors in the Republican party, whose best hold is that he has already, and who may be worked up by the force of the organization to some pinnacle of honor he could never attain by himself. The issues presented by the people are far beyond the compass of such legislators as we have to direct them. Matters of wages, contracts, transportation, the reduction of corporations to decent behavior, the suppression of excesses by the majority, the matter of the currency and the tariff, none of these things can be dealt with dispassionately 259 and harmoniously, by a Congress of which the

constituency and not the country is the unit. The entire administration of the Republic has come to be internal, and having no foreign policy, and there are no opportunities for the public mind to be segregated and directed toward a common object. Hence Congress has ceased to be a reasoning parliament, but is rather a market-house, where the desires and products of nearly three hundred Congressional districts are satisfied, exchanged, and sold. With such selfishness in the one ruling body of the country,—a selfishness not to be charged to the Congressman wholly, but to the interests of which he is the attorney, and which sent him to Washington—it is almost idle to make personal accusations, or select individual culprits for exposure.

Mr. Oakes Ames is typical of his constituency, and there is probably no manufacturer in it who would not have adopted his example, with the same chance and the same talents. Correlatively men like Ames who are making too good a thing of a national opportunity, will have vampires like James Brooks, runners like Jim Wilson, protégés like Colfax, and rivals like McComb. Something is wanted to give semblance, reality, manhood, and purpose to the general State, before we can have, in the large sense, *statesmen.* A market-house of constituencies, preying upon each other, comes far short of being a Government. Some such spasmodic uprising of the people, as was witnessed in 1861, is very inspiring to the eye and the mind, but if repeated with the same profligacy and dishonesty, and with the same following demoralization, the cost will be greater than the conquest.

Amongst the propositions which have been broached to bring order and policy out of Congress, is that of giving the heads of Departments the privileges of Congressmen. This proposition was seriously made by the Hon. George H. Pendleton, of Ohio, in 1861. It has been revived in our day by thinkers and writers in the public press and on the rostrum. It is contended that the heads of Departments, if required to appear in public debate, 260 would be men of increased statue, of enlarged responsibility, of a unified policy, and would give national direction and daily intelligibility to affairs, thus throwing into comparative

retirement the capacity of the constituency which has lost association with the State government, and merely preys upon the general Treasury and the aggregate taxpayer.

It is certain that we must cease to hold the Congressman responsible for forgetting the dignity of his place, and the reputation of the country, when we merely thrust him forward as we do to pull our chestnuts out of the fire on the altar. During the war a vigorous minority in the Republican party gave a national policy to Congress, by resolving to carry the measures of emancipation and universal suffrage. Since the war there has been no policy, except to confirm these advantages. Hence a scramble for franchises, lands, subsidies, and points of tariff and taxation, has marked nearly the whole of our legislation since 1866. The lobbyist has come to be as legitimate and as much respected as the Congressman, for their missions are identical. Debate is regarded as superfluous, nearly the whole session is devoted to private bills, and matters affecting the constituency, and the general appropriation bills are crowded into a few days before adjournment. Congress does not feel qualified to punish anybody for bribery, nor to protect its own privileges, nor to find a verdict a criminal case squarely presented to it: The power of the National Constituency is confined to Casting a vote once in four years for President and Vice-President, and very frequently the lateral issues are such that there can be scarcely a contest. Corruption appears to be prevalent, and to go high-handed. The capitalist casts his vote with nothing but his investment in his mind, and the laborer with nothing but his wages in view. There is a geographical nation and a party. A political nation, with well defined general objects, and the spirit of honest loyalty, one searches for in vain amidst the peculating departments and the heterogenous Congress at Washington. The greater issues of the country lie along the lines of highway, 261 and the United States cannot collect its own taxes from the railroad companies. Hence, although the war settled the question of a geographical Union and the basis of suffrage, it is without the power to correct internal evils or to command dignity.

Let us look at some instances or public morals, as we find them: First, observe how the Attorney-General was driven out of his place by a politician.

Judge Hoar probably lost his place through his independence, and his indisposition to be twitted by politicians. I will give you an instance of Hoar's way of offending these gentry:

Enter to Judge Hoar's office a long-haired, tawny, lathy Congressman, from the State of Sadducee. Congressman disposes himself for a grand Indian council, and is amazed to observe the fearless temerity of Judge Hoar, looking him through and through with those Presbyterian-blue eyes.

Lest I might give offense, I will say that Presbyterian-blue is a very sincere, honest, dauntless blue, and—what is of more consequence in an argument of this kind,—I am a Presbyterian myself.

“The Administration,” says the long-haired Sadducee, “ought to take care of its friends, and turn out its enemies. All successful Administrations take care of their enemies by being very malignant to them.”

“May I ask,” says Judge Hoar, in a voice which half answers its own question, “What you mean by the Administration?”

“I want to know,” says the other, in the vernacular of a man taught to talk to a caucus, “who runs the President's machine?”

“What is the President's machine?” says the Presbyterian-blue eyes, with John Calvin and Theodore Beza both in them. “I cannot speak in that way. If you mean who takes care of the business of the Executive, General Grant and his Secretaries do *that.* ”

“Then,” says the thickly-skinned Sadducee, “they ought to take care of their friends, and not put them out of office.”

“I infer, from what you say of friendship,” says the Attorney, “that it will come down directly to some one friend.”

“The Administration ought to take the advice of its friends. It ought to confer with its friends. It ought not to do things to wound its friends without conferring with its friends.”

“Oh!” says the Attorney blandly, “there are two friends in this case, you and the man you come to see about. Now, if advice would save this Administration, it is quite safe. I spend half my time every day hearing just such advice as you are giving me. Please be direct, and give your particular advice about this one friend, that I see we are coming to.”

The Congressman, intensely irate, then tells about a man who has just been turned out of office, and another man put in his seat. The second man, of course, was not a friend of the Administration. The first man was. *He* was a constituent of Mr. Sadducee.

“I can tell you all about that case,” said Judge Hoar, “The man turned out had been indicted for theft and found guilty. The Administration was, at that moment, a little select about its *friends.* Have you any further advice to give, Mr.—?”

Now, Judge Hoar has been fretted and pushed out of office by just such spiteful enemies as that Congressman.

Another flagrant case of crime against the dignity of the United States was that of John C. Fremont and the El Paso Railroad. This case, in a nutshell, is that of a private citizen taking the bonds of a railroad to France, and advertising them there as endorsed by the American Government.

Library of Congress

May 17, 1869, there was laid upon the desks of the Pacific Railroad Committee a book with the following title: “The Trans-Continental, Memphis, El Paso and Pacific Railroad Company: How the Money was obtained in France under False Pretences, and How it was Squandered.” This book contains the affidavit of Stephen Sarter, a stockholder in the city of Paris, but whom Fremont's attorneys allege to be a blackmailer 263 and a rogue—who charges that he bought of Fremont's company 148 first mortgage land-grant bonds, paying for the same $116,430 in gold, which he afterward took back to the company, and demanded repayment, on the ground that they were worthless and sold under false pretences, but that the company “wholly refused” them. Sarter then proceeds to give the following account of Fremont's doings:

“In the same year, 1869, Emanuel Lissignol was the agent and advertising agent of the Executive Committee in Paris, and Frederic Probst its agent and banker. These, with Fremont, issued $10,000,000 of first mortgage bonds in 1869, at $1,000 each, with interest at 6 per cent., payable in gold, all secured by a mortgage on 8,000,000 acres of Texas land. All the bonds were sent to Paris, and a spacious office was opened at No. 51 Chaussee d'Antin.”

“During the Summer of 1869, and between the months of April and September, these offices consisted of a suite of rooms fitted up and furnished in a costly and extravagant manner; one of the rooms in the suite was devoted to the storing and gratuitous distribution of a pamphlet and map, written and compiled by Lissignol. Between the months of June and September, 1869, the defendants, Fremont and Daniel, his engineer, were living in Paris, and they used said office as their own, and frequently, if not constantly, were there during business hours, and were conferring and in consultation with Probst and Lissignol, who were the managers of said offices, and constantly there during business hours of each day; all of which statements contained in this paragraph are within the personal knowledge of deponent.”

Washington, outside and inside. A picture and a narrative of the origin, growth, excellencies, abuses, beauties, and personages of our governing city. By Geo. Alfred Townsend http://www.loc.gov/resource/lhbcb.28587

Sarter's affidavit then goes on to say what the pamphlet of Lissignol alleged about Fremont's railroad property:

First. That the Memphis, El Paso, and Pacific Railroad Company, had purchased and was the owner of a line of railway extending from Memphis, Tenn., to Little Rock, Ark., and from Little Rock to Texarkana, on the eastern border of Texas, with full title, power and authority to and over the 264 railway, and all its property and franchises; that said railway was then built and completely finished.

Second. That the Memphis, El Paso, and Pacific Railroad Company had purchased and was the owner of the railway extending from Memphis, *via* Knoxville, to Richmond and Norfolk, being 1,550 kilometres, or about one thousand miles in length.

Third. That the Congress of the United States had, in March, 1869, passed an act whereby the United States had guaranteed the payment of 6 per cent. interest on the construction bonds of the company to the amount of $30,000 a mile, and also had guaranteed the repayment of the bonds by the company at their maturity, to wit: at the end of fifty years.

Fourth. That the company had a good, perfect, and absolute title to more than eight millions of acres of the most fertile lands in the State of Texas, by virtue of concession and grants from the Legislature of the State, with full power to mortgage the same, and that such lands were then worth, at the lowest price, not less than fourteen dollars an acre; and that should these lands ever revert to the State of Texas, by reason of any failure of the company to fulfil its engagements, the mortgage by the company remained in full force and obligation, and was a valid lien on said lands in whatsoever hands the said lands might thereafter come.

Sarter also says, that a copy of the map issued is in his possession, and represents the lines of railway above mentioned, namely: the line of the alleged company from Texarkana to San Diego and San Francisco, from Memphis to Little Rock and Texarkana, and from

Memphis to Richmond and Norfolk; that the last two lines are laid down in unbroken red lines, with a marginal reference thereto, as follows, namely: “Railways belonging to the company, trans-Continental, Memphis, Pacific, and in running order.” Sarter further says he has been informed by the officers of the company, and verily believes that the cost of printing and circulating the map and pamphlet, and of the advertisements in the 265 newspapers, was about one million of francs in gold, or about two hundred thousand dollars.

Sarter goes on to say that Fremont paid Probst $200,000 for this very advertising, which was upon a style that Helmbold, Swain, Ayer, Bonner, or Phalon were excelled, frequently taking up a whole page of a paper like *L'Independence Belge* or the *Siecle.*

How the bonds got on the French Stock Exchange. Baron G. Boileau, Fremont's brother-in-law, had been French Consul General in New York, and it is alleged that he received his $150,000 for testifying to the French Minister of Finance that Fremont's road was what it was represented to be. To spur up this minister, and persuade him to permit the Fremont bonds to quotation upon the French Stock Exchange, it was held out that Koechlin & Co., and other French builders and rail-makers, were ready to take the bonds for engines and iron. Probst, the broker, wrote thus shrewdly:

“A prompt solution to my application (to put the bonds on the market) is urgent, because if the French contracts should be forfeited, the instructions of the company would compel me to make new contracts in Germany. All my past efforts to induce the Americans to take their supplies on the French iron market would become useless, and I doubt that, after so notorious a failure, other American companies would not be disposed to give their orders for materials in France.

“Your Excellency will, probably, understand how important it is for the French metallurgy not to miss the single occasion that, up to this time, has offered to our iron the United

States market. I am confident that you will grant me your good-will out of regard for a so considerable national interest."

It has since been ascertained, says Sarter, that neither Koechlin & Co., nor any other manufacturer, had agreed to take bonds in payment, and nothing but sham contracts had been submitted to the French Minister.

Sarter further says of the iron ordered in Europe, that about 4,000 tons have arrived in New Orleans, and have been 266 attached by the creditors of the Memphis and El Paso Company. None of the engines have been shipped to this country.

The offices of the company in New York were dosed under pretext of their removal to Washington, where they cannot be found, and where the officers of the company do not reside.

For this flagrant abuse of its dignity, and the bringing of its credit into contempt in foreign money markets, the United States Government never took action of any sort against Fremont and his confederates. On the contrary, Fremont endeavored to have the American Minister at Paris removed for certifying in aid of a French journalist whom the confederates had sued for libel that the United States had never guaranteed the bonds of the road. Senator Howard of Michigan made a series of attacks upon Fremont in the Senate, and it was alleged that he cased only when he had been "seen" by the attorneys of the road. The French Government was no respecter of persons, and in the Spring of 1873 it condemned Fremont, his brother-in-law the Baron Bolleau, and the brokers in the transaction to terms of imprisonment at hard labor. Fremont kept out of France, and is still at large. The rolling stock and iron he had purchased were seized for debt at New Orleans, and finally the road fell into the hands of Tom Scott, while the poor French people who had invested in the fraudulent bonds to the amount of millions, lost their money, and with it respect for the American credit. The same performance has been repeated by other

railway speculators, none of whom have been in any manner molested by the United States courts.

See

Another scandal of an atrocious character happened at the opening of the Vienna Exhibition in the year 1873. Congress voted $200,000 to arrange the American Department of the exhibition, and forward the contributions from American producers and manufacturers. A large number of honorary commissioners were named by the President, but before the exhibition opened it was discovered that several of these had purchased their places: some for the honor of an official position, and others to peculate, blackmail, and rob the inventors. Our Minister at Vienna, and our Commissioner-in-Chief, got 267 into a quarrel, and the whole list was suspended by telegraph, to the scandal of civilization.

One of the roads above referred to, whose bonds had been thrown out of the foreign markets, is that leading from Northern California to the Columbia River, of which the presiding genius is Ben. Holliday, formerly a trader and teamster between Missouri and Salt Lake. Whatever his credit might have been in the European markets, it was sufficient for a very respectable class of Congressmen.

At a dinner at Welcker's, given about that time, Holliday celebrated himself. After they had all drunk Ben's liquor and eaten his terrapin, Roscoe Conkling arose, glass in hand, and said that he had a great responsibility to fulfil: that he drank to the noble man who had built railroads and run vessels on the Pacific Coast, whom New York claimed as one of her splendid productions. After Conkling came Kelley, the great heavy Senator from Oregon, who said the State of Oregon would not permit New York to claim such a magnificent production as Holliday, but that he was all Oregonian, and heard no sound save his own dashing. Next came Beck of Kentucky, who said that New York and Oregon should not take from grand old Kentucky the ownership of Ben. Holliday, for there he was born, and belonged in honor,—all this miserable toadyism over a speculator who was in Washington City giving dinners to get a subsidy for his imperiled railroad, and who

had no conception of the private rights of anybody standing in his way, but would eat up individuals, corporations, and legislatures!

No case before the Departments and Congress has made more discussion than that of the lease of the Alaska Fur-Seal Islands. About 1869, an association of young gentlemen obtained from the Government, under the provision of an act of Congress passed in their favor, the right to take all the seals, up to a certain limitation, from the islands of St. George and St. Paul,—paying so much per annum for the lease. The most prominent person in this company is General Miller, who lost 268 an eye in one of Grant's campaigns, and was afterward Collector of the Port of San Francisco. The Eastern agent is a Mr. Hutchinson, one of the singing family of Hutchinson Brothers of New England, and a shrewd, amiable, and dexterous lawyer and *negociante.* I am told that when General Rousseau was sent up to Sitka and the Russian waters, to take possession of whatever he found there, after the Russian evacuation, he gave the hint to some of his friends, who quietly repaired overland, by different routes, met him at San Francisco, and arrived at Sitka with the money in hand to make purchases. Hutchinson, for the firm of Cole, Miller, Hutchinson & Co., instantly concluded a bargain for the store-houses, seal-gear, and sent vessels which constituted a part of the franchise of the Russian American Company; and, with this purchase, there fell to him, besides, some sort of an unexpired lease of the fur-seal islands themselves. Now, on the same expedition, certain San Francisco capitalists had ensconced themselves, chief of whom were the proprietors of the ice-monopoly of San Francisco—the ice used at that time on our Pacific Coast coming exclusively from one spot in Russian America. As the ice people and their camp-followers were generally Hebrews, and disposed to look twice at their money, before they spent it, they lost the only object worth acquiring there—possession of the fur-seal franchises and equipments. Of course, two lobbies were instantly formed—the Ins and the Outs —and agents were sent to Washington, who deported themselves as agents generally do here, acting up to their prettiest.

It was soon apparent that Hutchinson had more genius than his opponents, in diplomacy as well as business; and, although Secretary Boutwell, acting from that peculiar original obstinacy for which he is noted, cast his influence against the Miller and Hutchinson crowd, yet Congress, after investigation in committee, unhesitatingly confirmed the original patentees. Under the terms of this act, Mr. Boutwell was compelled to give a lease to Miller & Co., which he did with a very bad grace. You know very well how those squabbles over spoils are conducted. 269 Anonymous letters are written to newspapers and reviews; lawyers get in with organs of influence and public men; pamphlets are put forth, full of affidavits from people far off as Kamschatka; and, if the sorehead party do not succeed in ousting their opponents, they generally expect to be bought over in order to have the quarrel stopped. Does not this case, and the utter impossibility of computing the right or wrong of it, show that the National Congress, meeting on the slope of the Atlantic Ocean, is undertaking to do too much when it either gives out or rescinds contracts to this or that party for distant monopolies, which can never be quite understood away from the place of their location?

The case of McGarrahan *vice* Gomez, for the New Idria quick silver mine, is a notable instance of audacity, stock and the burning of fire crackers as elements of notability at Washington. The printed reports, briefs, locums and confabs on this case make a formidable literature.

The New Idria mine is situated about 160 miles from San Francisco, and is one of half a dozen or more mines of cinnabar in America, and second in product only to the New Almaden mine, which was also the subject of prolonged litigation. In 1851 a party of mining pioneers seeking silver in the mountains, three thousand feet above the sea, discovered cinnabar, and proceeded in a small way to develop it. After a few years some merchants and men of small means organized with them a stock company for the purpose of more methodical and extensive mining, and the mine and company took the name of Idria from an older mine of cinnabar in Austria. Long prior to this time the purchase and

manufacture of Mesilan claims had become a profitable and seductive business, and the formation of the new company appears to have inspired an unusually large transaction of this description. In February and May, 1838, people appeared around and about the mine professing to look for what they named The Panoche Grande grant. This was represented to be a tract of land granted to one Gomez in the year 1844, by a Mexican Governor of Upper California, and 270 by him transferred for the sum of $1,100 to William McGarrahan, in the winter of 1857, at a period suspiciously close to the stocking of the mine.

Under Gomez, this alleged grant had run a long and crooked career of litigation. The Commission to determine Mexican land grants had rejected it in 1855, but the attorney of Gomez got the appointment of U. S. District Attorney and bought half the claim for *one dollar,* had the case brought before the court of a distant district on appeal and there passed. By two decrees the area was fixed at three and afterward at four leagues. Gomez, having a bad character as a forger and perjurer, was got rid of, and the District Attorney and McGarrahan became the only claimants. Fearing the fraud in the District Court would undo them, a crafty appeal was made to the United States Supreme Court, and the record of its dismissal smuggled into the court records. The U. S. District Attorney, working on the inside, expected to make this an easy matter, but his complicity and the interpolation were discovered. The future Secretary Stanton, as special law agent for the United States, appeared in California at this juncture and exposed Gomez's connection with the Zimantown and other frauds, and in 1861, Judge Ogler vacated the decree of confirmation obtained by the conspirators, on the ground that they had “deceived the Court and the U. S. Attorney had obtained a decree in his own favor under false presences.” However, as Judge Ogier died directly, his successor,—who said at the time, “a grosser case of fraud has rarely been presented,”—was led to invalidate Ogier's decree on the ground of defective jurisdiction. The same Judge permitted an appeal, and the Attorney General of President Lincoln insisted upon it, whereupon the redoubtable McGarrahan brought suit in a circuit court for an injunction to restrain the officers from getting a transcript

of the previous flagitious history of the case. When the transcript was got after long delay, McGarrahan did not proceed to contest the appeal on its merits, but moved to dismiss it because five years had elapsed since the fraudulent decree was obtained in his 271 favor. This dodge was ruled out and the Supreme Court of the United States then formally reversed the decree obtained by Ord and directed the inferior court to dismiss McGarrahan's petition.

Apprehending the result, McGarrahan, with the shrewdest counsel he could retain, and abetted by some men of means who operated upon Congressmen and Senators, labored before the Department of the Interior to anticipate the Supreme Court with a patent for the land where the mine was situated. He had thrown his claim into a stock company of five millions of dollars as early as 1861, in the city of New York, and somewhat later when beaten before the court and lobbying before Congress, he increased the capital to ten millions. Yet he was all the time offering the Secretary of the Interior $22,000 only for the same property, as he supposed, locating it in the rugged mountains as agricultural land. His success was but partial, although the sinister proceedings in the courts below embarrassed the judgment of Secretaries Smith and Usher successively, and the celebrated Daniel E. Sickles who afterward did some work of the same kind against the Erie railroad company, sought to persuade a patent out of Mr. Lincoln. The patent was never obtained. The Supreme Court stood fast. And the lapse of time, which McGarrahan had sought to use as his advocate, had also befriended the miners who were in possession of the property. Congress had meanwhile extended the preemption laws of the United States over mineral lands, and the money of the New Idria Company, deposited for the past five years (1873) in the Treasury of the United States and received as pre-emption money by the receiver, is a part of the perfection of a title already well established by twenty years of productive enterprise and habitation.

It was also unfortunate for McGarrahan, of whom we can scarcely speak as an individual, so Protean has been his character, that the grant of agricultural land under which he claimed was found on survey not to include the coveted mine, and a second survey

with the points set up to accomplish this purpose failed 272 again to “float” the claim far enough. Notwithstanding this accumulation of misfortunes, it is the boast of the abiding genius who embalms this romance in himself that he still lives. As his lawyers express it, with a look calculated to exact admiration, “he hangs on.” But so do a good many other characters around Washington whom we have described in this book, whose limits will not permit us, even if the subject were worth the space, to speak further of this generic case. Mr. McGarrahan is an Irishman of great combativeness, and as long as he can get a lawyer he will keep some notoriety. He has had several suits in the local courts of Washington, twice suing editors who published adverse briefs and once actually seeking to compel the Government to give him a patent by mandamus. The estimable Secretary of the Interior, Honorable Jacob I. Cox, was worried out of his office by this Mr. McGarrahan's counsel. In our day the McGarrahan case excites a laugh when it comes up, as a synonym of a legal itch, incurable, not dangerous, but abiding and annoying.

The power of this claim has lain almost uniformly in the allurement it gives attorneys who are promised large contingent fees, and in the extensiveness of the stock based upon its triumph, shares of which were shown before the Judiciary Committee.

What can fight stock? Stock, which represents nothing possessed, but which is yet the corrupter and deceiver of its recipient? Stock, of which the limit in such cases is illimitable; because, if the case fails, the stock is worth nothing, and if it gains the stock is repudiated. It is stock which feeds corruption and prolongs litigation in places like Washington.

We present below a copy of a share of stock in McGarrahan's enterprise; it represents a mine of which he has never had possession.

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No. 104. Incorporated under the Laws of the State of New York. 50 *Shares.*

PANOCHE GRANDE QUICKSILVER MINING COMPANY, (Of California.)

Stamp. This is to Certify, That William McGarrahan is entitled to fifty shares in the Capitol Stock of the Panoche Grande Quicksilver Mining Company, transferable in person or by attorney on the books of the said company, at its office in the city of New York on surrender of this certificate.

Witness the Seal of the Company, and the Signatures of the President and Secretary, this 21st day of May, 1868.

Frederick Frank, Secretary.

B. O'CONNOR, President.

For *Value Received,* I hereby assign and transfer unto — — — shares of the within stock, and authorize — — to transfer the same on the books of the company on surrender of this certificate.

Dated this — day of — 18—.

It will be observed that the above certificate of stock is not signed nor endowed, and therefore it would possess no value to any one verdant enough to accept it in lieu of services. The question occurs: Why was the first five millions of stock expanded to ten millions unless with the intent to put out the second batch of stock in Confess after the claim had been taken there and for the first time a plea of equities set up. The Honorable Jeremiah Black expressed his opinion of this case in his testimony before the Judiciary Committee, March 25th, 1870. He said:

“Perhaps this case has some features in it more extraordinary than any of the others. It is not singular in being founded upon a forgery, but the decree of the District Court was obtained by a fraud more gross than the original fabrication of the title, and the object of the claimants was very near being consummated by an imposture on the Supreme Court more atrocious than either.”

Two senate, Honorable O. S. Ferry of Connecticut and Honorable George H. Williams of Oregon; the latter Attorney General of the United States, at a subsequent day concluded. their report on the subject of McGarrahan's claim in the following words: 18

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“Dependent upon the passage of the bill before the Senate is a prize of more than half a million of dollars. Politicians, lawyers, and editors have taken large shares in the lottery; the professional lobby, both male and female, have been marshaled, and behind and around McGarrahan is a crowd impatient of delay and hungry for the spoils of victory.

See

The undersigned submit their report with the utmost confidence that the Senate will resist this pressure; that it will uphold the law as it has been settled by the uniform decision of the Supreme Court for nearly twenty years; that it will protect the title to hundreds of millions of property threatened by this bill, and that it will decide now for all time that speculators in Mexican land titles, defeated in the courts of justice, will find no favor for their swindling schemes in the hails of legislation.”

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CHAPTER XXI. THE CRIMES AND FOLLIES OF OUR PUBLIC LIFE.

“Come to my office,” said Mr. Burton C. Cook, M. C., one day, “and I will show you what I am following up.”

In the second story, and rear part of the house, the lighted gas reflectors showed tables strewn with reports and papers, yet methodized by a legal hand and ready for reference. Taking up a thick book of perhaps eight hundred pages, made of bound documents, and endorsed,

“Land Claims—New Mexico,” the Congressman said:

Library of Congress

“Here you will find a list of New Mexican Claims. There are nineteen of them reported here. The most audacious one is the Beaubean and Miranda claim, which is interpreted by its attorneys and owners to enclose 450 square leagues of land, or between two millions and three millions of acres.”

I opened my eyes.

“What pretext can such a claim have to set up? It is a State of itself.”

“It is a principality,” said Mr. Cook; “each of these nineteen eases is a principality. I will show you how they came to be.

“Before New Mexico came into the possession of the United States, the Mexican Government enacted a land law, an extensive homestead bill, in character,—which was intended to promote emigration to its uninhabited provinces. This law gave eleven square leagues of land to certain few persons, to encourage 276 them to settle upon the soil with companies of people. Generally, some provision or promise was exacted from the grantee, and, as the whole region was unsurveyed, the limits of the grant were to be ascertained, and fixed by natural landmarks. I will show you, in a moment, how unreliably and carelessly the routes and the points of connection of these boundaries were placed. By the treaty called Gaudaloupe-Hidalgo, which conveyed to us the region of New Mexico, we were bound to carry out the stipulations of the Mexican Government as to these grants, and they are to be confirmed by direct act of Congress, of course, and then the Secretary of the Interior issues a patent for them. Ever since that treaty, our Government, in all its parts, has been pestered and absorbed with these vague and vastly interpreted grants. My bill, founded in equity and the treaty alike, proposes to enact that, unless the contrary is directly specified in the original grant, each of these grants shall be interpreted to mean eleven square leagues and no more, according to the Mexican law under which they all arose.”

“Is there anybody of modesty sufficient to demand more than that?”

“Why, as I have told you, each of these claims has been stretched to a principality. The Beaubean claim wants 450 square leagues. The suggestion of this bill of mine has raised a howl from all these claimants. Some of them, I suppose, have erected their patents into stock companies, and by the united vehemence of their stockholders propose to be satisfied with nothing, less than the wildest construction of their grants.”

“This, Mr. Cook,” said I, “is worse than the railroad land grants.”

“Why, yes! The railroad leaves us every alternate section. It raises the value of the common domain of the country. But these grants take everything. They spoil the settlement of a region, put in the power of a few to overrule the many in the courts of justice and in Congress, and immigration is discouraged before them.”

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“I have heard,” said I, “that a certain Judge Watts, who was the first Delegate to Congress from New Mexico, and who has made a princely fortune out of these claims, is now the Attorney-General here for the whole of them.”

“That,” replied the reticent man, “I cannot speak about. But let us look at some of these claims. Here is the Beaubean-Miranda claim, professing to have been granted by Governor Manuel Armijo, in 1841, to a Canadian and a Mexican, and approved, after some litigation, by the New Mexican Assembly in 1844. It was confirmed by the New Mexican Surveyor-General in 1857, and by Congress of the same year, Judah P. Benjamin, if I mistake not, reporting the bill.

“In one of Benjamin's reports, he refers to the Vihil claim—another one—and showing that the latter is interpreted to mean 100 square league, of land, his committee says: This is too extravagant for belief. Yet the Beaubean-Miranda claim, which the committee reported favorably upon in the same breath, is actually here demanding. 450 square leagues! It is

plain, you see, that the committee supposed the Beaubean claim was to be eleven square leagues, according to the Mexican law."

"Now let us see the language of Beaubean and Miranda petitioning for this grant: 'A grant of land in the now county of Taos, commencing below the junction of the Rayado and Red River.' Mark you! nothing is said as to how far below the junction. 'From thence in a direct line to the east to the first hills, from thence, following the course of Red River, in a northerly direction, to the junction of the Una de Gato with Red River, from whence, following along said hills to the east of the Una de Gato River, to the summit, of the table land, from whence, turning northwest, following said summit, to the summit of the mountain which separates the waters of rivers which run toward the east from those which run to the west; from thence, following the summit of said mountain in a southerly direction, to the first hill of the Rayado River; from thence, following along the line of said hill, to the place of beginning.' 278 Now, you will observe that this indefinite description has a high degree of elasticity if one end is pulled by a sharp fellow. In one of the papers accompanying this grant is an admission that it does not embrace more than fifteen or eighteen leagues. Now, it amounts up to between two millions and three millions of acres. You can readily see how this is accomplished. The original patentee takes his eleven leagues legitimately belonging to him, and, after a while, observing a fine piece of pasture land or running brook half a mile beyond, he pulls up his stake and carries it forward. After a while he discovers another nice tract, and seizes it, and finally his eleven square leagues means anything. On May 29, 1858, Mr. Sandidge reported for the Committee of Private Land Claims, that there was an unknown quantity of land claimed by most of the parties. Says this gentleman in his brief report:

'A survey of the lands, it is presumed, will not be ordered by Congress in advance of a recogniton of title.'

Of the fourteen claims proposed to be confirmed by this bill, the area of but five of them is either stated or estimated. They are for one league, four leagues, five leagues, seven thousand six hundred acres, and about twenty thousand acres.

Whether the other claims embrace a less or greater amount is not and cannot be made known from the documentary evidence of title forwarded by the Surveyor-General.

The grant, in each case, refers to some stream, hill, mountain-top, valley, or other known natural object, for boundary."

"If you will take this book home," concluded Mr. Cook, "and examine it, you will see by what loose beginnings, shrewd interpretations, and pregnant collusions between surveyors and grantees these old inherited claims have come to be afflictions and deadly parasites. They threaten to absorb all the valuable lands in our Southwestern Territories, to plague the people with litigation and monopoly, and perhaps, to work corruption in the Federal Legislature. My bill proposes merely to carry out the provisions of the Mexican law—to limit each of these 279 claims to eleven square leagues, and throw the rest into the public domain for the benefit of the small settler and the genuine immigrant."

I carried the book home, and proceeded to wade through its half-breed documents—loose, vagarious, sprinkled over with Spanish Republican interjections of: "I swear that I do not act in malice," "God preserve the Republic," "Nibs and liberty," and, after observing here the Martinez claim, there the Valle, yonder the Scolly, near by the Tecolate, and so forth, and so forth, sleepily, I wondered in what freak of time a Mexican was made, and by what unfortunate collusion a Yankee ran against him, in order that by the design of the one and the stupidity of the other, posterity might go waiting, and Congress be resolved to a land office.

Amongst the pleasantries of Kansas politics is the Black Bob land claim, which led to a wrangle between the Senate side of the national representation of the Commonwealth,

and the House side. It seems that a band of Shawnee Indians, headed by one Black Bob, their Chief, received, in 1854, thirty-five thousand acres of land in Johnson County, Southeastern Kansas; or, in other words, about two hundred acres to each man in the tribe. The treaty giving the lands specified that they should be held in common by the band, but that if any one Indian wanted to take his land in severalty he might do so, and obtain a patent from the Indian Commissioner at Washington. Now, during the war, Quantrell's rebel band drove the Black Bobs out of their reservation, and scattered them over the Indian Country. It was then revealed to certain Kansas politicians and speculators, that they might take advantage of the severalty clause in the treaty afore-named; and, accordingly, when the Black Bobs returned, after the war, they found the most available portion of the reservation—the rich, the well-watered, the heavily-timbered tracts—detached from the country, and this detachment had been effected by manipulating the Indian Bureau in the city of Washington. Sixty-nine Indians were represented to have forwarded requests for separate 280 patents, and these patents were obtained by a Congressman and quietly forwarded to the city of Lawrence, where they were secretly kept eleven months in the vaults of the First National Bank there; the few Indians of the sixty-nine who really remained alive, knowing nothing about the matter. Of course, during these eleven months the speculators and politicians who had secured the land patents, were negotiating with the Indians, to the disadvantage of the latter, so that if they should consent to a sale, the concealed patent would be ready to be brought forward in the nick of time, in the closing up of the bargain. Bat this was not the worst. About twelve hundred unsuspecting immigrants had meantime been deluded into the belief, that if they would occupy the deserted Black Bob Reservation, and make improvements thereon, they should have the right of pre-emption and subsequent purchase. These settlers made a quarter of million improvements upon the Black Bob lands, and now they are informed that their titles are defective, while the Indians on the other hand, find their country slipping up under their feet.

Library of Congress

A set of claims before Congress to which reference has been already made dates back eighty years.

The French claims, so called, were for vessels and cargoes seized by the French between 1793 and 1800. The French never explicitly recognized these claims, except to offset them with others; but, by the treaty under which France sold Louisiana, she abated 20,000,000 francs of the purchase money, (or $4,000,000), to adjust and pay claims for captures, supplies, and embargoes, by which American citizens were sufferers.

A host of claimants at once appealed to Congress. In 1802 and 1807, a Committee of Congress reported favorably to paying them. In 1835, the Senate passed a bill giving $5,000,000 to such claimants; but the House defeated it. They continued to importune the two Houses even down to the breaking out of the Rebellion; loafers, and vagabonds, and listless sons of men grew up expectant on these claims. Insurers, assignees, jobbers and agents, strained their wits and ran off their legs about 281 them. But Benton showed that, during the period in question, men made fortunes if they saved one ship in four or five from the French cruisers; and the same can be shown to have been the case during the Rebellion, when transports commanded enormous hire, and our great shippers forsook the sea voluntarily to take army contracts, and manufacture and sell supplies. Imagine Vanderbilt, the King of the Sea, losing anything by the war, or any ship builder who built a monitor, or any importer, or any sea captain.

As to insurance claims, here is a pithy extract from Benton's speech:

“One of the most revolting features of this bill is its relation to the insurers. The most infamous and odious act ever passed by Congress was the Certificate-Funding Act of 1793,—an act passed in favor of a crowd of speculators; but the principle of this bill is more odious than even it. I mean that of paying insurers for their losses. The United States, sir, insure! Can anything be conceived more revolting and atrocious than to divert the funds of the Treasury to such iniquitous uses? It would be far more just and equitable if

Congress were to insure the farmers and planters, and pay them their losses on the failure of the cotton crop; they, sir, are more entitled to put forth such claims than speculators and gamblers, whose trade and business is to make money by losses."

Said Benton, "There ought to be some limit to these presentations of the same claim. It is a game at which the government has no chance. Claims become stronger upon age, —gain double strength upon time,—too often directly by newly-discovered evidence,—always indirectly by the loss of adversary evidence, and by the death of contemporaries."

"Two remedies are in the hands of Congress: one to break up claim-agencies, by allowing no claim to be paid to an agent; the other, to break up speculating assignments, by allowing no more to be received by an assignee than he has actually paid for the claims."

"Assignees and agents are now the great presenters of claims 282 against the government. They constitute a profession, a new one,—resident at Washington City. Skillful and persevering, acting on system and in phalanx, they are entirely an overmatch for the succession of new members, who come ignorantly to the consideration of the cases which they have so well dressed up."

"It would be to the honor of Congress and the protection of the Treasury, to institute a searching examination into the practices of these agents, to see whether any undue means are used to procure the legislation they desire."

Mr. Benton did not then know that the time would come when the President's brother-in-law would become a claim agent in Washington, and Congressmen and Heads of Departments as wall.

Reading an old copy of Basil Hall's travels in the United States, during Jackson's administration, in a book which excited the wildest expressions of outrage at the time amongst our papers, I came to this curious account of how tender they were in appropriating money a third of a century ago.

“One of the first debates,” says Hall, who was an aristocratic British officer, “at which I was present, related to a pecuniary claim of the late President Monroe, of the United States, amounting, if I remember rightly, to $60,000. This claim had long been urged, and been repeatedly referred to Committees of the House of Representatives, who, after a careful investigation of the subject, had reported in favor of its justice. The question at length came on for discussion, ‘Is the debt claimed by Mr. Monroe from the United States, a just debt or not?’ Nothing could possibly be more simple. There was a plain matter of debtor and creditor, a problem of figures, the solution of which must rest on a patient examination of accounts, and charges, and balances. It was a question after the heart of Joseph Hume,—a bone of which that most useful legislator understands so well how to get at the marrow. Well, how was this dry question treated in the House of Representatives? Why, as follows: little or nothing was said as to the intrinsic justice or validity of the claim. Committees of the House had 283 repeatedly reported in its favor, and I heard no attempt, by fact or inference, to prove the fallacy of their decision. But a great deal was said about the political character of Mr. Monroe, some dozen years before, and a great deal about Virginia, and its Presidents, and its members, and its attempts to govern the Union, and its selfish policy. A vehement discussion followed as to whether Mr. Monroe or Chancellor Livingstone, had been the efficient agent in procuring the cession of Louisiana. Members waxed warm in attack and recrimination, and a fiery gentleman from Virginia was repeatedly called to order by the Speaker. One member declared that, disapproving altogether of the former policy of Mr. Monroe's Cabinet, he should certainly now oppose his demand for payment of a debt of which it was not attempted to prove the injustice. Another thought Mr. Monroe would be very well off if he got half of what he claimed, and moved an amendment to that effect, which, being considered a kind of compromise, I believe, was at length carried, after repeated adjournments, and much clamorous debate.

The City of Washington is full of hopes, of claims, of lingerers. Heavens! what a word has that word “CLAIM” become to me since I have dwelt in Washington! A word full of

dreams and jewels, acres of silks, long, luxurious voyages in foreign lands, and daughters married to perpetual intellect. And yet a word tied down to an unpaid tavern bill, the misery of begging a loan, the waiting for a draft, the croon of a shrill landlady, sending up her account, the ever half-dread of a crushed assurance and a vision dispelled which alone makes life endurable! This is the word Claim—a word between the Christian's immortal hope and the beggar's terrible plea.

I remember once seeing a man with a wild eye. He was dressed like a banker. Somebody cried to him: “They have passed your claim?”

“No, they have just beat me by five votes!”

He showed a set of white teeth, laughing, but his eye was full of drunkenness. I looked into its laugh and shuddered. It was the laugh of a son who cries to his father, “Leave your 284 house forever? Yes. With pleasure and forever!” Recklessness and despair, smile of outer darkness; the hope of that smile is tumbling through worlds of space, like Satan, Hurled headlong flaming from the ethereal sky.

This man, however, happened to be the celebrated Blanton Duncan, author of the subsequent Louisville Convention. He plunged into politics and got what he wanted.

Amongst the claims against the Pension Office, after the close of the war, was one of a fraudulent nature, for which the Congressman who presented it was convicted before the criminal court of Washington; Stokes, of Tennessee, long a member of Congress, and the Radical candidate for Governor of Tennessee against Lenter. Senator Brownlow came out against Stokes, and was denounced for it as abetting a bolter's ticket.

Stokes is one of the ordinary run of political creatures—nearly an old man, bald, wire-pulling, worn down with the moral yielding of no original nature. Such men escape from society into the boozing-kens of politics, and descend from the Capital to the Court of Justice, like the bad Moslem from the Bridge of Paradise to Eblis. The details of this case,

particularly in the published correspondence of Stokes himself, are the vindication of the plainest revelations of newspaper correspondence from this city. Here are some passages written by this man to his friend, who has turned State's evidence:

All I want is to get out of Congress, and I can get up the largest claim business ever done. If you fool me I am ruined. The letters are coming from all quarters for claims; we can make $500,000 within two years, if you will stand by me, and take my advice. Keep back the news from all who will not sell their claims.; let no one see the amount of certificates. The whole liability for the false swearing is on the men and officers.

In brief, Stokes obtained claims for a large amount of money from a fictitious military organization, and, while a member of Congress, used their perjured affidavits to press the Case; and, 285 when the matter was about to pass the Department, he and his confederate sought, while solely possessed of the secret, to purchase the false claims.

A case that showed the virtue of the worst class of carpet-bagging members of Congress came up before the Military Committee in 1869, on the suggestion of General Slocum, of New York. It referred to certain advertisements, and newspaper and private charges, tending to prove that cadetships, both at Annapolis and West Point, are openly offered for sale and disposed of to the highest bidder. Congress did itself credit by unanimously and promptly ordering an investigation of the subject, and unless I am mistaken, the Committee of Military Affairs has the material in it to probe the subject to the bottom. John A. Logan, who cares for nobody, is the chairman of the committee, and some soldiers upon it are Cobb, of Wisconsin, the cool colonel of the splendid Fifth Infantry of that State, —in whose camp I have passed many cheerful hours on the hills of the Chickahominy,— Negley, of Pittsburgh, Slocum, who was both a West, Pointer and a Major-General, and Stoughton, Packard, Asper, Witcher, and Morgan, all good officers. I am told that this is the opinion of some members of the committee, based upon the appended data:

An advertisement appeared in the New York Times some short time before, offering to dispose of a cadetship to persons of means. Just prior to that time, a Western Pennsylvanian paper gave the names of two or three persons who had been addressed by parties here, offering to place their song in the army or navy. Judge Woodward, of Wilkesbarre, Pa., knew a lady who received a like notification. A General (whether of militia or volunteers, not expressed) in Connecticut, is said to have a son now at one of the Academies for whose appointment he paid two thousand dollars. There are other cases lying behind these, if the reports have any foundation, but they will probably be difficult to trace out, because the father or the son who purchases a place at West Point, will be as sensitive 286 to exposure as the Congressman taking his perquisites to the shamble.

A Republican Senator, speaking to me on this matter, said: “There are a number of men representing the Southern States, who have come in under the reconstruction acts, and they are totally irresponsible, because they know that they will never come back here again. Therefore they go in for a trade on every measure, and are ready, if necessary, to face humiliation and exposure.”

The effect of the cadetship exposure was to expel a carpet-bagger from South Carolina, by the name of Whittemore, to compel the resignation of Golladay, of Tennessee, and to implicate Pettis, of Pennsylvania, Sypher, of Louisiana, and several others.

About the same time, a member of Congress, by the name of Bowen, of South Carolina, was tried for two separate acts of bigamy, and on one convicted, and sent to the penitentiary. President Grant pardoned him, and he returned to South Carolina, to be elected to the State Legislature, and afterward to the Sheriffalty of Charleston.

Bowen, the alleged bigamist, married a sprightly, semi-political lady, bearing the aristocratic name of Pettigrew King. This dashing widow of the middle age, has long figured in this city as a sort of well-preserved belle. Bowen is a native of Rhode Island, fond of female society, and it is supposed that having a divorce under way

from the first Mrs. Bowen, he was unable to resist the impulse of a more congenial matrimonial partnership, and somewhat anticipated the action of the divorce court. This little indifference to the precise time of things constituted all the difference between respectability and bigamy. There is the usual complaint on Mr. Bowen's part that he is the victim of persecution. Heaven knows that there is too much hounding of folks under this Government, and that the worst adversary one can make is a rival for honors. The most dishonorable road to tread now-a-days is the road to 287 honor. Along that road lies such a vista as the late Robert T. Conrad made his hero, Aylmere, see:

Ambition struggles with a sea of hate; He who sweats up the ridgy grade of life Finds at each station icy scorn above, Below him hooting envy.

A formidable interest in this country is the gambling interest. The telegraph will wink in a moment any probable news to Wall street, and if Boutwell ever does resign, probably fifty men will know it before he, himself, receives the assurance. At his elbow—perhaps at the President's elbow—Wall street keeps its man, and should the President frown but once when Boutwell's name is mentioned, it will be felt in Wall street like a portentous eclipse.

“What do you make out of Washington political life, from what you have seen?”

This was my question to an eminently practical man, who did not believe in general principles, and he replied:

“The feature which is most curious to me is the fact that so much legislation goes by ‘friends.’ Friends in Washington never seem to inquire whether a thing be right or wrong, but they tie to a man to help him out because they are his ‘friends.’ The word ‘friends’ has assumed a curious meaning to me since I came here. I hear this or that politician discussed, and everything possible is admitted against his character; but it is always said in the end: Jones stands by his ‘friends,’ and when another man comes up who is not accused of any improprieties everybody gives him a short damn, and says: ‘Oh, he is of no use to any body; he never stood by a “friend” in his life!’ What makes all this funnier to me

is the knowledge and belief I have, that these ‘friends’ are not paid anything. They turn in and work for a ‘friend’ like wheel-horses, without reward, trampling down and slaughtering for him; they seem to entertain no doubt that his cause is perfectly just, and to avoid being prejudiced, they never investigate it. How is this?”

I endeavored to supply a general principle for my friend, the 288 delegate, by saying that this sort of “friendship” grew out of party politics, the nominating convention, and the canvass, where one's candidate was pushed through by a mob and a howl, bonfires, processions, and every possible stultification of the individual reason. Every partisan of enough consequence becomes a “friend,” and this sort of friendship holds activity to be its sole criterion. The partisan, by the time he gets to Congress or to office, holds the sum of political virtue to be merely personal faithfulness, and thus men like Buchanan reach the Presidency, and men like Grant, discovering a temporary defection in a “friend,” lose confidence in human nature.

The last Electoral vote, it is to be hoped, has been counted. Like the Electors of Germany who had to choose the Emperor, the American Electoral College has probably expired.

It would still be a beautiful form of electing our President, if the public's attention to their own affairs permitted,—to give the finest modesty in each state the honorable privilege of associating their names with a President's, and, as the sons of Peers attend a King to his coronation, to usher in a popular magistrate under the personal escort of a great and noble faculty of his fellow-citizens. But what is this Electoral College of ours now-a-days? A College without scholarship or other endowments, made up of scrub caucus notorieties often, who are honored with such brief public mention as soldiers, travelers, and passing notorieties often get under the degree.of D. D., LL. D., and so forth, Pangloss-fashion.

The Electoral faculty has come to have chiefly the faculties of smelling, tasting, and handling. It was a practical proposition; but, in the rise of the great buccaneer gangs called *parties,* the College has come to be a piece of finery as cumbrous as it is dangerous.

Therefore, without regret, we wipe away one of the antique conceits of our Revolutionary forefathers, and, as neither party cares anything about the matter, it will be a pity to present it to the people without making sufficient issue to bring out a vote. Add, therefore, an amendment suggesting the propriety of making the office of Senator elective by the people of each state.

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We have come to that place where a national constitutional convention is desirable.

Everything has been changed by the agencies of steam, inventions, corporate movement, prosperity, and emancipation. The old Constitution is an honored charter, belonging to the dead generations. It can point the moral, adorn the tale, and suggest the framework of a new and more accordant plan of Republican Government. But, before the centennial year of independence, we should hold a grand investigation, directed from the advanced thought and observation of the country, and independent of party like the Constitutional Convention of 1787. When the times are out of joint, as we see them now, the error lies in fundamentals, more probably than in particulars. We are proceeding like the America subsequent to the revolution, which endeavored to make the Articles of Confederation apply to a total change of society and instrumentalities.

After the Revolution, they proceeded very much as we have done since the Rebellion. They expatriated the Loyalists, or Tories, and then softened toward them. They issued much and various currency, and were victims of fluctuation, speculation, high prices, and corruption. Disorders broke out, and two governments in the same states confronted each other. Piecemeal remedies were proposed; but the pressure of business upon Congress prevented any general and landscape discussion of the evils of the period, until May 25th, 1787, when the Convention to revise the Articles of Confederation met in the State House at Philadelphia.

That spectacle re-presented, would be the noblest centennial exhibition for the year 1876. Better begin it on the centennial of the outbreak of the War of Independence, in 1874! With General Grant, if need be, presiding in the chair, as did Washington, and the passions of parties burnt out by their mutual and equal exhaustion, let the cry of factions be drowned, and the learned and freedom-loving, the thinking and practical leaders of the period, re-examine the needs of the time, and attend to the harmonious revision of an organic system. 19

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Congress will never have the time, and parties will never have the honesty, to do the work. That it is needed to be done, is plain to any who feel that the questions paramount between capital and labor, producer and carrier, party and purity, are not such as can ever be examined by a Congress possessing in so little the confidence of the people as that which is passing out and that which is next to come.

A good thing has been going the rounds, attributed to Mungen, of Ohio. He is said to have walked up to Whittemore on the eve of the latter's expulsion, last week and said:

“Whittemore, I know how you can hold your seat.”

“How?” asked Whittemore earnestly.

“Get a Democrat to contest it.”

In 1873, the flagrant case of Senator Caldwell brought out prominently the disposition of partisans to cover crimes of each other. Caldwell, whose case will be hereafter referred to, had purchased from the legislature of Kansas a seat in the Senate, and witnesses came to Washington to make oath to the fact. A committee of investigation was ordered, and a majority headed by Senator Morton, reported that Caldwell had not been honestly elected

to his seat. The cloak of the caucus was at once thrown over Caldwell, and Senators Conkling, Logan, Carpenter, and Nye undertook to save him.

As I heard the speech on the Caldwell case from Senator Morton's lips, while he sat there numb in the extremities, but in the head clear, conscious and vigorous, I felt that, all things considered, he was one of the strongest characters in the Senate.

To take position, as Morton did, against Caldwell, required some mental and moral courage; for the Senate is such a little body, that fellowship prevails in it as in a female seminary. A big conspiracy gathered around Caldwell for his support, led by Simon Cameron, whose three cavalry majors were Matt Carpenter, Ross Conkling, and John Logan. Simon Cameron has outlived all the possibilities of vindication, except in the line of personal loyalty. He is the apostle of that miserable morality 291 which will support what is termed “a friend,” no matter how black the character may be, provided only that the friend returns the said loyalty to the extent of supporting any wickedness in the Senator. If this kind of morality is to prevail in public life, what safety will the constituent have? Public duty is not to be measured upon the scale of matrimonial attachment: and no worse code can be set to a great public body than merely friendly inclination. When I hear of a man in the Senate standing by his friends in all cases I turn insensibly to the man who is standing by his country.

When the Caldwell debate came up, Morton and Conkling fell into antagonistic positions. Morton's position was taken like a statesman. He saw that the Senate, under existing practices, was losing the respect of the country, and that a stop must be put to the corrupt practices of Senatorial elections. Caldwell's case was eminently fit to make the application; for Caldwell was of such a nature that degradation could not much degrade him, nor vindication much vindicate him. Nature seemed to have selected this poor little fellow as a convenient instance to be made a senatorial example of. Had the person to be degraded served his country in the war, or shown a gallant figure, or brought with him any of those human testimonials which give consideration, a chivalric man like Morton might have

hesitated. I conceive that Powell Clayton is a person whom a gentleman might dislike to prosecute for corruption, because Clayton was a brave soldier and is a game carpet-bagger. But Caldwell is a little Kansas rich man,—nothing more. Mr. Morton selected him as the legitimate carcass with which to make a missile for the other buzzards of the Senate.

Mr. Conkling presumed that he could look at his legs and walk straight into the Presidency in 1876. Mr. Morton, who is a statesman, as his remarkable administration of both Indiana and Kentucky showed, during the war, made up his mind that, if he was to respect himself and his fellow-Senators, he must make corruptions odious. Hence, Morton made his report, and delivered his speech in favor of vacating Caldwell's place. 292 Without thinking, without knowing, guided by blind ambition, Conkling at once took the other course, expecting to read a rival out of the race for the Presidency. No greater compliment could be paid to the solid ability and executive vigor of Morton than the extent of the conspiracy which assembled to defeat him. There was that untiring worker, Cameron. There was the jesuitical and respectable legal columbiad, John Scott,—whom some think to be the best lawyer in the Senate, and correspondingly inferior as a statesman. There was Anthony, of Rhode Island, a mighty consumer of early shad and of canvas-backs, and of course, with enormous bowels of compassion. There were infirm Democrats, like Stockton and Bayard, who argue in favor of state rights, because they conceive the entire state to be their personal selves. There was Wright, of Iowa, who wished to save Caldwell to consistently save Clayton. There was Howe, of Wisconsin, whose judgment is of no consequence, but whose respectability is an ornament to the firmament as he is defined against it. I forget hove many mere entered into the arrangement to save Caldwell, but they were a very scared lot when they knew that the great, black, smithy face of Morton was in pursuit of them.

I did not believe that Morton would matte his point, because, in the congregation of small particles, you can sometimes dust out the eyes of a giant. The moral atmosphere

which over the Capitol was dark and heavy, in view of the probability of corruption being solemnly defined by the Senate as outside of its responsibilities.

See

But Morton is a man who kindles and enlarges by opposition, when aware that his cause is legitimate and popular. Not all the outside button-holing of Cameron, nor the froth of Conkling, made headway against his determined spirit. He had prepared a closing speech to overwhelm Caldwell; and, from what I have heard of the contents of that speech, I presume that, had he delivered it, it would have spread his reputation abroad as one of the most determined moral reformers of his time. Aware of the calamities impending in that speech, little Caldwell, 293 who preserves this redeeming quality, that he can feel a little, hastily delivered his resignation to the Governor of the State, and disappeared like a will-o'-the-wisp. He would have received every vote of the people who have been corruptly elected to the Senate; and you can imagine how many there can be of this class when Senator Anthony expresses the opinion that no person has been fairly elected from any of the Southern States, excepting from Virginia and Kentucky.

Amidst the scandals and exposures of 1872–3, Postmaster General Creswell, with the help of Senator Ramsey in the Senate, and Congressman Farnsworth in the House, procured the abolition of a very old and extravagant nuisance, the franking privilege. The franking privilege, like every evil which has become an institution, had its defenders, and still retains them. So had Slavery, and very pious and philosophical ones. The human mind can make its deformities and diseases philanthropic, and all the excuses for the franking privilege were directed from the centre. In the right light of responsible business and a general economy, what was worse than to entrust a chap just elected for two years to Congress, with the broadcast prerogative to ride down the mails with all his household effects, and, as a part of the same privilege, to create effects for the purpose of franking them—the wild excuses of public printing—which were rapidly assuming the development of an official journal (seriously proposed by Henry B. Anthony), to match the independent press, and be edited by Congress—arose upon the wand of the guileless franker, who

saw no use of putting a girdle round the world unless it had something else to tie to. The “privilege”, so-called, cheapened the dignity of Congress, made mendicancy brazen, and set up the public deadhead as the highest example to man. The use of the privilege made the Congressman a mere scrivener, defrauding public business of his attention to write all day meaningless iterations of his prostituted name to compliment unsophisticated individuals who, for a Patent Office Report, would abdicate the rights of citizenship. The class of public man who is tumbling now, 294 like a feather subjected to gravity, is this franker, this scrivener. He has written his name, like a blind demagogue, till he knows no other dutiful motion. He has sought to make his name a household word at the public expense, and, like the wretch condemned by Jupiter to empty a well with a sieve, he hopes to accomplish the task of subduing mankind with the franking privilege. Hence a little warrantable forgery, and half-a-dozen clerks and shysters are invited to take lessons in penmanship, to increase the number of hands and cheat the Post-Office further. Finally, dragooning mechanism to carry on his deception, this Honorable demagogue procures to be made a series of steeldies, and, like a counterfeiter, he and his band, with inks, sponges, and all the other appurtenances of a counterfeiting-house, stamp and despatch to a reckless constituency, tons of stuff which is nothing else but an obligation imposed upon the recipient, without cost to the sender.

It is by the infinitude of little obligations like this that the voter disappears in his manliness, and the demagogue perpetuates himself. When a tyrant has personally smiled upon the majority of his subjects, chucked a large percentage of the babies under the chin, and addressed a half-a-dozen of the orthodox societies, he has already disarmed the militia. But it so happens, in our human nature, that the exercise of these groveling processes wears out the demagogue before he has made the round of the people. The franking privilege expires, grudged by its abashed defenders, who have other charges to meet, and, to escape detection, have thrown their signet-rings into the water. As it expires, behold descend from the public gaze these greatest of all the frankers: Harlan, Colfax, Kelley!

Mr. Colfax was much befriended at the time he was shown to be involved in the Credit Mobilier exposure, by the Adams Express Company,—a corporation which is always timely in the delivery of free passes to people in public life. Hence the boxes of books which go hence to all parts of the country, not being adaptable to the mail-care. A favorite form of swindling through the mails, is to bag the books and address them: “Hon. 295 Issachar Squpple, United States Senator, Mizzen-Top Halls, Hough County,—, care of Reverend Pelopponesus Jones.” It is all understood beforehand that Jones is to keep the books, but Squpple is to address them to himself to avoid postage. Can public life be even and direct where such evasions are the rule and not the exception?

George Francis Train said once, in a speech at Cincinnati,—and if John Wesley had said the same, it would have been no truer—“The Legislature rides free, the press rides free, the clergy ride free. God help us! who, then, can resist these railway corporations?”

And so we may say of Congress, that it will never act for the public good until every perquisite is surrendered, and the Honorable member is an independent man.

The Christian has somewhat shared in the optimism of the times. Whenever you see a church, as a general thing, you see a mortgage. That mortgage makes an obligation, and makes rich men more welcome than moral men. It makes the sermons very soft and persuasive, and entirely unlike effective Washington correspondence. Add to this mortgage the indiscriminate and tremendous emulation of denominations to excel in numbers, honors, and dignitaries,—so that it makes all the difference in the world whether, our Senator be a Baptist or a Methodist, and none whatever whether he be a brave statesman or a rapacious hypocrite,—and we have a part of the blighting insensibility of the times to personal character. The great denominations move along like the great parallel railway corporations, and the most parvenue corporation makes the most splutter. If George Whitefield lived in our day, and had the spirit of much of the denominationalism

and corporate morality we see, he would have preached as follows, in place of that celebrated sermon he once made on the non-sectarianism of Heaven:

"'Father Abraham, whom have you in Heaven? Have you any Baptists there?

"'None!'

"'Have you any Episcopalians there?'

"'None.'

"'Have you any Methodists there?'

"'None.'

"'Have you any Presbyterians there?'

"'None.'

"'Whom have you there, Father Abraham?'

"'Chiefly members of Congress, vouched for by the Evangelical Society!'"

Such are some of the records of malfeasance, temptation, and folly in modern Washington. To collect these scandals and put them into a book is not the most agreeable form of composition, but the people must know these things in order to be advised of the dangers surrounding the precious and blood-bought federal state in which are comprised all our hopes, opportunities, and blessings. Around the state lie heaped the highest exploits, the noblest thoughts, the dearest sacrifices, and the bloodiest crimes of man's long transmigration. With all the material progress and the liberalization achieved by the past century, the state is still our all. In particulars it is little unlike the states of the past; two furious parties struggle in its porticoes. When at the highest prosperity it

seems nearest destruction. The most democratic sacrifices for it often turn it to be our most formidable tyrant. It is strengthened by revolt, purified by poverty, and corrupted by success. It is worst when most glorious, feeblest when widest, most endangered when most content. And still we labor upon our Babel, knowing all this, because, though we can never build it into heaven, we will never build it downward. Build upon it we must, for while it is our tower, it is also our home. If it shall so happen that heaven, to mock our pride, must shatter this tall fabric, and by some destiny of confusion scatter its builders, still will its ruins be a part of the earth, and its memory a chapter of man.

It is the most democratic experiment ever attempted by a religious people upon the newest and widest area. Like every 297 experiment, its materials were of more consequence than its chemists; out of the conditions of the ground, the period, and the mingling people, the government fashioned itself upon the prevailing mind of the new state. Sovereignty was conceded to begin in the people; government was intrusted to their representatives, and justice was set apart, without the passions, but within the reach of all. To break the force of local whirlwinds, parts of the state were decreed supreme in things of neighborhood right, and preserving the outlines of their origin and tradition. Two spontaneous parties stepped forth from the crowd to be the rival champions of this new state, and while each of them has at times resisted the other even to violence, both have been alternately and equally the rescuers of the state, and the state from the people. The country has survived every peril. Its young career is written in letters of white, upon the debit side of the world. Too precious not to be even in peril, too nicely balanced not to be temporarily swayed to injustice and license, it is yet far from the condition predicted of it by Fisher Ames, who said, “we were fast becoming too large for union, too sordid for patriotism, and too democratic for liberty.”

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CHAPTER XXII. THE SUPREME COURT AND LOCAL JUSTICE AT WASHINGTON.

Library of Congress

The old city hall of Washington has been the seat of Criminal, Common Law and Equity Courts of Columbia since its completion. In the rear stands the jail, near by the site of its predecessor. The penitentiary of the District, at Arsenal Point, was torn down after the conspirators against the life of President Lincoln had been confined and hanged there, and felons for long terms are now sent to Albany penitentiary. A Reform School is, at the present writing, going up on the site of Fort Lincoln near Bladensburg. There are five judges on the District bench, and the Court, as a United States Court, has wider jurisdiction than any District Court in the Union. The majority of the Judges have of late received their places for political services in remote parts of the country. The police system of Columbia is regulated by five Commissioners, and administered by a Major and Superintendent. There are nine station houses. The Capitol police constitute an independent force at the Capitol edifice and grounds, numbering about forty private watchmen, presided over by a Captain. There are many commissions and minor courts sitting in the city, and the Court of Claims in the Capitol building is organized with five judges. A grand police court was established in 1869. The police court, partaking of its political origin and style of associations, has never enjoyed great confidence in the District.

The Department of Justice is the name of the reorganized 299 Attorney General's office. The Attorney General presides over it; there are a Solicitor General, and two Assistant Attorneys General. Solicitors in three of the Departments, and an Examiner of claims for the State Department.

The Supreme Court of the United States sits in the Capitol Edifice, and it consists of nine Justices, a Clerk, a Marshal, and a Reporter. For each Justice there is a Judicial circuit, covering a portion of the Union.

There is one day at Washington when our Government loses its democratic form, and puts on the garments and solemnity of its monarchical original. That is the opening day of the Supreme Court of the United States.

Library of Congress

The precinct of the Supreme Court has an atmosphere and a silence about it which cannot fail to strike the stranger here, even when Congress is sitting. As you pass between the Senate and the House of Representatives, by that long arched corridor which traverses the entire length of the former Capitol, you come to a series of rooms which are haunted in their lobbies by no loiterers, lighted by one single concave skylight, a dark and avoided place, with closed doors, with a policeman near by to say, “walk quietly,” “pass on,” “the Court is sitting” And, perhaps, while you pause inquisitively in the gloom, a rosewood door in the corridor opens, a Marshal cries: “Make way for the Honorable the Judges of the Supreme Court.” And all bystanders falling back, nine venerable men, of portly girth and ascetic countenances, led by one sanctified face, cross the corridor and disappear behind a second rosewood door, which is closed by a negro, funereal as a colored Baptist preacher on immersing day. The effect of this procession on the casual mind is, that somebody is going to be hanged or buried alive, and I have always noticed that any vagrant negroes waiting near, slink off with manifest perturbation, as if they were presently to be seized and handed over to the Holy Inquisition, and burned up with their photographs in Fox's Book of Martyrs.

The officials of this portion of the Capitol, also, are quite different from the smart, intriguing or parasite-looking persons 300 who belong to the legislative departments. The Clerk has been here forty-two years; the Master of the Robes appears never to have been born at all, but to belong to a sort of judicial antiquity; old colored men of a former generation, whose lives heaven has bountifully lengthened out, because not even heaven could replace them, keep the ante-rooms and go upon the errands with a consistent shuffle, and with shoulders bearing a vast responsibility. Rip Van Winkle, when he got up on the mountains amongst the gray-faced pirates, found just such a lot of cheerful ancients as constitute the helpmates of the Supreme Court. The furniture of this part of the Capitol, also, is of a material and style not current in the rest of the building. We see no black walnut; chairs, no oiled sideboards or desks, nothing whatever of the smart and patented forms of iron notable in the wings. Everything here is rosewood or mahogany, built at a

time when the wood was well seasoned, when we had no affectations of Etruscan, or modern Italian, or Arabic forms, and followed the classics or simplicity. The furniture, indeed, is what remains of the old Capitol, and the old life of the Republic—sofas, often covered anew, within whose frames the brethren of John Marshall sat; high-backed chairs, which have borne up the snake-like saintliness of Aaron Burr, or George Clinton's solid old age. The desks, the book-cases, the tables are the same which belonged to the United States Senate in former days; for until the completion of the present grand Senate Chamber, the quarters of the present Supreme Court were occupied by the Senate, and the Court possessed what is now the Supreme Court library, directly beneath its present Chamber. We shall see further on, that the form of the rooms is peculiar, and in keeping with its mystery and respectability.

The link between the heroic past and our burlesquing present was, until recently, the Marshal; for attached to this Court is a Clerk, a Marshal, and a Reporter—all of them officers supposititiously removed from partisan influence, and therefore honorable as the highest positions of merely transient occupation. To be Clerk of the Supreme Court is to be in better 301 regard socially, and in better self-esteem, than to be Clerk of Congress, or even Secretary of the Senate; for latterly, partisanship has laid hands upon the Senatorial places, and comprised them in the general scramble of honors. The Marshal of the Supreme Court is now Mr. John G. Nicolay, long Secretary of Abraham Lincoln, and successor of Mr. Richard C. Parsons, of Cleveland, Ohio, who had been a Speaker of Assembly, Consul to Rio Janeiro, and had filled other places of trust, and who was the friend of Governor Chase before he became Chief Justice. While his fine straight figure and scrupulous dress seemed like a gorgeous veneering upon this funereal piece of furniture, he had yet elderly tastes in upholstery, and a good eye for respectable effects, which has made the new fixings Of the Court a match for past patterns. Closer inspection proves that, if peculiar, the judicial apartments are still the most comfortable and inviting in the edifice, tawdry in nothing, and apparently copied from the solid and substantial interiors of English Judicial halls, while much of the rest of the Capitol is decorated after

the worst French models, in stencils, mouldings, florid carpetings, and “loud” styles of furniture. It is the difference between Mount Vernon and Fiske's Opera House office.

The Marshal takes us, before the opening of the Court, into his own exquisite little room, in ground-plan like the section of a dome, lighted by one large window which opens upon the noble portico of the Central Capitol, and in the concavity at the foot stands a most graceful marble mantel and fire-place, slender in its traceries, as if of vegetable growth. The floor is covered with a velvet office carpet, whose prevailing tint is a rich golden brown, and the pattern is in miniatures. A bust of Chief Justice Chase, and a proof copy of Marshall's Lincoln, adorn the walls. A rosewood washstand and table, a safe and chairs complete the equipment, and it is such a room as one with some grand literary intention would wish to be imprisoned in for the remainder of his life. The dimensions of this room are twenty-five by ten feet, with a most noble ceiling in height, 302 and of so simple moulding and proportions, that it might be the chamber of Apollo himself.

The Marshal of this Court is its executive officer; he serves its processes personally or by deputy, and makes the disbursements for its upholstery, and is its ceremonial officer, like the Gentleman-Usher to the Black-Rod in the House of Lords. His salary is $4,000 a year.

Next we visit the private room of the Attorney-General of the United States, by crossing a vestibule carpeted in velvet also, and evading the Marshal's door, to the hall of the Supreme Court. In a nook behind the Judges' platform is the most lovely resting place in the world, its furniture a rosewood secretary, one soft high-backed chair, one other chair, and a fireplace; a luxuriously warm carpet covers the floor, and a tall window peeps out upon the portico and its statuary. While the Court is sitting, the Attorney-General must spend much of his time here, convenient to his interests in the Court. He has $6,000 a year, three clerks, and a messenger. The dimensions of the Supreme Court Chamber are seventy-five feet chord, and forty-five feet in height; beneath it is the valuable law library, occupying the old Supreme Court Chamber.

Library of Congress

The present Court Chamber is the noblest apartment in proportion and architecture, considering its small size, in the United States, and claimed by *connoisseurs* to be the most beautiful court-room in the world. Until the winter of 1860 it was the historic Senate Chamber, and it gave up its legislative functions at the brink of the new national era. It is resonant to the reverent man, with the echoes of fifty years of republican eloquence, and it is one of the few apartments which seem worthy and, indeed, almost conscious of their associations. Imagine the interior of one-half of a low dome,—the floor of a semi-circle, and along the diameter, upon a raised platform, the cushioned high-backed seats of the Judges, with the apex of the half dome just above the middle chair, where the Chief Justice is to sit. The height of the dome above the Chief Justice is forty-five feet, the greatest width of the room is seventy-five 303 feet, and of course its transverse line is just half this distance. The whole floor is carpeted with the same rich golden-brown medallion which we have seen on the Marshal's floor, and this gives modern warmth and strength of color to the fine classical architecture of the room itself, which is of unique purity. Behind the Judges a screen of Ionic columns of green breccia, with white marble capitals supports a most airy gallery, over which the daylight streams through a soft curtain of crimson, giving a delicate tint to the stuccoed panels in the domed ceiling, and flooding the floor with the grateful light of perpetual autumn. On the wall in front of him, everywhere equidistant, the Chief Justice can see, set upon consoles, busts of each of his predecessors save Taney—and admirable names and faces are they, with concentrated eyes regarding him, their living suggestor: Jay, Rutledge, Ellsworth, Marshall. Had ours been a republic with an elective life-magistrate, perhaps the number of these Judges would have represented the number of administrations we should have had—six instead of eighteen.

Before the Judge is a narrow bar and railing, with crimson screen; there are nine chairs; on either hand are doors of official entry and exit, and opposite the main doors for spectators. The Clerk, reporter, and crier have desks beneath the Judges'; the main central area of the court-room has a line of baize-covered tables, with the chairs of attorneys interspersed,

and within the bar are two short rows of chairs for spectators or witnesses, while without it is a cushioned bench for mere listeners or intruders, but seldom are these seats filled, for there is nothing of dramatic intensity to be seen or heard in the Supreme Court. It is a tribunal of ultimate authority within the region of pure law, and does but listen to counsel, and express judgment after the calm manner of blind Justice herself.

When a stranger of an uneducated eye enters this Supreme Court-room, he feels the sincerity, so to speak, of its atmosphere and influence, after being stunned, confused, and bewildered 304 by the innumerable new and frequently meretricious objects of the great bulk of the Capitol. At a glance he perceives all that is, the repose of the place relieves his eye, and whatever is said, though without ornament or earnestness, is impressed upon his reason. So it happens that quite a dull man can sit here attentively for an hour to hear an application of argument to law, while the boldest philippic in the House of Representatives would impress him like the eloquence of a great bell hammer. The dimensions of the hall dignify the human figure, and its acoustic properties are magical.

The Marshal leads the way across the platform of the Judges. We stop awhile to try the effect of a rest in the chair of a learned Judge, and it is wonderfully introductory to sleep. One of the Judges said sometime ago that the greatest trial he had was to keep awake.

“The proceedings of the Court are so quiet and rational,” he said; “so seldom can one hitch, or smile, or be diverted, that often, after sitting up till 1 or 2 o'clock, reading upon a case, or writing a decision, I feel a constant fear of falling to sleep.”

On the side of the court-room opposite the Marshal's office is the “Judges' Walk,” a softly carpeted hall, without furniture or ornament, through which, preceded by a Deputy Marshal, the whole bench, in single file, enter upon or depart from their sittings. The shape of this hall is polygonal, with the side nearest the Court convex. A rosewood door closes this walk from the great corridor of the Capitol, across which we are led by the Marshal, and a bell at the rosewood door opposite calls up the Master of the Robes, a negro

gentleman of the olden time, with law and frost showing venerably in his combed wool. He is dressed in statesman's black, and knows a lawyer from any other sort of a gentleman, and a Judge from a lawyer. It is needless to say that he does not know politicians at all. He recognizes them as necessary evils; their salutations he may reply to; but there is an expression in his elderly, wrinkled face, and demure eye, which says plainly as a sermon: 305 “This acquaintance goes no further!” What reporter or author ever held an “interview” with this reverent old bachelor in the law? He probably never spoke to a newspaper man, or a literary man in his life; for he has descended to us from that period when Journalist forebore his iconoclastic hand from jurists and from statesmen, when duels were fought without published comment, and errors of speech or appetite found no Cerberian scribe near by, to bark the frailties of greatness around the world. Yet, what delicious pinches of original anecdote he may have to tell; what titbits of hearsay, and morsels and giblets of incident to enliven a dozen books of biography; for he has smoothed with his own hand the wrinkles from the robes of thirty years of Justice and of Justices.

Behind the door of the room which we have entered hang the long silken gowns of the Judges of the Supreme Court. There is one learned Judge, living in one of the leading Western States, whose robe requires fourteen yards of black silk to encompass his ample form, and as all the Judges pay for their own gowns, here is a small matter of seventy dollars to come out of the salary of a blind man—all Judges being blind. E very Court-day morning, the standard-bearers of our jurisprudence must have thi s black flag run up on them by their colored attendant. The go wns are buttoned up the b ack, and reach to the boot s, and their capacious sl eeves fall in many a learned fold to the wrist. The likeness they bear in these, clerical garments to the College of Cardinals, led an Irish gentleman from Milwaukee to say that he saw the President and the rest of the government going to mass as “illigant” as Cardinal Wiseman himself. Not less extravagant have been the ultra - democratic expressions of some Republican partisans, who, during the Impeachment trial, and while the Supreme Court was considering the Reconstruction cases brought before it, were loud in their denunciation of this bench as a set of aris tocrats, wearing “Monarchical

costume.” The cosmopolitan and philosophic mind of General Butl er led this sentiment; and so high did the feeling go that I expected daily to hear of 20 306 a mob rushing on the Judges as they went to open Court, throwing them down on the marble floor, and then and there stripping them to their boots and breeches. There is really no need for this costume; but what Judge cares to lead in a movement for its abolition? The Judges sit for life, so that there is no new bench coming in at any one time; the old Judges are thus used to the costume, and the new one does not wish to be a meddler. It is too small a subject for a jurist to consider, and too big a one for an outsider to influence.

The room into which we have come is the Judges' “robing room,” a long, lofty, and imposing apartment, carpeted by a large-figured tapestry, in tolerably bright colors, and lighted by three lofty windows, which are shaded with crimson damask curtains. A beautiful marble mantelpiece, of an old patterns stands in the middle of one of the wide sides, and facing this, across the width of the room, is the high-backed hair-cloth chair of the Chief Justice. At his right hand is a long table, with chairs reaching down it, and stationery, paper knives, etc., for each judge. The judges are careful of their stationery, unlike congressmen, and many of the utensils are quite worn. while I never saw a congressman resume his old implements at the beginning of a new session. Thus it happens that, including the salaries of the judges, the expenses of the Supreme Bench of the United States are less than those of any United States Circuit Court which exists.

Between the Chief Justice and the fire is a hair-cloth dais, or bordered lounge, low and without a back, and each of its three seats is nearly a good square in surface. This accommodates the three Daniel Lamberts of the bench, and I am told that the Supreme Court has never been without a large proportion of Colossuses upon it. Wanted, somebody to explain the reciprocal nature of victuals and law, appetite and justice! On the mantel is an ebony clock; on the other side of the fire are two other huge lounges; a couple of antediluvian escritoirs, such as Noah might have furnished the ark with, occupy corners. The gas hangs respectably.

This is the retiring room of the judges, their place of assemblage, and their parlor. Its end window commands the terraces, and a fine view of the City of Washington. This room was long the chamber of the Vice-Presidents of the United States, and it bears out the air of that middle period of our history between the aristocratic and the commercial age.

Opening off the robing room is the office of the Clerk of the Supreme Court, Daniel Wesley Middleton, a narrow apartment, ornamented with an oil painting of his predecessor in the clerkship, and a portrait of a long-departed justice. Here, also, and in the next and larger room, where the half-dozen assistant clerks have desks, the furniture is old and picturesque, and much of it was formerly used by the Secretaries of the Senate. This series of rooms looks out upon the city, and the terraced gardens of the Capitol. Mr. Middleton is the *beau ideal* of an old office-holder, and, as I have said, he has been here forty-two years, or since the era of Van Buren. He has saved a pleasant fortune, is highly respected, is full of *bon hommie* and reminiscence, and seems capable of surviving forty-two years of jurisprudence to come.

All the above rooms lie upon the second or main floor of the Capitol, and form a square, cut in half by the great corridor; but, under these rooms is still another series of judicial apartments—a law library, a large room where the judges retire to read law, and to vote upon their decisions, and apartments for bathing, etc.

The “deciding room” is large, carpeted, tolerably gloomy, and furnished with the same marble pattern of fireplace and furniture, while shelves of books surround it, and a large table extends down the centre. Seated at the head of the table, the Chief Justice presides, while decisions are being debated. Nearly 170 decisions were rendered during the last session, beginning in December, 1868, and the judges have (in the words of an official) to Work “like dogs,” reading, hearing, writing, conferring, so that they have been at last

relieved 308 from their immense circuit duty, and will, hereafter, sit seven months of the year at Washington.

At the novel time of opening court, the justices' filed to their chairs, and the crier made announcement:

“Oyez! Oyez! All persons having business before the Supreme Court of the United States are requested to draw near and give attention, for their honors, the Justices of the Supreme Court, are approaching to take their places upon the bench. God save the United States.”

Here the Deputy Marshal bows in the Court; gravity takes the place of bustle, and the highest tribunal is waiting for a quorum.

See?

The only scandal attending the Supreme Court in recent times was the selection of two justices in 1870 to reverse a former decision on the subject of legal tender payments.

The Local District Bar is made up of a hundred or two hundred lawyers. Some of them are fair, some shrewd. Daudge is the head of the bar. Bradley, senior, does business now in a weak way through his son, a fat, curly-haired, amiable young man. Old Bradley is rich, venomous, played-out, though he can still wriggle a little, like the tail of a snake till sundown. The sun of slavery is set. The strut which poor human nature gave itself because it could lick a nigger if it wanted to, is degenerated to a grovel. Wide lie the poor-house doors. The sons inherit the thirst of their fathers. Chiefly, and out of the distilled blood of Africa, the cup is benzine, which is burning up the residue of the rebellion. As it was said three thousand years ago, so still it must be said, “The judgments of the Lord are true and righteous altogether!”

“Ned” Price, is one of the oddities at the bar of the District. Price used to be a prize fighter, and like all retired pugilists he opened a Faro Bank in Washington. Being a fellow of

adventure and natural talent, he familiarized himself with two or three foreign languages, and finally studied law in the office of Carusi, the son of an old dancing master here. He passed the examination and was admitted to the bar. So 309 that, next to divine or religious influence, a good round head is the best redeemer of one's self. Price may take a “stake” now and then to this writing, but I think not. He is a stalwart and amiable rough, standing up like a bull, and smiling like a broad sear.

Dick Merrick is the light tragedian of the bar—the stage-struck attorney, who loses sleep unless he makes a speech between the rising of the sun and the going down thereof.

Philip Barton Key used to be District-Attorney of this Court. He once had before him a man who slew another for debauching his home, and his labors to convict the other were long and protracted. It being proved that the party killed was a professional seducer, Key made a speech to his memory, concluding with:

“No longer seek his merits to disclose, Nor draw his frailties from their dread abode,— There they alike in trembling hope repose,— The bosom of his Father and his God.”

In a few months the didactic seducer was himself made a street spectacle of retribution. The Sickles trial happening in this old court room, was the social witches' meeting before the Rebellion. Stirring up the poison cauldron of a woman's dishonor and a Capital's rottenness, the demons and hags collected there, went off on a broomstick to debauch the Thanes and Clans of the nation to treason—Ould, and Winder to starve prisoners; some here, some there. Double, double, toil and trouble.

One of the longest and most remarkable trials here, was that of the case of Tillotson Brown's widow. She had been the mistress of Brown for many years, and had a daughter grown up, and, I think, married. She proved that Brown had married her at last, and the legitimacy of the daughter came up. Tillotson Brown was brother to Marshall Brown, now a neighbor of General Grant, and one of the owners of the valuable Brown's Hotel property, and Marshall Brown contested the girl's legitimacy on behalf of the rich estate.

This opened up the vile particulars of a delicate question, and trial after trial prolonged 310 the stench of the case. At last the widow won it, and she lives now, within view of the court room, in one of the most sumptuous residences of Washington. Few who pass it, and see the carved bombshells upon the brown stone balustrade, know the social explosion that happened around that dwelling. The carriage goes and comes; the yard is full of flowers; canary and mocking birds sing in the windows. This is Washington. This is the world!

The town is changed for the better now. People go to church, and notably to the churches of dominant New England faiths, in greater numbers and gravity than they used. The low places are barred fast of Sabbaths. Men keep at home after tea time, and family life has one quiet night in the week.

To return to Senator Drake and the Court of Claims, of which he is Chief Justice. That Court sits under the library of Congress, in the Capitol Building, and has five Judges, four of them placed there in 1863, when the number and the jurisdiction were increased. The venerable David Wilmot, the ardent Pennsylvania free trader, has been replaced upon this bench by Samuel Milligan, 1870. The retiring Chief Justice Joseph Casey, is a native of Maryland, but he represented the Harrisburg (Pa.) District in Congress, twenty years ago. The other Justices, Peck, Nott, and Loring, are all grave, judicial men, who have served faithfully for smaller salaries. Judge Peck lives at Georgetown. Judge Nott has just been able to build himself a small, tasteful residence here. This Court was beeped round with safeguards from the beginning, and its record is believed to be dutiful and honorable, a strict equity tribunal, operating under the laws, and responsible, in test cases, to the ruling of the Supreme Court. It was especially provided in the terms of its organization, that members of Congress should not practice before it.

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CHAPTER XXIII. A PICTURE OF MT. VERNON IN 1789.

MOUNT VERNON.

Library of Congress

On a Tuesday morning, the 14th of April, 1789, a venerable old gentleman, with fine eyes, an amiable countenance, and long, white locks, rode into the lawn of Mount Vernon, coming from Alexandria. Two gentlemen of the latter town accompanied him. It was between 10 and 11 o'clock. A negro man sallied out to take the nags, and the old gentleman, entering the mansion, was received by Mrs. Washington.

“Why, Mr. Thompson,” said the good lady, “where are you from, and how are your people?”

“From New York, Madame,” answered the old man. “I come to Mount Vernon on a good errand, for the country at least. The General has been elected President of the United States under the new Constitution, and I am the bearer of the happy tidings in a letter from John Langdon, the President of the Senate.”

The General was out visiting his farm, however, and the guests were entertained for two or three hours, as we take care 312 of our visitors in the country nowadays. A glass of the General's favorite Madeira, imported in the cask, was probably not the worst provision made for them, and the cheerful gossip of Mrs. Washington, who had known Mr. Thompson, and visited his house in Philadelphia, helped to enliven the time. This grave and respectable old man was the link between the new Government at New York, and the new Magistrate at Mount Vernon. Charles Thompson had been the Secretary through all its eventful career of the Continental Congress which bad directed the cause of the Colonies from desultory revolt to Independence and to Union, and now he had ridden over the long and difficult roads to apprise the first President of the Republic of the wishes of his countrymen. At 1 o'clock, General Washington rode into the lawn of Mount Vernon; in appearance what Custis, his adopted son, has described:

An old gentleman, riding alone, in plain drab clothes, a broad-brimmed white hat, a hickory switch in his hand, and carrying an umbrella with a long staff, which is attached to his

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Washington, outside and inside. A picture and a narrative of the origin, growth, excellencies, abuses, beauties, and personages of our governing city. By Geo. Alfred Townsend http://www.loc.gov/resource/lhbcb.28587

saddle-bow. The umbrella was used to shelter him from the sun, for his skin was tender and easily affected by its rays.

Washington greeted Mr. Thompson with grave cordiality, as was his wont, inquiring for his family, and divining already the object of his visit, broke the seal of John Langdon's official letter. Dinner followed, and, while the visitors retired to converse or stroll about the grounds, the President-elect wrote a letter to the President of the Senate, and sent it forthwith to the Pos-Office at Alexandria by a servant. The letter was as follows:

“ Mount Vernon, April 14th, 1789.

“ Sir: —I had the honor to receive your official communication, by the hand of Mr. Secretary Thompson, about 1 o'clock this day. Having concluded to obey the important and flattering call of my country, and having been impressed with the idea of the expediency of my being with Congress at as early a period as possible, I propose to commence my journey on Thursday morning, which will be the day after to-morrow.”

This done, the rest of the day passed in conferences between 313 Washington and his wife, in the preparation of his baggage for the not-unexpected journey, while meantime the distinguished guest was amused by the young official household in the library and grounds.

At Mount Vernon was one of the brilliant Bohemians of his time, David Humphreys, colonel, poet, biographer, translator of plays, foreign traveler, courtier, and delightful fellow generally, with locks like Hyperion, a “killing” countenance, and no fortune to speak of; so he had become a permanent guest of his old General. To him Thompson Was turned over for hospitality, and we may suppose them mixing the grog, discussing France and the pleasures of the Palais Royale, and guessing the names in the new Cabinet with the staid Secretary, Tobias Lear, a New Englander, like Humphreys; while, perhaps, the latter recited his tolerably bad rhymes:

Library of Congress

“By broad Potomack's azure tide, Where Vernon's mount, in sylvan pride, Displays its beauties far, Great Washington, to peaceful shades, Where no unhallowed wish invades, Retired from fields of war.”

The estate of Washington in this pleasant springtime of the year, was well adapted, with its deep shade and broad, peaceful landscapes, to be the home of the most honored American. Amidst the long grass of its lawn stood the mansion of Mount Vernon, such as we behold it now, when it has ceased to become a home, and has become a shrine,—a low-roofed, painted straight edifice, with a high piazza on the river-front, which covers the two stories; and the whole is built of wood, cut in blocks to imitate stone. The light columns which uphold the porch are also of wood, sanded. There are dormer windows in all the four sloping sides of the roof, and a cupola full of wasps' nests, surmounts the whole, from which you can see the long reaches of the river. The house and immediate out-buildings could be built, at the present price of lumber and labor, for about thirty thousand dollars. But nobody would now 314 build such a house. Instead of the high, hollow portico covering the whole front of the building, we would now put a low veranda, and upper balconies. Instead of imitating stone, we would carve the wood into pleasing designs, or use stone outright. The interior of the mansion is pleasantly habitable to this day, but the naked, white-washed walls look very blank. The rooms are generally low of ceiling, and we would think it a hardship to live in the room where the Hero of the American hemisphere died. Neither gas, nor water-pipes, nor stoves, nor wall-paper, nor a kitchen under the mutual roof,—but simply a library, a drawing-room, with a carved marble-mantel, and an old, rusty, fine harpsichord; a hall through the house,—a reaching up for grandeur with feeble implements; some plain bed-chambers, and a few relics of the great man;—this is Mount Vernon as an abandoned home. The house is now above a century and a quarter old, and good for another century, if pieced up and restored from time to time. Back of it a pair of covered walks reach to the clean negro-quarters, between which is seen a rear lawn, with garden-walls on the sides; and across the lawn passes the road to Alexandria and Fredericksburg, so often ridden by the General. The gardens are of a showy, imposing

sort. He inherited this house from his half-brother, and lived in it for fifty years, not counting seven years during the Revolution, when he was absent.

Washington, the son of a second wife, had been married to a widow fifteen years when he was put at the head of the Colonial armies. He belonged to a military and commercial family; rather New Englanders in thrift and enterprise than like the baronial planters round about them. But he was a man who grew in every quality, except pecuniary liberality, and no book-keeper in Connecticut watched his accounts with more closeness, although he was very rich and childless. He was the most perfect fruit of virtuous mediocrity, and the highest exemplar of a disciplined life which the scrupulous, the prudent, and the brave can study. Every triumph he had was a genuine one, if not a difficult one. Guizot, the best student of 315 his larger life, who had in his eye of neighborhood the careers of all the great men of that quarter of a century, including Bonaparte, Talleyrand, and Wellington, said that. Washington's power came from his confidence in his own views, and his resoluteness in acting upon them; and that no great man was ever tried by all tests and came out so perfectly. Jefferson said that he was the only man in the United States who possessed the confidence of all, and that his executive talents were superior to those of any man in the world. He had wonderful power in influencing men by honorable sentiments, and he never gave a man an office to quiet him or gain him over. His character was a little picturesque, but he was as plain as Lincoln in the parts which he himself prescribed.

In that day Mount Vernon had all the fame it still retains. Engravings of it were common in Europe and America, and it was a place of resort for the curious and the eminent, the stranger and the politician, because its proprietor stood first amongst the private gentlemen of the world. His battles and his wisdom, his Republican principles, and the purity of his character, recommended him to men as the living model of all that Rousseau had delineated—a great unselfish citizen. The time had come when the vague, poetic, and earnest aspirations of humanity inclined towards this stamp of man. Europe did not contain his like. The mighty writers there had filled the people with a scorn for kings, while

yet they had not created one citizen-hero. Distance led them to enchantment with the name and person of Washington; and this was he, at home amongst his slaves, with his busy, knitting housewife, on the high, sequestered shores of the Potomac. He was aware of his fame, for every mail expressed it in the eulogies of authors, journalists, statesmen, and even princes. The gravity of public thoughts and things had deepened the shadows of a life by temperament reflective, almost austere; and this planter and farmer had grown judicial in his calmness and equipoise, so that he was already a Magistrate in intellect, and his election did not, probably, so much as ruffle his feelings.

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His mansion was a museum, illustrative of the ordinary culture and tastes of a planter of his period. In his parlor, doubtless, were these effigies which he had ordered from France thirty years before.

“A bust of Alexander the Great; another of Julius Cæsar; another of Charles XII. of Sweden; another of the Duke of Marlborough, of Prince Eugene. of Savoy; and a sixth of Frederick the Great, King of Prussia.

“These are not to exceed fifteen inches in height, nor ten in width.

“Two wild beasts, not to exceed twelve inches in height, nor eighteen inches in length.

“Sundry small ornaments for chimney-piece.”—(Washington's directions to his foreign factor.)

There had been exemplars of Washington at a younger period, when the military art was his delight. During the long war of the Revolution, his estate had escaped pillage, and what had since been collected were mainly tho gifts of friends, or the reward of arms and eminence. But it appears from what remains to us, that Mount Vernon was supplied with all the comforts and many of the luxuries of his time,—a period when foreign art and literature were at a high standard, and skill and science, had begun to look for their

patrons below Palaces and Ministers of State, to the firesides of the prosperous middle-class. The social revolution had already transpired in America and in Europe. Commerce, education, and accumulated wealth had insensibly triumphed over ranks and reverences. The Democratic age had not fairly dawned, but the men lived who were to lead it, and at the head of the middle class of conservative Republicans in America stood the men of homesteads, broad lands, and large crops, like Washington. They were yet to have a few years of semi-supremacy; but a fiercer wave of equality was gathering in the distance, which should spare Mount Vernon alone amongst family shrines.

Washington was rich, but not the richest of the planters. At least two Presidents were to succeed him, better burdened 317 with money and lands. He was, however, always above the fear of poverty, excepting the possible calamities of war; and the personal supervision of as many acres, servitors, and interests would be thought onerous in our time. Yet he was ever seeking, later in life, to increase the revenues of his farms, to lease, or to colonize them.

His property was chiefly in stock, slaves, and land, but the land was already showing signs of giving out, and he made reference more than once to Pennsylvania and Maryland, “Where their wheat is better than ours can be, till we get into the same good management.”

Probably no account of his estate can be found so reliable as that of the President himself, written to Arthur Young, a celebrated English authority on agricultural matters, just at the close of his first term of office:

“No estate in United America,” said Washington, “is more pleasantly situated than this. It lies in a high, dry, and healthy country, three hundred miles by water from. the sea, and, as you will see by the plan, On one of the finest rivers in the world. Its margin is washed by more than ten miles of tide-water; from the bed of which, and the innumerable coves, inlets, and small marshes, with which it abounds, an inexhaustible fund of rich mud may

be drawn, as a manure, either to be used separately or in a compost, according to the judgment of the farmer. It is situated in a latitude between the extremes of heat and cold, and is the same distance by land and water, with good roads and the best navigation, to and from the Federal City, Alexandria, and Georgetown; distant from the first, twelve; from the second nine; and from tho last, sixteen miles. The Federal City, in the year 1800, Will become the seat of the General Government of the United States. It is increasing fast in buildings, and rising into consequence; and will, I have no doubt, from the advantages given to it by nature, and its proximity to a rich interior country, and the Western territory, become the emporium of the United States."

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"The soil of the tract of which I am speaking is a good loam, more inclined, however, to clay than sand. From use, and I might add, abuse, it is become more and more consolidated, and, of course, heavier to work. The greater part is a grayish clay; some part is dark mould; a very little is inclined to sand; and scarcely any to stone."

"A husbandman's wish would not lay the farms more level than they are; and yet some of the fields, but in no great degree, are washed into gullies, from which all of them have not yet recovered."

"This river, which encompasses the land the distance above mentioned, is well supplied with various kinds of fish at all seasons of the year; and in the spring, with the greatest profusion of shad, herring, bass, carp, perch, sturgeon, &c. Several valuable fisheries appertain to the State; the whole shore, in Short, is one entire fishery."

"There are, as you will perceive by the plan, four farms besides that at the mansion-house; these four contain 3,260 acres of cultivated land, to which some hundreds more adjoining, as may be seen, might be added, if a greater should be required."

Again, he wrote to a foreign factor, to whom he shipped his tobacco, pretty much as Horace Greeley might write:

“I am possessed of several plantations on this river (Potomac), and the fine lands of Shenandoah, and should be glad if you would ingeniously tell me what prices I might expect you to render for tobacco made thereon, of the same seed as that of the estates, and managed in every respect in the same manner as the best tobaccos on James and York Rivers are.”

It was the custom of the Virginian planters, living upon tide-water, with the coasts deeply indented everywhere, to ship their crops direct from their estates to Bristol or London Washington wrote: “The best Potomac harbor (Piscataway) is within sight of my door. It has this great advantage, besides good anchorage and lying safe from the winds, that it is 319 out of the way of the worm, which is very hurtful to shipping a little lower down, and lies in a very plentiful part of the country.”

The manner of putting crops aboard ship was generally by the use of scows, which could come up the shallow streams. Thus, he wrote:

“So soon as Mr. Lund Washington returns from Frederick, I shall cause my wheat to be delivered at your landing, on Four Miles Run Creek, if flats can get to it conveniently.”

A few passages from the correspondence of Washington will make plain his mode of life and his business habits. He was always minute in his instructions to his superintendent, as thus, when closing up a notification to build roads:

“At all times they must proceed in the manner which has been directed formerly; and, in making the new roads from the Ferry to the Mill, and from the Tumbling Dam across the Neck, till it communicate with the Alexandria road, as has been pointed out on the spot.”

This shows that, though a planter, he was always a man of affairs, having personal cognizance of all belonging to him.

Again:

“When the brick work is executed at the Ferry Barn, Gunner and Davis must repair to Doque Run, and make bricks there, at the place and ia the manner which have been directed, that I may have no salmon bricks in that building.

“Oyster shells should be bought wherever they are offered for sale, if good, and on reasonable terms.”

As a landlord and creditor, Washington was exacting but not harsh. The year he was elected President, he wrote as to the collection of rents and debts:

“Little is expected from the justice of those who have been long indulged.”

To his wife, grandchildren, and his own nephews and nieces, he was provident, but still never lavish. In the same Year as above he wrote to certain needy ones:

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“You will use your best endeavors to obtain the means for support of G. and L. Washington, who, I expect, will board, till something further can be decided on, with Dr. Ceaik, who must be requested to see that they are decently and properly provided with clothes from Mr. Porter's store. He will give them a credit on my becoming answerable to him for the payment. And, as I know of no resource that H. has for supplies but from me; Fanny will, from time to time, as occasion may require, have such things got for her, on my account, as she shall judge necessary.”

These paragraphs convey to us, as fully as the twelve volumes of Sparks, the tone of the first Magistrate in affairs of private life. His estate, like that of many Virginians, labored

under disadvantages from the unthrifty agriculture of slaves, and the sort of improvidence, which large estates seem to necessitate. Seven years after the period at which this chapter begins, he said:

“From what I have said, that the present prices of land in Pennsylvania are higher than they are in Maryland or Virginia, although they are not of superior quality, two reasons have already been assigned: First, that in the settled part of it, the land is divided into smaller farms, and is more improved; and, secondly, it is in a greater degree than any other the receptacle of emigrants, who receive their first impressions in Philadelphia, and rarely look beyond the limits of the State. But besides these, two other causes, not a little operative, may be added, namely: that until Congress passed general laws relative to naturalization and citizenship, foreigners found it easier to obtain the privileges annexed to them in Pennsylvania than elsewhere; and because there are laws there for the gradual abolition of slavery, which neither of the two states above-mentioned have at present, but which nothing is more certain than that they must have, and at a period not remote.”

Unfortunately the first President failed to give his active support to emancipation, and those laws were delayed for seventy years.

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The neighbors of Washington were, in some eases, of even greater social consideration than himself. Of the adjoining State he said:

“Within full view of Mount Vernon, separated therefrom by water only, is one of the most beautiful seats on the river for sale, but of greater magnitude than you seem to have contemplated. It is called Belvoir, and belonged to George William Fairfax, who, were he living, would now be Baron of Cameron, as his younger brother in this country (George William dying without issue) at present is, though he does not take upon himself the title.”

The land of the neighborhood, at the time we have indicated, sold at a good price, for he says at Fairfax:

“A year or two ago, the price he fixed on the land, as I have been well informed, was thirty-three dollars and a third per acre.”

In the lifetime of Washington, the slow and henceforth steady decay of Virginia lands began. His own cherished fields steadily declined after his death, and will not now, probably, bring as much per acre as when he died. His chief crops were wheat and tobacco, and these were very large,—so large that vessels sometimes came up the Potomac, took the tobacco and flour directly from his own wharf, a little below his deer-park, in front of his mansion, and carried them to England or the West Indies. So noted were these products for their quality, and so faithfully were they put up, that any flour bearing the brand of “George Washington, Mount Vernon,” was said to have been exempted from the customary inspection in the British West India ports. Such was the home of Washington, where he spent the days of his private life, and his domestic enjoyments were of a dutiful rather than of an enthusiastic sort.

“His mother lived until he was fifty-seven years old, but his father died when he was eleven. His wife was rich, but not accomplished, and he set free 124 slaves at his death. He always rose to the needs of history, and, if his household seems 21 322 to lack pathetic and feminine features, that is, perhaps, because he was never out of the public regard, because he had no children, and also, possibly, because he was unfortunate in all his early loves. There are half-a-dozen cases on record of his direct rejection by ladies to whom he proposed.

Bishop Meade, the devout and careful chronicler of Virginia, received the following note from one of the family of Fauntleroy:

“My grandfather (who was called Colonel William Faunt Le Roy) was twice married. By the first wife he had one daughter (Elizabeth), who became the wife of Mr. Adams of James River, after having refused her hand to General George Washington.”

On this the Bishop remarked: “It would seem from the foregoing, and from what may be read in my notice of Mr. Edward Ambler and his wife, and frown what Mr. Irving and other writers have conjectured concerning Miss Grymes of Middlesex, and perhaps one other lady in the land, that General Washington, in his earlier days, was not a favorite with the ladies. If the family tradition respecting his repeated rejections be true,—for which I would not vouch,—it may be accounted for in several ways. He may have been too modest and diffident a young man to interest the ladies, or he was too poor at that time; or he had not received a college or university education in England or Virginia; or, as is most probable, God had reserved him for greater things,—was training him up in the camp for the defense-of his country. An early marriage might have been injurious to his future usefulness.”

Much of his life was passed in camps, and in lonely surveys, and he made himself by acceptance, instead of choice, a rigid historical being. He was worth, during all his married life, about; $100,000 sterling, not counting his slaves as merchandise, and it paid him not above 3 or 4 per cent in money, or about $20,000 per annum.

In this quiet, almost elegant home, he received many princes, exiles, and refined travelers, lured so far by the 323 report of his deeds and character. He disappointed not one of whom we have any record, and his neighbors, as well as those remote, forgot his austerities in his integrity. We could have placed no more composed and godlike character at the fountain of our young State; and his image, growing grander as the stream has expanded, is reflected yet in every ripple of the river. We have grown more Democratic since his time, and we often wish that Washington had been more pliable, popular, and

affable; but it is to be remembered that he was a Republican, and not a Democrat. As one of his federalistic observers has said of his day:

“Democracy, as a theory, was not as yet. The habits and manners of the people were, indeed, essentially Democratic in their simplicity and equality of condition, but this might exist under any form of Government. Their Governments were then purely Republican. They had gone but a short way into those philosophical ideas which characterized the subsequent and real revolution in France. The great State papers of American liberty were all predicated on the abuse of chartered, not abstract rights.” (Note—Gibbs' Life of Wolcott.)

As an original suggestor, Washington was wise, without genius. His designs were all bounded by law, the rights of others, and the intelligent prejudices of his time. He told Coke, the Methodist, that he was inimical to slavery. The better elements of our age were all intelligent, and growing in him. But the mighty whirlwind raised by Rousseau, and by Jefferson, blew upon the country, and we are what we are, while Washington and Lafayette, soldier and pupil, stand the only consistent great figures of the two hemispheres,—the last Republicans of the school of Milton and Hampden. Such as he was, there he lived, and the vestiges of the breaking up of the past are all round his honored mansion,—the key of the Bastile; his surveyor's tripod, which first measured the streams beyond the Alleghanies, and, at last, the forts which the North planted against Virginia slavery.

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The life of Washington at Mount Vernon, subsequent to the War, had been lived with that rigid method which he prescribed for himself at an early age. Temperate, yet not disdaining the beverage of a gentleman of that time, and dividing the day between clerical and out-of-door duties, he had escaped other diseases than those incident to camp-life, and he was not fond of the prolonged convivialities of the table. His breakfast hour was seven o'clock in summer, and eight in winter, and he dined at three. He always ate

heartily, but he was no epicure. His usual beverage was small-beer or cider and Madeira wine. He took tea and toast, or a little well-baked bread early in the evening, conversed with or read to his family, when there were no guests, and usually, whether there was company or not, retired for the night at about nine o'clock.

He loved Mount Vernon, and had never expressed a desire to change its retirement for the concerns of a denser society; but the wish seems to have been fixed in his heart at an early period, to see the banks of the Potomac become the seat of a great city. Annapolis, Baltimore, and, Fredericksburg, were each a stout day's journey from his estate, and Georgetown and Alexandria, were his post-office and market places. It had now been fifteen years since he had considered the subject of breaking his allegiance to his King and England, and fully half the time had been spent away from his estate.

During more than seven years of the war, Washington had visited his pleasant home upon the Potomac but once, and then only for three days and nights. Mrs. Washington spent the winter in camp with her husband, but generally returned to Mount Vernon during his campaigns.

From this mansion he had departed to take part in the first Continental Congress, as one of the four delegates from Virginia, when, in the language of a diligent historian, on Wednesday morning, the 31st of August, 1774, two men approaching Mount Vernon on horseback, came to accompany him. One of them was a slender man, very plainly dressed in a suit of minister's 325 gray, and about 40 years of age. The other was his senior in years, likewise of slender form, and a face remarkable for its expression of unclouded intelligence. He was more carefully dressed, more polished in manners, and much more fluent in conversation than his companion. They reached Merest Vernon at 7 o'clock, and after an exchange of salutations with Washington and his family, and partaking of breakfast, the three retired to the library, and were soon deeply absorbed in the discussion of the novel questions then agitating the people of the Colonies. The two travelers were Patrick Henry and Edmund Pendleton. A third, “the silver-tongued Cicero” of Virginia,

Richard Henry Lee, was expected with them, but he had been detained at Chantilly, his seat in Westmoreland.

All day long these eminent Virginians were in council; and, early the next morning, they set out for Philadelphia on horseback, to meet the patriots from other Colonies, there. Will Lee, Washington's huntsman and favorite body-servant, was the only attendant upon Washington. They crossed the Potomac at the falls, (now Georgetown,) and rode far on toward Baltimore before the twilight. On the 4th of September, the day before the opening of the Congress, they breakfasted at Christina Ferry, (now Wilmington,) and dined at Chester; and that night Washington, according to his diary, “lodged at Dr. Shippen's in Philadelphia, after supping at the New Tavern.” At that house of public entertainment, he had lodged nearly two years before, while on his way to New York, to place young Custis, his wife's son, in King's (now Columbia) College. With that journey in 1774, began the glorious period of this Virginia planter's career. Even at that date, he drew upon himself the admiration of the best of his contemporaries, and John Adams—now elected Vice-President with him—wrote to Elbridge Gerry—subsequently to be Vice-President with President Madison—this warm compliment in his favor:

“There is something charming to me in the conduct of Washington. A gentleman of one of the first fortunes upon the continent, leaving his delicious retirement, his family and friends, 326 sacrificing his ease, and hazarding all in the cause of his country! His views are noble and disinterested. He declared, when he accepted the mighty trust, that he would lay before us an exact account of his expenses, and not accept a shilling for pay.”

The history of the war which speedily followed that first Congress is mainly the career of Washington. He was a persevering, a prudent, and a magnanimous captain, and his character grew round and lustrous as the independence of the country advanced. Foreign nobles,countries, and officers did him reverence, and his behavior was always modest, grave, and yet cheerful, so that he neither made enemies nor provoked severe analysis; and he set the example of obedience to the civil powers, so that his army graduated in

the love of law, and their transition to citizens became as natural as his own to the First Magistracy. If he had not the military genius of Bonaparte, he had not also the love of blood and of violence in the same arbitrary degree. As has been well said, “war was to him only a means, always kept subordinate to the main and final object,—the success of the cause, the independence of the country.” As a captain, he was subject to none of the petty and irritable jealousies so common with conquerors; and he saw, without chagrin and ill humor, the successes of his inferiors in command. Still more, he supplied them largely with the means and opportunity of gaining them. Only once was he tempted with the anonymous proffer of a crown, and he rebuked it; and the fomentor of the single conspiracy against him wrote in remorse, “you are, in my eyes, the great and good man.”

When the armies disbanded, and he had bidden adieu to his companions and staff at New York, and delivered up his commission at Annapolis, he made one or two of those long journeys of which he was so fond, and which acquainted him so well with the needs and capacities of the future State, and then he sought the society of his wife and the congenial pursuits of agriculture. But one of his fame and large acquaintance could no more be permitted to dwell in solitude. For some time, 327 indeed, after his return to Mount Vernon, Washington was in a manner locked up by the ice and snow of an uncommonly rigorous winter, so that social intercourse was interrupted, and he could not even pay a visit of duty and affection to his aged mother at Fredericksburg. But it was enough for him at present that he was at length at home at Mount Vernon. Yet the habitudes of the camp still haunted him; he could hardly realize that he was free from military duties; on waking in the morning, he almost expected to hear the drum going its stirring rounds and beating the *reveille.*

As spring advanced, however, Mount Vernon, as had been anticipated, began to attract numerous visitors. They were received in the frank, unpretending style Washington had determined upon. It was said to be pleasant to behold how easily and contentedly he subsided from the authoritative Commander-in-Chief of armies, into the quiet country gentleman. There was nothing awkward or violent in the transition. Mrs. Washington,

too, who had presided with quiet dignity at headquarters, and cheered the wintry gloom of Valley Forge with her presence, presided with equal amenity and grace at the simple board of Mount Vernon. She had a cheerful good sense, that always made her an agreeable companion, and was an excellent manager. She had been remarked for an inveterate habit of knitting. It had been acquired, or at least fostered, in the wintry encampments of the Revolution, where she used to set an example to her lady visitors by diligently applying her needles, knitting stockings for the destitute soldiery. While Washington was waited upon by scholars, inventors, suggesters, and people with projects of material, moral, and intellectual improvements,—and the two hundred folio volumes of his writings and correspondence attest how engaged he was for the five years between the peace and the Presidency,—his wife was busied with the care of her orphan grandchildren.

There was another female dear to the newly-elected President, and he kept her in filial remembrance at the very moment of his greatest promotion. It was growing late in the evening of 328 the day on which our chapter opens, when Washington mounted his horse, and, followed by his man Billy, rode off into the woods of Virginia with speed. His destination was Fredericksburg, nearly forty miles away, with two ferries between,—one at the Occoquan, the other at the Rappahannock. His purpose was to see his old mother, now over eighty years of age, and drawing near the grave. It had been long since he had visited her, but he could not feel equal to the responsibilities of his great office until he should receive her blessing. Few candidates for the Presidency in our day would leave a warm mansion, filled with congratulating friends, to ride all night through the chilly April mists, to say adieu to a very old woman. But thus piously the administration of Washington began. He passed old Pohick Church, of which he was a Vestryman,—soon to tumble to ruins,—crossed the roaring Occoquan, and by its deep and picturesque gorge, where passed the waters of the future bloody Bull Run, and, by night, he saw the old churches of Acquia and Potomac rise against the sky; he saw the decaying seaport of Dumfries. In the morning, he was at Fredericksburg, and his mother was in his arms. Marches, perils,

victories, honors, powers, surrendered to that piteous look of helpless love, too deep for pride to show through its tears. And the President of the new State was to her a new-born babe again, —no dearer, no greater. He was just in time, for she had but the short season of summer to live, and, like many dying mothers, life seemed upheld, at four-score and five, by waiting love till he should come. History is ceremonious as to what passed between them, but the parting was solemn and touching, like the event.

“You will see me no more,” she said, “my great age and disease warn me that I shall not be long in this world. But go, George, to fulfil the destiny which Heaven appears to assign you. Go, my son, and may Heaven's and your mother's blessing be with you always.”

Passing from that dear, pathetic presence, the President elect, perhaps, did not hear the plaudits of the people in the 329 streets of Fredericksburg. He rode all day by the road he had come, and reached Mount Vernon before evening, having exhibited his power of endurance at the age of 57, by riding eighty miles in twenty-four hours.

His good wife had made all ready; the equipage and baggage were at the door next morning; and, leaving Mrs. Washington and most of the household behind, he set out for New York at 10 o'clock on Thursday, the 16th of April, accompanied by Thompson and Humphreys. The new State was waiting anxiously for its Magistrate.

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CHAPTER XXIV. THE DUELING GROUND AT BLADENBBURG, AND THE GREAT DUELS THERE.

My first, visit to Bladensburg was made in 1868. I walked out from Washington city with a newspaper, friend to see the dueling ground. Four miles carried us through the recently raised and dismantled breastworks. Then we passed the District line, where it runs through the cool and cedary lawn of John C. Rives, of the Washington *Globe,* putting his barn in Columbia, his house in Maryland. Here, under a maple tree, we saw old Commodore Barney's spring, where he drank when wounded at the battle of Bladensburg; across the

road the old salt had planted his battery; the road descended to the creek and ravine, where a bridge, about as long as your parlor floor, gave crossing, and on the Washington side of the bridge, at a bare, grassy dip, in the meadow, Decatur and many a man, as vain and brave, fell, pistol in hand. It was the dueling ground.

From a little knoll beyond the bridge, we looked upon the village of Bladensburg, and the slope of battle-field that gently fell from our feet, to the little sandy running river. The whole area of the original battle was not half a mile square, Barney's combat being a separate matter, fought on the third reserve line. Just by Bladensburg, whose old crook-gabled houses came nearly to the water's edge, we saw the new bridge reaching out rewards us, and a few yards below it, the broken abutments and piles of the old battle bridge. The new bridge was 331 about fifty yards long, the old one not more than thirty yards. In less than two minutes a man on a run could cross either.

Bladensburg itself we could see to be a village built along two roads, which forked off at the other end of the bridge, one by the stream's bank northward to Baltimore, the other keeping straight east to Benedict, on the Patuxent river. The course of the river was away from the village, south-westward. The village contained about three hundred people. The river was a shallow creek, now fordable everywhere, except after a rain, and running over sands and pebbles. A flat lay on each side of it, with bushes and stout old gum and ash trees growing therein; the village also lay on this flat, so low that after every rain-storm the people go muskrating around their back yards. Hills lie on each side of the flat, and the river escapes through dogwood and shell-bark thickets. Desolation was Bladensburg to look at, and low-lived wickedness to know.

It stands on the border of the great Calvert property. The house of George Calvert, lineal descendant of Lord Baltimore, the founder of Maryland, is only two miles out of the village on the Baltimore side,—a white mansion a hundred feet long, with wings and lofty portico, standing in an estate of two thousand acres, much of which is a spacious lawn, guarded

by the porter's lodges, in the English style, and stocked with white deer, by George Calvert, more than sixty years ago.

The old stage coaches, up to the railway era, used to go daily from Washington to Baltimore, through Bladensburg,—through fare two dollars and a-half in gold,—and in flint period tho town was called thriving. To see the Northern Congressmen and their wives go by, the young tobacco planters used to gather, and while waiting for the stage they fought chickens and dogs, or gambled in a bar-room.

Then this poor abandoned creek was a river, and boats of light draught came up to the piers of the old bridge and “loaded” with tobacco. Money was paid down on the spot for tho virgin leaf, and rum and nigger-driving stood on their deck of cards and thought it was a civilization. But steam, like a bolt 332 of lightning, struck this cross-roads Sodom. The railway left it to one side, and then the land, when it was ploughed for corn and wheat, ran off with the rains and filled up the river. No masted, boat has been seen at Bladensburg for eighty years. Of course the merchants subsided into retailers of candies and chiccory. The very old houses grew older with poverty. Had it not been for a chalybeate spring just above the town it would have been totally forsaken. This Spring brought now and then an idle carriage load of ladies to taste the water, and as the village laid just over the district line, dueling parties of politicians came now and then to put up their horses before they aimed at each other's hearts. The young planters lurking around the taverns to see these, became mere gamblers and debaters by profession at last. The nigger and tobacco had their revenge. I doubt that any miserable village in the country is so blasted with ignorance and wickedness as this. Blood, taken in colder blood, cries out and against it. Not one, but three different sites of duels, lie in its environs. The battle of 1814, that might have dignified the place, seemed to feel the loath-some future of it, and the troops lost heart, and ran like cravens. Yet, near the place, was born the Attorney-General and biographer of Patrick Henry, Mr. William Wirt. “Happily, he moved away!” said my companion, as we crossed the plank bridge.

Going up into the town—under great, elephant-backed roofs of over-lapping, octagonal-shaped shingles, where monstrously huge chimneys, perhaps of imported brick, buttressed up the gables, by lazy porticoes to private homes where green benches invited to a dreary rest, by dogs pursuing pigs in sheer maliciousness, and brutal roosters crowing at the sport, by signs that flapped for unreturning customers, and by negro kitchens in the rear of every dwelling, with open colonnades of brick between, by one sandy, sunny parched street—we passed the sign-board of the deserted “Exchange Hotel,” and came to the sign of “The Branch Hotel,” where Mr. Sutor, proprietor, stood in the act of chucking his jack-knife into his own gable. Near by 333 were hitching sheds and stables for traveling carriages that come no more. Within was a bar, decorated with two nude studies of almond-eyed females, and the valuable portrait of Mr. John Surratt, a young gentlemen who murdered a tyrant and gave his own mother up to be hanged. Mr. Sutor, of whom I had heard before, was at this time regaling a couple of young gentlemen with a humorous depiction of General Butler stealing “spoons,” although he called them “spunes.” The bar-keeper was thus addressing a young gentleman who walked to and fro: “Latherby, you mousn't take yer hists so airly in the mornin'. The black Jack man'll git ye agin.”

This playful remark I interpreted to mean that Mr. Latherby was just getting over a spell of *delirium tremens.*

However, after some difficulty in getting Mr. Sutor off the spoon question, which could only be done by allowing him to curse General Butler for five minutes uninterruptedly, he said with that familiar leer which implies social “cleverness” in Maryland, that he had seen many a “juel,” had fed many a “jueling” party, and that wounds had been dressed and limbs amputated frequently in his parlors. There were persons older than himself, he modestly added, living in town, who had seen the most famous duels of them all, and he indicated a druggist the way who was present at the celebrated Graves and Cilley combat.

I asked to be given some of the scenes cotemporary with these actions.

“Oh!” said Mr. Sutor, “the seconds and very often, the principals used to come out yer the night befo' the juel, with their friends, and have a high ole Kerouse up stairs. Mos' all of 'em got ripe and drunk befo' daylight, and some of 'em ovoslep 'emselves, so they couldn't see no juel at all.”

Here Mr. Sutor laughed very loudly. His friends laughed. All laughed.

“They never told us, of course, about the juel; but we allus knowed it. We could tell. We'd see 'em walk behind the 334 house and slip across the bridge and, of course, we didn't see nothing. Oh! no. Neither did *he* see them spunes!”

Here there was an exhilarating, laugh all round.

A friend of Mr. Sutor now interpolated some interjective contempt for certain Methodists of the Bladensburg region, who had tried to stop duelling on their side of the district-line even by force. He said they were darned intermeddlers, and didn't like fun no-how.

“They got no ijee of a gentleman's quarrel. They want to go to law on a question of honor.”

“They want them spunes!” said Mr. Sutor, to his own great merriment.

“I tell you, gentlemen,” said Mr. Surer, breaking off, “Bladensburg's the only complete town in the United States. It's all yer. It aint got many spunes, but it's a complete town.”

(Mr. Surer meant to rest upon the fact that Bladensburg had ceased to grow.)

At tiffs time there were indications that our new acquaintances wanted less talk and more treating. Insinuations were made that a game of gallop, sledge, or draw poker would improve the spirit. While declining these hospitable invitations we saw one of the young Calverts (called here Caulverts) riding by on a fine blooded horse. They are capable,

recluse farmers, and I believe, have eschewed the religion of their fathers, being now hardshell Episcopalians.

A last effort to induce Mr. Sutor to give us his reminiscences of the Battle of Bladensburg developed a certain memory of Mr. Surer having been sent by his father to drive home a certain pig, and while on the way, a desperate shower came down, which Mr. Sutor remembered to have “spiled” a certain alpaca jacket that he wore. This alpaca jacket was a very fine piece of material, being furnished with a peculiarly handsome and nondescript gilt button. But what all these pigs, jackets, rain storms and buttons had to do with the Battle of Bladensburg was still a matter of mystery when we bade Mr. Sutor good-bye.

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“I say!” said Mr. Sutor, when we got down the street a piece, halloing, “You won't try your luck at keyard's?”

“No! thank you!”

“And you won't forget them spunes?”

We went gladfully out of this manner of village to the old dueling ground, very silent and uncommemorated, with a new hill-top fort looking over into it, and sat there, reflectively thinking over the barbaric years when the vanished master was the type of manliness.

A few remembered incidents stood prominently out.

Jonathan Dayton, Senator from New Jersey, challenged the great De Witt Clinton, Senator from New York, to fight him in 1803. Clinton apologized.

In 1819, just over the district line in Maryland, General Armistead T. Mason, Senator from Virginia, was shot dead by John M. McCarty, his cousin, in a duel with muskets and ball. They stood only ten feet apart. Mason deserved his death, and so did McCarty. They first

challenged each other to fight at three feet, then at three inches, and, at last, to sit on a powder barrel and blow each other up.

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In 1820, in the month of March, Stephen Decatur was shot dead on this old Bladensburg cockpit, by James Barton, a fellow officer. They stood eight paces apart.

A baser duel was that of Fox and Randall, the latter a Treasury Clerk, who seduced the daughter of his Washington boarding-house keeper in 1821, and then challenging her pitying friend to fight at eight paces, killed him instantly.

These bloody deeds are little in vogue to-day, since they stopped the sale of niggers, and cooled honor down with a little wholesome poverty.

Henry Clay's celebrated duel with Randolph occurred in Virginia, above Chain Bridge, at the base of one of the strong earth forts erected in the late war. On the site of the combat thousands of men have since encamped. It is about nine ? miles from Washington. Clay had previously fought with Humphrey Marshall in 1808. Randolph was a novice at this 336 meeting, which occurred in 1826. The latter was a singular piece of talent and vanity, nearly a madman, and intelligible only in Virginia. He annoyed Clay, who was Secretary of State, by repeatedly attacking the latter from the Senate, styling him a blackleg, and charging him with a diplomatic forgery. Randolph spent the night before the duel in quoting poetry and playing whist, while his will was being amended.

The next morning, before going to the field, he got nine pieces out of bank to make gold seals for his friends, and carried them to the ground in his breeches pockets. His pistol went off by accident, but at the real interchange of shots he fired in the air. Clay took aim at him. Years afterward Randolph had the gold seals made, with coats of arms upon them. There was a good deal of Kentucky and Virginia blatherskite written about this duel. Clay

made a fine figure in it, seeming to feel regret and intrepidity together as he stood up. For the most extended description, see “Benton's Thirty Years in the Senate.”

The fourth duel of consequence in this country—outranked in character only by the deaths of Hamilton, Decatur, and Broderick—was fought between Jonathan Cilley of Maine, and W. T. J. Graves of Kentucky, four miles from Bladensburg, on the river road, in 1838. The weapons were rifles, the distance was ninety-two yards. Henry A. Wise was the second of Graves. Cilley was put in a place where the February wind blew keenly on him. They both fired twice and missed. After each fire Cilley apologized in a manly way, but would not humiliate himself. On the third fire, Cilley fell, shot through the body, and died in three minutes. There were present at this duel, Crittenden (Compromiser) and Menefee of Kentucky, Duncan of Ohio, and Bynum of North Carolina. Jones of Wisconsin seconded Cilley. Calhoun and Hawes of Kentucky were also present. All these were members of Congress. Other spectators were two uninvited men, named Powell and Brown, and the hack drivers.

The duel was barbarous in all its associations. Cilley had 337 offended J. Watson Webb, editor of the defunct *Courier and Enquirer* of New York, in debate, and Graves was one of a party of fire-eaters who challenged Cilley because the latter would not admit that Webb, his principal, was a man of honor. While Graves and Cilley were fighting, Webb and another party were scouring the country for them, determined to mutilate or kill Cilley any way. The record left by the whole Webb and Graves party in this duel,—for which I refer you to Lorenzo Sabine's Notes on Duels and Dueling,—is one of persecution and murder. The event inflamed the country, and led to the first decided stand taken by the North against the atrocious principles of the dueling code.

The next duel of note near Washington was an interchange of shots between one Edward Stanley of North Carolina, and one Samuel W. Inge of Alabama, Congressmen. The former said, in debate, that the latter had little sense and less charity. Then they called each other blackguards, and both were probably correct.

In 1852, John Barney of Baltimore, tried to get Mons. Sartiges, the French Minister, to fight him near the city.

Two Richmond editors fought at Bladensburg, bloodlessly, in 1852. They were both named Johnson.

John C. Breckinridge avoided a duel with F. B. Cutting of New York, by apologizing, in 1854.

To this imperfect list of duels, there is only one index of character: Vindictive vanity. The last single combat in the Capital city was Payne stabbing the sick Seward in his bed of helplessness, and Booth. revenging himself on Lincoln's mortality. Both these heroic affairs of honor were sequels to the braining of Charles Sumner by the honored son of South Carolina. They end that race of high motive, of sensitive courage, and of cavaliers of which Bladensburg, as it stands, would be properly the capital and the cemetery.

I paid a very remarkable visit to Bladensburg in 1870, to ascertain some particulars of the death of Stephen Decatur.

My inquiries excited an accommodating spirit, and I soon heard the barkeeper cry out: 22

“Yer's the man that saw Decatur shot!” said the barkeeper.

I turned from my supper of fresh herring, caught, “juss yer behine de tavern in de branch,” and from my roes of fresh shad, to look at the man who saw Decatur shot.

He was a lean, liver-hired old loafer of the village of Bladensburg. His kidneys were all dissolved in burning whiskey. He wore a wide slouched hat, poor clothes, the boots of a gentleman, worn through and patched as frequently as the patches in his credit, the

gaps in his character. There was a cane in his hand, of course, the rake's last sceptre. He looked at me with a twinkle of amiability, and a sidewise expression of thirst.

“I saw Commodore Decatur mortally wounded, sir. It was on the 22d of March, 1820, sir—forty-nine years ago. My God! how time flies. Yes, sir; I'll jine you with a little tansy.”

The old man took off his hat and balanced it on the end of his stick, and leaned it against the whitewashed wall. Then he took all his liquor, and asked if I was from the North.

Marylander! And from Worcester County? Why, that's the gitting-off place,” exclaimed the old Bladensburger to my answer. And now I know why you take an interest in Decatur's juel; for Stephen Decatur was born in Sinepuxent Bay, Worcester County, Maryland, ninety years ago. That little, peninsula of Delaware and Maryland [he called it Maalun], called the Easters sho', has projuced some of our biggest naval heroes—Decatur, MacDonough, the Goldsboroughs, Dupont. And two of 'em were of French descent. Decatur's grandfather was a French midshipman from La Rochelle, the last stronghold of the Huguenots, who cruised to the West Indies, took the yellow fever, and was sent to Newport, R. I., to git well. But he fell in love with Prissy Hill there, quit the navy of King Louis XV., and, entering our merchant service, died soon, poor in Philadelphia. His only son Stephen went to sea, married Miss Pine, an Irish girl, became a naval officer, and a privateersman in the revolution, and while he was off fighting 339 the English, the British army entered Philadelphia; his wife moved down to Sinepuxent Bay, where Stephen Decatur, the first son, was born. He had the three big crosses in him, sir, French, Irish, and __”

“Yankee?”

“Yes, sir!” said the old Bladensburger, “but the Rhode Island Yankee was driven out of New England proper, and it is a better breed. We had some hope to see Mr. Sprague, of Rhode Island, out on our jueling ground. But I'm afraid I have seen my last affair of honor.”

“How old are you, may I ask?”

“I am 61 years, sir. Sometimes I think I remember the battle of Bladensburg, but they tell me that's only an idea. But when Decatur was shot I was 12 years old. We knew there was boun' to be a juel by gentlemen with a naval look to 'em; who stopped at our tavern over night. That's the way she always did, sir. One party would come from Baltimore-way and put up yer all night in Bladensburg. the opposite party would drive out from Washington after daylight next day, and meet the Bladensburg party in the gully, half a mile toward Washington. There they'd fight, and cross the Destreek line right afterward to avoid arrest. We boys cut our eyes when we saw strangers round town late. Next morning, you'll be bound, we was up and hiding in the trees or bushes along the edge of the gully. It was Barron's party, sir, that stayed in Bladensburg that night. At a gentleman's house, near by, I have heard that some of Decatur's family put up, to be timely on hand after the shots were fired. There were a thousand stories flying round after the fight, about those minor matters. I only know what I saw and was informed.”

I thought to myself how true it was, indeed, that what passes perishes, at least to the curiosity. This old parasite and ghoul of manslaughter had only expressed in another way the apology of Mackenzie to his life of Decatur, that: “The search for truth, however sincere, does not always result in its being 340 found. Experience Proves that contemporary history is quite as fallible as that of the past.”

I lighted my pipe and purchased for this old-man guide a paper of tinfoil tobacco. He entered into some little apology upon his fallen condition.

“We're down tolabul pore in Bladensburg these days, sir. They took two things from us, sir, that would ruin any people—our river and our niggers. They give us a railroad, and that busted us completely. Bladensburg stood before Georgetown or Washington were thought of, sir. It was called Garrison's Lauding as far back as the year 1700. People round here live to this day who can remember vessels clearing from the foot of this street for the

West Indies and for Liverpool. Then the Capital was established close by us, and stages ran through to Baltimore, to the number of thirty or forty a day. Meanwhile the river began to get shallower every year till our port was broken up; for the soil hereabouts runs off or wears into-deep gulleys, and we hadn't the Northern knowledge to make it stay. What we lost off our land filled up our river. Then the railroad was laid thirty years ago, and it broke up the briskness of our way travel. Finally, when the land was so pore that it wouldn't keep a nigger, superfluous bad luck to even our niggers. And, between you and me, sir, as Marylanders, the niggers ain't certainly no wuss off than they was, and we are wuss off every way. I'll take some gin, if you're agreeable."

At this time my carriage came up, and, after going through the hotel, I made the complete circuit of the village.

This celebrated tavern is a frame building, with a lawn in the rear, a front porch, a bar-room at the end, and the barroom gives access to a stableyard, which is open on the side next the street, and has hitching stalls set round about.

At the present day this tavern is the undisputed Capitol of Bladensburg, and Bladensburg is the worst town possibly in the United States. There are more desperate and more mercenary 341 towns on the verge of human exile, but I should say that Bladensburg at the present time is altogether the most heathen place we have. At night this tavern and its rival across the street are filled with relics of barbarism, poor wretches who will fight upon a word and cheat without a need, debased at all points except upon the solitary imputation of cowardice. It is saturated with that blood-thirstiness and thirstiness otherwise, which calls and follows to "the field." Its proudest recollection is that it was the picked place for mortal combat, and yet it was the scene of the most cowardly battle ever fought on the American Continent, a battle wherein a few British sailors and soldiers slew the militia of all this countryside as they ran like dogs, leaving on their flank the Capital of the country to be burned and the President of the country to be captured. And in the environs of this wretched place the bravest and handsomest officer in our navy—"the Bayard of the seas,"

as he was not inaptly called—fell almost a carcass in the dirt, with a ball in his bowels and his ball in his adversary's hip.

At this day Bladensburg is in essentials the same village it was when Decatur and Barron fought here on a morning in March, 1820—a roadside village of three or four hundred people at the crossing of the East Branch of the Potomac, five miles from the Capitol at Washington. Its principal street stretches along a flat floor of sand, thirsty, like its citizens, and is, at both ends, stopped by a ford and bridge; for the branch makes a turn round the bottom of the village, and shoots off a creek round the top of it. The main turnpike street, therefore, on which our old duelists' tavern stands, midway between the fords—is a good deal like a village built upon a sand bar or river beach. The backyard of those houses which keep the same side with the tavern go flatly back to the river. The yards of houses across the street scramble up at a small degree. Behind these latter houses is another broken street, parallel to the first, and both of them at the bottom of the town lead into a street at right angles, which passes the branch 342 by a bridge one way, and the other way leads back through the hills into the Chesapeake Necks of Maryland. It was by this list road that the British came from their ship at Benedict to burn Washington. There are hills on that side of the town, and behind them the British formed. Then, charging across the old bridge, or shipping up under cover of those old houses, they passed the branch, formed on the Washington side of the river, and that night moved into Washington. The back lanes of this town, and the houses which lie up the green hill-terraces, show large and comfortable yet. The fiat main street smells of the ague, feels of the rheumatism, and looks of starvation. Its grave, hip-roofed, blackened old houses, look in the twilight like rows of wrecked hulks along a bar when the tide has gone out. In the baking sunshine of the day they look like tawny elephants, waiting in two lines to carry up the vast delay of cargoes which nevermore shall come to Bladensburg piers. Mighty outside chimneys hold themselves and their old houses up. The porches hang limp, like the dislocated chins of dead men. There are no sidewalks. No wagon moves oftener than once an hour through these old waiting rows of mansions. There is a shop or two, but the merchant

lolls in the door and looks where the river used to be for the unreturning ships. I have sometimes thought of the perils of towns pitched in the sea, but woe be to the towns which the sea deserts, once having fondled them. I never felt the sense of isolation in Venice or in Rotterdam, where the water plashes against one's house like the sea against his vessel. But in this little village, which has lost its river, there seems to have been a superstition of bad luck, and the curse came ever since the tide forsook it. I felt this myself when I heard, of the river going away, and I said to my acquaintance, the guide: “By the rivers of Babylon we wept.”

I have read a poem about the Deserted Village, but I should call this the “Abandoned Village.”

“There was a sossy Methodist preacher here,” replied the old man, “who undertook to say, just after the war, that our 343 people and town were abandoned. He said the jueling ground had been the academy of our boys and the tavern their pump. I tell you, sir, between us, as Marylanders, that jueling ground has been bad for a good many of us. Strangers come to see it. It's the sight and park of the village. It fills our boys' heads with ideas of taking the chances, and handling weapons, and resenting insults. As they can't juel no more, they fight cocks behind the tavern now, and skin a stranger, if he comes along, with a game of cards. A standing gibbet or gallows couldn't have been wuss for us than that jueling ground. . . It'll haunt this neighborhood for ever. The niggers are afraid to pass it after night. And do you know,” the old man dropped his voice, “that when I look at our ships gone, the sea gone that fetched 'em here, and nothing left but this little bloody branch, I feel that yon old jueling ground is somehow at the bottom of it.”

The old man looked as if a chill out of the swampy street had struck him. I felt a little shiver of it myself.

“For look you, sir,” he said, “at the bad luck that has come to us since the year 1800, when that little gully, half a mile from the village, became a human cockpit. (The first man known

to have been killed there was Hopkins, in 1814, but it was a place of jueling almost as early as Washington became the Capital, and army and navy and politicians, all high-strung, got to be our neighbors). First we lose our ships. Then we lose our water, and our wharves stand high and dry on land, so that a duck can't turn where a brig used to anchor. Then we lose our good name; for the British army turns Washington in the rear, and makes us a rampart to cover their operations. Right over the jueling ground, the Field of Honor, our militia cut dirt, and Bladensburg is held accountable for the sacking of the Capital. No run of good luck begins. We lose the stage coaches. The soil gits poor. Our mineral spring that's got no superior in the Middle States, attracts nobody. The boys grow up bad. Upon my soul, it can hardly be called a calamity that our niggers are 'mancipated."

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"My Bladensburg friend, it is just eighty years since William Pinkney, of Annapolis, described Bladensburg at the present day in these words: Never will your country be productive; never will its agriculture, its commerce, or its manufactures flourish so long as they are dependent upon reluctant bondsmen for their progress. Even the very earth itself, as Montesquieu says, which teems profusion under the cultivating hand of the freedom laborer, shrinks into barrenness from the contaminating sweat of a slave:"

We passed, so speaking, the tumble-down stores, saw vestiges of the ancient piers and bridge, crossed the new bridge in the early evening, and saw negroes bare to the thighs, wading in the pools with herring nets, plashing the surface meantime with rods, to drive the herring in. Beyond the bridge the road, by rising undulations, went towards Washington—a hard clay road, fenced on either side; to the left, ran meadows down to the sedgy brink of the river; on the right was a mill, and further on a handsome farm and barns. Half a mile from the bridge, the road dipped slightly to pass a small stone bridge, of one arch. Beneath this bridge a brook, nearly dry, had washed a gulch in the clay, to the depth of eight or ten feet, and this gulch crossed the road obliquely, washing out the fields to the same depth on either side. The gulch was twelve feet wide, and to prevent it from carrying off the bridge, heavy piles were driven at both ends of this structure. Gulches or "washes"

like this account for the bold landscapes and barren soils round Washington, and it is the opinion of Mr. Hilgarde, of the Coast Survey, that the whole Chesapeake Basin is slowly filling up.

There is no name for the brook which once ran across, not under, the road, and was a clear or a muddy stream, as the weather might permit. In those days there was no deep ditch, as at present, but the brook flowed down a narrow, grassy valley, which still meanders through the rolling fields by long and graceful curves. A piece of dry marsh, it might be called, winding through hills, and concealed from observation except 345 from the ends. The passenger on the railroad can look down the whole length of it now as he rides by, and in some Summers he will see cattle grazing in it, in others he will find it planted with Indian corn or buckwheat.

This is the famous dueling ground of Bladensburg. I descended from the road and stood on the spot where Decatur fell, and in no direction could I see any building, except the tip of a barn-gable, across the East Branch, three quarters of a mile distant.

“When Commodore Decatur fell yer, in 1820,” said the eye-witness, “there were trees masking this gully from the road, and many trees and bushes growing along its banks. The gully itself was clear and grassy as you see it to-day. In a carriage passing along the road, you couldn't have known anybody to be near by. I was a boy, and remember well; for these things made an impression on me, and I sneaked into the bushes and saw the duel happen.”

Before six o'clock in the morning, on the 22d day of March, 1820, Commodore Stephen Decatur rose from the side of his wife and put on his citizen's clothes. She was used to parting with him, for in their fourteen years of married life, he had gone many times to sea and to battle. He crept softly down the stairs, and, passing through his spacious hall, encountered only his old negro servant, the companion of his voyages, who was alert and acquainted with the purposes of the day.

Library of Congress

The old man had thrown open the windows of the drawing-room, and round the walls Decatur saw the trophies and illustrations of his life; his portraits and the paintings of his most celebrated battles; gold medals and gold swords; the gifts of Congressmen and admiring cities; articles of virtuoso, and bits of oriental furniture, purchased or captured in ports of Barbary or on the civilized seas. In Washington City there was no more spacious or excellent mansion than his, the President's house excepted, and this is demonstrable to the present day, where it stands upon the west corner of H street and Lafayette Square —a large brick mansion, worthy to be a Republican gentleman's 346 residence in any generation. He had himself built it a few years before out of prize money received from captures, and it was the second house he had owned in Washington, the first being one of the “Seven Sisters,” so-called, three squares farther out Pennsylvania Avenue.

Decatur had always been in easy, almost luxurious circumstances. His father was a rich merchant and distinguished naval officer; his blood and name were good; he had been a child of fortune beyond almost any experience in American history, and he was now in the height of that popularity, chivalrous spirit and manly beauty, in which no American naval officer has supplanted him to this day.

With a military cloak around him, he strode out of his door and down the short block to the Avenge, passed the White House where President Monroe lay asleep, and crossing the empty lot where the Treasury has since been established, walked directly toward the Capitol, by the Mansion House (on the site of Willard's), by the “Indian Queen” (Brown's), and all the way the imperfect sidewalks were lined with tall poplar trees, the freak of Mr. Jefferson, and through their broken aisle he could see the unfinished Capitol, surrounded by scaffolds, dominating its picturesque hill. Thirty thousand people comprised the citizens; the streets were sparsely lined with houses; the walking on the slopes of Capitol Hill was bad as it possibly could be; nobody was alert, and in the freshening silence of the morning, Commodore Decatur, forty-one years of age, had plenty of stimulation to make a retrospect of his life, and to examine his present intentions.

He was within three hours to meet his ranking officer, Commodore James Barron, in a duel, the twain to stand eight yards apart, and fire at each other with pistols. The challenge had been accepted, and the arrangements made two weeks before, on board the ship-of-the-line Columbus, the ship which Barron wished to command, but which Bainbridge, Decatur's second, had obtained. As she had lain in deep water of St. Mary's, in the Potomac River, getting ready for sea, Captain Elliott 347 came aboard, on the anniversary of Decatur's wedding, and the time, place, distance, and weapons were solemnly selected.

Dueling with Stephen Decatur had been partly pastime, in part a passion. He had written some sentiments to the contrary, but his life disproved them. We have perhaps never had an example in America, certainly never in the North, of a family so conspicuous in dueling as Decatur's. His house was already the home of the widow and orphans of his brother-in-law, James McKnight, shot dead at Leghorn, eighteen years before, in a duel with a fellow-officer. Only eighteen months prior to the present impending duel, Decatur had been second to Oliver Perry, in a duel in New Jersey. In 1803, Decatur had compelled a duel at four yards between Midshipman Bainbridge, a relative of his present second, and an English duelist, wherein the latter was killed. At school, Decatur was the physical champion, and at the age of twenty he fought a duel by his father's advice, at Newcastle, Delaware, with a merchantman's mate, badly wounding the latter in the hip. Two years afterward, he made the Spanish naval officers in the harbor of Barcelona feel the presence of his high spirit. In the war of 1812, he sent a challenge for a duel between American and English frigates. At last he is to enter the lists in a combat of long and bitter fomentation, and its eventfulness marks the complexion of his thoughts. The man whom Decatur was to meet had been a disgraced and saddened fellow-officer. Nearly thirteen years before, a trusted and accomplished sailor, he had set sail in the frigate Chesapeake, from Hampton Roads, in the sight of Decatur and a fleet assembled there. It was in the time of peace, five years preceding the war of 1812, and Barron's flagship, without a gun ready for service, was suddenly boarded on the ocean by a boat from the British ship Leopard, whose commander demanded three British sailors to be given up. Barron refused to deliver them.

Library of Congress

The Leopard opened fire upon the helpless Chesapeake, and after killing and wounding many of her men, boarded her and seized the sailors.

This act set the country afire. The Administration, unwilling 348 to go to war, offered up a victim to the people in Commodore Barron, but his conduct had been so brave and sailor-like that the court martial could only convict him upon his misfortunes; and because his ship was not ready for action, he was sentenced to be suspended five years without pay. Decatur took the leading part in this prosecution of Barron, and in and out of court denounced him. It was a time of popular or party rage, like our recent impeachment trial, and Barron had few defenders so that whoever put himself at the head of the persecution became the idol of the hour, and this man was Decatur. Supported by the baneful passions of the populace, Decatur grew very zealous in his opposition to Barron, and no doubt, in his fervor, believed that he was right.

Barron went abroad in the merchant service to earn his bread. He had struck the ebb-tide, which never turned till the day of his death. Decatur took Barron's ship and hoisted his Commodore's pennant. The war with the British came on during Barron's exile, and Decatur, who had struck the flood, went buoyantly up from victory to victory, and Barron found him, on the latter's return in 1818, a Commissioner of the Navy, rich, young, handsome and chivalrous.

The study of public feeling toward public men is not often so painful as we find it in this case. Every glory achieved by Decatur had given him a more gracious and historic bearing. Every anguish endured by Barron had made him sad, morose, and uncompanionable. The one man, out of his great injustice, suspected everybody. His themes of talk were his personal griefs. He went about asking for sympathy. Decatur carried an open countenance and a liberal hand. His chivalrous spirit compelled all homage which was not voluntary. And his themes of talk were epic and healthy; so that his company was coveted everywhere.

About a year before the duel, Barron—who was a Virginian from Hampton, and, like Decatur, the son of a gallant officer—made application for active service, and some newspaper paragraphs guessed that he wanted the fine ship Columbus, and the command of the Mediterranean squadron.

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All pride of consistency stimulated Decatur to resist Barron's request. He was readily joined by Porter and Rodgers, his two fellow-Commissioners, and the ship was given to Bainbridge, whom Decatur had rescued from the dangerous Tripoli. By this time the unreliable public pulse beat equally with regard to Barron, and had the latter not challenged and killed his persecutor, it is probable that Decatur's pride of vindictiveness would have returned upon himself.

This is written after what I think to be thorough and just inquiry and research. There is a period which elapses after the death of any hero, when he passes out of patriotic into historic estimate. By the light, and by the right, of Time, therefore, I believe that Decatur's renewed pursuit of Barron, which was the cause of this duel, is a shadow upon a life else perfectly gallant. He circulated gossip about Barron's position in exile, put stigmas upon his courage, and said that “his conduct ought to forever bar his readmission to the service.” Informers going from one to the other, enlarged and envenomed these sentences. At last Barron, stung to despair, sent a letter to Decatur asking if he said that “you (Decatur) could insult me with impunity.”

Then followed a long correspondence, maintained by Decatur with exasperating coolness, and by Barron with irritated entreaty. Barron's object was to have a chance to resume the world anew. So far from imitating the cool malignity of Burr, when, resolved upon the death of Hamilton, he wished to avoid the duel, and there are indications that Barron was himself, if not under the magnetism of Decatur's brilliant deeds, at least aware of the

almost entire hopelessness either of escaping his bullet, or of standing acquitted in public opinion if Decatur should be killed.

The combat had to come, and Commodore Decatur, walking up Pennsylvania Avenue with his will in his pocket, had reason to reflect upon the causes and the result of it. Come out as it might, had he anything to gain by it, in popularity, in duty, or in fortune—he who stood so high already, fighting with poor 350 Barron who stood so low? Barron was older by ten years, an invalid, near-sighted, no hand with the pistol; yet, the distance was close; an officer could scarcely miss; both might fall. But, pshaw! what right had a professional warrior to consider death. Yet, glory—the sole intellectual object of Decatur's life, how would his death in a duel affect his fame? Here we may imagine the mind of Decatur going over his correspondence with Barron.

Decatur. “Your motives are a matter of perfect indifference to me!”

Barron. “I had concluded that your rancor towards me was fully satisfied by the cruel and unmerited sentence of the Court of which you were a member. After an exile of seven years from my country, family, and friends, I hoped you would suffer my lacerated feelings to remain in quiet possession of these enjoyments.”

Decatur. “My skill in the use of the pistol exists more in your imagination than in the reality.”

Barron. “You have hunted me out, have persecuted me with all the power and influence of your office, for what other motive than to obtain my rank, I know not.”

Decatur. “Your offering your life to me would be quite affecting and might (as you evidently intend) excite sympathy if it were not ridiculous.”

Barron. “You know not such a feeling as sympathy. I cannot be accused of making the attempt to excite it.”

With these and similar of the more vivid and bitter passages of their correspondence rising in his mind, Decatur had climbed the Capitol Hill and come to the door of Beale's Hotel. Within were Commodore Bainbridge and Mr. Samuel Hambleton. Breakfast was ready and they sat down together. Decatur was gravely talkative, absent at times, and he spoke of his will, unsigned in his pocket, which he said might be sighted upon the field. He spoke somewhat of Barron. Said he should be sorry to kill him, and yet speculated as to where he should hit him. By the time breakfast was finished, a carriage, ordered 351 by Bainbridge, came to the door, and at a quarter past eight o'clock, the people meanwhile stirring out of doors, they mounted together, with pistol cases and flasks of brandy only for baggage, and took the dreary way for Bladensburg.

At that date, in the spring of the year, the Baltimore road was a miry wagon track, leading through almost unbroken woods of scrub and pine. There were some vestiges of fires and burnt timber, where the troops had passed over it in 1814, but, except a hut or two in the clearing, and once or twice a stage or a peddler's team laboring by, they passed nothing of interest. From cheerful inquiry the talk fell to monosyllables, and at last to silence, as they approached the appointed place. Finally the carriage stopped in a depression of the road, and the trio dismounted. They saw, on the rise of ground a little way beyond, Captain Elliot standing, cloaked, and he nodded his head to Bainbridge's salutation. Decatur descended alone by a little worn path, trodden of former duelists into the seclusion of the place, and there he stood upon the moist grass, with the small stream trickling down, completely hidden from the passing travel. A little amphitheatre it was, with the stream opening an archway in either end through the intermixed boughs and evergreens, and here had the game of deadly chance established its altar, in the infant years of the Federal Government. Convenient to a tavern, near the boundary of conflicting sovereignties, the ground nearly level, retired, these accidents had made this pretty brook drink blood, and this solitude echo to groans of pain. Directly Bainbridge and Hambleton returned and they conferred together upon the precise spot to be measured, with low voices and with more embarrassed countenances every moment.

The carriage, meantime, had turned into the woods near by. When Elliot arrived at Bladensburg, little knots of boys and men, knowing or guessing the matter impending, gave him interested regard. A group of naval officers, particularly, standing at the tavern, walked out across the bridge toward the place of meeting, and concealed themselves within hearing 352 of pistol shots. Almost every one of them was a friend of Decatur, and among them were Commodores Rodgers and Porter, his two colleagues in the Board of Navy Commissioners. Barron followed soon afterward, walking between his second, Elliot, and his friend, Latimer. His face expressed dignity and resolution. He walked firmly, and they three also descended into the Valley of Chance.

Decatur and Barron bowed to each other formally, Hambleton stood by Decatur, Latimer by Barron. Bainbridge and Elliot conferred together, and the former, who had behaved fairly and equitably throughout, was appointed to measure the ground. He marked a line in the sod with his boot, and, placing his toe to it, stepped out eight times, a yard to a step, marking also the last step as a base. Four times a man's length, or across your dining-room, that was the distance.

Each second now produced the pistols from a pair of cases, long-barreled dueling weapons, of fine finish and bright steel, silver mounted. They were charged and rammed in the old style, and presented to each principal by his second. During all this time no word was said except by the seconds.

In like manner Elliot and Bainbridge tossed for corners. Bainbridge won; it was Decatur's usual good luck.

“Commodore Decatur,” said Bainbridge, “which stand do you select?”

The axis of the two bases ran nearly north and south, obliquely from the brook. Decatur walked to the north, nearest the water, where he stood a few inches lower than Barron. Both threw off their cloaks and stood confronting each other.

Library of Congress

No man so beautiful as Decatur ever stood in the presence of such unmeritorious death. He was little above the medium height, but his proportions and carriage gave him the look of lofty stature. His waist was slender, and his shoulders broad and strong, with sinewy arms dependent therefrom to match the round and yet lithe form of his legs and thighs. He stood very easily straight, and his head was tall and columnar and very erect, covered with black and curling hair, and straight 353 side-whiskers of the same color. His nose was Grecian—large and fitted to fine, spirited nostrils; his mouth was exquisitely curved, and his lips were red. Under his black, arching eyebrows lay those large lustrous eyes which were so famed for their lightnings in excitement, but now were merely grace and positive. He was clad in citizen's clothes, cut in close-fitting naval fashion, and his attitude and confidence were well calculated to disturb his opponents.

Barron was older, graver, a little gray, and showing less chivalrously, a little bent, a trifle weary, no such study for a picture as Decatur, and wearing in his resoluteness also a relenting sadness. But he faced the occasion; and it was his first appearance, it is said, in such inglorious lists.

“Gentlemen,” said Bainbridge, raising his voice “I shall give the word quickly and as follows; *Present—one—two—three.* You are neither at your peril to fire before the word *one,* nor after the word *three.* ”

Commodore Barren turned his head, his pistol hanging at his side, and said to Commodore Bainbridge:

“Have you any objection, sir, to pronouncing the words in the manner you intend to give them?”

“None,” said Bainbridge, and he repeated the formula precisely as he afterward gave it. For the first time the antagonists looked into each other's eyes. Sternness and the purpose to kill lay in both.

“I hope, sir,” said, Barren, “that when we meet in another world we shall be better friends than we have been in this.”

“I have never been your enemy, sir!” exclaimed Decatur.

Here Bainbridge Walked behind Decatur and took place twelve or fifteen feet to his left. Hambleton as far on his right. The same positions were reversed by Elliot and Latimer.

“Gentlemen,” said Bainbridge, “make ready.”

The antagonists swung round sidewise, and looked at each other across their right shoulders.

“Present—” 23

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The two arms went up and each took sight.

“One—two—”

One report rang out. The last word was deafened by it. On the word two, both pistols had been simultaneously discharged. There were two puffs of smoke and in an instant Barron was down, groaning.

Decatur straightened up a moment, pinched his lips, dropped his pistol, and the color went out of his face. He drew his right hand to his side. Then he fell to the ground, speechless.

The seconds of both were beside them instantly. Decatur was raised by his friends and moved to higher ground, near by Barron.

He opened his eyes, directly, and said:

“I am mortally wounded; at least I believe so, and I wish I had fallen in the service of my country.”

Barron looked up to them all, and said: “Everything has been conducted in the most honorable manner. I am mortally wounded. Commodore Decatur, I forgive you from the bottom of my heart.”

Immediately down the pathway to the Valley of Chance came many gentlemen, all friends of Decatur—Rodgers, and Porter, and Bolton, two doctors, Bailey Washington, and Trevitt, General Harper, and others, friends or idlers.

There were anxious looks, and utterances of “tut! tut!” or, “dear! dear!”

The doctors proceeded to loosen the clothes of the sufferers and ascertain the nature of their wounds. The little green valley at the breakfast hour had become a surgeon's hospital. In it were represented nearly all the naval victories of the Republic—Tripoli and Algiers, Lake Erie and both oceans; they held solemn congress in this unholy amphitheatre.

Barron was struck in the hip and about the groin. Decatur had caught the ball on his hip, and it had glanced upward into his abdomen, severing the large blood vessels there. The two doctors exchanged glances; there was no hope for Decatur; his pulsation had almost ceased.

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Now began on the ground, as they lay upon cloaks spread for them, that dying interview of mingled tenderness and recrimination which Wirt has compared to the last intercourse of Hamlet and Laertes. Each striving to clear up his fame, and prove that this crime was a mistake or the work of officious enemies. Barron, certain that his hours were numbered,

wished to be at peace with his enemy, that they might enter the Court of Judgment friends. Decatur was less relenting, but he consented to forgive Barron, though not his advisers.

It was a sadder scene than Nelson, Decatur's admirer, dying in the cockpit, during the battle, or Bayard, to whom he had been compared, bleeding on the battle-field.

The carriage came; and they bore Decatur to it, Bainbridge kissing his cheek. He had wrested Bainbridge from the dungeons of the Moors. Bainbridge in return had measured the ground for him to stain it with his blood.

Rodgers took Decatur's head upon his shoulders, the doctor, Trevitt, seated with them, and the carriage took its painful way back to the city. Bainbridge and Hambleton hastened to the navy yard, where the tug lay to carry them back to the Columbus, that ship of discord. At half-past ten o'clock Decatur re-entered his elegant mansion, his wife and household disturbed at the breakfast table with the appalling news, and they were driven to the upper part of the house. Around the city the evil news spread. Friends crowded round the door, and into the duelist's dying chamber. He signed his will, refused to have the ball extracted from his wound, and spoke affectionately of his wife, whom he yet refused to see. Excruciating pains came to him. After one of the spasms, he said:

“I did not believe it possible for a person to endure so much pain as I feel.”

The town was aroused, and his doorways and pavements crowded. They stopped the drawing-room at President Monroe's. Uncomplaining, in the midst of anguish, to the last, the unconquerable soul of the “Bayard of the Seas” yielded itself up without a groan at half-past ten o'clock in the night.

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Next day the little old *National Intelligencer* came out with a leaded editoral head, saying that it would be “affectation” to be silent upon the fact that the duel had occurred, and that the combatants were mortally wounded. In a “postscript,” it related that Decatur was

dead, and added in the crude apostrophe of that period: “Mourn, Columbia! for one of thy brightest stars is set!” Three days afterward the mail was robbed, three miles from Baltimore, the driver tied to a tree and shot dead, and the mail bags picked over in the bushes near by. All this while Decatur's body was going from his residence, close by the White House, to “Kalorama,” an estate on a hill overlooking Georgetown, and while Barron lay in the city, writhing in pain, and listening to the funeral drams. In Congress, John Randolph offered consolatory resolutions, but they were objected to. The tone of the press, commenting on the duel, was respectful both to the living and the dead antagonist, but as sternly denunciatory of “the code” as our newspapers now-a-days could be. I have looked over the newspaper files of that time, and find that while tho “gentlemen” of that day were more cautious than now, the rest of society were rude and wild. Runaway negroes and fighting cocks were advertised. About the large vital occurrences there was awe-struck mention in the newspapers. The mail coach seldom left its tavern or entered the woods or the darkness, but all hands were disengaged for expected robbers. It was much the same sort of time in America as the era of Jonathan Wild and highwaymen in England.

Barron suffered dreadfully for many months, but recovered at last, and lived down to the Year 1851, surviving, I think, Decatur's childless widow, who was represented in 1846 to be alive in the Georgetown Catholic College, “in ill health and poverty, finding in the consolation of religion alone alleviation of her sorrows,” but hopeful of securing Something from Congress.* Barron went to sea again, and had charge of

* Stephen Decatur was an attendant upon the Protestant Episcopal Church, although his family predilections were Presbyterian. He left at his death what was presumed to be a fair estate for his widow, considering that he had no children. In the settlement and sale of this estate Mrs. Decatur was reduced to an annuity of about $600 a year. About 1828 she became a convert to the Catholic Church, and maintained until her death an intimate association with the Jesuit clergy at Georgetown. Her close acquaintance with the Carroll family is thought to have brought about this accomplishment. For several years she rented a frame house on the brow of a hill 50 or 100 yards from the Georgetown College, the

house being the property of Miss Hobbs. In this house she died, about 1860, and is buried within pistol shot of its roof. A small marble cross above the grave says:

“Sacred to the memory of Susan Decatur, wife of the late Commodore Stephen Decatur, U. S. N., who departed this life June 21, 1860.”

A light iron railing surrounds the lot. Father Corley, of the Jesuit brotherhood, who came to Georgetown in 1826, told me he had often walked and talked with Mrs. Decatur, and that she imputed the duel in which her husband engaged to Commodore Bainbridge. Decatur, she said, had no desire to fight Barron, but Bainbridge was resolved to have the encounter. Amongst the *souvenirs* of Georgetown College is the portrait of Decatur by Gilbert Stuart, his ivory chess-board and chess men, and his jeweled tooth pick box.

357 several vessels, but the shadow of the duel lay across his life. People forgot the apology for it in the catastrophe of it. A new generation of boys rose up who read of Decatur's valor, and learned to regard Barron as his assassin. The poor living victim could not explain against a dead man. He asked for a court-martial on Decatur's charge against him, and was exonerated with niggard compliments.

Decatur lies buried behind St. Peter's Church, Philadelphia, in a venerable and spacious graveyard, under an eagle-capped monument. His portrait is in Georgetown College. His name is conferred on many towns and counties of this country. What he lived for he has obtained—glory in the eyes of his countrymen. Barron obtained “satisfaction”—little more. Yet, I think that the latter was throughout the aggrieved spirit, and that Decatur never fought nor assisted at a duel where the provocation was so ungenerous as that which he gave Barron. Decatur was gallant and popular; Barron was sick and disgraced. Decatur had the heart of the nation, 358 a lovely wife, a happy home ashore, and any ship he wanted at sea. All that Barron had which Decatur had not was a higher peg in rank. Barron had nothing but this poor empty peg, and the suspicious reader cannot be able to evade the belief that Decatur wanted it. The correspondence between them embraces about a dozen letters, and was begun and finished by Barron. Decatur's letters are taunting;

Barron's are pleading. The moral onus of the duel is on Decatur; for, although he was the challenged party, he tempted the challenge. Barron had not been distinguished in dueling, like Decatur. He was near-sighted. He had people to bewail his loss, and Decatur was childless. Yet Decatur, the better shot, choosing his own place, distance, and position, died by the “code” he had accepted, and on “the field” he had so frequently tempted. Barron has little posthumous mention made of him in any book of biography or passing paper. Persecuted by his wound to the end of his life, the victim of misfortune, and the victor in a lottery of murder, he demonstrates how hard it is to be a duelist and live, and Decatur how hard it is to be a duelist and die.

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CHAPTER XXV. SOME OF THE ABLEST MEN OF AFFAIRS OF THE PERIOD.

“Who are really great men in our government?”

I shall answer this question by setting in a row, without much regard to association, some of the striking people I have sketched in the past five years at Washington.

And first, that great protector of the civil government and maker of war, Stanton, whose funeral I attended at Oak Hill Cemetery.

He had no political purposes to follow the war, no party to organize, nothing to consider but the gigantic fact that he was the responsible agent of half a million of men bearing up in the bloody field the fortunes of forty millions, and the cause of mankind. He was ridden down not only by multitudes of thieves, but by loitering officers, politicians seeking preferments and commissions for their constituents, by tens of thousands of men and women wishing to go through the lines to visit their sons and brothers, and many of them, in the littleness of their responsibility and the greatness of their private sacrifices, were in that frame of mind to be quickly wounded at a refusal. It was in that period that the State

possessed a man who above all others had the power to refuse, and the energy to say “No.”

I was once in his office when it was crowded with people of all sorts, all seeking something, or listening for some fancied purpose or piece of information, and this was his way of disposing of them:

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“What do you want?” to a woman.

“I want a pass to see me husband in Camp Stanton.”

“You can't go. Next!”

“I want permission to copy the papers in the Smith court-martial?”

“What for?”

“To make an appeal.”

“Come again to-morrow. I'll think about it!”

“But—”

“Come to-morrow. (In a high key), Pass on! Next!”

“I want a pass to City Point, to find the body of my son.”

“Let me see your letter of recommendation!

“Yes! You will have it. Stand aside there! What are you doing here?” (To an officer with a star on his shoulder—a General).

“Why, Mr. Secretary, I thought I'd look in—”

“Go to your brigade! If I find you in this District within six hours I'll put you in the Carroll Prison amongst the common deserters. Go! Next man.”

The next man puts up a paper, and says, sententiously.

“I want that!”

“That you shall have. Orderly, take him to General Townsend. Next!”

And so the endless levee went on, aggregated by all manner of episodes; and in the whole terrific revolution, in the agitatated and tottering republic, there seemed to be but one man aware that there was war in the land, earnest and bloody war, to be grappled with, driven back, and brought to an end. The President jested, the Secretary of State gave dinners, the Secretary of the Treasury had ambition, the Secretary of the Interior was for himself. Stanton was the one man forever alive to the fact that bloody rebellion, was to be gashed, stabbed, fought, humiliated, and, if need be, made a dreadful spectacle of retribution.

One day in the rain and mud, without music, with grave silence, with what of the Government remained to follow; the 361 last mould which encased the terrible patriot was carried from his habitation in life to his grave, on the acclivities of Georgetown. There is nothing beautiful in funerals, but the grief of the bereaved, and yet here is all that is decorous to death,—flowers, tears, soldiers, Senators, Generals, the President. The face of the dead was closed to mere inquisitiveness, and the real friends looked the last in an upper chamber. The procession included the Judges, amongst whom he could have been seated. It would have been a beautiful thing, perhaps, to have seen this broken Jove mellow into a hoary Justice; but nature was wiser, and as he stood at the footstool of the Bench, ready to go up and be at rest, she slew him in the vestibule, like a soldier and piled his mighty record upon him for a monument.

Next let us take a look at Thaddeus Stevens whose funeral I attended also at Lancaster city. Of him the Hon. John D. Baldwin said to me one day:

“Gath, I am one of those rare men who cannot make Stevens a great man. What is the matter with me?”

“You don't go to the theatre enough, Mr. Baldwin. A good theatrical-education is necessary to appreciate the dramatic situations of Mr. Stevens.”

“That must be it,” he said. “I always supposed that a statesman had vivid views of policy, and succeeded in impressing them upon legislation. Mr. Stevens was never able, with his exalted position, to reconcile the House to his Reconstruction plan. Time and again he brought it up, and it grew feebler every day. That was worse than any statesman's failure! His financial views were so far away that no eulogist has been bold enough to refer to them. His inattention to business was one of the worst examples set by our public men. Stevens, it seems to me, had genius, but he was adapted entirely for opposition—not to take occasion by the hand and establish, with a victorious party at his back, principles and views which, should succeed an era of revolution, with an era of statesmanship.”

“Time will measure him up cubically right.”

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“Certainly it will! After this party and the next one goes down, Stevens will take his permanent rank for what he was alone.”

“Mr. Baldwin,” said I, further, “you have referred to Mr. Stevens' inattention. Is not that the gate through which swindlers come into Congress?”

“Yes, sir! Few members at that time have ever fallen under suspicion of dishonesty; but the loose way of doing business characteristic of the majority of Committees grows with the extent of the business; at last some clerk becomes advised and influential, and to him

the detail work is left; then the enemy gets the password, and in the end it is impossible for a member to catch up with all that he has neglected. My impression is that if the work of Congress were well done by Congressmen these shames would cease. Easy good nature is also the enemy of pure legislation. Saying ‘yes,’ frequently, the member is at last the daily prey of the lobbyist.”

Some time in 1869, I visited Providence Hospital in Washington: one of several institutions which receives a subsidy from Congress, and which is a more worthily sustained and well managed concern than the Government Insane Asylum, and entering the parlor I saw among some prints of saints and the Virgin, a fine steel portrait of Thaddeus Stevens.

“How came you to place this face here?” I said to the sister; “are you not a heretic, to your politics at least?”

“Why! he was our greatest friend; he got our appropriation for us. We think very dear of his memory.”

There was something of the Church Gallican or the Church Universal in this. These quiet and dutiful *Sæurs* hold the Pope also to be a good old man, cheated and abused, but they had neither knowledge of the political questions involved in the big and useless council held at the time, nor sympathy with the prelates who will go there to support them. This Providence Hospital is managed with much economy. Some time ago the one cow which gives milk to all the patients broke through the covering of an old well, and was not found for a whole day. Suddenly Sister Catharine ran in, much excited, and cried:

“Pray, Sisters, pray for the cow down the well, while I run for help.”

They all fell to praying in the hardest way, while the little woman brought some workmen, who rigged a derrick and wound up the maternal font of the hospital. If a politician had

had charge of that hospital, he would have dug a new well and charged a new cow to Congress.

From Stevens let us turn to a brilliant debater,—Carl Schurz:

Schurz resided in 1871 in a pleasant dwelling on F street, between the War Department and the Potomac, in a roomy and semi-secluded house. His children were at school in Europe.

His library is his favorite place of sojourn, and when he can be induced, which is seldom, to speak of his German adventures, his tall, strong, robust figure, and half-Mephistophilian face, take all the interest of romance. When he came to America, in 1852, he could scarcely speak a sentence of English; now he is an orator in the same language. He was a student at Bonn when the revolution of '48 broke out, and then he became a Lieutenant in the patriot army, and served till the capture of Rastadt, when he retired to France. His old bosom friend and Professor having been captured and put in a dungeon near Berlin, Schurz disguised himself and rescued him, and the two set sail in a boat of twenty tons burden from Rostock, on the Baltic, to Edinburgh, Scotland. After a stormy passage they arrived at Leith, the port of Edinburgh, on Sunday, and dressed in their strange German costume, and unable to say any English words but *bifsteck* and *sherry,* they wandered about, pursued by crowds of little boys. Toward night, worn out, with a Calvinistic Sunday, they went into a hotel, and were obliged to poke their forefingers in their mouths to indicate hunger. The waiter, after a long while, appeared with a huge bowl, and poking his forefinger into it, said, with great energy, “Ox-tail-soup!” Schurz stayed a week in London, then resided two years in Paris, and finally sailed for New York, a married man.

Schurz is the ablest running debater in Congress, and he 364 possesses the conscientiousness and dignity which we miss so generally in public life. His domestic life is sweet and affectionate, and he possesses traits too gentle and honorable always to give him the advantage in the unscrupulous encounters, of American legislation.

Walking up the Avenue with Carl Schurz in the spring of 1873, I asked him if we might not take some comfort in America from the official corruptions of other countries.

He said that in Prussia, there was a good deal of fraud committed under the cover of joint stock companies, but that the government service was honest. In France, there had been corruptions in the army, particularly in the conscription account, under the empire. He did not think, however, that corruption in any degree comparative to the extent in which we had it in America was to be found anywhere in Europe, unless in Russia.

Some days after this, I met an American Inspector of our Consulates in foreign lands, who had but recently returned to Washington. He said that everywhere in Western Europe, amongst social acquaintances, he was the subject of inquiry and talk on the matter of corruption in the American official service; that he steadily debated the imputation, although knowing that much of it was unanswerable; but that, since he has returned home, he is satisfied that we have the most corrupt class of legislators and executive officers in the world, not excepting Russia, where, despite the increasing evils of generations of despotism, there is still enough force at the head of affairs to make terrible examples at certain times of peculators, and, between this fear and the growing civilization of the country, the Russian officials bid fair to be reformed sooner than our own.

From Schurz let us turn to his great predecessor from Missouri.

Colonel Thomas H. Benton, the principal projector of the Pacific Railway, whose statue stands in St. Louis to-day, looking westward along the line, aquiline and grim as in life, with 365 his cloak folded around him. I have obtained some personal reminiscences of him, one or two of which may be pertinent to the theme of this chapter.

Shillington is an Irish-bookseller here, of credit and renown at Washington. Benton was a neighbor and friend of his, and made Shillington cut out of books and newspapers every conceivable article upon the Pacific Railway and bring it to him. He also employed

Shillington to select from the Congressional Globes, which were brought to his house in C street by the cart-load, the matter that he wished in publishing his Abridgement of the Debates of Congress.

“It was a strange and remarkable study,” said Shillington, “to see that old man lying there flat on his back, unable to rise, his spectacles poised on the tip of his nose, looking through the long debates, whose huge folios he held on his breast. He knew that he had but a week or two to live, and he was running a race with death to get the book finished; for he believed that it was the vital firing to keep the country together. He used to send me word four or five times a day to come up there, and the people said that I was his servant. If I did not come promptly on time, the old gentleman seemed to feel that I was in some way derelict in my duty to the country.

One day, when the shop was full of people, word came down, ‘Mr. Benton wants you to come up at 2 o'clock, to help him on an important matter.’ As soon as I could possibly leave I went around to his dwelling, and found him asleep, breathing very hard, with a large volume of the Globe on his breast. I lifted the book off, and set it on a table a little out of reach. Then, seeing that he did not yet awaken, I hastened back to my work. In about two hours I returned, and the old man looked very severely at me.

“‘I sent for you, sir, two hours ago. I have but a month, at most, to live, sir, and it is important for the country that this book shall be finished before I die. You did not come, sir.’

“Yes! Mr. Benton, I did, and I found you asleep.’

“‘I have not slept for fifty hours, sir! It was impossible that I could sleep, sir, with so much on my mind!’

“Benton never trusted a man that told him a lie, so I found it necessary to clear myself.

"'Mr. Benton,' said I, 'you were asleep, with a volume of the Globe on your breast, when I entered the room, and I found you breathing hard, so I put the book on the table yonder.'

"The old man's eyes lighted up.

"'Well now, sir, he said, 'I knew I had that book on my breast, or on the bed somewhere, and I wondered how it got off there so far. Perhaps I did doze a little unconsciously. But come, sir, we must get to work, I have but a little time to do a great deal of work in.'

"When Benton was about to die, so vital did he think his advice was to the country, he sent for Buchanan, had the door closed, and solemnly devoted his last hours to impressing upon the President his opinion of the mode in which the country should be administered. If ever there was a man," concluded Shillington, "who thought that in his mind and reason lay the true destiny of the Union, it was Tom Benton. His family, his fame, his future were all subordinate to the love of country."

A brilliant man, of evil habits, in his day, was James A. McDougall, of California, who died in 1867. He has left many anecdotes of himself at Washington, where he is regarded as the fallen angel, the superb ruin, a sweetly melancholy portrait out of Decadence, like those carousing Romans painted by Couture. His desultory learning was remarkable; so was the tenacity of his memory, the stronger when his brain was most aflame, and he used to quote from the Greek and Latin poets by the page, steadying himself, meantime, a poor old sot in body, while his luminous intellect kept the bar-rooms in a thrill.

There is a restaurant; near the Capitol where they still show McDougall's dog, a milk-white mongrel, with the fawning 367 habits left in which it was humored by its master. Like his memory, it is most vivid and familiar with bar-keepers and tavern loiterers, and they say with some vanity:

"Knows tha' dorg?"

“No!”

“That's Senator McDougall's favo-rite purp!”

McDougall used to feign great knowledge of the small sword, and an Irishman or Scotchman was in Washington during the war, giving officers fencing lessons. One day McDougall dared him to a combat with canes. They crossed a while, and Mc., half drunk, gave the master a violent “dab” on the side of the ear that nearly knocked him down.

The swordsman said to McDougall:

“That was foul. Now I'm going to clean you out.”

“Don't you touch that man,” cried a vagrant Irishman, loitering near, who had heard, perhaps, through the tavern windows some of the drunken Senator's didactics: “that man's a good Dimmicratic Senator, and a great gaynius. If you hit him I'll mash your nose.”

So the wayward steps of the poor lost old man were upheld by invisible attendants, extorted to his service by the charm and command of his talents; for when drunkest he was most arrogantly oracular, and did all the talking himself.

They recall, who have ever heard them, Saulsbury and McDougall together, the latter defining in a wild, illustrated, poetic way, the word government, law, or sovereign, pouring upon it the wealth of his vagrant readings, making a mere definition gorgeous by his endowments of color, light, and sentiment. Then Saulsbury, shutting one eye to see him fairly, would say with ludicrous pity:

“McDougall, you're the brightest intellect in the American Senate!”

Clutching Saulsbury with the grasp of a vise, and speaking to him in a tone of solemn warning, McDougall would retort:

“You, sir, would be the brightest intellect if you would study!”

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At this Saulsbury, in a maudlin way, falls to weeping, and McDougall, imagining himself called upon in this case to utter a mild reproach, would construct a garment of sanctity for himself:

“I burn the lamp early and late,” said McDougall. “The rising sun sees me up already laboring with the muse of Homer. [Sob from Saulsbury.] I reach down the Koran at sunrise, and read myself a sublime lesson, pilfered, it is true, from the benignant Brahma, but little altered except in the vernacular. At eight o'clock, like Socrates, I breakfast upon a fig and a cake of oatmeal. Wine never crosses these lips. Till ten o'clock I roam in my gardens, communing with the mighty master of the Saducees.” [Sob from Saulsbury.]

Enter the bar-keepers with the drinks, and the airy castle dissolves.

The wild things done by McDougall would make a comedy fit for Farquhar. His entire mileage and pay he spent—taking little note of his family—making altogether about twelve thousand dollars a year. He died in Albany, near his birthplace, a victim to his temperament; for he had no grain of practical executive tact, and his poetic nature made him both the stature and the wreck he was. The fire that made him brilliant, made him also ashes.

No sketch of men of mark at Washington would be complete without Charles Sumner. He has resided for several years in a pleasant new residence at the corner of H street and Vermont Avenue. His dwelling below stairs is a pair of salons tastefully and copiously, filled with busts, engravings, books, and articles of *virtuoso.*

Thus far many visitors have penetrated into this senatorial labyrinth, but fewer have had opportunities to estimate the pleasantness of his dinners, enlivened and made cheerful

by a host who long ago accepted the English mode of living—to save the day for stint and work, and to resign the evening to good cheer.

On the second floor, in one very large and nearly square 369 apartment, lighted by windows on two sides, Mr. Sumner has his work table, and here again methodized, yet with such infinite multiplication, that the eye at first sees only confusion, are the implements of his unfinished tasks in manuscript, notebooks, and all the paraphernalia of intellectual productiveness.

Mr. Sumner sits at a large table, a drop-light bringing into clear, yet soft relief, his large, imposing stature, strong face, great wave of hair, a little grizzled, and encased in his dressing-gown and slippers he looks like Forrest's delineation of Richelieu sitting in his library between the hours of state, recreating at play-writing.

Our estimate of public men is too often narrow, harsh, and based upon little angularities which scandal-talking people take up and magnify, until at last they seem to comprehend the whole character of the man. In this way our conceptions of the leaders of opinion have come to be destroyed, and we acquire the habit of resolving our hero into his manner, or we gauge his life by some current anecdote.

It has been said of Mr. Sumner that he has not a patient temper, that he is uncompromising, and that he is impracticable. The second of these distinctions does him honor, for although an uncompromising man, he is never disturbed except upon leading questions, and after twenty years in the Senate he is still heard to debate at rare times, and is always heard with the keenest interest by all.

Not a particle of his life has been wasted; he is uncompromising in the breach when the main assault is to be made, but in the camp he is modest and agreeable as a priest. As to his want of practicability, the progress of the nation of which he has been the ideal leader in its better elements for twenty years, disproves the shallow assumption. His life has been without a great mistake, but his successes have all been large, real, and abiding. Since

he left Harvard College in 1830, he has passed the gamut of all the practical workshops through which a Senator should go to his accomplishments; at the age of twenty-two he took charge of the “American Jurist,” and 24 370 edited it with the keen eye of a natural lawyer. While pursuing successfully his legal practice in Boston, between the ages of twenty-three and twenty-six, he was the reporter of the United States Circuit Court, and teacher at the Cambridge Law School, and the editor of several books on admiralty and practice. He became a marked man in that discriminating, educated community, as one of the future ornaments of the Commonwealth, and in 1837 he went abroad, and enjoyed the confidence of the best and most experienced in public life. Returning in 1840, he edited “Vesey's Reports,” in twenty volumes, and thenceforward for eleven years, until his election, at one bound, from private life to the United States Senate, Mr. Sumner was the *beau ideal* of the State as an orator and young leader of the civilization around him. His life has not, therefore, been cramped and corrupted in the purlieus of State legislatures, nor manipulated by the small proprietors of caucuses, nor did he come to the Senate hemmed around with promises to a host of lackeys and parasites; he rose direct from a private citizen of Massachussets to be her Senator in place of Webster, and at the age of forty.

The people of Washington have known more or less of Mr. Sumner for twenty-one years. In that time our municipal life has experienced many shocks, and the ground appears to have given way under our feet; but on the whole there is probably no one conviction clearer than this: that Mr. Sumner has steadily risen through the bitter repugnance, and the social obtuseness of old Washington sentiment, until we ourselves acquit him to-day as probably the greatest character we have yet seen from the North. The terrible enemy of what has passed away, but always the earnest friend of the Capital city, its edifices, its adornments,—never factious, never in any sense a demagogue, never suspected even by the most scandalous of being other than a pure man in ali his relations to his country—what he is to us he appears in tenfold stronger light to the people of his native section, who also know him from boyhood up.

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Few men in Washington by hook or crook have kept such a general run of notoriety and influence as General Butler of Massachusetts. This man who seized the Relay House, crept like a panther and at a spring into Baltimore, sent a rebel woman to a torrid island, held the trenches before Richmond, flung a couple of iron mines into Fort Fisher, made New York shudder, and himself one of the most debateable names in our military history, I saw stand one Monday, without uniform, before the Court of Impeachment, to open the case of the People against President Johnson."

A singular presence was his,—short, broad-shouldered, short-legged, fat, without much neck, but with a good many flaps around the throat, standing as if a trifle bow-legged, and with no suggestion of a military habit and life, rather of sedentary occupations which had encouraged the sagacities and resentments—say, indeed, a politician! A curious natural crescent of a forehead, sweeping round from ear to ear, was developed by baldness into a great cranium of a shining pink color, in which the folds of the brain revealed themselves with a naked, muscular appearance. Too naked, indeed, was the man's head, to give the lookers-on in the galleries a comfortable feeling. But for the red tint of his baldness he looked cold.

Now, this man's face, instead of looking straight forward, was compelled to point its chin upwards when it wanted to see anything ahead, because one of its eyelids was in a condition of permanent suspension. He peeped under it as, under a green shade, you often see some acquaintance of yours level his eye along the surface of his cheek. By sympathy with this eye, the other eye also hung fire a little, and it is needless to say that persons of this sort are very seldom handsome. Never forgetting this half-closed eyelid, therefore, you must, further imagine the rest of the face to be of an audacious, not to say pugnacious, cast and expression. The ears, the eyebrows, the broad cheek bones, the contour of the chin are without delicacy, salient, but not massive. He seems forever thinking up some keen, scathing utterance. The sides of the bald head 372 have some thick wings of dark hair hanging to them like the feathered wings of a fowl, else plucked.

This man wears a good, new coat of black cloth, to match the rest of his dress. Your first feeling as you see him is, that if he were a school-master you would mind your lesson; if he were a bank president you would hate to ask him for a discount. Because he looks as if he would just as lief refuse as consent, and would probably refuse in terms calculated to make a man feel very uncomfortable. In short, Mr. Butler is a man that you perhaps wish to have nothing of business to do with at all. He would bully you; he would also conquer you. He would rather impress you with a sense of his power; than his magnanimity.

As to his talents, he need be at no pains to impress you with it; for you admit the same without challenge. A good, strong, suspicious, measuring, worldly look is all over his face. Over the eyebrows the forehead is raised into bumps, as you always see it in men quick at words. Little inertia has he, seeming always poised for a leap. A reflection is always folded under that large, flat, eyelid. Masses of men, whether audiences, mobs, supplicants, legislatures, or juries, affright him never, having always perfect confidence in himself and never-daunted courage. Waiting to address this court and the great and brilliant historic audience, you see him sit at his counsellor's table with the roll of his speech, without a contraction of the throat, a cough, a look of modesty, an attempt at composure—without anything but a set audacity of self-reliance, a wish to get up and go on, a contemptuous impatience for the fight.

This is the remarkable man—remarkable always, whether with the majority or minority —who, without much appeal to original principles, or any considerable sacrifice to great motives, has carved for his own person a stature, of the first prominence in the history of these eight years of violence. His life has been already written by the most fascinating of our biographers, and the influence of his will upon the country and its enemies, has been impressive and decided.

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General Butler is one of those men who, reared, so to speak, at the criminal bar, have never had any material reverence for the law, more than a sharp-shooter for his rifle. The

law has been to him a weapon, not a master. His appeals have never been addressed to the old Doctors of the Law, seeking their reason rather than their weakness. The world in which he has striven for fame has been a miscellaneous jury. He has informed himself upon the motives and credences of human nature, and made the object of all his endeavors, not to convince but to win. In military affairs, as in legal, he has paid little attention to the comity of nations, the laws of war, or military precedents. To astonish, to awe, to conquer, have been his aspirations. And probably no man in this country ever appealed so successfully to the personal fears of men. Baltimore, New Orleans, and New York, alike felt the terror of his presence. He made himself as awful to the gold gamblers of Wall Street and the secession girls and wives of New Orleans, as to armed rioters and disaffected and treacherous cities. Discarding all the magnanimities, he was as keen to detect as to punish the minutest infractions of loyalty, even when expressed by looks, by absence, or by silence. In like manner he was always alert for short cuts to great military ends, as in the canals of the James and Mississippi, and the powder ship of Fort Fisher. lie has never had his eye off General Grant, since the latter ridiculed him in his report, and he did not scruple to charge Mr. Bingham with having murdered Mrs. Surratt upon mutilated evidence, who would, probably, himself, have hanged her without any trial at all.

While Mr. Butler has thus been always in the advance where resolute acts of intimid action were required, he has seldom succeeded in the direct face of an equal enemy, after his ingenious expedients and “short-cut” surprises had failed. He was the first either to apprehend or to imitate the spirit of slavery, which is about the same thing in its consequence, and the terror of his name paralyzed the arms of assassins who had sworn to have his life. He went back to Massachusetts after 374 the war, and with the same determination to win, invaded a neighboring Congressional District, pitched his tent upon a common until he had obtained citizenship, and then swept away all competition by the audacity of his canvass, fairly driving the baser lot of politicians to support him by the supposed terror of his influence.

Here in Washington he is surrounded with almost a full company of adherents. They bring him news, search out records and authorities for him, do copying and errand-running, carry threats and inducements; and in short, increase his power, by virtue of that law which Ben Wade quoted the other day: “The more you kick a breed of hounds, the more they cling to you!”

Never in a Republic, has one man succeeded in making himself so terrible. Appealing always to the instinct of fear, he has thus far succeeded beyond the power of talents, of social influence, of wealth, or of popularity, in putting himself at the head of every assault. His talent lies in his perception, his language, and his audacity. Few men have like fluency and conciseness of expression. Take some examples; What is stronger than his denomination of an insolent woman: “She shall be treated as a common woman of the town, plying her vocation!”

Of Johnson: “He was thrown to the surface by the whirlpool of civil war!”

Of the Dred Scott decision: “Time has not yet laid its softening and correcting hand long enough upon this decision to allow me further to comment upon it in this presence.”

His method is as wonderful. He has more Congressional business brought to him from outside parties and from all parts of the country, than any other five men in Congress. All this is carefully classified and recorded, to be referred to at a moment's notice, and some of his speeches are the work, in detail, of probably twenty or thirty men, each carting up some fact or inference, while he, like a confident architect, puts it together and hews it into shape.

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The terrible shaking up we have had with great men by the war, by the cheap printing, the public schools, the mass meetings, the quick travel, and the growth of public business, has set us to thinking that perhaps we shall never have any more indisputably great men.

If we can get as good stewards and magistrates as the better average of society, we shall almost be satisfied to let Washington and the heroes lie back unquestioned in their mythologic halo. The cry is no more for a miracle, a Shiloh, a past God, or a coming man; it is for a neighbor, a Christian, a magnanimous and worthy gentleman, an honest man in high places. If our public men will be no worse than the responsible men of our private communities we shall have approved our democracy a success, because in the logical order of development here, the people should not be the disciples of the statesmen, but the statesmen should be the servants and exponents of the people.

CHAPTER XXVI. CURIOSITIES OF THE GREAT BUREAUX OF THE GOVERNMENT.

Few readers have ever pushed into the queer nooks and queerer documents around the Capitol which exhibit the multi-fold operations of a modern government.

Let us run over some items of what is called the Legislative, Executive, and Judicial Appropriation Bill, selecting the Bill of 1871 which was passed by a relatively honest Congress.

CONGRESS.

Do you know what it costs to pay the Senators' salaries and mileage per annum? Four hundred thousand dollars! Cheap at half the money! Do you know what it costs the House for the same? One million! But halt! The officers, clerks, and messengers of the Senate get, besides, $130,000; and the same officers of the House get about $200,000. The police, who patrol the Capitol, and sit around the little parks enclosing it, cost $43,000. The stationery and newspapers of the Senate cost about $14,000, and for the House $37,000. The little pages, who run around the floor, cost in the House $7,600, and in the Senate $8,000. What does the Senate want with so many pages, when the more numerous body requires so few?

Library of Congress

It costs the Senate $46,000 for packing-boxes, folding documents, furniture, fuel, gas, and furniture-wagons. It costs the House, for wagons and cartage, $16,000. The Committee clerks of the House cost $33,000, and of the Senate $25,000. 377 The Secretary of the Senate and Clerk of the House get $4,320 each, and the Librarian of Congress gets $4,000. All the clerks of the Library of Congress, taken together, require $26,000 a year; and the library is allowed only $12,500 per annum to buy books, purchase files of periodicals and newspapers, and exchange public documents with foreign Governments.

Public printing costs an enormous sum, and the appropriations almost always fall short. Still, it is questionable whether, on the whole, we do not dignify ourselves, and confer benefit on the country by maintaining, as we undoubtedly do, the most perfect printing establishment in the world, not excepting Napoleon's printing house in Paris as it used to be maintained. For the present year, there will be appropriated for the public printing, $655,000 for composition and press work; $709,000 for paper to print upon; $552,000 for binding books, and $75,000 for engraving and map-printing.

Coming to Executive appropriations, we find that two policemen, two night-watchmen, a door-keeper, and an assistant door-keeper, at the White House cost unitedly $8,000. The President's Private Secretary gets $3,500; his assistant $2,500; two of the President's clerks $2,300 each; the White House steward, who buys the grub and gets up the dinners, $2,000; and the messenger $1,200.

At the State Department, it costs $12,000 to publish tho laws in pamphlet forms; and for proof-reading, packing the laws and documents off tn our Consuls, and such, we spend $47,000 annually. The eternal Mexican Commission costs us $28,700 a year, and our Commissioner gets $4,700, and the umpire, who lives out of town and is seldom called on, $3,000. The Spanish Commission costs us $15,000. The High Joint business at Geneva was provided for by a special appropriation of $250,000. They drink over there nothing less than chambertin.

At the Treasury Department are required for the Secretary, his assistants and immediate clerks, $384,000. What is a char-woman? There are here provided for, ninety char-women, at $180 a year each. These are, indeed, *scrub* wages. The 378 Architect's office, presided over by the great Inigo Jones Mullett, costs about $27,000. This bill provides that, from the contingent expense appropriation of $100,000, no part shall be expended for clerical hire. The Comptrollers of the Treasury cost, unitedly, $11,500. The office of the Commissioner of Customs at Washington costs $37,000. The Auditors' offices cost as follows: First Auditor, $58,000; Second, $384,000; Third, $289,000; Fourth, $83,000; Fifth, $60,000; and the Special Auditor of the Treasury for the Post-Office Department requires $267,000. Uncle Spinner, the Treasurer, demands for his office $189,000. The office of the Register of the Treasury requires $85,000 besides additional compensation at the discretion of the Secretary. The office of the Comptroller of Currency absorbs $117,000. The Commissioner of Internal Revenue demands merely for office assistance,—including Commissioner's salary of $6,000,—$364,000. His dies, paper, and stamps cost $400,000. To pay throughout the country the different Collectors, Assessors, Supervisors, Detectives, and Storekeepers, the Revenue Bureau demands $4,700,000. To punish violators of the Internal Revenue laws, $80,000 are appropriated. The Lighthouse Board costs, to keep up the Washington Office, $14,000. The Bureau of Statistics costs $65,000. The stationery of the Treasury costs $45,000; its postage, newspapers, seals, brooms, pails, lye, sponge, etc., $65,000; its furniture, $25,000; its gas, fuel, and drinking water, $40,000. Besides, the Secretary is allowed $45,000 for temporary clerks.

Perhaps you were not aware that we have an Independent Treasurer in this country. We have. His office is in New York, and he gets $8,000 a year personally, while his clerks receive $140,000. The office of the Assistant Treasurer at Boston costs $33,000, at San Francisco $21,000, at Philadelphia $36,000, at St. Louis $16,000, at New Orleans $14,000, at Charleston, S. C., $10,000, and at Baltimore $24,000. The Treasury's Depositaries require, to pay salaries, $10,000 at Cincinnati, at Louisville $6,000, at Pittsburgh $4,000, and at Santa Fé $5,000. It costs $6,000 to pay Special Agents to 379

examine these Depositaries. Then you come to the matter of Mints. The chief officers of the Philadelphia Mint require $38,000 per annum, the workmen $125,000, and for incidental and contingent expenses, besides, $35,000,—in all about $200,000. The Mint at San Francisco costs $290,000, to pay salaries and wages next year; at Carson City $90,000, at Denver $30,000, at Charlotte, N. C., $4,500, (provided the Mint be not abolished this year, as it will probably be.) The Assay office in New York costs $118,000, and at Boise City $12,000. On the whole, we pay a good deal of money in the Way of salaries, considering we see so little coin floating around. If these Mint-men cannot diffuse hard money more, there ought to be some curtailment of their appropriations.

Arizona costs us for salaries $14,000 a year, and there is a proposition also to pay its noble Legislature—that Legislature which fell upon the Apaches like Joal's band and slew them—$20,000, including their mileage. We pay Colorado, out of the National Treasury, $14,000, and nothing is said about mileage or paying the Legislature. We pay Dakota $54,000 for officers, and $20,000 for its Legislature. Idaho gets $15,000, and $20,000 for the Legislature. Montana, New Mexico, Utah, Washington, Wyoming, get nothing for their Legislatures, but cost us for officials $15,000 apiece, and the District of Columbia costs the Federal Government, for salaries, $28,000.

The office of the Secretary of the Interior costs, for clerks immediately around his person, $47,000; for watchmen, $21,000; for stationery and packing, $16,000; and for rents and repairs, $26,000. The Land Office costs, for clerks, $53,000; for maps, telegraphs, etc., $244,000. The Indian Office costs, for salaries, $30,000, and for incidentals, $5,000. The Pension Office costs the extraordinary sum of $344,000, besides additional clerks to the amount of $92,000. This office also uses $75,000 for stationery, engraving, printing, &c. The Patent Office costs, for salaries $319,000; besides, for extra clerks and laborers, $147,000. The stationery, &c., here cost $90,000, and for photo-lithographing, $40,000. The Bureau of Education, 380 an excrescence upon the Government, of no earthly

account except as an auxiliary to take common-schools from the States and counties where they belong, and run them nationally,—this costs $27,000.

Now we come to the Surveyor-General's office: In Minnesota it costs $6,300, and in Kansas $2,000; in California $14,000, and in most of the other States about $30,000. The interesting Department of Agriculture, whose ornament—the bleached Capron—has been imported into Japan as a curiosity, costs, for salaries alone, $75,000, for statistics and fodder for the annual report, $15,000, to scatter seeds around and put them in bags, $45,000. These seeds make Vice-Presidents and Senators when properly distributed. The Experimental Garden of the Agricultural Department costs $10,000, the stationery and the books on bugs, $23,000; besides, there is a gorgeous report on the education of oysters, and the intellectual needs of pumpkins, for which a monster appropriation has to be made annually.

The salaries of the Post-Office Department in Washington City alone cost above $400,000, and the building demands for stationery, besides, $50,000. In this particular bill, Postmasters are not considered.

The War Department takes $47,000 for salaries; $46,000 are appropriated for examinations, and for copying from the Rebel archives, the Adjutant-General demands $100,000 per annum; the Quartermaster-General, $18,000; the Postmaster-General, $70,000; the Commissary-General, $42,000; the Surgeon-General, $25,000; the Chief Engineer, $29,000; the Chief of Ordinance, $25,000; the office of Military Justice, $5,000; the Signal Office, $2,800; and the Inspector-General, $1,600. These salaries are merely for clerks and stationery in the Washington Offices, and do not apply to salaries throughout the military service. The War Department, besides, requires for rents and repairs, $44,000.

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To run the central office of the Navy Department, where Secretary Robeson sits at the table with an oar in his hand, crying “Heave ho!” the clerks get $36,000, and *billet-doux* are

written to the extent of $5,000. Then the Bureaux have their particular clerks. The Yards and Docks Bureau requires $16,000; that of Equipment, $12,000; of Navigation, $6,000; of Ordnance, $10,000; of Construction and Repair, $113,000; of Steam Engineering, $8,000; of Provisions and Clothing, $15,000; of Medicine, $5,000, &c.

THE JUDICIARY.

And now we come to the Judicial part of our Government,—a third and co-ordinate part of the whole; and what does it cost? To pay the whole Bench demands $72,000 a year, exclusive of nine Circuit Judges, who cost $54,000 altogether. To pay the District Judges, and some retired Judges, costs $193,000, and the Court of the District of Columbia costs $20,000. The total salaries of all the District Attorneys of the United States is put down at $19,000, and of the Marshals also, $19,000. The Marshals and Attorneys get fees besides. The District Attorneys get 2 1–2 per cent. on all the money they recover for the country, and the District Attorney's office in New York City is said to be worth $30,000 a year. The Court of Claims, at Washington costs about $35,000, and $400,000 is appropriated to pay its judgments. This extraordinary clause—the only piece of light reading in the bill—is put at the end of the Court of Claims appropriation:

Provided, That no part of this $400,000 shall be paint in satisfaction of any judgment rendered in favor of George Chorpenning, growing out of any claim for carrying the mail.

The Department of Justice requires $73,000. The Solicitor-General gets $7,500, which is only $500 less than the Attorney-General. Each of the Assistant Attorneys-General gets $5,000, and the Solicitor of Internal Revenue $5,000. The Solicitor of the Treasury costs, for himself and clerks, $22,000; 382 three Commissioners for codifying the laws of the United States cost $18,000; the British Claim Commission, meeting in Washington city at present, costs $49,000.

The above, perhaps, dull reading, is an analysis of one of the large appropriation bills, and will give you some idea of what it costs merely for clerks, stationery, office service, and

printing in the departments at Washington. Since that day back pay has been voted by Congress, and all the larger salaries increased.

The greatest office of the Government, outside of Washington, is the New York Custom House.

Consider that it employs nearly one-tenth as many men as constitute the regular army of the United States! That it is the toll-gateway for the greater part of all the foreign cargoes which are poured amongst our forty millions of people! That it is not only the most fruitful source of revenue which we possess, but also the most fruitful source of corruption! Ten per cent. a head, levied upon its employees,—as was done every year down to the present,—will make a purse sufficient to carry an election in the largest community in the Union. Senator Morton, of Indiana, if I am properly informed, had no trouble in the world to get $15,000 from this hive of pensioners to help him lose the State of Indiana at an election in 1870. Out of this great den of revenue comes the cash which is mysteriously dispensed amongst us in the critical periods of partisan appeal. This Custom House has always been wielded for party purposes, and it is said never to have had an efficient chief. Its director is called the Collector of the Port of New York. He nominally receives $6,400 a year, his Assistant Collector $5,000, his Auditor $7,000, and his Cashier $5,000. His seven deputies receive $3,000 a piece. Under him are employed an immense number of persons, as for example, 247 inspectors of one particular class, whose aggregate wages are $380,000; 120 night watchmen, getting altogether about $1,30,000; 100 store-keepers, who cost him, in gross, $150,000; 60 examiners, and several hundred clerks. Few 383 of the salaries fall as low as $600, and the average salary passes $1,000. Mr. Allison, the Register of the Treasury, alleges, in his newest report, that one set of items show a bill of expenditures at the New York Custom House of nearly $1,800,000. Mr. Boutwell sets down the revenue derived from all the customs in the year 1870, at $195,000,000, which was ten millions more than the gross receipts of the internal revenue system. If we go back to the year 1869, we shall be able to see more distinctly what a groat part the New York Custom House plays in our finance and our politics. According to the statistics

of that year, the value of all goods now imported into the United States is $414,000,000 per annum. Only $42,000,000 worth are entered free, and $160,000,000 are sent to bonded warehouses before their duties are paid. The gross custom duties received on this $414,000,000 reach the heavy figure of $180,000,000, or nearly 40 per cent. of the value. The New York port enters $270,000,000 of goods per annum paying duty, and $27,000,000 of goods duty free. Of the dutiable goods, $120,000,000 Worth go to New York bonded warehouses, or three-fourths of the warehoused goods in the country. Last year there entered the port of New York, subject to the Custom House restrictions, 5,218 vessels, with a tonnage of 3,200,000 tons, and with crews amounting to 110,000 men. This is equal, therefore, to the head-quarters of one of the largest navies in the earth.

Speaking of navies suggests the great old Marine Barrack of Washington city, which few visitors ever enter.

The marines are under the direction of the Secretary of the Navy, and they may be described as the military of the ships. They stand guard at the gangways, magazine, forecastle, navy yards, and navy arsenals; are the boarding party in the ultimate collision of vessels, and in time of action they must fight the after-division of guns. The service, although a Useful one, is generally Considered a fancy one, and it is in request. Candidates are examined for it in our day, but there are no Marine cadetships at West Point, and to be between, the years of 20 384 and 25, to have a fair collegiate education and physical strength, are sufficient endowments. Appointees are put under drill, and one of the marine officers is now preparing a book upon the manipulation of the corps.

There are in all ninety-two officers of the Marine Corps, counting the general staff; the file numbers 2,500 men. Privates, who formerly received $16 a month, now get $13 only, and there is much grumbling over the reduction, and desertions are more frequent. A corporal only receives the pay of a private. Two promotions from the rank are recorded. The uniform of the corps is dark blue jacket and light blue trowsers, with white pipe-clay cross-belts, and, for dress, the ??rical short hat, with red fringe pompon. Sailors are

seldom enlisted in the corps; they will not “set up” well, have a swagger incompatible with the noble stiffness of a true marine, and are averse to the service besides. The old black high stock forced upon the marines, to give them the quality of ramrodness, is now abandoned.

Promotion to the head of the Marine Corps is made by selection, and not by seniority.

A cosy part of the Navy Department is the Judge Advocate's room. Around it are a series of those old-fashioned naval pictures which one finds scattered through the Navy Department, executed in abundant blue, framed in dingy gilt, forgotten as to their authors, and as to their date immemorial. Doubtless they were the work of some old clerk, whose amateur, self-learned skill with the pencil got him relief from fuller duties; perhaps the work of some old salt, officer or seaman, who so whiled away his lazy hours while out of commission; possibly wrought by some decayed or embryo artist whom a past secretary has salaried to illustrate our naval career. All through the department, these unclaimed, unhonored canvasses lie, with portraits of distinguished “salts” set between; here Bainbridge, there McDonough, yonder Hull. It is not improbable that many of them are ascribed excellent for technical merits, which strike a sailor more than art; but there they 385 are, forgotten as their episodes, useless to the world of action as are the old swords, scimeters, hari-karis, forbidden to our officials, which repose in the museum of the Patent Office.

“Judge Bolles,” said I, “does anybody know what these old ship-scenes represent?”

“These in my room,” said the Judge, from the depths of his leather-cushioned office-chair, “tell the whole story of the fight between the Guerriere and the Constitution. Here they are sailing for the action. Yonder they haul to, and the Guerriere opens at long distance. In the third picture, the Constitution being within pistol shot, delivered her first terrible broadside. In the next the Guerriere strikes. The last picture represents the hulk of the Guerriere, and the Constitution turns on her heel, sailing away in victory.

Library of Congress

Beside the Smithsonian Institute upon this flat, and on the site of what has been called the "Experimental Government Farm," a fine new building has arisen, 170 feet long by about 60 feet deep, made of pressed brick, with brown-stone dressings, built in the modern French style, with steep slate roof and gilt balustrades and galleries. This building is to be occupied within a month, and the Agricultural Department carried out of the vaults of the Patent Office; then the thirty-five acres allotted to the new department will be supplied with an orchard-house, an orangery, a cold grapery, and horses for medicinal and textile plants. The building is one of the simplest and purest, in a modern sense, in Washington, the design of a Baltimore architect. It cost $100,000. The Agricultural Department *in toto* costs about $150,000 a year, of which nearly one-sixth goes to the distribution of seeds. In the new building the happiest being will be our enthusiast, Townsend Glover, the naturalist, him to whom your farmers apply for a knowledge of what birds eat the pippin apples, and what worm gets into the beet-root. Glover is a Brazilian by the accident of birth, a Yorkshire Englishman by parentage, a German by education, American by adoption and enthusiasm. He is a singular-looking man, short, thick, near-sighted, peculiar, 25 386 an Admirable Crichton in the practical arts. Agriculture has been his fanaticism for forty years. He paints, models in plaster, engraves, composes, analyzes, and invents with about equal facility. His passion is to be the founder of an index museum to all the products of the American Continent, from cotton to coal oil, from pitch pine to wine. Heretofore he has had only two little rooms in the dingy basement of the Patent Office; hereafter he is to have a handsome museum-room in the new building, 103 by 52 feet, and 27 feet high. His objects, already largely perfected, are to methodize, by models and specimens, the natural history, diseases, parasites and remedies of every individual product in America. For example: A man wants to move to Nevada. What are the products of Nevada? Glover has a series of cases devoted to that State, models of all its fruits, berries, prepared specimens of its birds, illustrations of its cereals, *flors,* grasses, trees. A small pamphlet conveys the same information; the man knows what to expect of Nevada. A man forwards a blue bird; is it tolerable or destructive, to be encouraged or banned? Clover forwards the names of fruits, etc., which the blue bird eats. Fie will show you, in living, working condition,

the whole lifetime of a cocoon: the processes of Sea Island cotton, from the pod to the manufacture; the economical history Of the common goat; the processes of hemp from the field to the hangman. Every mail brings to him a hawk, a strange species of fish, a blasted potato, a peculiar grass, which poisons the cow. He is the most dogged naturalist in the world, probably; a wrestler with the continent. He is a bachelor, married to his pursuit, one of those odd beings hidden away in the recesses of government, whose work is in itself its own fame and fortune.

A curious subject, to the inquisitive reader, was debated before Congress in 1871. It was the revision of the laws pertaining to the mint and coinage of the United States.

This measure originated with a quiet and indefatigable bachelor official of the Treasury Department. Mr. John J. Knox, the Deputy Comptroller of the Currency. He has spent almost 387 his whole life in the atmosphere of banks, and, receiving a salary of only $2,500 in a city where it costs $3,500 to live, he has made use of all his leisure time to put himself into association with the former, as well as the present, practical men of the mints of the United States.

You know what the United States Mint is—an institution ordained by Congress in 1792, while the Capital of the United States was yet at Philadelphia. The fine body of organizing men who were setting the nation right at that time, resolved upon giving their image and superscription to the world upon their hard money. The first Director of the Mint was the renowned David Rittenhouse, astronomer and mechanic, who made watches, orreries, telescopes, and mathematical instruments, and who went heartily to work in the new institution, devising machinery, organizing a clerical force, and otherwise establishing so handsome an institution, that, when the Capital was removed to Washington, the mint was permitted to remain in the city of the Quakers. Rittenhouse was succeeded by such strong men as De Saussure, Boudinot, and the two Doctors Patterson, father and son. These kept the mint up to a good standard of efficiency, but much of its machinery remains modeled upon the same pattern as the early days. This mint is a staid, unattractive

building, on Chestnut street, and it enjoyed the remarkable distinction of keeping a permanent set of officers down to the year 1861, when, for the first time, as we grieve to say, the new Republican administration put its hand upon the Directorship of this most responsible concern, and made its management a part of the political patronage which curses the country.

From that mint, as the necessities of the country demanded—or rather the covetousness of localities—branch mints sprang up in Georgia, North Carolina, and Alabama, and an assay office was established at New York city. After the discovery of gold on the Pacific coast, a more needful mint was given to San Francisco, where really the larger part of the coinage of the country is now done. After a time the greed of localities, 388 and the growth of jobbery, gave a mint to Carson City, Nevada; one to Dallas City, Oregon; another to Denver, Colorado; and, finally, an extra assay office to Boisé City, Idaho. Thus the business of coining money, instead of being confined to one establishment, as in almost every other government, has got to be very nearly a State matter in the United States.

According to the report of Architect Mullet, we have twelve pieces of Mint and assay property, which, altogether, have cost, or will cost, between four million and five millions of dollars. The New Orleans Mint, which has cost $620,000, is a dead loss, and of no use whatever. The Carson City Mint, which was put up to tickle the Nevada silver mining interests, cost nearly $300,000. The Mint at Charlotte, North Carolina, cost upward of $100,000, and at Dahlonega, Georgia, $70,000. The old California Mint cost $300,000, and the new mint will cost more than $2,000,000. The assay office at New York cost upward of $700,000. Mr. Mullett's Mint at San Francisco appears to be architecturally an adaptation of the Patent Office at Washington, with the front of the mint at Philadelphia appended, and there are two large smoke chimneys in the centre, which give the whole thing the appearance of a steamboat ready to go right off through the Golden Gate. The edifice is to be 221 by 164 feet in dimensions.

As the mint edifices have been scattered, so have the regulations about the coinage fallen behind the well-organized system of other nations, and the final capture of the mint by the politicians has proved to be a serious matter. The Philadelphia. Mint has continued to retain a traditional supremacy, its chief officer being “the Director” in name of the whole mint system of the country, while the executive officers at the places are called Superintendents merely. Yet the mint at Philadelphia has latterly come to be, in great part, a mill for making nickel pennies, and engraving medals from the “Great Father” to his Indian braves, and other Generals. In 1873 the bill just referred to, passed, and hereafter the Commissioner of the Mint will reside in Washington city at the Treasury building.

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Another quaint bureau of the Treasury Department is the Detectives', headed by Colonel Whitely.

The position which Colonel Whitely maintains is more important than any secret police agent holds in the Union. He is charged with all the manifold and intricate offences against the currency and the Treasury, including counterfeiting, defalcation, whiskey, and tobacco frauds, the use of false stamps, etc. His headquarters are in Washington, and his main branch office is on Bleecker street, New York. His force is distributed through the Union, and the area of his personal superintendence is circumscribed only by our national boundaries.

He is a tall, wiry, rather debilitated-looking young man, with a long, pale, youthful face, light eyes, and dark hair, a shy manner, without any worldliness in it, and a sober, modest, nearly clerical, black dress. He neither drinks nor smokes, and is as much of a Puritan as Mr. Boutwell. Whitely has been very successful and systematic in his operations, and he has a fair knowledge of the civilization of professional thieves, their jargon and methods, and their haunts and associates. With some youthful confidence and self-esteem, he is still thoughtful, persevering, and adroit, and, armed with the enormous moral and material power of the Federal State, and its great system of marshals and attorneys, he is not

subject to the restraints of cross-jurisdiction and State laws, which impede the pursuit and capture of local criminals. He occupies the whole field, and is free from the jealous annoyances of police rivalry.

If one could penetrate the Treasury building, and see the strange and motley character of the lesser clerks, he would find meat for wonder. In it, filling weary benches, are ex-Governors, ex-Congressmen, soldiers of rank, the sisters of generals like Richardson, decayed clergymen by the score, some authors, many *bon vivants,* and, they do say, young girls with dangerous attractions for public atmospheres or public individuals. The population of the Treasury building is that of a good-sized town, between three and five thousand. It is, and 390 will be till war comes again, the great position of public life, no sinecure, demanding profound statesmanship at its head. The destinies of the people lie bound up in it. It can overbalance all private sagacity if it be weakly administered, and if corruptly or partisanly, it will be our debaucher or tyrant.

Next to the Capitol itself, the spot most consecrated to our marvels here is the old theater where Mr. Lincoln was murdered. The rash design, ascribed to Stanton, of leveling it to the ground, has happily not been approved, and in essentials of situation and exterior it is the same object. But all around it the zeal of housebuilding is at work to make the spot unrecognizable to the half-buried ghost of Booth. The alley of his bad escape is there and also the stable where he hid his nag, but

FORD'S THEATRE.

the open areas and naked lots which lay around the old theatre and the hulks of dwellings are filled with brick walls and plaster-beds. A new Masonic temple faces the neck of the alley; the theatre itself is preserved only in its bare walls and these are freshly roughcasted, the doors and windows changed; the boxes and galleries are torn out. Strong floors girded of iron and vaulted with brick replace at different heights the open canopy of the theatre, and iron stairways climb from floor to floor, guarded on every platform by one-armed soldiers standing to their crutches. The murder of the President

still tenants the building like some lost trace of a skeleton hid away; or a spectre vaguely seen, but for the rest it is an association merely, and every day the incident grows less vivid and the narrative of it more wayward. But added to the martyrdom of the father of the people, the contests of the building are now of the aggregate reminder of the bruises, 391 wounds, and agonies of the entire struggle for the Union. It is the Army Medical Museum, the depository of the names and casualties of every stricken soldier and the perpetual miniature of that vast field of war whose campaigns of beneficence followed in the footsteps of its heroes, and death and mercy went hand in hand.

Here are 16,000 volumes of hospital registers, 47,000 burial records, 250,000 names of white and 20,000 names of colored soldiers who died in the hospitals. Here are the names and cases of 210,027 men besides, discharged from the army disabled. Here are names and statements of 133,957 wounded men brought to the hospital, and the particulars of 28,438 operations performed with the knife. In one year—so methodized and perfect are the rolls and registers collected in this fire-proof building—49,212 cases of men, widows and orphans demanding pensions have been settled in this edifice. If you look through the lower floors you will see a hundred clerks searching out these histories, cataloguing them, classifying them, bringing the history of the private soldier down to the reach of the most peremptory curiosity, and assisting “to heal the broken-hearted and set at liberty them that are bruised.”

It is this museum which is at once the saddest memorial of the common soldier and the noblest monument to the army surgeon. It contains a complete history of the surgery of the war, illustrated by casts, models, photographs, engravings, and preparations. There are here nine hundred medical pathological preparations, and two thousand eight hundred microscopical preparations. There is no similar army medical collection in the world, and from Baron Larrey down to Neleton and Joubert the published reports of this collection have delighted and surprised the *savans* of the world. Scarcely a leading surgeon in Europe but has written praises and sent them here.

Library of Congress

Let us see what this museum has to show us. It is a long, cool room, the whole length of the theatre. Show-cases extend lengthwise down it. Models of hospitals and skeletons of warhorses stand at top and bottom. The yellow standard of the 392 hospital planted with the blue colors of the regiment and the tricolor of the nation is fixed in midground. Two splendid human skeletons, at full length, guard the head of the room. The walls are covered with large photographs, some of them two yards square, of the great hospitals of the war, those superb edifices which are now nearly all broken up. Near by are photographs of the great army surgeons of all nations, Larrey, De Genette, O'Meara, and others of our own service. A table is full of books of photographs of surgical operations, where, spent, and unshaven, the camera has been turned upon the amputated man's freshly severed stump and made his sufferings vivid forever. So are the healed and scarcely less cruelly suggestive wounds photographed with views of men in the various transitions between the cutting of the bullet and the final convalescence. Photographs of amputating tables all prepared and the victim stretched out insensible almost make you smell the fumes of chloroform on the doctor's bloody sponge. Stereoscopes are set near by, wherein you may examine the field of battle with the corpses yet unburied and see the bleached bones of the Wilderness as the camera discovered them to make their profanation eternal. So may you see the decks of battle-ships, where they are carrying the splintered and shot-riven below, and the cockpits where they seek to save the remainder of the carcass.

Continuing on we come to great cases of artificial limbs, bandages, slings, lint, and crutches. Some of these latter are actual crutches made of forked boughs, whereon wounded men hobbled unassisted to camp. After this are models of every sort of ambulance, stretcher, dissecting table, hospital bed, and the interiors of miniature hospitals, clean and sweet-scented as their originals.

Then follows a long array of human skulls, some perforated by bullets, some staven in by cannon-balls, some fractured by blows from sabres, some eaten with syphilis.

Library of Congress

Afterward follows the vast collection of preparations, dissected parts of men corrupt with decompositions, abnormal by neglect or the results 393 of wounds, or swollen or attenuated with camp diseases and unwholesome food. Following these by hundreds are models in plaster or wax, of preparations too perishable to keep. Then come collections of parasites, deposits, impassable articles of food found in the liver and stomachs of the dead, strange instances which fell from drinking filthy water, and tokens of monstrous disease or indigestion beyond the reach of the dissecting knife. Bones in catacombs come after, splintered, broken, ill-set, amputated away from the man—whole jaws, noses, eyes, ears, shoulder blades, the leg from the hip-joint to the toe. Here is that cartilage of Wilkes Booth, broken by the ball of Boston Corbett. Here is a view of Sickle's leg, amputated on the field of Gettysburgh. Next are valuable cases of most minute microscopic preparations, a library of books, reports, experiments, suggestions made by the medical wisdom of the doctors of the war, and by this time the eye, running along so much that thrills it, wearies of even the fascinations of death and refuses to explore these painful wonders further.

In this museum, the war will live as long as its moral and political influence. This collection is worthier than the proudest victory won even for freedom. It is the infiltrating genius of mercy, unable to prevent the blow but claiming the victim when he is stricken. And not less extraordinary than this ocular demonstration are the figures deduced from the rolls of the surgeons, shedding light upon the natural history of man at large.

From skulls to books is an easy step.

Right off the Rotunda, that amphitheatre of politics, the Congressional library lies, its windows facing the pit of the city of Washington. Opposite the main door, behind a high table, piled full of books, sits, or stands the Librarian—a darkskinned, black-haired man, perpetually at work with a pen, cataloguing, or, with a catalogue, directing; and his self-imposed labors are probably greater than his duties. He was never known to be in doubt about any volume, and probably never known to waste any time in mere book gossip. His 394 place is one for which he has personal ambition, and he indicated his choice

beforehand by minute and extensive conversance with bibliography. His nights are the Government's, like his days; for he has resolved, of his own will and motive, to catalogue this large library by subjects and by authors, and not merely to catalogue its books by titles, but by contents, so that when one is interested in a subject, he can be apprised even of exceptional references to it.

Thomas Jefferson, the author of the Government, as we understand it, was also the author of the library, and in the first year of this century $3,000 was appropriated to buy books, only 2,000 volumes of which were collected, when the British burnt the Capitol. In 1814, Jefferson again appeared in the guise of Phœnix, and offered to replace the perished library with his own, consisting of 7,500 well-selected volumes. The usual hue and cry of Federal partisans was raised, but that small majority of common sense patriots which comes to the rescue at opportune times carried the measure, and nearly $24,000 was appropriated to make the purchase. It was not until 1825 that the library obtained good housing in the central Capitol, and by small yearly appropriations it had grown to be 55,000 books in 1851, when fire destroyed three-fourths of it, sparing many of Jefferson's books. Cut down to 20,000 volumes, its great days seemed to have passed. Congress cheerfully voted within three years $157,000 to build a fire-proof library room, and to buy new books, but only 70,000 volumes had been accumulated up to the period of the war, when there providentially appeared an old man who had devoted sixty years of his beautiful and dutiful life to saving from the ravages of time and waste, a library of American history for just such an exigency. This was Peter Force, now an inhabitant of his grave for nearly two years. He is, *par excellence,* the founder of the “New Library of the United States.”

Peter Force was the greatest New Jerseyman, and the earliest collector of American books and antiquities. A printer in New York; a resident of the Capital City half a century;

CENTRAL ROOM, CONGRESSIONAL LIBRARY, CAPITOL, WASHINGTON.

395 Mayor of Washington; editor of the American Historical documents, and founder of the American Bibliography, his rank in our literary civilization was more eminent than Sloane's in English. There is nothing more interesting and peculiar than to follow this grand and ardent old man through the garrets and attics of old colonial homes, from Maine to Mexico, discovering in chests and rubbish heaps, the precious footprints of our history, raising from the brink of extinction some paper, autograph letter, or a pamphlet which, from its mouldy pages threw the phosphorescent spark upon some mistaken fame or injured cause, and kept for man the memory of an expiring episode to guide or to beguile him. His venerable presence haunted the frequent auction sales of all the towns and cities, and his hand interposed between the frivolous plunderer and the hammer, to guard many cherished data for the State. He touched with his wand many young men, and they, like him, went groping into the garrets of the past to add to his collections, and at last, from every side, books, pamphlets, and letters were forwarded to him from gainful people, who put upon his sinking shoulders the duties that elsewhere are undertaken by the State. He labored to the end; this Noah of our literature, bridging over the gap of oblivion with his providence, and his house, at Tenth and D streets, was a veritable ark, containing the seeds of our past species. Offers from all sides were made to him to sell, but he relinquished his library only to the United States, and then pined for its society, and died like the last man of the former generations.

In all his life, but one great pain came to Peter Force. Secretary of State, Marcy, refused to accept his second series of American archives, probably in some pique of the politician's spirit, and Force declined to explain or to resume. The work ceased. It can never be done so well by any survivor. This is an episode of the old, interminable war between power and art—place and pride of scholarship—fought over by Johnson and Chesterfield, Chatterton and Walpole, Motley and Seward, Force and Marcy.

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The Congressional Library is about 180 feet long, by 34 feet wide—a gallery, bent twice, so as to form a hall and two alcoves, the hall itself 91 feet long, and the height of all the

three uniformly 38 feet. The hall contains the Librarian's desk and a few baize tables; one of the wings or alcoves is exclusively for Congressmen, the other affords reading space for perhaps fifty people. The floor is marble; the ceiling is of decorated iron, with skylights; all the shelving is iron. The architecture of the room is pleasing, and the prevailing tints are cream-color, bronze, and gold.

Like Georgetown College and the Smithsonian Institute, the Soldiers' Home of Washington is a contribution from outside

SOLDIERS' HOME.

parties. Gen Winfield Scott extorted the money with which the land was purchased from the city of Mexico on account of the violation of a municipal obligation affecting the truce. very eligible site was chosen on the high ridge of hills about four miles from the city, and this may be considered the Central Park of Washington. A few cents a month is subtracted from the pay of soldiers to support the institution, which has been so well managed that in 1868 the fund was about $800,000. Some of the ex-volunteer generals in Congress, who had no very magnanimous appreciation of the regular army, endeavored to have this fund divided amonst the loosely managed volunteer asylums throughout the country. To prevent such spoliation, the beautiful estate of Harewood, belonging to W. W. Corcoran, was purchased in 1872, thus expanding the grounds to a truly ample and noble park. About the same time a statue of General Scott, the benefactor, was ordered from Launt Thompson of New York, which work was being 397 modeled while the great equestrian statue of General Scott which the Government had ordered was being cast in Philadelphia. This accounts for two statues of a hero of Mexico at the Capital. During the fierce times of the war Mr. Lincoln made his summer home at one of the cottages on the lawn of this institution, and it is a matter of tradition and general belief that one evening as he rode out he was shot at upon the road, but whether by assassins or mere highwaymen was not known. This led to his being accompanied by a small guard at the close of the war. From the upper windows of the central tower of the Soldiers' Home, a panorama can be seen much wider and more varied than that from the dome of the Capitol, including a back view

of the Maryland country toward the Patuxent. Right under the eye is a very old church, Rock Creek, one of the old parishes of Maryland before the District was surveyed. This church was erected in 1719, rebuilt in 1775, and remodeled as we now see it, in 1868. Strong, hoary oaks surround it, and the old grave-yard is full of the tombs of people who lived at Washington and in the surrounding country anterior to, and contemporary with, the founding of the Federal town. A large and neat soldiers' cemetery lies between Rock Creek church and the Soldiers' Home. In Summer the drives in this region are enchanting, and one of the few roads in the vicinity of Washington which is passable in Winter and Spring for pleasure teams is that leading from Silver Springs toward Sandy Spring. Sandy Spring is one of the boarding-house settlements for Washingtonians. Silver Springs is the estate of Francis P. Blair, Andrew Johnson's official editor, who is still living in a hale old age. Between Silver Springs and the Soldiers' Home are the villas of Alexander H. Shepherd, Mathew G. Emery, and other prominent citizens of Washington.

We will conclude this chapter with some sketch of the Smithsonian Institute:

The will of James Smithson, like that of Stephen Girard, Mr. Rush, and many others, did not express with sufficient 398 directness or coherence what he wished the United States to do with his money. Some members, as John Randolph, were opposed to receiving it on the ground, probably not wide of the mark, that a great nation was not a distributing reservoir for idosyncratic philanthropists. To add to this Mr. Smithson offended some of the more aristocratic members by his illegitimate descent. His original name had been James Lewis Macie; his father had been the Duke of Northumberland and his mother the niece of the Duke of Somerset. He was a scientific man of much industry and good professional acquaintance. His death occurred at Geneva, Italy, in 1829. He is

SMITHSONIAN INSTITUTE.

said never to have visited the United States, nor to have had any friends residing here. His bequest was announced to Congress by President Jackson in 1835. The money, which amounted to above $515,000, in gold, was obtained by Richard Rush and brought

to the country in 1838. This money was lent to the United States Government by Levi Woodbury, Secretary of the Treasury, and was invested in Arkansas State bonds at par. Some of this money was squandered by Senator Sevier, of that State, and his harpies, and the whole amount was lost and the bonds repudiated. Congress debated what to do with the bequest for several years, and between John Quincy Adams and Robert Dale Owen, an agreement was completed 399 by which the present Smithsonian Institute was organized in April, 1846. Professor Joseph Henry, of Princeton College, New Jersey, was made the Secretary, or really the Regent, and Superintendent of the whole concern. This Secretary was the first official in Washington after the President who appropriated to himself a residence in one of the public buildings. A large reservation of 52 acres was selected on the knoll between the Tiber and the Potomac, nearly in the centre of the city. The architect was Mr. Renforth, of Washington, and he designed an edifice of mediæval character, a sort of battlemented abbey, of Seneca redstone, with towers, chapels, etc., 426 feet long by about 60 feet wide. This building cost $325,000, and when it burned down in the war period it was again rebuilt so that its erection and maintenance were said in 1869 to have involved an outlay of $450,000. As has been well said, the Smithsonian can be indefinitely extended, and there is architectural reason why it should be, to eke out its shallow depth, in almost any mediæval military style.

Although a handsome object in the landscape of the city, contrasting well with the large classical offices of the Government, it is by no means a favorite with those around it. The interior of the building has an unsatisfying and inhospitable look, much of it being closed from the public and given up to mere inhabitancy; while the grounds around it, which, until recently, were separated from Pennsylvania Avenue by a nasty, exuding creek, were patrolled by lewd and offensive vagrants, who often committed outrages upon. citizens venturing to cross from one part of the city to another after dark. The efficiency of the Smithsonian has been much disputed, although it has assisted several scientific expeditions and helped in the publication of technical treatises. It maintains a very perfect correspondence with foreign learned societies and publishes an annual report, which is

said robe a little more dry than the report of its associate, the Agricultural Department. Its uses are nondescript, and the average inquirer will give it up when he asks precisely what they are, and receives in response a whole essay, which he cannot recollect.

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CHAPTER XXVII. MY PURSUIT OF CREDIT MOBILIER.

All previous sensations of a civil character in the history of the nation were eclipsed in the years 1872–73 by the disclosures which take the general name of Crédit Mobilier. My connection, as one seeking information, with this celebrated scandal, may not improperly make the narrative of this chapter.

It was in September, the tenth of the month, that I received by telegraph a commission to proceed to the State of Arkansas, and unravel some local mutiny there, and while making some preliminary readings, a second communication, from another source, asked me to visit Philadelphia and New York. It became necessary, therefore, to undertake the second commission with immediate despatch in order to improve the opportunity for the first and more distant one. The remainder of this chapter is my report of Commission No. 2, as published in the *Chicago Tribune.*

The most uneasy and serious scandal which we have yet had has undesignedly grown out of the lawsuit of Henry S. M'Comb, of Wilmington, Del., to compel the delivery to him of certain shares of stock in the Crédit Mobilier. The suit is taking place in Philadelphia, which staid and respectable Quaker City is the only part of the country uninformed about this *cause celebré.* The case in its context, has been charged to implicate two Speakers of the House of Representatives, 401 half-a-dozen Congressmen, and other dignitaries. “Our Correspondent” in Washington was not, therefore, surprised to receive a telegraphic despatch, as follows: “Please go to Philadelphia and investigate impartially the Crédit Mobilier affair.— Horace White. ”

The diary of this pursuit, as far as the first day's prosecution is concerned, will show a novice how many things have to be done within a given time to answer one newspaper requirement.

At early daylight (September 12) I reached Philadelphia, investigated the docket at the Supreme Court Office there, saw the counsel for the plaintiff, telegraphed the plaintiff in New York for a meeting, after ascertaining his whereabouts; traced the Crédit Mobilier back to its origin, interviewed members of the Legislature contemporaneous with the passage of the act, and, in ten hours, was on my way to New York, reading, as I traveled, the long report of the Crédit Mobilier suit with the Commonwealth of Pennsylvania, in “Smith's Pennsylvania State Reports,” volume 17.

In half an hour after I reached New York, I was in conversation with the plaintiff and other authorities, and that night sat up to “catch the manners living as they rise,” by jotting down the matter most easily forgotten.

At the early hour at which I began to perambulate Philadelphia, I knew of but two attorneys nearly certain to be in their offices, the diligent and alert Henry R. Edmunds, one of my old schoolmates, now full of learning and business, and covered with venerable red hair; and the gristly and tough Joseph A. Pile, who works all night amongst the Pandects, and labors all day over Roman and Quaker law. Sure enough, there they were.

“Gentlemen, do you know anything of the suit of Henry S. M'Comb, who spells the Mick without a c, the c having dropped out by reason of the distant period when it got in—against the Crédit Mobilier of America?”

“Why, no. There's nothing in the *Ledger* or the *Franklin* 26 402 *Almanac* about it. We've read everything this morning but the obituary poetry and the editorials, which we preserve to the end of the years, for the solace of old age and the repose of children.”

“The Crédit Mobilier,” said the Hon. Joseph Pile, “is all the while here engaged in mysterious suits. They are often equity suits, before Masters in Chancery, or before the Supreme Court of the State, and everything about them is hushed up. Nothing much is published, and we are all in the dark. The State sued the Crédit Mobilier for taxes, and this involved appeals and two trials. But we have seen no mention of any such case as M'Comb *vs.* The Crédit Mobilier.”

Here the Hon. H. R. Edmunds produced a large volume of the Acts of the Legislature of 1859, and he said:

“Gath, this is the beginning of the Crédit Mobilier. It was snaked through the Legislature fourteen years ago, under the name of the Pennsylvania Fiscal Agency.”

I took the book and made this note from it:

The Fiscal Agency began November 1, 1859, W. F. Packer being Governor of the State. The “Pennsylvania Fiscal Agency” was incorporated, with the following Commissioners, or Directors: Samuel Reeves, Ellis Lewis, Garrick Mallory, Duff Green, David R. Porter, Jacob Zeigler, Charles M. Hall, Hon. R. Kneass, Robert J. Ross, William T. Dougherty, Isaac Hugus, C. M. Reed, William Workman, Asa Packer, Jesse Lazear, C. S. Kauffman, C. L. Ward, and Henry M. Fuller.

The act of incorporation was of the most general and discursive character, and covered all operations under the sun, banking, opening of offices in foreign lands, funding State debts, assuming the responsibility for corporation debts, guaranteeing bonds, etc. It provides that the general offices shall be in Philadelphia, and that a certain proportion of the Directors shall be citizens of Pennsylvania. This act is in six clauses, and it provides that the corporation shall consist of 50,000 shares of $100 each, and that when 5,000 shares are subscribed, and 5 per cent. thereon paid, the shareholders may 403 elect five directors and begin business. The Fiscal Agency, therefore, contemplated a capital of

$5,000,000, but required only $25,000 to be put up in the first place, and all facilities were given for watering the stock, etc. The State was to be entitled to a tax of one-half a mill on capital stock for each 1 per cent. of dividends.

And this little charter, said our correspondent, brought to life one year before the election of President Lincoln, is the foundation of the stupendous Crédit Mobilier, which, as an *alias* of the Union Pacific Railroad Company, robbed the generous Age and Nation which endowed it, and bribed the Congress of the people!

“It had to stand a suit two years ago,” said Mr. Pile, “for taxes due the State under the charter, amounting to above half a million of dollars. All tax-suits of this sort are tried in Dauphin, the county of the State Capital. The Company, then under the *alias* of the Crédit Mobilier, beat the State, reversed the decision of Judge Pearson, and paid nothing. You will find the suit here in Volume 67, Pennsylvania State Reports.”

“And here,” said Mr. Edmunds, is the continuation of the Fiscal Agency in a report only five years old. It put off its old apparel and took a disguise.“

Our correspondent then copied the original act by which the State gave the Fiscal Agency extended powers to veil the operations of the Union Pacific Railroad Ring:

“Laws of Pennsylvania, 1867, page 291, Act No. 278.

“A further supplement to the act to incorporate the Pennsylvania Fiscal Agency, approved November 1, 1859, empowering said Company, now known as the Crédit Mobilier of America, to provide for the completion of certain contracts.

“ Section 1. Be it enacted by the Senate and House Of Representatives of the Commonwealth of Pennsylvania, in General Assembly met, and it is hereby enacted by the authority of the same, That, in every case where the Crédit Mobilier of America—a body corporate established by the laws 404 of the Commonwealth—has heretofore

agreed, or shall hereafter agree, to aid any contractor with a railroad company, by advancing money to such contractor, or by guaranteeing the execution of a contract, for the building, construction, or equipment of a railroad, or for material or rolling-stock, it shall be lawful for the said Crédit Mobilier of America to take such measures as will tend to secure the full and faithful performance of the contract; and the said Crédit Mobilier of America, may to that end, appoint its own officers, agent, or superintendent, to execute the contract in place of the contractor so aided or guaranteed,—saving, nevertheless, to all parties, their just rights under the contracts, according to their true intent and meaning.

(“Signed,”)

“ John P. Glass, Speaker, H. R.,”

“ Louis W. Hall, Speaker, Senate.”

“Approved, the 28th day of February, A. D. 1867.”

“ John W. Geary, Governor.”

“You will find out here,” said my informant, “that nothing ever leaks out about the Crédit Mobilier. Ben. Brewster is their attorney, and the papers are taken out of court, so that nobody can get at them. I don't believe that any considerable portion of the Bar knows anything about the suit of M'Comb *vs.* The Crédit Mobilier.”

Our correspondent now set out to find somebody familiar with the Legislature at the period of the passing of the Fiscal Agency Act, so as to understand how this doppelgauger corporation came into the world. All inquiry was answered by the name of Colonel A. R. McClure, as the person who had, at the time specified, been an attendant or member of the State Legislature.

Colonel McClure, a little grayer and redder in these campaign-times than of old, being full of patriotism and public speaking, said as follows:

“The Fiscal Agency began in the vagary of old Duff Green, 405 Tyler's editor, who was a visionary man; and the Legislature humored him by the presentation of the charter he solicited. He came to Harrisburg in the fall of 1859, without a cent, and being a kindly old bore, whose name and years were venerable, he wormed the charter from the members by personal solicitation. We all supposed that he wanted to assume the consolidation and care of our State debt, which is divided up in parcels, and scattered around in many forms. The charter got from Duff Green into the hands of Charles M. Hall, who sold it to the Crédit Mobilier people,—some say to their proxy, George Francis Train. Hall is a creature of Simon Cameron, and was made Postmaster of Philadelphia under Johnson, and rejected.”

“Is that the way, Colonel McClure, that charters are bought and sold in this State?”

“Precisely. No business man thinks of applying for a charter, and hazarding blackmail. He goes into the street, and buys some of the many charters which have been issued to charter-jobbers, and cover all forms of corporate enterprise, from raising wrecks to funding the debts of nations. If we are fortunate we shall get a General Incorporation Act passed in the next State Constitution, and so dispense with the present peddling in nondescript charters.”

“Will you please tell me whether you know any of the names of the ‘Commissioners’ or incorporators under the first charter,—that of 1859?”

“That is not vital,” said Colonel McClure,“ as none of these men are retained in the Crédit Mobilier. However, Samuel J. Reeves is a wealthy iron-man of this city; Ellis Lewis was Chief-Justice of the State; Garrick Mallory was a great lawyer here; David R. Porter was the father of Horace Porter, Grant's Secretary; Jacob Zeigler was Clerk of the House; Horn R. Kneass was a city politician; Robert J. Ross is a banker at Harrisburg; W. T. Dougherty

is the brother of another banker there; Isaac Hugus was a Democratic State Senator and Cameron man; C. M. Reed lived at Erie; Asa 406 Packer is the Lehigh millionaire; Jesse Lazear was Congressman from Greene County; C. S. Kauffman was in the Legislature from Lancaster; Henry M. Fuller was a Native American Congressman; and C. L. Ward, an operator of Towanda, is dead. The names in the Crédit Mobilier are mainly ‘blinds,’ set up to stand for other people. The Fiscal Agency was a chimera; the Crédit Mobilier entered the skin of it as the devils possessed the crazy man.”

“Have you read the exposure of the Congressmen in the suit of M'Comb against the Crédit Mobilier?”

“Yes. It's true. The duly names that surprise me there are Dawes and Boutwell, because both are too shrewd. My experience in legislative things stud corporations teaches me that the continuous legislation required to accomplish all the purposes of the Union Pacific Railroad, could not have been attained without bribery in the highest seats. Only the influence of the highest leaders could have passed such rapacious acts through Congress, and no men of reputation would have pressed them upon their colleagues except by pecuniary interest. The letters of Ames are recognized as perfectly valid, and M'Comb's reputation in the middle States is that of a gentleman who will not lie. The people implicated, who have been quaking over the probability of these exposures, must be relieved that they have come.”*

* The New York Sun published the Crédit Mobilier exposure in the month of August, 1872, having, it is said, purchased a copy, surreptitiously taken from the Commissioner's office. The vital part of the abstracts published were some letters of Oakes Ames to Henry S. M'Comb, saying that he had “placed Crédit Mobilier Stock in Congress where it would do the most good,” and stating the number of shares allotted to each of certain States. A memorandum taken by M'Comb from Ames's pocket-book indicated that the Congressmen implicated were Dawes, Eliot, Blaine, Boutwell, Kelley, Schofield, Fowler, Patterson, Garfield, H. Wilson, Bingham, Colfax, and Brooks.

Our correspondent now visited the office of the Clerk of the Supreme Court, in the venerable State House row. It was a 407 little old hole, and two white-haired old parchment men were moving around the dockets, exceedingly impertinent as to the case we were looking for. As we approached the Crédit Mobilier, everybody's spectacles seemed to take a jump, and all the venerable ears flapped like a puppet's when you pull a string. There was a smell of old sheepskins, and an impression of obsolete styles of stenography all over the place. Everybody looked like aged phonographic characters in motion.

Our correspondent got behind the docket-desk, and overhauled the ponderous manuscript tomes. After looking without reward for a while, he took up an equity docket, and, on page 313, found the long-expected case of M'Comb *vs.* The Crédit Mobilier."

It is set dower for the January term of 1869, number 19 in order. About the whole of one of the great folio pages is covered with the successive dispositions of the case, as it is now continued, now put over, now referred, and again postponed. The last entries show that, on the 20th of April, 1872, J. E. Gowan, for plaintiff, had the time extended for closing plaintiff's testimony 90 days from date; and that a further extension of 60 days had also been granted. The case, there fore will go over the Presidential election, as both set of litigants are Grant people. He polls the undivided vote of the Crédit Mobilier, who think Greeley will not be a "Safe President" for such operations as theirs.

The defendants enumerated in this suit are as follows: Sidney Dillon, John B. Alley, Roland G. Hazard, Charles McGhrisky,* Oliver W. Barnes,* Thomas Rowland, Paul Pohl, jr.,* Oakes Ames, Charles H. Neilson, Thomas C. Durant, James M. S. Williams, Benedict Stewart,* John Duff, Charles M. Hall, and H. G. Fant.

The five names to which the asterisk is affixed are stool pigeons, put on by Ames & Co. For instance, Thomas Rowland is a shovel-maker and compeer of Ames in the same business, and a quiet country-side man in a hamlet near Philadelphia. 408 The names

of McGhrisky, Barnes, Rowland, Pohl, and Neilson were afterwards indicated to me by M'Comb as of no potency or presence in the inside affairs of the Crédit Mobilier. Another suit had been in process from October 3, 1868, a period of four years, and another commentary upon the endless career of Chancery proceedings. Involving only $300,000, here were four years' work put upon this single piece of litigation. Verily, one might say, in a paraphrase of Mr. Lincoln: “Even so; if every dollar taken by the swindler must be replaced with another taken by the lawyer, still we must cry: ‘The judgments of the Lord are good and righteous altogether.’”

There have been, at various times, employed by Colonel M'Comb, as plaintiff in this case, such counsel as William Strong, now Judge Strong, of the United States Supreme Bench, Jeremiah S. Black, and James E. Gowan. It is at present managed by S. G. Thompson, son of the Pennsylvania Chief-Justice Thompson, as associate of the Hon. Jeremiah S. Black. The defence is entrusted to Robert McMurtrie, who stands at the head of the Philadelphia Bar; as successor to John O'Brien, James Ottarson, and other less lawyers in the same case. This would seem to show that Dillon, Alley, Ames & Co. mean to contest strenuously the claims of M'Comb.

It appeared that the Court had appointed A. W. Norris to take testimony in this proceeding in equity; and searching out Norris's whereabouts, I found that he occupied the office of S. G. Thompson, the plaintiff's counsel. The next step was to see whether Norris, or Thompson, or both, would satisfy a laudable curiosity, and give me the testimony to consume, assimilate, and exhale.

Behold our correspondent, therefore on the way to the office of Thompson with a p.

There are periods in life when the *p* in Thompson's name appears to be an insurmountable barrier. Such was the present. The mind of the correspondent, in its anxious, not to say precipitate condition, transferred to the *p* all that might be 409 obdurate in mankind, and in Thompson individually, and fondly imagined that, if he had spelled the name in

smooth, flowing fashion, Thomson,—with no thump to the pronunciation of the same,—he could have been a man of genial inclination, and those conversational talents which are conducive to a great deal of newspaper information unconsciously. Mentally assured that the p in Thompson's name would not permit him to be an obliging man, I took the precaution of stopping at the telegraph office and sending a message to Wilmington, Del., to inquire the whereabouts of Thompson's client, Colonel M'Comb.

Arriving at Mr. Thompson's office, I recognized in him an acquaintance not far from my own age, and then I despaired The newspaper profession, abused as it is, is the only one where a man never puts on airs over being the repository of anything. He sheddeth and imparteth like the gentle dew of Heaven upon the place beneath, even if a person of the same age should occupy the place. The only thing in which he is perfectly at home is instruction. But your lawyer delights in magnifying his mission, and the extent of the confidence reposed in him. In Thompson's manner there was a deep and bibliological mystery, associated with a covert and gentlemanly sense of delight that he had come to be an authority. At first, the social animal, beaming and gladsome (I say gladsome, because nobody ever knew a lawyer to be really glad), Thompson in a minute divined my errand, and asserted the counsel. What a dulcet sound to the young and ardent lawyer lies in that word, Counsel. Behold him, referring to his grandfather in a subdued tone, but with more or less apparent solemnity, as “my client.” Observe him step in advance of the prisoner at the dock, saying: “'Sh! 'Ronor, I appear as counsel for the prisoner!” Nothing in life becomes him like these occasions, and, in the presence of a newspaper man, Thompson was now all counsel.

“I think I know your purpose,” he said; “it is the Crédit 410 Mobilier case. I am in an embarassing position as to that. I am—ahem!—I am counsel for Colonel M'Comb.”

“Yes. But like Captain Cuttle when Sol Gills left his last will and testament, I say where's the testament,—the testimony?”

“A part of it has got out. Col. M'Comb has written to me to ask how it did leak out. Do you know a man named Gibson?”

“Yes. Gibson is the industrious mouse. He published eleven columns of this testimony in the New York *Sun,* as well as the Ames letter and memoranda.”

“There is a person of that name,” said Mr. Thompson; I suspect I know how the letters got out. A man came to me with a letter from Judge Black. Perhaps I don't know. I think I do.“

There was great and impressive mystery at this point. Mr. Thompson fell to examining a copy of the New York *Sun* in my possession. He read it all over as if he had never before beheld it. He smiled a counsellor-kind of smile at times, as if he had recognized something. The counsellor finally told me the trial had been long because all equity proceedings are so; that, when Judge Strong had charge of it, he could not take any step without consulting with Judge Black; and that Colonel M'Comb had refused to leave the Ames letters, in their original, with the testimony, but had copies made. He said that the Ames letters were in existence; that the implication of public men appeared not yet to be exhausted; and that I could see the testimony with an order from M'Comb. As I left the office, Mr. Thompson said:

“If you printed the testimony and letters, and all the people in the country read them, it wouldn't change a vote?”

See this

“Perhaps not. But it is a horrible admission to make about one's countrymen. Nothing changes votes in this Christian age, but money and patronage; is it so?”

I made up my mind that the part of the testimony already published, had first met the eye of Jerry Black, and that he 411 had let it out to a reporter, who got access to the manuscript, and hastily copied or imitated such parts as he wanted. It also occurred to me, if any of the immaculate men referred to in that list of the bribed, had, all the while,

been conscious that Jerry Black was aware of the purchase and sale, and that young lawyers had also found it out, and that the area of exposure was inevitably widening toward explosion, how disturbed at times must have been their sleep! The sleep of the distinguished hypocrite, what agony it must be of nights! To know that, in the hands of remorseless men there is a secret; that all time and occasion press nearer and nearer to its revealment; that come it must and that it must be met. Such is the modern Eugene Aram in high places. But then “it wouldn't change a vote!” Yes, it will. Not this year, perhaps, but the next or the next, and it will change history, too, and men's conception of man, and the man's happiness, and the children's heritage of honor. Politics may apologize for bribery, but the dead corpse will be apparent the longer it is kept. No political party in the world can reason away the conclusion that, if a trusted statesman sold his vote and influence, the public faith, and the public law, and all the while played the outward part of piety and honor, be did a thing of infamy, and lived a lie, and his face will be turned to the wall.

See

Finding that the Colonel, the plaintiff, was not in Wilmington, but in New York City, I telegraphed to No. 20 Nassau street, and, in half an hour, got an answer, giving me his address, and saying he would see me. I bought the State Report with the long Crédit Mobilier case in it, to read on the way, and was soon in the midst of a mass villan y. What things people will do to make money ! Half the world, it would appear from the law-book, ought to be in the penitentiary. Here is a charter begged by a poor old man for a visionary end, or, perhaps, to serve some scheme of rapacity never developed, which, stamped with mendicancy at its birth, goes through the stews of politics and commerce, and becomes at last the baw d of men to whom this c ountry has been gene rous, See See 412 selecting them to lay a path between the coasts of the Continent, and liberally advancing them money and credit to perform the work with conscientious celerity, and make their lives useful and their names renowned. With the spirit of Joseph's brethren, they hasten to put the heir in the pit, and institute therefor a bastard corporation, parasitical in its nature,

which shall eat the life of its wholesome brother, and divert the revenues and gifts of a highway whose achievement the world adm ires into a mere “fence” or receiving-shop for stolen go ods. Having succeeded in this, beyond the usual fate of roguery, they next turn about and swindle the Commonwealth, which gave them the bastard charter, out of above half a million of taxes. Such was the purport of the long report I read on the way to New York City. Prosperous we are indeed, but at what moral cost? Will the world believe that, while we were waging a warfare with the slavery of the whole body, we were making the patriotism in whose name we fought, a cover for such crimes as the Crédit Mobilier?

The Pacific Railway exists; but the corner-stone of the masons thereof was plund er.

At 9 o'clock I walked into the great commercial, social, and gamester's market in New York, the Fifth Avenue Hotel, and soon afterward the handsome Colonel Harry M'Comb walked in.

He had been a poor boy, native and now citizen of Wilmington, Del. Handsome and prepossessing from his childhood up, he was prosperous enough, when the war began, to become a merchant in supplies, and distinguished himself by the energy and resolution with which he competed with men of greater capital, and wider reputation. He is said to be the richest man in Delaware, the Duponts probably “excepted,” and his business at home, in Wilmington, is the tanning of leather. With an orthodox education, and the best social connections in a quiet and virtuous community, he superadds to the dashing contractor and merchant, the semi-Southern tone and spirit of genial address, magnanimous personal impulses, the touch of 413 honor, and the carriage of a man of the world, yet heedful of his reputation. Nature designed him for a large part in life ; he is the equal of any to whom he speaks, and courteous to all. In New York he takes a rank relatively as high as at home. Invincible, imposing, cool, agreeable, he is the least provincial and the most exalted of men of his class. He is portly, careful of dress, loud in nothing, with *bonhommie,* natural intelligence, and ease.

“Our correspondent” at once made known the object of his errand, and the conversation which followed is here set down. An interview such as follows, often does injustice to a public man by the unavoidable misplacing of the order of questions and answers, so that statements often appear climatic, and things take context of themselves, and give impressions which the just order of the dialogue would not show. The subjoined is believed to be a fair and candid relation of this interview:

“Colonel M'Comb,” said our correspondent, my errand is to get from you the impartial truth as to the revelations of late made concerning the sums of Crédit Mobilier stock allotted to members of Congress about the year 1868. You have seen the published extracts and the printed memorandum made by you upon the back of a letter from Oakes Ames, in which memorandum 2,000 or 3,000 shares, respectively, are set down to these persons: Blaine, Colfax, Boutwell, Garfield, Kelley, Bingham, Senators Patterson, of New Hampshire, Fowler and Henry Wilson; Schofield and Kelley, the deceased member Eliot, and Henry L. Dawes. I wish to know if this is a hoax or a reality. I also wish permission, as so much has been said already, to see the testimony.”

Colonel M'Comb: “I have given my testimony before the Commissioner to take it by appointment of the Court. The letters from Oakes Ames are in my possession, and copies of them have been taken in the testimony. But I was surprised to see the letters and several columns of the testimony printed here in the public papers, and disclaim any agency in that revelation. It would not be proper for me to give you an order to 414 see the testimony, unless Mr. McMurtrie, counsel for the defense concurred.”

“But why permit these terrible excerpts to go broadcast, if they are not parts of the testimony, to do injury to eminent and innocent people?

Colonel M'Comb: “They are parts of the testimony, and that is the reason why I can have no hand in anticipating their inevitable publicity. Somebody in your profession has had access to the Commissioner's manuscript, and taken that part of the evidence, sometimes

copied it with haste, and often without accuracy, and again attempted to condense it. He has, besides, copied injurious parts without the link between. But what is printed is substantially there. I endeavored to keep the names of those gentlemen back, but Mr. Oakes Ames was perfectly indifferent to the exposure of his friends. He is about to retire from Congressional life, and will take no step to cover anybody's nakedness.

“How did you seek to avoid this disclosure?”

Colonel M'Comb: “In the first place, I tried to have the proceedings before a private Board of Referees or Commissioners, to be named by the Court, both parties to the suit consenting. They had all along been saying that my suit was merely a blackmail operation; and, when I brought it to trial, and expressed my willingness to put it in arbitration, Ames, Alley, Dillon, and the rest, cried: ‘Oh! he will never dare to put it in open Court; he has no case, and shows that he has none by making it a private trial!’ I was thus forced to bring op en suit in the State Courts of Equity. I laid my papers of all sorts, which bore reference to this suit, before my counsel, Judge Black. He read them over, and said: ‘M'Comb, these men will never dare to let this case come to trial with these reputations involved in it.’ But they did, and fought and defied it at every step. Finally I came to a spot where, in the cross-examination, these letters of Oakes Ames were vital to my cause, and I again notified Alley and the rest, that I should be compelled to put them in. Ames knew all about their contents, 415 but he did not move one step. I produced them after repeated taunts to do so, and a transcript of them has come to light, as could not, probably, be avoided. I have no hesitation in saying that, had I been assisted by gentlemen as Ames was, I should have made every sacrifice rather than betray them, as he has permitted the course of this suit to do. With all of those gentlemen we stand upon terms of fair fellowship, and most of them are our party friends.”

“There is no politics in this suit, then?”

Colonel M'Comb: “None whatever! I told the editor of your paper, at the Brevoort House, last July, that I could not support Greeley; that Grant was not my first choice, but that I could not be convinced to vote for Greeley. The suit in which I am plaintiff began before General Grant had fairly got into his office. It is for a direct and considerable money—loss which Oakes Ames obliged me to make by his bad faith,—a loss which is not merely in stock not delivered, but stock which I took from my own share to keep a contract with a friend. The letters of Ames belong to this suit, showing that he professed to divert my stock to Legislative uses, and act as the trustee for those Congressmen to whom he presented it; and the memorandum on the back of one of these letters shows that just the amount he took from me he put to the account of the persons thereon named. The names he read to me from a memorandum book, and I wrote them down in the office as he dictated them. They remain as they were put on that letter, many seasons ago, and I repeat that, if I had not got those letters in at the time I put them in, they would not have been in order subsequently.”

“How came you to lose your own stock through Ames' confiscating yours?”

Colonel M'Comb: “It happened in this wise: Hamilton G. Fant asked me to take up for him, when I came to New York, $25,000 worth of Crédit Mobilier shares. I gave the order for it, and told Crane, the secretary, to draw on him for the money. They said they did n o t kno w much about Fant, and preferred 416 my check. I got a power of attorney from Fant to make the purchase, but the power of attorney was bad in form, and Crane, the Secretary of the Crédit Mobilier, made out a new and correct power of attorney,—which is a link of evidence in my suit. I got a certified check of my own, and paid for the stock. This Check was mislaid in the office; and when, after some time, it was discovered that Fant had not paid for his stock, the Company drew a draft upon him for the amount. His circumstances had meantime changed, and the draft came back protested. The Company now notified me that they expected me to pay the draft, and this led to a search for the certified check, which came to light. At this period I was called away, and was absent some time—some

three or four months—attending to matters in a distant quarter. But I had promised Mr. King, of Massachusetts, to deliver to him $25,000 worth of stock, and expected to give him Fant's stock. Oakes Ames, however, would not deliver to me Fant's stock, and, in excuse, showed me in the registry-book that he had disbursed the $25,000 amongst the members of Congress aforesaid. I was, therefore, forced to false of my own Crédit Mobilier stock $25,000 worth at the original valuation, and deliver it to King. My suit is for this stock, and the dividends which it produced. Whether Oakes Ames kept it, or paid dividends in bonds or money out of it to others, is not my business to inquire. I want what is mine."

"How does Fant's name appear in your suit added to the list of defendants?"

Colonel M'Comb: "They had arranged at one time to get Fant on their side, to rout me in the suit, and I put him in with the rest."

"Are not some of the names of the defendants used as mere blinds?"

Colonel M'Comb: "Yes. Rowland, Pohl, and several others are of no note in the Crédit Mobilier."

"Who got the charter for the Crédit Mobilier?"

"George Francis Train got it for Durant, who paid him $50,000 for it."

"Why do the Ames party dislike Durant?"

Colonel M'Comb: "They were jealous of him, and have been slandering him for several years, saying that he is dishonest; that he made away with bonds, earnings, etc. At one time, I was induced to believe these things; but I found Durant had more brains and more honesty than their party."

“Is the testimony of Ames, Alley, and others, in the suit of the State of Pennsylvania for taxes, reliable!”

Colonel M'Comb: “No, it is all false. They swore they made no dividends, when Ames' letters to me assert just the contrary.”

“Colonel M'Comb, what does this line mean in the memoranda as published: ‘Painter (Rep.) for Quigley, 3,000?’ I know who Painter is, and suppose the ‘Rep.’ means reporter. Who is Quigley?”

Colonel M'Comb: “Quigley is a townsman of mine, in Wilmington, Del. That has been erroneously copied from my memoranda in the *Sun.* The reporter who took it down for that paper must have been nervous, and he has made several mistakes. The names of Painter and Quigley belong to another memorandum. They are interested with me in the canal property between Washington and Alexandria, a piece of property owned and controlled by myself, Ames, Quigley, and some others. The figures 3,000 at the end of each name do not signify shares in the Crédit Mobilier, but dollars' worth of stock. If you look at the published memoranda you will see that no word occurs after these figures. It is true that $3,000, at the rate of profit obtained by the stockholders, would come to about $18,000. Therefore, the $25,000 worth of stock which Oakes Ames says he held as trustee for the Congressmen named would be worth many times its face. I held my suit for this stock in the Crédit Mobilier to be far above $300,000. That represents, as near as may be, the whole of the divided sum, provided Ames paid it to them, set down in that memorandum to the Congressmen implicated. I feel distressed at the publicity given to this thing, on account 27 Seeth 418 of their reputations, and the annoyance it gives to these gentlemen; but I have done all in my power to get what is due me without taking this step.”

“Will you give me an order upon your counsel, S. G. Thompson, to look at the testimony taken before the Commissioner, A. W. Harris?”

Colonel M'Comb: “I will, if you get a similar order, or the consent of Robert C. McMurtrie, the counsel for the other side. But I do not want to be a party to any political designs which may be based upon the testimony, and my position as plaintiff is too delicate to take the advance in throwing that testimony open to the reporters. The fact is, Mr. McMurtrie, defendant's counsel, is now in possession of' all the testimony; he borrowed it some time ago, and keeps it under the excuse of wishing to read it carefully.”

“Where is Oakes Ames?”

Colonel M'Comb: “He is coming to this city to-morrow. If he denies those letters, I shall feel myself at liberty to let you see them: and, if you can get an authorized denial from him that he wrote them, I will give you an order on Thompson to look at the manuscript.”

Colonel M'Comb then said: “What use do you propose to make of all this matter you have been gathering up in Philadelphia and New York?”

Correspondent: “Print it all to satisfy the wholesome inquisitiveness of the period, pin the responsibility where it belongs, and let people unfairly implicated explain their way out. The matter is certainly the greatest of all Congressional scandals. If Golladay, Whitt emore, and such poor shoats are to be ex pelled for selling West Point Cadetships for a few hundred d ollars, don't you think Speakers of the House, Senators, and such magnates ought to be brought to the bar of public opinion for abettin g a swindle like the Crédit Mobilier, pushing private mortgage ahead of the Government's first mortgage, and ot herwise prefering the claims of a corporation to the rights of their country and the tax-payers? ”

Colonel M'Comb: “Well, I have no responsibility in this personal part of the suit; and I tell you now that, if my object was merely scandal, I could produce a letter not yet printed or proffered in the testimony, which would extend the area of implication, draw in other

names of persons not suspected of collusion in any gainful matter, and make the present unfortunate disclosure secondary only.”

“Has Oakes Ames no feeling for his colleagues in Congress?”

Colonel M'Comb: “No. Selfishness is implanted in Ames on the widest scale. H e has the hide of a bull. If he had th e se ntiment of honor he would do anything,—leave the country, —rather than put the past services of his friends to the test.”

“What were the circumstances under which you took that memorandum? Please repeat it.”

Colonel M'Comb: “Why, I took it from Ames himself, he reading from a memorandum which he took from his pocket, to account to me for the stock he would not furnish, and, by accident, I made the memorandum at that moment on the back of one of Ames' own letters to me,—the same which has got into the testimony. That is how the thing leaked out. The letter was coerced from me in the course of litigation, and being discovered, the memorandum was made public with it.”

“Then the weakness of the evidence is in the fact that you alone wrote the memorandum, and nobody can get the stock-register to confirm your memorandum. At the same time, the very incompleteness of this evidence at law will be moral proof to thousands of men. It lacks the lawyer's arrangement, but what is missing in evidence carries most conviction.”

Colonel M'Comb: “Ames might have made a false entry of the names of the Congressmen, or he might have dictated entries of names not on the register. I had no suspicion of such possibilities at the time. We were on fairly amicable terms, members of the same Company, and he read straight on, giving me time to copy the list.”

“It seems to me, Colonel, that you are employing a 420 able array of counsel for a very doubtful consequence. What do Ames, Allen, Dillon & Co. care for the Crédit

Mobilier charter now, having worn it out, and having no responsibility within the State of Pennsylvania longer? The Crédit Mobilier has about wound up, has it not?”

Colonel M'Comb: “No. It is still worth three millions of dollars at least, and its charter is worth preserving.”

“Are you still a stock-holder?”

Colonel M'Comb: “Yes. I possess six [or sixty, correspondent not certain] shares, and my suit is not to get in, but to get my proportion of what I have paid for.”

“Is Oakes Ames worth anything?”

Colonel M'Comb: “Yes. Three or four millions.”

While a part of the above conversation was taking place, two gentlemen sat beside Colonel M'Comb and our correspondent, viz: H. D. Newcomb, President of the Louisville and Nashville Railroad, and Josiah Bardwell, an owner of Crédit Mobilier stock.

Colonel Newcomb informed me that Mr. Bardwell invested $50,000 in the Créit Mobilier, and that his net drawings thereon had amounted to $360,000. Mr. Bardwell is a stout, brown-whiskered gentleman, and he said, pleasantly:

“Gath, you ought to go and talk to Oakes Ames to-morrow. He will talk freely. He don't care.”

“How much do you infer,” said Mr. Bardwell to ‘our correspondent,’ “were the proceeds or profits of Crédit Mobilier investments?”

Applying the information derived only a moment before on the other side, our correspondent answered:

“About six or seven for one,—say on an investment of $50,000, about $360,000 net!”

This shot seemed to tickle Mr. Bardwell, and he laughed in a serio-comic way.

“Well,” said he, “provided that is true, we took a good deal of risk.”

“Yes,” said another, “I wish I had some of that risk. The 421 stock and the dividends I don't mind, but I am quite put out that I didn't get some of the risk.”

Here there was a general laugh.

Colonel Newcomb said, directly,—no other person at the moment present:

“What surprises me most is, that the newspaper profession, with all its acuteness, did not discover this matter long ago,—four years ago,—it being an old subject of conversation amongst railway men and operators. You will observe that Speaker Blaine denies that he ever received or owned any stock or money in the Crédit Mobilier. My understanding is, that no stock was given, but that the dividends were in the bonds given to the Railroad Company, which in turn became the dividends, etc., of the Crédit Mobilier. A man set down as having an interest would merely be presented with bonds at periods when dividends came to be declared, and some of the earliest of such dividends would clear off his stock of indebtedness.”

It was now near midnight, and the company separated. Colonel M'Comb said, before going to bed:

“I have talked more to-night on this subject than I have yet allowed myself to do. Three New York newspaper men have been to see me to-day, and I have refused to speak, being already annoyed at the publication of my garbled parts of evidence, and at the appearance of Ames' letters. There, for example, is the letter of Crane, the Secretary of the Crédit Mobilier, which is omitted. I did not want anything published, and the omissions

and the publications are equally annoying. I have told you this to satisfy you that I am merely going straight on to get my dues in a business suit, and am no politician at any time. I shall vote for General Grant, and could never vote for Greeley anyway."

"Why?"

"He is too much of a whirligig. Good-night."

Wondering if Greeley were more of a whirligig than the Crédit Mobilier, which began with Duff Green, passed along to George. Francis Train, fell as a family chattel into the hands of See 422 Tom Durant, was gobbled up by Oakes Ames, Sidney Dillon, and John B. Alley, and has finally become a bombshell in Congress, exploding the caucus, our correspondent also retired to his room, made his notes, and composed himself to rest, congratulating himself that he had deserved well of his country.

The above was the first letter published confirmatory of the disclosure from a principal.

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CHAPTER XXVIII. CREDIT MOBILIER BROUGHT TO BAY.

Perhaps nothing in American history will bear comparison with the Crédit Mobilier as a drama in which all the human emotions have been played upon from farce to tragedy. The subject is of the grandest area, and the conspiracy within it close and criminal as in any scheme of treason aimed at a great empire. Look at the dates, and see what they imply:

In the Summer of 1862, a Pacific Railroad was empowered by Congress. In 1869 the road was built, and cars were running from New York to San Francisco. In 1872, ten years after the Government exercised its generosity, the chief builders and capitalists of the enterprise appeared like common criminals at the bar of public opinion, and the highest heads in Congress were dragged down for complicity in their crime. Two separate investigations were held in the House of Representatives, and one in the United States Senate. Two

members of Congress, Oakes Ames and James Brooks, and one Senator, James W. Patterson, were reported back for expulsion. But public opinion was so far from satisfied, and Congress so wholly demoralized by apprehensions of other exposures, that neither House took definite action, and Congress adjourned under a cloud, and the entire country, which had just passed through a presidential election, was overcast with doubt, shame, and indignation. The two members marked for expulsion died in little, more than two months 424 and within a few days of each other. It is true that one of them was a sufferer from bodily disease, and the other was an old man, but the public superstition connected in their obituary the tragedy and its context, and not all the funeral pomp could clear the stigma from the dead, nor obtain a revocation of public sentiment in favor of the score or more men who had been members and Senators, and had abused the magnificent dowry of the nation. Almost while the funeral services of Brooks and Ames were being said, the United States Government was filing complaint and bill in equity at Hartford, Connecticut, May 26, 1873, in the Circuit Court of the United States, against “The Union Pacific Railroad Company and others,” of which a newspaper despatch said:

“This marks the opening of the great legal struggle between the Government on one side and two of the greatest and most extraordinary corporations ever created on the other, and will, beyond doubt, occupy some of the attention of the Courts for ten, perhaps twenty, years to come. It is, unquestionably, the most gigantic litigation on record, and the printed complaint and exhibits appended thereto, twenty-five in number, make a book of 134 printed pages.

“The total sum to be accounted for will, if a verdict be given against all the defendants, be probably not less than $25,000,000, and interests in the litigation may be transmitted, in all likelihood, to the second generations of the posterity of some of the parties defendant.”

An examination of this bill shows that it makes defendants not only about one hundred rich individuals but also the following corporations: the Union Pacific Railroad Company, a corporation created by acts of Congress of the United States, whose principal office

for business is located at Boston, in the State of Massachusetts, and its President, Horace F. Clark, of the city, county and State of New York; the Crédit Mobilier of America, a corporation created by the Legislature of the State of Pennsylvania, and located in Philadelphia, in said State, and its President, 425 Sidney Dillon, of the city, county, and State of New York; the Wyoming Coal and Mining Company, a corporation organized under the general statutes of the State of Nebraska; the Atlantic and Pacific Telegraph. Company, a corporation organized under the general statutes of the State of New York, and its President, John Duff, of Boston, in the State of Massachusetts; the Pullman Palace Car Company, a corporation transacting business in Chicago, in the State of Illinois, and its President, George M. Pullman, of Chicago; and the Omaha Bridge Transfer Company, a corporation transacting business at Omaha, in the State of Nebraska.

Amongst the individual defendants are ex-Congressman Henry M. Boyer, and Helen Boyer, his wife; William Tracy, the executor of Congressman Brooks, deceased; General G. M. Dodge, and Anne M. Dodge, his wife; the widow of ex-Senator Grimes; and very many ex-Congressmen and hitherto respectable citizens.

The United States attorneys claim in one paragraph of this bill that the following extraordinary state of morals and finance prevails in the Union Pacific Railroad Company:

“The Union Pacific Railroad Company is insolvent. The cost of the railroad and telegraph line was considerably less than one-half the sum represented by the aggregate of stock and other pretended liabilities of the company outstanding. The largest part of the stock and bonds of the company before mentioned was issued, in the name of the company, by its managers, not in the interest of the company, but to enrich themselves in a manner and for purposes unauthorized by law. A large majority of the stock now habitually voted upon as of right, in electing officers and controlling the affairs of the company, is stock issued in a manner not authorized by law, and which was never paid for, in cash or in any other thing of equivalent value to the company. A large part of its income is used habitually in

paying its managers high interest and commissions on loans, and in paying interest on bonds issued unnecessarily, without lawful motive or adequate consideration.

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“The earnings have not been sufficient to pay accruing interest on its floating debt and on the several classes of bonds issued by the company. Ten millions of dollars of its income bonds, so-called, will be due in September, 1874; but no fund has been provided or is accumulating for either new ties and rails or payment of said income bonds. Interest on United States bonds issued to the company is allowed to accumulate without payment, as before stated. The company is insolvent, and obliged to depend on temporary loans to save its obligations and promises from dishonor. Its principal managers treat it as depending on their personal credit to save it from bankruptcy, and make profit by loaning it money for high interest and commission.”

The Wilson Committee of Congress showed that the Crédit Mobilier conspirators made at least twenty-four millions of money beyond a liberal profit by contracting with themselves, not only to build the road, but to rob it in every possible manner after it should go into operation. The rapacity and wealth of the conspirators, and the general demoralization of American commercial and political society at the time, involved a wholesale purchase of engineers, examiners, Congressmen, newspapers, cabinet officers, state governors, and judges. Society stood back appalled, unwilling, but compelled to believe the disclosures, and there can be no doubt that Republican Government lost the faith of many thousand men and women.

See

Let us look at the two railway companies which interlink midway from the one highway to the Pacific.

The Central Pacific Company at the West End sprung out of the needs of California, and the yearning of all the people and capitalists there to have quick and reliable connection with the bulk of their countrymen in the East. The Union Pacific Road, on the contrary, did

not aim to give relief to a rising nation of people, by affording them an outlet to civilization, but it was simply a tie which should bind the Central Pacific to the country east of the Missouri. This intervening country was without large towns, and, indeed, without any population 427 to speak of, except the few herders of cattle, and some isolated band of miners. The Union Pacific Road, therefore, did not promise to become, in a short time, a profitable highway to its devisors. It tumbled into the hands of certain lobbyists and Congressmen, who were much more concerned to make something out of its construction than to build it up into a property, and wait, like the Central Pacific people, for the business to increase, the country to fill up, the mines to grow profitable, and the freights and passenger-travel to yield their legitimate award. The Union Pacific Railroad did not break ground until the 5th of November, 1865,—nearly two years after the Central Pacific had resolutely driven the spade, and looked with courage, almost beyond hope, at the steep sides of the Sierra Nevadas. To build the Union Pacific Road was a much lighter task than to lay the Central Pacific. On the former lines the long level plains and steppes afforded such easy accommodations for railway builders that it is a matter of history how even six miles a day of track were laid when the work had been fully undertaken. The Union Pacific Company laid but forty miles of track up to January, 1866; but, in that interval, and after it, the incorporators of the road found out an opportunity to make money more easily than by patient processes.

When the Crédit Mobilier, so called, had been created, to receive the proceeds of the Government bonds, and sieve the same into the railroad through the pockets of the manipulators of the Mobilier, they warmed up, and were able to lay 305 miles of road in one year, 235 in the next year, and finally, to complete the road, for the whole 1,085 miles, by the 10th of May, 1869. The Union Pacific Road retains to the present day 1,032 miles of road lying between Ogden and Omaha. It received a vast subsidy in land from Congress, besides such a stupendous bonded aid that, by the testimony of experts, it was able to lay the whole line within the amount in cash realized from the sale of its bonds, put a large

fortune in the hands of everybody who belonged to the Crédit Mobilier, and receive, 428 besides, the whole of its land-grant, as a clear margin of profit.

The scandals which accompanied the building of this road are, perhaps, forgotten by many of the old generation, and are scarcely known to tens of thousands of the new generation which has arisen since the Pacific was opened. The traveller over the line at this day will observe that, whenever a rich piece of level ground is attained, the road begins to snake around like a great brook which draws water from every spring; and sometimes the eye is bewildered to see what appears to be another railroad, parallel with that on which he travels; but the information is soon afforded that it is the game piece of road he had gone over half an hour before. If he asks why it should be so crooked, the answer will be: “That was a part of the job.” The Union Pacific Company let out the building of the road to its own contractors, under the name of the Crédit Mobilier; and they had no desire to make a short line where it was easy laying track, because they received so much per mile in bonds from the United States, and whenever they could build the road for less per mile than the boned aid, they went winding round and round, like a circle, and put the overplus in their pockets.

“But,” you will ask, “was the Government so blind that it could not see that a swindle was being perpetrated upon it in describing three sides of a square to get the distance of the fourth side?”

See

“Yes,” will be the answer; “but the road will be examined by persons selected at the suggestion of the Company, and these were induced to report that everything was correct.”

All the above is literally true, as any man knows who has crossed the plains. The time between Omaha and Ogden could be greatly decreased had this railroad been laid on the thrifty principle of a responsible organization and honest engineering. Began as a job,

the Union Pacific Railroad soon failed to be of interest to those who had prostituted the Government 429 Charity, after it was opened. While the Central Pacific Road, of which it is the receiver, is a splendid piece of property, with its stock jealously kept in the hands of its original conceivers, the Union Pacific has several times changed ownership, President after President going out; and the scandal of its management was so notorious that the Tammany Hall Judges thought it would “come down” easily and pay them black-mail. So Judge Barnard put it into the hands of a receiver in New York, and had its safe broken open with cold-chisels and gun-powder.

At Saratoga, during the trial of Judge Barnard, Horace F. Clark, an associate of this read, was put upon the strand, and asked to give testimony concerning the Crédit Mobilier. He declined to say anything about it, asserting that all he knew was hearsay and not evidence, and refused to bring the books of the corporation, which are now in the city of Boston, within the jurisdiction of the State of New York. Hence the mystery involving the Crédit Mobilier—which we may call, for shorts the ring of Union Pacific Directors and stockholders, who get the bonds, put the road down cheaply, and filch the remainder of the aid Government gives them—and the difficulty of getting at any of the facts, although the people know that one of the most monstrous and impudent swindles ever perpetrated upon a magnanimous Nation was the act of that Union Directory, of which Oliver Ames was President and Oakes Ames the Congressional Agent. It will ever be a subject of scandal to an inquiring posterity that Schuyler Colfax, as well as his successor, James G. Blaine, kept at the head of the Pacific Railroad Committee in the House of Representatives, this Oakes Ames. He was a large, heavy-set, secretive shovel-maker, from the Taunton District of Massachusetts, who kept his pocket full of free passes over this railroad, and dealt them out judiciously to whoever might be able to do him either good or injury. A member of Congress, and as such obligated to protect the State in its property in the Pacific Railways, Oakes Ames was, all the while, a member of the Crédit Mobilier, and 430 a brother of the President of the road. He never made a proposition concerning this road which did not become the law or the observance by act of Congress. He carried

through Congress a scandalous proposition by which the Government abandoned its first mortgage of this highway, and allowed the private mortgage bonds of the Railroad Company to take precedence, and crowded the Government with a second mortgage. He was able, with the help of the most eminent men in the Republican party, to collect from the United States the gross sum for carrying the mails over this road, while, at the same time, he never paid the interest on the Government bonds as it accrued. In short, the Union Pacific Railroad first begged a loan from the United State s of from sixteen to sixty thousand dollars a mile, and then rob bed it of the interest on the loan, forced the loan itself to a contingent place, and pasted it over with another, and a private loan of its own, and then swindled it out of the whole gross sums for the mail service.

See

During the time that these robberies were taking place, and the Crédit Mobilier could be daily heard to chuckle as it received Government bonds, a great deal of wild and florid gammon was poured out upon the country. Our attention was called to the giant pines of California, whenever we proposed to look down to the ties, and see where our money had gone. If we presumed to ask when the road, under good management, might pay for itself, we were directed to spend no time upon such mercenary amusement, but to look, instead, on the splendor of Yo Semite Valley, and the wonderful apricots in the region of Los Angeles. There was so much drumming, and firing, and fuss, and palaver, kept up about this glorious achievement (which was the easiest achievement ever undertaken by civilized man, when he had the money in his hands to do it with), that the imagination of the country was carried away from the solid business which belonged to the undertaking, and now, after many years of mystery, a private law-suit 431 in a secondary city proves that murder must out at last, and that what is so ugly can never be wholly concealed.

The Crédit Mobilier, it appears, built nearly the whole of the Union Pacific Railroad, or 1,038½ miles, which was a little more than the Union Pacific now retains. It really built 1,035 miles, but sold to the Central Pacific subsequently all that portion of the road between Ogden and Promontory, and now owns less, by 6½ miles of rails, than the Crédit

Mobilier, its stool-pigeon, built. For this 1,038½ miles of road the Crédit Mobilier got United States bonds, amounting to more than $27,250,000, besides 12,080,000 acres of land. Upon this land were issued 7 per cent. land-grant bonds, to the amount of $10,400,000. The capital stock of the Crédit Mobilier, meantime, was 37,000 shares, at a par value of $100. Exactly how designing and successful this transaction was, has come out in the letter of Oakes Ames to H. S. M'Comb. According to Ames' own admission in this letter, the Crédit Mobilier paid less than $25,700 a mile to build the highway, or, in gross, $25,900,000. The letters from Oakes Ames are valid and undoubted; they are written by him, and appear in his handwriting; they were indited in the due course of business, and are now about four years and a half old. They show the secrecy, the Jesuitry, and the ingratitude of the corporation which could receive such an amount of help, and abuse the Government's confidence; and they show, more than all, that it was a member of Congress who wrote these letters, and he implicated, in all secrecy and seriousness, men whom the country has delighted to honor.

The country owes nothing perhaps to Henry S. M'Comb, who was one of the Crédit Mobilier men, for having been the means of showing up their system of plunder It seems that M'Comb was a fellow capitalist with Thomas C. Durant and joined Durant's faction when the Mobilier people got to cheating each other. Durant had been a physician in the western part of Massachusetts, but he had too much worldly enterprise for professional life, and took to railroad contracting. He observed 432 the drift of opinion to be in favor of a railway to the Pacific, and put himself forward in the project, but being a reckless speculator, without conscience toward his creditors, his country, his friends, or his friend's wife, he had no sooner become Vice-President of the Union Pacific railroad, than he sent George Francis Train to Pennsylvania to buy him one of those floating charters by which our modern legislatures empower gamblers to cheat mankind. The name of Crédit Mobilier was derived from a stock gambling corporation which existed in Paris during the reign of Napoleon III. Had the Pennsylvania legislature possessed anybody of general reading, and been particular about honesty, it would have suspected a corporation with such a

title. Durant got his charter at such a time as to show that he meditated a swindle from the beginning. He gathered around him a set of loose law-defying contractors, men of means and vigor and associated these with him in the Crédit Mobilier. Then the company moved to New York so as to get out of observation in Pennsylvania, and when one of Durant's clerks by the name of Hoxie, a man without means, had been given by the Union Pacific Company a contract to build 246 miles of road, Hoxie transferred the same to Durant, and Durant to the Crédit Mobilier. At this time the whole Union Pacific Company had paid up but $218,000. The object of getting the Crédit Mobilier charter was to protect themselves individually as partners for debts. As the Crédit Mobilier, they turned around and bought the $218,000 worth of stock aforesaid. The Union Pacific stock was then watered one thousand per cent., and thus the Crédit Mobilier ate up the Union Pacific Company. The Hoxie contract at $50,000 per mile was now fulfilled in a cheap way, at a cost of $27,500 per mile, including equipment. About 350 miles of road were built in this way, of which 58 miles alone netted the Crédit Mobilier more than a million and a third dollars “without any consideration whatever.” August 16, 1867, the Oakes Ames contract was made for 66.7 miles, at from $42,000 to $96,000 a mile, the Government meantime paying $96,000, in 433 all about $8,000,000. The Crédit Mobilier now handed over to Ames the absolute disposition of the Union Pacific railroad. Ames associated with himself an ex-Congressman from Massachusetts named John B. Alley, and Messrs. Bushnell, Dillon, M'Comb, Durant and Bates, the core of the Crédit Mobilier. The chief Engineer, Granville M. Dodge, was bribed with one hundred shares of Crédit Mobilier stock, placed in the name of his wife. The profit under this contract was nearly $30,000,000, in stock, cash, bonds, &c. In the same way the Davis contract was made, on the same terms as the Ames contract, for 125 miles. The committee of investigation, headed by Hon. Jeremiah M. Wilson, reported on the above contract as follows:

Your committee present the following summary of cost of this road to the railroad company and to the contractors, as appears by the books:

Cost to railroad company.

Hoxie contract, $12,974,416.24

Ames contract, 57,140,102.94

Davis contract, 23,431,768.10

Total, 93,546,287.28

Cost to contractors.

Hoxie contract, $7,806,183.33

Ames contract, 27,285,141.99

Davis contract, 15,629,633.62

50,720,958.94

42,825,328.34

To this should be added amount paid Crédit Mobilier on account of fifty-eight miles, 1,104,000.00

Total profit on construction, 43,925,328.34

It was while Oakes Ames was in the enjoyment of these contracts, that he was a member of Congress, and to smooth his path there, he gave stock in the Crédit Mobilier Company in small sums to a large number of members, and outside people. His method was to hold the stock in their names, privately, but himself trustee, and known as such within the Mobilier Company. It was this very stock which led to a law-suit 28 434 in the courts of Pennsylvania, by Henry S. M'Comb. Ames and his clique had fallen out with Durant, and his clique and the latter were discontented to see so much plunder falling to their

opponents. M'Comb affected to believe that Ames had never paid the Crédit Mobilier in question to Congressmen, or to put the proceeds in his own pocket. He therefore laid damages at a very considerable amount, and found it necessary to sustain his case, that he should put in the *Transcript* some private letters which Ames had written to him. These letters involved the reputation of Congressmen.

It appears that Ames, being of a dull unsensitive nature, paid little heed to the consequences of such publications, and his coterie, of which the head was John B. Alley, supported him. An attempt was made, however, to get the originals out of M'Comb's hands, and make way with them. It appears that with rare delicacy M'Comb had merely put in copies and omitted altogether the memorandum of names of Congressmen.

Here is the letter of Ames' counsel:

M'Comb vs. C. Mobilier.

Philadelphia, May 21, 1872.

Dear Sir: On Thursday, the 23d, you have appointed to close the cross-examination of Mr. M'Comb, and to proceed with your evidence.

Allow me to remind you of promises made by your client at the prior meetings, many months since, to furnish or produce the papers or documents from copies of which he spoke, or referred to, or memoranda taken from them. Some at least were to be sent me next day; none have been sent. He stated the other day that they had been withheld for a purpose. I must ask that you will require him to produce at the meeting on Thursday, if you desire me to cross-examine, the following:

Letters from Oakes Ames in reference to the distribution of 345 shares as gifts to members of Congress:

His books showing the original entries and dividends, or sums, stated to have been received as dividends—April, 1866; July, 1866; September, 1866; December, 1866; and January, 1868.

I would also like to have a copy of Mr. Ames' letter, April 13, 1867, (exhibit No. 2, A. W. N.)

Very truly (Signed) R. C. Mcmurtrie.

To Jas. E. Gowen, Esq.

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But M'Comb made McMurtrie take copies in his presence, and copy one letter at a time. The manner of McMurtrie when he saw such letters did exist, was that of a man deceived by his own clients.

Ames said to M'Comb, when asked if he did not value the reputation of his friends:

“I don't care whether you put the letters in as evidence or not. Everybody knows that Congressmen are bribed.”

After these letters became evidence, it was inevitable that they should appear in print. They did appear in some mysterious way and made great scandal. After a long and most awkward silence, suspicious denials of their validity appeared from Ames and other parties. Ames argued that he had never sold or presented a share of stock to any member of Congress,—a piece of unblushing falsehood, as he has himself shown under oath. The denials of the others were made under a mistaken idea that the thing would blow over after the political campaign, and that meantime it would pass as mere vituperation of the canvass. The names of Grant and Wilson, it was thought, would prove all-protecting; Ulysses! name that charms our fears, That bids our sorrows cease; 'Tis music in the sinner's ears, 'Tis life, and health, and peace!

After the election was done and Congress met, the word *Mobilier* was raised again, and the quickened consciences of some of the members showed in their troubled talk, and walk, and countenances. A Democrat was now known to be in the case, and the Poland Investigating Committee met with closed doors. The news leaked through the cracks and keyholes. A savage speech made by James Brooks against M'Comb on the floor contemporaneously with a screed of evidence from John B. Alley under oath in the darkened Committee-room, only whetted the public interest. A cry arose for “Open doors! Less white wash and more fumigation!”

Then the sick men who groped their way about the Capital 436 City would have been the pitied of men and angels but for that speech of Brooks' against the Government witness, which had closed the gates of mercy. The fatal truth, half told, came forth at last from the lips of Oakes Ames. That shovel-iron statue spoke like the sire of Fredolin, cursing his posterity.

It may be asked why James Brooks was put forward by the Crédit Mobilier people to make a speech against McComb. The fact was that Brooks, under the guise of an aristocratic and strictly honorable member Of the opposition, had been robbing the Union Pacific Company all the while. He had secured from Andrew Johnson as a Democrat the appointment of Government Director of the Union Pacific railroad and in that position was not allowed to be a stockholder, or interested in any way in the corporation. But with a vicious and dishonest nature he used his power all the more to extort from the confederates stock in both the Union Pacific and Crédit Mobilier Companies, and the very bonds of the United States which he was appointed to protect. Public guilt was never less undoubtedly shown in any government. With his honors, riches, and age all to protect, it may be imagined that Brooks was more apprehensive than any living man of the consequences of an investigation. He was so nervous about the matter that he betook himself to the old newspaper mode of silencing an enemy by ruining his character. This he attempted to do before Congress came together by concerted attacks upon M'Comb,

comparing him to Jim Fisk and Judge Barnard. When the Investigating Committee met with closed doors the guilty man heard almost immediately that his villainy had been put in evidence. He could not stand and wait; for he knew that now his only escape was in loud and brawling defiance. He claimed, therefore, the privilege of a personal explanation, and delivered a personal attack upon M'Comb too ingenious to be honest and too cowardly not to provoke response. M'Comb's friends at once demanded the opening of the doors in equity to a witness so grossly, and as they claimed so unjustly, maligned by a member pleading his privileges. There was an agonizing 437 time in Congress when the proposition was made to open the doors and men of both parties struggled hard to keep them close. But a paralysis had fallen upon the body. They saw the full galleries and knew that all the country was looking in, and although the Committee itself protested that a secret examination would be the best, it was ordained that the public should know all about the matter.

Induced to believe that Mr. Oakes Ames would shield himself and them, several of the members sent him word or intimated in person that they wished him to exonerate them as far as possible. For some days he seemed to desire to do so, but being an old man, of a bluff, ingenuous nature, he finally grew ashamed of duplicity and enraged at the evident disposition to make him a principal and a perjurer besides. He and Mr. Alley therefore changed face upon their dupes and friends and corrected their statements. Mr. Colfax, Vice-President of the United States, and Mr. Patterson, U. S. Senator from New Hampshire; were ruined in the sequel after an agonizing effort to perplex or compound Mr. Ames. Mr. Kelley, Mr. Schofield, Mr. Garfield, Mr. Allison, Mr. James Wilson, commonly called “The Singed Cat” of Iowa, and one or two others were scathed a good deal by the evidence. The Committee reported in favor of the expulsion of Brooks and Ames from the House, and the Senate followed up the report by entertaining another investigation, whereby Senator Patterson was named for expulsion. These proceedings did not satisfy the public and an effort was made in the House to censure Messrs. Kelley, Garfield, Samuel Hooper, and even Speaker Blaine. Against the latter, Mr. Job Stevenson of Ohio

hurled a bitter piece of invective, and Mr. Speer of Pennsylvania debated the complicity of two of the others. The whole subject was disposed of by censuring Ames and Brooks, both of whom died of the shock and other ills in little above two months. Mr. Patterson left the Senate by the expiration of his term, seeking in vain afterward to have his transaction and character vindicated. Mr. Colfax went out of office morally ruined and mentally 438 wrecked, He had maintained a semblance of purity and frankness for so many years of general consideration that the knowledge of his corruptibility and his painful exhibition of falsehood under oath gave the country a blow.

Some scenes in this investigation may be sketched rapidly just as they were taken in my note book at the time.

The Committee-room where the half-dozen gentlemen who had been appointed to seek out the why and wherefore of the railroad bribery met for one hour or more every forenoon is at the foot of a long flight of dark stairs which lead from the Rotunda to the floor usually called the crypt, or cellar. At the foot of these stairs, a lighted corridor, whose cheerful appearance does not deprive it of a certain dungeon-like look,—probably the effect of the consciousness of the heavy weight supported above, and of the broad and solid walls, and piers, and window-sills in view,—leads to the Committee-room.

Within the Committee-room the atmosphere and air immediately change for the better. A good grate-fire burns under a symmetrical, old-fashioned mantel of white marble, above which is a mirror of the largest proportions. Opposite the mirror is a book-case filled with law-calf-bindings; and down the floor, lengthwise between the fire and books, runs a baize table surrounded with arm-chairs. Nearest the door half-a-dozen newspaper-writers are seated around the end of this table.

At the other end is the Chairman of the investigation, Judge Luke Poland, of Vermont. Merrick and Niblack, the two Democrats, sit to the left hand of Judge Poland, and on his right is Mr. McCrary, of Iowa. These seem to be the chief members of the Committee

who are paying any attention to the proceedings. McCrary, Merrick, and Poland do all the questioning.

Next to Niblack sits Henry S. M'Comb, and sometimes Judge Black and Lawyer Smithers occupy a place at his side. Mr. Smith, the official reporter, sits on the opposite side. Next 439 to McCrary, facing M'Comb, are the two inseparable companions, Ames and Alley, the Massachusetts Dromios.

Around the chamber are half-a-dozen or dozen reporters and idlers. The Court proceeds in the most informal, but in the quietest way, and progress is made slowly.

Judge Poland looks like a French Marquis. He is a tall, aristocratic-looking old gentleman, with full white hair, and full white side-whiskers combed forward. His nose is straight and long, and his profile handsome; but, when he turns his full face, he seems to carry a mouth full of tobacco, and speaks with a sense of apprehension that some of it may spill. His method is courteous nearly to a fault, and slow to irritation; but, as there is nothing of the demagogue or sensationalist about him and as he is what he appears to be, a kind and generous old gentleman, all look with confidence to his return of the facts in their spirit. Alley began by talking down everybody, and was interrupted at no time, except when he was slavering Ames all over with praises, when Niblack said:

“Mr. Alley, how many monuments do you want to have erected to Mr. Ames?”

Persons coming into the Committee-room for the first time are wont to say:

“Who is that fine-looking man across the table?”

“Henry S. M'Comb!”

“ *That* M'Comb! Why, I expected, from what Brooks said, to see a monster.”

Yes, a man in the o'er ripe prime of life, alert, rosy, cordial, perceptive, and so unusually handsome as to imply a social importance chiefly, whereas there is an engine at work all the while within the man, and half-a-dozen different fly-wheels. Not a fully educated man, he compensates for it by native graces, and the acquaintance since boyhood with people of culture at home, and men of power throughout the country. In the social, intellectual, and material scale, M'Comb is the superior of anybody who has lost time seeking to impeach him.

Oakes Ames is a very large man, of the type of a Yorkshire 440 manufacturer, gnarled, spectacled, with great, bent shoulders, a slow walk, and prodigious limbs and feet. He will probably weigh 280 pounds, and he looks to be 6 feet 2 or 3. He has strong, coarse, brownish hair, and bristly beard around the long, sternwheeled shaft of his jaws. His forehead is low, and the nose seems to be half of the face. The eyes behind the spectacles are small, and of a slow, searching look. Ames came to Congress with the soul of a commercial traveler, and, if expelled from it, would feel no particular inconvenience or loss of self-esteem. The shovel which his trip-hammer beats into shape is scarcely harder, and, as the man grows old, he rusts, but is too rugged to decay. A monument to Oakes Ames ought to be made of scrap-iron, and John B. Alley would be the solitary mourner over it, and, unless watched, *he* would peddle away the monument piece-meal.

Ames made small bones of telling the most of what he remembered about Congressmen, and, but for Alley, *he* would probably have remembered considerably more.

Alley sat by his side all the while, lifting or lowering his brows suggestively, as Ames helplessly looked around at him for counsel. He was thirteen years the junior of Ames, who was nearly 70 years of age.

Alley was a shoemaker in boyhood, and he is now the proprietor of the best house in Lynn. He is proud of his money, and holds to it with the desperation of a cannibal husbanding his last corpse. He is a short, demure, white-headed man, and has an endless tongue, which

testifies all manner of hearsay, and covers time with space, to the exclusion of information, and to the prejudice of more modest and less doubtful evidence.

Alley has enormously profited by Ames's contracts, and he appears in Ames's letters as the incorrigible opponent to every dividend to outsiders. He was the chief adviser to Ames's course toward M'Comb, and he is really on the spot at present as the principal and counsel of Ames. He may say, with Sir Giles Overreach:

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“In being out of office, I am out of danger; Where, if I were a Justice, besides the trouble, I might, or out of wilfulness or error, Run myself finely into a premunire, And so become a prey to the informer. No, I'll have none of it; 'tis enough I keep *Greedy* at my devotion. So he serve My purposes, let him hang, or damn, I care not! Friendship is but a word, I must have all men Sellers, and I the only purchaser!”

We have no remark to make upon Senator Patterson—who is a good sort of commonplace man—described by Senator Nye as “a little college professor,” except to remark that New Hampshire is the jobbingest State in the Union, and this city is overrun with its spawn. They are claim agents, “counsellors,” strikers, land rats, and water rats.

At the latter part of the week the meek-faced Boyer of the town of Norristown, where Hartranft hails from, might have been seen moving around the hotels. He and Brooks belonged together to the Union Pacific Railroad Committee, and both are implicated, Boyer as trustee, and mayhap thereby hangs a tale.

Does the Democratic party wonder why it possesses no confidence? Here are a Democratic editor at the metropolis and a Pennsylvania Democrat, both Congressmen, tied up in national securities, and of course the intimidated creatures of the Administration side. During the last campaign, when the Greeley journals were pushing the Crédit Mobilier scandal, Brooks was running around the Fifth Avenue Hotel nightly saying “M'Comb's character is bad on the street!” He kept up this senile speech, and alleged

that the Crédit Mobilier talk was not righteous ammunition for the canvass, thereby doing his part to cripple the candidates. Greeley is in his grave, but Brooks lives. What a commentary is this on the value of life!

A fat man, square everywhere below the head and outside of the heart, and named Bushnell, came before the committee 442 last week to say that his children's children would honor him for building the Pacific railway. The correspondent had no difficulty in putting this person down as one of the “stalls” for Ames and Alley.

Unless we are incorrectly posted, this very person gave his check for two hundred shares Crédit Mobilier ($20,000) on a bank where he had no funds, and he palavered the check along, saying he would attend to it, arrange it, &c., until he had actually collected all the stock, bonds, and cash dividends for two years, just as if the check had been paid. The reason was that he was necessary to Ames, Alley, and Dillon. Moreover, as gossip in the committee-room says, $112,000 worth of Government certificates and $400,000 worth of first mortgage bonds, (partly charged to one Shaw, according to the notable book-keeping of the Crédit Mobilier,) which were traced into Bushnell's hands years ago, are yet unaccounted for by him. This man, nevertheless, says that Congressmen ought to have moral pluck and admit their Crédit Mobilier, and he says that $50,000 worth of his stock in the Crédit Mobilier was recently thrown out of bank on account of the present investigation. Which bank? The same he gave the $20,000 check upon?

Bushnell struck us as a blower. When we heard him talk we wondered whether his monument—they all expect monuments and “children's children”—had not better be constructed on the pneumatic principle, of wind.

For the half dozen or eight members of Congress who, in a moment of weakness or temptation, accepted this Crédit Mobilier stock from Oakes Ames, there would be no severe expressions from anybody except for their precipitate denials. Mr. Schofield merits no sympathy on the ground of meekness; for during the campaign he was stigmatizing

this and other charges as a “Greeley lie.” Mr. Colfax's situation is most pitiable of all; for he denied outright that he had any stock, denounced correspondents for merely intimating as much, and yet, by the testimony, seems to have done the sinister service for the 443 Crédit Mobilier of “blocking the game” of an investigation and inciting even the pernicious Ames to exclaim:

“In Colfax's case don't you think the investment paid?”

And then that idiotic explanation read before the committee by Mr. Colfax; that assumption of childishness; that touch of the immaculate conception when he still professed not to know what the Mobilier was; that shallow beseeching of somebody to cross-examine him! The man disarms us by his littleness. Go, Schuyler Colfax and let us forget thee! This stage of public life is too large for such puppetry as thine.

Mr. Dawes has a robust explanation, which acquits him of anything mean except his evasive denial. Mr. Blaine was too sagacious to sell out his prospects so cheaply. Of two or three other members, Ames took advantage and turned their poverty into a public temptation nearly disastrous to their reputations. Mr. Kelley is one of these men; but in view of Ames' testimony that he is still the latter's debtor for $1,000, how unnecessary was this explanation of Mr. Kelley:

“I have never owned a share of stock in the Crédit Mobilier of America, nor has any member of my family, either directly or by the intervention of a trustee or agent.”

Well did Hamlet say that playing on such stops was easy as lying.

In General Garfield's case Mr. Ames seems to have taken advantage of a man in distress, and to have secured a loan by an entangling investment. As soon as Garfield discovered the cheat he returned the money.

Mr. James Wilson of Iowa, who has been doing a good deal of something in this city since he left Congress, and who was so touchy as to his honor that he made a great speech once in the House, saying that he had never received any imputation but one, and who proved his peace of mind by persecuting newspaper writers, this friend of Billy McGarrahan, has been the subject of inquiry in this case, and we suggest that he now accept one of those three Cabinet positions which the President offered him. He would seem to need some such extension of confidence!

444

Mr. Allison has made himself mysterious by a denial. When Peter denies his Crédit Mobilier the cock crows thrice for dividends!

Henry Wilson has been the victim of a wedding gift. At the fine old gentleman's silver wedding, the anniversary of honorable domestic years, the Ames gang strode in and put Crédit Mobilier stock on the plate. To defame a well-spent life by such a testimonial proves the brutality of this crowd. Why did they not put their hands in their pockets and subscribe any honest currency which they might have possessed? As it was, they might, as well have given another man's gold watch to the old couple.

The youthful Painter, who has been hanging on the verge of the newspaper profession for ten years or more, affecting to know how to spell, and proving that he affects it only to job, appears in this case as a striker for Crédit Mobilier stock. He not only got twenty shares, but, says Ames, “was in a high dudgeon that he did not get fifty.” He had failed to strike Durant for this amount, and appears to have got it out of Ames only by proffering his malignant services to defame M'Comb.

The three persons who appear to constitute the central directory of the mortal remains of the Crédit Mobilier are Messrs. Ames, Alley, and Brooks. Mr. Brooks' speech in Congress against M'Comb has reacted upon himself. We leave him to deal with the evidence which has developed since his speech, and if it be brought home to him that, as a Government

director, he took interest in the Union Pacific railroad, and as a Democrat demanded stock to “take care of the Democratic side,” he should receive that generosity he meted out to M'Comb. On cowardice and cruelty sympathy is thrown away!

Mr. Alley has labored very hard here to prove himself a parsimonious toady and an example of grasping contemptibility. To look at him and hear him talk is a surfeit. He has voluntarily put himself beside the principal in this matter, and his screed upon M'Comb was that of a vulgar slanderer whose ignorance could not estimate the effect of a coarse action.

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As to Mr. Bingham, who met the charge with that old-fashioned shaking of the head and jabber about a licentious press, reading meanwhile a piece of blunt acknowledgment, he fell over his own ingenuity directly; for he wished it made a part of the record that he had introduced a bill in Congress obligating the Company to protect the national interest. A correspondent promptly forwarded a question as to whether the said security for the Government's interest was not appended to Bingham's bill in the Senate and returned to the House in the form of an amendment? Mr. B. slunk a perceptible slink and confessed the soft impeachment.

Mr. Bingham then qualified his rhetorical allusion to “a licentious press,” by saying that he meant by it only the editor, who attributed to him $20,000 worth of profits in the Crédit Mobilier.

Let us see.

The dividends in Crédit Mobilier were eleven hundred per cent. prior to 1870. If Mr. Bingham got but $6,500 he ought to bring Oakes Ames to account, for the man Bushnell says that any member who had the stock promised to him ought to demand it.

Go, John A. Bingham, and take Bushnell's principals at their word. They sold you for a Chinaman and gave you but one-third of what you were entitled to.

We looked at Bingham giving his testimony before that meek and courteous chairman, old Judge Poland, and recalled the time when Bingham himself, conducting the McGarrahan investigation, tyrannized over witnesses in the interest of the Micks and O'Shilleys. Poland, mavourneen! Thou art nothing less than a gentleman of the old school.

In our judgment Messrs. Dawes and Garfield came off victoriously in this matter. The miserable Ames, who seems to have been a public money lender, took advantage of Garfield when in need of money to tie him up in Crédit Mobilier. Of Mr. Dawes he took advantage when the latter wanted to buy some Cedar Rapids stock.

Ames richly deserved expulsion, and without it all this investigation would have been for naught. The following railway jobs he conducted successfully through Congress, and some of them were accompanied with better endowments than the Union Pacific: namely, Sioux City, Iowa Falls and Sioux City, Cedar Rapids, Union Pacific, and finally that magnificently endowed Eastern Division of The Union Pacific. He came to Congress to job in railways, and gave all his time to it.

Mr. Glenni W. Scofield's statement has a measley and hardly convalescent look. When a man says he “does not remember receiving any dividends” and does not remember what his attitude was on legislation affecting the Union Pacific railroad, we regard him in the words of the same poet we have quoted, as follows:

“With sadness that is calm, not gloom, We learn to think upon him; With meekness that is gratefulness On Oakes Ames who hath won him. Who suffered once those dividends To public shame to blind him, But gently led the blind along Where Jerry Black could find him.”

The ugly fact has come out, that Jacob Harlan received $10,000 from Thomas C. Durant, that chief of sinners and gallants, to elect himself Senator from Iowa. And mark! Harlan

had been the Secretary of the Interior during the time that the Union Pacific wanted work done in that department. If we are to believe the gossip on the street, Mr. Harlan got from this interest not merely $10,000, but $30,000.

But where is the Rev. Dr. Newman, who wrote the circular letter and had it lithographed with the caption: “Dear Sir and Brother,” and asked the suffrages and lobby devotion of all the Methodist preachers in Iowa for Harlan? Did he get none of the Crédit Mobilier, or was his portion passed through his countenance and melted to brass to swell the cadence of the chimes? If we were a Senator we would hoist the reverend lobbyists, at any rate, out of our wing.

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James Brooks would have received plenty of sympathy had he respected another man's character. When a man plays it fine he must have some of the *naïveté* of an artist to give dignity to his misses. Mr. Brooks has changed his flag-ship two or three times during the action. Once we heard him appeal to the Deity in a rather blasphemous way to say that he had never had a share's worth of interest in the Crédit Mobilier or Union Pacific.

On the whole we sum him up to be a *parvenu,* who has made most of his money in this sort of way, and has dissipated his nerve. His political positions have generally been those of a pompous dough-face, extenuating the rebellion, while filching from the Union. He subscribed $10,000 to the Union Pacific Railroad, and has drawn $300,000 from it, including his commission as the salesman of the Pacific Railroad telegraph line. He is reputed to exist now as a director in the Union Pacific by the use of the shares he received as dividends on Crédit Mobilier. He opposed the Union Pacific road until he was “let in,” when he became its oilman, and greased the Democratic side, or professed to do so.

It was an awful picture to see this sickly man examining Tom Durant as to the high patriotic necessity of the Union Pacific Railroad, while feebly requesting old Judge Poland to lug in

Jeems, Lazarus, and Fagin to prove M'Comb not a credible witness. Death and reputation seemed at work in our friend, and Durant so sympathized with him that he said:

“By Jupiter! I must let up on that man. I don't want any male corpses laid at my door-post untimely.”

Durant did let up, covered Brooks' tracks as much as he dared, and proved himself the magnanimous materialistic Bohemian that he is.

No two confessions were alike. Henry Wilson sentimentalized his error over by expressing his notion of the vileness of imputations. He called his Maker and himself face to face in his closet, and attempted to butter Oakes Ames over with humble praise.

Henry Wilson, beware of the fate of Schuyler Colfax! Hypocrisy in the Vice-President is a garment of gauze. The oft iteration of poverty as an excuse for simony becomes at last disgusting. This country calls on no man to be an ass in order to serve it with spirit; and to perceive and apprehend a case of bribery bottomed on public robbery is the duty of a Senator.

When a man has been ten or fifteen years in continuous public life, and still affects not to know what the Crédit Mobilier is, we set him down as a fraud. If he does not know, away with him for stupidity; and if he does not know any more, while mysteriously receiving the dividends, we classify him with Cowper, of whom the poet said:

“That while in darkness he remained, Unconscious of the guiding, All things provided came without The sweet sense of providing.”

Poverty is not a plea in rebuttal of a direct charge of peculation, for it may be the concomitant of profligacy. To talk about the deceased members of one's family in a whining way, and offer to sell out one's goods for thirty-five hundred dollars, seem to us

to be overrating the credulities of men. Mr. Wilson bought that Crédit Mobilier stock in January, 1868, and parted with it at the close of the same year. Now, between these dates above, four hundred per cent. dividends were declared.

Mr. Wilson says that if ten thousand dollars were due him, he would not touch a cent. of it. Where does this leave Messrs. Bingham and Hooper? Ah! Messieurs in Congress, “thus conscience doth make cowards of us all.”

We beard Win. D. Kelley's long-winded harangue, delivered with all the resonance of an unending tune in a negro meeting-house, with compassion not wholly unmixed with wonder.

A person who pretends to be the great statesman of the period, and to know whys and wherefores, from the Sutro tunnel up to sublimated potash, and to be still so stupid that he did not know the difference between a loan and a purchase, 449 is a candidate for the asylum. Where is the shame of these people, to sit in the presence of such satirists upon human nature as Ames and Alley, and tell these forgetful reminiscences? Mr. Kelley makes a great point float two thousand dollars could not buy him. We do not know about that! The picture he drew to the point of satiety about his renewals, protests, mortgages, etc., did not reduce the timeliness of any two thousand dollars. He certainly made himself appear a sufficiently impecunious victim of Oakes Ames. Said Mr. Kelley: “For largely more than a quarter of a century I have advocated the Pacific Railway.”

Let us see.

We acquired California in 1847, twenty-five years ago. Did Mr. Kelley start the project of a Pacific road before we had any population or right on that coast? These touches of rhetorical egotism are entirely unmeaning. Mr. Kelley is neither a saint or a hero, and we prefer to let him slip with the apology that “Oakes Ames did tempt me and I did eat.”

While Congressmen wriggle and writhe and say that it was noble-minded to own Crédit Mobilier stock, read the letters of Oakes Ames! He expresses his opinion of these men, and shows why he wanted them in the contracting company. With the stock in their pockets they were his. And here is a singular passage in one of his letters:

“In view of Washburne's move to investigate us I go for one bond dividend in full. I understand that the opposition to it comes from John B. Alley.”

Now, why did Alley object? Because he had parted with his stock!

He had sold 250 shares Crédit Mobilier at $200 per share to Peter Butler of Boston, December 5, 1867. He had expected to pick up more stock for less money, but he found in New York that nobody would sell. He therefore availed himself of his position as trustee to resist a dividend. Durant, knowing Alley's rapacious motive, proposed to buy him up, which he did, as the following receipt will show. Alley thus got 250 29 450 shares of stock, and of course he changed tactics and received a dividend:

(Copy.)

T. C. Durant having sold to me a call to take from him within ten days from this date two hundred and fifty shares of stock of the Crédit Mobilier of America, in case I do not avail myself of that privilege I promise to return to said Durant the memorandum conveying said privilege on his return to me of this paper.

(Signed), John B. Alley.

New York, December 12, 1867.

THE MANNER OF RENDERING TESTIMONY.

Our opinion of the committee conducting this investigation is enhanced by its behavior during the last week. Incisive questions were proposed by McCrary and Niblack. Judge

Poland, whose error is slowness, and who examined these speculators as if they were of the blood royal, also addressed some pertinent inquiries to the witnesses. The question asked by McCrary of Kelley as to the tone of the letters of Oakes Ames, was of the sort which should have been put among these proceedings more frequently. Mr. Merrick has preserved watchful and discriminating behavior during all this investigation, which probably accounted for Bingham's blustering way of reading his evidence to Merrick, as if the latter had intentions on him.

There have been too many statements made in these proceedings—written statements, not in the form of legitimate testimony, and artfully contrived to evade admissions. On some of these there has been no cross-examination whatever. Colonel M'Comb stood up and answered orally, and took no advantage of the lax rules of evidence accorded here. A flagrant case of libel, in the form of testimony, not wholly unlike forswearing—to call it by no graver name—was that of John B. Alley. His evidence was prepared by R. C. McMurtrie of Philadelphia, a lawyer always resident in the Quaker City. Mr. Alley said that he had prepared his testimony, and submitted it to a distinguished New England jurist, who had told 451 him that to omit a word or a line of it would be to his prejudice.

“Who is that New England jurist?” was asked by Judge Merrick.

After a pause Alley replied:

“Mr. McMurtrie.”

As Alley was under oath when he said that his adviser was a distinguished New England jurist, and as he named McMurtrie, never a New Englander, where is Alley's veracity? And four-fifths of the said testimony was mere slander, such as such a creature could pour out on M'Comb.

P. S.—SATURDAY'S TESTIMONY.

“Very eloquently said, Mr. Wilson!” remarked Judge Niblack satirically, after James Wilson had quoted several thousand words laudatory of the Union Pacific road, and its construction “amidst bands of hostile Indians.”

Everybody who has passed over the Union Pacific road knows that no Indians are to be seen, and that the construction is over gently rising slopes and acclivities nearly as adaptable to track-laying as the level prairies. The only startling thing about the road is its crookedness, after reaching the three hundreth mile, where Durant ceased building and Ames began. The new crowd, commencing their career with consistent rapacity, made the road serpentine, and often bent it back on itself at level and fertile places to get more land and more bonds.

Wilson's testimony, as we understood it, made him claim a great deal of Crédit for saving the Government half the charge of mail transportation over the Union Pacific railroad, whereas the original bill saved the Government the whole charge.

Mr. Wilson said that he had made $3,000 on his stock, the full salary of a member of Congress for about eight months, or all the working time of Congress for a whole year. He did not remember any dividends, and the manner of the sale looked very awkward. Mr. Wilson is now in this city, seeking to 452 locate railroad lands about one hundred miles off the line of the Burlington and Missouri railroad. Judge Poland pertinently asked whether Wilson sold his stock to qualify himself to be a Government director of the Union Pacific Railroad, which he is at present. This evidence was full of solicitude for the Government twenty years hence. The quantity of singe about this cat amounts to a sheepskin.

Boyer, the young chap from Norristown, was in Congress just four years, between 1865–69, and got 100 shares of Crédit Mobilier (25 being for *Mrs.* Boyer). He was on the Pacific Railroad committee with Brooks, and at 1100 per cent. increase, his profits were $110,000. The New York *Nation* says the profits were 1500 per cent., making, if true, $150,000 profit. Pretty good for the young fellow by the name of Boyer! The Norristowners will have a little

family legend on this sudden wealth for many generations. This was mere plunder from the Treasury and the public lands of the United States. Yet “he had the right to do it.”

Mr. Colfax came with counsel, and again and again sought to break the rampart of the old man's confession.

“You've got the stock, and you know it,” said Ames, “So what's the use of getting around it?”

“How could I own it and not be aware of it?” said Colfax, “Why didn't people tell me?”

“Why,” said Ames, “nobody ever told me I owned my own hat!”

The fact was that the Vice-President had taken a quantity of the Mobilier Stock, drawn the dividend, and put them in bank, so that the bank-book, the cheques paid by the Sergeant-at-Arms, and the testimony of Oakes Ames made a complete, serried, and simultaneous narrative. It was irrefutable. It broke down the dignity of his office. It was crushing.

To a young man concealed on a committee-room sofa, enter Oakes and John B. Alley, diligently toadied by two newspaper-reporters.

Ames grunts, and fills a whole leather sofa. Alley takes a 453 chair, grunts, and stows away his coat-tails, to save them from wear and tear.

Alley: “Oh, dear! Ames, I knew that great heart of yours would get you into trouble. I knew that great heart of yours would be our ruin. I told you that your generosity was too abundant, and your impulses too noble. Didn't I tell you so? I want these gentlemen to hear it said.”

Ames: “Oh, Alley! I can't remember everything you remind me of. I believe you did say something of that description.”

Alley: “You hear him admit it, gentlemen. Ah! Mr. Ames has a foolish, noble heart. He wants to be doing good, even when it is dangerous to do so. That scoundrel M'Comb now gloats in his distress. Mr. Ames is a persecuted hero, and, as I have often said before, deserves a monument as high as the shaft on Bunker Hill.”

Here enters an old whining Virginia Railroad man.

Old Whiney: “Meister Ames, I called to see if you wasn't going to help me out with your subscription to the Catoctin & Occoquan Railroad.”

Ames (very gruff): “No. Pretty time to ask me for a subscription. Go to M'Comb. He's got plenty of money. He is ruining me. I believe he's a friend of yours?”

Old Whiney: “No, Mr. Ames, I don't think highly of Mr. M'Comb. He refused to help me with my enterprise.”

Ames: “What's that? M'Comb's a d—d scoundrel, is he? Alley, remember that!”

Alley: “Yes, Mr. Ames, I believed, by looking at Whiney's intelligent head, that such must be his opinion. He says that M'Comb is a scoundrel, gentlemen” (to the reporters).

Ames: “Whiney, come around and see me to-night. Maybe I can let you have ten thousand or so in your enterprise. But remember to remark to your friends that, in your opinion, M'Comb is a scoundrel.”

We need not prolong these little sketches. After a very long examination, conducted with all frankness by both the 454 Poland Committee and the Wilson Committee, the former reported Brooks and Ames for expulsion, but made no recommendation in the cases of the other members, whose statements they declared to be painfully contradictory. A great debate ensued, lasting more than two days, and heard by enormous audiences in the galleries and on the floors. The corrupt interest triumphed, and Brooks and

Ames were merely censured. An attempt was made to censure also Messrs. Hooper of Massachusetts, Kelley of Pennsylvania, Garfield of Ohio, Bingham of Ohio, Dawes, Butler, and others. However, Congress, satisfied that the people lacked the interest and indignation to make it any penalty, not only laid the whole matter on the table, but, as if to show that corruption was the organic law of the land and of the American Congressman, immediately turned about and increased the pay of a member nearly one-third, and made the provisions of the act apply to the Congress just expiring. This most scandalous action was worthy of a body of men which has become diseased and corrupt by the advantages of war, and has wholly lost its own self-respect and the confidence of the country.

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CHAPTER XXIX. THE WORST OF WASHINGTON LIFE.

Talking with an old and veteran observer in lobby matters yesterday he described to me some of the celebrated females who have operated here during the last twenty years.

One of these goes by the name of “Comanche,” after a celebrated iron-clad which was built on the Pacific coast during the war. A claim for relief was brought, of course, and the amount demanded was not far from $200,000. All the appliances of the lobby were duly brought to bear; the conductor of the enterprise was a fine broth of an Irishman, and he agreed to pay the woman called “Comanche” a fair compensation to be based upon her influence. “Comanche” at once took rooms at the National Hotel, and, having conquered everything at that end of the city, came on to Willard's. She was large, voluptuous, and made herself particularly pleasing to the head of the Ways and Means, and the head of the Military Committees. It was not very plain that she possessed other than bodily endowments, and the presumption has not been contradicted that she had only one manner of accommodation which was pretty sure to make an obligation. After spending a full year at this apprenticeship, “Comanche” presented a bill to the master of ceremonies for $20,000, one-half to be paid to a gentleman in the lobby, for whom she had a fondness. The claim was paid in full to the shipbuilders, but poor “Comanche” got only $4,000,

which, merely paid her hotel bill, so that subsistence and no more was the reward of all this accommodation. “Comanche” raged and threatened, but the ship people 456 merely said: “What are you going to do about it? We have got the money, and you may write an account, if you want to, of the sort of work you did for us, but that would be to destroy your own character as a witness.”

“Comanche” is still alive, and a frequent visitor to Washington, but she has grown large and portly, and is pretty well forgotten in the lobby.

Another well remembered attempt to introduce female charms as an active influence in the National Legislature, was that of Colt, the fire-arms manufacturer, who wished to have his patents extended. Being a large, gross man, he thought that the coarsest expedients would be the most effective, and taking a house on C street, a few blocks from the Capitol, he maintained from time to time such prepossessing company, that the scandal was instantaneous and did much to defeat the relief required.

A celebrated lobby character around Washington in 1871-2 may be called Mrs. General Straitor. She is said to have been a handsome castaway in one of the Southern towns, who infatuated General Straitor when the Union army occupied the place. He was a drinking man whose remainder of days were not increased by this mésalliance. His widow, however, got the benefit of her marriage certificate, and his well-known name, and his army companions brought her on to Washington where she was put forward to influence the Interior Department in the matter of Indian contracts. The celebrated Perry Fuller, and one of the Western Senators, paid Mrs. General Straitor's household bills, and provided her with a sideboard. She retired from the Capital City possessor of her own establishment in New York, and it is said that she is the protégé of a retired politician. Mrs. Straitor was a dark eyed lady, with a bright complexion, very elegant in figure and dress.

No woman of her period was more notable in Washington, than Mrs. Lucy Cobb. She was remarkably handsome, and inclined to voluptuousness. Her eyes were dark, and her

form just over the limits of delicacy. She was uneducated, 457 and of rather low origin, and began her public career by keeping a cigar shop on the avenue. In some manner she became a favorite at the White House amongst the Secretaries and doorkeepers, and, it is said, of the President himself. At this time, the procuring of pardons for officials in the late rebellion was quite an avocation, and the rumor gained ground that Mrs. Cobb could get a pardon where anybody else would fail. She probably picked up a few hundred dollars in this precarious way, and more by less professional methods. Policemen, folders, pages, and Congressmen all knew her, and she would walk through the Capitol unannoyed by the State of people, and was able to make her way into almost any of the committee rooms. Her late career has been comparatively indigent and unnoticed.

Among my acquaintances is a young practising doctor of this city, and with him I frequently make the round of his patients. Last Summer, during the recess, he stopped for me one afternoon, and we drove over toward “the Island,” the flat, swampy, unsocial part of the town.

“I have a bad case,” he said, “down here in Murder Bay, (‘Murder Bay’ is the gulfy street of the street-walker) and I must stop a minute on the way there at the — Department.”

At the — Department the doctor sent his name up for a certain clerk. The clerk came down —a shabby, sickly being, with a limp walk, an attenuated form, a haggard face.

“How's Eliza?” said the doctor.

“No better!”

“Did you buy the medicines according to my prescriptions?”

“No!”

“Why not? I told you they were of vital importance. The girl will die!”

The sickly clerk threw up his head, as if it pained him to carry the distresses in it.

“My God!” he said, “I can do no more. My salary is anticipated for eight months. I paid sixty dollars for a hundred the last time. I have exhausted the last friend, and 458 pawned my last and least possessions, my shirts, my boots. My very comb and brush I pledged last week for twenty-five cents. The girl will die any way. So will I! Doctor, my God! what can I do?”

The doctor drove away to a drug store and paid for the drugs himself, saying, “this is another privilege of a physician!” Then we drove to Murder Bay and the doctor said to me:

“Come up here. Everybody knows the doctor's gig and will take you for a physician.”

We passed into a house of lost women. It was bright day. A few negligent, half-dressed females were lounging in the parlors with a “lover” or two, the privileged pensioners of the day. The mistress of the place, cold-faced as a fish, showed us up into a dismantled room, where on a bed, unmade apparently for weeks, in the odors of liquor, smoke, and dyspeptic exhalations, a young girl lay.

The doctor threw up the sash and let in the sky and the wind. The girl turned over and said through her baked lips:

“Have you seen Jim?”

“Yes! he has sent these medicines.”

“Where did he get money? He has pawned his comb and brush, and my wedding ring, that was to have been, went before them, kept to the last by a crazy superstition. I heard him threaten to steal, for he's got chances, and they say everybody steals in the government.”

“Jim didn't steal anything,” said the doctor. “I bought the medicines.”

“I won't take them,” said the girl. “They will make me well. I shall get drunk again and come back on you for more medicines. A little of this money would get me a dose that would cure me for good. Oh! Doctor,” cried the girl, “do buy me *that* medicine. I have prayed with Miss Betty (the housekeeper), I have offered the black woman all my hair, every lock of it, to get me a little.”

Her voice softened and became indistinct. I know that the word was—“poison.”

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The doctor and the girl remonstrated with each other in suppressed tones. I could see the pleading, imploring eye of the girl, her hand upon the doctor's coat, wrestling with him for the gift of death. Merciful death! How holy it would make this shamble! The girl was of a good, round buxom figure, country-like in accent and expression, very young, not above sixteen, she afterward said. Her hair long, and combed from time to time with her fingers, was of a golden-flax color. The sin of despair and not the sin of folly was expressed in her eyes. Her oaths were crude and awkward, as if just learned. It was deep degradation all taken at a plunge. The doctor after awhile turned to me and said in his professional way, partly business, partly sweetness, as I had sometimes seen him mix honey and aloes, pill making:

“This is a hard case. I never had but one other like it. This girl was engaged to be married to the young fellow we saw at the — Department. He was too poor to be married, but he sent her money to come and visit him. In a freak she came on; both of them got out of funds here. She overstayed the period of her visit; became the subject of scandal at home, in Ohio, received the denunciation of her parents, and her lover seduced her finally, under promise of marriage when he got a little ahead. I have no doubt he meant to marry her, but then he never got ahead, rather retrograded, got behind more and more, had his salary hypothecated, and fell in debt so deep he couldn't feel bottom. They were turned out of their boarding-house, floundered about awhile, and became so poor they could not “move.” Quarrels ensued and hot words. Eliza here pitched into Jim for betraying her. He

accused her of running him into debt and being the author of his misery. She fell upon the town. He raved, but couldn't help himself. Rum came in as a natural colleague. And this is one picture of “Life in the Departments.” The next will be “Jim in jail or hanging himself.”

“No!” said the girl, “there'll be another picture before that. Oh! Can't a good soul in pity give me a bottle of laudanum. I'm of no use to nobody. I am a misery to myself. 460 Anybody will give me liquor. Nobody will give me what I want—to die this night!”.

Blasphemy came in to curse despair. The delirium followed. I went away with the sound of cursing and love making in my ear, the gig still standing at the door.

When I saw the doctor again, after some time; for I had quitted the city during the hot months, I asked him the fate of the girl.

“Died drinking rum!”

“Where's her man?”

“Turned out of the departmen! Loitering along the sunny side of the Avenue, a wretch, a relic!”

In Washington there are several men and partnerships which make the business of lending money to clerks to anticipate their salaries,—shaving the same from thirty to fifty per cent. It is said that these work in collusion with the Department paymasters.

Gambling as practised in the old days has ceased at the Capital; poker has succeeded it.

Poker is the extreme development of the American speculative character. Poker is the American arena. In former days they constructed coliseums for vast combats upon which a nation could look down. In modern times, coming to the democratic spirit, the game of poker has been invented. That is the American Coliseum. All the struggles between Tiberius Cæsar and the gladiators are reproduced when a man like Hon. S. sits down to

try a game of chance, five cards dealt all around, with a table of five. The pack of cards costs forty cents. The Coliseum in our time would cost twenty-five millions. Such is the pure democratic institution."

Said my informant: "Poker is the best test of magnificent character. I have played poker for fifteen years, and I suppose that between the hospitality which the game involves, and the direct losses which stand upon the die of the cards, I have lost fifty thousand dollars. No money which I ever spent gives me less concern than that fifty thousand. There are a 463 number of first-class men here—bold, brave, cool-headed—who love poker as a pursuit. Bob S., recently appointed to the most important office in the gift of the President, is perhaps the first poker player in the national councils. S.'s power as a poker player lies in his imperturbable look, his love of the game, his boldness to hang on and fight out the chances not only until midnight, but until the morning dawn, his thoroughly regardless way of counting his losses, and his endurance—the game absorbing every sense until it is finished. On the whole, S. is both the most eminent and the most successful poker player of national reputation in America.

In Washington there are few or no gambling houses, but poker is the social statesman's resort. It was different in other days. Old times at Washington showed horse-racing and dueling; later came in common professional gambling on L street and on Sixth. After tolerating these nuisances for many years, on Wednesday, October 26, 1870, Joseph S. Hall's saloon was closed up by Marshal Sharp after a seventeen years course. This was the last notable faro bank in Washington.*

* Henry A. Wise gives in the life of S. S. Prentiss a scene at a public dinner in 1838 where Webster made an inebriate speech on the Union, many weeping in a maudlin way, until a Kentucky member "in a perfect frenzy seized an empty champagne bottle and crying out: "Reform or Revolution! Liberty or Death!" threw it at Webster's head. A faro bank scene in this book illustrates the morals of the time as well.

The telegraph has advised you of the murder of McCarty by a rival gambler named Darden, near Willard's Hotel, Washington. These characters belong to the political period, inasmuch as they have moved beneath the surface of Washington society since the time of the war, and have frequently appeared above it.

Darden is a type of the Southern sporting man, heavy, secretive, without social pretension, and in the way of nobody except those who wish to try fortune with him; but, like his kind at the South, he goes armed and is more ready to kill than to quarrel. He has long fluctuated between Richmond, Washington, and Baltimore, keeping the society of sporting capital A ists, 460 and generally running a game or a table at one or more of these places. His den in Washington was a few doors from Willard's Hotel, and during the day he might be seen at his door or in the liquor saloons of the vicinity, a florid, quiet, watchful man, of burly size, and with the appearance in his heavy blue eyes of one who kept late hours and drunk deeply. Nature and habit have stamped upon his face and figure the Southern gamester's guise; he is more than 40 years of age, dresses plainly, and his craft is to him a profession—a bad profession, but with its régime of “honor,” and to be maintained inside of its condition by “square” conduct.

Jack McCarty, whom Darden killed, was not up to the gambler's mark of manhood, a plausible New Yorker,—young, handsome, and affable,—with the nature of a thief and the address of a gentleman. He wore better clothes than any man in Washington; generally a superfine white overcoat with a black velvet collar, a large and valuable ring, diamond studs, and boots and linen of irreproachable neatness. Kid gloves, and a hat perpetually new, added to this outcast's splendor; his raven hair and moustache called attention from his pale, cowardly eye and white-livered skin. He subsisted upon the proceeds of the shame, of fallen women, with whom he lived continually, not as one infatuated, but as one despotic and avaricious. About one square from Darden's gambling house, McCarty kept a brothel, a pair of rickety brick houses, separated by an alley and a gate. It was ostensibly the habitation of McCarty's woman-creature, a person to whom he had once taken a

fancy and given this establishment, watching over its management himself meantime, and spending all his nights there, while by day, in elegant attire and profuse with money, he loitered around the Capitol, the Departments, and the hotels, seeking the company of unsuspecting gentlemen whom he eventually decoyed either to this den or to some gaming-table over which he had control. This despicable life, set off with the carriage, the amiable audacity, the dress, and the liberality of a seeming gentleman, was, for a time, so successful that 463 Jack McCarty could keep the company of Representatives and Senators. During the impeachment trial hundreds of visitors to Washington conversed, walked, and drank with this presumptuous man, whom they do not now confound with the unfriended corpse descended to its gutter with a gambler's bullet in it.

He began in New York, and venturing once to give some impudence to a lottery banker, —the imperious M. C. S.,—was driven bodily out of New York city by bruisers in Stanley's employ. At Washington he put up at W—Hotel, and fell into the company of guests promiscuously. Too handsome to escape curiosity, he was at last ordered out of the house, but the acquaintanceship he had formed, and his usefulness as a guide and protector in low resorts, kept him above the surface until his decease.

Six months ago some of the gamblers of the city, and some indignant people into whose company McCarty had insinuated himself, had the man arrested for maintaining a house of illfame. The sickening details of his daily life were remorselessly revealed; how he abused the female inmates of his den, because they were not more industrious at their calling; and how he kept men of family prisoners there, refusing them liquor to alleviate the relapse from drunkenness, until they Signed away check after check, and at last were kicked out beggars. All this, be it remembered, at the central spot of the American Capital, and more or less interwoven with affairs of public business!

McCarty, it is said, blackmailed his former respectable acquaintances to give bond and pay expenses for him in this extremity, and, although found guilty and remanded for

sentence, he in some manner escaped and took to the street, full of resentment against Darden and the gamblers of Washington.

One night, within a stone's throw of the dens of both, these dark merchants in the passions and frailties of human kind closed their careers. In hate and violence they rushed furiously together, and the more agile and incensed McCarty 464 practised the “science” in which he had taken lessons at many a prize fight, upon the head of his older adversary. Speedily the pistol of the Southerner equalized conditions. The one man, with a face gashed and streaming blood, stood a graduated murderer above the tumbled carcass of his enemy, whose miserable soul had not far to descend, so deep in hell had been his birth and his youth. In the rich attire which had always distinguished him, the agony and the death embracing in his handsome face, Jack McCarty went out of infamy by the appropriate door, too base to point a moral or adorn a tale.

We may thank God that some of the old social conditions are gone which made vice take credit to itself. The country contiguous to Washington used to be inhabited by fox hunters and idlers of good family who often used the old churches for their places of rendezvous.

The vengeance of democracy, which has finally been satiated upon the broad estates and great manor houses of the planters, was long anticipated by time upon the established church, and the fate of many of them in Virginia reads like a tale of feudal blasphemy. Of one of these churches, once full of the fashion and vanity of the Easter weeks, the tale was written as long ago as 1838, by Bishop Meade, that it was said by the neighbors not to have been used for the last thirty or forty years. Thus deserted as a house of God, it became a prey to any and every spoiler. An extensive brick wall, which surrounded the church and guarded the graves of the dead, was torn down and used for hearths, chimneys, and other purposes, all the country round. The interior of the house soon sank into decay, and was carried piecemeal away. For many years it was the common receptacle of every beast of the field and fowl of the air. It was used as a granary, stable, a resort for hogs, and everything that chose, to shelter there. “Would that I could stop

here!" says the chronicler, "but I am too credibly informed that for years it was also used as a distillery of poisonous liquors; and that on the very spot where near the sacred pulpit stands, that vessel was placed, in which the 465 precious fruits of Heaven were concocted and evaporated into a fell poison equally fatal to the souls and bodies of men; while the marble font was circulated from house to house, on every occasion of mirth and folly,—being used to prepare materials for feasting and drunkenness—until at length it was found bruised, battered, and deeply sunk in the cellar of some deserted tavern."

Washington used to develop in the slavery days a strangely faithful, ceremonious, and peculative kind of Statesman's servant.

I saw a venerable negro in his full harness one day in 1868 at the house of an official. He had waited upon no end of great people from the era of Monroe down. He knew me as a visitor merely, at the house of his "boss." The boss went out, temporarily.

"Gath," he said, "get into a talk with Cassius. He's clever as you make 'em. Take him on the sober side!"

"Come in! Cassius. Cassius, I would like to have a little private talk with you. Do you know my business?"

"Yas, sir! you write for the papers and things!"

"That's what's the matter! It is in your power, Cassius, to be of great service to your race and mine. You can do this by telling me the truth. I know that you are a shrewd man; you have saved some money; you have political frames of mind. All your life is not a monkey-life, as most people believe. The problem of the black race which troubles us, even now that you are free, will trouble you and us much longer, unless we understand each other. You are a salaried liar, Cassius! You dodge and skulk for your master, swear he is not home, keep away 'bores,' 'bag' cigars at his parties, I have watched you. You are

a Washington servant, no worse than many other grades of white politicians. It is a low life, Cassius!”

“Mr. Gath,” said Cassius, “you're severe!”

“Am I right?”

“You ben lookin' at me, sah!”

“Now, come! what are you colored people up to?”

“Mr. Gath,” said Cassius, “de laws of human nature are 30 466 juss de same! Skins may differ, as de poet says, but affection or human nature never waries. For de lass twenty years de culled people of de Destreek have had ringleaders—intelligent men, who keep 'era adwised. I was one of 'em. We chieftains could read, and we did read. We consulted. We found foce (force) was out ob de question. We so adwised our people. But we saw that de Norf and Souf must go to war some day, and it was plain dat in some way we could get mixed up in de war. As to end ob dat war our hearts was troubled. We thought de Southern man would win. He was de fighting jackall.

“It proved contrariwise. But it was so ordered dat de black man's help was necessary. Dat necessity, sar, saved us, brought us out, and we air now on our pins.

“Mr. Gath, dere are mo' culled people going to school now in de Destreek dan whites. In no cullud quarter nor family is dere objection to schools. All is enthusiasm; de same cannot be said of Berks county, Pennsylwaney, and some oder white destreeks. Dere never was a people dat hungered and fursted for education like de American citizens of African descent.

“Mr. Gath, we're savin' money. De money-puss controls. Dere are some tolabul rich men in de Destreeck.

“Sar, we know what is impossible. As to socially pushin' among white folks, it is not congenial to either color. As to marryin' into 'em, where is de use? A good mahogany face is to my mine de color ob de gole-paved streets. We can't prevent licentiousness altogether. Neither can you. Nature draws de dividin' line between de colors. Sometimes a nasty imagination will cross it from boff sides.

“Lassly, sar, it wouldn't improve your idee ob my sagacity to say dat I took cigars and brandy from my boss. Consider, sar, dat I don't do it. But, if you want to pursue dese questions in social science furder, come to my house of a Sunday, and I will give you a cigar quite as good as de boss's, and perhaps, by accident, de identical brand! De Lord dat created men wid inalienable rights, give 'em, also inalienable perquisites.”

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Another vice of the old by-gone days in Washington was dirt. This is was, probably, the cause of the celebrated National Hotel disease in Washington in the year 1856, whereby President Buchanan and many public men were made seriously ill, and several lingering diseases and deaths ensued.

Returning from the city to Capitol Hill one night, I encountered a celebrated hotel clerk, by name Unsworth, who gave me some news *apropos* of this disease:

“Benson's dead!”

This Benson was the proprietor of the National Hotel, and he was a man from Delaware, hailing from the state capital of Dover, who migrated to Philadelphia, to Atlantic City, and, finally to Washington, keeping, generally, large caravanseries, so that his death affected, paragraphically, many thousand people who had execrated his coffee, praised his Indian slappers, and left carpet-bags in lieu of unpaid board bills upon his premises.

Benson was dead, and what a savory flavor arises about the memory of the man who has for many years sustained a big tavern in a thoroughfare city. He has been hospitable to

ungrateful millions, and they remember him not, except for lingering dyspepsias which he presented to them as his business card. When the great day of judgment comes, and they call the name of certain among hotel keepers, there will be a stir and a sensation, and perhaps apprehensions about the resurrection of the body, of which they were so great afflicters. Taverns seem to have changed very little since the beginning of the Christian era. With Benson's death in our mind, the keeper of a vast gravy-table, and a honeycomb of cheap bedchambers in a political city, how easy it is to make a secular conception of the Inn at Bethlehem, where there was “no room” for the poor carpenter and his wife. You can see it all: the property-holders going up to be numbered by the Internal Revenue Officers; hackmen with camels at the front door, flourishing whip-handles; the gorgeous hotel clerk with a pen behind his ear, snubbing Joseph, and the poor carpenter turning about to say in sore spirits:

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“There is no room for us in the inn!”

History repeats itself! Clad in a little brief authority, the hotel clerk was probably the same being in the first as in the nineteenth century. Benson's death has always been a large matter whenever a tavern-keeper died.

But this Benson kept the National Hotel—the place where the mysterious disease raged about the period of James Buchanan's inauguration, but not while Benson was proprietor. Many persons are supposed to have died with this disease, and others retained the seeds of it through suffering years, some of which latter class live yet, unconscious of the cause of their pain. All sorts of theories prevail with regard to this local epidemic—or, to speak correctly, this *endemic* —a popular one being that it was occasioned by pro-slavery demons, who poisoned the food or cisterns in order to kill Buchanan, and throw the government into the hands of Breckinridge; but this theory, I apprehend, never obtained credit with philosophic people.

I replied to my informant, when he said that Benson was dead, by saying:

“I wonder if anybody ever guessed what made the disease at the National?”

“I know!”said Unsworth. “I was the superintendent of the wine-room there at the time, and a few weeks previously had been superintendent of the whole house.

“You see, Guy, of Baltimore, came down here, resolved to make the National the best hotel, for table accommodations, in the country. I was employed at $75 a month to keep the wine-room. Guy paid good wages, and kept perhaps three hundred persons employed about the place. As long as he was himself, the hotel equaled his expectations; the bill of fare was one of the best and largest ever seen in America; and the National did the great business of the Capital. That was the reason Buchanan and so many leading people stopped there.”

“Well! Guy took to drinking, and was on the eve of losing 469 his mind, as he afterward did lose it, entirely; and, seeing that he would soon be unable to attend to the place, he came to me and asked me to exercise general superintendence till he was well enough to make other arrangements. This I did, out of regard for him, although I was quite disabled by the work I had to do. The hotel gradually lost its system and order, changed proprietors, and a person from the North came on to be the superintendent. He resolved to reduce expenses, and had me muster the waiters, and others, to discharge the superfluous, and to cut down the wages of those retained. The first thing he did was to cut off the seven waiters whom I employed for no other purpose than to clean the filth and waste from the lower part of the building.

“You can have no conception of the amount of offal, and corruptible matter which accumulates in the larders, kitchens, and sewers of a large hotel. The National, in particular, is an old, soggy, rotten house, stuffed with dead rats, pierced beneath with a complex system of sewerage, and the slope thereabout is slight, so that the refuse in the

sewers cannot run off easily. Hence, it makes vapors and odors, which escape, generally speaking, through the valves and taps at the street curb-stones.

“At and before the time of the National Hotel disease, two things happened to make all the gases and vapors ascend by night directly up into, and through the house. First, the people in the neighborhood complained of stench, and headaches arising from the open sewers, and the authorities of the city had all the valves capped. Secondly, the force was taken off which had been used to clean the basement every night, and, in a little while, the bottom of the house was like a graveyard, filled with decaying bones, carcasses, and offal.

“It was a very mild winter, and, as long as the nights kept cold, nobody was affected; but, in the warm weather, the vile air, like a most of stench, climbed up the corridors, and went rambling about the house. People would come to breakfast in the morning and be seized with diarrhea, which would prey 470 upon them. The rumor of the disease filled everybody with fright. The head cook, a Frenchman, came to me and said:

“What is ze mattare, Meester Unswort? zey say I poison ze people. I do not know nothing about it at all. What is zis? *Mon Dieu,* will you tell me!’

“‘Yes,’ said I, ‘I'll tell you.’

“I took him to the basement, and told him to lean over one of the valves, while I lifted the cap. He drew a single breath and fell as if I had knocked him down.

“Nobody who slept out of the house took the disease. I got my meals there, and slept out, after I discovered the symptoms. And I escaped the disease.”

This I suppose to have been the true matter with this ancient hostelry: untimely economy, and the march of dirt. It is the property of one of the Culverts, descendants of a Lord Baltimore, and it is now alleged that he means to erect upon the old site, the largest hotel edifice in the country. In this old rookery died Henry Clay.

Library of Congress

To refer to “the worst of Washington” without saying something of the demoralization slavery inflicted upon the place, would be to own its Cause for effect.

Slavery preceded the District, but its penalties were tightened by the growing antagonism to it.

In 1827, a committee of Congress reported that the legal presumption was that persons of color going at large in the District, without any evidences of their freedom, are absconding slaves. The testimony of no free negro or mulatto, was received as evidence in the District. “The Capital,” says Henry Wilson, “early became a great slave mart. There grew up a race of official and unofficial man-hunters, greedy, active, dexterous; ever ready by falsehood, trickery and violence, to clutch the black man who carried not with him his title to freedom.” In 1816, John Randolph moved the appointment of a Committee to consider the expediency of putting an end to the slave trade in the District. Judge Morrall also charged the Grand-jury that “the frequency with which the streets of 471 the city had been crowded with manacled captives, sometimes on the Sabbath, could not fail to shock the feelings of all humane persons.” The Washington *Spectator* in 1830, denounced processions of negroes hand-cuffed and chained in pairs, moving through the streets. Nevertheless, slave-traders were licensed by the City Corporations for the paltry sum of four hundred dollars, and in 1836 it was enacted that any free colored person at large after 10 o'clock at night, should go to jail. The malicious zeal of the Washington and Georgetown authorities to oppress free negroes, and serve the interests of slave-holders led to a counter feeling, and a strong anti-slavery spirit grew up which was helped by some outrages committed on white visitors who patronized the Northern anti-slavery papers. Petitions against slavery were poured in upon Congress, and many strong scenes happened in the Capital. Mr. Rhett of South Carolina, on one occasion significantly calling upon the entire delegation from all the slave-holding states to retire from the Hall of Representatives and to meet in the room of the Committee on the District of Columbia.

As early as 1829 a convention for the Abolition of Slavery met at Washington, and about 1835 Benjamin Lundy established there his paper, called “The Genius of Universal Emancipation”, thereby forestalling Garrison who had designed to print “The Liberator” at the Capital. Mr. Lundy, who was the Peter the Hermit of “the agitation,” got nearly a thousand names to a memorial against slavery which was presented in Congress by the people of the District. I have recently found a copy of this memorial, which relates amongst other things, that a free colored man had been arrested on suspicion of being a runaway, and although nobody claimed him he was sold for life by the District authorities for the payment of his jail fees and sent by a slave buyer to Louisiana. “We blush for our country,” say the petitioners,” while we relate this disgraceful transaction.

In 1835 that persevering apostle, Lundy, established at the Capital his paper called “The Genius of Universal Emancipation.”

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The corporation of Georgetown in 1832 made it penal for any free person of color to take “The Liberator” from the Post-Office, and non-payment of the fine involved sale into slavery.

In 1816 the American Colonization Society had been organized at Washington and it was for forty years the social opponent of the Abolition Society, standing upon national and orthodox ground and requiring no better opposition than the excesses of speech and the heterodoxy of religion and the denunciation of the Union by the Anti-Slavery leaders. The fine edifice of this Society still stands on Pennsylvania Avenue, but its utility is for the present over.

COLUMBIA SLAVE PEN.

FREEDMAN'S SAVINGS BANKS.

Library of Congress

The slave pen or jail of the District of Columbia was a small two story brick house with an attachment like a kitchen which contained two barred windows. It was a more modest and more innocent looking structure than the celebrated slave pen at Alexandria which was gutted out during the war. The sources of supply for the District trade were the large plantations in the old adjaceut parts of Maryland where the land was so exhausted that it hardly gave sustenance, while meantime the proprietors hunted, fed, and frollicked just as in better days and found the most spontaneous and reliable of their resources to be the increase and marketableness of dusky human 473 nature. It was not uncommon as well for Congressmen, Bureau officers, and the loitering gentry of Washington to so embarrass themselves at the gaming tables as to be obliged to sell their body servants. The demand for slaves was such in the South that slave buyers were as widely ubiquitous and vigilant in the streets as horse jockeys. They dressed in such a manner as to be known to everybody, and were apprized of the straits, needs, and temptations of everybody holding a slave. In 1850 there were about 3,700 slaves in the District and three free negroes to each slave, but in Maryland there were more than 90,000 slaves.

Slavery languished along in the District of Columbia until April, 1862, when it perished nine months in advance of the Act of Emancipation. The Senate passed the bill for compensated emancipation (at an allowance in the aggregate of $300 for each slave) by a vote of 29 to 14; the House stood 92 to 39. The appropriation was $1,000,000 to pay loyal owners and $100,000 to colonize slaves.

Drunkenness of a gross sort is declining in Washington, but we have had many notable instances of its ravages even in our day.

When the juices of the rye get possession of a clever man they make a lunatic asylum of him. There was one man here whose face looked like death. He was a Senator and man of past prominence. He came to Washington a drunkard, known to be such, I suspect, to the people of his State. Much was expected of him, and he began fairly. But rye whiskey flows straight toward a man's moral courage, like a wrecker that first puts

out the lighthouse lamp. Being drunk half the time he sub-divided the drunken half into licentiousness and gambling, while the sober half was classified into remorse and soda water. Once he joined the Congressional Temperance Society, and like a poor weak will, outlived all self-denial, he became an Apostle before he had got quite sober. He made a speech of such fervid good intentions that you could smell the liquor in them. Nature means to let no man 474 make capital either in vanity or enthusiasm out of her broken commandments, and she struck down this vaunter of a temperance he had not yet begun to live, like St. Paul smitten from his horse. He read his poor wife's glad gratulations aloud, throwing his hearth open to the crowd, and went down from applause to stupor, treating his good intentions. A few weeks ago he went upon a long debauch of the lowest sort, leaving his family in despair. His State delegation compelled him to come to the impeachment trial under threat of procuring his expulsion. There he sits among his recollections, still drinking to keep alive. His complexion is saffron; the ligaments of his cheeks are seen through the skin; his hair is as dry as if its oils were burnt out with alcohol; his “lack-lustre dead blue eye” shows like melted glass. The papers from everywhere come to him with upbraidings. He cannot see nor reason sanely upon himself, but, sitting in the Senate, beguiles the time with reminiscences of that Cyprian, who, jealous of the rare prize of a Senator, sits yonder in the gallery now, looking upon him with a smile in her heart.

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CHAPTER XXX. THE LAND OFFICE AND ITS REVOLUTIONS.

Senator Carl Schurz, whom nobody will deny to be a pure, educated, and traveled gentleman, expressed, in the American Senate, in 1871, the well-accredited belief amongst the people, that politics as it is must be congenial only to knaves.

Schurz's original and quoted charges at that time were that “office brokerages” existed here; that Bishop Hughes formerly had one Livingstone kept over two administrations as Appraiser at New York, at a loss of two millions a month; that Grant had, in seven days,

appointed one man, through successive rejections, to five offices; that Colonel Murphy has had fifteen hundred applications for office; that John Morissey had put a man in the Treasury Department in a picked place; that in the New York Custom House it is the rule and not the exception to take bribes; that five Collectors of San Francisco have been defaulters; that from twelve millions to twenty-five millions of dollars are lost annually by frauds in the New York Custom House; that every change of Collector of the Port there costs the country ten million of dollars through confusion and disorder; that in one judicial district there had been three changes of United States Attorney in two years, and that these three were now defending criminals they prosecuted while in office, “with all the secrets of the Government in their possession;” that “rings” existed in the Departments to keep down the quorum of work per diem,—benefit associations 476 in the interest of the lazy; that Senators are in the habit of recommending men to office and then privately writing letters against them; that Secretaries are threatened by Congressmen with voting against their appropriations unless their men are rewarded. Schurz put this question, and answered it mildly:

“‘Can a Congressman, under the present system be entirely innocent?’ That question has been addressed to me by an intelligent observer, and my first impulse was at once to say, ‘certainly he can.’ Yes, I believe he can; but I declare, sir, when you survey the whole field, when you study the influences of the present system upon the frailties of human nature, you will admit that it is exceedingly difficult for him to be so. The system is a hot-bed of that peculiar kind of corruption which is the more dangerous as it does not appear in the palpable, gross, and unequivocal form of money, but appears in the seductive shape sometimes of an apparently honorable political or personal obligation. It insinuates itself like a subtle poison into those crevices of the human conscience which are opened by the expansion of generous feelings.”

Schurz referred to Lincoln's saying: “We have mastered the rebellion, but this office-begging army will, in time, become more formidable in time than the rebellion itself.”

This speech of Senator Schurz cannot be condensed here, being in itself a dense condensation of evils. Nobody objected to it, except some of the old reprobates of politics, who lie, like dead nerves in the head of the government, insensible to anything. No man can read it and expect, afterward, to see reform and decency under our present system any more than there can be happiness in a family where the women are wantons and the men rob. Schurz proposed a Civil Service Board of nine Commissioners, who shall divide the country into territorial districts and hold examinations periodically. The President shall nominate and the Senate confirm them; the only appointments exempt from the examination shall, be 477 Cabinet and foreign Ministers, Judges and clerks of the courts, and officers of Congress.

Since that time we have had a fancied Civil Service, apparently intended to bring the reform into contempt, and to head off such speeches as the above.

Both houses of Congress may be said, without scandal, to contain a very considerable minority of corrupt men. Of their working majority a comparatively small portion comes under the head of constant and steady jobbers; but in each of the big committees these same professional advocates of jobbery have prominent places, and they balance in influence all the rest of Congress. Such men have, from time to time, thrown a little piece of spoil into the way of some more scrupulous colleague or friend on the floor, and the scrupulous man is in more distress lest that one *peccadillo* may come out than the full-blooded jobber about all his villiany. This was a part of the situation in 1873.

A long recess takes place between the 4th of March and the following December. During that interim the public press will have the calmest opportunity to make a grand inquest of the nation upon the hundred or more great corruptions which equal the *Crédit Mobilier* in venality. Although the Congress to come contains a large proportion of jobbers, many of these will probably find their occupation gone, because the land-grant system has no legs to stand upon any longer. A change of the officers of the House of Representatives will accomplish a good purpose; and one of these, namely, Bill King, of Minnesota, a notorious

lobbyist, and the Postmaster of the House, has voluntarily taken himself out of the way, having secured an enormous contract on the Northern Pacific Railroad, whose bill he helped to pass.

Another officer of the house, Sergeant-at-Arms Ordway, of New Hampshire, whose office has been a bank of deposit for Oakes Ames and other schemers, proposes with diminished chances, to make another run, and he is said to rely upon the power which he holds over certain members, whose financial 478 transactions he is said to have control of. To Ordway will be opposed Jee Dwyer, a henchman of the Delano clique, and this selection will be out of the frying pan into the fire. While there are several excellent officers on the House side, attentive and industrious, particularly in the document rooms and the folding rooms, at the same time the doorkeeper's department and part of the clerk's department and a majority of the committee clerks have touched the silver of the schemers, and wait for each new session to come about to lay by an unearned penny.

The Ways and Means and the Appropriations Committee, and two or three other important committees are esquired by men who know the full value of a wink or a word, and of whom it will be impossible to expect anything better. It ought to be the rule that a chairman of committee is to be judged by the character of his clerk as well as by his own; for the clerk is the officer of the watch, and if he hold over from Congress to Congress he will obtain, with ordinary method, the run of the Committee. The clerk lately before the Ways and Means Committee, on the charge of having offered his services to a brokers' combination for $500 a month, and $5,000 when the bill in purchase passed, used to be so indispensable to General Schenck that when Schenck put through his bills he would have the man by his side to compute for him and supply points and figures.

The office of Speaker is so exceedingly powerful that the caucus fashion of naming the man has come to be of very doubtful propriety. We can see now that it was not until Schuyler Colfax had left the chair altogether and retired from the House that his little acts of consideration for envelope-makers, shovel makers, iron makers, express companies,

&c., were found out. Without a perfectly high-minded Speaker and absolutely honest men at the heads of the four or five leading committees all legislation will inevitably be diseased.

Apprehensive that their misdeeds cannot be hidden much longer, a great many members and Senators are now making 479 the point, through their political organs, that a public man has a perfect right to own railroad stocks, &c. If this point be admitted the tone of Congressional life would at once be set ten degrees lower than heretofore; for up to this time it has been to such an extent dishonorable to hold stock in affairs requiring recognition of any kind from Congress, that men like Mr. Colfax made a profound secret of their investments under this head.

Among the schemes which need perfect ventilation as soon as the coming Congress meets, are the whole series of Iowa Railroads, the passage of the additional subsidy to the Pacific Mail Steamship Company, the passage of the Texas Pacific bill, the facts under which such railroads as the Cairo and Fulton had their land grants extended, the combinations which exist to force the railways on the border of the Indian Territory through that region and extort land grants at the expense of the civilized Indian, and also the manner of building the Central Pacific Railroad, and the sums of money which it has paid to Senators from California and Nevada, and perhaps from some of the Eastern States.

From this list of jobs it will be seen that the matter of subsidies in lands and moneys has involved the major portion of public corruption. There are two States of the West in which the land-grant system has wrought complete demoralization of political sentiment, and captured the press, the Legislature, and finally, the Land Office at Washington city.

Prior to the time of the building of the Pacific Railway, measures were made to open railways across Iowa as feeders of the great overland line. From Council Bluffs to Dubuque, from Sioux City to Burlington, the public men of Iowa were brought into accord with these railroad enterprises, the money for the same being to a considerable degree

supplied by Oakes Ames, Samuel Hooper, and Eastern capitalists, until finally the railroad interest brought a man from Iowa to preside over their land affairs in Washington, and the belief is a growing one 480 here, that the Land Commissioner is nearly as much of a railroad instrumentality as Hubbard, or Allison, or Wilson, or Harlan.

Meantime the State of Kansas found its way into land swindling through the Kansas Pacific Railroad, whose attorneys afterwards occupied the same relation to the Northern Pacific Railroad. The State of Kansas has suffered even more than Iowa from railroad rapacity and corruption, and the horrible sensations aroused by Caldwell's and Pomeroy's elections were the legitimate deductions of the Kansas Pacific corruption and three or four other railroad jobs in the bleeding State. It ought to be out of the power of any caucus or party organization to bridge the present excitement over by any mere recess. The next Congress will be called upon to take the positive step of disbanding some of these railway companies and confiscating the property they have acquired from the Government, unless meantime some one of these bloated corporations should fail of its own rottenness or absurdity, and so precipitate a general panic in wild-cat railway securities. The like view is entertained by some shrewd observers, who have indicated one of the great new roads of the West as probably destined to collapse. Many critics believe that some wholesome panic or calamity of this kind is essential to purify legislation and bring Congress back to some modest and careful principles of government. The bounteous and profligate spirit of the old Federal party, which took advantage of the earnestness of the country at the outbreak of the war, has clutched it ever since, like a horse leech, and must be chastised if we are to have any comprehensible institutions and preserve the character of the Republic.

President Grant, who is not a politician, has been led into endorsement of such schemes as the James and Kanawha Carrel and the Tennessee and Coosa Canal Company. It is well known in this city that both of these enterprises are in the hands of two or three unscrupulous claim agents, some of whom were formerly renegade office-holders, and their scheme 481 of securing an endorsement of bonds merely means a grand wholesale

steal, and the distribution of the largest part of the plunder around Washington city. Washington itself has been transformed into a depot for claim, county, subsidy, and experimental attorneys who reside here permanently, are numbered by hundreds, and have been recently recruited by some of the most learned legal prostitutes in the United States. These people make a corrupt atmosphere about the Capitol, and through the departments and other influences extend to what is called “Washington society,” which during the past Winter has been at the same time unusually brilliant and equally hollow and corrupt. Women have come to adopt the business of jobbing agents, and many of these, with the consent of their husbands, use society to obtain an influence over public life, which is rapidly undermining the whole fabric of public spiritedness and states-manliness. It is riot an uncommon thing to walk around Washington and have this or that house pointed out as the proceeds of a jobbing intrigue, where the successful attorney or conspirator entrenches himself, or herself, as a durable feature in social life, and must pursue the same line of business hereafter in order to support the extravagance of the social establishment.

Not even the Courts of Justice have escaped contamination, for the lobbies of those Courts approach in dishonesty the lobbies of the Capitol. This remark is not confined to any particular Court, it embraces the commissions as well as the Courts, and has taken the form even of international scandal. Crude, open lobbyists, in the yearly pay of great railways, are admitted to the tables of people considered to be of the highest social consequence, where can be heard descriptions of last night's game of poker, of the shrewd tricks played upon verdant heads of Bureaux, and jests are freely made between men and women upon the success of their neighbors and acquaintances in operations scandalous to good morals and true patriotism. The Crédit Mobilier exposures were requisite to show that not even the lobby was perfectly aware of the height to which rascality 31 482 had reached during the last ten years of almost universal speculation.

The Land Office records show that about 180,000 square miles of the best land in the public domain have already been promised away to private corporations, equal in extent to

the six great Western States, which are to be represented in the next Congress by twelve Senators and sixty Representatives.

While the Pennsylvania Railroad is alleged to control, directly or indirectly, in the present or prospectively, above 12,000 miles of road, which represent above $500,000,000 of stock, the Central Pacific Company of California threatens to become the sole carrier for all that coast, and the Union Pacific Railroad must inevitably fall into its hands, unless anticipated by the Pennsylvania road, which may undertake to build from Salt Lake to the Western coast. These enormous operations in land and railways, inevitably concentrate in time into a very few hands, and the Central Pacific may be said to be the personal property at present of only four or five persons. Corrupt bankers, corrupt manufacturers of iron, and corrupt railroad speculators divide equally in these schemes, and the bonds precipitated upon the domestic and foreign market by the stimulation of the land-grant system make a perpetual carousal at the Capital City, where a portion of the plunder is divided and the extravagance of social life widened. Amid such vast speculativeness the integrity of parties has been blotted out, and for years past a portion of the democrats have shared with the republicans in plunder of all sorts. These democratic plunderers may be traced into almost all the States, to Kentucky and Wisconsin, to New York and Indiana, to Missouri and to Alabama. The National Convention is a mere farce, manipulated by these jobbers, who undermine both parties; and it appears probable, from recent developments, that the Louisville Convention of Bourbons, as well as the Baltimore Convention of liberal Democrats, were both controlled by agents or principals in railway swindling.

I propose to make a portion of this description plain by 483 detailing some of the railroad operations which apparently emanate from Iowa, and are traced to the Land Office in this city.

It has been a frequent boast among railroad men and their agents, that both Secretary Delano and Commissioner Drummond were put in their present position through railroad influence, because that interest was determined to control the Interior Department so

long as a single land grant remained unadjusted. It was known that they were both more or less connected with railroad enterprises, and the railroad interest had confidence in them, and used its influence to secure their appointment. The opposition to Secretary Cox, which ultimately resulted in his resignation, is said to have come from the same quarter. Repeated efforts were made to manipulate him in their interest, but in vain. Hence, they determined to get him out of the way. His action in the McGarrahan case was a mere accident, and perhaps pretext to cover the conspiracy which had already virtually secured his removal.

Whether it was a vain boast of the railroad men that they would control the Department needs no answer to those who are acquainted with the administration of the affairs of the General Land Office since Delano and Drummond were placed in charge. It would seem that nothing has been wanting that was calculated to make good their prophecy. No demand made by a railroad company is denied, be it ever so absurd and unlawful. Their agents and attorneys have full sweep of the Department, with free access to its files and records, while the attorneys for settlers are inconveniently restricted in the privileges of the office. The utmost diligence is used to despatch the business of the railroad companies, although the business of the settlers arising under the Homestead and Preemption laws, is more than a year behind.

Willis Drummond is a man of about forty-three years of age, of a tall, somewhat slender figure, probably six feet in height, with black hair, full black whiskers and mustache closely cropped, and a pair of roving black eyes, which denote a person of sagacity 484 rather than of wisdom. He has a dark complexion and irregular features, which make up the *ensemble* of a face that would hardly attract the gaze of the poet. A person of slow perceptions, he is the slave of strong prejudices, and withal so obstinate as to suggest the stubbornness of the bull that will not get out of the way of the locomotive. After a service of several years as Commissioner, he has not acquired even a tolerable knowledge of the public land system. As a consequence, he is compelled to rely almost wholly upon his heads of divisions, and when they take a position he fights their battles, whether right

or wrong, and usually succeeds, by dint of perseverance and unyielding doggedness, in sustaining them. He is, therefore, well calculated to perform the service required of him by those who put him in position. It is said that he served in the army during the rebellion, rising to the rank of major, after which he settled at McGregor's Landing, on the Mississippi River in Iowa, and entered upon the practice of law. Mixing himself up with politics, he drifted into the position of Supervisor of Internal Revenue, in one of the districts of that State. He became also a director of the McGregor and Western Railroad, which brought him prominently into the notice of such men as James F. Wilson, W. B. Allison and others of the Iowa land grant speculators, who recognized in him qualities that eminently fitted him for the style of Land Commissioner they were seeking.

It is to be noted that by far the largest part of the mischief wrought in the Departments by the railroad interest was the work of this meddlesome, active, and corrupt nest of Iowa politicians.

By an act passed in 1856, donating lands to that State to aid in the construction of railroads, four lines of road were authorized. In view of the fraud and corruption that have grown out of this subsidy, it becomes, at this late day, a serious question whether it was not a curse, both local and national, rather than a blessing. These are the railroad fellows who have their grip upon the vitals of the Interior Department, and whose agents boastingly declare the act.

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One of the first acts of the Delano-Drummond *régime* favorable to this interest was the re-opening of the claim made by the Burlington and Missouri Railroad Company, one of the four roads above referred to, which claim had been settled adversely by Secretary Browning. The decision of the latter, having reversed that of his predecessor, Mr. Harlan, was concurred in by Secretary Cox. Nevertheless, Mr. Delano reinstated Harlan's decision giving to the company named a million of acres not granted by Congress. A narrative of some of the antics of Mr. Drummond in connection with this case may serve to illustrate

how strongly the railroad companies are entrenched in the General Land Office. This will involve an account of the vicissitudes of a newspaper correspondent in that office, while there seeking information for the benefit of the public. He has stumbled upon the trail of the Burlington job, and proceeded to work it up as rapidly as possible, in order to prevent the consummation of the scheme in Congress. His letter was published in one of the leading New York papers in December, 1871, and it fell like a thunderbolt among the railroaders in and about the Land office. Their game was up for the time being. Although, their bill was prepared to confirm to the company title of the land involved in Delano's decision, yet it would never do to present it to Congress until the storm had passed away. Then there was hurrying to and fro, and diligent search in spying out the recreant clerk who had given out the information. If there was a traitor in the camp his head must come off, and that quickly; for otherwise there could be no safety in pursuing their unlawful schemes. A day after the appearance of the obnoxious article the following order was posted on the doors of the General Land Office:—

BEWARE OF THE DOG.

Department of the Interior, Washington, D. C., Dec. 1, 1871.

It is ordered that attorneys and other agents be prohibited from examining papers and files in the custody of clerks, or from conversing with the clerks in regard to claims or cases in their hands for examination or other 486 official action, without written leave or direction frozen the Secretary or Assistant Secretary of the Interior, or the head of the proper bureau; and that if any attorney or agent shall hereafter violate this order, all further official communication with him shall be suspended.

The clerks and employés are prohibited from giving information to any one in relation to the business of the Department, or any of its bureaux, or of the condition or progress of any claim or case, unless instructed to do so by the Secretary, the Assistant Secretary, or

the head of the proper bureau; and any violation of this order will subject the offender to immediate dismissal.

Columbus Delano, Secretary.

One trick of this circular is in its date. It was posted on the day following the publication—namely, December 19,—but dated back the 1st of the month, so that it would not appear to have been occasioned by the exposure.

The order has been rigidly enforced against all but railroad attorneys. About the time it first appeared the correspondent referred to asked for permission to see the papers in the Burlington case, which was freely given, for he was not suspected of being the author of the offensive article. During the past Summer, in order to refresh his memory and for the purpose of examining a paper which he had not seen on the first occasion, he called upon the Commissioner, and the following conversation occurred:

Correspondent: Dr. Drummond, I understand that before Secretary Delano rendered his decision sustaining the claim of the Burlington and Missouri River Railroad Company to lands outside of the limit of their grant in Nebraska, he wrote a letter to Judge Hoar, requesting that gentleman's opinion as to the proper construction of the grant made to that company in the act of July 2, 1864, and that Judge Hoar, in response, gave his opinion, which is on file, with the papers in the case. If you please, I would like to see the document.

Commissioner (with a greatly perplexed air): For what purpose do you wish to see it?

Correspondent: I wish to satisfy myself upon some points in question relating to the Secretary's decision.

This was going directly to business. The Commissioner knew his refusal to show the document would be placing a weapon in the hands of his antagonist which might be used with considerable effect, and that on the other hand he would be little better off after allowing the paper to be scrutinized.

Commissioner (hesitatingly): I don't think the papers are in this office; I think they are in the Secretary's office.

Correspondent: I was under the impression that after the case was settled by Mr. Delano's decision the papers were sent to your office, which I understand to be the proper place to file them.

Commissioner: I will see where they are.

A messenger was sent for the head clerk of the railroad division, who had custody of the papers, but that clerk was reported absent, whereupon the Commissioner suggested that the correspondent call at another time. Agreeably with the suggestion he presented himself on the following day, apparently to the annoyance of the Commissioner, who, nevertheless, summoned a clerk, and after a whispered conference, said, “The papers are in the Secretary's office, and I have no doubt he will let you see them.”

Wending his way to that part of the building in which the Secretary's office is located, the correspondent entered the room of Mr. Sturgis, who has charge of the railroad branch of the Secretary's office.

Correspondent: Mr. Sturgis, Commissioner Drummond tells me that you have the papers in the Burlington case, and that you will let me see them.

Mr. Sturgis: Are you an attorney in the case, sir?

Correspondent: No, sir; I write for the press.

Mr. Sturgis: Ah! What is the name? I see I shall have to speak with the Secretary.

A card was given and Mr. Sturgis disappeared. After a short absence he returned and indicated that permission had been given by turning to the flies and affecting to search for the papers. His search was soon brought to an abrupt close 488 in a manner which might indicate anything but a disposition to produce the papers. He said that he was ignorant of their whereabouts, but that his assistant, who was then absent, could no doubt lay his hands upon them, and that, “if you will call again, I will try and have them for you.”

Not to be baffled by weariness of these delays, the correspondent presented himself promptly on the following morning, when he was told by Mr. Sturgis that the papers were in the Commissioner's possession. Returning to the room of the latter, the following ensued: —

Correspondent: For two days, Mr. Commissioner, I have been vainly striving to get sight of Judge Hoar's opinion. Upon my first application you said that the clerk who had charge of it was absent. I called again yesterday and was told by you that the Secretary had the papers. I am here now for the third time, with information that you have them.

Commissioner: These papers emanated from the Secretary and are not a part of the records of my office. I do not feel authorized to show them without the Secretary's permission.

Correspondent: Permit me to remind you, Mr. Drummond, that when, some months ago, I asked permission to examine the papers, so far from raising the objection of the want of authority, you promptly and freely accorded me the privilege. This decision gives away public lands valued at five million dollars. Certainly you will not deny the right of the people to know upon what grounds their property has been disposed of?

Commissioner (excitedly):. I have nothing to do with it. I did not make the decision. I still say I do not feel at liberty to show you the papers without the consent of the Secretary.

Correspondent: Very well; I will try to obtain his consent.

Retracing his steps to the room of Mr. Sturgis. Correspondent: Mr. Sturgis, the Commissioner says that the papers are not technically a part of the records of his office, and that he has no authority to show them to me without an order from the Secretary.

Mr. Sturgis: Oh, tat! tut! the Commissioner must paddle 489 his own canoe. The papers belong to his office now, and we are not responsible. If any trouble grows out of his showing you the papers he must bear the onus.

Another trip through the long corridors brought the correspondent again to the Commissioner's room. When he entered Mr. Drummond was engaged with others, and endeavored to escape the crisis by attending to everything and to the business of everybody else that would serve as an excuse to delay the production of the much-sought-for document. In this way nearly two hours passed, half of that time being consumed in hearing arguments *pro* and *con* in a contested case. After the office had been cleared the Commissioner, turning about, faced his untiring persecutor with a frenzied grin, which seemed to say, “Curse the villain!” The latter sat upon a sofa near by with a face expressive of the most profound resignation.

Correspondent (laughing): Mr. Sturgis says that you must paddle your own canoe—that his office disclaims all responsibility.

Commissioner (immeasurably perplexed): Well. you only want to look at them, do you?

Correspondent: That is all I have asked for, sir.

The clerk was then summoned and directed to snow the paper, but received special instructions not to permit a copy to be taken. So, through the trickery and bad faith of Commissioner Drummond, the better part of three days was expended in the effort to see a paper that should be open to inspection at all times.

As already stated, the above order is a dead letter so far as the railroad attorneys are concerned, but is rigidly enforced against all others. The same correspondent states that on one occasion, while he was engaged writing in the General Land Office, he saw attorneys for settlers enter the room, each presenting to the head clerk his written permission, describing the papers he wished to see, and then taking his seat at the table and waiting until they were brought to him, not being permitted to handle the files nor molest the cases containing 490 the records. On the other hand, he saw railroad attorneys and agents enter the room, and, without passes, select from the files such papers as they wanted and examine *ad libitum* the records of the office without being questioned. The Washington agent for the Iowa railroad is Mr. William T. Steiger, an eccentric old philosopher, having an odd theory as to the instability of the earth's crust, together with an ingenious crustometer, the product of his own invention, by which he demonstrates that Washington City is sometimes shoved into blue ether 1,200 feet above its normal altitude. Until recently he has occupied a room in the Interior Department, assigned to him as an office. His business is to see that the settlers get as little land as possible.

He may be seen in the bookkeeper's division, spying out defects in the envies of poor, ignorant people, who have been unfortunate enough to settle within railroad limits, and causing them to be slaughtered like sheep by the unwilling pen of the canceling clerk, so that their land may inure to the railroad grant under a pernicious ruling of the Department. At another time this diligent seeker after railroad honors and railroad pelf may be seen in the pre-emption division, following up with savage yelp the miserable preemptor, the favorable location of whose land stimulates the greed of the never-sated, conscienceless

jobbers. He is to be found also in the patent division, urging to increased efforts the hard-worked and weary clerks who prepare the parchment for his capacious maw.

There is one practice in which the Commissioner indulges that should not go unmentioned. When a case which has been decided by him is appealed to the Secretary, Mr. Drummond goes before him and argues and wrangles with the persistence of a pettifogging lawyer in support of his own decision. Probably a parallel case would be that of the judge of a court appearing before a tribunal superior to his own, and arguing in support of a judgment rendered by him. Why the Secretary does not push this meddler into the halt needs answer. Come to think, we *are* answered.

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To show the corruption of these gamblers in the wealth of the public domain and the future of Iowa, it may be mentioned that several years ago, through the Jesuitry of certain Iowa Congressmen, the Cedar Rapids and Missouri River Railroad got possession of the Dubuque and Sioux City road, and then bent it out of its line, which was to strike the Pacific Railroad at Columbus, Neb., down the east side of the Missouri River, to connect instead with their own road, and thus control both railways. Thus the Chicago and Northwestern Road in Iowa and the Iowa division of the Illinois Central, so called, and the Sioux City and Pacific Railroad are all three the prize of the same gang. The lawyers for this gang passed the Rock Island Bill through Congress, and expect to pass also a similar bill for the Burlington and Missouri River Railroad.

To explain. The chaps who got control of the Cedar Rapids and Missouri River Railroad let in the three Congressmen—Wilson, Allison, and Hubbard. It occurred to them that the more northerly road, if prolonged into Nebraska direct, would be a rival feeder to the Pacific Railway. Aware that a ninth of the road was held by Wilson, and a ninth by Allison, they visited Wilson first, and said, “We want your ninth to capture the Dubuque and Sioux City.” Then proceeding to Dubuque, they said to Allison, “We want your ninth to do the same.”

Library of Congress

“I can't do it, upon my soul!” exclaimed Allison. “My Dubuque people would kill me politically if I sold them out on the certainty of a short line to the Pacific; but I will run down to Sioux City and pick up Hubbard's (the third Congressman) interest and let you have it.”

This was done, and Hubbard was deluded with the idea that after his ninth of the stock had been used to capture the Northern road he could get it back from Allison, taking Allison's ninth interest.

Three-ninths make one-third. The three treasonable members of Congress had fixed the fate of the Dubuque and Sioux City Railroad, and one of the tools and agents had been the Dubuque Congressman. The road fell into the hands of the 492 Cedar Rapids and Missouri River people. Then, instead of building straight across the Platte River, the conspirators had a route surveyed down the west side of the Missouri, over a rough, irregular country, and by collusion with the Land Office their survey was rejected as impracticable. Of course they surveyed west, down the east side of the Missouri, southeastward toward the Cedar Rapids road, and through the noblest part, of course, where ten rich sections a mile meant a principality. Here, also, they could build for $16,000 per mile. This diverted survey was accepted, and by the diversion the stock of the Dubuque and Sioux City Railway fell down so flat that the conspirators picked up the remainder of it. If you will take up your railroad map to-day you will therefore see that the Sioux City and Pacific Railway—the only extension of the Dubuque and Sioux City—curls about backward, gobbles up a kingdom of goodly land, and becomes a mere parasite of the Cedar Rapids and Missouri Road; and finally expires at Fremont, Neb.

For doing a part of this work both Wilson and Allison were arraigned in a Cincinnati newspaper in 1868, and they both delivered speeches in Congress consigning the slanderer to perdition. Wilson said he had hoped to leave Congress “without a smell upon his garments,” but he has been an “attorney in the departments” ever since, and goes by

the name of the “Singed Cat.” Allison, covering his tracks like an Indian, has been elected to the United States, Senate for six years.

Before concluding this chapter, let me note the contents of that heterogenous department, the Interior, where the inscrutable Delano presides. It has been for many years the hive of scandal in Washington, beset with attorneys, “rigs,” right-handmen, and half-breeds, who sell out the patrimony of their red brethren.

The Secretary of the Interior is provided with one assistant-secretary, a solicitor, and a chief clerk, and his office proper is separated into eight divisions, viz.: Public Documents, Disbursements, 493 Appointments, Indian Affairs, Public Lands and Railroads, Pensions, Indian Trust Fund, and Superintendent of the Patent Office Building, giving employment to about 80 clerks, messengers, mechanics, watchmen, and laborers.

These divisions correspond, to some extent, with the principal Bureaux of the Department, entitled the Pension Office, General Land Office, Patent Office, Office of Indian Affairs, Census Office, and Office of Education. In addition to these, the Metropolitan Police of the District, the Insane Asylum and the Capitol Extension are under the supervision of this Department.

The Pension Office is presided over by a Commissioner at a salary of $3,000 per annum, and contains about 270 clerks, 22 copyists, and 32 messengers and laborers, and 59 pension agents are distributed throughout the States.

There are employed in the General Land Office under the control of a Commissioner, who also receives a salary of $3,000, 145 clerks, 11 copyists, 6 messengers, and 9 laborers. In the work of surveying the public lands there are engaged 17 surveyors-general, assigned to special districts, each provided with clerks and draughtsmen. The registers and receivers of public lands number 82 respectively, and their offices are located throughout the Southern and Western States and the territories. The Surveyors-General and Registers and Receivers report to the Commissioner, in whose office are filed

the maps and plots of surveys, and the returns of the local officers, showing the disposition made of the public lands in each district. Of late years the adjustment of land grants to railroad companies has greatly increased the business of this bureau, and has given, rise to much scandal respecting the partial and unjust course pursued by the Commissioner and the Secretary in favor of these companies in their numerous contests with pre-emption and homestead settlers.

The Patent Office occupies greater space in the building than any of the other bureaux, the model-room alone taking up one entire floor. The Commissioner of Patents receives a 494 salary of $4,500. There is also an Assistant-Commissioner, at $3,000, a chief clerk at $2,500, 3 examiners-in-chief at $3,000 each, 23 examiners at $2,500 each, 22 assistant-examiners at $1,800, and a like number of second assistant-examiners at $1,600 per annum each. About 265 clerks, copyists, etc., comprise the remainder of the force employed here.

The office of Indian Affairs is controlled by a Commissioner, who is assisted by 37 clerks and 5 messengers and laborers. To this bureau is assigned the important duty of directing its numerous, superintendents and agents in their intercourse, and dealings with the Indians, who are scattered from Lake Superior to the Pacific Ocean, and number about three hundred thousand. There are eight superintendents.

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CHAPTER XXXI. HUMORS AND CLOUDS OF CONGRESSIONAL LIFE.

If you had been a member of Congress, elected to go to Washington for the first time in your life, there would probably be, combined with a good deal of self-gratulation, some curiosity in your mind as to what the Capital was, and how you should live there.

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In this mingled largeness and dependence, had you come here on Saturday, prior to a rainy Sunday a few years ago, you would have asked to be carried home within twelve hours, and buried amongst the ranks of the people.

One Washington Sunday that I remember! Such a day for squalls, and drizzle, and snow-without purpose; cold that had not the stamina to make anything freeze, yet was too mean not to keep one chilly; damp, and mud, and the sky scowling; and the wide, miry, rutted “Avenue” almost absolutely forsaken. It was like some awful days in camp, which your army friends remember yet with a desolation they can never tell.

At 4 o'clock, or after dinner, I called on some friends at the hotels, and they already wore that look which married men away from home exhibit when sober, blank, fidgety disgust—the belief that life is a fraud, and Government a swindle.

In one room at a big hotel I found a Governor and two of his prime Council, from a region far west of Chicago. A little sullen fire burned in the grate; the tapestry carpet had neither nap nor figure; greasy and faded “rep” curtains made the place dusk; one old lounge with a creak in the back hid itself 496 between the window and the old bier of a bed, and the two Councillors lay upon it. The gas was lighted in the daytime. I thought it was an upholstered purgatory. All of the inmates, family men, with children, with homes, they waited there, telling stories and matter, every one of which thickened more the cloud on the brow, from their mere masculinity.

The Governor jumped up at last.

“I don't want to drink a drop. I said I wouldn't when I left home. But I'll take a drink because this is so infernally blue.”

There you have the Congressman away from home, flying out of atmosphere into appetite.

Down stairs I found a gentleman of large capital or large ostentation, with a couple of parlors for which he probably paid twenty dollars a day, a servant of his own, and a side-board for anybody; on the sideboard cheese and crackers, brandy, true Espagnola cigars lying, loose, whiskey, and a bright fire which he poked up himself to keep the ceiling lively. The host was a man, rich, large, of easy temper, of a gold seal, of the business world. What job he had, if any, I know not; but in the politest and most enjoyable way he kept everybody at peace, announced that he was fixed for the session, and always at home to friends. Some attorney perhaps, in a vast interest, who has come early, come to stay, and come to win. To this gentleman, no doubt, the whole Congress was a parcel of smart boys, who would have to be encouraged up to the appreciation of the justice of his claim. Home had no strings at his heart, used as he was to those distant transactions. And these are the men who have their way with legislation, sooner or later, unless the angry clamor of all the presses and people be suddenly and authoritatively heard.

Again, I passed part of the evening at the house of one who is a Senator, and rich enough to keep a fine house here, as well as one in his own State. There were his pictures, his fresh silk furniture, the low grates in which the fire shone like one of the flaming great figures in his carpet afire; and his wife was 497 by to make it all look like real home—not Washington home. I marked how satisfiedly and reposedly his homeless visitors seemed to be in this goodly place, and it made me think that it would be a cheap, as well as magnanimous thing, for every Congressional District to secure for its Representative a home.

Monday was, if possible, a meaner day than Sunday—snowing a sort of parboiled, still-born snow,—a snow that had no quality of itself but whiteness, and that not long. Through a rain as dishonest as the snow, and a wind that was merely atmospheric bad temper in motion, the slippery, shivering procession of notabilities and sight-seekers took the only two streets that are traversed here, F street and Pennsylvania Avenues and dribbled along towards the Capitol. What comfort is like a horse-car's, particularly if you are impatient?

and so holding to a strap like grim death, you are set down at the foot of the Capitoline terraces, and in a few minutes have passed the leathern wickets set in the deep portal. Up through echo, and shadow, and carved places you go, up polished steps and under stained windows, until the clear, lucid light of the lobbies shows you all the many people walking, scraping, hob-nobbing, hurrying in there, and suddenly the doorkeepers at the chamber doors grow obdurate; admittance to House or Senate is refused; it is 12 o'clock, and simultaneously the Senate and House of Representatives enter upon the second session of the forty-first Congress.

At the same moment the Supreme Court, after opening its regular term, is forming in body with its officers to pay a visit of honor to the President, and the President has already despatched his Secretary to Congress with his message.

The entire Federal Government in all its Departments is, therefore, in motion; and the good order, business promptitude, and the clear American republican simplicity with which the work was begun, was very impressive. It looked to be, and it was, genuine, popular government as perfectly realized as any man, not a Utopian, could expect.

In the House of Representatives, precisely as the point of 32 498 the minute-hand overtook the hour-hand at noon, the Speaker, Blaine, dropped his gavel, and called upon the House to come to order.

Immediately beneath him the Chaplain, Butler, raised his voice in such prayer as made the occasion reverent. Then the long roll was called over by the slim-bodied Clerk, McPherson, —and tolerably exhausting work it was—and the fine presence of the Speaker again arose to declare that there were sufficient members present to make business legal.

At this junction the nation, as a business house, disappeared, and the two political parties who divide the country between them came with alacrity on the carpet. The blessing had

been said, and the proprieties finished; the knife and fork and regulated gluttony were in order.

The House thereupon waited till half past 1 o'clock, when, after a crossing of duck-guns between Garfield and “Fernandy” Wood over some little matter, Captain Horace Porter, modest as a singed cat, moved up to that part of the house without existence, that goes by the fabulous name of “Bar,” and presented the President's message in the original English.

It took an hour to read the President's message, and it was listened to, by some, with indolent interest, by many with attention. To show how the partisan feeling was the predominant one, it is only necessary to say that the portion referring to what side shall control the politics of Georgia was the only part applauded.

In that message, thus rapidly read, the State and the needs of the nation were recited, and had there been more character in the scene it would have been worth describing: the Chief Magistrate's panoramic view of his country unrolled before the Legislature.

Due respect was paid to the message by handing it over to the printer, and then another patriotic confab occurred over the suspended Alabamians. Of course the Democratic side 499 was routed in a whiff; and then four “Delegates” from Territories came up, bearing these singular names:

Chaves, Cavanaugh, Nuckolls, and Pelucius Garfielde, with an *e.* Nuckolls looks to me like an hereditary case of bad spelling, but before Pelucius Garfielde with an *e* I fly, as before some antique statue.

A Delegate is a sort of Congressional tadpole. He can swim and dive, but he cannot croak. He has no vote upon what he has been talking about. He says, “My voice is for war,” but that is all of him that is. He is cruelly endowed by Congress with the power to put his nose into every question, but his hand nowhere. He disobeys his Bible every day, which says: “Let your conversation be yea! yea! and nay! nay!” while, according to the rule of

Congress, he has everything but a yea and nay. Besides, he is subjected to the indignity of being sworn in after the regular “members,” like a negro Methodist, who is allowed to speak in class-meeting after the poor white trash have finished. This kind of second-hand Congressman I commiserate. He is like Shylock, invited to Bassanio's dinner: “To smell pork; to eat of the habitation; to buy with them, sell with them, talk with them, walk with them, and so following; but not to vote with them.”

Take another Scene of note in the House of Representatives: the re-election of the Speaker at the beginning of a Congress:

One Saturday, at 12 o'clock, while the fate of the offices of Admiral and Vice-Admiral were trembling in the balance of the yeas and nays, a wooden angel descended in the form of Speaker Blaine's gavel, and stirred up the waters, floating the Admiral to dry land. Immediately Speaker Blaine, consulting some memoranda under his table, cleared his throat, elevated his voice, and made a little speech to the Representatives of posterity, who had, meantime, all taken their seats to listen.

The Speaker, who wears a blue coat, which, with his military statue, adds to his many graces the presumption that he once “fit into” some great war, and who is alert, as Colfax 500 used to be, but with a manlier, wordlier sort of dash about him, is one of the Mark Antony school of orators.

“A plain blunt man, That love my friend * * and only speak right on.”

Yet underneath, Blaine is impetuous without impetuosity, and the depths of him are as still as the Irish Sea. He makes no speeches which are not carefully pre-arranged, and inclines to the practical and sober ideal of manhood. Blaine has really a boyish nature, a spontaniety, and an excessiveness of health and good humor which are the main elements of his popularity amongst other politicians; but while he is yet of less reputation before the people than a dramatic use of his position might have obtained for him, he appears to be making very sure steps toward a renown of more longevity and reality than

if he had gyrated by the way, attached himself to all the secret societies, and played the daisy in the public walk.

The Speaker, as above described; the galleries crowded thick and black, and the steam of their suspirations making them look thick and foggy; the lobby doors showing through the glass how many hundreds were unable to enter for want of room; the ladies' gallery, full of the wives of new members and of wondering constituents, in queer bonnets, who expected to see said members make a speech directly after roll-call; the floor a decorous, compact mass of Representatives, every member of the new Congress in his place, and the retiring members, officers of the Executive Government, officers of the Supreme Court, Senators and privileged guests, standing behind in a half-circle,—to these, Mr. Blaine, in the pause after he had rapped with the gavel, made a speech, just long enough to give that dear, delightful flavor to the occasion, so necessary to satisfy ladies and stranger constituents. He said, in short, that the Forty-first Congress had had its day; that its record had passed into history, freedom, law, and the *Congressional Globe;* that it was composed of generous members, and that the opposition was entitled to his gratitude, and so 501 forth, and so forth, a good deal like our old valedictory speeches at college, only more so,—this was the little speech of the Speaker of the House. When he had adjourned them without day, they all clapped hands, Ku-Klux and sentimentalists together, nobody observing William Mungen, whose public history is made up of a fiddle and his one minority vote refusing to endorse Blaine as a fair public officer; and it seemed for several minutes that the country was indeed safe, that the constitution had proved to be in less danger than was supposed, and that the eyes of Europe and Delaware had not gazed upon us in vain.

At the end of the speech the House and the Chair half emptied themselves, and the Speaker, it was ascertained by my diligent assistant, stepped into the smoking-room and lighted a cigar, and between the whiffs perused that other unexpected speech he was to make within ten minutes before the next Congress. I request you, unless it be absolutely essential to the completeness of this chapter, to make, on no account, any reference to the fact that the second speech was already prepared. The American patriot would lose

faith in his institutions should he suppose that the third officer in the Goverment could deliberately prepare a speech for an occasion altogether spontaneous. The patriot's notion has been immemorially fixed that, whatever is done by design is contrary to his earliest lessons as derived from his parents and his school-books. To him Washington rides forth to save the country from an original impulse, mounted upon a fortuitous war-horse, accidentally saddled, and fights a battle upon an unpremeditated site, inditing his victorious despatches in the very pitch of the action. To him, Messrs. Webster and Hayne, hearing some incidental references to their respective States, rise peremptorily up from the profound contemplation of their country and thrill all the school-readers and good citizens in the land. To him, Mr. Blaine must be spontaneous or nothing, gushing or fraudulent. It will not, therefore, be perhaps proper to print anything intimating that Mr. Blaine was duly nominated by 502 caucus two or three nights before, that his speeches, both to commemorate his retirement from one Congress and to congratulate himself on his promotion in the other, were all cut and dried, and that the last minutiæ were prepared, including the designation of those who were to nominate and second him, the tellers who were to pass upon the election, and the member who was to administer the oath.

While Mr. Blaine is in the smoking-room, the Clerk of the House, McPherson, a slim, quiet, sandy-haired gentleman, once a Congressman, and always both an editor and a politician, is reading the roll of the members-elect of the Forty-second Congress. Even this adherence to law had passed under the party spectacles, the dominant organization ready to take advantage of any irregularity or dispute, but, fortunately, no such collision had occurred as had marked the morning session of the Congress just defunct, when, on some sly proposition of Mr. Dawes, to change the rules of the House for the disadvantage of the increased Democratic representation in the next Congress—a dodge determined upon in one caucus, and detected within five minutes in the other caucus—an almost demoniac scene ensued, James Brooks brandishing his umbrella as if it were a blazing torch, and not an article of gingham, and Mr. Eldridge crying in a loud voice what was

ascertained to be the word “Revolution,” but which some interpreted, from his hungry, not to say ravenous, manner to be the word “Hash.”

During the roll-call of the new Congress, I noticed the grim way in which the fresh ex-members looked upon the newly elected strangers already snugly ensconced in their old seats. There, also, in the outer circle, the advocates of defeated bills looked on the smart legislative scene with countenances of defeat and melancholy. Many a wife lost her trip to Europe this summer by the failing Of some measure advocated with all dauntless energy by the husband in the lobby. Many a little home, perhaps, which, for two years, had been within the perspective, almost within the grasp of some defeated claimant, 503 now passed out of sight forever. Many a gorgeous imperial dream of some deep mind, to be developed through government aid, some line of steamships to be launched, some railway to be endowed with bonds and land, was broken by the sharp gavel which struck the conclusion of the old Congress. And there they were, the broken hearts of the lobby, —members, after all, of our common humanity, and at their firesides as beloved as the noblest,—looking in upon the arena with dim eyes shining in their working faces, and all the vividness of a new and less illusive future etching its hard outlines into their souls.

The clerk, who was, for the time being, the supreme authority of the House of Representatives, passed some running criticism upon the semi-legal form of many of the returns, and there was a little sparring between the two vigilant parties, which watched the motions of each other from the opposite sides of the House. When it was all done nominations were in order for permanent officers of the new Congress, and at once Austin Blair arose. Why did Austin Blair, in particular, arise? He was a slim, thin, not very healthy-looking person, and with a voice not remarkably sonorous, and yet not a man on the Republican side hastened to be in the advance and say what Austin Blair, in a very nonchalant and uninterrupted way, said at his personal leisure:

“I nominate James G. Blaine, of Maine.”

The explanation is, that Austin Blair was President of the Republican caucus, a body known only in the customs of parties, but as entirely unknown to law as is the Ku-Klux clan to the laws of Georgia, or the Skull and Cross-Bones Society to the Faculty of Yale College.

In the same ministerial, legatory way, Fernando Wood, President of the Democratic caucus, rose on the opposite side, amidst general silence, and, using the name of the Democratic party, proposed George W. Morgan, of Ohio.

When it was all done, Morgan and Poland of Vermont, at the order of the clerk, went out in a very unpremeditated way 504 to discover Mr. Blaine. There was great anxiety in the gallery amongst the constituents for fear Mr. Blaine might have lost himself. Apprehensions were entertained that he had strolled off some considerable distance with his little boy, missed the high honor of a re-election, of which he could have had no suspicion whatever, and brought to a full stop these United States. The Committee, however, by the merest accident, found Mr. Blaine somewhat in the posture of Cincinnatus at the plow, reposing in the adjacent smoking-room; they prevailed upon him to hearken to the inexorable call of his country. He took one glimpse of the little speech, seized the soldier of Chepultepec by one arm, and Mr. Poland, who appeared, by his buff vest and blue coat to be a soldier of the Revolution, by the other arm, and he walked up the middle aisle of the House with that expression of resignation suitable to one to whom public life is distasteful, and the highest happiness to be found only on the banks of the Moosemagunticook, or in the hermitages of Skowhegan. He ascended the chair; he struck the desk with his gavel, and he made an extemporaneous speech, better, if possible, than the shorter one with which he had dismissed the old Congress. It was greeted with clapping of hands, and it endorsed all the sentiments of the hour. He recognized the necessity of an opposition, and believed in party lines. He intimated that the present opposition was big enough to compel justice, and said that he himself was a partisan. In short, this happy speech contained no extracts whatever from the Farewell Address

of Washington, which antiquated document decried the baneful influence of party spirit, while this superb enunciation was devoted to recognizing parties as indispensable and politicians as paramount. The House knew this to be the fact, and the slapping of hands was very-hearty. All the old Officers of the House were re-elected, and thus, forty-one times repeated, the Congress of the United States, which began its existence eighty-two years ago, was organized in as decent a method as is possible in modern States, with every appearance of loyalty and law cheerfully rendered, and with one of the 505 handsomest Speakers it has ever permitted itself to keep round the House.

I shall have no time to describe the President, in that rich and gaudy room in the Capitol devoted to his use, and occupied by him only a few minutes each year, signing bills as fast as they were presented, and besought meantime by a crowd of people, fearful that their particular bills might be left over; the savory lunches, and liquors, dispensed the night before in the committee rooms; or the incidents in the long night session in the Senate, when work laid by at the proper hour had accumulated and had to be pushed along, even at the loss of sleep. On the whole, the old Congress retired, and the new one took its place, with every evidence of the fact that the Federal Government still commands the deepest interest of all, and that the State is in no danger of expiring by neglect.

But now let us take a look at the Caucus itself,—say the Senatorial Caucus.

The Republican caucus is a sort of Council of Ten under the Council of Thirty—an irresponsible and unrecognized master of the Senate. It meets by private and written notification, in the marble-room or in the reception room in the rear of the President of the Senate, and determines upon the policy which the party shall pursue upon any measure.

Whoever goes into caucus must abide by its verdict or be dishonored, like the man who gambles and then must pay up, though it be plucking bread from the mouths of his wife and children. He must obey the party behest, conscience or no conscience. And hence, oh! poor patriot who dwellest afar, and once in a lifetime comes to Washington city and

listens to the whole of a debate, supposing, in all thy simplicity, that the Senators listen to the argument and vote as they are affected. Go to! The debate is nothing; the caucus has often fixed it all beforehand. This it is to have exclusive party government.

Through our State legislatures and in the House of Representatives the caucus system is maintained, generally on party occasions, but liable to abuse. The Southern Republicans or 506 carpet-baggers have gone into a separate caucus as a Sectional wing of a party, a thing which the Southern secession Democrats never did before the war, and in this way they once defeated Judge Hoar for Attorney-General. Caucus of this kind is nothing but conspiracy to manipulate the legislature and the State.

Suppose a member or a Senator bolts caucus; what are the consequences? He forfeits his right to meet in the private sessions of his party again, and one might as well be in limbo now-a-days as in no party. A Senator from Missouri a few years ago urged amnesty and Republican government in that State; the immediate faction which controlled the Executive deter mined against him; he persisted, and the offices filled by his friends were all vacated; he returned to the Capital; the magistrate who was willing to receive courteously folks of the Democratic party would not admit his fellow-soldier and co-partisan; his colleagues in Congress who had acted with him were also cut from the list of the faithful and their brothers-in-law disturbed in their snug post-offices. Thus it happens that party defection to the majority makes one more homeless than to be in the minority.

The party-power is a terrible mystery in this Democratic country, and none feel it but those in public life. It has a national committee with a presiding secretary sitting in the Capitol edifice. Thence assessments are ordered for election purposes upon all the office-holders at will, ten per cent. being no unusual levy. The New York custom-house alone yields for party purposes in this way annually tens of thousands to control elections in far-off States. A late member of the Cabinet rebuked this system, and he was remitted to private life.

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I witnessed the whole of one grand movement of a great party upon a refractory chieftain in the impeachment and trial of President Johnson, and it was a more terrible scene than the trial of Judas Iscariot might be before the College of Cardinals. A master punishing his slave could have proceeded with no more deliberate and conscientious zeal. Not one person of 507 the opposite party countenanced this movement. It was purely within the political organization which had nominated the offender, and while the opposite party opposed it on party grounds, even they appeared to think it a defensible measure.

I had generally been a Republican, though a protesting one in cases where citizen rights were unnecessarily invaded; and as it had appeared to me that President Johnson was a barrier against the settlement of the Southern question, I believed that on the whole, he ought to be set aside.

But, when I arrived at the Capital, I found that nobody, except, perhaps, Mr. Sumner and Thaddeus Stevens, was excited over Johnson's “policy,” as he called it. It was his abuse of the party patronage which was the unforgiven sin. He had disobeyed an act of Congress, of doubtful validity, taking away from him the power to make AD-INTERIM appointments, or those made between sessions of Congress. This was a challenge to every member of Congress in the regular caucus ranks that off might come the heads of HIS post-master, HIS revenue officials, HIS clerks, and HIS brothers-in-law. As I did not care for anybody's brother-in-law, or any clerk, or any post-master, and knew that in many cases Johnson could make no worse appointments than were made, I began to have objections to defacing the gallery of chief magistrates and confirming a hugo historical scandal for any such customary piece of tyranny. As the Republican Congress had refused to give us a decent and permanent civil service, though backed up by every good Republican in the land, I saw no special right they had to make a transient civil service for their own uses, and say that their President should not be as unjust a ruffian as they. I said this, and was at once kicked out of the party. This gave me no concern. I had been kicked on paper a

good many times, and, as the king of Italy remarked, “an excommunication could excite no terror in a man already certain to go to hell.” So I said to a very amiable and able Senator:

“What is the use of this trial? You have simply fallen into your own snare. You nominated Mr. Johnson at Baltimore, and must take your misfortune with philosophy.”

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“Oh,” said he, “had he been elected by the other party we shouldn't have impeached him. We have a right to impeach our own President, because he is a renegade, and a party renegade is also a renegade to his country.”

“God help us!” I said. “Then we shall have but one party in this country, if nobody can go out of it. The Vice-President whom you chose prior to Johnson, Mr. Hamlin, left the Democratic party to come to ours. Besides, how can you hold these views and sit in that jury of impeachment, sworn to impartial justice?”

“Oh,” he replied, “you can't construct a Senate of politicians into a court.”

I sat there, during all those long gala weeks, and saw this caucus jury sit upon the term of a President, elected by the direct electors of the people.. I saw the anxiety of-every member of the House to make a speech on the subject. I saw the picked members of Congress borne down in dignity, learning, and eloquence by the attorneys of the people, some of whom we had never heard of by name. As the trial drew near its end, and it was manifest that Congress had not made a case before the Senate, I heard the low, awful mutter of baffled placemen, saying, “Who cannot perjure himself in that Senate must perish.” I saw the great party newspapers, like the Missouri *Democrat,* which afterward leaped widest from the party track, come down from their towers and gate-ways amongst the politicians, and cry, “Right or wrong, he who cannot vote for Mr. Johnson's conviction may as well understand that his public life is done.”

And, amidst that howl and hiss of faction, the like of which I never beheld on any battle-field of the war—for it was the battle of the camp-followers—I saw the doomed seven stand in the focus of hate, and say the calm, judicial words, NOT GUILTY.

Perquisites is another queer feature of loose Congressional life. Let me give an illustration from a public officer's lips.

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While I was raking over some of the old documents in the crypt one day the chief doorkeeper of the House, Buxton, came in. He told me that he had about one hundred persons in his employment, of whom the greater number worked in the Folding-Room, which lies in the vaults of the Capitol. There the documents of a durable character, which are printed and bound in immense quantities for distribution amongst the constituents of the members, are folded and counted by 70 or 80 boys and men, working on time or by the hundred. Adjacent to the place for folding are great rooms under the foundations of the Capitol, which are often packed to the ceiling with books. Some time ago a number of Southern members of Congress wanted to distribute copies of the Agricultural Report, &c., amongst their people, who, according to Mr. Buxton, were “hungry for government reading,” having been deprived of it for seven or eight years, because, when the Rebel Representatives left the Capitol, they forfeited their books.

Here is something omitted in all the histories of the Rebellion. Amongst its terrible consequences was the loss of the Patent-Office Reports by the rebellious people, and such other sweet delusive compositions. They got at one room, in which it was believed about 3,000 Agricultural Reports were stowed away.

“And would you believe it?” said Mr. Buxton, “so deceptive was that little alcove that we got 10,000 Agriculturals out of there.”

“What is the greatest number of copies of any one book printed, Mr. Buxton?”

“Well, sir, the Agriculturals! About 670 copies of them go to each member. That seems very big don't it? But, bless you, they don't make a show in some districts. In some of the agricultural districts of Texas, for example, there are 23 counties. What can a Representative accomplish in such districts with 670 copies? There have been as high as 750 copies per member of some books struck off.”

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“How many departments come under your charge, Mr. Buxton?”

“Well, sir, I appoint the Pages, the Doorkeepers, the clerks of the Document-room, and the hands in the Folding-Room.”

“Your's must be the best position here, is it not so?”

“Oh, no! I think the best office is Sergeant-at-Arms of the House. He has the appointing of more than half of the police, and the amount of money which passes through his hands to pay witnesses, members, etc., makes the place quite lucrative. There was some excitement about the amount of his fees during the last Congress. Instead of giving him 10 cents a mile as formerly, he was restricted to the necessary expenses. In my judgment, the change was in the interest of the Sergeant-at-Arms; for, in the South, 10 cents a mile will not pay messenger's expenses, whereas now the Sergeant-at-Arms can make a contract with a man to go to New Orleans or Texas, and that must be settled for under the definition of expenses.”

There is scarcely one of these utility departments under the Government which does not merit curious inquiry and yield instruction. Very often a document which has been exhausted, and the type distributed, must be entirely reset to serve some subsequent purpose. The Commissioner of the late Census found himself under the necessity of using about 200 printed copies of the Census of 1860. He applied to Mr. Buxton for them, and said it was absolutely necessary that they should be had. The Chief Doorkeeper

found that he was keeping for dead or deported members a sufficient excess of all the volumes of the Census to give the Commissioner 250 full sets. At the same time, so jealous are Congressmen of their property in public documents that frequently, when there are thousands of books lying in the vaults, not a single copy can be spared to satisfy a new member, all being accredited to members of former Congresses, who have left these books on free storage and design to recover them. Mr. Elihu Washburne, for example, has 40 boxes of the more valuable class of public documents now under the Capitol. They are safe from fire, and they cost nothing to take care of them in this vast depository.

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“A member often comes to me who wants some book,” said Mr. Buxton, “and I tell him none are to be had of that kind, and then he goes down into the vaults and sees thousands of the same book lying around, and thinks me very disobliging. I am merely keeping the quorum for absent people.”

Said I, “Mr. Buxton, when one man receives 650 copies of a single book, does it not strike you that the franking privilege is an imposition?”

“Why, my dear sir, the abolition of the franking privilege will do no good, as long as you print so much. The Government's contracts with the railroads cover an indefinite amount, and the matter of transportation is nothing after you have struck off so many volumes. If there is any error in the business, it is in printing so much. But the railroads can charge no more for carrying one thousand tons than for twenty tons. At the close of the last Congress, we sent down to the Baltimore and Ohio depot several thousand bags of books, and choked up the mail cars and baggage cars. The railroad officials cried out against it, and said they wouldn't carry off so much mere freight, disguised as mail matter. Said we: ‘Yes you must. Your contract calls for you to take away just what we send. We want these books off our hands, and want the space here for other work;’ and they had to take them as fast as we sent them, although it added very much to the length of their daily trains. Some of the books published here really make enormous piles. Look at the Ku-Klux

Report. There you have thirteen volumes bound in black cloth, and filling nearly as much space as Appleton's Cyclopædia. When we begin to bag up those books and send them off under the members' franks, it is a lively scene around the depot, down there."

"Mr. Buxton, I observe that each member of Congress has a box with his name printed upon it. Do those boxes go as mail matter?"

"No, sir; those' boxes have to go as express-matter, and be paid for; but, then, a majority of the members of Congress have express-passes presented to them, which covers everything 512 in the Lord's name which they choose to send home. A Congressman is deadheaded on telegraph wires, freight cars, and in passenger cars. He very seldom pays gas-bills or taxes. Those boxes are used by many of the members as being more secure and more easily handled than a trunk. Each member has three boxes. As they are strongly made and provided with a powerful lock, they cost about five dollars a piece. Two of these boxes are designed to carry documents, and the third is intended to transport flower-pots, plants, shrubs, boquets, &c., from the Congressional Public Gardens."

It was at such perquisites as the above that the repeal of the franking privilege was directed.

But let us go further and call your attention to a form of extravagance which approaches in audacity, as well as voracity, the river and harbor grabs.

This may be called the abuse of national house-building, which is now reduced to a science here, and is provided with all the modern conveniences and encouragements of a special bureau.

When a new Congressman comes to be chosen, the people are apt to crowd about him and say:

Library of Congress

“Mr. Snipps, we want an improvement down in Tippecanoe. We haven't had a new house put up these twenty years. A poor house is very badly needed, but as the United States Government won't build that for us, we should like to have a custom house, post-office, mint, assay office, marine hospital, or quarantine. Your colleague, Jobbs, over in the Bumblebee District, got seven custom houses for his people last year. One of them at Pokeville cost half a million, though they only asked forty thousand dollars to begin with, and now they are holding a revival meeting in it alternate nights with a euchre club. Such an idea would be a great moral improvement for Tippecanoe.”

Congressman Snipps, who is a new-comer to Washington, feels resolved to do all he can for the people of Tippecanoe; for the Congressman, like many great philosophers, supposes that 513 if you can get several millions of money from somewhere else to build what you don't want, the value of our Republican institutions will increase in proportion. Some half dozen other towns in Snipps' district would also like improvements at the national expense, and Snipps, as he approaches Washington, is siezed, perhaps, with some forebodings of the difficulty of getting any appropriation at all.

But Snipps' fears are without foundation. In the United States Treasury he will find a most accommodating gentleman, by the name of Mullett, whose special business it is to facilitate bashful members in the art of house-building.

Mr. Mullett goes by the title of Supervising Architect of the Treasury. He is a slender, wiry, anxious-looking gentleman, a professional architect, and possessed with a vaster ambition and a vaster field than Michel Angelo. Inigo Jones, his great prototype, was no more than a mound-builder to him, for Mr. Mullett is the absolute architectural controller of more than two hundred buildings, costing from $25,000 to nearly $7,000,000 apiece, and when Snipps approaches him to make some faint application for counsel and suggestion, Mr. Mullett explains his prerogatives in the language of his yearly report:

“As the duties of this office are not generally understood, I have thought it desirable, Mr. Snipps, to give the following brief synopsis of them: They now embrace the purchase, sale and supervision of all real estate belonging to, or under the custody of the Treasury Department, excepting lighthouse property. The preparation of designs, estimates, and specifications for buildings; the supervision of their construction; the repairs and improvement, the furnishing, lighting, and heating of those already completed; and the construction and supply of all vaults and safes used by the Department.”

Mr. Mullett's office is magnificently emblazoned with cartoons of innumerable structures which he supervises, and in the adjacent rooms two score of draughtsmen are designing, planning, and improving for the benefit of such rural constituents as those of Snipps. Snipps sees all through it in a minute. 33 514 He sees that he is asking for nothing out of the way. He perceives that everybody, in fact, has asked before him. Taking one wide, wild survey of the magnificent pagodas, temples, arcades, mausoleums, palaces, and coliseums, around him, he cries:

“I see! You are—”

“I am!”

“Mullett?”

“Tis he!”

As they are in the act of embracing, perhaps, the spacious doors of the grand chamber swing wide, and the Congressman of many terms, Redeyefer, of the Bucks District, steps in with a business stride.

“I want a house or two put up in my destreek,” he says, “the people of Fodderton lost the only available barn in place, for temperance meetings, and now they want me to get them something on the toploftical order. Grub City wantS a Custom House, as the Collector

there says he could see a sail once or twice a quarter, if he had a high house to climb onto. Goodyear would like a quarantine, as the people are well down with the fevernager, and they think that something of a Post-Office, on the Gothic or Assyrian, might encourage the onhappy youth there to learn how to read and write. As for cipherin, they're the best constituency in the world."

A deputy architect takes both gentlemen through the spacious gallery of art. Mr. Redeyefer looks over the illuminated architectures, like Mr. Legree buying a darkey in the market. Mr. Snipps, newer, resembles a rural gentleman selecting the kind of photograph he might like.

Says Mr. Redeyefer:

"What kind o' thing is the Vatican? One of my constituents hez a daughter who has been all over Europe, France, and other countries, and she says the Vatican flattens 'em all out. It would be a kind of delicate compliment to her, you see,—and her father votes our ticket straight every time!—to build the Vatican in Grub City."

"The preacher in Tippecanoe," adds Mr. Snipps, "says that Solomon's Temple is the properest form of idee for our Post-Office. That, or the Sphinx."

"Oh! sho!" exclaims Redeyefer, "that air Sphinx was on the Asiatic order of arshytecter—a sort of Corinthian, you know! What you want is an edifice more abstruse for a Post-Office: the Pizanthian or the Mansard!"

Immediately Snipps runs off and consorts with him twenty other Congressmen more desperate than himself, all bent upon having a new house built in some close-voting section of the district. Or, perhaps, some one influential constituent has a corner lot which he has saved up in the heart of his town, to the detriment of its growth, paying taxes with dogged avarice, in anticipation of selling the same to the Government for a costly edifice

which shall improve the real estate lying round about it. These twenty Congressmen resolve to join in with any clique, ring, tariff, or river-and-harbor set, which will exchange votes with them, and the obliging Architect of the Treasury, proud of his art and the exercise of it, has no mind to discourage anybody who wants a fine edifice set up with these words beautifully engraved over the portal: “ A. B. Mullet, Architect. ”

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CHAPTER XXXII. A TILT AT SOME OF THE GREAT AND LITTLE GOBLINS.

I have neglected to sketch a familiar character around Washington who has of late kept his head under cover, by whom I mean “The Striker,” the man who hears of a claim, grant, or bill of value, about to pass Congress, and who opposes it in order to be bought up.

Let me take, as a familiar case, the passage of the appropriation of seven millions of dollars to buy Alaska, pursuant to treaty. There was some opposition to the bill because Mr. Seward, who asked for the money, as Secretary of State, was not on good terms with his party at the time; therefore the Russian Government employed Robert T. Walker and Frederick P. Stanton, Attorneys-at-Law, to move in the interests of the appropriation.

It is a commentary upon what sort of a whispering gallery Washington is, that no sooner had Walker been retained than some eavesdropper found it out. Mr. Stanton says that in July of last year, while the appropriation was pending, a person named Painter came up to him and said that to his (Painter's) knowledge Mr. Walker had received a large amount of money to secure the passage of this appropriation.

“Now,” said Painter, “I have some friends in Congress—not to mention my two newspapers, both daily—who are opposed to this appropriation. But if Mr. Walker will retain me, I will be able to influence them to vote for it. What are your terms with Mr. Walker?”

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“Quite intimate!” said Stanton.

“Then I wish you would see him, and ask him to employ me!”

Mr. Stanton says that he had a wholesome knowledge of the power of certain newspaper folks to mar anything, and he, therefore, in the interests of his clients, saw Walker at once. Mr. Walker replied in strong terms that he would bribe, purchase, or conciliate no man, and this answer, softened and emasculated, Stanton returned to Painter. The latter was not appeased, and he again sent to Mr. Stanton a person named Latham, and Mr. Stanton, anxious to keep the peace, so fully satisfied Latham that there was no money in the case except a lawyer's fee, that Latham professed to be convinced. The appropriation was finally passed by the House, General Banks being its champion. Soon after the adjournment of Congress, Painter came again to Stanton and said:

“Have you heard that Robert J. Walker was robbed night before last in New York?”

“Yes.”

“Well, I know all about it. He had his pocket filled with five thousand dollar notes, and was on his way to the Fifth Avenue Hotel to divide them amongst the members who voted for the appropriation.”

“I do not believe anything of this,” said Mr. Stanton. You are mistaken about it, Painter. No money has been paid for anybody's vote.”

“I know all about it,” said Painter;” the money was passed through Rigg's bank, in denominations of five thousand dollars, and I am going to have an Investigating Committee called to look into it. I must be let in or I'll bust it!”

This, stated with positiveness, alarmed Stanton, who believed that there must be some conspiracy or underplotting that he had not been informed of. The papers were already

filled with allegations and inuendoes on this matter, and Mr. Stanton, feeling that his character might be called into question, hastened to speak to Mr. Walker again. Walker was also mystified 518 and alarmed, and he exclaimed that “Before God, he knew nothing of any such bribery of members of Congress!”

The newspaper charges continuing, the threats of an investigation being multiplied, and Latham still coming round with “feelers,” Mr. Stanton at last brought himself, unwillingly, down to a conviction that he had met a cardinal case of personal baseness, and that all these charges and publications were parts of an original scheme to extort money from himself and Robert J. Walker. Therefore, when he again met Painter, some days afterward, he said:

“Well, Mr. Painter, did you defeat the Russian appropriation, as you threatened, sir?”

“No,” said Painter, “but I was lied to about the money. Instead of there being merely a lawyer's fee in the case, there was a big pile distributed, and I'm going to get even with the people who lied to me. I shall have an Investigating Committee on it.”

“I assure you, Mr. Painter,” said Stanton, “that your motives are understood, and whatever be the issue of these attacks you have made upon our characters, yours will be revealed to the public to your sorrow.”

Then Latham came round again with a “feeler,” and so did others, saying that Painter regarded his conversations with Mr. Stanton as private interviews, and if Stanton exposed him he would “break him up.” The Alaska Investigation Committee was meantime formed, and it was too late for the authors of it to escape the falling of their own trap. Mr. Stanton says that he suspected from the manner of putting questions, and ruling out evidence, that there was a mysterious somebody to be shielded, if possible. When he had testified, *Nemesis* was swift to send his evidence round the country, and as promptly came Mr. Painter's denial either that there was a word of truth in what; had been testified, or that any such testimony had been given. Mr. Stanton in the interests of the public conscience,

prepared at once to confirm and reiterate his testimony, resolved to test the limit of mendacity in controlling 519 the press and a committee of Congress. Immediately Latham turned up, begging Mr. Stanton to be quiet; for, said Latham,

“Painter has not denied a word of your testimony. He admitted to me that it was all true, and cried over his predicament.”

Nevertheless, Mr. Stanton wrote out some questions, which he wished the committee to put to Latham, to settle the issue of veracity. When Mr. Stanton went to enter the room of this committee he found Painter blocking up the door. The latter took Mr. Stanton aside and said:

“I never denied the statements you made, Mr. Stanton. It is my enemies who have circulated these despatches, making the denial to prejudice me with you.”

He began to blubber, and Stanton was so touched that he was on the point of withdrawing the paper he had brought.

Judge of Mr. Stanton's indignation when, the same afternoon, he saw the original despatches; deadheaded in Painter's number, which had been sent to New York papers over the Western Union wires.

Mr. Stanton then gave up that he had come to an extraordinary condition of man!

I asked Mr. Stanton if he had been molested since by anybody in Painter's interest. He said that he had observed Mr. Congressman John Covode, to have ceased to speak to him, (Stanton,) and that he had received intimations from several members, and at least two Senators, saying that they would regard it as a personal favor if he (Stanton) would, withdraw his testimony before the committee, so as to give the committee a chance to report without using Mr. Painter's name.

This is Mr. Stanton's statement as I have noted it down, excepting and adding nothing. It is undoubtedly a just statement. It shows that all this expense and scandal about Alaska, which will probably cost the government five or six thousand dollars to pay the committee and Sergeant-at-Arms and print the report, was contrived by one person to get a hand in a supposed job!

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The following verses illustrate the above kind of character:

THE STRIKER.

Slouched, and surly, and sallow-faced, With a look as if something were sore misplaced, The young man Striker was seen to stride Up the Capital stairs at high noontide, And as though at the head of a viewless mob— Who could look in his eye and mistrust it?— He quoth: “They must let me into that job, Or I'll bust it!”

What it was that troubled him so How shall we innocent visitors know? Perhaps a scheme of subsidy great, Or perhaps a mightier project of state; A plot, perhaps, some widow to rob— Whatever, whoever discussed it, Unless Mr. Striker was “let in the job,” He would “bust it.”

Wonderful youth! such power to keep In a land where Justice ne'er is asleep; To stagger the councils of state with fear, Or stop the growth of a hemisphere; The time-piece of law to crush in the fob, Or by violence re-adjust it, And, lest he be “let” into this or that job, He can “bust it.”

Striker! in thee no species rare We see ascending the Capitol stair. All the ages and States of eld Some similar hound or highwayman held; Some Herod, who 'ere Heaven's babe might throb, In the cradle would strangle or thrust it, And, unless he were “let in” the holiest “job,” He would “bust it.”

Another plan of strikers, eavesdroppers, and people reckless and mean in the enjoyment of power, is to start investigations, in order to compel revelations useful to themselves. The worst instance of this was the seizure of telegrams at the close of the Impeachment trial.

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To imagine a genuine case of happiness, as a telegraph operator relates it, you must see General Butler let loose upon several barrels of telegrams. He is all activity. He has blank subpœnas, and sends for folks by the wholesale. Being himself familiar with speculations, his inquisitiveness is whetted to the sharpest edge. He penetrates all their aliases. Coming to the following despatch he feels that he has struck a live mystery:

“Pete, sell! Go one straight! Raw egg! Charge to my account. Ditto this end. (Signed) Looney.”

“Now,” says General Butler, “answer me, why do you sign yourself ‘Looney?’”

“I don't sign myself ‘Looney’”

“Ha! Sirrah! Look there!” says the General. “Spell that! What is it? Quick!”

“Why,” says the man, “that ain't Looney; it's J. W. Ney.”

“Silence!” says General Butler,” I know you, sirrah! I know you!”

After considerable ciphering, the General proceeds:

“Now, Looney, who is Pete?”

“Pete Hurley, my pardner! All that is said here is: ‘Pete Hurley, sell out my account and take a drink,’ just as I am doing at this end.”

“But what is this about raw eggs? Why eggs? Answer on your oath, why eggs?”

“Eggs and sherry!” says Looney promptly. I wonder you don't keep 'em here!”

Stand by.

“Sergeant-at-Arms,” says the General, “answer, Looney, on your. oath! Where did you get the margin to put up, and how much did you buy?”

The General then, by successive references to the Sergeant-at-Arms and stern interlocutions, gets to the bottom of this incendiary matter, which Looney only wished to conceal 522 because his transactions had been so ridiculous that he was ashamed of them.

And the telegraphy in oar day is trusted and sacred as the mails, bearing its private burden of grief, sudden poverty, the shame of one's daughter, the folly of one's wife, has been for nearly two weeks in the custody of a man with boundless inquisitiveness and fearful memory.

What is the defence of the General, when twitted with this:

“The English Government,” he said, “seized even the mails at the time of the Chartist riots.”

Perhaps so! but that was the desperate device of a Tory ministry, to retard the suffrage, and this was an inquest to remove a President who stands in the way of universal suffrage. Altogether his Impeachment trial has Shown surprising morals in New York and Washington—a President's drunken speeches, a guano job, a whiskey ring, wholesale seizure of telegrams, copious use of spies, and the manners of General Butler.

The abuse of special legislation is as true of Congress as of the State Legislatures. In the latter the hawking of charters passed to sell is a well-known practice, particularly in Pennsylvania.

I was told, in one of the greatest railway offices of this country, that the Stanhope charter, so called, which was obtained from the New Jersey Legislature by the piecemeal solicitation of small turnpike and milling licenses, had been peddled all over the country amongst railway capitalists to find a buyer. The persons who conceived it and carried it out expected to get a large price for it, just as did the Washington lobbyists who obtained the Baltimore and Potomac charter from Maryland.

“Why did not your Company buy the Stanhope charter?” said I to the railway's Vice-President.

“Because our counsellor told us that it would be decided illegal, in intent, in the Jersey tribunals, and we would buy 523 lawsuit with it. No! we have learned by sore chastisement to operate upon the Legislatures in our own way, and they can't cook up charters to sell us.”

The States of New York, Pennsylvania, New Jersey, Maryland, Virginia, and of the South generally, have Legislatures which are the silent partners of a few—sometimes only one—railroad man. He treats the members as partly privileged creatures, and pays them with a free ride. They are hardly allowed the freedom of his acqaintance, except now and then in his Director's car, and at such times, generally, to hear long-winded harangues about the comprehensive plans of his railroad system. Mere dogs and Dives, and the cheapest mendicants at the great man's crossings, they now and then submit conspiringly to his rival's propositions, or, in extremities, contrive a scheme of their own to peddle with. No railway corporation can be honest and direct with Legislatures so servile or so corrupt, and hence such charters as the Crédit Mobilier, the Stanhope, and various others are passed to sell, and bought of political speculators on the street. Neither do the great Railway Kings want to have free railroad laws, but prefer to possess Legislatures or buy their privileges under anonymous names in the public shambles.

Such Legislatures elect nearly all the United States Senators in the East and Coastwise States. And hence the Senate is rapidly growing to be a sort of General Ticket Agents' Convention,—to hold the seats for six years. What are the prospects of good and genuine government if these things be admitted?

No man for his heft ever had the faith of small families as fully as Mr. Colfax. Yet he testified to having owned this kind of stock while in Congress:

Seven-thirty bonds, $5,000

One share New York *Tribune,* $6,000

Lake Superior Iron Company stock, $5,000

Western Rolling Mill stock, $5,000

Receipts at the door for a railway lecture, $12,000

Adams Express stock, $5,000

Alton and Terre Haute Railroad bonds, $5,000

Credit Mobilier stock (*denied*), —?

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Such were the proceeds of the pocket-book of one of the most virtuous members of Congress in his day. A thousand readers may cry out, “What was to hinder him from holding such stock?” But there will be a sigh and a reply from hundreds of cottages where the cotter's family believed that young Colfax never carried anything more worldly than some Sunday-school tickets and his necessary expenses.

Congress, like a pack of gamester's cards, is stocked. It is full of stock, good, bad, and indifferent. The pockets of the most promising are filled with coupons, free express tickets, and an installment of the wages of Protection.

A part of the remedy for railway corruptions in the East is a general law on the railroad subject, such as Ohio possesses, by which the little and the big road will have equal legal protection and encouragement, and the Legislature be put out of the temptation of lobbyists.

In the West the railway system is complicated with the land question, and the subject of excessive local taxation. The Hen. Sidney Clarke described to me, recently, the condition of Kansas, plastered three deep with county obligations to railways, and yet the State Legislature is a passive instrumentality in the hands of two or three Railway Kings. At the same time, the farmer's corn is 15 cents a bushel, and large cities are languishing by reason of over-stimulation under railway influences.

Kansas appears to have been the corrupt offspring of belligerent Freedom, debauched, like the daughter of Gustavus Adolphus, while all the soldiery of Protestantism were away fighting out her cause.

The first ensnarer of this young State is said to have been Tom. Carney, a trader and shaver who became Governor, and got the maggot of the Senate on the brain, soon after the rise of the war. This is the same man who took $15,000 from Cadwell for getting off the track in 1873. Although beaten in politics, he is successful in business, and has become a wholesale grocer in St. Louis.

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Mr. Pomeroy was also a wholesale grocer in the important article of bonds,—not to mention vocal praise. He fell into the practice of all Kansas Senators, of being possessed in fee simple by somebody else. Gaylord owned Pomeroy, just as Leon Smith possessed

a good deal of Caldwell, and Jim Legate of Carney. Mr. Legate attempted to sell Mr. Pomeroy's vote for $100,000 in the Impeachment trial; and Mr. Gaylord, his brother-in-law, is a new York metropolitan at present, with a clear million. Pomeroy lives at Atchison, nominally, where he has a large farm, over which roam herds of Angola goats, trained to utter, religious sounds, and further stupefy and seduce men of prayer in Kansas. These goats utter a cry which is said to sound wonderfully like the word “Amen,” and many of them do continually cry the same whenever Mr. Pomeroy is known to be at home, so as to convey an impression of his orthodoxy. He lives, however, in fact and intention, at Washington City, with alternations of Massachusetts. He married for his third consort a very agreeable and spirited Massachusetts lady, of gracious fortune in her own right, who is well thought of at the Federal Capital by all sorts of people.

In bearing, worldly tone, and understanding, Pomeroy is the superior of anybody we have seen here from Kansas. To look upon, he is baldish, large, cheerful-faced, and looks like the proprietor of a large hotel who was fond of having a clergyman for a guest. His most statesman-like motion is the picking of his teeth and the writing of his autograph. He bears no malice, is always gladdened to have an opponent make it up and be neighborly, and deprecates agitation, journalism, charity outside the party, and all other such dangerous precedents. He holds it to be a more beautiful act of one's life to kick a Democrat out of his seat than to expose a party associate who has stolen into it. In like manner, he would hold the door to prevent scandalous witnesses looking in upon a good man temporarily in temptation, and, if necessary to compose the good man temporarily, would have the door held upon himself. In short, a well-regulated, bodily-enjoying, morally-squint-eyed man is 526 Pomeroy, without indignations, talents or anything more than a business love of money. He holds that whatever is is right. He went to Kansas when all the youth and fortitude there were alert to compete with armed slavery, and the weapon which he grasped was a bag of beans. The wind naturally resident in the bean—as too many inventors know who have sought to extract it—took Pomeroy into politics. He came in, and went out on his belly. With him retires the nearest approach to Falstaff, who has been

in the Senate since Humphrey Marshall or John M. Clayton. They possessed none of Falstaff's dishonesty, and Pomeroy none of his wit; but there was a veritable humor in the latter's utter want of moral nature, and easy assumption of it. Like Falstaff, he was once a general, and Phillips' letters on Kansas show him parading around in this title.

In Massachusetts, Pomeroy had been a member of the Legislature; this fact, the generalship, and the beans put him into the Senate in the same combination with that great Border Ruffian of the North, Jim Lane of Kansas. His first term, like the second, was distinguished by that close attention to committee-business, and postmasterships, and perfect indifference to individual expression and national influence, which seem to be the surest roads to re-election now-a-days. In 1867 he beat Carney and A. L. Lee—the latter a general, subsequently, in Banks' army. The only acts recorded of him in twelve years, according to McPherson's political histories of the Rebellion and Reconstruction, have been: February 1, 1865, to substitute the word “condition” of rebellion for “state” of rebellion; in January, 1865, to admit the Senators and Members from Arkansas—a moral off-shoot of Kansas in Republican politics; and April 19, 1870, to make Georgia “the Third Military District,” and so prepare it for an election in the following November.

This is his record, except that he voted “right” and steadily with his party on every question, from Stultification to Santo Domingo. I do not believe that he would have ever sold his 527 vote on the Impeachment trial; he was too good a party man and too arrant a coward. Inside that party line, where meanness could creep and be covered, he was like a jackal, preying under the cover of darkness. But the spirit of a martyr to the faintest degree, he never possessed. He lost twenty-six pounds avoirdupois in two days, when the Legislature of Kansas passed articles against him for bribery; and, when he arose to talk in the Senate, the other day, it was like Falstaff after the Prince had cut him: “His nose was sharp as a pen, and 'a babler of the green fields, and 'a could never abide carnation; 'twas a color he never liked.”

Caldwell came up to the Senate by the good, broad, shameless road which Carney and Pomeroy had made. They had walked the pave until any timorous nymph could venture to face it; the first step is half the journey, but twelve years of Pomeroy might have made all Kansas Caldwellian.

The present accession “on the town” was gristly, little, and with no naturally immoral constitution. Nature did not contribute to his longevity those burly hips and shoulders, that back of the neck, and perfect flatness of foot, which she gives to her legitimate jobber in politics. He was scrawny, and the color of his hair was like the leaves of the nubbin-pine in winter,—brittle and undecidedly red. It might have been seen with half an eye that Caldwell would slip up in politics, being too vulgar and direct at it. He kept no amen goats, exuded no oil on the soft evening before the Sabbath-day, and looked out of place with a bandana handkerchief. He was, in truth, a wandering express clerk from Pennsylvania, who appeared in Kansas just prior to the war, and settled in Leavenworth City. Having some aid from the East—variously stated by himself to be derived from Cameron and Scott—he picked up money in speculation, and, in company with an uneducated but adroit team-contractor named Leonard Smith, he shared in the profits of the overland trade, from Fort Leavenworth to the Plains, being first book-keeper, and ultimately General Superintendent of the Overland Freight Company. They are so given to slanders 528 in Kansas politics, that there is no reliance to be placed upon the charge that he undid his employers by peeping at their proposals, nor that he claimed to be a cousin of Simon Cameron, nor that he said Tom. Scott would back him for the Senate to any amount. The business of freighting to the amount of two millions per annum gave Mr. Caldwell “claims” on the Quartermaster's Department, of course. Nobody ever worked for the Government who was not entitled to “relief.” Some years subsequently, these claims, and the decline in Leavenworth real estate, some experience which he had in getting possession of the Delaware diminished reserve lands in 1866 (price $2.50 per acre), and interests in a couple of railways, started Caldwell upon the race for the Senate. He proclaimed his intentions in the autumn of 1870. In two months he “fixed” the Legislature

by taking the advice of Leon Smith, going boldly into the market for votes, and startling public impulsiveness in Kansas by stating that the pecuniary resources “behind him” were illimitable. The average man out there is said to run for the Legislature from his youth up, and it was fashionable to sell one's vote when successful, in order to show a peaceful and accommodating mood, and keep real estate steady.

Mr. Caldwell paid away, as has been shown by the testimony and by the blank-books, $88,091 *which have been discovered.* He made his campaign in just three months, bought the bosom-friends of Mr. Sidney Clarke, bought High, Low, Jack, and the Game, and was elected at the dropping of the hat.

He was not a natural politician. He was menaced by all the other defeated candidates to whom he would not make contributions in an eleemosynary way. Moreover, his Leavenworth property declined. Crédit Mobilier came in *malapropos* and aroused the country. He found Carney and all the set poking his checks at him. And, in the hurly-burly, despite the earnest intercessions of “pal” Harlan, the great forerunner and progenitor of Caldwell, Mr. Pomeroy was ostracised by the Legislature on the paltry showing of $7,000 cash in hand. For this small and perfectly innocent consideration, Mr. Pomeroy was deserted even in Kansas.

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Thus was the winter of the discontent Made red-hot summer by this sum of York

(shillings understood.) Mr. Harlan and myself do not believe this story. We quote the hymn to ourselves, beginning:

Bribes, idle bribes, we know not what they mean: Bribes, from the depth of some divine despair Rise in the heart and gather to the eyes, In looking on the happy Kansas fields, And thinking of the beans that are no more.

Harlan, an Ex-Senator says thus, in the Daily paper, which he publishes:

“It is about time for the opposition press to discover that the people are heartily sick of this cry about the corruption of those members who were inveigled into the purchase of Crédit Mobilier stock. The amount they received was too ridiculously small for such a noise.”

This is the first time we ever heard of the young lady's apology for her foundling applied in State questions:

“Please, sir, it's such a little one!”

For otherwise is the treatment of people who impose upon the public credit, and the credulity of mankind in other countries. General Fremont never received any indictment hero for using the name of the United States to sell bonds in Paris, but the particulars of the sentence at Paris of Fremont and those interested with him in the negotiation of Memphis and El Paso, have been brought by late European mails. The opinion of the Court is described as having been clear, compact, and well-written. One of the points taken as clearly proved was, that out of the 20,600,000 francs which had been subscribed to the spurious bonds, 18,59.9,000 francs had been distributed among the promoters of the scheme as commissions, and paid out for bringing the bonds into public notice. The sentences passed were as follows: Gen. Fremont, Probst, and Auffermann to five years' imprisonment and 3,000 francs fine; Crampon to four years years' imprisonment and 3,000 francs fine; Gaudree-Boileau to three years' imprisonment; Lissignol 34 530 to two years' imprisonment and 3,000 francs fine; Poupinel to one years' imprisonment and 3,000 francs fine. Fremont, Probst, and Auffermann were not present, and were declared fugitives from justice. The confiscation of 50,000 francs bail for Probst was ordered, as well as the guarantees given by the others accused, and all the prisoners were condemned to pay damages to the plaintiffs in the civil suit, and the costs of suit. The only case for which there is any sympathy in Paris was that of the Baron Gaudree-Boileau, Fremont's brother-in-law, and this because he had returned the proceeds of the sale of his share of bonds, and claimed that they were given to him by Fremont, in settlement of old family claims. The Baron Gaudree-Boileau was formerly Consul-General at New York, subsequently

Ambassador and Minister Plenipotentiary of France at Peru, and a man of high position and general respect.

Another class of frauds is the sale of lands voted by Congress for Agricultural Colleges to rings of politicians.

A gentleman who had Arkansas State scrip to sell, came to see me one day, and asked why it was that the Land Department refused to arrange for the delivery of cash on Agricultural College scrip, until a certain man in Cleveland, Ohio, (by name George P., or “Pop-corn,” Lewis), had been accepted as the best bidder for the said scrip. If the scrip sells for 96, and the Cleveland man offers but 90, why is it that the facilities for delivery are tightened on the man, unless he goes to Cleveland?

Here we have another Ring, perhaps.

We hear very little of such abuses in the huge annual reports of the Heads of Departments.

At the time of the year when persimmons drop, and sausage appears in the market, the annual reports creep out of the government printing office. We are full of these thick documents, stitched together generally without indices, and brought into the world before their time. Some of them, like the Agricultural Report, are made up of cheap essays, advertised with a plate of a college, and they smell of green beans and dried apples. Others, like the Treasury Report, are the loose 531 presentations of business men, separately interesting, but bound together without agreement or design.

These reports are generally called together sometime before the Secretary writes his essay, each subordinate head of bureau contributing his quotum, and each part is sent in the green leaf to the printer, who hashes it up amongst his compositors, and, after much expenditure in corrections and proofs, it is sent to the Secretary, who reads it, and thus becomes aware of how little he knew before. When the Secretary has read two or

three dozen of these reports, he becomes a formidable man to meet on the street, for he forthwith tackles everybody on the subject-matter of them, and, if you will watch him carefully, you will see that he is merely practising what he has got by rote, upon you, to see whether you can suggest anything. He talks all round the universe in this way, until he is satisfied that he has found some convictions. With these convictions he proceeds to bully everybody, and, by passing his report to and from the printers several times, it is finally licked into a sort of literary shape. By the gospel of finance thus revealed to its apostle, the convictions of a great party are defined. Every time the Secretary writes a report, he feels more learned, and consequently more dogged. In course of time, he grows to affect a supreme contempt for criticism, although he himself criticizes foreign nations, Adam Smith, and Amass Walker. The larger number of our administrative statesmen are of this pattern—politicians who have come up through the surface on a party trap, and, by rising to dizzy heights of conspicuousness, are suddenly precipitated on all fours into administration.

The provincialism of our Congress has been referred to, in a former chapter,—its disregard of the nation in its rapacity to get local privileges. As I have referred to the public men of Kansas, I may also say something of a still more remote and provincial class of public men at Washington, “the sun-downers.”

The politics and politicians of the Pacific coast are below the grade of their occasion. There is no man of them who 532 has mind enough to propel a dummy engine up the smallest grade of the Pacific Railway. The universal opinion of Californians, that I have seen, is conclusive upon this point. None of them are equal to the question of Asiatic labor, nor to any similar question which is now prominent in the minds of the capitalists and merchants of California.

Senator Cole was a courtly, cautious man, of wealth and ambition, and in the Lower House he would make an industrious factor for his constituents. He is honest, modest, and self-respecting. Nature made him well, but somewhat between the period when

she cast her large guns. He is a well-built man, of the medium height, carefully dressed, with black eyes, hair, and beard. His home and family are models for those of other legislators. Emergency might make a strong character of him, but whatever vigorous traits he possesses, are subordinated to vigilant self-restraint, and, indeed, one is often unaware that he sits in the Senate at all for months at a time. He is of New York extraction, and of Irish and English mixture. He went to California at twenty-seven years of age, worked awhile in the mines, and was sent to Congress for his good habits as an offset to McDougall, the gifted drunkard, whom he succeeded.

Casserly, Cole's colleague, is a great improvement on the grain, manners, and acquirements of Conness, whom he succeeds. Yet he is not up to the demands of a State like California, and in the publicizing of him a good schoolmaster seems to have been spoiled.

He is so rich as to be called very rich. I am told that the wealthiest individual in California is not worth above ten millions. The leading men of California are mainly either original or secondary emigrants from New York State,—sharp business people, dashing salesmen, good shipping clerks, but in public life managers rather than salesmen cast; in the mould of Seward, Seymour, Van Buren, and Fenton. Collectively, they make a strong crowd, but when you ask them to produce individuals with minds and spectacles that look beyond the 533 horizon, they are not apt to respond according to the terms. I am not sure that California has ever produced a single man of positive political eminence. Broderick is held in less repute by those who know him in California than we have believed. I have been making inquiries of Californians for a good while as to the height of his intellectual measurement, and they never respond with enthusiasm, though always saying:

“He was a good, warm-hearted fellow, who stuck to his friends. The man that killed him made him famous.”

The Senators from Oregon rank a little above and a little below California in intellectuality. Corbett is scarcely the peer of either Casserly or Cole. He is a reduced copy of Cole in some things, is only 42 years old, and socially is a refined little man who made his money by keeping a store at Portland, Oregon. His birthplace is Massachusetts. His education was meagre. He became a Republican by tradition and conviction early in the struggle, and was sent to the Senate without chicanery. There is no particular reason why Oregon should send any great orator here, “to hear no sound save his own dashing,” and Corbett is a pleasant, trim, chirping little man to come out of the woods, as daintily as if out of a bandbox.

In George H. Williams, now Attorney-General, who lives in Portland, the same town with Corbett, we have a stronger type of man than any we have been considering. He has been Chief Justice of Oregon, and is a lawyer of sound and heavy mind. His birthplace was Columbia County, New York, and he was afterward a Judge in Iowa. He has a tall, stoop-shouldered structure, and a rather muddled, obtuse, lowering look, with a frown and a bushy eyebrow entangled together. When he comes to work, however, you see that he is a solidly-poised, well read, immovable man. But he gives no indications of a new type of man, such as the Pacific slope might be supposed to model. In short Oregon and California are failures, politically. There is no man in Congress who is equal to the inspirations of his coast, its canons and pine trees and cataracts: nor to its destinies, Austria, China, Alaska: nor to its people, 534 that strong vanguard of the new nation who are to spangle the western coast with such maritime cities as Italy established in the fourteenth century.

It is in the sparsely settled little State of Nevada—the seven months' child of State, admitted to the Union before it was grown, and not up to its growth even now—that we find the first sparks of political genius and no scrupulousness. Stewart and Nye are both New Yorkers, born within fifty miles of one another; but Stewart is only forty-two years old and Nye is fifty-four. They live respectively at the neighboring Virginia and Carson cities,

twelve hours by rail from San Francisco. Nye, or Jim Nye, as he likes to call himself, is a strange specimen of what New York politics can do with a poetic nature. He is partly Irish and partly French, in origin, a man of large frame and appetites, a native orator, with a most impressive appearance, hair long, luxuriant, and prematurely whitened, a fat, priest-like face, prominent brows, no beard, large bluish-gray eyes, a large mouth filled with white teeth, and a stoutish, genteel body. He is the best speaker on instantaneous occasion in the United States Senate. He has the quality of imagination, of which that body is almost destitute—Sumner having a little, Nye having all the rest. Dick Yates has a good deal of Nye's readiness, but none of his imagination. Yates and Nye both appeal to the Deity in every apostrophe, and every other sentence is an apostrophe with them. But Yates expires with an invocation; Nye is vivid and fertile in description, full of Irish humor and broad exaggeration, equal to the most exalted buncombe and vivid in his mastery of forensic demagoguery. His cunning and his good nature glide into and conceal each other. The redeeming element of his nature is his early and positive convictions upon the slavery question, which go back to the time of Van Buren and the Free Soilers, twenty years ago. Many a man is dead and buried on the field of battle who heard the young and fiery utterances of Jim Nye in his childhood, and parted links with slavery from that moment. He has probably delivered four or 535 five hundred speeches on this question, and supported his rhetoric with a good deal of physical courage. He is happiest when he leaves human rights, upon questions of sensuous—the beauty of woman, the charms of love, the inviolability of friendship, and those other pleasant platitudes which are always in order, like a cork-screw or a pair of slippers. For a free-and-easy dinner he is the best man in the Senate to invite out. As a politician he is a good outrider and “stumper;” but his vanity is often stronger than his discretion. As an opponent in debate he is sometimes magnanimous, but frequently blistering and bilious, with humor between, like thunderclaps in sun, shine. He said in my presence one day about Sprague, after describing him:

“I can't hit a canary bird like that with a cannon ball.”

And, as I afterward observed, his speech upon Sprague was pleasant and forbearing, and knowing Nye's vigor and shyness of repartee as I did, it raised him in my estimation vastly.

Nye was a boy of the public schools, and he is proud of it.

He was a “stumper” for the Sewardites down to 1860, when he became a Police Commissioner of New York city. In 1861 he came to Washington, before any troops arrived, mustered a little regiment of Congressmen, clerks and so forth, and marched upon the Arsenal. There he found Commander Buchanan, of the navy, filling shells with sawdust and dirt, and he boarded the ship Powhattan and took him off by force. He was sent to Nevada by Mr. Lincoln as Governor; and in 1865 he took his seat in the Senate. The temperament and education of Mr. Nye are responsible for many of his eccentricities. He is the most popular orator on the Pacific coast, and can get a crowd together on a few hours' notice every time he goes to San Francisco. He lacks that sturdy, thoughtful dignity and gravity of character which makes our Saxon orators great—makes Webster rise above his potations, and though drunken, be a drunken Jove; or Fox, returning from the gaming fable ruined, calmly discuss Plutarch and Æschylus. Both Nye and 536 Stewart are reputed to be protectors in the Senate of the Central Pacific as opposed to the Union Pacific Railroad.

Stewart is a tall, angular, Flemish-bearded man, of a shining temperament, practical ambition, and extraordinary industry, and he is a pet of Nye, whom he excels in all amiable qualities except ready genius. He is the son-in-law of the celebrated Henry S. Foote, of Tennessee, formerly of Mississippi, the stormy petrel or rather the senile and chattering blackbird of our legislative history. Foote is living in retirement, and we seldom hear of him now-a-days:

“And in the sultry garden squares, Now his flute notes are changed to coarse, I hear him not at all, or hoarse, As when a hawker hawkes his wares.”

These are some or all of the more conspicuous legislators of the Pacific Coast. “They do not fill the bills.” They are merely sundry people shaken off the fringes of the East. Jones, Nye's successor, proclaimed to the legislature which elected him, that it was no disgrace to have spent and taken money in the election of a Senator.

The Indian business of the country in its worst form, buying goods, making agencies, intriguing for Indian trust funds, land treaties, etc., has been long handled by a Senator from Iowa and one from Kansas, Harlan and Pomeroy. Our Indian policy is now as in the past a mixture of weak humanitarianism and executive bunglary. And it is notorious that the worst politicians, the most rascally and cruel attorneys, and the craftiest type of shopkeepers are those who insist upon the present Indian policy. They wish to deal with the savage as if he were a fool; for in that capacity they can make most use of him and us, instead of arousing him to be a man, and a man he is and that a crazed one when he raises the hatchet.

A rural friend came here the other day and asked me to show him through the Patent-Office. We saw the yellow buckskin breeches of Washington, his tent-poles, and his camp equipage, and then his bolster-cases embroidered by his wife's 537 hand. My aged friend, who had recently lost his wife, watered at the eyes when he saw this last, for, no doubt, he thought of his own old sweetheart, quilting away on the old-fashioned quilting frame the very coverlets which now made him warm of nights, while she was lying out in the cold grave-yard. Those widowers' tears made Washington and his wife rise up before me alive, and I went over the same old museum with as keen an interest for the hundredth as for the first visit. We saw the jewel-hilted swords given to sailors and envoys, long since deceased, but wrested away by the jealous republic; and the narrow-chested coat which wrapped the gaunt body of Jackson on the day of New Orleans, hung within the glass case in helpless appeal. So, through thousands of patent models we kept our way, until at last we reached the land office, and the communicative Commissioner took us into his separate museum.

“Come here Custis!” he said, “I want you to put on Big Bull's holiday suit.”

An attendant stood upon a chair,—a small, modest, smooth-faced man,—and the Commissioner passed up to him out of a box a bundle of gear, made of buffalo's horns, robe, forelocks, and mane, and the man fitted the thing on his head. Immediately he was metamorphosed to a devil, with a row of horns reaching from his ears to his heels, and the thick, bushy hair of the buffalo shook round his chops and heart.

“Meet that figure on the field of torture after the battle is done,” said the Commissioner, “and you would think Satan was waiting right by for your soul. That was the favorite dress of Big Bull, a Cheyenne chief of gigantic size, who died in battle with the Pawnees, putting his hands over his ears and rushing into death, while his wife brained her two infants, and died fighting with him.”

The Commissioner then showed us a gala dress of a brute Sioux brave, made entirely of the cured skin of human scalps, and fringed with the long locks of white females.

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“See here,” he said, “this scalp has an auburn thread running through it; by the light it shows like dark gold. This scalp is flaxen, and is soft as a boy's. These short ones are children's scalps. And here is one with a suggestion of grey—an old woman's maybe.”

My widower friend's eyes were full again, and a resisted “pucker” came to his mouth.

There was the hair that had been the pride of its wearer, when she came to the arms of some strong young pioneer bridegroom, and laid it upon his breast after the labor of the day. Children had played with it, twining it round their fingers, and beneath it had lain the years of housekeeping cares, the dreams of competence and independence, the yearnings of the woman's prayer that the Kingdom of God might come and His peace flow like a river. The grey strands had crept into it like the first grey lights into the sky at evening, and the peace of home and love which passeth all understanding had shone from

the failing eyes beneath those changing tresses. She repined not, because the wealth and beauty of their former times were reproduced in her blooming girls, and then she felt a realization that her years had not been lived and tried in vain, but that, as a frontiersman's wife, she had become one of the pilgrim mothers of a Western race.

Then in one moment, out of the ground arise the painted shapes of darkness; the earth becomes a yell. Stricken at the feet of some savage the bleeding figure lies; bloody hands are twisted in these hairs of grey; the knife describes the circle; the shining glory of the matron's head dangles at the Indian's knee amongst the fringes of his bloody shirt.

Here it is in the Patent Office, making this widower's eyes water as he feels the story, and then the Commissioner says:

“Have you seen Spotted Tail and Swift Bear? They were here this morning, and are a fine-looking set of Chiefs.”

“Yes,” says the widower, still looking at the old woman's scalp, “I heard that they had been here.”

Nothing but a real, vigorous, original administration of the 539 Government by men used to governing, aided by a permanent civil service will reform us. We must also elect a Congress of men who can stand watching. And *apropos* of this, a good list to keep in the family for reference is that which shows the vote upon BACK PAY,—the most insolent act of the worst Congress we have had since the period of emancipation. It is printed here because the names involved will arise before the public as candidates for office during the years in which our volume will be consulted.

That vote was taken on the 3d of March, and is given in the subjoined table; Republicans in Roman, Liberal Republicans in SMALL CAPITALS and Democrats in *italics,* the names of members not then re-elected to the XLIId Congress being preceded by an asterisk. Of the 36 Senators voting Yea, 22 were Republicans, 10 Democrats, and 4

Liberal Republicans; of these, 5 Republicans, 2 Liberal Republicans and 2 Democrats were outgoing members. Twenty Republicans, 5 Democrats, and 2 Liberal Republicans voted No, 2 Republicans being outgoing members. Of the 11 Senators not voting, 7 were Republicans, 5 of them being outgoing members, 2 were Liberal Republicans, and 2 Democrats. In the House 102 members voted for the increase, 96 voted against it, and 42 did not vote at all, being absent or having “paired off.” Of the affirmative vote 56 were Republicans, 44 Democrats, and two Liberal Republicans; the outgoing members being 27 Democrats, 22 Republicans, and two Liberal Republicans. The negative vote was composed of 61 Republicans, 32 Democrats, and three Liberal Republicans; of these 23 Democrats, 32 Republicans, and 3 Liberal Republicans were outgoing members. Of those not voting, 26 were Democrats, 15 Republicans, and 1 Liberal Republican; 14 Democrats, 10 Republicans, and 1 Liberal Republican being outgoing members.

YEAS, (OR THOSE WHO VOTED THEMSELVES MONEY.)

Alcorn, Miss.

Ames, Miss.

Bayard, Del.

Blair, Mo.

Brownlow, Tenn.

Caldwell, Kan.

Cameron, Penn.

Carpenter, Wis.

Clayton, Ark.

Cooper, Tenn.

Davis, W. Va.

Flanagan, Tex.

Gilbert, Fla.

Goldthwaite, Ala.

Hamilton, Tex.

*Hill, Ga.

Hitchcock, Neb.

Lewis, Va.

Logan, Ill.

Machen, Ky.

Morrill, Me.

Norwood, Ga.

*Nye, Nev.

*Osborn, Fla.

*Pool, N. C.

Ransom, N. C.

* Rice, Ark.

Robertson, S. C.

*Sawyer, S. C.

Spencer, Ala.

Stewart, Nev.

Stockton, Cal.

Tipton, Neb.

* Trumbull, Ill.

Vickers, Md.

West, La.—36.

NAYS, (OR THOSE WHO DID NOT LIKE MONEY OF THAT KIND.)

Anthony, R. I.

Boreman, W. V.

Buckingham, Conn.

Casserly, Cal.

Chandler, Mich.

Conkling, N. Y.

*Corbett, Oregon.

Cragin, N. H.

Edmunds, Vt.

Ferry, Mich.

Frelinghuysen, N. J.

Hamilton, Md.

Hamlin, Me.

Howe, Mich.

Kelley, Oregon.

Morrill, Vt.

*Patterson, N. H.

Pratt, Ind.

Ramsey, Minn.

Saulsbury, Del.

Schurz, Mo.

Scott, Penn.

Sherman, Ohio.

Sprague, R. I.

Thurman, Ohio.

Windom, Minn.

Wright, La.—27.

NOT VOTING.

*Cole, Cal.

Ferry, Conn.

Morton, Ind.

Harlan, Iowa.

*Pomeroy, Kansas.

Stevenson, Ky.

*Ray, La.

Fenton, N. Y.

Johnston, Va.

Sumner, Mass.

*Wilson, Mass.—11.

HOUSE.

YEAS, (OR "THOSE WHO MADE A RAISE,")

Adams, Ky.

Averill, Minn.

* Banks, Mass.

*Bigby, Ga.

*Bingham, Ohio,

*Blair, Mo.

*Boarman, La.

* *Boles,* Ark.

*Buckley, Ala.

*Burdett, Mo.

Butler, Mass.

Butler, Tenn.

* *Caldwell,* Tenn.

* *Carroll,* N. Y.

Cobb, N. C.

*Coghlan, Cal.

* *Conner,* Texas.

* *Critcher,* Va.

Crossland, Ky.

Darrall, La.

*Dickey, Penn.

* *Du Bose,* Ga.

Duell, N. Y.

* *Duke,* Va.

Eldridge, Wis.

Elliott, S. C.

* *Foster,* Penn.

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Garfield, Ohio.

* *Garrett,* Tenn.

* *Getz,* Penn.

Giddings, Tex.

* *Golladay,* Tenn.

* *Griffith,* Penn.

Hancock, Tex.

* *Hanks,* Ark.

Harmer, Penn.

* *Harper,* N. C.

*Harris, Miss.

Hays, Ala.

Hazelton, N. J.

Herndon, Tex.

Houghton, Cal.

Kendall, Nev.

* *King,* Mo.

Lamison, Ohio.

Lamport, N. Y.

Lansing, N. Y.

Leach, N. C.

Lowe, Kan.

Maynard, Tenn.

McHenry, Ky.

McJunkin, Penn.

McKee, Miss.

* *McKinny,* Ohio.

* *McNeeley,* Ill.

*Meyers, B. F., Penn.

Morey, La.

* Morphis, Miss.

Myers, L. Penn.

Negley, Penn.

* *Niblack,* Fla.

Packard, Ind.

Parker, Mo.

*Peck, Ohio.

*Perce, Miss.

Perry, N. Y.

Platt, Va.

* *Price,* Ga.

* *Prindle,* N. Y.

Rainey, S. C.

Randall, Penn.

* *Rice,* Ky.

Robinson, Ill.

* *Rogers,* N. C.

* *Rogers,* N. Y.

Sargent, Cal.

*Shanks, Ind.

Sheldon, La.

* *Sherwood,* Penn.

Sloss, Ala.

*Snapp, Ill.

Snyder, Ark.

Storm, Penn.

*Stoughton, Mich.

Stewell, Va.

St. John, N. Y.

Sutherland, Mich.

Sypher, La.

*Taffe, Neb.

Thomas, N. C.

* *Townsend,* N. Y.

*Turner, Ala.

* *Tuthill,* N. Y.

*Twitchell, Mass.

* *Voorhees,* Ind.

Waddell, N. C.

Wallace, S. C.

Whiteley, Ga.

Williams, Ind.

Wilson, Ind.

* *Winchester,* Ky.

Young, Ga.—102.

NAYS, (OR THOSE WHO APPREHENDED A FUTURE LIFE.)

*Ambler, Ohio.

Archer, Md.

Arthur, Ky.

Barber, Wis.

* *Barnum,* Conn.

*Beatty, Ohio.

* *Bell,* N. H.

* *Bird,* N. J.

* Blair, Mich.

Bright, Tenn.

Buffinton, Mass.

*Bunnell,

Burchard, Ill.

* *Campbell,* Ohio.

Clarke, Texas.

Coburn, Ind.

Conger, Mich.

Cotton, Iowa.

* *Cox,* N. Y.

* *Crebs,* Ill.

Crocker, Mass.

Davis, W. Va.

Dawes, Mass,

Donnan, Iowa.

* *Dox,* Ala.

Dunnell, Minn.

Eames, R. I.

* *Ely,* N. Y.

* Farnsworth, Ill.

*Finkelnburg, Mo.

Foster, Mich.

Foster, Ohio.

Frye, Me.

* Goodrich, N. Y.

Hale, Me.

*Handley, Ala.

* *Hambleton,* Md.

Harris, Va.

Havens, Mo.

*Hawley, Conn.

Hawley, Ill.

*Hay, Ill.

Hazleton, Wis.

* *Hibbard,* N. H.

*Hill, N. J.

Hoar, Mass.

Holman, Ind.

*Kellogg, Conn.

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* *Kerr,* Ind.

*Ketcham, N. Y.

Killinger, Penn.

* *Lewis,* Ky.

*Lynch, Me.

* *Manson,* Ind.

* *McClelland,* Penn.

* *McCormick,* Mo.

McCrary, Iowa.

*McGrew, W. Va.

* *MacIntyre,* Ga.

Merriam, N. Y.

* *Merrick,* Md.

Monroe, Ohio.

Niblack, Ind.

Orr, Iowa.

*Packer, Penn.

*Palmer, Iowa.

* *Parker,* N. H.

Pendleton, R. I.

Poland, Vt.

Roberts, E. H., N. Y.

Rusk, Wis.

Sawyer, Wis.

Scofield, Penn.

Sessions, N. Y.

*Shellabarger, Ohio.

Shoemaker, Penn.

* *Slater,* Oregon.

* *Slocum,* N. Y.

Smith, N. Y.

Smith, Ohio.

*Smith, Vt.

Speer, Penn.

Sprague, Ohio.

*Starkweather, Ct.

* *Stevens,* Ill.

*Stevenson, Ohio.

*Terry, Va.

Townsend, Penn.

*Upson, Ohio.

*Walden, Iowa.

Waldron, Mich.

* *Warren,* N. Y.

Wells, Mo.

*Wheeler, N. Y.

Willard, Vt.

*Wilson, Ohio.—95.

NOT VOTING, (DODGING.)

* *Acker,* Penn.

*Ames, Mass.

Barry, Miss.

*Beck, Ga.

Beck, Ky.

* *Biggs,* Del.

* *Braxton,* Va.

Brooks, N. Y.

Comingo, Mo.

* *Creeley,* Penn.

* Dodds, O.

*Esty, Mass.

Farwell, Ill.

* *Forker,* N. J.

* *Haldeman,* Penn.

*Halsey, N. J.

Hereford, W. Va.

Hooper, Mass.

Kelley, Penn.

* *Kinsella,* N. Y.

Marshall, Ill.

Mitchell, Wis.

*Moore, Ill.

* *Morgan,* O.

*Peters, Me.

*Porter, Va.

Potter, N. Y.

Read, Ky.

* *Rice,* Ill.

*Ritchie, Md.

Roberts, W. R., N. Y.

* *Roosevelt,* N. Y.

*Seeley, N. Y.

* *Schober,* N. C.

Swann, Md.

Tyner, Ind.

* *Van Trump,* O.

* *Vaughan,* Tenn.

*Wakeman, N. Y.

Whitthorne, Tenn.

Williams, N. Y.

Wood, N. Y.—42.

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CHAPTER XXXIII. A RUNNING HISTORY OF IMPROVEMENTS IN WASHINGTON.

June 15th, 1800, the public offices were opened at Washington, and Congress assembled there for the first time, November 22d. The laws of Virginia and Maryland were extended over the portions ceded by those States, which constituted respectively the counties of Alexandria and Washington, both of which had jurisdiction on the intermediate Potomac river. A court of three judges, with U. S. Circuit Court powers, was provided for, and also an orphan' court.

February 11th, 1800, while a snow storm raged without, and intense partisan activity and bitterness went on within, the House of Representatives proceeded to ballot for the successor of John Adams. One member was carried to the Hall in a litter, and the ballot-box brought to his side. Express-riders were kept in relay from Washington to Richmond, and one Session of Congress continued for thirty-one hours. Jefferson and Burr were both in the city. On the thirty-sixth ballot, February 17th, Jefferson was elected.

Washington was first so called explicitly by the three commissioners—Johnson, Stuart, and Carroll—in a letter addressed to Major L' Enfant, from Georgetown, September 9th, 1791.

Under the first board of commissioners—Johnson, Carroll, and Stuart—who kept in office until 1794, there were sold 6,227 Washington lots, for $541,384. The next board—Scott, 544 Carroll, and Thornton—sold 83 lots for $50,217. The third board—Scott, White, and Thornton—sold 101 lots for $41,081. About $117,000 failed to be collected. In 1802 the board was dissolved, and the office of Superintendent created, and Thomas Monroe appointed. He served until 1817, and sold 238 lots for $51,652. Colonel Samuel Lane succeeded Monroe, and sold 69 lots for $21,128.

The early commissioners held themselves accountable to nobody but the President, and their returns were short $126,000, as late as 1825. Mr. Monroe was also reported derelict, and Lane failed to satisfy a committee of the Eighteenth Congress. The next Superintendent was Joseph Elgan, who had better business habits than his predecessors, and under him both the Capitol and President's house were fully restored. In 1825 there remained unsold 3,406 lots belonging to the United States.

Under the commissioners in the first eleven years of the city, the total expenditures were $900,857, of which $670,000 were gifts and cash receipts. The President's house had then cost $240,000 and the Capitol $330,000. The first Treasury and War Office cost nearly $90,000; and two bridges over Rock Creek, and one over the Tiber, $8,000. Two wharves at Rock Creek, and on the Eastern branch, had cost $11,000. The total expenditure for salaries, maps, office-rent, etc., had been $90,000, on the part of the Commissioners.

By the report of the Commissioners for the city, presented in the early months of Jefferson's administration, we find that soon after the 15th of May, 1801, there were 191

brick houses finished, 408 wooden houses, and altogether 95 brick houses unfinished, and 41 wooden houses unfinished.

The town of Carrollsburg has been mentioned as preceding the City of Washington, on a part of the site. Carrollsburg was situated between the Eastern branch and St. James's creek. Its streets, which were parallel with the river, in the order of recession from it, were Short, North, Union, Middle, and St. James; crosswise, they were called, going down-stream, No. 1, 2, 3, etc., to 8.

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The most notable purchases of lots at the early sales—October, 1791—December, 1794—were:

Tobias Lea ? whose purchases amounted to £572;

Peter Charles l'Enfant, who paid but £25 upon his lot, and the remaining £198 was settled by the City of Washington;

Wm. Augustine Washington, £225;

Samuel Blodgett, who bought nearly to the amount of £2,000;

Daniel Carroll of Duddington, who paid £555 for a shipping seat, near the mouth of the Eastern branch;

David Burns, who picked up, for £350, two of the most valuable lots now to be found, right opposite the Treasury;

James Hoban, architect of the President's house, who purchased to the amount of £900, on City Hall Hill, and Capitol Hill;

Thomas Sim Lee, who bought on the flats below the President's, at low rates, and in small parcels;

George Washington, who gave £515 for four lots, on deep water, Eastern branch, one square behind Buzzards' point, and £400 for two lots between the subsequent. Observatory and Rock Creek;

James Greenleaf, the greatest of all purchasers, who bought to the amount of more than £140,000, or about 6,000 lots, nearly all at Greenleaf point, and on the Eastern branch;

William Thornton, designer of the Capitol, who paid £200 for his lot opposite Observatory hill.

Greenleaf paid about £25,000 on his lots, and they passed over to Morris & Nicholson who died insolvent. This was the Robert Morris, the financier of the Revolution.

The ground where the U. S. Treasury stands, was the property of Thomas Davidson, who purchased it from the Commissioners, between October, 1792, and January, 1794. In time it came again into the hands of the United States.

Where the Post-office building now stands, was Blodgett's Hotel, where the Thirteenth Congress met at President Madison's call, September 19, 1817.

On Pennsylvania Avenue, opposite the Metropolitan Hotel, 35 546 formerly stood the *National Intelligencer* office when Cockburn destroyed its type and presses.

Between January, 1795, and January, 1800, we find these notable purchases:

George Washington, who bought the lot on Capitol Hill, where the two residences belonging to his widow remained;

Walter Stewart, paying $17,823; Solomon Etting and Thomas Corcoran.

Between 1800 and 1821, we find the following purchasers: Daniel Carroll, of Duddington; Charles W. Goldsborough, Jonathan Elliott, Richard Cutts, who bought nearly $14,000 worth of property outlying the White House reservation.

Much has been said about the cupidity of the rich proprietors of land on the site of Washington, but John Law, a distinguished citizen who had come to the place in 1800, charged in the year 1820, that the city was made too vast by the politicians in order to gratify their own cupidity, and tempt as many farm holders to give up half their property as possible. “To compel this the principal public buildings were widely separated; no central points were designated at which improvements might commence, and gradually diverge, and therefore sufficient money was thrown away by men of enterprise on remote situations capriciously selected, to have founded a very respectable town in the beginning. The squares were also injudiciously subdivided into merely building lots, and improvidently sold to get money for public buildings, instead of being parceled out with space for shrubbery and gardens. Hence,” said Mr. Law, “a loose and disconnected population was scattered over the city, and instead of a flourishing town the stranger who visited us, saw for years a number of detached villages, having no common interest, and furnishing little mutual support, hardly sustaining a market, and divided by great public reservations.”

William Wirt, who went to school at Georgetown during the revolutionary war, says that he always understood that town 547 had taken its name from George Beall, who lived there, and whose daughter married the chief of the Magruders, (Wirt says McGregors) fugitives from Culloden to the borders of the future American Capital.

A dispassionate English traveler (Weld), who visited the site in 1796, relates that Georgetown contained about 250 houses, and Alexandria double the number, and that there were in Washington five thousand denizens, including artificers who formed by far the largest part of that number. The greatest number of houses at any one place was at Greenleaf's point, which divided public opinion, as to its eligibility for trade, with the shores of the deeper waters of the Eastern branch. “Numbers of strangers,” says this guarded

authority, “are continually passing and repassing through a place which affords such an extensive field for speculation.” If the houses already built had been placed together, a very respectable town would have appeared upon the landscape, but some were building near Georgetown, some around the Capitol, some adjacent to the President's House, and the solitary unofficial construction of imposing appearance was a brick hotel, ornamented with stone, on the site of the present General Post-Office, “large, just roofed in, and anything but beautiful.” The private houses were all plain buildings, and most of them built upon a speculation and still empty. The President's House had been “rushed up,” was nearly done, and was undoubtedly the handsomest building in the country, while the Capitol was but a little way above its foundations. No other public building had been begun, and although the published regulations required all houses to be of brick or stone, numbers of wooden habitations had been built, despite the caution that they might not be allowed to stand. “Notwithstanding all that has been done at the city and the large sums of money which have been expended, there are numbers of people in the United States living to the north of the Potomac, particularly in Philadelphia, who are still very adverse to the removal of the seat of government thither and are doing all in their power to check the progress of the buildings 548 in the city, and to prevent the Congress from meeting there at the appointed time.”

The first account in book form of the District of Columbia, was written by Washington's Aide, Colonel Tobias Le on a? ; the second book was soon afterward published as far from Washington as the city of Paris, by Dr. Warden, and it gives some interesting particulars of early times at the little seat of republican government. From this book* we learn that Mr. Villard, afterwards a victim of the Scioto Company, first established the military depot at Greenleaf's point, which was full of Greenleaf's tumbling houses; that Blodgett's hotel cost $36,000, besides the freestone which the Government gave him, and it was built by lottery. It was bought by the Government in 1810, for $10,000. Dr. Franklin , a native of the West Indies, applied $3,000 to fit it up for a Patent Office and museum; that the Great Falls locks took 100 workmen two years to build them; they are 100 feet long, 12 broad, and 18 deep.

The canal at the point is 1 mile long, 6 feet deep, 25 feet wide, and descends 75 feet by five locks. Relics of these old locks remain (1873) on the farm of Caleb Cushing, on the Virginia side of the Great Falls. The subsequent Chesapeake and Ohio Canal, is quite a different affair.

* The title of this book is: A. Chirographical and Statistical description of the District of Columbia, the seat of the General Government of the United States: Paris: Smith, Publisher, Rue Montmorency, 1816. By D. B. Warden, Ex-Consul. It is dedicated to Mrs. Custis.

Dr. Warden says that in Madison's administration, “Nearly one-half the population is of Irish origin. The laboring class is chiefly Irish, and many of them have no acquaintance with the English language. * * *

The President's house resembled Leinster house in Dublin. * * *

The (old) Patent Office was constructed according to the plans of J. Hoban, Esq., who gained a prize for that of the President's house. * * *

Mr. Law, brother of Lord Ellenborough, had proposed to 549 establish packet-boats to run between the Tiber creek and the Navy Yard on the cross-town canal. * * *

The first Long bridge cost $96,000, and was opposed by the Goerge towners, as injurious to their ferry.”

Thus for the communicative Warden who proceeds with many other matters of interest. He tells us that “Benjamin King, English, was the first mechanical director of the Navy Yard, at a salary of $2,000 a year, and that frigates built there cost, originally, from $70,000 to $220,000.” * * *

Two academics were established as early as 1806; of the first, Rev. Robert Elliot was the principal—a native of Ireland and educated at Glasgow University.

At Georgetown there was a female boarding-school, kept by Madam Du Chevray, a native of France. * * *

The leading country seats were Parrot's and Peters's. * *

T oxhall's cannon foundry stood one mile above Georgetown, the proprietor being an Englishman whose machinery was made by one Glasgow, a Scotchman. It employed 30 workmen, chiefly emigrants. “A cannon was lately cast at this foundry, throwing a 100 pound ball, to which was given the name of Columbiad.”

The Georgetown bridges are described by Warden thus: One is of three arches, and is 135 feet long and 36 feet broad; the other is 650 yards further up stream, and is supported by piles; it is 280 feet long and 18 wide. A daily packet boat ran between Alexandria and Georgetown. So muddy was the latter place, that strangers described Georgetown as houses without streets; Washington, streets without houses.

Robert Sutcliff, a Quaker merchant of Sheffield, who visited Washington, in Jefferson's second term, and published a book, describes the watchmen of Alexandria blowing horns all night as they made their rounds, the excellence of Gadsby's inn, and the plentiful Quakers in Virginia and Maryland. He had for friends “T. M., of Sandy Springs —who was employed (1805) to fill up the deep channel of the Patowmack, on the south side of Mason's island, in order to turn the stream of that 550 river to the side next to Georgetown,” and Dr. Thornton and General Mason. He wrote hopefully of everything.

Francis Ashbury wrote, March 12, 1815: “I behold the ruins of the Capitol and the President's house; the Navy Yard, we burned ourselves. Oh, war! war!” Here are some of his diary notes, previously: “We crossed over into Maryland at Georgetown. Surely the roads are bad!” “O, the clay! O, the insolvent roads. Obliged to wait an hour at Georgetown

ferry. At Montgomery Court House, I found a decent, attentive congregation, in a house as well contrived and fitted for religious worship as any I have seen" (1801).

Tom. Moore, the poet, at the age of 25, came to Washington in the Summer of 1804, and "spent near a week with Mr. and Mrs. Merry, the family of the English minister. They presented him at the levee of President Jefferson, whom he found sitting with General Dearborn, and one or two others, and in his usually homely costume, comprising slippers and Connemara stockings, in which Mr. Merry had been received by him—much to that formal minister's horror —when waiting upon him in full dress to deliver his credentials." Moore wrote a great deal of ridicule for the few days he spent at the Federal seat, and addressed his mother from Baltimore, saying the roads and the stage he took northward from the Capital were "of the most infamous description." Moore gave in a note to his Epistle to Thomas Hume, his prosaic idea of the city in 1804:

"Most of the public buildings have been utterly suspended. The hotel is already a ruin; a great part of the roof has fallen in, and the rooms are left to be occupied gratuitously by the miserable Scotch and Irish emigrants. The President's house, a very noble structure, is by no means suited to the philosophical humility of its present possesor, who inhabits but a corner of the mansion himself, and abandons the rest to a state of uncleanly desolation. This grand edifice is encircled by a very rude paling, through which a common rustic stile introduces the visitor to the first man in America The private 551 buildings exhibit the same characteristic display of arrogant speculation and premature ruin."

The following are some of Moore's oft-quoted rhymes upon the Capital at that date:

"While yet upon Columbia's rising brow The showy smile of young presumption plays, * * 'tis heartless speculative ill, All youth's transgressions with all ages chill."

"Even here already patriots learn to steal Their private perquisites from public weal, And guardians of the country's sacred fire, Like Afric's priests, let out the flame for hire."

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“In fancy, now, beneath the twilight gloom, Come, let me lead thee o'er the second Rome Where tribunes rule, where dusky Davi bow, And what was Goose creek once is Tiber now; This embryo Capital, where fancy sees Squares in morasses, obelisks in trees Which second-sighted seers, even now adorn With shrines unbuilt and heroes yet unborn.”

Moore then pays his respects to the mighty river, and landscape gracing a race

“Of weak barbarians swarming o'er its breast Like vermin gendered on the lion's crest.”

The poet at this distance has grown relatively small as his impatient opinion of a city just begun. Goose creek *is* Tiber now, occupying a rank not inferior in North America to the Tiber over the ancient world.

The roads in the State of Maryland leading to Washington, says Isaac Weld, writing in 1795, “are worse than in any State in the Union; indeed, so very bad are they that on going from Elton to the Susquehanna ferry, the driver had frequently to call to the passengers in the stage to lean out of the carriage, first at one side, then at the other, to prevent it from oversetting in the deep ruts.” He also describes the “execrable roads from the Susquehanna to Baltimore, the unpaved streets of Baltimore itself nearly impassible with water and stiff, yellow clay, and 552 the road thence to Washington, where a sulky will sink up to the very boxes;” and adds: “General Washington, a short time before was stopped in the same place where I was engulfed, his carriage sinking so deep in the mud that it was found necessary to send to a neighboring house for ropes and poles to extricate it.”

Weld shows the sizes of the other cities of America, in 1796, to be as follows:

“Lancaster, the largest of the interior towns, contained 900 houses in 1796; Newport, R. I., 1,000; no other town between Boston and New York, above 500; Albany, 1,100; Trenton, 200; Harrisburg, 300; New York City 40,000 people; Baltimore 16,000 people; Wilmington, Del., 600 houses; Philadelphia, 50,000 people.”

Washington, outside and inside. A picture and a narrative of the origin, growth, excellencies, abuses, beauties, and personages of our governing city. By Geo. Alfred Townsend http://www.loc.gov/resource/lhbcb.28587

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The wharf at the foot of 17th Street, mouth of the Tiber, was provided for as long ago as 1806. A warehouse to contain 600 hogsheads of tobacco was a feature of the city 40 years ago, on square 801, Eastern Branch, as it is shown in old views of the city.

We derive from the Commissioners' reports, in Adams's administration, the reason of the early failure of Greenleaf, Nicholson, and Morris, the greatest purchasers of land and the ablest speculators on the site.

This first report of the Commissioners says:

“No sales took place deserving attention until the 23d December, 1793, when a contract was made with Robert Morris and James Greenleaf, for the sale of six thousand lots, averaging five thousand two hundred and sixty-five square feet each, at the rate of eighty dollars per lot, payable in seven equal annual installments, without interest, commencing the first of May, 1794, and with condition of building twenty brick houses annually, two stories high and covering twelve hundred square feet each, and with the further condition that they should not sell any lots previous to the first of January, 1796, but on condition of erecting on every third lot one such house within four years from the time of sale. This contract 553 was afterwards modified by an agreement of 24th April, 1794, by which the payment of eighty thousand dollars, and the erecting the first-mentioned houses, should rest on the joint bond of the said Morris and Greenleaf, and of John Nicholson; and that one thousand lots should be conveyed to the said Morris and Greenleaf D, which was accordingly done.”

“Notwithstanding the favorable prospect which this transaction for a time, afforded,” say they to the President, “the scene soon changed. The purchasers not only failed to pay the installment which became due in May, 1795, but early in that year discontinued the buildings which they had commenced under their contract, and on which very little progress has since been made.”

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It was therefore determined to solicit the patronage of Congress, which was done in the year 1796, by a memorial from the Commissioners stating the affairs of the Federal Seat, in as clear a light as circumstances would then admit, and suggesting the propriety of authorizing a loan, bottomed on the city property, and guaranteed by Congress, if that property should prove deficient. Congress approved of the measure, and authorized a loan under their guarantee, to the amount of three hundred thousand dollars. It is needless to detail the fruitless attempts which were made to fill this loan with actual specie. The only loan which could be obtained was two hundred thousand dollars, in United States Six per cent. stock, at par, from the state of Maryland, and for which the Commissioners were obliged, in addition to the guarantee of Congress, to give bonds in their individual capacities, agreeably to the resolutions of the assembly of that State, passed in the years 1796 and 1797."

A line of stages was first established between Baltimore and Philadelphia only in 1782, and corporate roads had no existence before 1804. Hence, when Washington laid the cornerstone of the Capitol, September 18, 1793, and when John Adams passed through Baltimore to occupy the magistrate's 554 house, June 15, 1800, the surroundings of the city were sylvan to the eye only. Steamers ascended to the city in Madison's administration; the Chesapeake and Ohio canal, began in 1828, was opened to Hancock in 1839, at a cost of above eleven and a half millions of dollars. Finally the Washington branch of the Baltimore and Ohio railroad was opened for travel August 25, 1835. It was not until 1851 that stages to the West were wholly suspended, and another competing railway to the North was not to be had until 1872, when the Baltimore and Potomac railway was opened. Direct steam communication with upper Maryland is now (1873) about to be given to the District of Columbia by the Metropolitan branch railway, and to this day little packet steamers carry mails and passengers up to the locks of the Potomac four miles an hour.

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On the Fourth of July, 1800—Independence Day—Oliver Wolcott, Jr., then Comptroller of the Treasury, wrote thus to his wife, about the ancestral people of Washington and Georgetown:

“There are but few houses at any one place, and most of them small, miserable huts, which present an awful contrast to the public buildings. The people are poor, and so far as I can judge, they live, like fishes, by eating each other. All the ground for several miles around the city being, in the opinion of the people, too valuable to be cultivated, remains unfenced. There are but few enclosures, even for gardens, and these are in bad order. You may look in almost any direction, over an extent of ground nearly as large as the City of New York, without seeing a fence, or any object, except brick-kilns and temporary huts for laborers. Mr. Law and a few other gentlemen, live in great splendor; but most of the inhabitants are low people whose appearance indicates vice and intemperance, or negroes.”

“All the lands which I have described are valued, by the superficial foot, at fourteen to twenty-five cents. There appears to be a confident expectation that this place will soon 555 exceed any city in the world. Mr. Thornton, one of the Commissioners, spoke of 160,000 people, as a matter of course, in a few years. No stranger can be here a day, and converse with the proprietors, without conceiving himself in the company of crazy people. Their ignorance of the rest of the world, and their delusions with respect to their own prospects, are without parallel. Immense sums have been squandered in buildings which are but partly finished, in situations which are not, and never will be, the scenes of business; while the parts near the public buildings are almost wholly unimproved.

“I had no conception, till I came here, of the folly and infatuation of the people who have directed the settlements. Though five times as much money has been expended as was necessary, and though the private buildings are in number sufficient for all who will have occasion to reside here, yet there is nothing convenient, and nothing plenty but provisions.

Washington, outside and inside. A picture and a narrative of the origin, growth, excellencies, abuses, beauties, and personages of our governing city. By Geo. Alfred Townsend http://www.loc.gov/resource/lhbcb.28587

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There is no industry, society, or business. With great trouble and expense, much mischief has been done which it will be almost impossible to remedy."

Charles William Janson, an Englishman, who had been bitten in American speculations, thus describes the place about 1804:

"The entrances, or avenues as they are pompously called, are the worst roads I passed in the country, and I appeal to every citizen who has been unlucky enough to travel the stages North and South leading to the city, for the truth of the assertion. I particularly allude to the mail stage road from Bladensburg to Washington, and thence to Alexandria. In the Winter season, during the sitting of Congress, every turn of your wagon wheel is for miles attended with danger. The roads are never repaired; deep ruts, rocks, and stumps of trees every minute impede your progress."

"Arrived at the city, you are struck with its grotesque appearance. In one view from the Capitol Hill the eye fixes upon a row of uniform houses, ten or twelve in number, while 556 it faintly discovers the adjacent tenements to be miserable wooden structures."

"Of the hotel so vauntingly promised to rival the large inns of England, the walls and roof remain, but not a window."

"The frigate which brought the Sunisian Embassy grounded on the rocks below the city and the barbarians were obliged to be landed in boats."

Janson then tells how the fever of speculation raged in Europe over the great city.

"In London £500 sterling was, at one time, asked for a sixth-part of a single lot, many of the prime of which were originally purchased for £20 at three years' credit."

The same plain author, in his book (1806) shows that Washington was blamed for the choice of the site:

Washington, outside and inside. A picture and a narrative of the origin, growth, excellencies, abuses, beauties, and personages of our governing city. By Geo. Alfred Townsend http://www.loc.gov/resource/lhbcb.28587

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“The Republican party insinuated that Washington had pitched on a spot for the seat of government near his estate of Vernon, in order to enhance its value. This choice, I believe, was directed to one object only—the Capitol is built in the centre of the United States.”

“It can never become a place of commerce, however, while Baltimore lies on one side and Alexandria on the other.”

“Washington himself wrote as to the lotteries to build parts of the city: ‘the whole Washington lottery business has turned out a bed of thorns rather than roses:’”

Janson goes on to say that:

“Strangers after viewing the offices of State, are apt to inquire for the city, while they are in its very centre.”

“Many English artists, enchanted with the description given by interested writers, left their employ in order to exert their abilities in finishing this scene of contemplated magnificence.”

“Tippling shops and houses of rendezvous for sailor's and their doxies, with a number of the lowest order of traders, constitute the Navy Yard, the only flourishing part of the town.” Six frigates in ordinary, one in commission, and a small vessel of war were just launched at the time of his visit:

“A long range of houses, called the twenty buildings at 557 Greenleaf's Point, begun by Nicholson and others, first-rate speculators, are covered in, unfinished, and are dropping piece-meal.” So they are to-day.

“I never heard,” said he, “of more than Pennsylvania and New Jersey Avenues in 1805, except after some houses had been uniformly built, in one of which lived Mr. Jefferson's printer, John Harrison Smith; a few more of inferior note, with some public houses, and

here and there a grog shop. This boasted Avenue is as much a wilderness as Kentucky, with this advantage, that the soil is good for nothing. Some half starved cattle browsing among the bushes present a melancholy spectacle to a stranger. Quails and other birds are constantly shot within a hundred yards of the Capitol during the sitting of the houses of Congress."

"Mr. Green and the Virginia company of comedians were nearly Starved in the small place called a theatre, in the Pennsylvania Avenue, during the only season it was occupied, and were obliged to go off to Richmond during the very height of the sitting of Congress."

John Davis, a school master, who resided in America from 1798 to 1802 has given like amusing testimony:

" *Washington,* " he says, "on my second visit to it, wore a very dreary aspect. The multitude had gone to their homes, and the inhabitants of the place were few. There were no objects to catch the eye, but a forlorn pilgrim forcing his way through the grass that overruns the streets, or a cow ruminating on a bank, from whose neck depended a bell, that the animal might be found the more readily in the woods."

Extracts from the reports of the early Commissioners present some interesting facts:

"The city owned an island of free-stone of immense value (at Acquia Creek).

* * * * * * *

Mr. A. White (1796) was of the opinion that filling up some gulleys or ravines near the Capitol and paving the Pennsylvania Avenue from thence to the President's house was all 558 that was necessary to be done to the streets except clearing them of stumps and grubs, etc.

* * * * * * *

A sale of water property of 3,500 feet front brought $16 a foot prior to 1796.

* * * * * * *

The first engraved plans of the city and territory cost $370, the first bridge over the Tiber $788, the first bridge at James's Creek $342, and the first wharf (on the Eastern Branch) $1,017; the first bridge over Rock Creek cost $12,700.

* * * * * * *

The Lottery Commissioners to build a canal in 1802 were Notley Young, Daniel Carroll, Lewis Deblois, George Walker, Wm. Mayne, Duncanson, Thomas Law, and James Barry.

As early as 1803 Mr. Bacon of Massachusetts moved resolutions to re-cede the district to the States which had given it. After two days' debate they were lost,—66 to 26.

In 1816, there were but 750 assessable persons in Washington, whose houses, land, and slaves were valued at $2,391,357. Georgetown had 645 such persons better possessed in proportion and Alexandria with 782 taxables was worth $3,259,901. In the whole ten miles square, there were but 3,000 tax-payers. The population of all the Maryland side of the District, had been about 17,000 when the British invaded it.

The only water used in the city for years was well-water, and to this day the Capital is supplied from the springs on Tiber Creek. The source of Tiber Creek was estimated by Ellicott to be 236 feet above tide-water, or 158 feet higher than the base of the Capitol at the distance of two miles; he designed at one time, to use Rock Creek for the source of permanent supply of the city. The highest ground in Washington within the city boundary is back of Massachusetts Avenue and is about 103 feet above low tide. The base of the observatory is above six feet higher than the base of the Capitol, which is 89½ feet above low tide. Lafayette Square is about 15 feet above low-tide water.

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The Great Falls are only 108 feet above tide-water, and can be relied upon for a supply of 36,000,000 gallons per diem. Andrew Ellicott first suggested the Great Falls as the source of the city's water-supply; and sixty years afterward, Lieutenant Meigs confirmed his judgment.

If this country had no Niagara, the Great Falls of the Potomac would be one of its most celebrated ornaments. It is astonishing to know how few people of Washington have ever visited it. The road to the spot leads over the gentle level of the great aqueduct, and is a charming succession of sights, prospects, and lonesome stretches; but the road is unfortunately unpaved, and, therefore, in wet weather, is hardly passable. A slow but agreeable way of getting to the Falls is by a quaint little steamer, which runs up the canal, carrying mails and passengers to Point of Rocks, every alternate day. The locks on this canal are among the most magnificent in the world; and the entire trip to Harper's Ferry, which consumes all the hours of daylight, is one of the most agreeable in our landscapes. It passes the Little and the Great Falls, the great arch over Cabin John Run, the Seneca quarries, the battlefields of Ball's Bluff and Monocacy, and along the whole line of that haunted stream which seems to echo forever those deep and olden tones: “All quiet on the Potomac.”

THE GREAT FALLS OF THE POTOMAC.

There are eleven tunnels on the Washington aqueduct and six bridges; the bridge over Cabin John now is a stupendous arch 220 feet span and 100 feet high. The reservoir covers eighty acres.

The Great Falls itself is something of a canal-village. There is a large and commodious house for the Canal Company. and 560 a storehouse and some shanties put up to accommodate laborers on the aqueduct. The canal and the creek must be crossed to get to the Falls, which are situated a quarter of a mile from the village. The Fall itself can be beheld from the rocky precipices which inclose it, in all the solemnity of nature, and

loneliness. A series of strong and heady rapids fleck the wide river as it comes narrowing down to a series of strewn rocks, some of them of formidable size. Between some of the greatest of these, the river tumbles, in elbow-form, and, proceeding a few feet farther, dashes again into a dark gorge, surrounded with naked steeps, along which the firs and forest-trees are revealed in the back-ground, hemming in the lonesome pool with stern and befitting foliages. Back of the Great Falls, on the Maryland side, are the villages of Offutt's Cross-Roads and Rockville, as well as a gold-mine which has produced several fine nuggets. On the Virginia side are the towns of Drainesville and Leesburg, and the beautiful Difficult Creek, which formed a feature in the War of Secession.

Washington City, without reference to its associate towns in the District of Columbia, remained nearly stationery in population between 1800 and 1810, with about 8,000 inhabitants. The British did the place no permanent injury but rather reinsured it to be the immovable seat of government, and by 1820 Washington was enumerated at above 13,000 people. It missed 20,000 at 1830, and even at 1840 was a place of little above 23,000 people, but by 1850, it numbered one soul more than 40,000 and in 1860 contained above 60,000. In ten years more there were 110,000 residents at the Capital, and all the rest of the old District, including the discarded Virginia portion, could not now add to the city above 40,000 more than it possesses.

The message of General Henry D. Cooke, May 28th, 1873, showed that $856,597 had been collected of taxes and $619,000 due. In the nineteen months preceding, the cash receipts had been $10,007,676 and the expenditures $9,913,716. The funded debt was $9,016,891 and the bonds of the corporation were held at 97 cents on the dollar. There had been 1216 buildings 561 erected in the city during the year 1872, valued at $3,209,250, and there had been 2,833 transfers of property.

The bridge which precedes No. 3 over Rock Creek was a plank structure and that in turn was replaced by a bridge made of the refuse materials of the public buildings.

When Hoban rebuilt the President's house the main portico was omitted until about 1831. About the same time a stable was proposed for the President. Mr. Bulfinch proceeded in 1830 to plant the Avenue with forest trees. In 1871 the architect, Mullet, diverted an appropriation into a new stable for President Grant, which caused some animadversion.

There were eighteen burying grounds in Washington in 1846 and but one modern cemetery, Glenwood. In 1873 there are half a dozen cemeteries besides national ones.

One of President Harrison's first acts was to institute a commission of inquiry into what was feared to be a needless and extravagant expenditure of money upon the public works in the City of Washington.

The only Presidents of the United States who are known to have bought property in Washington are General Washington, John Quincy Adams, and General Grant. Mr. Adams erected a commodious mansion still standing near Lafayette Square. General Grant disposed of his house, before he became President, to his successsor at the head of the army, General Sherman.

The Treasury building was destroyed by fire in Jackson's administration, and he is said to have commanded Mills, the architect, to erect the new one in its present site, thereby concealing the White House from the Avenue. Mr. Mills was making strict measurements with instruments when Jackson, restive of delay, put down his walking stick and said: “Right here I want the corner stone!” Jackson also ordered a public clock, the location of which had been a matter of debate, to be put up on the Treasury water-closet, and Mr. Mullet told me he took it down from that spot while building the extensions. 36

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Seneca stone was used about the Capital at a very early period, and in 1828 there is a charge of $3,740 for it. Mr. Lee, the proprietor, charged fifteen dollars a ton, delivered. The stone was used for flagging and steps.

The bill to build an aqueduct to carry the canal over the Potomac at Georgetown, was pressed in 1832, and met with much opposition from Georgetown, whose people alleged that the piers would ruin their harbor.

Oldish, castellated, with queer, feudal-looking round towers, stands Georgetown College on the heights above the Potomac, with a deep funeral vale winding below, and the sprawling, shining, islet-sprinkled river brawling away right opposite.

Georgetown College is the largest Jesuit college in the country. The oldest part was built 1789, the main edifice in 1791. It was founded by John Carroll, first Archbishop of Baltimore, who renounced his interest in the Duddington and other estates when he became a priest in 1771. He was educated at Bohemia, Md., and St. Omer, Flanders. He gathered together the Catholics of Montgomery County and adjacent parts, while still in his youth, proceeded to Canada with Dr. Franklin, and Charles Carroll, his relative, to make an alliance for the Revolutionary Colonies, led a devout and beautiful life, and died Dec. 3, 1815, at Baltimore. In this College lived, for more than forty years after her husband's tragic death, the widow of Stephen Decatur, and his portrait hangs in the College. All the Carrolls of Duddington are buried there. The institution possesses a large estate.

Washington City has never propelled a satellite or accessory town, nor have any of the older villages in its vicinity grown by receiving sustenance from it, Baltimore only excepted. Bladensburg declined at the beginning of the revolution by the flight of the Scotch factor and agents who carried on its commerce. Alexandria, about 1798, was quite flourishing, but the capture of American vessels by the French in the West Indies, occasioned many failures. In 1803, the yellow fever broke out there. The town in 1803 had but two or three ships in the trade with Great Britain.

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As early as 1809 a company was incorporated to cut a canal through the city of Washington to extend from the deep navigation of the Eastern Branch, to the Potomac

River, taking chiefly the course of the Tiber. No benefit was derived from this inefficient company, and in 1831 the city corporation purchased the right and interest of the Canal Company, in order to introduce the business of the Chesapeake and Ohio canal into the city. The lock connecting this Corporation canal with the Chesapeake and Ohio, was placed at the foot of 17th street, beside the Van Ness mansion, where the old stone lock-house is standing yet, in dilapidation and loneliness. Just below this lock, a large basin was formed at the outlet of the Tiber. A small island called Goose-Egg Island stood in this basin, and both canal and basin were walled with stone throughout the whole course. The Corporation Canal cost $225,000, and between 1836 and 1838 it was of some utility as far up as the market at Seventh street. Being a sewer and a stench, it has been filled up by the present Board of Public Works, and henceforward will show no trace upon the landscape of Washington. The Chesapeake and Ohio Canal has been of little use below Georgetown for several years. Above Georgetown for 184 miles to Cumberland it is in active and useful operation, and probably will continue to be so with posterity. The average movement of freight by the Potomac Canal is now about 850,000 tonnage, bringing a net revenue of upwards of $200,000. The toll per ton of coal from Cumberland to Georgetown has generally been 46 cents, and on grain $1.80 per ton. The canal has a debt of about $3,500,000. It costs in all, to deliver coal to vessel at Georgetown from the coal-field, $2.13½ per ton,—wharfage standing at 35 cents.

The Washington Navy Yard was provided for in 1804 under the encouragement of Mr. Jefferson. Benjamin H. Latrobe, architect of the Capitol, designed its arched gateway. Within the yard are about 28 acres of ground surrounded by a strong brick wall; an exquisite object on this wall is the sentry-box at one corner, which is built of brick in the style of the feudal 564 turret. This was put up during the war, when it became necessary to guard enlisted seamen with carefulness. Here were built some of the best old vessels in the Navy such as the ships *Wasp* and *Argus,* the brig *Viper,* the *Columbus,* of 74 guns, the frigates *Essex, Potomac, Brandywine,* and *Columbia,* the schooners *Shark* and *Grampus,* and the sloop of war *St. Louis.*

Library of Congress

The corner stone of the old City Hall, now the United States and District Court building, was laid August 22, 1820. Within it was deposited the following:

“This corner-stone of the City-Hall, designed by George Hodfield, architect, was laid on the 22d day of August, A. D. 1820, A. L. 5820, and in the forty-fifth year of the independence of the United States of America, by Wm. Hewitt, R. W. G. M. of the Grand Lodge of Freemasons of the District of Columbia; James Munroe, President of the United States; Samuel N. Smallwood, mayor of the city of Washington.”

And on the reverse side of the plate:

“Commissioners for erecting City Hall—Samuel N. Smallwood, mayor; R. C. Weightman, William Prout, Thomas Carberry, John P. Ingle.”

The orator of the day was John Law, Esq. Many notable trials occurred in this building, amongst which were those of Daniel G. Sickles, for the murder of Philip Barton Key, and of John Surratt for the murder of Abraham Lincoln. In 1873 the United States Government gave the District $75,000 for its interest in this old freestone edifice, when it was determined to begin at once the construction of new municipal buildings on Market square. Mr. Law remarked at the laying of the corner-stone, that Washington then claimed 14,000 souls, and $6,000,000 capital, and the corporation revenue was $40,000. Thirty miles of streets had been opened and improved, and some turnpike roads and bridges opened. The Government had lent the town $100,000 in 1798, and $12,000 in 1800, both of which sums had been fully repaid with interest.

The old market houses of the Federal City were destroyed in 1870–72, and the present elegant edifices built in their stead.

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The longitude of the Capitol was determined in 1823, by William Lambert, to be 76° 55# 30# .54 west from Greenwich. General Washington had designed the meridian of the

Capital to be the first meridian of the United States, and instructed Andrew Ellicott to record 0° 0# longitude and 38° 53# north latitude, in the original plan of the city. In 1809, Lambert, above referred to, a Virginian, memorialized Congress to take the longitude, and a committee reported in favor of the plan, but it lapsed until 1811, when Secretary of State Monroe gave it a good, if a diffident, word, and endorsed Mr. Lambert's patriotism. The indefatigable astronomer addressed as many of the assembled Congressmen as would hear him, and in 1812, Dr. Samuel L. Mitchell, of New York, reported in favor of a National Observatory. Not until March 3d, 1821, did the proposition meet with its deserts. Different observations were made by Andrew Ellicott, Abraham Bradley, and Seth Pease; but, in 1821, Lambert, commissioned as astronomer, resigned his station of inferior clerk in the Pension Office, took lodgings on Capitol Hill, and borrowed his instruments from the Coast Surveying authorities of that time. He had a transit instrument, a circle of reflections, an astronomical clock, and a chronometer. William Elliot, a teacher of algebra and mathematics assisted him. A large platform was erected to facilitate the work. The latitude was declared to be 38° 52# 45#. Lambert made a copious report to Congress, and advocated a National Observatory. He may be named among the great clerks—and there are many noble men in all departments of the Government—who have risen to eminence from a desk in the departments.

NATIONAL OBSERVATORY, ON OBSERVATORY HILL.

In 1825, President J. Q. Adams advocated a National Observatory, and met with ridicule, and it was not until 566 1836 that Williams College became the pioneer observatory of the land. Finally both the Government and the Georgetown College built observatories. The longitude of the National Observatory on Braddock's hill is 77° 3# 2.4#.

The third session of the 13th Congress, called by President Madison, to convene on the 19th of September, 1814, met in Blodget's old hotel, which Dr. William Thornton had, meantime, made habitable, and turned a part of it into a repository of arts, models, and inventions, and he had succeeded, as well, in saving it from the torch of the British

incendiary by whom it was doomed. At this time Dr. Thornton was a clerk, at $1,500 a year, in the State Department.

Morse's Geography for 1812 describes Blodget's hotel; it was 60 feet by 120 and about 50 feet high, with three stories; it was built of brick, with a freestone basement. The old jail of that day was 10 feet by 26, and two stories high, with low ceilings. The marine barrack, 300 feet long, and the War and State buildings, 120 feet front, were occupied. The yearly exports of the whole district were upwards of one million per annum. Georgetown had four churches and Washington three market houses. In 1810 a turnpike was incorporated by Congress from Mason's causeway to Alexandria.

The turnpike company between Georgetown and Fredericktown was incorporated by the Maryland legislature, in 1812.

The old poor-house of Washington stood on the elevated ground to the north of the old Post and Patent Offices. Not a vestige remains of those old buildings, where strangers from all parts of the Union, coming to prosecute claims and grievances and seek redress from the Government, often found their last hospitality on this earth.

The old asylum of Georgetown still stands, and is a quaint, Flemish-looking structure of brick.

The Treasury building was originally built between 1794 and 1799, and in 1801 a fire swept part of it off. The British burned it in 1814, and it again began to arise three years later, and was not finished until 1823. Ten years later, on March 29, 1833, it was destroyed by fire again, and now its 567 architectural history, as we see it, began. In 1835, Robert Mills, of South Carolina, was appointed to supervise it, and in four years he raised that façade of columns which was the glory of his period, [and the exceeding annoyance of Mr. Mullet, a subsequent architect, who said that [it resembled a box of cigars, escaped as they stood on end in a long row. The old State Department long stood at right angles to

Mills's façade, where the north end of the Treasury extension now is. Mills's Treasury was finished in 1839.

In 1855 the arrived potentate in classical architecture, Thomas N. Walters, planned the extension of the Treasury. Instead of Virginia freestone, granite from Dix Island, Maine, was to be employed for these three great parts of the edifice remaining. Mr. A. B. Young, who is still a resident of the Capital City, living between the Treasury gate and the Potomac, on Fifteenth street, was the architect following Mills, and he superintended the work and drawings for six or eight years. Next in immediate supervision came Mr. Rogers, architect of the Astor House hotel, New York City. Mr. Mullet, of Cincinnati, a native of England, but a resident of the United States since childhood, completed the work, and in his headquarters, in the basement of this Treasury, he subsequently made the designs for the majority of the great Post-Offices, Custom Houses, Marine Hospitals, U. S. Courts, etc., in the country. The south wing of the Treasury was completed in 1860; the west wing in 1864; and the north wing in 1869. This is the most costly of all our public buildings, considering its extent. It is 560 feet, by nearly 273, including the porticoes and steps. Its cost was more than half that of the far nobler Capitol. Mr. Mills long lived on New Jersey Avenue, Capitol Hill, in a celebrated brick dwelling, with a peaked roof and sky-light.

TREASURY BUILDING.

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The State Department at Washington was originally in a private dwelling and then on the site of the present Treasury. It was removed to an Orphan Asylum at the foot of Meridian Hill during the rebellion, and in 1872 the plans of A. B. Mullet were accepted for an edifice of granite to cost from six millions to eight millions of dollars and to accommodate at once the Departments of War, the Navy, and the State. The building was forthwith begun and will be finished about 1876. It is in the style of classical *renaissance,* the basement of Richmond granite and the superstructure of Maine granite. While superintending its

construction Mr. Mullet was also erecting thirty-five other government buildings in various parts of the country.

UNITED STATES POST-OFFICE.

The General Post-Office is said to have cost, in round numbers, one million and a half. Its controlling masters were Meigs, Walters, and Edward Clark. It was commenced about the close of Pierce's administration, and at the outbreak of the civil war was finished only on the E street or rear wing where the chimneys stand and the rest was a Commissary storehouse. The architecture of the exterior is due to Mills, the correction and completion of the remaining two-thirds to Walters and Clark. The edifice was wholly occupied in 1866.

The Post-Office extension was constructed of Kennebec, Me., and Woodstock, Md., granite at about 43 cents the cubic foot. The marble walls were of Lee and Baltimore granite; the 569 monolithic columns and their trimmings from Carrara, Italy, at $1,500 per column. Nearly all the work was done by the day. Captain Meigs superintended the work and Edward Clark, assistant superintendent, received $3 per diem.

The office of Indian affairs was created by the Act of July 9, 1832; the Treasury was given a Solicitor in May, 1830; the Post-Office obtained an Auditor in the Treasury in 1836. The Attorney-General of the United States was created Sept. 24, 1789. The General Land Office was created April 25, 1872, and made a section of the Treasury Department.

In 1836, the records and models in the Patent Office were destroyed by fire, on the 15th of December. The following

PATENT OFFICE—SOUTH FRONT.

March, Congress made legislation compelling the recording of all patents and drawings, and models were in all proper cases demanded anew. The Patent Office goes back to 1790, and between 1793 and 1836 the Secretary of State issued patents subject to the revision of the Attorney-General. Above 9,000 patents had been issued up to 1836,

but the loose regulation led to many infringements and much litigation. William Elliott, writing in 1837 of the destruction of the archives of the Patent Office, said: “There lie the ashes of the records of more than 10,000 inventions with their beautiful models and drawings. There lie also, smouldering in the same heap of 570 ruins, the elegant, classical correspondence of Dr. Thornton with the most of the ingenious and scientific men of this country and of Europe for upwards of 23 years.”

The Patent Office was the conception of two surveyors and engineers of Washington City who lived in the Jacksonian period, Messrs. Elliot and Town, the former of an English family notable in Washington for giving hints and doing conscientious work. According to a legend amongst the architects of the city the plan was Town's, but as he left the firm the plan was usually named and accepted as Elliot's. The site of the building had previously been a nursery for trees and plants. In 1836, Robert Mills was made architect and he built the sand-stone portion on the F street side of Acquia Creek “free-stone.” In 1851 Mr. Waiters came to Washington, with the reputation of Girard College upon him, bringing Mr. Edward Clark as his assistant. Secretary of the Interior, Seward, had become dissatisfied with Mr. Mills's work and he dismissed that gentleman, to the great ado of the period, and Mr. Clark was appointed to straighten out Mills's beginnings and make the windows face each other and the rooms assume some rectangular form. The Seventh street side was the first marble part added, and the whole edifice was done in 1867. It cost $2,200,000. The marble came from Cockeysville, Md.

The second edifice of the State Department was occupied in 1836, and it remained until the close of the civil war, but the great pile of the Treasury obliterated it.

Columbian College was commenced by Rev. Mr. Rice in 1819 and chartered in 1821, the buildings erected and the institution opened speedily and its prosperity was exceptional until 1826, when its officers ran it in debt to the extent of $135,000. Then followed a pinching period, wherein the debts were mainly paid off, but the College lost its popularity. The Baptists have generally controlled it.

Library of Congress

The present building of the Columbian Law School was the original Trinity Episcopal Church, third in the city in point of time, and was consecrated May 11, 1829. The Third Trinity Church 571 was designed by Renwick, architect of the Smithsonian Institute, and opened in 1857. This church is what is called “low” or ultra Protestant, and it was taken possession of by the Government during the war.

Old Christ Episcopal Church points up its four little pinnacles near the Marine barracks. It was built about 1806 and the Society had been in existence since 1795. Jefferson and Madison were regular attendants of this church, and the Marines from the barracks formerly marched every Sunday to its ministrations. The Congressional burying ground, otherwise Washington Parish Cemetery, belongs to this plain, crude little cottage-windowed edifice, which was the progenitor of nine other parishes in Washington City.

The First Baptist Church, at I and 19th streets, was begun in 1803, and finished in 1809. In 1810 the Second Baptist Church was constituted near the Navy Yard.

The Convent of the Visitation at Georgetown, was founded by Archbishop Neale, in 1798. The sisters of the order elect a mother superior every third year, eligible for only two consecutive terms.

The Academy of the Visitation was established at Georgetown, about 1808.

St. Patrick's Church, destroyed in 1873, was built in 1810; St. Peters, Capitol Hill, in 1821; St. Matthew's Church, in 1839.

The First Presbyterian Church, N Street, in the rear of Willard's, was composed of persons who had belonged to the Associate Reformed Church, in Philadelphia, and removed with the Capital. It received a pastor in 1803, and the congregation first worshiped in the Treasury building. The Second Church followed, on Capitol Hill, and the Third, in New York Avenue, was instituted in 1820. At the latter Mr. Lincoln worshiped.

The Methodist Church, in Georgetown, was built in 1806; the Navy Yard Methodist Church in 1810; the Foundry in 1815.

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St. John's Episcopal Church was built from the gratuitously presented designs, and under the eye, of B. H. Latrobe. Originally it was a Greek cross, afterward enlarged to the Roman form, and endowed with a tower. It was consecrated by Bishop Kemp, December 27, 1816.

The old Unitarian Church, on Louisiana Avenue, was designed by Bulfinch, and was provided with a bell of 900 pounds weight, cast by Mr. Revere, in Massachusetts.

The Penitentiary of the district was established at Greenleaf's Point after 1830.

It was 120 feet by 50, with 160 cells, surrounded by a wall 300 feet square and 22 feet high. Charles Bulfinch designed it.

The present jail was erected in 1841, near by its predecessor. A new jail is going up (1873) at the Eastern Branch.

The Washington Arsenal was re-built in 1815, from the designs of Colonel George Bomford. Another structure, by Major W. Wade, succeeded this.

In 1831 there were nine banks, in the ten miles square: Bank of Washington, $479,000 capital stock; Metropolis, $500,000; Patriotic, $250,000; Farmers' and Mechanics', $486,000; Union of Georgetown, $478,000; Alexandria, $500,000; Potomac (Alexandria), $500,000; Mechanics' (Alexandria), $372,000; Farmers' (Alexandria), $310,000.

The debt of Washington City was about $800,000 in 1837.

To the Chesapeake and Ohio Canal the State of Maryland subscribed $5,000,000; the United States, $1,000,000; Washington City, $1,000,000; Georgetown, Alexandria, and the State of Virginia, $250,000 each. Ground was broken July 4, 1828.

The greatest freshet on the Potomac, of which there is any available record, occurred in 1852, raising the river at Chain Bridge 43 feet; at Aqueduct Bridge, 10 feet; and at the Arsenal 4 feet 9 inches. The flow of the Potomac river was gauged in 1863, above Great Falls, and found to be 1,176,000,000 imperial gallons for twenty-four hours, exclusive of the supply required for the district. The canal has an available 573 fall, above Georgetown, of 34 feet, equal to 11,000 horse power.

At the time of the Mexican war the leading hotels stood as follows, starting at the Capitol gate and going west:

Gadsby's, Pennsylvania Avenue and Third street.

Third street, behind Gadsby's.

Temperance Hotel,

St. Charles Hotel,

Both on Pa. Avenue, between 3d and 4½.

United States,

Veranda,

Exchange, C street, between 4½ and 6.

Coleman's, Pa. Avenue, between 4½ and 6.

Brown's, Pa. Avenue, between 6 and 7.

Fuller's, Pa. Avenue and 14 st.

European, Pa. Avenue, between 14 and 15 street.

During the Thirtieth Congress, the following notable men resided as indicated:

Geo. M. Dallas, at Mrs. Gadsby's, President's Square.

John C. Calhoun, Mrs. Read's, C Street, between 4½ and 6.

Lewis Cass, Tyler's Hotel.

John M. Clayton, Young's, Capitol Hill, N. J. Av.

Jefferson Davis, Mrs. Owen's, Capitol Hill.

Stephen H. Douglas, Willard's Hotel.

A. H. Sevren, Hill's, Capitol Hill.

Daniel Webster, Pa. Av., near 6th St.

John Q. Adams, F street, bet. 13 and 14.

Abraham Lincoln, Mrs. Sprigg's, Capitol Hill.

At the time of the rebellion the leading hotels were as follows:

At Georgetown, the City Hotel and Lang's Hotel.

On Pennsylvania Avenue, Willard's, Owen's, Brown's, National, Kirkwood, Henry Clay, Victoria.

On Capitol Hill, Whitney's, Casparis House.

North of the Avenue, Hendon House, F Street; Pennsylvania House, C Street.

The National Hotel was the first building in Washington, of 574 large dimensions, for public accommodation, a few rods from Brown's, or the Metropolitan. Brown's was the first to establish a bridal-chamber, and here Kossuth's compatriots went to bed with their boots and hats on, after getting very drunk at the National. Clay died at the National, and Buchanan took the mysterious sickness there. At Brown's, James B. Clay, Henry Clay's son, was struck in the face by General Cullom, of Tennessee, and a bloodless duel ensued at Bladensburg, in 1858.

WILLARD'S HOTEL.

The brothers Willard, of Vermont, had the largest house in the city when the war began, and they made a very advantageous lease of it. In their house the Peace Convention of 1861 was held. That hall has been turned by Mr. Cake, the new proprietor, into a reading and music room, which will probably be the *place recherché,* as the young men with pale neckties put it, for soft and non-percussion theatricals.

The present proprietor of Willard's belongs to the race of family magistrates, dignified, industrious, and agreeable as a Bishop. It is a great moral advance, if no more, to see the 575 old, tawdry horse-racing race of inn-keepers disappear, and public men and their families, and patriotic folks who visit the Capitol, receive the entertainment of quieter and more demure and responsible hosts. Persons familiar with Washington hotels will be interested to hear that the new Willard's has a grand marble and walnut office, a billiard-room where the bar formerly stood, a ladies *café* over the office, where used to be “Camp Sykes” (a lumber room), and the long and gawky sitting-room has been dissected, and half of it made a ladies' promenade.

The Arlington Hotel, on Vermont Avenue, is celebrated over the country for the elegance of its apartments, and the experience of its proprietors. The hotel was built by W. W.

Corcoran, Esq., and leased to Revesel and Sons, of Lake George, for $40,000 a year. The waiters wear a uniform, and like all the four large houses of Washington, it contains an elevator.

THE EBBITT HOUSE.

The Ebbitt House is one of the largest and decidedly the best-looking establishment, architecturally, at the Capital. It arose during the war, and became celebrated as the favorite headquarters of army and navy officers, and was extended from time to time to meet the demands upon its popularity, until in 1872, it was wholly reformed and reconstructed. It is now a 576 very elegant mansion, six stories high and of a bright, cheerful color, which lightens the spirits of the guests; from every window canopies of canvass depend to cool the interior through the Summer; for this house, unlike several in Washington, is kept open the whole year round. The taste of the proprietor, Caleb C. Willard, Esq., is displayed in the elegant French pavilions, and broken lines of the roof, and in the series of classical window mouldings, which liken the establishment to the purer class of the public edifices. The new dining-room is made to include two entire stories in height, and the lofty ceiling is beautifully frescoed, while the windows are given nearly the loftiness of the hall,thus bathing the apartment in the exquisite light of this latitude. Beneath the dining-room is the historic line of offices known over the whole country as “Newspaper row.” The newspaper correspondents had pitched upon this block before a hotel was devised, on account of its immediate proximity to the telegraph offices, the Treasury, all the lines of city communication, and as it was centrally situated to the White House and the great departments. When the Ebbitt House was rebuilt the proprietor reserved the basement stage for newspaper offices, and for the length of the whole block; lights can be seen shining at every night in the week, where these indefatigable correspondents, representing the active press of the whole country, hang out their signs and feed the telegraph instruments. On notable occasions, Newspaper Row is illuminated by its landlord. The Ebbitt House contains the largest rotunda and office in Washington; it has an elevator and 300 rooms, and there is not a prettier piece of architecture in

Washington than its ladies' portico and rich bay window at the angle of the building. In this house have put up nearly all the eminent sailors and soldiers of the country: Rogers, Farragut, Worden, Canby, Thomas, Porter, Winslow, Boggs, Case, Drayton, and the rest. The Ebbitt House set the example of making a deduction for army and navy officers at the close of the war. It is the newest hotel production at the national Capitol.

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Speaking of the army and navy hotel, suggests the capture of Washington in 1814, and the military, history of the city.

Washington had few military traditions, prior to the late civil war. Observatory hill was the camping and landing-ground of Braddock, Washington, and a part of the British army, April 11–14, 17 7 5 5, and as Washington was at this time only 23 years of age, he may have paid especial attention for the first time to the beauty of the situation. A neck below Observatory hill was often designated by Peter Force, as Braddock's landing place. This hill was also designed to be the site of a fort, when the city was planned, and a brigade of militia encamped upon it, August 23, 1814. During the Revolution, troops were almost constantly crossing Alexandria and Georgetown ferries. Fort Washington, on the Potomac, was originally Fort Warburton, and at the time of the war of 1812, it was merely a water battery, with a block house on the hill above it, to protect it from being taken in the rear. This fort was built after the British war, and strengthened in 1861, when Fort Foote was also laid out by Major Alexander. Traces of breastworks exist at Whitestone point where the British vessels, retiring from Washington, were cannonaded.

Here is a quaint item:

July 10, 1814. General Wilkinson, temporarily suspended from command of the army, made a tour of the city in company with General John Mason, of Mason's Island, and Charles Carroll, of Bellevue, to inform them of his plan, in the last resort, to repel a British surprise. It was as follows: Two redoubts, one in the fork of the Tiber and Potomac, the

other on the height north of the Avenue called “Davidson's orchard;” also the fortification of the Capitol and the President's house,in this way: Of the Capitol, by ravelins, to connect the two disconnected blocks (wings) and round towers of stone up the angles, with loopholes to defend the extension-ends of the blocks; the windows to be barricaded with loop-holes for musketry, and the lower floor of the Capitol, as well as the ravelins, to be sufficiently furnished 37 578 with artillery, and the preparation of the President's house for the reception of musketry; competent garrisons for the several posts to be detailed and held in readiness to occupy them, should it become necessary, and suitable munitions of war to be previously deposited in each. It was also practicable to arrange for the defense of the Navy Yard.

“Had these obvious, economical precautions been adopted,” says Wilkinson, “the rival ministers, Monroe and Armstrong, would not have been exposed to the humiliation of advising General Winder, when he reached the Capital, to rally and form his troops on the heights in the rear of Georgetown.”

The total strength of the United States soldiery, of various sorts, at the battle of Bladensburg, according to William Elliott, was 8,049,of which 1,100 were regular infantry, seamen, and marines, and 540 Virginia, Columbia, Maryland, and regular dragoons. The whole number of regulars, including seamen, was 1,240. The Americans had 20 pieces of field artillery. The entire British force, August 17, 1814, was 3,500, without artillery.

This is sufficient to show that there were enough men on the American side to have defended the city, and to blame the Administration, was probably to put the disgrace upon sacrificial shoulders. This is further attested by the miserably disproportionate loss of life on the American side, as estimated by the importance of the object to defend and the number of the defenders—only ten men were killed and thirty wounded. Lossing says twenty-six were killed and fifty-one wounded. It was not believed by good observers on the field of battle, that the British brought up above 1,500 men. Their loss was nearly 500 killed and wounded.*

* General Wilkinson's estimate is 64 killed and 249 wounded, on the British side, and 10 horses killed and 8 wounded. On the American side, 8 men killed, 13 marines wounded.

The following buildings were destroyed by the British in 1814—the unfinished Capitol, the President's house, two buildings 579 containing public offices, and the fort at Greenleaf's point, Mr. Sewell's house on Capitol Hill, Mr. Carroll's hotel on Capitol Hill, General Washington's house and Mr. Frost's house, on the same elevation; work-shops in the Navy Yard; a sloop of war and public stores; Fort Washington, and two bridges over the Eastern Branch. The British soldiers and the runaway negroes who attended them, plundered a few houses, amongst them Mr. A. McCormick's, Mr. D. Rapine's, and Mr. Elliott's. The types and presses of Gales & Seaton were cast out of the window.

The Potomac was first crossed in the rebellion on the night of May 23, 1861,* in three columns at the Georgetown Aqueduct, the Long Bridge, and by water to Alexandria. The three columns were commanded respectively by Major Wood, Major Heintzelman, and Colonel Ellsworth. The first defences were laid out by General Mansfield, and Captain H. G. Wright next day at Forts Corcoran, Runyon, and Ellsworth.

* The hills of Maryland opposite Alexandria were filled with troops, and the gunboat *Pawnee* had been lying for weeks in the channel, when on the 24th of May that outpost of the rebellion was captured.

For seven weeks the work of defining and throwing up works went on, until the three forts named were built, and also Forts Bennett, Haggerty, and Albany. Fort Runyon exceeded any of the subsequent works. After the disaster of Bull Run, the works in Virginia were immediately connected, strengthened, and extended. By the beginning of the year 1862, there were 48 forts in all, 23 south of the Potomac, 14 (and three batteries) between the Potomac and the Eastern Branch, and 11 forts beyond the branch. The greater portion were enclosed works of earth, but several were lunettes with stockaded gorges. In October, 1862, Mr. Stanton, Secretary of War, took the responsibility of ordering new

works, and he appointed a commission consisting of Generals Potter, Meigs, Barry, Barnard, and Cullum, to report upon those already completed. They reported ed 53 forts and 22 batteries with 643 guns and 75 mortars mounted, and demanding 25,000 infantry for garrisons, and 580 9,000 artillery men. Enormously increased works were built in the early part of 1863, and three beautiful “semi-permanent field works” were those of Fort Whipple, Fort C. F. Smith, and Fort Foote.* The whole system of works was strengthened in 1864, and in July of that year, Early advanced within sight of them and retired.

* Fort Foote is still occupied (1872).

The aggregate length of good military roads for the defences of Washington was 32 miles; the circuit of defences was at least 37 miles. The Long Bridge was reconstructed by the enemy in 1861, and the railroad bridge beside it was built by the Engineers also in 1864.

“The stone piers of the Aqueduct are works of the highest class of engineering, resting on bed rock 20 to 30 feet below the surface of the river.”

The hired labor force on the forts was at its greatest in 1863,—1,500 men, wagons trains of 25 to 44 horse teams were used. The disbursements for hired labor and material, were all made by James Evelett, and amounted to more than one million of dollars. No compensation was paid laud owners for injury, although a church, many dwellings, and many orchards were demolished.

At the close of the war in 1865, Washington was surrounded by 68 inclosed forts and batteries having an aggregate perimeter of 13 miles, and a circuit of 37 miles, with 807 mounted guns, and 98 mortars and implements in all for 1521 guns. Compared with the Torres Vedras, constructed by Wellington from the Tagus to the sea, which cost £200,000, the works of Washington cost $1,436,000, and exceeded the former in length of circuit. The whole line from, the Chickahominy Pine Works in 1865 was 32½ miles long.

The highest fort around Washington was Gains, 403 feet above mean tide. At forts Reno, Totten, and Lincoln, the heights are respectively 440, 330, and 230 feet above the tide. From Fort Meigs to Fort Stanton, the ridge is about 300 feet high; the Theological Seminary back of Alexandria has an elevation of 400 feet above the Potomac.

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The geology of Washington is peculiar: at the head of tide water, it stands amongst the vertically stratified metamorphic rocks which, varying in composition from hard grains to soft mica slate, yield unequally to degrading action, and thus produce the bold headlands and deeply excavated valley in which the land terminates at the margins of the Potomac. Overlying these rocks is a series of nearly horizontal beds which form the various distinctive earth masses around Georgetown, Washington, and Alexandria. These peculiar sands and clays, with their fossil woods, belong to the older part of the Atlantic cretaceous formation. The underlying metamorphic rocks, are only exposed on Rock Creek, which took its name from them. Northwest of the city may be seen the material eroded over the sandstone of red Seneca, where the river once flowed 400 feet higher than now.

Few things even in our notable time have come up with more suddenness than Washington City since the abolition of slavery.

At the close of the contest for a division of the country, it was inevitable that there should have been such an agitation for a change of the seat of government as followed the burning of the young city by the British in 1814. After sixty-five years of preparation Washington seemed to be still unfinished in any part. The Capitol was not done; the President's mansion was out of repair; the streets were generally unpaved, and the social chaos following the war, had made old and new elements dissatisfied with their associations, and despondent about the site.

Nothing seemed so necessary to Washington as a good frightening, and that it received through an authority sufficiently amusing at the present distance.

A red-bearded, crippled, Quilpish looking man of St. Louis; Missouri,—by name Mr. L. Q. Reavis,—with a certain sense of resistance about him and an uncertain sense of reformation, took it into his head that St. Louis had been slighted and ought to be the Capital of the Government. He had a simple nature, a love of circulation and public consideration, and some hopes 582 of authorship. Perfectly honest, always approachable, always approaching, loose and continuous in argument, striking high for eminent attention, and carrying acquaintance by the assiduity with which he cultivated it, Mr. Reavis tested to extremities the power of the unit of citizenship to upset the Capital City and drag it away. His ingenuities were all in the noblest nature of destructiveness. He had very little to propose in the way of reconstruction, and was indifferent whether the public edifice should be carried away piecemeal or abandoned to the unworthy people on the Potomac. But it happened at the moment that the strength of the dominant party in the West, the fever of change, the opening of the Pacific railroad and other lines to the extreme frontier, and perhaps more than all the rising agitation on the subject of free trade which the Western free traders hoped to settle in their favor by getting Congress amongst them, gave a noisy and it was thought a favorable celebrity to Mr. Reavis's scheme. Mr. Horace Greeley favored the removal in the New York *Tribune,* and a convention or two were held at St. Louis. The conservative sense, reverence and thrift of the nation prevailed, however, and Congress settled the question by voting a large sum of money to begin a grand State Department at Washington which should cost several millions. The city itself at its own expense put on a new apparel, and the national appropriations of 1872–3 were unusually generous and even excessive.

After the peace of 1865 a little timid building began about the city, led by A. R. Shepherd, a native of the District who had made some accumulations while the armies and hospitals centred here, by conducting plumbing and gas fitting on a large scale. He put up several

Philadelphia rows of brick houses adjacent to the old Duddington house of the Carrolls and also erected the first business edifice of consequence on the lower side of the Avenue. His architect was Mr. Cluss, a German, whose domestic architecture has given Washington a style of its own. He designed the central market house, the Franklin, Jefferson, Wallack and other public schools, and the dwellings of 583 Jeffreys, Hutchinson, and other new arrivals. Walter S. West, a Virginia architect, showed his skill in the transformation of the old Crawford property on Highland place and in the elevation of the residences of Mr. Schenck and Senator Stewart. Ploughman and Starkweather of Philadelphia designed the Freedman's bank, the Young Men's Christian Association Halls, and the quaint row of dwellings which are occupied by Speaker Blaine, Fernando Wood, Senator Buckingham, and Thomas Swann. The Howard University and the large modern mansion of George Taylor on Vermont Avenue, were designed by Mr. Searle of Rochester, N. Y. Vernon Row, an elegant business block on the Avenue, was the plan of architect Fraser. Mr. A. Grant of Wisconsin, designed the block of lofty brick on East Capitol street. A Baltimore architect planned the little opera house near the central market and the Arlington hotel. Marshal Brown's and Mr. Thompson's brown stone houses on I street were by F. G. Myers, a German. Edward Clark designed Merrell's and Edmunds' neat houses on Massachusetts Avenue. Prominent builders in this new period are Robert I. Fleming of Va., W. H. Baldwin, Entwistle and Barron, and Edmonstone.

It has been mentioned in another chapter that the territorial government expended from ten millions to fourteen millions in 1872; three new bridges were thrown across Rock Creek; three large market houses were partly finished; a new city hall was designed; a reform school was begun; new railroads and depots were added; new school houses built and the entire system of street paving, sewerage parks, suburban roads, and street railways reformed and made metropolitan. Destiny seems to be against the city in the matter of commerce and manufactures. Factories do not flourish here; the great glass works near the observatory which were so long successful have fallen into decay, but rural

gardening has taken the start and it is to be hoped that some day Washington will be fed from the fields within sight of its hills.

In 1871, when the project for the removal of the Capital was 584 rife in the Western country, two members of Congress, John Coburn, of Indiana, and Philetus Sawyer presented a minority report in favor of the scheme. Their energies came to naught, but we are indebted to them for extracting from the Treasury Department a very complete statement of the cost of Washington City and of the District to the taxpayers of the United States. These have amounted in gross to above forty-five and one-half millions of dollars in three quarters of a century. To make this grand total every possible appropriation and investment in the District was brought out, inclusive of several uncompleted edifices, some of which will not be wholly built until about 1876. By that time we may safely assume that the expenditures of the Federal Government in the district will have been hard upon sixty millions of dollars.

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CHAPTER XXXIV. A RECORD OF HISTORIC EVENTS IN THE DISTRICT OF COLUMBIA FROM 1621 TO 1873.

This chapter is believed to be the first compilation of historic events in the District of Columbia yet made in any volume. Later works may make the list more perfect, but the labor has not been light nor the sources of information easy of access in the preparation of this table:

THE DIARY OF THE DISTRICT OF COLUMBIA.

1621 (?) Henry Fleet ascends the Potomac to the site of the District and engages in battle with the “Nacostine Indians,” (Anacostans). Twenty English killed; Fleet held prisoner five years.

1632. Henry Fleet despatches his brother Edward to the Monocacy country with presents to buy peltries from the powerful M assomac ks; Henry Fleet waits with his barque, *Warwick,* in the vicinity of Georgetown. July 3d, Edward Fleet returns from a five days' journey. August 28th, Fleet arrested for trespass by Captain John Uty, and carried to Jamestown.

1634. March 5th, Leonard Calvert enters the Potomac with the ship *Ark* and the pinnace *Dove,* and two hundred colonists. Calvert and Fleet ascended the river in the *Dove* to Piscataway. March 27th, St. Mary's founded.

1695. Prince George's county erected by act of the Maryland Assembly. Settlement of “New Scotland” established near the Potomac and Anacostia.

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1740 (?) An inspection house for tobacco established at the mouth of Rock Creek.

1742. John Digges establishes Copper Works in the vicinity.

1748. Frederick County erected out of parts of Prince George, Anne Arundel, and Baltimore.

1751. Georgetown authorized to be laid out by an act of Assembly of Maryland in eighty lots comprising sixty acres of land,—six years after Fredericktown was laid out.

1755. March 26th, General Braddock arrives at Alexandria overland from Williamsburg.

April 12th—18th: The Forty-eighth British regiment, seamen, teamsters, and vessels of Braddock's expedition assembled at Rock Creek. Proceed to Fredericktown, three day's march. Braddock rides the same course.

Library of Congress

1758. The capture of Fort Duquesne in the autumn of this year brings back the frightened settlers of Frederick County and permits the country above Georgetown to be settled up.

1774. August. The brigantine “Mary and Jane” arrives in St. Mary's river with packages of tea consigned to merchants in Georgetown and Bladensburg. The patriotic “committee” of Frederick County refuse to allow it to be landed.

1774. December. Convention of patriotic deputies of Maryland meeting at Annapolis assessed Prince George's County £833 for arming the militia; Frederick County £1,333.

1775. April 28th. News of the battles of Lexington and Concord (April 19th) reach Georgetown in the afternoon.

1775. May. Captain Thomas Richardson, a Rhode Island Quaker, musters an independent company of Marylanders in Georgetown; the parade ground was on the brink of Rock Creek, near the present canal locks: In this company were General Lingan and General James Wilkinson.

1775. July 26th. Frederick County divided for convenience into three districts, upper, middle, and lower.

1776. February. The Public records of Maryland moved 587 from Annapolis to Upper Marlborough, three hours' ride from Georgetown.

1776. June—July. Lord Dunmore's war vessels appear in the Potomac and threaten the plantations.

1776. June 27th. Frederick ordered to furnish nine companies out of thirty-six for the “flying camp,” and Prince George's three.

1776. September 6th. The patriotic convention by a vote of 30 to 22 refused to postpone the division of Frederick County. Montgomery County, from which the future District of

Columbia waste be partly taken, was therefore created. And the same day the county of Washington was defined and named. The commissioners appointed for Montgomery County were Nathan and Zadock Magruder, John Murdock, Henry Griffith, Thomas Cramphin, Jr., Allen Bowie, and John Wilson. These men bought four acres of ground by order of the convention to establish a court-house and prison (Rockville). Thirteen hundred pounds, common money, were permitted to be assessed for this purpose.

1776. October 11th. The freeholders and inhabitants of Prince George's County who live west of the Eastern Branch of the Potomac petition the convention “to be annexed to the lower district of Frederick, now Montgomery County, and to have their Court house and other public buildings erected in Georgetown.”

1776. November 8th. The election for Montgomery County ordered to be held at Hungerford's, the judges of the same being John Murdock, Zadock Magruder, and Joseph Wilson.

1777. Father John Carroll establishes himself at his mother's house, “at Rock Creek, ten miles from Georgetown” and makes it “the centre of a vast Roman mission.”

1784. December 22d. Convention at Annapolis, George Washington presiding, to confer upon the improvement of the upper Potomac river. Books opened at Georgetown by William Deakins and Benjamin Stoddert; 42 shares taken there out of 403 in all.

1785. May 17th. The “Potomac Company” meet at Alexandria; August 1st, at Georgetown; October 18th, 1785, Board meet at Great Falls. Work began with hired negroes and Philadelphia immigrants, 160 in number.

1787. June 27th. Shares offered at auction at Shuter's tavern, Georgetown; no bids.

1789. Thomas Johnson succeeds Washington: directors George Gilpin, John Fitzgerald, Thomas S. Lee, Notley Young. The company existed 36 years and spent $729,380, and expired July 1822.

1788. Father Carroll commences to rear Georgetown college; opened for pupils 1791; Leonard Neale Superintendent, 1799.

1789. May. Father John Carroll elected Bishop of Baltimore; ratified at Rome Nov. 6th.

1790. July 16. The President at Philadelphia signs the bill to place the seat of government on the Potomac.

1791. January 10. Washington accepts the District.

1792. French nuns of the order of St. Clare open a school at Georgetown; sold to Bishop Neale 1805; June 9, 1808, transferred to the Nuns of the Visitation, Alice Lalor, Superioress.

1793. Sept. 18. The corner stone of the north wing of the Capitol laid.

1795. President Washington visits Georgetown college unattended, and is taken through it by the Jesuit Fathers.

1797. A bridge built at Chain bridge: “We must needs go and view the famous bridge—it is amazing to see the river so contracted that a stone could be pitched over where the bridge stands. This is three miles above Georgetown: from the bridge upwards there is a good road cut out of the rocks.”—Bishop Francis Asbury's Diary. Nov. 3, 1797.

1799. Death of Washington at Mount Vernon.

1800. November 22. President Adams sends his message to Congress at the capitol: “May this territory be the residence of virtue and happiness! In this city may that piety

and virtue, that wisdom and magnanimity, that constancy and 589 self-government which adorn the great character whose name it bears be forever held in veneration!”

1802. Establishment of the Washington race course on Holmead's farm.

1802. May 3. Washington city incorporated; supplementary act 1812; new charter 1820; municipality abolished 1871.

1804. Navy yard established.

1809. Company incorporated to cut a canal through the city; purchased by the city 1831: cost $225,000.

1810. Population, 8,308.

1812. April 20. George Clinton, Vice-President, died at Washington, and was buried at the Congressional cemetery.

1812. July. The *Federal Republican,* anti-war newspaper, established at Georgetown after being driven from Baltimore by a mob. The sheets are carried to Baltimore to be distributed and in the riots which follow General Lingan is killed and many others slain or beaten. (“Georgetown, 25th July, 1812, A.C. Hanson Esq. The bearer carries you the paper which he will deliver by daybreak. God send you success and glory in case of an attack. J. Wagner.”)

1813. July 13. Admiral Warren's fleet enters the Potomac, and halting at Blackstone's island sends up light vessels to sound the kettle bottoms. Mr. Monroe plans an attack at Blackstone's; Mr. John Armstrong takes control of Fort Washington.—John Mason of the District of Columbia, is appointed Commissary General of prisoners, and will also have the superintendence of aliens.

1813. September. Admiral Warren leaves the Potomac.

Library of Congress

1814. June 1–8. Commodore Barney's flotilla blockaded in the Patuxent. The enemy again in the Potomac. July 26, the blockading ships bombarded and retire.

1814. July 26. President Madison calls a Cabinet Council of war on the defence of Washington.

1814. July 16. “The door of Washington, Annapolis, is wide open, and cannot be shut with the few troops under my command.”— *General Winder's letter to the Secretary of War.*

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1814. August 1. In camp at Washington 1,000 regulars, and 4,000 enrolled militia.

1814. August 16. The British fleet, heavily reinforced, ascend the Potomac and the Chesapeake simultaneously.

1814. August 18. Five thousand British regulars, marines and negroes go up the Patuxent to destroy Barney's flotilla.

1814. August 22. Barney's flotilla of 13 barges blown up.

1814. August 28, Skirmish at Long Old Fields.

1814. August 24. Battle of Bladensburg. Destruction of the Capitol.

1814. August 25. The British retire, and re-embark August 30.

1814. August 27. Fort Washington blown up; August 29 Alexandria occupied.

1814. September. The British fleet passes batteries at the White House.

Library of Congress

1814. Nov. 13. Elbridge Gerry dies in his carriagei n the streets of the city. Buried at the Congressional cemetery, and as Vice-President of the United States received the honor of a monument from Congress which cost $1,000.

1815. June. Another steamboat to ply on the Chesapeake. (President Madison retires to Acquia creek by steamer at the conclusion of his term.)

1817. July. The new steamboat, Virginia, plies between Baltimore and Norfolk as a packet. “A very large and staunch boat, elegantly fitted, which cost $55,000.”

1819. Branch of the Bank of the United States established at Washington; circulation $647,602.

1820. Population, 13,232.

1821. There are 1,200 lawsuits and a litigious spirit everywhere in the District.

1821. “To John S an en ford, as usual, we are indebted for a statistical account of the progress of buildings: 88 buildings were commenced up to June, a new bridge put over the Tyber, the Centre Market enlarged, much progress made in the City Hall, an addition made to the Infirmary, the new theatre finished, 591 and the old one rebuilt for assembly rooms, Unitarian church erected and a Presbyterian church completed, and a fountain of water opened that yields sixty gallons a minute. Deaths in 1821, 355, in October the greatest number, 84.”

1822. January 9, Columbia College inaugurated. The flint bell erected in the city for public purposes raised in the Unitarian church tower, Oct. 11. Ten thousand persons see the race between the Virginia horse Sir Charles and the Virginia horse Eclipse. A million, and a half were said to have been bet; and 800 slaves in one instance to change hands. Eclipse walked over the track and his owner got the stake, $5,000. “Many bet large sums upon it who were unable to pay their honest debts to mechanics, grocers, and even

washerwomen. The next day a match was made for $20,000 a side to run Eclipse against any Northern horse over a Long Island course. The Long Island race run May 1, 1823; won by Eclipse. Stake $40,000; time 12 miles in 23 minutes; 50½ seconds.

1823. February. M. de Bresson, Secretary of the French legation, married daughter of Mr. Thompson, Secretary of the Navy.

1823. March. The contractor of the “Grand National lottery” refuses to pay the prize of $100,000 and many smaller ones and left the city. The corporation of Washington claim not to be responsible. *Intelligencer* says in capital letters: “So we go.”

1824. Singular reputed miracles at Georgetown attributed to the prayers of Prince Alexander Hohenlohe; amongst the cures that of Mrs. Anne Mattingly, sister of the Mayor of Washington.

1825. Antonio Meucci offers to paint the battle of Yorktown for the Capitol at the same price as offered by Col. Trumbull.

1825. National exhibition of manufacturers held in Washington. The last of the 29 columns for the eastern portico raised in September.

1825. Dec. 28. Fire in the library of the Capitol.

Death of Mayor L 592

1825. “John Sessford's annual statement”: a frigate and a sloop of war building at the navy yard; deaths during the year 225; 15 stores and 67 dwellings put up. Washington *Gazette,* published by John S. Meehan, changes its name to *United States Telegraph.*

1826. *National Journal* says: “$40,000 appropriated for two public schools; $20,000 for city hall; $3,000 for enlarging Centre market. A steamboat is about to ply from the wharf at the

Centre market to Alexandria. Postmaster General McLean says that the mail steamer to Potomac Creek is very irregular since it began some years ago."

1827. Built 123 dwellings, 25 shops. Deaths 251; population 17,448.

1828. March 23. Death of Colonel John Tayloe of Mount Airy at the Octagon House.

1828. Correspondents of Northern newspapers make allusions to ladies at Washington: "The female character is too gentle and refined for this British fashion."—Balt. *American.* Masonic processions to welcome De Witt Clinton, April 29, services at St John's church.

July 4. The President, J. Q. Adams, digs the first spadeful of the Chesapeake and Ohio Canal at Little Falls. Three steamers and many barges go up from Georgetown. Present, foreign ministers, cabinet, military, etc. Three new churches created; and an orphans' asylum.

1829. The officers' quarters at Marine barracks destroyed.

1830. Dec. 7. The first number of the *Globe* appears.

1832. The sum of $62,000 appropriated by Congress for paving Pennsylvania Avenue, and $40,000 for more water pipe to the Capitol. Cholera in the city; many fatal cases.

1833. "A contemplated granite bridge across the Potomac of 43 arches said to have been let by contract for $1,400,000. Some bids were as high as $7,500,000."

1834. The *North American,* Van Buren paper, established.

1834. Feb. 18. William Wirt expired at his lodgings, soon after his defeat as the Anti-Masonic candidate for the Presidency.

1833. The Treasury buildings were supposed, to have been burned by an incendiary.

1834. A riot broke out in the city and lasted several days, caused by some alleged remarks of a prominent free negro, Snow, upon the white ladies.

1835. Early in September the African church at Washington attacked by a mob.

1835. August 25. Washington branch B. and O. railroad opened after ten years' labor. Maryland subscription $500,000; one-fifth gross passage money to go to the State.

1835. October 1. The Long Bridge, one mile in length was crossed by the President and heads of departments in carriages for the first time. It had 2,000 solid feet of embankment; and cost $100,000, or one-third less than the appropriation. Its engineers were George W. Hughes and A. B. McLean, and the contractors Alanson Sumner and Stephen Clark of New York; the bridge was not generally used until the Spring of 1836. Jackson City was devised the same year.

1836. Autumn. The passenger stage fell through the 12th street bridge into the canal, killing a boy.

1837. Niles register was removed to Washington.

1837. The gate of the Capitol fronting Pennsylvania Avenue was opened in 1837 and all the lodges built about that time.

1838. February. A duel between Graves and Cilley, members of Congress, occurred, the parties meeting at the Anacostia bridge on the road to Marlborough about 2 o'clock, P. M. There were on the ground, Graves, Cilley, Wise, Jones, Calhoun, Hawes, hack-drivers, the land owner and several loiterers. Cilley killed.

1839. The Treasury edifice was drawing near completion, the foundations of the General Post-Office going up, the present jail up one story (size 100 feet front, 50 deep, 40 high) and the Alexandria Court House ready for the roof.

1840. The National Institute was organized with 85 resident members; the population of the city was 22,177. 38

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1841. July 31. The statue of Washington by Greenough arrived on the ship “Sea” at the Washington navy yard; it was raised on its pedestal in the rotunda Dec. 1, 1841.

1841. The venerable Joseph Nourse died at Georgetown Sept. 1. He was born in London, 1754, and was first register of the Treasury from 1789 to 1829.

1841. February. Amos Kendall begins the publication of his *Expositor.*

1841. April 4. President Harrison expires at the White House.

1842. September 10. Mrs. Tyler, wife of the President, died at the White House, after twenty-nine years of wedded life.

1843. March 4th. Congress at midnight session votes $30,000 to put up the Morse telegraph from Washington to Baltimore; put in operation in 1844.

1843. The *Intelligencer* reported that there were 4,938 houses in the city, and $10,000,000 assessed property; 325 houses had gone up in the year.

1844. March 1. Four hundred people went to visit Commodore Stockton's ship, the *Princeton,* lying off Alexandria. The *Princeton* proceeded below Fort Washington, and was returning, when a gun throwing a ball of 225 pounds, burst, killing Mr. Upshur, Secretary of State, Mr. Gilmer, Secretary of the Navy, Commodore Kennon, Virgil Maxey, late of the

legation at the Hague, and ex-State Senator Gardiner, of New York. Seventeen seamen were wounded and many people stunned.

1844. The population was 30,426; between 1820 and 1845, about 11,500 shops and buildings had been erected.

1844. President Tyler, at the age of 54, brings a new mistress into the White House—Miss Julia Gardner, daughter of one of the victims of the explosion on the Princeton.

1846. August 31. The people of Alexandria county voted for retrocession from the District, aye 763, no 222. September 7, 1846, President Polk pronounced the act complied with. The people living in the County outside of Alexandria, had 595 flags with mottoes, “What Washington has done, let no one undo.” “There was some admirable speaking on the hustings.”

1846. Decatur disinterred. Every lineament of the face was gone. Nothing remained but a few fragments of the dress. Major Twiggs superintended the disinterment.

1847. August. Admiral Cockburn died in Shanganah, near Bray, county Dublin, aged 84.

1848. One hundred and thirty-six houses were erected in Washington, making 5,922 in the city.

July 4, 1848, the corner stone of the Washington Monument was laid in the presence of Mrs. Madison, Mrs. Hamilton, and many others.

1848. February 23. J. Q. Adams died in the Speaker's room at the Capitol.

1848. April 19. The steamboat *Salem* overhauls the schooner *Pearl,* Edward Sayres, captain, Daniel Drayton, charterer, in Cornfield Harbor, with 77 fugitive negroes on board, belonging to Georgetown. The *National Era* mobbed. Peter Force, Mayor, *pro tem.*

Drayton sentenced to pay 73 times $140, and Edward Sayres 73 times $100. Pardoned, August 12, 1852.

1850. The *Southern Press* established at Washington.

1850. Mr. Calhoun died in the Old Capitol block, March 31, aged 68 years.

1851. April 22. Archbishop Eccleston, fifth Archbishop of Baltimore, expires at Georgetown College. President Fillmore attends the funeral.

1851. July 4. The corner stone of the Capitol extension laid by Millard Fillmore; Daniel Webster orator.

1852. December 24. Fire in the Library of Congress, attended with the destruction of 35,000 volumes and many medals, pictures, etc.

June 29. Tuesday, at the age of 75, Henry Clay expired, at the National Hotel.

1852. In the spring of this year, the Young Men's. Christian Association of Washington was formed; in 1868 its large 596 building, enclosing “Lincoln Hall,” was built; in 1873 it numbered 963 members.

1853. Dr. Charles John Gardiner, convicted of perjury at the prosecution of the United States. He takes poison in the court room and dies in a few hours.

1854. January. The Papal Nuncio, Cajetan Bedini, is a guest of the French Minister. Much excitement and bigotry of discussion.

1854. January 23. Death of M. de Bodisco, at Georgetown, after seventeen years' service as Minister of Russia. Wedded to a Georgetown lady.

1856. May 22. Assault on Mr. Sumner by Preston S. Brooks. Brooks died in the city, Jan. 27, 1857. Aged 37.

Hebert fined $300 for the murder of Thomas Keating.

1857. June 1. Bloody riot at the municipal election between Baltimore Know Nothings, and Democrats. The marines called out and are fired upon by the rioters with cannon. The fire returned, and the people lose six killed and about twenty wounded.

1857. Organization of the Columbia Institution for the deaf and dumb.

1858. Senator Thomas H. Benton dies at his residence on C street, near 4½, aged 76.

1858. The Mount Vernan Estate purchased by a patriotic association, from John A. Washington, for $200,000 for 200 acres.

1859. Feb. 27. Philip Barton Key shot and killed by Daniel E. Sickles for the seduction of Mrs. Sickles.

1859. Members of Congress, English and Montgomery, have a street fight with canes and brickbats.

1859. October 17. Colonel Lee leaves Washington at the head of the marines to capture John Brown's band at Harper's Ferry.

1860. April. A month of ruffianism in the House of Representatives, with rows, rallies and challenges. Challenge between Pryor of Virginia and Potter of Wisconsin.

1860. Oct. 3–7. The Prince of Wales in Washington; visits Mount Vernon.

Library of Congress

1860. Dec. 3. At noon, Dr. Gurley of Washington, opens the Senate with prayer. Ditto the House by Rev. Thomas H. Stockton. Buchanan's message received.

Dec. 12. Lewis Cass, Secretary of State, resigns.

1860. Dec. 20. M. R. H. Garnett, announcing in Congress the secession of South Carolina, says Virginia will not be responsible for the bonds of the Pacific Railroad, then under discussion. Boyce and Ashman draw their pay to the last, and leave for Charleston. Secession cockades worn publicly in Washington.

December 24. Frauds to the amount of $870,000 committed on the Interior Department. Mayor Barrett surrounds the building with his police.

December 29. Floyd, Cobb, and Thompson resign.

December 26. Barnwell, Adams, and Orr, commissioners from South Carolina, arrive at the Capital and stop at Trescott's house, 352 Franklin Row, K street.

1861. Jan. 4. Mrs. Robert Anderson passes through Washington to join her husband in Fort Sumpter. Returns Jan. 9, and stops at Willard's Hotel.

1861. Jan. 5. The South Carolina-Commissioners leave the city. Cockades of both zones blossom in hundreds of hat-bands. Captain Charles P. Stone organizes the militia and troops in the district. Fourteen Senators, amongst them Jeferson Davis, caucus in Washington, to form themselves into a directory, and take control of the South.

1861. Jan. 12. The Gulf State Congressmen and Senators begin to withdraw from Congress.

Jan. 21st. Jefferson Davis withdraws.

February 4th. Slidell and Benjamin withdraw.

1861. Feb. 4. The Peace Convention meets at Willard's Hall, on F st., John Tyler presiding; adjourns March 1st.

1861. Feb. 23. President Lincoln, accompanied by Ward Lamon and Norman Judd, arrive at the Washington depot, at daylight, and are received by Elihu Washburne; he goes to Willard's Hotel, where Mr. Seward meets him.

On the 27th, the Mayor and Council wait on the President-elect.

1861. March 4th. Mr. Lincoln and Mr. Buchanan, in a carriage, with Senators Pearse and Baker, proceed to the Capitol, flanked by troops on the parallel streets. Chief-Justice Taney administers the oath.

1861. March 5. Three Confederate Commissioners arrive, and stop at Willard's.

1861. April—. Mayor James G. Barrett arrested.

1861. April 13. The Virginia Commissioners meet the President.

1861. April 18. The Cassius M. Clay battalion organized at Willard's Hall, and given arms to patrol the city. The Capitol and Treasury guarded by howitzers. Five volunteer companies from Pennsylvania and forty regulars arrive at the depot, in all 530 men. They are quartered in the House of Representatives; the same evening Harper's Ferry armory destroyed.

1861. April 19. The Massachusetts Sixth arrives.

1861. April 20. Seizure of telegraph despatches, followed by the weeding of the disloyal out of the Departments.

1861. April 21. Robert E. Lee leaves Arlington House for Richmond, to offer his services to the State of Virginia.

1861. April 25. Arrival of the Seventh New York Regiment; two other regiments arrive next day.

1861. May. All the public buildings filled with troops and the Glacis converted into bakeries.

1861. May 1. Lieut. Tompkins raids through Fairfax Court House.

1861. May 11. Washington severed from the North by the burning of bridges north of Baltimore.

1861. May 18. A Confederate flag seen on the Virginia heights.

1861. May 25. Colonel Ellsworth's body embalmed at the Navy Yard.

1861. June 16. Confederate soldiers seen at Chain Bridge and High Point; Vienna and Fails Church occupied.

1861. July 4. A special session of Congress is held.

1861. July 9. One hundred and sixty-one millions appropriated to carry on the war.

1861. July 15. McDowell's army advances.

1861. July 21. All the horses and vehicles in the District of Columbia seized to bring in the wounded. Hospitals improvised.

Library of Congress

1861. July 25. McClellan makes headquarters in Washington, at the head of 50,000 infantry and thirty pieces, of cannon, the city fortified, and the army recruited and reorganized.

1861. October 1st. The Potomac blockaded for nearly six months after this date.

1861. October 15. The city circumvallated by earthworks; seventy thousand men armed and disciplined; the Potomac picketed from Liverpool Point to Williamsport; great reviews in September and October, opposite Washington.

1861. October 17. The Confederates again fall back to Centreville.

1861. Oct. 25. General Baker's dead body brought from Bull's Bluff to Washington.

1861. Dec. 20. Fight at Drainsville, near Washington.

1862. Street railroad laid on Pennsylvania Avenue.

1862. March 10. McClellan advances to Manassas and Warrenton Junction.

1862. April 1st. McClellan descends the Potomac, leaving 18,000 men in garrison, and 20,000 in Virginia around Manassas.

1862. June 28. General Pope takes command of the forces before Washington, and takes the field July 29th.

1862. Sept. 1st. Battle of Chantilly, and return of the army to the fortifications of Washington.

1862. Sept. 4th. The Confederates cross the Potomac 40 miles above Washington.

1862. Sept. 7th. The Army of the Potomac, 87,000 strong, moves north of Washington. Battle of Antietam.

1862. Dec. 31st. Burnside recalled to Washington, from before Fredericksburg, and removed from his command.

600

1863. Jan. 1. President Lincoln proclaims emancipation from Washington.

1863. Washington Fire Department organized; it consisted in 1873, of five steamers, six hose carriages and two trucks, a fire-alarm telegraph and twenty-eight horses. Annual expense $80,000.

1863. Mar. 8. John S. Mosby dashes into Fairfax and captures Colonel Stoughton; the Confederate draft enforced in counties opposite Washington.

1863. June 16. Hooker's army, defeated at Chancellorsville, falls back to Fairfax.

1864. July 6. The Sixth Corps,. under General Ricketts, passes through Washington northward.

1864. July 9th. The battle of Monocacy, for the defence of the city, with a Federal loss of 2,000.

1864. July 12th. Battle at Silver Springs, with a loss of 600 men on each side; Early re-crosses the Potomac.

1865. April 10. President Lincoln returns to Washington from Richmond; the city illuminated.

1865. April 14. General Grant arrives.

1865. April 15. Death of Mr. Lincoln, at the house of Mr. Peterson, opposite Ford's theatre.

1865. May. Grand review, for two days, of the armies of Grant and Sherman.

1865. July 7. Mrs. Surratt, Payne (or Powell), Herold, and Atzerodt hanged in the yard of the old penitentiary, Greenleaf's Point.

1865. Nov. 10. Henry Wirz, the Andersonville jailer, hanged, in the rear of the house where Calhoun died, and which was called “The old Capitol.”

1865. Dec. Only 35 votes are cast in favor of negro suffrage in the District; 7,369 against.

1866. June 3. Calvary Baptist Church dedicated; burned December 15th, 1867.

1867. March 7th. President Johnson vetoes the District of Columbia suffrage bill, but it is passed over the veto by more than two-thirds of each House

1869. December 24. Death of Edwin M. Stanton, at his home, on Franklin square.

1869. Completion of the Howard University for freedmen.

1871. Feb. 20, 21. Grand Carnival and Masquerade on the completion of the wood pavement on Pennsylvania Avenue from the Treasury to the Capitol; the same day the President signs the bill making a Territorial Government for the District of Columbia, with a Governor and Council, a House of Delegates and a Delegate in Congress.

1872. Opening of the Baltimore and Potomac, and Washington, Alexandria and Fredericksburg Railroads.

1872–3. Complete rehabilitation and reformation of the city, at a cost to the taxpayers of eight millions, and to the Government of four millions. Commencement of the new State Department.

1873. May 12. Salmon P. Chase interred at the Oak Hill Cemetery, Georgetown. Services in the Capital.

1873. May 26. Opening of the Metropolitan branch railroad to Point of Rocks.

CHAPTER XXXV. SOCIAL SKETCHES OF THE OLD AND NEW IN WASHINGTON.

If we ever have a literature in America, much of it must illustrate the government and collateral society at the national capital. Many agreeable pens have been at work jotting down the materials for this work, and it would be an oversight in our book to say nothing of the old families and the new in the city by the Potomac.

It is already hard to realize with precision and picturesqueness the state of social life and living which existed in the early days of our Capital. The city has found it necessary in the course of improvement to take out of the landscape many familiar forms and vistas which will belong to the biographer, novelist, and poet of that great period in letters which must be approaching.

Amongst the local landmarks of the District of Columbia which have been recently obliterated in the leveling processes of the new corporation, are the mound and stone to mark the centre of the ten miles square, set up by Andrew Ellicott, in 1791. Gen. Babcock said he thought it was merely the base of a derrick to hoist things to the Washington Monument.

The other landmark was the Van Ness Mausoleum, in which was buried David Burns, the Scotch farmer who owned the ground on which the most popular part of Washington

stands. This fine old-relic (see cut below) was taken down in the latter part of 1872, to give room for a new alley. It stood between 603 the Church of the Ascension and an Orphan Asylum, on H street near Ninth,—the ground for both of which was presented by Mrs. Van Ness, or Marcia Burns, daughter of the Scotch farmer aforesaid.

As to this family there is a quaint tale which may be worth telling:

David Burns was a farmer at the river-side behind the President's Mansion, who had been fortunate enough, under the law of primogeniture prevailing in the Province of Maryland, to inherit his father's property, to the exclusion of his kin. He was a positive old fellow, and annoyed Washington very much when the President sought to “locate the Capital City upon his farm.” “The obstinate Mr. Burns,” as Washington called him, will be the subject of portraiture often in the future, stickling for the largest equity and conditions, and paying little relative respect to the opinion of the General, whom he once declared to be of eminence chiefly on the score of having married the rich widow Custis.

Burns had a daughter, as well, whose prospective wealth in Washington city-lots was to make another man historic. This was Marcia Burns, a fairly-educated, fair-looking, clear-headed young woman, the only child of the crusty David. When the Congressmen settled on the agueish site of the new city, and found the distances too magnificent for patience, they sought relief from poor lodgings by visiting the Carrolls, Calverts, Taylors, Laws, Peters, Lloyds, Keys, and others; and immediately there was a courteous contest for the hand and fortune of Davy Burns' child. The Congressmen filled the long, low, one-story-and-garret farm-house of nights, and the most assiduous and good-looking of them all was John P. Van Ness, of New York. They all besieged Miss Marcia Burns, and she followed the rule of choosing trumps when in doubt. She beamed upon the handsome Dutch member.

John P. Van Ness was now past 30, and the son of a celebrated New York anti-Federalist and Revolutionary officer, Judge Peter Van Ness. His father was, a supporter of Aaron

Burr 604 against the Livingston and Clinton interest; and William P. Van Ness, his brother, “that talented man, of dark and indignant spirit,” as Jabez Hammond says, was Burr's second in the duel with Hamilton, and afterwards secreted Burr in the family home of Kinderhook, where subsequently Irving wrote a part of his Knickerbocker's History, and Martin Van Buren raised cabbages and smiled on Nature.

The elder Van Ness sent Aaron Burr, recently United States Senator, to sound the young woman Burns, and ascertain the degree of her worldly wisdom and her father's worldly prospects. Burr, always plastic in match-makings, reported in an exalted strain upon Miss Marcia's strength of mind and probabilities, and thus Columbia County, New York, and the District of Columbia, united their leading families.

The groom had been educated at Columbia College, New York, and was of such equal spirits, that, till death, he retained all his popularity in Washington, and “filled all the high, offices that the citizens of Washington had the power to bestow upon him.” His bride was equal to her alliance, and kept a tender memory in Washington long after her obstinate father was laid in the Cave of Macpelah.

MARCIA BURNS.

VAN NESS.

For a little time the bridal party inhabited old Burns's cottage, still standing at the foot of Seventeenth street. Next, Mr. Van Ness built a two-story brick house on the corner of Twelfth and D streets. The city lots selling well, and money being unstinted, Van Ness next erected, right beside old Burns's cottage, a great brick mansion, still perfect, and inhabited now by Thomas Green, the son-in-law of the elder Ritchie, the celebrated Richmond editor. This great house was designed 605 by the architect Latrobe, and it cost about $50,000, upwards of half a century ago. The country-place of the bridal couple was meantime the “Glebe,” situated in Virginia, not many miles from Washington, where

they possessed 1,500 acres, part of which is now owned by Caleb Cushing. In 1865 the mansion on “The Glebe” burned down.

VAN NESS MANSION, AND DAVY BURNS'S COTTAGE.

It is customary to refer to Burns as a common old fellow, but he appears to have used the first moneys derived from the sale of his land and lots to educate his daughter in a manner to fit her for the exalted company expected on the site of his farm. Seven or eight years elapsed between this good fortune and her marriage.

A copy of the funeral discourse of Rev. William Hawley, (Nicholas Callan's copy), rector of St. John's Church, delivered on the occasion of the death of Mrs. Van Ness, 1832, is in possession of W. H. Philip, Esq. Parts of this discourse say as follows:

“She survived her only child, Mrs. Ann E. Middleton. Born on the spot on which she expired, the whole of Mrs. Van Ness's life had been passed in witnessing the beginning, the rise, and progress of this flourishing metropolis. She was placed by her parents in the family of Luther Martin, Esq., of 606 Baltimore, who was then at the height of his fame as the most distinguished jurist and advocate in the State of Maryland, and with his daughters and family she had the best opportunity of education and society.* At the age of twenty she was married to the ‘present worthy mayor of our Capital.’

* Luther Martin married, a daughter of Col. Cresap, of Maryland, long the reputed slayer of the family of Logan, the Indian chief. Martin was a shiftless genius, who had been born at New Brunswick, New Jersey, in 1744, and removed, in 1762, to the little Eastern shore Maryland, part of Queenstown, where he studied law and taught school until 1770. He was a protégé of Judge Samuel Chase, and in 1778 became Attorney-General of Maryland, distinguishing himself by prosecuting tories. In 1804 he defended Judge Chase, in the unfinished capital, Burr presiding, in a speech pronounced “wonderful” at the period. In 1807 he defended Aaron Burr, at Richmond, and lost his popularity in Maryland for years. Intemperance grew upon him, and he became, at last, a guest of Burr's banished years,

and died in 1826. Chief Justice Taney describes him as a rambling talker, with slovenly rhetoric, using vulgarisms, but fair and weighty in argument, and wearing ruffles at the wrist, richly edged with lace, but dabbled and soiled and with rich clothes unbrushed, and intoxication often paramount.

“In early life,” continues the clergyman, “she had great sprightliness of mind and amiableness of disposition. The sedateness of her manner gave her dignity, and the genuine piety of her heart became her rule of life, when her daughter had been born and educated. This daughter returned from boarding-school at the time the splendid dwelling on Mansion square was prepared for the reception of the family. Leaving the cottage which stands at hand, and under whose humble roof she had been born and nurtured, Mrs. Van Ness witnessed the subsequent marriage of her daughter. But in November, 1822, the bride who had been but a few months before ‘attired in nuptial dress, adorned with jewels and surrounded with gay attendants,’ plighted her vows, was consigned, with her infant, to the grave.

“From this period Mrs. Van Ness seemed to have bid the world and all its gaieties farewell. She endowed an orphan asylum with $4,000 in real property, left it by will $1,000—the legacy an old friend, widow of Governor Blount, of North 607 Carolina,—and labored with Congress for its further endowment of $10,000. She attended the church and Sunday School in this church constantly, and sought out orphans with a mother's yearning. The old cottage house in which she was born and in which her beloved parents ended their days, was an object of her deep veneration and regard. In this humble dwelling, over whose venerable roof wave the branches of trees planted by her dear parents, she had selected a secluded apartment, with appropriate arrangements for solemn meditation, to which she often retired, and spent hours in quiet solitude and holy communion. Her sickness was long and painful. A few days before the end she celebrated the sacrament with a few of her Christian friends around her bed. She bade all the several members of the family an affectionate farewell, and on parting with her dear husband, while he kneeled by her dying

bed, she said, with her hand upon his head: ‘Heaven bless and protect you; never mind me.’”

The funeral took place Monday, September 10, at 4 P. M. The mahogany coffin was covered with black velvet, and ornamented with a silver plate, on which was engraved her name, the day of her birth, marriage, and death. A leaden coffin was inside the wooden one. Another plate, the gift of citizens who had held a meeting of condolence at the “Western Town House,” referred to her piety, charity, and worth, and it was fastened on the coffin, “a little below the former.” It told the story thus: “Born 9th May, 1782. Married 9th May, 1802. Died 9th Sept. 1832.”

The Mausoleum had been erected some years previously. Her hearse and family carriage (coach and four) were dressed in mourning. Little female orphans, in divided ranks, marched to the bier and strewed it with branches of the weeping willow.

A poem in the *Globe,* by H. G., (Horatio Greenough?), said:

“Mid rank and wealth and worldly pride, From every snare she turned aside. * * * * * * 608 She sought the low, the humble shed, Where gaunt disease and famine tread. And from that time in youthful pride, She stood Van Ness's blooming bride, No day her blameless head o'er past, But saw her dearer than the last.”

VAN NESS MAUSOLEUM.

After Van Ness had been a Bank President, Militia Commander, and what not, he died several years after his wife. He had provided a tomb, unrivaled in the New World, a copy of a temple of Vesta, where the Burns and the Van Ness alliance should be monumentally inurned. This tomb was constructed of stone, and was an open dome, with stone pillars, and a deep vault beneath it, eight feet in depth, with three tiers of cells, six cells to the tier. Mr. Edward Clark, architect of the Capitol, told Col. W. H. Philip, who recently removed and set up the Mausoleum, that it was one of the few tombs strictly monumental in the

country, and that the material in it, and the fashioning of them, would cost, at the present time, $34,000. They took the structure down, and have re-built it precisely as it was, in Oak Hill Cemetery, Georgetown: Underneath it they found seven bodies, viz.:

1. David Burns,—a few bones, and a skull and teeth, and the relics of an old-fashioned winding-sheet, which wrapped the defunct around and around, as if afraid he might get out of it, as out of some other bad bargain. The undertaker of the latter part of the nineteenth century looked at this winding-sheet as if he were stumped at last. It was too much for him.

2. Mrs. Burns, wife of David. On this lady history is silent.

609

3. Gen. Van Ness. A fine old body, who sued the Government of the United States for violating its agreement with the original proprietors of Washington in the matter of selling to private purchasers lots near the Mall. He was beaten, although he had Roger B. Taney for counsel. He gave all annual entertainment to Congress, and his six horses, headless, are said to gallop around the Van Ness mansion annually, on the anniversary of his death.

4. Marcia Van Ness, heiress of Washington. Mrs. Van Ness's portrait is at the Orphan Asylum, and at Colonel Philip's residence; a sweet, thin Scotch face, with gleaming, dewy eyes, crowned with a lace cap.

5. Mrs. Ann E. Middleton, only child of John P. and Marcia Van Ness; married Arthur Middleton, son of a signer of the Declaration of Independence; she died in childbirth, and Middleton married for his second wife a daughter of General Bentevolia, of Rome.

6. General Montgomery, a relative of the family.

7. Gov. Cornelius P. Van Ness, ex-Collector of the Port of New York, Chief Justice and Governor of Vermont, and for nine years Minister to Spain. He was the father of Mrs.

Judge Roosevelt, of New York City, and of Lady Ouseley, wife of Sir William Ouseley, Secretary of the British Legation, who was married at the Van Ness mansion.

The square on which the Mausoleum stood sold for $160,000 not many years ago, and the proceeds went to the Bentevolia alliance.

The heirs of John P. Van Ness were three, in equal parts:

1. One-third to Mrs. Philip, whose son is W. H. Philip, Esq., of Washington City.

2. One-third to Gov. C. P. Van Ness.

3. One-third to the heirs of Judge W. P. Van Ness, Burr's friend.

Of this celebrated estate there are still many lots in the possession of the heirs of the above. 39

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General Van Ness lived down to the period of the Mexican war, attaining the ripe age of seventy-six. He became the first President of the Bank of the Metropolis in 1814. Several portraits are extant of him. In one he is represented as wearing a powdered wig and toupee with very light, fine, brown hair and side-whiskers, with a short forehead, and strong perceptive brows, very full and memory-keeping, a fine, aquiline nose, straight lip and chin, and small mouth and a fine, hazel, open eye with brown lashes and eyebrows. A handsomer man, a woman, nor a novel reader never looked upon. There is a luscious, Dutch look about that portrait Gilbert Stuart painted of Van Ness which does not fail to account for his success with Miss Burns. He left no will and never made one. The toast after his death was, “well fed, well bred, well read: we never shall look upon his like again!”

William P. Van Ness, brother of the Mayor, was also a striking-looking man of larger intellectual development than General Van Ness, but of less pleasing expression;

he enjoyed a larger area of career than the Mayor. The Van Nesses were said to be descended from Aerd Van Ness of West Vriesland, Lieutenant Admiral of Holland.

Amongst the episodes of the old Van Ness mansion is the story of Ann G. Wightt, well known in her day as “sister Gertrude.”

She was a cousin of Mrs. Marcia Van Ness, and of a Maryland family. A young and beautiful child, she was sent to school at Georgetown Convent, and while her parents were absent in Europe she became enamoured of the ideal convent life and took the veil. She is said to have risen to such consideration that she was talked of as Lady Superioress. When about thirty years of age she slipped on the dress of one of the monks or fathers, and one evening, left the Convent by stealth and was driven to the Van Ness mansion, where she claimed the protection and hospitality of John Van Ness on the score of cousinship. A day or two after she arrived, two priests called at the house and demanded to talk with her. She 611 answered them from the head of the stairs that under no circumstances would she return to the Convent. It was never known why she had taken flight, but she became the reverse of a recluse and was a gay and brilliant woman in society, but she never married. Amongst her intimate acquaintances at a later period was Isis Iturbide, a daughter of the Emperor of Mexico, who left Miss Wightt a legacy of $10,000, and the latter had the sagacity and perseverance to go to the city of Mexico and obtain the money while the other Iturbides got little or nothing. She was notable for her splendid black, flowing hair, superb teeth, and great conversational power. She died at the residence of Honorable John Y. Mason in Richmond, a short time prior to the civil war.

The Van Ness Mansion made its last public appearance in the Assassination Conspiracy when its affable and inoffensive proprietor, Mr. Green, was put into a military prison upon a newspaper rumor that the mansion was to have been used as a place of incarceration for President Lincoln preparatory to his removal to Virginia by stealth. It is a noble old property, and when the Board of Public Works or whatever is responsible hereabout

arranges Seventeenth street and fills up the canal, the ride around this mansion up the shaded river side to Braddock's Rock and Camp Hill will be one of the best in Washington.

A word on the subject of the original proprietors of the site of Washington. To their titles all deeds for property in the Federal city date, and I spent an hour looking them over one day recently in the Room of the Commissioners.

The Carroll estate was divided into “New Troy,” 500 acres, Duddington pastures 431 acres, and Duddington Manor 497½ acres. St. Thomas bay entered the Manor from the Eastern branch and St. James's creek, behind it, separated Duddington pasture from Notley Young's farm of 400 acres. East of Duddington, and nearer the Navy Yard was “Houp's addition,” laid out for Madame Ann Young by Jeremiah Riley and his father, Eliphas Riley in 1757. Part of the same was resurveyed for Charles Carroll, Jr., in 1759 and called ‘Cerve Abbey Manor.’

612

The dwelling (70×22 feet), great smoke house, spring house and brick stable (95) at Duddington were erected after the city was laid out. A log house and a frame hen house in the corner nearest the Capitol were on the square previously.

Robert Peter's log mansion house (36×22), quarters and outbuildings stood on the square between 13th and 14th streets west of W and boundary.

Mr. Young's mill (36×24), stood between 1st and 2d streets East and M and N streets in what is now “Swampoo d le.” The widow Digges had log houses in Delaware avenue near by.

John Davidson's heirs occupied his frame mansion and log wings (32×20) (12×12) between 12th and 13th streets west and K and L north; his family graveyard was at the corner of K and 13th.

Mr. Fenwick's house, 60 by 31, stood right on the space where Georgia Avenue intersects S. Capitol Street, at the water side; the graveyard was just by.

Messrs. Lynch and Sands lived in a “mansion house,” 20 by 17 at the corner of L North, and 6th West, near the old Seventh Street Market.

The widow Young had a mansion house 36 by 23, with half a dozen tenements, right on the Eastern branch, between 17th and 18th streets East, at the burnt bridge.

James M. Lingan's frame mansion and office attached, 66 by 22 feet, was right in Ninteenth street, nearest N, at M and N North.

Samuel Davidson's log dwelling and kitchen (original) stood on square 183, at 17th and M streets, four squares north of Lafayette Square.

David Burns's house and graveyard, occupied then by James Burns, 20 by 16—graveyard 30 by 30—stood on H street North, between 9 th and 10 West, identical with the subsequent Mausoleum.

The residence of Notley Young was a staunch and roomy brick, which stood near the Potomac side, upon the bluffs near the Washington wharves, and was taken away within a comparatively recent period, to accommodate a new street.

613

Notley Young's mansion (original proprietor) was in the middle of South G street (between Squares 389 and 390) and between 9th and 10th streets West, half way between the steamboat landing and Long Bridge. One of his barns was at 10th and D, and another at 7th and I. His graveyard was at the riverside where South II strikes the water.

Abramam Young's mansion house (22 by 22)and grave yard stood on North D, by 15th East, at the city boundary.

Samuel Blodget's mansion, 29 by 12, stood in 16th Street West, between P North and Massachusetts Avenue, half way between the White House and the boundary.

George Walker's mansion—53 by 32, graveyard, and log tenements stood between Maryland Avenue, North E, 6th Street East and 7th, Square 862, on the Bladensburg route.

Mrs. Prout's house—53 by 24, and graveyard stood on Square 90, M and 8th streets.

Mr. N. Young's dwelling, above referred to (42 by 52), stood in G street, between 9th and 10th, Square 389–90, and it had 27 cabins, sheds, houses, barns, etc., attached, between 7th and 11th and F Street and the river.

At Alexandria, in 1798, Mr. Fairfax's house was on the opposite heights of Hunting Creek, opposite “Parry Hill.” Cameron's Mills were just above the neck of the creek; Lee's house was on the first knoll back of the town, just opposite Cameron Street, if extended; the Episcopal Church was at Columbus and Cameron Streets; the Quaker meeting-house at St. Asaphe and Wolf; the Presbyterian and Methodist, on the same square, between Royal and Fairfax and Wolf and Duke. Catholic and Dutch Lutheran Churches were suggested at Church and Washington Streets.

Widow Wheeler's log buildings, and three distinct corps of graves, in rows, stood three squares above the Navy Yard bridge, between Virginia Avenue and 14th East, and South M Streets and the Eastern Branch, right behind the Commissioners' wharf, where also was the upper ferry.

One of the most notable estates around Washington is that 614 of the Calvert family, which existed in somewhat better than its present condition, before the District was laid out.

The estate of Mount Airy lies one mile north of Bladensburg, upon the Old Stage road to Baltimore, and the Washington Branch Steam Railway passes through the noble level park where once, I have heard “Porte Crayon” say, herds of deer roamed at will. Lodges of plastered brick, quaint to the eye, flank the main gate, and as the visitor canters down the drive to the mansion, he sees upon a low eminence to the left, within

MT. AIRY

view of both lodge and villa, the burial ground of the family. Two flat tombs, vault-fashion, enclose the remains of John and of Rosalie Eugenia Calvert, and the memorial stone of Charles B. Calvert is an upright piece of marble,—the three substantial and plain, and thus inscribed:

In memory of Charles B. Calvert; Born August 23d, 1808, Died May 12, 1864.

Blessed are the merciful; for they shall obtain mercy.—Matt, v. 7.

Here lies the body of John Calvert, Esq., of Riversdale; youngest son of Benedict Calvert, Esq., of Mr. Airy, Prince George County, Maryland, and grandson of Charles Calvert, sixth Lord. Baltimore, who died January 28, 1838, aged 70.

Here rests the body of Rosalie Eugenia Calvert, wife of Geo. Calvert, and daughter of Henry J. Strie, Esq., of Antwerp.

May she be remembered among the children of God, and her lot be cast among the Saints.

615

“We see the hand we worship and adore, And justify the all-disposing power.”

From this mound of sepulture a pleasant view is afforded of the picturesque negro cabins scattered over the estate, of the large barns and improvements which were in their prime

about 1830, and of the blue and gray wooded hills of Prince George's, which almost enclose the estate, as well as that vista of declining terraces toward the Anacosta, at Bladensburg. The mansion is built of brick and stone, rough plastered, and in color, bright yellow. It is flanked with offices which are connected with the centre by short colonnades, and the grounds are tastefully ornamented with glass houses and fountains. This estate has been the home of one of the natural branches of the Calvert family for many generations—that of Benedict Calvert, son of Charles, Fifth Lord Baltimore, whose daughter Nelly became the youthful bride of the child of Mrs. George Washington, and Mother of George Washington Parke Custis, with whose estate of Arlington in Virginia, the fine old aristocratic coaches of the Calverts exchanged ceremonial visits, up to the periods of Jackson and Van Buren.

Following the fashions and opportunities of their time and station, the Lords Baltimore strewed natural offspring, even from the beginning. The pious George, first of the title, left Philip Calvert, born out of wedlock; Benedict Leonard, Fourth Baltimore, married the grandchild of a mistress of Charles II, and this lady bore illegitimate children whom the husband petitioned the House of Lords “to bastardize.” Charles, the Fifth Baltimore, left Benjamin (called Benedict) Calvert, who is, in the above inscription, for some reason attributed to the Sixth Baltimore. Finally, Frederick, the last Baltimore, died without other issue than Henry Harford and his sister, both natural offspring. The family of Benedict Calvert of Mr. Airy, has always been honorably associated and held in high esteem in Maryland.

The great families of that early day in the vicinity of Washington were the Calverts of Mount Airy, the Curtises of Virginia 616 and Georgetown, and the Carrolls of Duddington. Mrs. George Washington's son married Eleanor Calvert, and the eldest daughter of this marriage married Thomas Laws the second married Thomas Peter of Georgetown, and the son married Mary Lee Fitzhugh and moved to Arlington House after the death

of his grandmother Washington. Here we have a family association both mutable and memorable.

Thomas Law, brother of Lord Ellenborough, a Lord Chief-Justice of the King's Bench, and son of a Bishop of Carlisle, made a great fortune by the aid of Warren Hastings in India, and his brother was one of Hastings' counsel. It was thought better for the interests of Hastings that Law should slip off to America, and as at that time an immense speculation was current in Washington City lots, Law embarked and lost the greater part of his fortune in building houses around the new Capitol. He erected several of the fine old edifices on New Jersey Avenue heights, and there he dwelt in widower solitude after his divorce from his wife, who had taken advantage of a visit he made to Europe in 1804 to assume male apparel and consort with officers at the marine barracks. The house where Law dwelt after obtaining the divorce was then a boarding house for Congressmen kept by Mitchel, a Frenchman. It. was Law who obtained the consent of Congress to open the Tiber Creek by lottery. These points are derived from C. W. Janson's American book, published in London, 1807.

Miss Josephine Seaton tells us that Thomas Law was a younger-brother of Lord Ellenborough, L r? Chief-Justice of the King's Bench and brother of the Bishop of Bath and Wells. He served in the civil list under Lord Cornwallis in India and came to America enraptured with Washington's character and Republican prospects. He married Anne Custis, sister of George Washington Parke Custis, of Arlington, and built blocks in the city with his India accumulations, and had a country house. Like Joel Barlow he was a deist. He had two sons, John and Edmund, and possessed considerable random genius. Jefferson wrote to him respectfully in 1822 from Monticello.

Colonel John Tayloe, one of the wealthiest land-holders in 617 Virginia, moved to Washington and built a town house in 1798. He had an income of $60,000 a year, was married to the daughter of Governor Ogle of Maryland, and was thirty years of age when his house was finished. It was called the Octagon.* The following year he established the

Washington race, course nearly on the site of the present Columbia College. His income in 1804 was said to have been $75,000 a year, and he expended $33,000 annually in the purchase of land, having great tracts on both sides of the Potomac. He died in the Octagon, March 3, 1828, in the 58th year of his age; his widow lived until 1855. Tayloe was undoubtedly the wealthiest citizen of Washington in the first quarter of a century of its history. Probably no other person has had as much income since within the District limits, if we except Mr. Corcoran the banker. Tayloe was educated in England after the revolution. A considerable portion of his large property remains in the hands of his connections.

* Engraving of Tayloe's Octagon on page 118

On the Maryland side of the Potomac within a few hours' fide of Washington are two great old mansions called respectively Notley Hall and Marshall Hall.

Notley Hall is referred to in the novel of Rob of the Bowl in these terms:

“Think of my ride all the way to Notley Hall—and round about by the head of the river too—for I doubt if I have any chance to get a cart over the ferry to-night. The boat-keeper is not often sober at this hour. Would you rather ride twenty miles (from old St. Mary's) to Notley, or twelve to Mattapany?”

George Notley was mentioned in the remodeled school laws of 1723 as one of the seven trustees of the principal and better sort of inhabitants of Prince's Georges county named by the Assembly.

The Marshalls were a leading church of England family in St. George's Hundred as early as 1642. Marshall Hall is now (1872) a pic-nic resort owned by a Washington City inn-keeper. The Addison family of Oxon-Hill came to America between 1650 and 1660.

Library of Congress

More than two hundred feet above the Potomac stands Arlington House, one of those huge adaptations of classical architecture to domestic uses which abounded in the Middle States and the South about the period of the Revolution. It shows to admirable advantage from Washington, with its front of a hundred and forty feet breadth, much of which is taken up with a heavy Doric portico, designed, as old Custis, its proprietor, used to say, in his affectation of art, after the Temple of Pæstum. But when the grandson of George Washington's wife got the great columns up, his patience, his money, or his art gave out, and he hastily covered the Temple of Pæstum with a barn roof. The house is not split up into so many small rooms as Mount Vernon, and some of its larger apartments are cool and spacious. It used to be the depositary of many Washingtonian trophies and portraits, and we owe to Custis an account of nearly all the pictures and casts of Washington that were taken. In the light of the late war Arlington House might have become a sort of rebel Mount Vernon had Lee been victorious, and its position is strikingly like that of Washington's homestead. It has the same yellow color of rough casting, a lawn and natural fresh timber, and Custis and his wife are buried together privately upon their estate, like George and Martha Washington. But by the reverse of fortune, and by the many thousand Federal soldiers buried around the mansion, Arlington is the Mount Vernon of that collective Washington of the second Union—the volunteer soldier of the people. Here are fifty or sixty acres of graves, a white head-board to every one; and the natural level of the grass rolls over all, so that the dismal coffin-like mound common to church yards is not manifest. The grounds are laid out in an unaffected way, and on the great carriage-drives the officers are buried. Amongst the soldiers' graves there are some rebels, laid away in honorable equity, but accredited to their cause upon their head-boards. The effect of the cemetery is to make one think of rest, neatness, and coolness. Overhead, the hickory, walnut, elm, oak, and chestnut trees, some 619 of them a century old, make shadow without mourning. There are no funereal willows or cypresses.

The graves project their files of head-boards to the limit of the timber, and they ramble into the realm of sunshine, making the semblance of a silent encampment of tents in miniature.

The disconnected remains of two thousand soldiers of Bull Run are laid away together under a single granite scroll, which bears a dignified descriptive title. The cemetery proper does not occupy more than a third of Arlington wood and park, which is probably composed of 200 acres, and is a fine instance of Virginia landscape, covered with great trees, containing springs and rills, and from many parts of it the city of Washington and the suburb of Georgetown are seen directly below, in all the clear chiseling of a Potomac atmosphere. The mansion of Arlington is merely an office for the Warden of the cemetery now. The old estate, of which it was the homestead, embraced eleven hundred acres, and was the property of Daniel Parke Custis, the first husband of Mrs. George Washington, and one of the richest men in the colonies. Washington left it to his wife's grandson and his own adopted son, George Washington Parke Custis, who died in 1857, leaving this estate to his daughter, Mrs. Colonel Robert E. Lee, during her life, and then to Custis and Fitzhugh Lee, his grandsons. Arlington could not be confiscated, therefore, as it was not the property of the traitor Lee, but by the accumulation of taxes upon it, the State of Virginia ordered it to be sold. Edwin M. Stanton, to whom we owe the purchase and preservation of a good many relics, such as Ford's theatre, resolved at any price to buy Arlington. He bid it in without opposition for twenty-six thousand dollars. Previous to this time all the Washington relics that had not been carried off by Mrs. Lee, were taken to the Patent-Office, that temple of sewing machines and martyrs' relics. The old house is naked of everything but flower-pots now.

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“BRENTWOOD.”

“Brentwood,” the estate (1873) of Captain Carlisle Patterson, U. S. N., stands in the hilly woods north of the Capital. It was the farm of Robert Brent, Esq., a Maryland farmer, whose daughter married Joseph Pearson, Congressman from North Carolina. Soon after the Capital was pitched in the neighborhood.

The house was built in 1816 from designs by Latrobe, who threw his habitual dome over it, but devised a really elegant residence. The main building is three rooms broad, including a very elegant crosswise hall and the dome behind it as rooms, which they are, and of exquisite proportions at that. The wings are five rooms deep.

The Pearson Mill stood until the Civil War, on the Tiber near Boundary street, when it was pulled down, but not until a painting of it had been made by Mr. Cranch, the artist. Many years before the water had been diverted, to supply the Capital and its fountains.

Mr. Pierson was thrice married, and to Miss Worthington of Georgetown at last. One of the daughters of this marriage was wedded to Augustus Jay, grandson of Chief-Justice John Jay.

There remained of this estate in 1873 about 150 acres; ninety-six acres had been detached and turned into the Kendall Green, and Columbian Institute properties. The present owner, Captain Patterson, is the brother-in-law of Admiral David Porter.

Daniel Carroll, the first Commissioner of Washington, was born at Upper Marlbro,—an old Maryland court-house town, recently opened to the outer world by railway,—and he was sixty years of age when he became a Commissioner to locate the Capital City upon a part of his estate. He was a Catholic, and therefore for a small part of his life not eligible to political 621 promotion. But his wealth, prudence, and patriotism, and the leading position of his brother, Bishop Carroll, and of the Carroll family at large, made him, to the end of his days, a prominent man in public counsels. He had been a member of Congress, and a member of the Constitutional Convention, and was near the close of his days when he became the Federal Commissioner. Reduced by infirmities he was unable to work with much energy upon the Capital site and he resigned his office in three or four years, and died May, 1796.

Library of Congress

The Carrolls of the western shore of Maryland were a very numerous family, and much confusion has grown ont of the similarity of their names. At Bishop Carroll's chapel, eight miles north of Washington, are tombs of Eleanor Carroll, relict of Daniel Carroll, Esq., who died in 1796 at the remarkable age of 92, so that she must have been born in 1704. What a remarkable old lady this would be to tell us about pre-Washingtonian incidents! In the same grave-yard lies Ann Brent, daughter of Daniel Carroll, and widow of Robert Brent, who was born in 1733, and died in 1804. In the same grave-yard lie the Digges, a notable family in their day and patrons of Major L'Enfant.

At Georgetown College Cemetery, a cross of marble stands at the head of a slab which is said to cover the general remains of those elder Carrolls who were removed from Duddington at a comparatively recent period. At the base of the cross is the inscription, set up over the son of the Simon Carroll:

TUDOR PLACE.

“Daniel Carroll, of Duddington, Obt. May 9, 1849, aged 84.”

Tudor Place, of which we give an engraving, is the finest villa in Georgetown, and was built by Thomas Peter. Here Robert E. Lee paid his last visit to the District of Columbia, 622 about 1869. It is now occupied by Thos. Beverley Kennon, of the Peter family.

Threekall's addition to Georgetown celebrates the name of a notable family, whose estate was near the convent, and is now destroyed.

“Kalorama,” used to be a celebrated Washington villa, the seat of Joel Barlow, Esq., poet, diplomatist, soldier, and successful speculator.

Colonel William Washington lived at Kalorama prior to Barlow.

Another notable place in Georgetown is the Linthicum house, built by Colonel Dorsey, next owned by Robert Beverley and occupied for many years by John C. Calhoun, while in the height of his national reputation.

Thomas Lin Lee, who was at the time fifty years old, was addressed by Washington, in July, 1794, and asked to serve with Richard Potts, as Commissioner, in place of Governor Johnson and Dr. Stewart. “The year 1800,” said the President, “is approaching with rapid strides, equally so ought the public buildings to advance. The prospect is flattering; . . the crisis is, nevertheless, delicate.” Washington then intimated that he wished to avoid past negligence by naming Commissioners who would reside on the Federal site and consider their salaries as paid to them with that understanding to defray their expenses.

Mr. Lee had been Governor of Maryland between 1779 and 1783, and an efficient co-operator with General Washington in supporting the armies of the country. He was a delegate both to the Continental Congress and the Constitutional Convention, and had just retired from the Governorship of the State when he received the nomination of Federal Commissioner. He died in 1810.

Richard Potts, another Commissioner, lived at Fredericktown, and had been a patriot and Governor of Maryland between the early terms of Governor Lee, and was a United States Senator. He was an educated gentleman,

Frederick, in Maryland, was a flourishing place, with an arsenal, five churches, and about seven hundred houses, in the last year of Washington's administration. Travelers in those days describe the portion of Maryland intermediate between Frederick and Washington, as nearly reduced to the condition in which it remains, to a great degree. Yellow clay and gravel, tilled with the hoe instead of the plough, worn out with tobacco culture, and often lying in naked prospects, with scarcely an herb to cover it. The people, however, were prying and inquisitive, compared to that phlegmatic German population on the Monocacy,

whose fields were thrifty and green with wheat. An English traveler, who visited the Great Falls as early as 1796, turned off at Montgomery Court-house, and crossed about three miles above them, by a ferry, one mile and a quarter wide, to the Virginia shore.

Thomas Johnson, another Commissioner, had been a delegate from Maryland to the Constitutional Congress, and Governor during the early part of the Revolution. Between 1791 and 1793 he was Judge of the Supreme Court of the United States. He died at the age of eighty-seven, in 1819.

Alexander White, Commissioner as above, had been a delegate from North Carolina to the Continental Congress, and a representative up to 1793; he is said to have been an ardent and eloquent man, and he died at Woodville, Virginia, 1804.

Mr. Commissioner Scott died in the year 1800, and his place was filled by W. Church.

Analostan island, in the Potomac, opposite Georgetown, containing 70 acres, was the celebrated residence of General John Mason, where was entertained Louis Philippe, by the descendant of George Mason, of Gunston Hall. The house was burned down during the civil war, and the island is now a pleasure resort. Jas. M. Mason, rebel Commissioner to Europe, passed his childhood here. Government built a causeway, connecting this island with the Virginia shore. The novelist 624 and poet Paulding wrote as follows, in 1825, on “Anadostan:”

“On either side, and all around, The weltering wave is seen to flow, Noiseless, or, it you hear a sound, 'Tis but a murmur, soft and low.

The great trees, nodding to and fro In stately conclaves not a few, Whisper as secretly and slow As bashful lovers ever do.

The tinkling bell, the plashing oar, The buzzing of the insect throng, The laugh that echoes from the shore, The unseen thrush's vesper song—

And when I count the earthly hours That I shall cherish most of all, That walk in Anadostan's bowers Will be the first that I recall.”

A few sketches of the early Commissioners of the city are appended:

In Georgetown College Cemetery is this tombstone bearing reference to the family which owned a part of the river front where the city was pitched.

“To the memory of the Rev. Notley Young, who departed this life August 1st, 1820, aged 54 years.”

Opposite Oak Hill Cemetery in Georgetown is what is called the Colonel Carter place, on which the houses burned down about the close of the war. Here lived the French minister Sarfiges and M. Mercier, with whom Prince Napoleon stopped on his visit to this country. Governor Henry D. Cooke bought the grounds and ruin for $50,000 and laid the foundations of a large mansion on whiuh work has been suspended for several years.

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The following inscriptions are in Glenwood Cemetery.

Our father John L essford, The Chronicler of Washington, Died Feb. 23d, 1862. Aged 36.

Amos Kendall. Born August 16th, 1789. Died Nov. 12th, 1869.

Jane Kyle, wife of Amos Kendall, Born October 12th, 1807. Died June 25th, 1864.

On Postmaster General Kendall's tomb are these mottoes:

“Charity is love in action.” “Blessed are the dead who die in the Lord.” “The path of the just is as the shining light.”

TOMB OF AMOS KENDALL.

As a public official, Mr. Kendall was one of the best in our service, and he may truthfully be called the great Postmaster General. He went into his office poor and left it very poor. Every cent that he has made was acquired subsequent to his resignation, and it was gained almost entirely by his business association with Mr. Morse, the inventor. When Kendall took the Post-Office in charge he turned out every clerk, and for a week had the books of the department overhauled. Those clerks whose accounts were straight were re-appointed, and the derelict dismissed. He was so poor that a tempter appeared to him in the person of a subordinate and clerk, who pertly said:

“Mr. Kendall, I am aware that you have no money. I have an account in the bank, and will lend you some when you are in need of it:”

“Thank you,” said Kendall coldly, “I don't know that I 40 626 have need to borrow any money, but when I have, I certainly shall not borrow it from a subordinate.”

This clerk wanted some favors in the way of pickings. Next morning he was turned out of the Post-Office.

Morse, the inventor, lacking business qualifications entirely, had made up his mind to secure Amos Kendall to popularize his telegraph apparatus. Kendall set to work with rigid method, and, proceeding to organize companies, arranged that Morse should have so much stock in each company, according to its capital, and that he (Kendall) should have a certain portion of Morse's revenue. In this way both of them grew speedily to riches, but Kendall had business thrift and vigilance, and at this time he is probably richer than Morse —unless he be dead. Kendall has been in two things consistent all his latter days—he has been a Jacksonian Democrat, and a rigid member of the Baptist Church.

I met him at the close of the Impeachment trial, and interrogated him as to Johnson's criminality.

“I take little sympathy in politics these days,” he said; “neither with Mr. Johnson nor his opponents. I never admired him.”

Last New Year's day the old man stood among his married daughters, receiving visitors, the handsomest septuagenarian in Washington. His residence, until of late, has been in a grove, called Kendall Green, on the borders of the city, and he is rich in real estate all round about here. The Baptist Church, with the high iron spire, at the corner of Eighth and H streets, has cost him probably $150,000. Kendall was a Northern man who began life a school teacher in Kentucky, and he never lost sight of the New England economical virtues, while he was conservative in politics. I asked him last New Year's day what he thought, after this long interval, of the character of Andrew Johnson.

“He grows larger as he recedes,” said Kendall; “he was the greatest American I ever looked upon, and second to only him to whom all greatness is subordinate, the first President.”

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The later life of Mr. Kendall has been troubled by but one considerable loss, that of his son, who was shot dead in a street collision with the son-in-law of his old friend, John C. Rives. He made no upbraidal nor mutiny, but laid away vindictiveness with the bones of the lad, who was at fault.

Kendall was not a man that the nation will weep over. He was too strict, too well-balanced, too much guided by pure, cold human judgment to wring from men affectionate regrets that he never desired. Sufficient unto himself, within his own resources, architect of the wealth he evolved, his life has been so complete and fortunate that there is no urn upon his tomb for tears. Heaven makes some men exceptionally perfect in life, that, dying, it may allow how poor they were, lacking weaknesses.

A few hours ride by rail from Washington will take the visitor to Charlottesville, the home of Jefferson of which I shall give a short description.

JEFFERSON'S UNIVERSITY AND HOME.

Leaving Washington at 7 o'clock A. M., I breakfasted at Alexandria, and crossed Bull Run before 9. There are two Northern settlements on the weird old stream,—its deep pools and frequent eddies lying gloomily among the rocks,—one settlement 628 completely new, and hewn out of the timber and underbrush lying beside the railroad, and its neat frame cottages and warehouses standing upon smart boulevard streets, with perspectives of bold hills in the street vistas; the other village is at Manassas Junction, amongst Beauregard's old forts, and it contains five hundred traders, tavern-keepers, and mechanics.

The view at Manassas is the first of the great series of Blue Ridge landscapes, which make what is called the Piedmont terrace of Virginia so entrancing. Manassas is a bold, open plateau, bounded by blue mountains, which make the landscapes look wide and stately. Bull Run is the gulf to the northward where the plateau drops away. Nothing now remains of the battle fought here but certain redoubts, breastworks, and forts, overgrown with sedge or dribbling off to weed. The Rappahannock and its outlying stations—every one the site of a battle—soon passed by. I saw the pretty soldiers' cemetery at Culpepper, and then Cedar Mountain arose, where I had wandered bareheaded on the night of the fierce battle there, feeling the first paralysis of the fear of death. All the crops of oats, wheat, potatoes, and corn were thriving, and the wheat harvest was nearly over. I dined at Gordonsville, a town of railway junction, which the rebels held during nearly the whole of the war—a pretty, struggling, whitewashed town at the foot of hills; and here leaving the Richmond road to the left, I passed through the Southwest Mountains, under the base of Monticello, and crossing the Red Ravenna River, was at Charlottesville.

Being here to attend commencement, I took advantage of the proximity of Monticello to ride there. It is only three miles from the town, and on the side opposite to the site of the University. It is a doomed mansion, standing on the crest of a conical mountain, the promontory of a ridge of such, and the Ravenna River washes the base of the hill.

Hiring a horse for one dollar and a half, or at the rate of half a dollar an hour, I rode briskly out the south road, forded Moore's Creek, and turned up the base of Sneed's Mountain. 629 Fine forest trees shaded the way; the fields were tinted blue with the stalks of weeds; the wheat, all cut and shocked, stood on the shoulders of the hills, and slipped into the dips and curls of rich valleys; the streams were heard saying liquid things to the dry air, and rabbits, tame as the mice that play round a baby's crib, cocked up their plump bodies in the road and looked sideways archly and squintingly. All the streams caught a reddish tinge from the oxides of iron in the clay, and yet they reflected the sky and their banks like crystal; locust trees grew amongst the stone walls that enclosed the fields; some large oaks stood in the barest vistas, and the loose horses rested beneath them from the sun; I heard few birds or grasshoppers singing, and my whole attention and ecstacy felt the impression of the expanding sceneries, which widened as I mounted, showing the humped backs of blue mountains, and loftier ranges further off, which were swung across the sky like a scarf of gauze. The forms of these nearer mountains were like the postures of Michel Angelo's marbles, unique, sinewy, startling, elbowed, and hipped, and bending and yawning, and their strong outlines were filled in with the bluest, grayest, sweetest mists and herbages, while between the isolated cones and spines the valleys rolled like the Illinois prairies, and, wherever there was a depression, you could guess a stream. Rising higher and higher, the narrow roadway became a terrace on the brink of a ravine, and at times there were deep creases and rocky shelves over which the way had to be carefully picked, but the higher I climbed the purer and rarer grew the air, the nobler the stature of the oaks and ash trees, and the deeper the sense of majesty in nature round about. I pictured the tall, strong, buoyant man who had ridden over this road so often, looking away at the plains and eminences, and feeling in his spirited nature the inspiration of their

rolling freedom. Like the backs of bisons thundering along in herd and suddenly arrested by some alarm, they stood silent, picturesque, and gigantic along the plain. Glimpses of other mountains were seen through the foliage, as I rose into the purer air, and at 630 last, gaining the crest of the ridge, I turned along the mountain spine and began to climb Monticello. No fence nor wall lined the road, which wound round and round through the timber, till, suddenly, in the wildest part of the wood, I came to a tall, brick enclosure, partly broken down and pierced in the middle to make place for a panel of iron rods, through which I saw a rough granite obelisk and some granite slabs. This I knew to be the family cemetery of Jefferson.

It was a part of the natural woods, and tall locusts, linden, and hickory trees grew amongst the graves, while an abundance of small herbage, bushes, weeds, and climbing vines grew upon the wails and amongst the slabs and vaults. The enclosure was about one hundred feet square, the wall was ten or twelve feet high, and within it were, perhaps, thirty vaults and tombs. No words can convey to you an idea of the desolation of the scene as associated with such a man. The first glimpse through the bars filled me with a sense of pity and indignation. The bars contained no wicket, and a barred gate on another side was fastened with a large padlock, so I climbed over the *grille* and the tottering wall, and let myself down amongst the graves. A thunder storm which had been gradually moving and muttering overhead now began to bellow, and some lightning attended it, but not a drop of rain fell.

Jefferson's tomb is made of granite, and is about eight feet high; almost every letter is gone from it, chiseled and chipped off by vandal students, and it looks battered and nondescript, like a Druid stone. Under the monument is a plain slab, more perfect, covering the remains of his favorite daughter, Martha, and this, like almost every other stone in the graveyard, contains a religious or poetic inscription. One or two of the slabs have fallen off the brick vaults, and some are cracked or overgrown with moss. The grave-yard seems to have no keeper, and to be falling to decay unregretted; weeds grow under

the trees; the road to the gate is blocked with bushes; the great President's tomb itself is simply frightful. He has many living descendants, but, as the livery stable man said to me:

631

“You know how it is down yur, now. It's every man for himself, and ‘Ole Tom’ being dead, has no friends.”

Mounting my horse anew, I passed through the remainder of the wood of Monticello, entered a cornfield, and finally drew near a garden fence and some vineyard poles; before me stretched a straight and narrow orchard lane, with some outbuildings at the further end; to my left, on the crest of the mountain arose the dome of Monticello. You must understand that Jefferson's house is set upon a lawn, made by shaving down the cap of the mountain, and that it stands probably five hundred feet above the little town of Charlottesville and the Ravenna River. This house was not finished when the Revolutionary War began, but Jefferson inhabited it while he was Governor, the Legislature at that time meeting at Charlottesville, and here were entertained nearly all the officers captured with Burgoyne at Saratoga, as well as Lafayette, and all the great leaders of troops and opinions for fifty years.

Monticello, like almost every celebrated Virginia mansion of the old planter time, wears a look of dilapidation, and, as you draw near it, you feel a sense of shiftlessness, of old black imported bricks, of gates unhinged and hats stuffed in windows, of threadbare stateliness and imposing imposition, bankruptcy, reduction, failure, woe, these are the impressions.

The style of the house is that of a Corinthian villa, with a dome over the middle, and with two irregular wings, one portico opening into a green lawn, littered over with carts, harness, rotten benches, and beautiful shade trees,—of the latter, particularly lindens, poplars, and locusts. The portico on the reverse side of the house looks out upon a sort of *parterre,* which is enclosed on three sides by the state stables and by a continuous underground passage which, after an old notion, had connected the whole series of

stables, dry wells, and so forth, with the mansion. The stable wings are concluded at the two ends by two-story pavillions, one of which was Jefferson's library in the Summer time, and the other was his office in the Winter. The house is large, roomy, and manorial, but 632 it is in a sad state of dilapidation. The shingles on the roof are so rotten that the rain drives in at every frequent shower, and all the wood work of the place is decayed; the paint of a former time has left no vestiges; therefore all the woodwork has a whitish dun-color, but the well-blackened English bricks are said to be as durable and as good as ever.

A shambling boy, who had lost one arm at the battle of Little Rock, fighting with Sterling Price, told me to tie up my horse, and he charged me fifty cents to enter the old mansion. Over the door, under the portico, was a great clock, balanced with cannon balls, which had not been going for forty years. The great hall of the house is partly surrounded above by a gallery or balcony, where it is the tradition that the President used to show himself to crowds of students and admiring visitors.

From this room I passed into the dining-room, with deep butteries, pantries, and so forth, where there was no particle of furniture and a bad smell of funky wood. On the other hand, I walked into a great, naked drawing-room, where there were two large mirrors, made of different pieces of glass set in the wall, and as my face skimmed over them, I had a melancholy presentiment of the many historic visitors whose countenances had also rested there, and—perished. The room under the dome was an octagonal ball-room, with a place at one side where the ladies could descend into the pediment of one of the porticoes, and use it for a dressing-room.

I said to my guide at this spot: “I believe Jefferson never danced?”

“Oh, I expect that he did,” said the guide, “for he was a rale infidel, fotched up by old Voltaw.”

The indescribably humorous pronunciation of “Voltaw” compelled me to laugh.

Said I: “Was Jefferson really brought up by Voltaire?”

“Oh, yes, he raised him.”

Now, this sort of anecdote is just as true as the mass of things related of Jefferson by orthodox people.

633

Voltaire died in 1778, while Jefferson did not visit France until 1784; so that he never saw Voltaire at all. But Franklin was a friend of Voltaire, and Jefferson succeeded Franklin as Minister to France, and he probably had a higher admiration for Franklin than for any man of his time.

I observed, all through the low, uncomfortable bed-rooms of Monticello, that Franklin stoves were ubiquitous,—real, genuine, original Franklins,—and the guide said that these same stoves could be found in broken pieces all over the farm.

There was never a bedstead in all Monticello, alcoves having been substituted in the walls, and slats were fixed to staples in these alcoves. On one of these uncomfortable beds Jefferson's wife died, and they were obliged to lower her body out of one of the semi-circular windows which abounded there, because there was no stairway commodious enough to permit them to take out the coffin.

I wandered through these old bed-rooms, walking out upon the dangerous roof, haunted the rotten old stables, peeped through the dry walls and the covered walks; saw the front of the house, all chopped and chiseled over with names of boys and boors. In some of the rooms the farmer's wife was drying apples and making raspberry jam; in others farm-gear, harness, and old barrels were strewn about. In one room a dog had littered; the man of the house had the rheumatism; not far off they pointed out the house of Mr. Randolph, Jefferson's chief grandson, and looking southward, we could see Willis' Mountain, said to be 150 miles away. I think in all America there is no such landscape for size and beauty

equal to this from Monticello. It far surpasses the view from the terrace of St. Germain. At one time Jefferson owned nearly the whole country round about, but toward the end of his life he became in debt, and sold parcel after parcel, until now the estate is reduced to about 250 acres, which rents for $250 a year. A field hand is capable of possessing the home of the richest President.

Monticello belonged to Captain Levey, a Hebrew, and a 634 Commander in the United States Navy, who was a rich man, and who had a romantic attachment to the great leader; for he not only took Jefferson's house and dwelt in it, but he had a statue of that chieftain made and presented to the United States, and it now stands in front of the White House. Levey, I am told, married his own niece, which was contrary to the laws of Virginia, and he left the State before the war, whereupon the rebel Commonwealth confiscated his property. It is now in litigation. Levey is said to have expressed in his will the desire that it should be repaired, and made an institute for the children of United States Navy officers. The neighbors consider the estate valued at about twelve thousand dollars. It is now occupied by a farmer named Wheeler. Jefferson's nail factories, grist-mills, and various other expensive enterprises, are now extinct or in ruins. The neighbors say that Monticello will make the finest vineyard hill in America, but at present tumbles more and more to ruin every year, and seems to possess neither master nor patron.

As a change from old times to new, I would relate a passage of a ride recently taken to the Great Falls of the Potomac, passing on the way the celebrated Cabin John bridge.

The name of Jefferson Davis has been obliterated from this bridge, as from almost every piece of architecture and engineering in the country.

The hollow ruin of a hotel at the Great Falls is kept by one Jackson, the brother of that inn-keeper who, at Alexandria, shot Colonel Ellsworth dead; and the survivor is a good specimen of a tavern-keeper in an old settled, pro-slavery region; a slouchy, shiftless, greasy-haired man, whose humor is chiefly an appalling exhibit of his manifold offences,

seasoned up with a wild amiability and familiarity. His black hair falls in snaky long locks, behind his ears, and his gray eye has the light of desperation in it. Behind his bar stand a pair of double-barreled rifles and game-bags, and one of the guns he shows as the identical weapon which slew Ellsworth. Jackson says that the gun was not the property of his brother, but borrowed. I 635 took up the rifle, giving it the benefit of the doubt, and found it to have been purchased in the year 1836, at a hardware store in Alexandria, and used for many years as a favorite partridge-piece.

It was on deposit at the time at the Marshall House, and had been loaded with slugs by its fraternal borrower, with the intent of killing two men with it—a man with each barrel. The first barrel was aimed fairly at the heart of Ellsworth, and in an instant the second would have slain Brownell, but the Zouave threw up his musket, so that Jackson's shot passed over his head, and at the same time the desperate assassin was both shot and bayoneted.

“Where is your brother buried?” I asked of the inn-keeper at Great Falls.

“In the family burying-ground, sir, over in Fairfax County, Virginia. The widow lives on a nice little property she owns at Fairfax Court House.”

“I believe there was afterward a military company formed called the “Jackson Avengers?'”

“Yes, sir. And they had it reported that I was sworn to kill Brownell. That ain't so, sir. I left him to a just Gord. I never bore him no hate. He was afterwards in Washington City, and at last he was killed at the second Bull Run. I had one other brother in the rebel army, but I kept out to make money. Ha! ha! ha! There is a picture of the shooting of Ellsworth; somebody came along and gave it to me, and I stuck it up behind the bar. Some people says it will make people dislike me, but I think not. Everybody knows I'm his brother, and it's a sort of eppropriarte.”

The Aqueduct authorities ordered Jackson away in 1872.

The Loudon Valley, above Great Falls, which runs parallel with the Shenandoah, was the haunt of Moseby's men, and the great conduit of treasonable information and contraband goods, from Washington and Baltimore to Lynchburg and Richmond. Leesburg was the nearest den of runners to the 636 Capital of the country—thirty-four miles—and it was, perhaps, the most lawless village in Virginia. The rebels several times passed to and fro between Virginia and Maryland this way, as they had no railway lines to advance upon, while we generally moved by the lines of rail, and paid little attention to the ferry passengers, between Point of Rocks and Chain Bridge, except to patrol and picket them. Leesburg was illuminated the night of the defeat of Ball's Bluff, and it was the scene of many of the debauches of Moseby's men. The wild torrent region between the mouth of Goose Creek and Great Falls was signally adapted to blockade running, and the dangers of fording and navigating in the roaring river of dark nights, lent a terrible interest to the enterprise of the smugglers and spies. These crossed most generally in small, flat-bottomed scows, hastily nailed together during the day, to evade the order forfeiting every private boat on the Upper Potomac, and the cargo was generally whisky and drugs.

Jackson told me that he had been fifteen times confined in the Old Capitol Prison for running the blockade, and, on one occasion, he walked straight from the jail to the hand-ferry, below the Great Falls, and paddled across with five barrels of whisky. He had been threatened with execution, if he were caught again, but he sent a boy half a mile down stream to fire off pistols, and, being himself shot at several times, finally re-crossed the river with his cargo twice before he could manage to run it into Leesburg. There it was sold to officers and guerrillas for $1, in gold, a gill.

Such opposite social passages as have been given, bring to view the changes wrought amongst the old Potomac people by pitching the national Capitol amongst them. There is a cemetery in Georgetown—the most beautiful suburb of Washington—which is worthy of a visit from anybody. It stands on the green heights, where they decline in steep terraces to Rock Creek, and ravines making up from the base, describe inexpressibly cool

amphitheatres, on whose successive shelves the obelisks of the dead stand motionless and white among the 637 foliages. Here are buried old citizens, whose village existence the nation invaded, and planted the Capital City upon their fields, so that they grew often rich and married their daughters to shrewd Congressmen, whose intelligence made the best of every foot of ground.

Marriage is the destiny of an accident. Shipwrecked socially upon this marshy island, many a politician made the best of the site and married Sukey Brown or Betsy Wilson, who became the mother of Indian contractors and foreign ministers, instead of bearing a herd of young sovereigns who could fight a game chicken, burn an abolitionist, or wallop a nigger, without the aid of the art of reading, or the distress of knowing how to write.

It has occurred to me that in all this running narrative I have not given the distant reader a description of the Capital town, as you might have approached it, any time within the past fifteen years.

Here is the city, as you come to it by the oldest railway from the North. First, a series of grassy hills, with sandy creeks at their passes; then Bladensburg, an angular stretch of old, gable-chimneyed, bent-roofed houses half a mile from the rail; then a line of red clay breastworks, worming up to the hill tops, where stand dismantled forts; then an octagonal building with a cupola on it; standing out in the country next to a farmhouse and beside a great green imitation bronze horse on a pedestal in the lawn; the home and foundry of Clark Mills, sculptor; then the uneasy outlying landscapes of a city, culverts planted nowhere, streets graded to no place, brick-kilns and pits, a cemetery, frame shanties on goose pastures disputed by cows made sullen by overmilking; boys, babies, friendless dogs, and negro women “toting” great bundles on their heads, no more fence, the smell of apparent garbage and ash heaps, signs of ground-rents and dirt throwing invitations; and all this time you are descending into basin land and down the valley of a bare creek; at last a dome, such majesty and whiteness as you never saw elsewhere, appears sailing past the clouds: the Capitol!

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Out of the long, cramped, green-painted saloon-cars you descend, into a depot that is first a shed, then a dark, dull, dirty vestibule; for the republican government is not yet independent enough to make corporations, erect buildings here worthy of the Capital City. The exterior of this depot is also mean and squatty. Backed up against the depot are omnibusses and cabs, whose drivers, white and negro, bully you with whip-handles. Over this pirate body you see close by like a marble majesty, the Capitol, dome and wing, stand silent, sentient, scintillant, regardless of the bare lots, shanties, barracks, machineries, marble slabs, and unfinished dirt terraces that surround it.

To comprehend this city further, climb to the dome of the Capitol. It is enveloped by a range of fort-capped hills, half in Maryland, half in Virginia. Through these hills the Potomac makes two broad clefts, coming down from the West and departing to the South. Down where it departs, a point stands out in the water, the City of Alexandria, Virginia, near where it comes in, on a hill-top, connecting with Washington, is Georgetown, Maryland . Between Alexandria and Washington, a river makes up acutely from the Potomac, the East Branch, whose real name—the Anacostia—is now nearly obsolete. In the angle between the Potomac and the Anacostia lies the Capital City, about fifteen miles from the tomb of the patriarch who selected the site and gave it the name. The dome where you stand is nearly in the geographical centre of the city, yet by the force of circumstances, the actual, settled city lies away from the junction of the two rivers, between the Capitol and Georgetown, and in a lower, baser site. Out on the extreme cape, between the rivers, lies the Arsenal, connected with the city by a straggling line of houses; it was the place of the trial and execution of the assassins of President Lincoln. Further up the East Branch, where the only bridge crosses it, lies the Navy Yard, a walled in and busy area of twenty-eight acres; over this bridge Booth and Harrold escaped to Surratsville and lower Maryland; still further up the East Branch 639 lies the Congressional Burying Ground, and to both the Navy Yard and the cemetery, lines of disconnected houses radiate from the Capitol. Around the Navy Yard there is a large and elderly

settlement, to which a street railway runs, and amidst it the town tower of the oldest church in Washington, where worshiped Jefferson and Madison. The front of the Capitol inclines this way, and over the high, thickly settled plateau looks out the Statue of Liberty over your head. Its back is toward the real city; behind it eighty-nine thousand people live; in front of it not more than fifteen thousand.

CONGRESSIONAL BURYING GROUND.

Now turn yourself around, with your back against the back of the statue, and look away from the Navy Yard:

Beneath you are the terraces of the Capitol and the lawn. From the bottom of the lawn great avenues radiate; that to the left leads to the Long Bridge and indices Arlington Mansion, far up the Virginia Hills, a steam railroad passes along it and crosses the bridge to Alexandria. The second avenue is a canal, straight as a sunbeam, and it points to the white, chalky stump of the abandoned Washington Monument. The third is the famed Pennsylvania Avenue, dense with the costly shops and hotels, revealing at the bottom the granite Treasury building; the fourth to the right is a short avenue, and it leads to the City Hall, the seat of municipal government. Half lost in houses beyond this are the great marble piles of the Post-Office and Treasury which lie in the densest centre of the city. Other avenues to the right go out to the open Northern country and the far forts which Early invested in 1864. Away off, on the crest of one of these hills, you see dimly the white tower of the Soldiers' Home, Mr. Lincoln's summer residence. 640 Objects between this latter and your eye are the brick block where General Grant resided, the dingy brick factory of Government Printing, and the Church of St. Aloythus, with the highest tower and the merriest bells of Washington.

Now, return your eye to the Patent-Office, which stands on its own separate though inferior hill. A great market-house lies on each side of it, nearly equi-distant. The market-house to the left is on the Avenue. Between this market-house and the Potomac are the fine towers

of the Smithsonian Institute. Continuing South to the Potomac you come to the Ferry to Virginia, and the shipping piers

Follow out the Avenue to the Treasury, and beyond it are the President's House, the War and Navy Departments, General Grant's head-quarters, and the elegant residences of Lafayette Square, where live most of the ambassadors and rich officials. Beyond these a stream called Rock Creek falls through a deep valley to the Potomac, and on the other side of it is Georgetown. Another creek, immediately beneath the Capitol where you stand, is called the Tiber; it bends around the base of Capitol Hill, and, by a long detour nearly parallel with the Potomac, gets an outlet not very far from the mouth of Rock Creek. This Tiber makes, with a canal leading from it to the East Branch, an island of one-fourth the city.

All the forts around or overlooking the city are dismantled, the guns taken out of them, the land resigned to its owners. Needy negro squatters, living around the forts, have built themselves shanties of the officers' quarters, pulled out the abattis for firewood, made cord-wood or joists out of the log platforms for the guns, and sawed up the great flag-staffs into quilting poles or bedstead posts. Still the huge parapets of the forts stand upright, and the paths left by the soldiers creep under the invisible gun muzzles. Old boots, blankets, and canteens rot dud rust around the glacis; the woods, cut down to give the guns sweep, are overgrown with shrubs and bushes. Nature is unrestingly making war upon War. The strolls out to these old forts are seedily picturesque. Freedmen, who 641 exist by selling old horse-shoes and iron spikes, live with their squatter families where, of old, the army sutler kept the canteen; but the grass is drawing its parallels nearer and nearer the magazines. Some old clothes, a good deal of dirt, and forgotten graves, make now the local features of the war.

Meantime the too ambitious, monument to the *pater patrix* stands like a stunted giant, the superfluous blocks at its base grown over with grass, and few approach it, even in curiosity. Its foundations are said to be defective, and no money has been voted toward

building it this long time. A few boxes, in various parts of the country, receive dimes and quarters towards its completion, but, standing as it now does, a hundred and thirty feet in the air, it has probably reached its highest. I heard a humorous explanation of the failure of this monument, from an Irishman.

“They broke the Pope's block of stone,” he said, “it was an onlucky act. The holy Father cursed the whole thing, and immediately the foundation settled.”

I have spent part of a day in the shaft and workshops of the Washington Monument, a mournful instance of the short life of public impulse, and of the defects in the machinery of miscellaneous private enterprise. This monument is already raised to the height of 175 feet. It has already cost nearly $250,000, and is raised to more than one-third its total height. The foundations are perfectly secure, and capable of supporting all the height yet to be added. There are stones from all parts of the world ready to be inserted in the shaft or subsidiary temple; but work has been suspended upon it for about twelve years.

WASHINGTON MONUMENT.

The monument was discouraged, because the people believed 41 642 that the contributions, being dropped into Post-office boxes all over the country, were stolen, and never applied to the edifice, and also because the artists and art critics kept up a steady fire of deprecation upon the plan of the monument. This plan was an obelisk, surrounded with a Greek Temple. There is no notion, at present, of adding the temple, but the Monument Association hope to raise enough money to finish the obelisk. It is easy to do this, and it ought to be done; for the unfinished shaft in the Capital City is a record of popular impotence, worse than if a monument to Washington had never been begun. This age and people are no exception to the human passion for monumentalization. If ten thousand churches and schools would give twenty-five dollars a-piece, this monument could be finished. The interior of the shaft is of twenty-five feet diameter, between the inner sides of the walls, and so thick are the walls, that the exterior diameter is fifty-five

feet. The material is marble from Maryland. Within there is a yawning chasm of shaft, very impressive to look up into, and see, at the farthest height, a scaffold hung, from Which a rope droops dizzily, and on the floor the dampness splashes and the darkness lies all around the year, save when some melancholy visitor puts his head within, and feels dejected over the suspended gratitude of the land of Washington. I hope no more great monuments will be commenced, but I hope a feeling will be revived to see this one finished. The memorial stones, to decorate some portions of the shaft, represent all companies, lands, and ages—lava, from Vesuvius; aerolites, shaken out of crazy satellites or planets; rocks of copper and of porphyry; stones from Jerusalem and Mecca; everything but the Pope's stone, which, not the builders, but the mob rejected.

If the Washington monument ever be reared 600 feet high, according to the original plan, it will be of the weight of 125,800,000 pounds; the portion already Completed exceeds 80,000,000 pounds.

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CHAPTER XXXVI. JOBBING COEVAL WITH GOVERNMENT.

We can get little comfort by consulting the early records of the country, to show that there were some bad things done in those days. There is less apology for evil in a great and prospered nation, than in a series of jarring colonies, where few local leaders sought after the revolution to remedy their desperate fortunes. Early in the history of the country we were without organization, authority, or means. Able men in those days had few resources, unless endowed with estates, or surrounded with family influence. But it never was true of the United States, that corruption got to be organized, flagrant and backed by a large part Of public opinion, until a few years prior to the civil war. The Confederate Government was as corrupt at Richmond, considering its opportunities, as the Federal Government at Washington. Both were swindled by currency printers, contractors, quarter-masters, and beset by rapacious (Congressmen, who endeavored to retard the general cause where they could not take the advantage. What is called the scalawag element in the South, has

to some degree been the development of the stealing element at Richmond. In the North the big army Contractors have gone to railroad building, and the naval harpies are trying to restore American commerce with the old hulks which were four or five times paid for when chartered by the nation.

It was also true at the close of the Revolutionary War, that 64? contractors, clothes-furnishers, and others, endeavored to spoil the new government, but we can nearly count up on our fingers the early scandals in the history of our country. Let us look at some of them:

1789. The State of Georgia was the first to inaugurate a land swindle. It sold out to three private companies preemption rights to tracts of land; these companies were called the South Carolina Yazoo, the Virginia Yazoo, and the Tennessce Yazoo; the whole amount of land disposed of was fifteen and a half million acres, and the sum agreed to be paid was upwards of $200,000. Subsequently the same lands were sold to other companies, because the first purchasers insisted upon making their payments in depreciated Georgia paper. Hence arose the controversy on the celebrated Yazoo claims, so called.

1790. Mr. Jefferson, who is not good authority on a question of the Treasury, in the first administration, thus speaks of what he believes to be corruption, under General Hamilton, after the Federal assumption of State debts:

“The base scramble again. Couriers and relay horses by land, and swift-sailing pilot-boats by sea, were plying in all directions. Active partners and agents were associated and employed in every State, town, and country neighborhood, and this paper was bought up at five shillings, and even as low as two shillings on the pound, before the holder knew that Congress had already provided for its redemption at par. Immense sums were thus filched from the poor and ignorant, and fortunes accumulated by those who had themselves been poor enough before.”

1790. Mr. Jefferson is authority for the statement that Robert Morris, and other advocates of the national assumption of the State debts, made a lobby amongst the Federal Congressmen, to concede for this point the latitude for the Capitol in 1790. Two Virginia members changed their votes on the financial subject; therefore the seat of government was given to the South. If this was the case, both Morris and Hamilton were well punished for the intrigue. Mr. Hamilton closed his 645 public career before the middle of his life, and Mr. Morris is commemorated in the local history of the seat of government as the victim of the most tremendous speculative failure ever recorded in that city. His houses, put up on the spot since called for his partner, Greenleaf's Point, tumbled to ruins before the public buildings were complete, and he himself spent a venerable portion of his romantic history in the debtor's jail at Philadelphia. The funding bill was then adopted as an act of barter, and twelve millions of dollars were authorized to be borrowed to pay the foreign debt, and twenty-one millions, five hundred thousand dollars, to pay off the State debts. The tariff was immediately pushed up to meet these obligations, and here began the manipulation of duties in the interest of domestic manufacturers.

1791. The same year that the Capital was conceded to the banks of the Potomac, Mr. Hamilton's proposition for a National Bank was brought forward. It passed the Senate in Philadelphia, without division. In the house it was attacked by James Madison and others, but it finally passed by a vote of 39 to 20. President Washington required the written opinions of the members of his Cabinet, as to its constitutionality, and Hamilton and Knox endorsed it with vigor, while Jefferson and Randolph took the opposite side. Its charter was limited to twenty years, and its capital was to consist of $10,000,000, of which the United States subscribed $2,000,000. The bank was to be established in Philadelphia, and was to be managed by twenty-five directors. The bank stock was the favorite speculation of the day, and within a few hours after opening the books the whole amount was subscribed, with a surplus. Branches were established in the chief commercial towns of the republic. This bank and its successors, as we shall see further on, was assailed as one of the corrupt-influences of the early period of the republic.

1793. The first charge of general corruption was made in Congress by John F. Mercer, of Maryland; he intimated that the first assumption of State debts bad been dishonestly engineered, 646 and that members of the House had not been wholly guiltless. To this Theodore Sedgwick replied, saying that the ears of the House had already been more than once assailed by insinuations of the base conduct of individual members in speculating in their own measures. “If,” said Sedgwick, “there be so base and infamous a character within these walls, if there is one member of this House who has been guilty of plundering his constituents in the manner represented, let his name be mentioned, let the man be pointed out.”

Another member admitted that speculation had been carried to a very great extent during the pendency of the funding system, but that could not be avoided. The matter was then dropped, but Secretary Hamilton was attacked by Mr. Giles, of Virginia, and charged with failing to account for upwards of a million and a half of the public money. He was called upon to explain this as well as his mismanagement and intrigue in the negotiation of loans. Hamilton replied that the alleged defalcations were made up by reckoning bonds as money, and cruising deposits, etc. Hamilton had, however, borrowed too much money through the forwardness of the American bankers in Holland, Mr. Giles and his associates introduced nine resolutions of censure, charging Hamilton with exceeding his powers, with dereliction of duty, with misappropriating loans, deviating from his instructions, and violating the law. A debate followed in committee of the whole, and although Madison voted to censure Hamilton on all counts, the resolution of Censure failed.

1795. The first charge of personal bribery was made in 1795, and was brought up on the question of a breach of privilege. The charge was very similar to that made against Mr. Oakes Ames, nearly eighty years later. Two persons named Randall and Whitney, from Maryland and Vermont, respectively, had formed a scheme for obtaining from Congress, for the sum of $500,000, the right to purchase of the Indians twenty millions of acres, in the peninsula of Michigan. The proposed purchase was divided into forty shares, some of

which were offered to members of Congress, who were guaranteed 647 that the shares would be taken off their hands if they should lose confidence in the speculation. Randall boasted that he had secured thirty members. Mr. Murray, of Maryland, explained the attempt at bribery to the House, and Randall was ordered to be arrested and put on trial at the bar. His defence was that he had been misunderstood, and that his conduct was merely foolish and imprudent, and not corrupt. He was declared guilty of a high contempt, in attempting to influence members as to their legislative functions,,and only 17 votes were cast against the resolution, amongst them Mr. Madison's; he maintained that the members had no privilege against such attempts except in their own integrity. Randall was sentenced to be reprimanded by the Speaker, and was put in custody.

1796. In 1796 a transaction in Congress of a disgraceful nature occurred, growing out of the Georgia or Yazoo land speculation, which would look, in our times, quite like a piece of corruption. Mr. Baldwin, of Connecticut, of the lower House, had received a memorial, to be presented to Congress, asking it to do nothing recognizing the validity of the Yazoo sale until an investigation could be had. Amongst the Senators who had personal interest in this Georgia speculation were Frederick Frelinghuysen, the grand-uncle of the present Senator from New Jersey, and James Gunn, Senator from Georgia. Gunn, who was represented to have been a fire-eater, demanded that Baldwin show him the memorial, before its presentation, and give the names of the signers up to his vengeance. When Baldwin refused, Gunn sent him a challenge, through the precious Frelinghuysen aforesaid. Baldwin laid the challenge before the House, and the matter was referred to a committee, which reported that both Gunn and Frelinghuysen had been guilty of a breach of privilege. The land-speculating Senators made apologies to the House, and the matter was allowed to languish.

1797. The first case of the expulsion of a Senator was that of William Blount, of Tennessee, a very popular man in that new State. He was exposed by President Adams in 1797, 648 who sent to Congress some papers showing the condition of the country concerning Spanish intrigues in the south-west, and amongst these papers was the copy

of a letter from Blount to a Cherokee Indian agent, written while the former was governor of the American territory south of the Ohio. The agent sent the letter to the President, who asked the British Minister what it meant. It then appeared, that Blount had played the traitor to the British, in order to right himself in a desperate land speculation. He had designed selling his lands to an English Company, and was afraid that the non-commercial French nation would come into possession of them, by a retransfer, before he could complete the sale. To anticipate this, Blount had proposed to raise a force of barbaric backwoodsmen and Indians, to cooperate with a British naval force, and put the English into possession on the Gulf. This scheme had avarice for its motive and cool treason for its instrument. The House of Representatives voted to impeach Blount, and the Senate put him under bonds amounting to $50,000. The House also asked that he be “sequestered” from his seat in the interim, which the Senate interpreted to mean expulsion, and forthwith set Governor Blount outside the door, with much less delicacy than the Senate lately showed Messrs. Caldwell, Pomeroy, and Harlan. Blount's sureties, one of whom was his brother, surrendered him into custody, but the case was postponed until the next session, and after the fashion of Mr. Colfax at South Bend, a great reception was prepared for Blount at Knoxville; he was elected to the State Senate, and chosen president thereof. Blount's brother, in the House, meantime sent a blackguard letter and challenge to Mr. Thatcher, of Massachusetts. Strife ran so high at this period that gentlemen of different politics would not speak to each other on the street. Senator Blount died unexpectedly, before his constituents had an opportunity to disgrace themselves by giving him enlarged honors.

The first great scandal against a public official was made public while the Capital was pitched in Philadelphia, in 1797. 649 Its object was no less a personage than Alexander Hamilton. One Callender had published a book containing a quantity of correspondence and documents which seemed to show that Hamilton and one Reynolds had been buying up old claims against the United States, and that the latter had received advances of money from the former to make these purchases. Reynolds, and a man named Clingman,

had some time before been prosecuted for perjury, and for seeking to obtain fraudulent payment from the Treasury of an alleged debt due them from the Government. By Hamilton's influence the Controller of the Treasury stopped the prosecution. This Reynolds was the son of a Revolutionary officer, and some letters which he and his fascinating wife possessed seemed to indicate that a dark affair was going on. Three members of Congress who had explored the matter, went frankly to General Hamilton and laid the proofs before him, and required an explanation. This was given but it was hardly less astounding than if Hamilton had been detected in corruption. He confessed to having paid one thousand dollars hush money to Reynolds not on account of any peculation, but to avoid exposure in a very shameless intrigue between Hamilton and the wife of Reynolds. Hamilton resolved to take a desperate step and save his official honor, at the expense of his private reputation and happiness. He published certified copies of the correspondence. We take a few paragraphs of his tolerably bulky pamphlet from an autograph copy owned by William Duane, and inscribed with his name, March 28, 1799. The title is " *Observations on Certain Documents Contained in Nos. V. and VI. of 'The History of the United States for the year* 1797,' *in which the charge of speculation against Alexander Hamilton, late Secretary of the Treasury, is fully refuted. Written by Himself. Philadelphia, printed for John Fenno, by John Bioren.* 1797."

Hamilton shows in this pamphlet all his graces of literary composition, and strikes from the shoulder at the outset:

"The charge against me," he says, "is a connection with one James Reynolds for purposes of improper, pecuniary speculation. 650 My real crime is an amorous connection with his wife, for a considerable time with his privity and connivance, if not originally brought on by a combination between the husband and wife, with the design to extort money from me."

The next salient point is this, well-worded:

Library of Congress

“This confession is not made without a blush, I cannot be the apologist of any vice because the ardor of passion may have made it mine. I can never cease to condemn myself for the pang which it may inflict in a bosom eminently entitled to all my gratitude, fidelity, and love. But that bosom will approve that, even at so great an expense, I should effectually wipe away a more serious stain from a name which it cherishes with no less elevation than tenderness.”

These must, indeed, have been hard passages to commit to print, and it argues nobly for woman that, having been assured from the lips of her husband of his offences against her, she could forgive him for his honor's sake, and, when he came home wounded to die, receive him in her arms as if he were stainless. Men never do these acts of forgiveness.

The gist of Hamilton's confession is in these paragraphs:

“Some time in the summer of the year 1791 a woman called at my house, in the city of Philadelphia, and asked to speak with me in private. I attended her into a room apart from the family. With a seeming air of affliction, she informed me that she was the daughter of a Mr. Lewis, sister to a Mr. G. Livingston, of the State of New York, and wife of a Mr. Reynolds, whose father was in the Commissary Department during the war with Great Britain; that her husband, who, for a long time, had treated her very cruelly, had lately left her to live with another woman, and in so destitute a condition that, though desirous of returning to her friends, she had not the means; that knowing I was a citizen of New York, she had taken the liberty to apply to my humanity for assistance.

“I replied that her situation was a very interesting one; that I was disposed to afford her assistance to convey her to her home, but this at the moment not being convenient to me 651 (which was the fact), I must request the place of her residence, to which I should bring or send a small supply of money. She told me the street and the number of the house where she lodged. In the evening I put a bank bill in my pocket and went to the house. I inquired for Mrs. Reynolds and was shown up stairs, at the head of which she met me

and conducted me into a bedroom. 1 took the bill out of my pocket and gave it to her. Some conversation ensued, from which it was quickly apparent that other than pecuniary consolation would be acceptable.

“After this I had frequent meetings with her, most of them at my own house, Mrs. Hamilton, with her children, being absent on a visit to her father.

“In the course of a short time she mentioned to me that her husband had solicited a reconciliation, and affected to consult me about it. I advised to it, and was soon after informed float it had taken place.”

The next thing was that the husband wrote to Hamilton that he had discovered the intrigue, and that his heart was crushed; but he wrote shockingly bad English. He reproached Hamilton with having taken advantage of his wife's necessities, and Mrs. Reynolds wrote that he had meant to assassinate the Secretary of the Treasury. Hamilton found himself considerably demoralized. He says:

“In the workings of human inconsistency, it was very possible that the same man might be corrupt enough to compound for his wife's chastity, and yet have sensibility enough to be restless in the situation, and to hate the cause of it.”

Of course, after Hamilton let the real facts out right candidly, his enemies discredited him.

“It is showed,” he says, “that the dread of the disclosure of an amorous connection was not a sufficient cause for my humility, and that I had nothing to lose as to my reputation for chastity, concerning which the world had fixed a previous opinion.”

He goes on to show that, having first black-mailed him for 652 nearly ten thousand dollars, the panel-thieves then accused him of taking money from the Treasury, and entering into speculation with Reynolds and others. This pamphlet is signed Alexander Hamilton,

Philadelphia, July, 1797, and in the appendix to it are all the amorous epistles to and fro, which must have made “live” reading when they first saw the light.

1798. The House of Representatives, during this session refused to pass a resolution previously adopted in the Senate to authorize Thomas Pinckney to receive certain presents which in accordance with custom had been tendered him by the Courts of Madrid and London at the close of his missions thither, and which he had refused to accept because of the Constitutional provision relating to presents from foreign powers. The resolution was rejected on grounds of public policy as was afterwards declared by unanimous vote of the House.*

* Additional matter illustrating this Chapter may be found in Chap. VII.

We will now make a step out of the past, and come to a memorable claim of the present day—that of Mrs. Gaines:

Mrs. Gaines is the great female character in New Orleans. She is a small, plump, bright-eyed woman, and she has been the heroine of the very heroic law suit which she has personally conducted, raising money for the purpose to the amount of half a million, recovering nearly a million, and with all the probabilities in her favor of getting a million more. But, if she were to get what she would receive under other conditions than those of democratic public opinion, she would possess half the city of New Orleans in its most valuable part, and be a wealthier woman than Miss Burdett-Coutts, whom Wellington endeavored to marry out of covetousness to her fortune.

The home of this lady is in New York City, but she spends much of her time in New Orleans, where she has strong friends and strong enemies, almost equal in number. Her suit has involved many of her intimate friends, from whom she has borrowed money to pay lawyers' fees and court fees. Her second husband, General Gaines, believed implicitly in the merits of her case, and gave her $200,000 to fight 653 it out. She has been twice married, and to excellent men both times; and I was told that the brother of her first

husband had helped her with nearly the whole of his funds. There is a dash, piquance, and nimbleness about this woman which distinguishes her as one of the queens of her sex. She is said to be about 60 years of age, but would pass for 40; and, while her education is defective, she is a natural authoress and lawyer, and can write a stinging brief where sauce and justice are mixed together.

She is just the sort of woman to be identified with New Orleans—Provincialism and Cosmopolitanism mingling in her as amongst many of these old *habitans.* Her mother had married a French bigamist, and, discovering the fact after she reached New Orleans, presumed to marry again the great Daniel Clarke, one of the wealthiest men of the South. He was one of the earliest property-holders in New Orleans, and represented that territory in Jefferson's administration. Clarke was smitten with the beauty of the French lady, and contracted a secret marriage with her—made secret in order to anticipate a divorce from his French predecessor. But, while he was absent in Washington City, his relatives and connections, who had expected to get his money, told him that his wife was unfaithful, and hired her lawyer to tell her that her marriage with Clarke was not legal. Having a natural affection for man, the French lady proposed to take a third husband. This offended Clarke, and it seemed to confirm the lies which had been said against his lady; and meantime his daughter was born—the present Mrs. Gaines—for whom he maintained affection, so that, while he Jet the wife slide, he gave a very considerable sum of money to a man in Wilmington, Del., to be used and applied to educate his daughter, and at her maturity to present her with the principal. Thus the banks of the Brandywine, where Thomas LaFayette, Harry McComb, and your humble correspondent passed their youth, became the playground of the future Mrs. Gaines. As they had no penitentiary in the State, and never whipped white people at the post, the custodian of 654 the baby saw no business reason why he should not squander her money. He did squander it, and history has made no mention of the innumerable fried chickens, roast capons, and deviled crabs which this unfaithful guardian devoured out of the inheritance of the babe in the woods. A Mr. Croasdale, who is the best journalist in Delaware, some time ago collected the story of

Mrs. Gaines's childhood in Wilmington, and it was published, over another name, in the *Galaxy Magazine.*

When the guardian had squandered all the money, and both his liver and conscience were disordered, some faint recollection of her childhood inspired a dream in the little ward.

She dreamed that her father was another person than the man she called father; that he was rich and lived in a distant State, amongst negroes, molasses, and such other things as children like. She came down to breakfast the next morning, where the unfaithful guardian was thinking, in a morose way, how fortunate it was for him that the State had no penitentiary, and how unfortunate that there were no other little girls to be let out with endowments. Unhappy Delawarean. For him no longer the fried oyster gamboled, or the chicken fricaseed! While he was thinking over this thing the little girl told her dream. He immediately fainted, and they had to borrow some old Delaware rye, next door, to bring him to consciousness.

As he came to, he said, “Myra [he pronounced it Myrie, as did the future gallant husband of the little girl], who has been putting that nonsense into your head?” He answered his own question by confessing, like an honest criminal in one of the fairy books.

The little girl was at once put in possession of a law suit. She became a heroine, married two husbands, and has living grandchildren, Both her husbands were devoted men, who believed in her claim; she does the same, fighting it out.

I have a theory that Nature's chief use for us in this lifo is employment; and that, like the flies which convert into healthy motion the mortification and decay in the atmosphere, we are 655 all right enough when something is given us to do. But Nature makes a very unhappy fly of us when she leaves us a vast law suit, and at the same time impresses us with the fact that we are after our rights. Who would know much about Daniel Clarke, or the man in Delaware, if it were not for Mrs. Gaines?

To show how the public service and the lobby come into collision, it may be well after reciting such matters as the above, to relate a conversation which I had in 1873 with one of the most gallant and distinguished men in the army, whose name I shall not give, because he might be injured by the political harpies of that service.

“What is our relative position amongst the navies of the earth?” said I.

“We stand not above the *sixth* in rank.

“Great Britain could whip all the navies of the earth to-day, one after the other. Her salvation lies in keeping up her commercial supremacy. I have seen a single vessel in her navy, in the China Seas, which could take in detail, the whole American fleet, and beat every ship successively. The iron-clad to which I allude cost about $1,500,000, whereas we have just voted $3,000,000 to build ten ships. Next to England comes France in the perfectness of her navy. Russia and Spain have enormously improved their efficiency upon the seas. North Germany, since she has acquired seaports, has become very ambitious, and not only are her vessels-of-war remarkable, but her naval officers are of a remarkably shrewd and vigilant description. Even Turkey has a better navy yard than the United States, strange as it may appear.”

“Do you think that we are defenseless in our great cities by reason of the prostration of our navy?”

“Well, New York City might be defended, because of its remarkable natural defenses. A ship or two sunk in the channel, at the Narrows, or in the Lower Bay, would prevent an entire fleet from getting up to the city; but an iron-clad navy could go right into Boston harbor or into Portsmouth or San 656 Francisco. A few months ago, we barely missed getting into a war with Spain, and the State Department had really got us right in, when suddenly it was suggested that we examine our naval resources for the moment. Word was sent that three or four ships might be ready in twelve months, and two or three more

in eighteen months. It is needless to say that we backed right out of the war matter; and the Government, to-day if it knows anything, knows that even Spain could drive right into us, because now-a-days men do not count, but mechanism in ships does all the business. Anticipating trouble with us on the Cuban account, Admiral Paolo, now Spanish Minister, visited the United States, and took an inventory of the armored navy. He had all the points; and, by George! we would have been humiliated in the estimation of the earth. You see, about 1864 or '5, we were the first naval power in the world, having gotten up the earliest iron-clads. But that navy was created for an emergency, constructed of green timber, and a late investigation shows that every shot fired into those old rotten iron-clads would have crumbled the whole framework.

The English and other foreigners built upon our suggestions, and they have made a series of ships which can steam 13 knots an hour. Prior to the war, our old wooden vessels were also the best afloat. The Minnesota, and such other great ships in the American navy, made good speed, and gave our sailors confidence; but, as we stand, to-day, we must keep mum, or be terribly humiliated."

"What is the best opinion in the navy—I mean amongst the large and high-minded officers—on the proper method of building a ship-of-war, whether in a navy-yard or in private yards?"

"There is but one way," responded my informant, "of constructing a legitimate vessel-of-war, and that is in the National navy-yards. Private shipbuilders work only to complete a job, get their money, and show the ship, which will be good enough for a short period. But the greatest thing to be looked to in a ship-of-war is the timber; which must be thoroughly seasoned; 657 for green timber warps, rots, and is unable to hold its outer armor in a very little time. The English build of that magnificent teak; and I have seen, in the Japanese Seas, one of Nelson's old ships, which had come out in eighty days from Great Britain, as sound and buoyant as he found it at Trafalgar. We built for an emergency, in private navy-yards, of green oak, which has no longevity. The corrupt shipbuilding interests of

the country press forward whenever we want near ships, and, under the tariff system, rob the Government, and, under the modern job system, carry off the prize from the navy-yards, where we should have work of the best class slowly and surely made. The tariff interests, in the estimation of the honest officers of the navy, will some day be our scorn as a people, and get us such a flogging that we will cut the throats of these jobbers in the public necessities. The great iron-clad ships of Russia, Prussia, and Spain have been built by the English, under free-trade, and the work superintended by Commissioners from the respective nations which wanted the vessels. We cannot build a ship-of-war for our lawful needs in any foreign ship-yards, without an act of Congress, and that act never will be granted under the horrible system of the modern tariff. I have heard naval men say that, if the United States got into a war, and was flogged out of its life, so that the whole bluster would be taken out of her, and we should have to begin, like France, from the bottom, and work out an honest salvation, we would be better off. Something calamitous is necessary to stop the unpatriotic excesses of our business people."

I asked the gentleman who spoke thus intelligently what the leading men of the navy thought of Secretary Robeson and Admiral Porter.

"For Robeson," said he, "there is such contempt that I do not care to relate the character of it. Instead of demanding, like a man, that Congress give the country a navy sufficient to protect us, he begs for everything, as if he were apologizing for making the demand. 42

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"Admiral Porter reduced himself in the estimation of all men of courage when he wrote those sycophantic letters to the President. But he is equal to his position. He always was a shrewd, prying, suggestive fellow, and no portion of the navy has come under his supervision but he has improved it. There is no fear of him. Robeson is a mere shyster, and the civil head of the navy is the disgrace and contempt of every genuine officer in it. We have no navy whatever. Every one of those monitors and iron-clads built during the

war is rotted, and an appropriation of $3,000,000 will do nothing more than build some fair iron-clad coasters for defense."

Some of the scandals so-called of modern Washington partake Of the marvelous and get little consideration from people who demand testimony as well as theory. Let me give an instance:

You have probably met, amongst your acquaintances, this kind of a man: An agreeable, decorous, thrifty well-to-do gentleman, who will talk with you intelligently about the growing evils of the country and of the general corruption of politics, but will, at the same time, inflexibly pursue his private purposes against the Government, under the belief that, in the destruction imminent over everybody, the best way to anticipate it is to make one's stake and share so big that it can bear one up above the common calamity. The country is full of people who deprecate corruption, but do not arrest their personal scheme, which is a part of it.

The gentleman in this case referred to was taken with a communicative mood. He knew perfectly well that he could tell me nothing of consequence which I would not print, but it is queer that very many careful men have somewhere concealed about them a hidden desire to give points against their class to newspaper men. Said this gentleman:

"I am one of the oldest engravers in this country. There is an investigation one day to be made into the currency of the country, which will startle you, and your newspapers and 659 all their readers. There is a $10 bill. Take it,—look at it! Do you see anything notable about it?"

I looked the bill all over, and then the man all over, and saw nothing to excite a remark in either. "There is nothing particular about that bill," he said, "except that it is counterfeit. There are eighteen distinct counterfeits on the $10 bill, and, as an engraver, I know that they represent eighteen different counterfeiting gangs. I got this bill from a street-car conductor in New York. I got into his car, and, as he came along, I said, 'My friend, I am

sorry to ask you for so much change, but really I have nothing less than $20.' 'O!' said he, 'I'll oblige you,' and, in a smiling way, he gave me this bill and a quantity of 50-cent fractional currency. I put the whole away in my pocket, and, being an engraver, I got to looking at the number 37 on the lantern window of the car. Thought I to myself, 'That's a remarkably handsome 7 for a common painter to make.' You know that an engraver notices such things. Well, that evening I went into the Astor House, and, going up to the fine, old, white-haired man who sells cigars there, and is known to everybody in New York, I tendered him one of the 50-cent papers. Old Jimmy looked at it and said to me, 'I am sorry, Mr. Robinson, but that stamp is counterfeit. It's a very well-executed one, but I have nothing better to do in my leisure time than to look over such things.' At this Jimmy handed me the stamp, and I looked at it, and then at the others, and, sure enough, they were all counterfeit. I quietly stepped outside the Astor House, and looked for No. 37, amongst the cars. I found that the conductors ran eight hours off and on, and that my man would not come on till next morning. There I found, at the appointed time, my conductor, and stepped up to him, and said in a low tone, 'Young man, you changed a bill for me yesterday, and gave me a quantity of counterfeit money. Now I want you to take it back without any noise.' He affected to grow indignant, but I said, 'Stop! stop! Do you see that policeman? If you don't return me in good money the amount which you changed for 660 me, I will have you under arrest in two minutes!' Well, it was interesting to see the promptness with which that 'shover of the queer' gave me all of my money, and forgot to ask for his own.

"Mr. Gath, you newspaper men know nothing whatever about the duplication of United States Bonds, and about the quantity of counterfeit scrip afloat. If you, as a newspaperman, were to go to Gen. Spinner and to the heads of the Treasury, and ask how much counterfeit currency was in circulation, they would probably tell you 10 per cent.; but I tell you, as an engraver, that they have admitted to me that there is 25 per cent., or one quarter of the whole amount of the stamps Current in this country, which are fraudulent. Do you know, sir, that the postal currency is renewed six times every year? That is the case, and see the possibilities for its increased duplication and counterfeiting.

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We could better afford to pay 50 per cent. premium, and use gold, than have to deal as we do with a lot of paper which is beyond the control, to a great extent, of the Government officials. The extravagantly high prices, and the corruption in our politics and life, hinge upon the currency. The duplication of the United States bonds will some day be found such an alarming matter that it will bring the whole country to its feet. That crime began in the Treasury so far back as Chase's time. John Covode and others in Congress made strenuous efforts to expose it, but they were gagged by the gavel and a party majority. An official, who at that time was connected with the printing, had, in some way, got a grip upon the Secretary, and could not be budged from his place by any power in the country. His accounts were short one year $63,000, and he could not tell where the money had gone. They kept after him, however, and, on one occasion, he appeared before the examiners with his arms full of bonds, and throwing them down, said, ‘There are your $63,000!’ Now, there was a press used for printing at that time, and it ran repeatedly in the night. The official himself was seen to emerge after dark, on two occasions, with 661 a great tin box in his hand, which he put into his buggy and carried away. Now, how much duplication of bonds do you suppose it required to make $63,000 worth of coupons so as to equalize that account?”

“Several hundred thousand, I suppose.”

“No, sir; it took between $18,000,000 and $19,000,000 of bonds; and about that time happened the first duplication.’”

I looked suddenly into the old gentleman's eyes, and was in great doubt whether I was speaking to an intelligent lunatic or a great reformer.

If one-tenth of the propositions annually considered in the committees of Congress was to be passed, the burden of taxation would be felt immediately at every fireside of the country, and it is much to be feared that the people will never be sufficiently earnest until the iron enters into the flesh, and jobbery makes them howl.

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In order to give an idea of the magnitude of the plunder involved in the schemes of the lobby, which have been defeated in the Congress of 1873, Senator Chandler has employed some of his leisure moments to make out the following list of attempted steals:

Soldiers' Bounty Bill, $400,000,000

Agricultural Lands bill, 90,000,000

Cotton Tax refunding, 72,000,000

Compound interest to States, 32,000,000

Australian subsidy, 5,000,000

Oriental subsidy, 13,000,000

Ship-yard subsidy, 6,000,000

Other subsidies, 5,000,000

The two per cent. job, 1,500,000

Total, $624,500,000

The Soldiers' Bounty Bill and the Agricultural Lands bill were passed by the House, but squelched by the Senate. The 662 Treasury has had a narrow escape of Several of these plundering schemes. Taking into account the stupendous jobs that have been carried through, with the aid of an unscrupulous lobby, plain folk may well stand aghast at the costliness of Congressional legislation.

Those members of Congress who are always looking out for a “spec.” have come to despise the constituency. They see that the people soon forget a dishonored public man, and hence the audacious villainy known as back pay passed the Congress of 1873, its

champions not scrupling to register themselves in black and white. In order to involve the whole government, judicially and administratively, in this villainy, the general pay of all was increased and made retroactive.

The following table shows the new salaries provided by the bill. The increased salaries of the Speakers of the House and of all other officials took effect on the 4th of March:

The President, $50,000

Vice-President, 10,000

Chief Justice of the United States Supreme Court, 10,500

Justices of the United States Supreme Court, 10,000

Cabinet officers, 10,000

Assistant Secretaries of the Treasury, State and Interior Departments, 6,000

Supervising Architect of the Treasury, 5,000

Examiner of Claims in State Department, 4,000

Solicitor of the Treasury, 4,000

Commissioner of Agriculture, 4,000

Commissioner of Customs, 4,000

Auditor of the Treasury, 4,000

Commissioner of the Land-Office, 4,000

Assistant Postmaster-General, 4,000

Superintendent Money Order System, 4,000

Superintendent Foreign Mails, 4,000

Speaker of the House of Representatives, 10,000

Senators, Representatives, and Delegates, 7,500

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The salaries of all the clerks, doorkeepers, messengers, and other employees of the House were increased from 15 to 25 per cent.

All sorts of ingenious excuses had been manufactured, and were ready at hand, to defend back pay; amongst other pleas was that against the old mileage system.

Under the system of mileage the grossest inequality in the compensation of members of Congress has always prevailed. Just before the war the father of the present Senator Bayard, of Delaware, who received about $200 mileage, sat by “Duke” Gwinn, of California, who got $19,000. To make the matter more uneqal and unjust the fact was that, although receiving this immense amount on account of travel, Mr. Gwinn actually did not go to Callifornia for years. After the war when Reverdy Johnson was Senator from Maryland, he received $128 mileage for a Congress, while Messrs. Nye and Stewart, of Nevada, received about $10,000 apiece. A few years ago so much complaint was made about this unjust discrimination between members, that a modification of the mileage rates was established, but it has still worked very unequally.

It appears that for the Congress just expired the mileage paid to Senators from the States named was as follows: California, $4,029.60; Oregon, $6,492.80; Nevada, $3,513.60; Texas, $3,000; Louisiana, $2,531; Arkansas, $2,400; Minnesota, $2,475.25; Kansas, $2,352.10; Nebraska, $2,147.20; Mississippi, $2,160.

The idea of making an Omnibus bill to include with the long talked-of increase for the President, the Supreme Court Judges, anal the Heads of Departments, the never before talked-of increase for members of Congress, apparently originated with Butler, of Massachusetts, the Guy Fawkes of Congress. He brought the bill back from the Judiciary Committee, on the 7th of February, 1873, with a long report,—historical, argumentative, and didactic,—in which he labored hard to prove that there were strong reasons of justice, morals, and public economy for raising the salary to $8,000 per annum. In the 664 same report he advocated the increase of the President's salary to $50,000, and proposed to raise the pay of the Judges and the heads of Departments to $8,000. His bill to accomplish all this was recommitted without action. Some time before, Sargent had tried to put an amendment on the Executive and Legislative Appropriation bill, raising the President's salary to $50,000. Dawes, who was in the chair, ruled it to be in order, but an appeal was taken, and the House, by a vote of 60 yeas to 67 nays, refused to sustain the ruling.

Butler's next move was to get his bill hitched on to an appriation bill. He made the first effort to accomplish this on Feb. 11, when he moved to suspend the rules so as to instruct the Appropriations Committee to bring in the bill as a part of the Miscellaneous Appropriation bill, then about to be reported to the House. He was beaten by a vote of 81 yeas to 119 nays, but he gained a point—he got a showing of hands; he knew the strength of his forces, and could see how many recruits he must get to win. He had foreseen that it was essential to secure the help of the outgoing members, who numbered nearly 100, and there was only one way to do this: by allowing them to share in the profits of the proposed raid on the Treasury. He therefore inserted the words, “including members of the XLIId Congress,” the effect, of which was to make the increase retroactive—going back two years.

Up to this time comparatively few members had faith in the process of the movement, and very little had been said about it in the informal canvasses in the lobbies and cloak rooms, which influence the disposition of bills far more than the debates upon the floor. Now it was

seen that the bill had a strong backing of pledged supporters, and an active canvass for recruits began. Late in the night of Monday the 25th, Butler sprung his bill upon the House, as an amendment to the Executive, Legislative, and Judicial Appropriation bills, which had come back from the Senate with amendments. No one but the friends of the measure had notice of his intention. A large number of members had gone home on the assurance of 665 Garfield that the bill would be called up only to get it in place, and that he expected no action upon it. Garfield protested, but Butler insisted on a vote on his amendment, and carried it by a vote of 71 to 67, on a vote by tellers in Committee of the Whole. The Crédit Mobilier debate intervened next day, and it was Friday before the question came up again. Butler's amendment, adopted in Committee of the Whole, was rejected by the House, on a call of the yeas and nays, by a vote of 69 to 121. Buffer changed his vote to No, in order to move a reconsideration.

Next morning he made the motion, and promised if it was carried to admit an amendment, prepared by Sargent, fixing the salary at $6,500, with no allowance for traveling expenses. This seemed a fair proposition, and the recommendation was carried without much opposition. Sargent offered his amendment, but by the time it began to dawn upon the minds of the members who opposed an increase, that, if any change were made in the salary, the whole question would, in the end, go to a Conference Committee of six men, who could put in any amount they pleased, and then force the House to agree to their report, or run some risk of losing the entire Appropriation bill, which would make an extra session necessary. Sargent's amendment narrowly escaped defeat, the vote being 100 to 97. Amendments offered by Garfield were adopted, raising the salaries of all the clerks in the House, and adding 15 per cent. to the pay of all other employees, and adding $2,000 a year to the salaries of the Assistant Secretaries of the General Departments.

The bill went to the Senate, and when the question arose on concurring in the salary admendment, some Senators opposed it because it did not increase their pay enough,

and others because they thought it wrong to make any increase. Both these elements of opposition united to defeat a motion to concur. The vote stood 23 to 36.

The bill then went, of necessity, to a conference committee. Speaker Blaine now took a hand in the game, and appointed as the House conferees Garfield, Butler, and Randall, knowing 666 that the two latter were in favor of a larger increase of salary than the House had, at any time, endorsed. They were both advocates of a beaten proposition, and it was in violation of a well-recognized principle of parliamentary practice to appoint either of them on the Committee. The Senate conferees, named by the Vice-President, were all high-salary men, who insisted that $6,500 was not enough, and would be less than the Pacific Coast Senators got already, with their mileage. The Conference agreed to put another $1,000 on, making the salary $7,500, and they restored Butler's provision for the payment of actual traveling expenses, and retained the retroactive clause, dating the increase back to March 4, 1871. The President's salary, and those of the other officials, they left as passed by the House. The report was made to the House on Monday morning, March 3. It was vehemently denounced by Farnsworth and others, and freely defended, on the ground that the Senators were so stubborn that the House conferees had to yield for fear of losing the bill. The shameful retroactive clause did not find a single apologist, either in this or in any previous debate. It was vigorously assailed and denounced, but no one had the hardihood to say a word in its favor. Everybody knew that it was a barefaced robbery of the Treasury of nearly $1,500,000—a bribe of $5,000 a piece to induce outgoing members to vote to increase the pay of their successors. The provision doubling the President's salary escaped with very little criticism. Members were so much occupied with the question of their own pay that they gave small attention to the portions of the bill relating to other officials.

The conference report was finally adopted by the House by yeas, 103; nays, 94. This was a fair test vote, although the high salary men, tricky to the last, tried to make it appear otherwise by falsely saying that the bill would be lost if the report was rejected. The effect of rejecting the report would have been to send the bill to a new conference committee,

which could have reported back in an hour with the salary 667 amendment stricken out. Every member who voted yea must, therefore, be held to have favored the salary grab, retroactive clause and all. It was late Sunday night before a vote was had in the Senate on adopting the report. The result was yeas, 36; nays, 27. The bill was signed by the President the same night. Under the retroactive provision dating the increased pay to Congressmen back two years, every member received $5,000 as extra compensation for services in the Forty-second Congress, less sum already drawn by him as mileage. The amount of money taken from the Treasury for this purpose we cannot give with accuracy, because we do not know the exact amount of the mileage to be deducted. At a moderate estimate it was $1,400,000.

No justification was attempted in either the Senate or the House for dating back the increased salary. It was so disgraceful a proceeding that it admitted of no defense. The members of Congress, in accepting their offices, agreed to serve for the salary provided by law. On the last day but one of their term of office, they voted themselves nearly $5,000 apiece as additional pay. They had the power to do it, and are amenable to no punishmant except such as their constituents may provide for them at the next election; but their conduct in a moral point of view is very little better than that of a merchant's clerk who should increase his salary by helping himself from his employer's cash drawer.

Observe the effect of the back-pay and other swindling schemes of its class:

The total amount of the various appropriation bills passed at that scandalous session of Congress exceeds the amount of the previous session about fifty-four millions of dollars: The details of the various appropriations of 1873 are as follows: Preliminary deficiency, $1,699,833; Texan border commission, $18,490; pension, $30,480,000; American and British claims Commission, $613,500; Indian, $5,512,218; fortification, $1,899,000; consular and diplomatic, $1,311,359; Military Academy, $344,317; legislative, executive and judicial, estimated, 668 $19,500,000; naval, $22,275,757; army, $31,796,008; Post-

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Office, $3,529,107; river and harbor, $6,112,900; sundry civil, $32,175,415; deficiency, $9,242,871—total, $195,310,839.

Truly the 43d Congress was a shameless body. The corrupt members from the extreme Puritan states exceeded in effrontery those from Pennsylvania or Kansas. In the last hours of the session after the Crédit Mobilier case had been disposed of in the House, we had the most extraordinary spectacle of the session presented by a colleague of Oakes Ames, of John B. Alley, of Samuel E. Hooper, of Mr. Dawes, and of Senator Wilson, another Representative from Massachusetts, the Hon. Ginery Twichell, openly and actively lobbying on the floor of the House for the passage of a bill, introduced by himself, in favor of a railroad corporation of which he is president. When the point of order had twice been made upon him, that he could not vote in favor of a bill in which he was personally interested, the Hon. Ginery Twichell left his own desk to take a seat beside the tellers, upon the final division of the House on the question of the passage of the bill, and personally expostulated with members who were voting “nay.” Evidently the example of Oakes Ames and the lessons of investigation were utterly thrown away upon the Hon. Ginery Twichell.”

Midst all of this scandal the moral and Christian world was doing nothing to show its disgust at what was going on at Washington. The great business house of Phelps, Dodge & Co., of New York, whose leading partner was the patron of orthodox philanthropy, was at the same time paying $271,000 to the government to be let out of prosecution for smuggling, and the moral newspapers were pompously parading the following solemn declaration of Mr. John Alexander, of Philadelphia:

“By the Grace and Providence of God enabling me, I will contribute to the treasury of the National Association for securing the amendment of the Constitution of the United States, the sum of *five hundred dollars* annually, *until an amendment (in substance such as at present proposed by the Association) shall be made to the Constitution of the United States.*

“If this amendment is not made during my lifetime, I shall hope to continue the aforesaid annual payments through the agency of the legal representatives of my estate.

“I can do all things through Christ which strengtheneth me.”

After such an exhibition of pious stupidity we may answer the question which every reader is probably putting in his mind: What can we do about it?

And this we answer in the words of that admirable review, the New York *Nation,* with whose advice we shall close our chapter:

“We maintain, and with increased confidence,” says the *Nation,* “that the shameful corruption in the Government which is showing itself side by side with overwhelming Republican majorities all over the country, is a fresh proof that the Republican party is a common human organization, for the ordinary political purposes—namely, the embodiment in legislation of a small cluster of ideas; that that purpose was carried out at the close of the rebellion; that the party is now *functus officio,* and has for several years been kept in office by the popular dread of “reaction” and the force of the great patronage and enormous handling of money resulting from the war; and that in the absence of any great controlling ideas, of real work, and of a powerful and respectable opposition, its leading men, who, for all practical purposes, are the party and represent it, have grown careless, and insolent, and indifferent to public opinion, and finally corrupt. There is nothing ecclesiastical about them or it. It has no divine mission, and they have no personal consecration. *It* is simply the consensus of a large body of the American people on a few points of home policy, and *they* are a number of not very remarkable gentlemen, whom the American people has put in charge of its affairs.

“The remedy is to be found in the formation of another organization for other purposes. What these purposes are we have frequently intimated. We may venture to repeat

them—the reform of the civil service; the restoration of the judiciary to its old position of independence and respectability; the simplification 670 of political machinery, so that honest and industrious citizens can attend to their political affairs without the help of professional tricksters; the release of the States from the constant interference and supervision of the central authority; the purification of Congress by the reform of the tariff, and the prohibition of grants, subsidies, bounties, “protective” duties, and the total exclusion of Congressmen from a share in the appointing power. These objects can only be obtained by a party formed for that purpose, and for nothing else. Whether we are near the formation of any such party we do not know. We acknowledge with sorrow and disappointment that the events of last year undoubtedly postponed it, but we would fain believe that those who last year honestly strove to bring about a better state of things, have not abated one jot of heart or hope. We are sure that they must find in what is now passing both abundant justification for their course and abundant reason for trying again, whenever the opportunity offers. It is needless to say, of course, that any such organization would contain, if successful, whatever good elements the Republican party now contains, and many good elements which that party does not contain, and nothing short of this combination of the good of all parties will save us. The good Republicans are not likely to be removed in chariots of fire when the party organization disappears.”

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CHAPTER XXXVII. CHIEF JUSTICE CHASE AS A REPRESENTATIVE STATESMAN.—HIS LIFE AND DEATH.

Another niche is filled in the bridge which carried the Republic over the bursting dam of Slavery. Chase, the financier of emancipation, has followed his colleagues, the War-Minister and the Minister of State. Lincoln's statue, already old enough to lose the newness of the bronze, and wear the dark, rich hue of imperishable metal, receives with a melancholy smile each new arrival. The last of the very greatest has now passed on. It is humiliating to know that this is so; that the generation we have entered up is altogether a new one; and that the War itself is not a dead issue to this day. In the North we have

not recovered from its corruptions, nor in the South from its chaos. But time and years will prevail.

Chief Justice Chase, like Stanton and Seward, lived to feel the comparative loss of power, and to see the sceptre grow almost barren in his gripe. Possessors at one time of power almost unqualified, these men yielded office not wholly by volition, and saw with trouble the homage of multitudes grow less and less, until they felt themselves almost distributed back amongst the mere constituents of later reputations. This is the ache of life,—to see the editorial leader on oneself dwindle to a paragraph, and the paragraph finally wear a tooth, and at last silence, worst of all. Men without career know nothing of this. It is the sweetness of private duty to be thus compensated 672 for never having known the enjoyment of command. I think the current estimate of Mr. Chase to have been the true one: that he was ambitious, not satisfied to be an interpreter of statutes merely, and not wholly consoled at the head of the Bench. But the current estimate which would confound Mr. Chase's ambition with the base discontent of a politician, is gross as the commentary of pot-houses. He felt his capacity and natural superiority to the highest office, to accomplish the most harmonious influence. Other men, as well, interpreted his admixture of lofty qualities to be destined for no less command, and predicted for his Administration, should he even reach it, a time of *renaissance,* mental elevation, and statesmanship.

The grades of public life he had ascended with an equal step, and composed front, and stature rising with the prospect. He indulged in no tricks of surprise nor sensation.

His life contains no catch-phrases. His illustrations were seldom apt, to nestle awhile in the ear, and buzz themselves to satiety there; but they took the proportions of mind and rose a little short of poesy. The forces which raised him never made him their instrument for subsequent ends, and hence there is a consistency in his life which will give him no uncertain portrait. Like Mr. Sumner and Mr. Trumbull, he possessed personal character sufficient to compel unknown coalitions in politics, and the influence with which he led

men may take the name of Enlightenment. He was a preacher of the Gospel of Justice, Mercy, and Righteousness, as truly as if his uncle, Bishop Chase, had ordained him.; and marble is the material of which to make his monument, for there is a trail of whiteness left behind him. That he wished to be President, was no offense against order, morals, or example. The mother's law to her child, the height of human usefulness she points out, is the AmeriCan Chief Magistracy, honorably deserved and attained. No less is it the table-land of the man of affairs, for none can look toward it from any of the meaner passes and depths of career. Chase was suspected of desiring it because he was fit for it. His qualifications were his accusation.

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He never had accusers, in reality, who were not place-servers, and such as would rather live in the ignominious case of present domination than be detached, vigilant and influential citizens. Within the Republican party, in Mr. Lincoln's first term, there were few men of the first rank who gave a tame acquiescence to the necessity of his renomination. Henry Winter Davis, Oliver P. Morton, even Ben. Wade, were accused of being restive, and believing that affairs hung too loosely. It was no better in the Cabinets of Washington, Adams, Madison, Monroe, or Tyler. Mr. Charles Francis Adams, in his late eulogy on Seward, made the point that his distinctive sacrifice in Mr. Lincoln's Cabinet was in voluntary *harikari,* abandoning competition for the succession to which, says Mr. Adams, he had all the rights of qualification. But Mr. Seward abandoned the Presidency because he knew that he had no more prospects, and he was at the head of the Cabinet already. Mr. Chase had not yet made the essay. And if Mr. Lincoln made Mr. Chase Chief Justice, as some declare, “to shelve him” for the Presidency, he acknowledged his formidable quality, and was himself a politician in this act of strategy. If he appointed Mr. Chase Chief Justice in acknowledgment of his desert, the fame of the latter is no less secure. To have received the highest office in Mr. Lincoln's gift, and with it the public impression that he might else have taken the Presidency, exhausts the scale of appreciation. The Presidency itself, under the conditions of the nominating convention, would be no such test of fitness.

The manner, the time, and public talk about Gov. Chase's nomination to the Supreme Bench satisfied neither himself nor the period that he had ended his active career there. Public conviction in this country will not accept anything short of the grave as the final retirement of necessary men. There is a selfish class in our society which is too indifferent to vote and too rich to take office; but the Presidency is not to be dishonored even by a Chief Justice, if election and duty point that way. For that pinnacle, on the level with the seats of 43 674 Kings, the General tears off his triple stars and the priest his vesture. John Marshall, and John Jay, and Roger Taney kept out of politics because politics, after they became Chief Justices, let them alone. Marshall and Taney never ceased to dwell on the line of public affairs, and from the Bench contemplated the coördinate parts of the Government with the interest of old times. Justice Davis, the trusted friend of Mr. Lincoln, also heard the Macedonian cry of “Come down and help us!” and, like the youthful Samuel, he answered: “Lord, here am I!” The fact is, that, if Justices are to be kept vestal from politics, they must be vestal when set upon the Bench. To make a man Chief Justice from a political motive is to do the man an injury, and make the Bench a mere switch or sideling for another candidate to be run by.

The association of the Chief Justice with parties after 1866 grew out of the needs of the times. It was a period when a Chief Justice might wish, for his country's sake, to resume active Magistracy, and recover the Republic from the chaos of opinion, and the mutual selfishness of sections and parties. His office was itself a qualification for this task. The Impeachment trial of an opinionated President by a Senate already in the secondary stage of that corruption which was soon to break out in public view, brought Justice Chase down from the Bench to preside over the pageant. The spectacle was prolonged, and the moral lesson of it discouraging. The man who was to succeed to the Presidency, if Mr. Johnson should be convicted, voted every time as a Senator for the accomplishment of both ends, and he proved to be the same who, in 1860, led a little bilious faction to Chicago to put the Ohio delegation against Mr. Chase. Mr. Wade and his outsiders spent all the time they had to dispose of when not distributing the patronage they expected to get, in denouncing

the Chief Justice in such papers as Forney's *Chronicle,* Fulton's Custom House *American,* Young's *Tribune,* et al. The failure of that trial they imputed to the Chief Justice. And, ever since, they have kept up a little chirping and wagging of heads, which will now probably break out in their obituary fulminations.

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But, if the country had taken the man on the Bench in 1868, instead of the man at the head of the army, the sins of carpetbagging and ku-klux never would have been enacted. The Executive countenance would have been turned from adventurers and men of low degree, and the public patronage would have been given to persons who could have re-nationalized sentiment in the South, and spiritualized it in the North. Those habits of attention, devotion, surveillance, and organization, by which he made the barren Treasury grow faster than war could exhaust it, and left his two terms of administration in Ohio in most admirable recollection by men of every party, were needed at the close of Johnson's Administration, and he believed that he could accomplish the task. Amidst all the innuendo and fusilade poured upon him by editorial brokers, not one authority ever expressed the opinion that he would not make a capable President. He was never called to an account on the score of his qualifications or his purity. Secretary of the Treasury, he never took a gift. No kin of his took an office. The reason was, that he had breeding and the breath of honor.

He was a man of finer nature than has been seen in Washington politics in the present period. His nature was wholly Republican, but it was the Republicanism of good manners, which raised the surrounding level without depressing the spirits of any. To be his guest was to feel a higher respect for oneself. He did not labor upon his private auditors, and was not brilliant in speech or reminiscence; but he had a faculty of humor, quiet and twinkling, and a breadth of nature which began impressively and grew by acquaintance. The great art of encouragement, by which, as generous men grow older, they stand like cathedrals, all buttressed round with younger men, Mr. Chase possessed almost to a fault. He was of use to others more than they could return it. The great fortunes made by

the patronage of the Treasury stood aloof, fearful, of being asked to labor amongst his friends; and there was a time when Some who had derived income and opportunity from his judicial 676 fondness hastened to declare for the regular ticket in advance, lest their obligation might be to their prejudice. These Gov. Chase let pass like Aristides when he wrote his own sentence of banishment upon the voter's shell. But familiarity he knew how to arrest, and he could rebuke with a look that was Washingtonian.

In his moral relations to politics, society, and the Bar, he was orthodox, submissive, and reciprocal. His origin was good, but dependent; yet he never ate the bread of dependence, but, with New Hampshire frugality, made his way quietly from college to school-teaching, and, in the vestibule of the law, waiting for clients, he became an author in the law. When his profession developed and made him a citizen held in neighborly esteem, he planted himself upon the highest ground of human usefulness, and became an interpreter of the law in the interests of humanity. He did not drift with the tide to easy honors, but led the choice spirits and the awakening conscience of the country, irrespective of party lines. He never aspired to be the creature of any party, and made no profession of party loyalty at any time. That organization which would yield the most to Freedom and Progress suited him well, and at least four parties have paid his talents and ideas the meed of support. On whom were so many diplomas ever bestowed by public parties? He was not only in the right with two or three, but in the might with two or three. The Presidency might have been his, at the hands of the Democracy, in 1852. Had he held the banks to personal allegiance, he never would have made his legal-tender decision.

The residence of the Chief Justice has latterly been an old country-seat on the hills at the head of Tiber Creek, about 3 miles north of the City of Washington,—a roomy, oblong, plain brick dwelling, painted pea-green, and surrounded by steep heights and woodlands. I drove out there a week ago, and found a quietness prevailing which would be melancholy to young people in this backward spring. Near at hand, a gipsy camp was pitched in the woods, and the usual accompaniments 677 of wild dogs, horses, and children surrounded it. A short distance from the house, a cluster of modern cemeteries were assembled

on the road, in one of which was the tomb of the late Amos Kendall. Here Chief Justice Chase has passed a year or less of recuperation, work, companionship, and doubtless apprehension of the short remainder of days. There is a turn in the strength of men of affairs which takes, them unawares and hastens decay. He was warned about three years ago that his time was short, and, since that slight stroke of paralysis, his hair has fallen out, his face grown long and thinner, and his eyes have grown dimmer and of diffused light. A sturdy man he used to be, with a solid, farmer-like carriage; and the portraits on the greenbacks of his splendid head, large, collected expression; and folded arms, all massive and imposing, little resembled the oldest figure of late on the Bench, wearing out the hours of duty there, listening to close arguments, and going home to labor on tasks which must meet the criticism of the country.

His worldly fortunes have been goodly, but not great. His daughters were happily married, and have not needed his bounty, and they have given him the wealth of their pride and affection. Perhaps the prize of higher honors was not less desirable for their sakes. Both of these ladies inherit their father's mental disposition. Mrs. Sprague has probably been the most perfect social product of the period of the Republican party in Washington;— *naïve,* elegant, engaging, and spirited; and Mrs. Hoyt, with less scope of influence, has been no less dear to her father, and of more definite accomplishments. Several grandchildren will preserve the blood of the Chief Justice; his memory amongst jurists will be equal to that of any man on the Supreme Bench. Courage, reconsideration, compass, original views, clearness, and grace of authorship, and labor in the law in all its departments, as critic, compiler, law-giver, and expounder: these will enroll him high in his profession, so that no antiquary need be called to discover him. As Theodore Parker said, twenty years ago: “In the greatest 678 question of the age, the question of Human Rights, as champions of mankind there will appear Adams, Giddings, *Chase,* Palfrey, Mann, Hale, Seward, Rantoul, and Sumner.” To this it may be added that, when the question of Human Rights was done, Mr. Chase was one of the first and few who believed that rehabilitation and magnanimity were better than the mere stiffening up of parties on old issues and

antagonisms,—better than the cowardly riot of plunder which we have permitted in the South, and are in the reflex billows of in the Northern States.

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CHAPTER XXXVIII. THE BEST AND WORST OF SOCIETY AT THE CAPITAL.

The first inauguration of General Grant was hailed with the plaudits of a large majority of intelligent Americans. He had been the victor in the great conflict, and had he possessed the greatness which comes of reflection, he would have set a lesson to future politicians, and made his first term wholly harmonious, and his life a fresh spot in the reminiscences of posterity by declining a second inauguration. We shall, therefore, select his first appearance on the Presidential platform for an etching.

The President-elect rode to the Capitol in 1869, with General Rawlins, his Galena townsman. Two good nags drew his carriage. A long procession went before and behind. He subscribed to the civil forms of the occasion, bowing to the popular salutations, and his dress was plain black, without a tithe of the soldier in it. There was much music, ringing of bells, banners and huzzas; but the intensest study was the shy little man in the carriage, without a flush on his face, but with deep reflective marks there, made by poverty and war. When he arrived at the Capitol he found the top, the stairs, the projections, the balustrades, the abutments of that large marble edifice as full of people as a candy capitol might be of flies. The area before the Capitol was clear, save of a few; but in the park beyond, the trees were full of clinging human fruit, and between the huge sitting statue of Washington and the eye, a 680 silent, orderly multitude looked up to where the long triple façade of the Capitol projected its three great porticoes. The middle portico was the focus of all rays of light, of music, of attention. Two long flags drooped down the central Corinthian columns, and between them burst the peal of invisible drums, beaten in the Rotunda. From the bases of these columns fell a flight of stairs to a temporary platform, railed and draped in colors. This was all, except the stately building reaching to the clouds, and the peering tip-toe multitude on fences, trees, carriages, and house-tops,

while amongst the mass on frail scaffolding of timber, photography, like a carrier pigeon, perched, to seize the spectacle, and fly down the generations with it.

Grant alighted in the presence of all these, and with Senator Cragin of New Hampshire, a gentleman of large, baldish, florid, forehead, he walked out of the view of the people, they huzzaing. The Senate was a packed mass of ladies in the galleries, and on the floor, folks of distinction—gold-fringed, sworded, cocked-hatted members of the foreign legations. Colfax made a little speech, and Wade went out of what is called public life. Grant entered the Senate with his usual shy unconsciousness, bowed to the Chair, and sat a while, suffering examination. When the time came for him to go before the people, he was prompt and sedate. The procession moved deliberately through the long lobby and aisle of the Rotunda, where the hand of music made the iron ribs tingle, and filing to the left, the President-elect walked into the daylight, descended the flight of stairs, and stood before the roaring, surging people. There were the Judges, in their long, black, silk robes, to administer the oath of office; there was his wife—happiest joy of all—her love and confidence crowned in this, poverty appeased and obscurity vindicated; there she stood among her relatives, by her father and her sisters' husbands, with her pride too big not to beam, except for tears—there was everybody of honorable descent, talent or station, and the air Was full of glad salutations, the people saying, for the moment, unselfishly, “Hail! our accepted, one!”

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Grant, small and solid and shy, with that weary look that Lincoln wore, furrows on his face, tenacious resignation the epitome of it, looked out like one surrendered. A man beside me said:

“He is a little, bashful fellow, but with terrible talents!”

The music throbs its last; the huzzas cease; the General takes the oath of office to Chief Justice Chase with his arm and spread hand uplifted. He looks up to the large presence of

the Chief Justice, burnt by the fire of battle—the Judge possessed by gentler inspirations. All grave and grand allegory is depicted in their two figures—the burning torch of the Wilderness is inverted, and the slayer, without a sword, takes the oath of peace. Together they stand, who have come to these two Magistracies by different roads—the younger man by the harder and the wearier route, overtaking all the dignities of the other, and now that the conflict of their ambition is over, how like they are in wishes and wisdoms! The one by the study of hooks, and the other by the study of active life, stand now upon the same results, both progressive, both conservative, and probably mutual admirers.

General Grant draws forth his speech carefully and folds it back, wetting his finger at his lip. Then he reads in a quiet way, audible near by, no further; and, while he does so, his daughter is passed to his side, and she puts bet hand upon his arm as if to support him. So he stands, strengthened by childhood, looking into the multitude and pronouncing his designs, like the captain of a ship plunging out of battle into storm.

Having sketched the head of the government, let us take a turn in a discursive way around the social life of the Capital.

The tendency of things in politics is toward organization, and the demands of party politics upon a share of the evenings of its victims, have led to the arrangement of all the clerks, dating from particular States, into pseudo sociable bodies. The Illinois Association gave its ball and supper, at the Masonic Hall, a new edifice, which has already been honored by the English Minister's entertainment given to Prince Arthur. I 682 went to this place about 9 o'clock one Friday evening, and found quite an elaborate character of hospitality. At the top of the stairs stood two or three courtly and ceremonious gentlemen, in swallow-tail coats and white kids and neckties, who politely suggested that all overcoats and hats must be deposited in the coat-room. When the ball-room door was opened, I beheld about six hundred persons, the ladies preponderating in numbers, vigorously dancing, while a hand of music perched in a little gallery over the portal, dispensed agreeable music. At the head of the room sat President. Grant, with that look of desperate resolution which has never

left his countenance since he sent the celebrated telegraphic despatch, swearing that he would fight it out on that line; on one side of him sat the Hon. S. S. Marshall, Democratic member of Congress, who appeared to consider that anything affecting Illinois, whether Democratic or Republican, was entitled to his encouragement; on the other side of the President sat the Hon. Norman B. Judd.

From my elevated position, I had a good view of the entire roomful, and it seemed to me that a more robust, cheerful, and republican group of men and women had not been assembled in Washington since the organization of the government. Children were dancing amongst the men; many heads of bureaus, and even the particular clerks of the State Department mingled in the throng, and, after a while, when quiet had been secured, Colonel Joe Holt led the President down from his perch, and introduced him to Mr. Thomas B. Bryan, who made a pretty little speech, to which Mr. Judd gave a muscular response on behalf of the Chief Magistrate. Everybody here agrees that the Illinois Sociable was the best that has ever been given by a single State. Senator Trumbull and his nephew, with a number of his colleagues, were upon the floor, and they all had a right hearty time. The same night the Ohioans gave a sociable at a neighboring hall, and the President, unattended, went down there and looked his customary resolution.

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The abuse of promiscuous receptions, promiscuous dinners, and promiscuous balls, has been more than ever a subject of reprehension during the present discouraging session of Congress. Much was said, after last New Year's, about the thoughtfulness of the ladies here who, on that day, removed intoxicating drinks from their tables; but the nightly receptions in the city are seldom given without bowls of strong punch, and frequently baskets of champagne are sacrificed to the guests; while young women, single and married, make a class of acquaintances not tolerable under their own roof,—many of whom come with the alluring appellations of Governor, General, Judge, or Senator. The dressing has become alarmingly immodest. The lobby is made equal to the best of our dignities, and men who ply the trade of public plunderer, present their daughters

and wives to the very officials whom, otherwise, they would be unable to reach. There was one gentleman implicated in the late Crédit Mobilier exposures, whose temptation came directly through the abuse of promiscuous dinners. When he came to Washington City, in the first place, he lived remote from the fashionable quarter, and was indusrtious, domestic, and perfectly unchallenged by any slanderer. Next came his removal to a finer social quarter, and, having an important; committee, he was in request for dinners at Welcker's, where the palate is tempted with the choicest wines, coming successively to wash down sweet-breads, unseasonable game, rich capons with sauce *Goddard,* and terrapin stewed in Madeira wine. The best of these lobby caterers was well-known by everybody in the city to be an old man of doubtful associations, who lived mysteriously on the verge of the Government, and possessed no fortune or income of his own. Although a lobbyist, few knew in what he lobbied. He had traveled in all countries, had great accomplishments, was a delightful conversationalist, and of no reputability. Socially ostracised, he was able to bring to his dinners the most honored men in Congress; the sedate Mr. Boutwell had done him the honor of feeding at his table.

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Our Congressional friend could not but experience a moral and mental deterioration in the midst of such *viands,* and such general surrender of the discretions of decent life. He was much beloved, and he still keeps the hearts of many who sorrow with him, and, if there is any stigma upon a name never, before these late exposures, disgracefully associated, the descent began with the late dinners at the great restaurant.

We have had this year, for the first time, a swell party given at a public hall, instead of a private house, because it was to be such a stunning affair that no house could hold the guests, and the same edifice was leased in which the British Minister used to give a banquet to the Prince of Wales. Probably five hundred persons went to this public hall, and the dressing was the most gorgeous and extravagant ever seen in this city, and probably New York, at the Purim or the Charity ball, never developed finer silks, laces and jewels. A magnificent supper was spread; the music was the best that could be afforded;

so much nakedness was probably never revealed in Washington; and all this was to introduce a fair young girl into society. The party in question was given on the proceeds of the sale of a celebrated silver mine to certain Englishmen,—the sale encouraged by the American Minister to England. No comment is needed upon this matter; but simple-minded and thoughtful must see a certain connection between extravagance like this and the corruption which is seriously threatening the stability of our institutions.

The corrector of our society should be the religion of our women, but it appears that there is no longer that sensitiveness to dishonor, and quick sense of repulsion for the public plunderers, which our mothers had. One of the most popular men in Washington society this winter has been a young politician enriched by shame and dishonesty; a man born a scoundrel. When you become conversant with our political society, you will find, with all its charmingness and brightness, that there are no convictions beneath it. The fine women will forget what you are saying when you suggest the character of this 685 or that person, if, indeed, she be not allured by his unscrupulousness and success. This politician, you will find, shares his wife's regret that his fairest daughter did not marry an enriched political villain, instead of the simple, modest, and struggling gentleman she chose. Yonder Minister, you will hear, took one of the largest fees ever tendered to protect a man's interest, and, failing to discharge the obligation because of his political promotion, kept the money and gave no equivalent. Yonder Head of Bureau, you will be told, has patented a method of compelling all the college-land scrip in the country to be sold to an outside confederate below its value, the scrip being withheld until the confederate's bid be accepted. And, in the multiplicity of such recitals, the indignation of the hearer loses direction, and becomes dazed and confused, as Mr. Hawley well expressed it.

Let us turn into a sunnier alley and take our food with better people. *Par exemple:* One of the most agreeable entertainments of an epicurean kind which is given at Washington is that of Dr. Ninian Pinckney, who stands second on the list of Medical Directors, and is the nephew of William Pinckney and brother of Bishop Pinckney. Dr. Pinckney's quarters are at the Washington Navy Yard, and he is celebrated for feeding turkeys on English

walnuts—administered whole, shell and all, without cracking. I once had the pleasure of attending a dinner given by this hospitable epicurus to Pay-Director Cunningham. A turkey reposed in the centre of the table of remarkable size, and of a flavor not equaled by the most delicate capon. Before we put the knife into this dish for Dives, another turkey was brought up to the door, and the process of feeding him was achieved. Fourteen full, large walnuts, whole, were put in the wondering fowl's bill, and slipped down the gullet by the fingers, outside. As the first walnut went down, the turkey looked up with one eye, in a baffled sort of way, as if wondering whether he was assisting at a comedy or going to execution. At the third walnut, he turned up both his eyes as if now assured that it was not the intention to kill him by starvation. At the fifth walnut his inquisitiveness 686 was unbounded, and he wore the look of a man who had been reading a thrilling story in the *Ledger,* and had suddenly bumped up upon the words, “To be continued in our next.” Continued it was; and after the seventh walnut, Sir Turkey gave up the conundrum, closed his eyes resignedly; and, when the fourteenth walnut had slipped down his gullet, and they were all rattled by the hand, so as to produce from the bird's interior, a sound as of a macadamizing job going on there, his expression was plainly to be read: “Gentlemen, you know what this is for, and I presume your consideration for myself will enable me to reflect upon the performance with the eye of faith.”

It takes about three weeks to fatten a turkey in this way, for the animal, unlike the mills of the gods, grinds exceeding small, but very fast. He undergoes considerable digestive wakefulness, but the secretions come to his rescue; the shells are melted down, and the walnuts are assimilated, so that he matures in a fractional part of the life he had been destined to. It seems that this trick had been discovered on the way around Cape Horn, on a certain naval vessel which contained a great many turkeys, and nothing for them to eat. A humorous officer said that sooner than see his turkeys starve, he would feed them on the table-dessert. A few of the animals died, but the majority survived, and proved to be palatable beyond all previous experience. I mention this matter for the edification of your gourmands in the West, who want to know what a turkey is capable of. Senator Anthony

was delighted both with the docility and delicacy of the respective birds of freedom which had been brought before us. The experiments made with turkeys are said to demonstrate the fact that fourteen walnuts is the limit which a bird can stand, and that less than eight will not produce the flavor attainable. Dr. Pinckney's daughter is a very admirable poetess, and perpetuates in the family the literary talent of William Pinckney—a man who perhaps resembled Salmon P. Chase in elevation of character as much as any of Mr. Chase's predecessors.

A good dinner is as effective in national as in family matters. 687 I remember one day meeting the contractor in iron for moulding the plates of the beautiful dome at Washington, and he described to me how the dome got to be placed off the top of the Capitol. Pains were taken to have champagne lunches placed in some of the committee-rooms, and on the last night of the session, when there had been a general treat and magnanimity and humor were abounding, Mr. Walter, architect, had a superb drawing of a new dome introduced, colored and mounted most beautifully. Everybody was delighted:

"'Come, now! Give us a hundred thousand dollars for a new dome!'"

"They voted it in both houses in twenty minutes' time. With the hundred thousand dollars the old dome was removed." Then, after the recess, the architect came up and said, blandly:

'I want an appropriation for the dome! There's nothing on the building.'

'How? We gave you a hundred thousand.'

'That was to take off the old dome.'

'What is the new dome to cost?'

'About a million of dollars!'

They found they had an apt pupil, and crying:

‘Sold again!’ these politicians gave the appropriation.

“Why, sir,” continued the dome-builder, “the Government Architect has, for the honor of the public buildings and his office, to get Congress to consent to his plans by just such political dodges. Fair talk will not pursuade the average taste, hereabout. Few of them, now, have the eye to see that yonder dome, instead of being in the centre of the pile, stands on the east front of it. Yet say to them that the east front should be moved forward, and two-thirds of them will cry that it is more beautiful as at present.”

I asked if any casualties had happened while they were working on the dome, so high in the air.

“Nobody killed on the dome?” said the former foreman of the painters to me. “I guess not! only three! three was all.”

“Fust, there was Bob Sleight. He was carrying a ladder 688 across the derrick, that stood up yonder, most high as you see. Nobody see him fall, and he never spoke afterwards. But we know he fell clear to the temporary dome—sixty foot—and was mashed to a loblolly. He was getting six dollars a day. His madame was put in the Treasury by the help of the architect.”

“Next was Edgar Richardson. He was a painter, if I don't forget. He fell in the running knot of a rope that got tangled round him and drawed tight at both ends. It broke four of his ribs, and he lived a mighty little while. Mr. Walter, the architect, went to his funeral. Did we all like Mr. Walter? I guess not! He'd go to anybody's funeral that worked on the Capitol, and died a workin.' I guess we didn't like Mr. Walter. Oh, no!”

“Last and worst was Christy Connor. He was a worker in iron. He worked up yonder under the drum, setting the caps on them pilasters. He had a little scaffold swung, and cross-

pieces, passing from the scaffold to the wall. He stepped back on the end of a board, and it uptilted. It pitched Christy Connor, headforemost, about twenty feet, and be struck the side of his skull agin the iron edge of the peristyle, making a crack wide as your finger, and a tablespoonfull of his brains came out. We picked up Christy Connor and laid him on a settee and walked him to the hospital. Mr. Fowler was beside him. Says Christy Connor:

'Mr. Fowler, am I hurt much?' His eyes and mind were as clear as a bell. The doctor at the hospital lifted up the scalp, and Christy began to bleed. The doctor says:

'He's cut the main artery of the brain. If I leave this up he'll die in five minutes. If I shut it down he'll live two weeks, and then die from inflammation.' So he shut it down, and Christy lived ten days, sensible to the last. They got *his* wife work, and Mr. Walter went to *his* funeral. That's all the people killed on the dome. There was a heap of falls, but no other mashes."

We may think of these things when we look up at the beautiful dome.

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Society in many of its features is perfectly equal at Washington to the demands of the age upon our government. New Year's day is the best time for the average citizen to look at the inside of the *salons.* I remember going the rounds in 1869, and making the following note upon Mrs. Fish:

In one of the finest residences in Washington, formerly the home of Ex-Senator Morgan, the wife of the Secretary of State received visitors all day, and it is no disparagement to ladies of less experience and opportunities to say that she seemed by general consent to be considered the noblest hostess of them all.

A fine blonde, with the "repose" of Vere de Vere, somewhat fleshy, kindly without condescension, and matronly and magisterial together, she stood at the head of the most sumptuous apartment in Washington—a long, lofty, wide apartment, with a conversational

salon half-curtained off in soft distance, and the eye was carried along by references of rich objects mildly harmonizing, so that in the effort of the inter view nothing was remembered at leaving except the atmosphere, the languor, and the vista. Mrs. Fish was attired as became this scene, her years and her complexion,—in a rich black silk, heavily trimmed with lace, high cut, and touched with pearls at the throat, ears, and wrists. I was interested in seeing how, without effort, she disposed of the long silken train of her dress, which was always formidable and yet never got in the way; it followed her will as perfectly as the servant in monogram buttons, and the dress of a novitiate flunkey, who sounded the names and titles at the drawing-room door. By Mrs. Fish was her married daughter, with a blue silk, and lace overskirt, very rich and quiet. There, from morn till dusk, these two devoted ladies, in the serene possession of that confidence which comes partly from long-acquired wealth, partly from good parentage and education, and the rest from good conscience, high character, and nature, stood quietly and elegantly disposing of many hundred gentlemen, never disturbed, never brusque, never familiar—the family of the Secretary of the State, as we felt. 44

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Early in General Grant's administration, two popular and beautiful ladies died within a few days of each other. One of these was the bride of General Belknap, Secretary of War.

The funeral of Mrs. Belknap was an unostentatious citizen affair, held at St. John's Church, a little old quaint Episcopal edifice, situated but a few doors from General Belknap's Washington residence. It was the church which he had attended when a boy, living at his father's house at Georgetown. There were a few carriages, four of the Cabinet officers riding together ahead of the hearse, and the following carriage was taken up by the bereaved Secretary, his son, and his widowed sister-in-law. The President came up late and alone in his phaeton. General Belknap was deeply affected, and his large frame shook with emotion. The coffin was received at the church door by the rector and his assistant, in their ministerial robes, and some boy choristers made shrill music during the service. The ceremonies took place within a few yards of Corcoran's house, where the young bride,

the daughter of Congressman Beck, of Kentucky, had been laid out in her bridal robes only a few days before. Mrs. Corcoran and Mrs. Belknap had been friends, and both were beautiful women, one a fine blonde and the other a tall, sparkling brunette. They were laid side by side in, the vault of the chapel at Georgetown Cemetery, one leaving behind her a youthful husband, and the other a babe only a few days old. It is said that among the last words of Mrs. Corcoran were these:

“Mamma, I know that I am dying. Oh! won't you see my husband, and not let him forget me?”

General Belknap wrote to a friend, the day before his wife's decease, expressing, in the following words, the gravity of his loss:

“My wife still remains very ill. She is somewhat more easy, but we have no hope that she will ever again be out. Calm, patient, and resigned, she is ready for the end when it comes, but is hopeful that the goodness of Heaven may yet spare her life. No man knows how much I lose when she is 691 taken from me, for she has not only been faithful and devoted, but she has been my trusty friend, and most wise counsellor. This cloud of grief that hangs over my home, makes this holiday season a saddened one for us.”

These instances of domestic affection, preserved and strengthened amidst the toils of politics, makes us feel that, after all, the heart still keeps a large place in official life at Washington.

Reference to Mr. Corcoran above recalls his uncle, W. W. Corcoran, Esq., now quite advanced in years, the richest man in Washington City, and the inhabitant of the most extensive and complete mansion. It stands opposite Decatur's old mansion, and is by many thought to be the proper site for a new Executive Mansion. Mr. Corcoran is a descendant of an Irishman who lived at GeorgetoWn before the Capital City was established. He is said to have made his first success as a banker in advances to Government employés. Mr. Riggs, a rich Marylander, being desirous of finding a suitable

business-partner for his son, chose Corcoran. Their banking-house was for some time in the Paymaster's building, on Fifteenth street, opposite the Treasury; but they took the United States Bank building at a later date, where Mr. Riggs still conducts the business, Mr. Corcoran having a room there. Corcoran was always a man of large ideas and worldly observation. At the present time, when his sands of life seem to be running out, he is in appearance a large, portly, refined-looking person, with square head and shoulders, very white hair, and of neat and respectable dress. He made a large portion of his fortune —which is by some estimated at $6,000,000, and by some at $12,000,000—by taking the National loans, particularly during the Mexican War. He shared the conservative prejudices of the old class of Washingtonians, but had the good sense to keep out of the Rebellion, and not to antagonize the Government. At a relatively early period, he bought a large amount of property surrounding his mansion, and also several of the noblest farmlands and hill-sites around the city. He has given to Washington about $2,000,000 of benefactions in art and philanthropy.

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A celebrated lady in Washington life up to the period of the war was Mrs. Stephen A. Douglas.

The house that Mr. Douglas presented to his wife before her marriage, stood upon a high hill, close by General Grant's subsequent and present residence, and in the grading of the streets thereabout, this house, with its extensive walled garden and lawn, was left suspended in the air, so that it is now one of the most imposing dwellings in the city, and is named appropriately, Douglas Place. Major Williams, since his marriage to the widow Douglas, has nearly doubled the size of this house, raised a French roof upon it, and capped its flight of stone stairs with a pair of colossal carved lions. The terraces around the house are planted with shrubs and box-bush, and immemorial t trees contribute to give the place the air of venerable patrimony. Within the mansion two fine children count the march of time, neither of them heirs of Mr. Douglas, whose little contribution shares his sleep. The exquisite peacefulness and privacy of Mrs. Williams' life show the difference

between what are called *Les Marriages de Societé,* and what we name, familiarly, love-matches. In the time of her first husband no party was complete without her. Her picture was purchasable at every printshop, and we beheld her in Washington every day. Now, wedded to a private gentleman and soldier, of years not uncongenial to her own, she is the ornament of a beautiful home, and her children are her kingdom. She is still pious at church, and fond of riding out, but her journeys are commonly made out of town and not within it. I felt in her proximity to the home of Mrs. Grant how mutable and yet how merciful are the dispensations of Providence. Eight years ago Mrs. Douglas might have been the mistress of the White House. Now she is a good man's happy wife.

Having spoken of Mrs. Belknap and a New Year turn in Washington, I may recall a visit which I paid to her husband, the Secretary of War, just after his appointment. General Belknap had handsome and roomy quarters in the Seward mansion, which Payne invaded with his base knife, and where 693 Key drew the last of his wretched breaths. It is a square set house of painted brick, with a broad sidewalk before it, shaded with old trees, —an old house and a large house, yet containing few rooms, and in the middle, low down toward the sidewalk, is one door. By one side of the house an alley runs back to stables; the exterior appearance of the place, though in the heart of the fashionable city, is of a stern and rather funereal sort, bearing marks of that sort of aristocratic Washington past which nature has conspired against, and in due time, or sooner, such houses grow old. The windows are few, and yet not very large; the rooms are immense; the walls are thick; and yet the wind sometimes makes the old brick warehouse tremble. Before it all is a public square, little invaded except by child's nurses, and the block itself has only four or five houses along all its length; big, slavery-looking houses, wrapt in self-importance, and covered with due-bills of moss, on which Nemesis demands payment, as she knocks at the door on every stormy night.

Into this old, aristocratic house we went to pay our New Year's call. A servant opened our carriage door, and entering the hall we climbed a side stairs, and plating our cards upon a silver plate, advanced in our overcoats to speak to the Secretary. He stood near the

door, clad in black, a fine young presence, with rich Flammand color in his beard, and hair, and cheeks; a clear blue eye, with strength of tide and currents in it, and equal to storms, perhaps; and that large, administrative urbanity which is partly of the West, but chiefly of the American.

The Secretary of War is the son of an old army Colonel, to whose regiment, in early days, Grant was attached as a subordinate officer. He has won praise here amongst all classes by the unostentatious steadiness of his administrative life, and his fellow-citizens of Iowa are pleased with his hearty and sincere remembrance of them. Mrs. Belknap is a young and amiable lady, of a sweet expression, a tall and somewhat slender figure, and dark eyes. She was dressed with elegance and 694 taste, and at her side were the daughters of Justice Swayne, of the United States Supreme Bench.

The reception-room was covered with a cool, rich Brussels carpet, on which a grate fire fell like burning roses, and a mirror over the mantel showed the steady procession, coming and going, and also the refreshment table in the rear, where many fell to food with the zest of camp guests. In these rooms Mr. Seward had often entertained his guests with those long mystifying conversations which made one think that the former anti-Mason had carried into private life the cabalistic grips, symbols, and secresies of the order he denounced. Here, it is pleasantly rumored, he described, with wonderful patience of repetition, the manner in which Payne attacked him, and he has illustrated the subject by rolling off and under his bed, to show how it was done. Now the place has such guests that the house of crime and revelry has been hallowed anew, sprinkled and purified, and the solemn sentries who walked, before the doorposts down to the last day of Mr. Seward's tenure of office have betaken themselves to garrison. Only once has a ghost been seen, and that was a soldier, clad in blue, pacing, pacing, to and fro upon the pavement, but this proved to have been one of Seward's ex-guards, who had been off on a prolonged spree, and with the first glimmering recovery of his wits he stole back to the post he had paced before so long, and gave rise to the suspicion of a terrible somnambulist.

The gossip and anecdote of Washington society in our day is keen and ringing, and the Sunday press of the city generally picks it up and sends it around town. Mr. Sumner and Mr. Fish are said to have had their memorable quarrel at General Schenck's dinner-table as follows:

“Shall I help you to some duck?” said the ancient Fish; “Shall I help Mr. Sumner?” said he; Mr. Sumner did not wish Any duck, so he said “pish;” And he broke up that gallant company-ny-ny, And he broke up that gallant company.

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To the Senate, like a crab, ancient Fish he stuck, Out of Senate, like a flying fish, sought he Mr. Sumner for to chuck, For he wouldn't have some duck; And the Senate to this measure did agree-e-e, And the Senate to this measure did agree.

Ye statesmen, make a mem.! While our diplomat is Fish, Polite at the table you must be; If some duck you do not wish, Never sauce your Fish with “ish,” Or he'll chuck you from your Senate Committee-e-e, Or they'll chuck you from your Senate Committee.

One of the celebrated stories told in our period at dinner tables referred to the notable, drawling bigot of high protection, William D. Kelley.

For several years there had appeared on the tariff list an article called alkakange, and by the name it was supposed to be some powerful drug, and to it was uniformly attached a high duty. Many times when the puissant committee reached this word, it was suggested to reduce the duty, but straightway the high tariff committeemen rose to their feet and denounced any attempt to interfere with the protection of this valuable article.

“Reduce the duty on alkakange,” said Mr. Kelley, “and is it thus that the wages of the Ame-e-er-ek-e leaybereur are to re-de-euced? Is an inde-e-eus-te-re-y to be thus ruthlessly

expeosed to foreign ce-ompetition? I oppose the ame-endment of this duty, and call upon me berethren of the Kemeitee to jeoin me."

Up rises Horace Maynard:

"I move to raise the duties on alkakange from sixty to six hundred per cent!"

"Och! smithereens! bedad! hulebeloo!" cries Dionysius Dennis O'McCarthy, of Syracuse, speaking the nicest Portuguese accent, "is me heart's delight and the perride of me keuntry, alkakange to receive no protection? Shades of Blarney and Onondaga forbid it!"

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"I am compelled," says Schenck, "to vote against any reduction of the time-honored duty on alkakange. At this time, in particular, it requires our most delicate nurturing!"

Mr. Hooper puts his hand in his rearward coat-tail pocket, and says he:

"Alkakange was regarded by James Otis, Samuel Adams, Cotton Mather, and Oakes Ames, as worthy of the fostering care of the nation. Duty and tradition compel me to vote for its retention, but at this special juncture I do not feel called upon to say that it requires more protection."

"The lumber forests of Michigan," says Austin Blair, "murmur through Choir vast recesses: protect our tenderest sister, the pride of our solitude, alkakange!"

Now, a few months ago, some obstinate free trader, coming to the name "alkakange," said aloud:

"What in the devil is Alkakange, anyhow?"

"Deoes the geenteil mean neot kneow?" said Kelley.

“Here's freshness!” says Austin Blair.

“Bludanouns!” cries McCarthy, “did ye iver hear sich ignerince?”

“Alkakange!” says Maynard, “need never ask the friends of our industry to describe it.”

But this implicable free trader sent for an unabridged dictionary, and looking it all through, he found no such word as alkakange. He got no more instruction from a cyclopædia. He asked in vain of Dr. Ure's Dictionary of Science and Arts. The faces of the committee grew very long. Some one suggested that any druggist's apprentice could tell.

So they sent to New York for a first-class chemist, and paid him mileage and per diem, and said he:

“It's my belief that there's no such thing in all the length and breadth of pharmacopiæ!”

Here the high tariff folks exhibited indications of collapse.

At last they raked out of the gulf of the Government printing 697 office an ancient proof-reader, and asked him to account for alkakange.

He put on three pairs of spectacles and a green shade over his eyes, and took up the printed list.

“Well,” he said, “this beats natur and Gineral Jackson, in whose administration I was appinted. Gentlemen, nineteen years ago, a letter quods, quoins, leads, and odd type, that we used to ballast the tariff forms with, ris up onexpected, through the fat matter of the tariff list, and they accidently spelled out the word alkakangie. I 'spose that you've bin a laying big duties on alkakangie ever since!”

The old proof-reader put his hands on his hips, took off his spectacles, and laid down on the floor of the Ways and Means Committee, and laughed, and rolled for the space of an

hour. By the time he got up, Kelley had been round to the Government Printing Office and got him discharged.

A special meeting of the committee was at once called, and Mr. McCarthy rose:

“I move ye, sur, that the article known as alkakange be put upon the fraa list!”

“I object, says Horace Maynard—“move to substitute 500 per cent.”

The fixed institutions of the Government, however humble the domain, contain so much talent, vitality, and, we might add, beauty, that it seems criminal to permit them to become the prey of political adventurers. Take the Treasury Department, for example, where several hundred female clerks are kept, many of them graceful and pure women, often of martial parentage. If the Federal Government were itself a thing of dignity, and threw around these dames and graces its protecting arm, we should hear no more of polluted creatures being introduced into that society, to answer the ends of some sensualist, who can come to Congress to the misfortune of his country. Here is a little piece of poetry which may serve to round our chapter, and give a sketch of the widow, working in the Treasury, counting the public money:

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The Lady of the Treasury.

1. Far up within that dungeon strong, Where Crœsus doth his hoard enclose, She counts the bank-notes all day long, And keeps the tally as she goes; Her hand upon a sponge she wets, To turn the precious paper freer, And all the statesmen's grim vignettes Grow amorous as they seem to see her.

2. No nymph nor maid that Darley drew Has form more flowing, nobler mien, Eyes of a softer, rarer hue, Or face so conscious, yet serene; Though won and worn she once has

been, And widow's colors yet attire her, Her virgin blush returns again, To see a fine, bold man admire her.

3. Not often does her mind return Along the path of comforts fled. And if sometimes her lone heart yearn For that first love, her soldier dead, Life is too ripe for long lament; No ghosts reproachful o'er her hover; The strong, benignant Government She feels about her like a lover.

4. No mother's hands will toil demean Who gives her orphan boys support; Her window looks down on the green Grass, growing in an inner court, And there upon one lonesome tree A mother bird sings fast as can it— So does her heart sing cheerily Within these gloomy bars of granite.

5. No prude is she, to seek and pry If each one round her be a saint; She knows her own soul pure and high, And nothing else can do her taint; 699 She knows what dear temptations vex This weak and craving nature human, And how the mighty spell of sex O'ercomes a lonely, loving woman.

6. Yet does she keep some equal snare, She knows the woman's power to charm:
A ribbon fluttering in her hair; The white revealment of her arm; The scepter of her slender shoe, To make the pulse leap of the oldest; The lifted lashes, showing through, Mischievous eyes to thrill the boldest.

7. And well she knows not bonds, nor stocks, Nor bullion, merely, bring so oft Sly Mullett, or Comptroller Knox, Or cunning Boutwell to her croft. Her intuition teaches that The statesman still is but a sinner, And Mammon drops his key to chat As readily as General Spinner.

8. Oh! lucre, hast thou such romance? Oh! happy greenback, worn and old! Redeemed by her countenance, And by her touch made par with gold, What money current is like thee?

What promise hath so fair imprint? What first Lord of the Treasury Is like our Lady of the Mint?

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CHAPTER XXXIX. EXCURSIONS IN THE POTOMAC COUNTRY.

A neighbor of mine, possessed of a good horse, came to my house one Sunday afternoon and asked me to go over the field and dueling-ground of Bladensburg with him. I took the reins, the road being an old one to me, and in fifteen minutes we were across the Eastern Branch of the Potomac.

I need not tell any of your readers who possess the luxury of a map that a mile below Washington City the Potomac receives a tributary called the East Branch. The East Branch, so called to distinguish it from the North and the South Branch of the main Potomac—which unite near Cumberland, more than one hundred miles above Washington—was originally named the Anacostia; but, except as painted on the front of a suburban engine house, which stands near the East Branch, “Anacostia” is an obsolete term. Formerly the East Branch was navigable several miles above Washington and large vessels cleared from Bladensburg piers to the West Indies and to Liverpool. But its length is insignificant—less than that of Bull Run or Antietam Creek. It is a cove merely, taking advantage of some flats to overflow them, and above Bladensburg it divides into a pair of brooks, frothy after a rain, but in fair weather merely rills.

From the city to Bladensburg by that nearer route which the militia retreated by—the British after them hard—and by which carriage loads of insulted honor trotted to Bladensburg with one flash of powder and twenty flasks of cock-tails to each—it is no 701 more than five miles. In the present instance, however, we crossed the East Branch and followed its farther bank to the village, by which our way led through-more novel scenery, but was prolonged by several miles.

Library of Congress

The East Branch divides the city from the peninsula of darkness. On this side are the spires and haze of the metropolis, the dome of the Capitol in the midst of its basin, like an egg end-upwards in a bird's nest, and all the instances and articles of life, society and human contact push to the water side. Beyond the East Branch is a squalid suburb, scrambling up barren hills, a lunatic asylum, a horse-boiling factory, deserted earthen forts. Behind that wall of hills is the wilderness of Edom, the land of Wilkes Booth's ride toward the coast, the cape of Point Lookout. A little old creaking stage goes every day through the clefts of those hills, carrying a haggard mailbag. Every night it comes back from Marlboro, or Leonardstown, or Port Tobacco, like an old hunch-backed hermit from a land of caves and ghosts. What it saw behind there, in the starved peninsula, no one prefers to guess. Perhaps the face of Dr. Mudd, telling the neighbors at his gate about the Dry Tortugas. Perhaps the woman at Port Tobacco whose heathen children wear the likeness of the hanged Atzerodt. Perhaps John Lloyd at the old Surratt Tavern, who hears every night in his dreams the voice of his landlady saying: “Get them shooting irons ready for to-night. They will be called for!”

Whatever the visions on the roadside or in the woods which are beheld by the driver of this old stage, he always looks to me leaner, more solemn and more mysterious every time he comes through those hill-clefts. Now and then he has a passenger who seems to have been rescued from captivity, some sunburnt and hairy Selkirk or Crusoe, wild-eyed, as if used to hearing only crows and parrots talk. The mail-bag is like a hollow belly, a very weazen of a pouch, as if it were the sack of a scavenger in Sahara. It looks like a mail-bag for whom nobody waits when the stage, with its old driver, creeps into the little 702 Cross-Roads Post-Office, where the Postmaster, perhaps, carries the Post-Office in his hat.

“Any letter for me?” says some old crone or prodigal son exiled off there to keep swine, coming up with this listless inquiry once a month.

“Yes,” says the Postmaster, producing the Post-Office out of his hat, “hyur's one tolabul old, and I reckon it's a dead letter.”

“But it ought to be alive, considerin' whom it came from!” says the prodigal son: and this joke makes the old cross-roads cheer up as if a ghastly blue light had been set off in the dark.

We cross the East Branch bridge over the same planks which echoed to the hoofs of Booth's and Harold's horses. We pass the guard-house of heavy, bark-covered timbers, loopholed, standing yet, where Booth was challenged. We leave to the right the turnpike road he fled along in the night, going down into the necks and swamps of Charles County—pain in his broken ankle, the fresh ecstacy of his first murder in his temples, the thought of the aroused theatre behind, and Death stalking in to stop the play like the most stirring actor of them all. We turn northward along that bank of the East Branch opposite Washington, and versatile landscapes lie along our road. Now from some crest we see the city across the water, with Arlington crowned far beyond it, and Georgetown College turretts standing in the plumage of sunset. Now we descend into some nook, where nature has not one neighbor, except some fish-hawk, struggling to a blasted tree-top with a herring in its beak. There the cannibal bird eats screaming, as if revenge were in its appetite; and round the base of its column lies rotting timber, swept down by frequent freshets from the old forts above.

Again we rise through a ravine to a hill, where we are almost level with the nearest breastwork, and can look through its falling embrasures. Some negro has built himself a cabin of the timbers of its bomb-proof, and the gray smoke curls into patches of fir trees, where his hut clings to the heights precariously. 703 Turning again toward the city, we see, across the river, the Poor House of Washington.

Looking still across the river we see in a darker wrinkle of the grassy bluffs the Cemetery of Congress, of little repute in these days of greater places of interest, but good enough to

take the bones of mighty George Clinton and Elbridge Gerry, two of our Vice-Presidents, and of William Wirt. Now in an unpopular quarter the grave-yard gets only the bones of private souls, and therefore ancient fame has some show in it beyond the reach of shoddy and “style.” (Sce p. 639.)

A railroad from Washington to Baltimore, and the lower necks of Maryland crosses the Eastern Branch under the tourist's eye.

Wirt was born in Bladensburg, a hamlet which now bears out the reputation of Nazareth. As we keep steadily toward it, the river breaks in view to our left sometimes, widening in a meadow, deepening under a woody bluff, flowing narrowly between the bushes and willows. On the right the heights are vigorous with timber. The rains have cut broad, marshy swaths, of the width of a broad city street, round the caps of these heights, and above the bridge we have crossed two miles or more, in one of these marshy coves, lies the duelling ground of Graves and Cilley.

You cannot cure the Bladensburg and Washington villagers of their belief that this duel between Jonathan Cilley, of Maine, a Democrat, and W. T. Graves, of Kentucky, a Whig, was fought on any other spot than the regular dueling ground at Bladensburg. It was in truth fought here in Marlboro, and one of its survivors, Mr. Jones, of Wisconsin, Cilley's second, walked over the ground with a newspaper reporter several years ago. He paced the distance, if I am not misinformed, placed the men in imagination, again, and related the story with the vivid interest of an actor in it. In like manner, Aaron Burr is said to have exhibited the battle ground on Weehawken Heights, where he killed Hamilton, and told with the last minuteness the circumstances of the tragedy. More people live 704 who figured on this site of Cilley's death than survive almost any historical combat.

First, there is James Watson Webb, our late noisy Minister Resident at Rio Janeiro, and the especial pet of Mr. Seward; he was the original challenger of Cilley. He lives on in boisterous vitality, and Cilley has been dead more than thirty years. Webb's quarrel was

the cause of Cilley's death as much as if I had put a substitute into battle, and he had been shot in my place. The report of Congress extant upon this subject says:

“The Committee entertain no doubt that James Watson Webb has been guilty of a breach of privilege of the House; but they also concur unanimously in the opinion that if there be any real ground to believe that a conspiracy to assassinate Mr. Cilley actually existed, as set forth in an atrocious paper drawn up by him, signed by his friends, sworn to and published in the New York *Courier and Enquirer,* he be left to the chastisement of the court of law and of public opinion, and that the House will consult its own dignity and the public interest by bestowing on him no further notice.”

In this elastic world, however, public opinion goes backward often, and Mr. Webb has had his full share of honors despite the opinion of Congress. One of our Presidents, Jackson, and one of our Vice-Presidents, Burr, have killed people in duels. Jackson was nevertheless raised to the Chief Magistracy.

Next, there live of the family of the successful duelist, Mr. Graves, his widow and several children. The present writer has had the pleasure of being a visitor at the house of Mr. Graves so recently as 1868. It is in Louisville, and is now the home of a son-in-law, Mr. Osborne, a journalist. Said the latter to me on that occasion:

“Mr. Gath, Mrs. Graves never knew her husband's whereabouts on the day of that duel till that duel was done.”

Next, there exist both the rifles used on that field, and the fatal one is possessed by the heirs of John C. Rives, who lived but a mile or two from the place of conflict.

And lastly, old Henry A. Wise is living, Graves's second, himself hanging on to life by the ears and eyelids, and soon to be summoned into the presence of old John Brown. In this duel he was the industrious bagpipe.

I stood on this lonely spot a few days ago, as I have said, and thought again how contemptible every man in the affray must have felt, when Cilley dropped his rifle with a groan, cried to the next man,“ I am shot,” pressed both hands upon his wound and fell dead. The scene of the beastly tournament is not known to be such by any of the neighbors now. It is lonely as if cursed, but the “affair of honor” is an old barnyard tradition, long expired, at least in that neighborhood.

On another occasion, I rode with Mr. E. B. Wight, a fellow-correspondent, to Surrattsville, ten miles from the end of the Eastern Branch bridge.

I had gone down to the old town of Upper Marlborough, a venerable and ague-ridden place, the county-seat of Prince George, where Reverdy Johnson studied law. This county formerly contained more slaves and shipped more tobacco than any in Maryland. The road from Washington to Marlborough has been macadamized and graveled since the war, and it is now one of the best roads in the region of the city. There is little to be seen on the way except the Hamlet of Long Old Field, where both the British and the American armies bivouaced in 1814. Beyond this point the old road by which the British advanced, is discerned winding along the way like a hidden brook all overgrown with rank shade. Marlborough has not at present above three hundred people, though it formerly had five times as many. The “Star Spangled Banner” was written by Francis Scott Key, while seeking to recover a citizen of Marlborough whom the British had carried off on their retreat, for breaking his cartel, and firing on their rear,—one Doctor Beans. Key undertook to obtain his release, and was carried on the British fleet to Baltimore where he witnessed the bombardment and sketched the song.

After looking into the old court-house and the three graveyards 45 706 of Marlborough, and seeing the negroes carousing on Saturday night around the stores, and making a night's rest on a hard bed, we drove back in the morning nearly to Long Old Field, and

then taking a by-road to the south passed many Catholic farmers riding to church on horseback, and changed our direction at the Wood-yard.

The Wood-yard stands at the source of Piscataway Creek, and near by the ground is marshy. An old mill, mill-race, and a couple of deserted barns are within a few furlongs distance in an old sloping field. The aspect of the place is dismal, except that a large dwelling surveys a part of the scenery from a moundy bill above the deep dell of the stream. Here the American army tarried a time awaiting the British, under General Ross. The movements were about as follows: Commodore Barney, with four hundred men, sailors and marines, marched into Upper Marlborough, on the evening of August 21, 1814, and left it next morning for American position at the Wood-yard, where he was joined by Captain Miller, with eighty marines, and five pieces of artillery. The British were now advancing directly upon the Wood-yard, but suddenly they turned off to the right and advanced upon Marlborough, when immediately the American army marched by the left, and encamped that night at Long Old Field, or “Battalion Old Field.” Barney's fleet was blown up a few miles from Marlborough, on the 22d. The same night the President and several of the heads of departments slept close in the rear of the army, of about 3,200 men, and President Madison reviewed them on the morning of the 23d, and made a Speech. Nearly all the army remained this day at Old Field, while General Winder proceeded with Major Peter, and a small body to skirmish with the British, near the present hamlet of Centreville. At sunset the whole army abandoned Long Old Field, after one day's occupation, and before midnight crossed the Eastern Branch bridge, and entered Washington. Nearly at the same time, the British coming up to the Long Old Field, passed through it wheeled to the right, and were in quick march for 707 Bladensburg, where the fight began next morning. On the night of the 25th, the British moved back by the same road to Marlborough, and near Long Old Field; rested the forenoon of the 26th, wholly worn out with marching and fighting. That night they reposed again in Marlborough, and much of the next day.

Three miles to the South of the Wood-yard, on higher grounds and a sandy plain, is the point celebrated more than half a century after the Wood-yard had been commemorated as Surrattsville. A frame dwelling of commodious size, at a crossroads, with a blacksmith shop and two houses adjacent, in the midst of small forest clearing, with a peach-orchard, the peach-orchard at that side of the house which was formerly a tavern, bar, and post-office. There was nothing remarkable about the house; it was painted white, and a neat yard and front porch, with some pigeon-boxes and small oaks, cedars, and locusts stood at hand. While making a sketch of the house, the proprietor came out and told us that John Surratt was teaching school at Frederick, and John Lloyd, who kept tavern here on the fatal afternoon and night when Mrs. Surratt, Booth, and Harold drove out from Washington, was now living in the latter city. At the time we spoke, tobacco hogsheads were strewn around the lawn—that same lawn on which Mrs. Surratt had halted her buggy, and, dismounting, told Lloyd to have them shooting-irons ready, as they would be called for that night; the same lawn on which Booth and Harold had paused near midnight of that same day, Booth crying out triumphantly: “Do you want to hear some news? we have murdered the President and the Secretary of State!”

The story of this house, briefly given, is this: It was built by Mrs. Surratt's husband who was not a Catholic, while she was a convert. During the war, the tavern being conveniently near Washington, and on the road to the lower necks of the Potomac, became a rebel post-office and stopping-place, for spies, Jews, and all manner of inter-plyers. Mrs. Surratt removed to Washington, and it is believed that her house there, 708 in the neighborhood of the Patent Office, was also a way-place for blockade-runners. Late in the war, a man named John M. Lloyd took the tavern and kept it as a drinking place, although he was a farmer. Lloyd testified that a few weeks before the assassination, Surratt, Harold, and Atzerodt came to his house and Surratt brought two carbines with ammunition, a rope about three times a man's length, and a monkey wrench. Surratt asked Lloyd to conceal those articles, took Lloyd into a room he had never been in, immediately above the store-room, in the back part of the building. They were hidden under the joists of the second

floor, by Surratt's direction. Some time elapsed until Lloyd was riding to Washington, four days before the assassination, when he met Mrs. Surratt at the end of the bridge, and she told him to get the shooting irons out ready, as they would be wanted very soon. It is probable that the conspirators had, up to this time, designed to abduct Mr. Lincoln, and expected to tie or hang him with the rope they had secured. But when Booth suddenly resolved to kill Mr. Lincoln, at the theatre, he sent Mrs. Surratt on the afternoon of April 14th, with a field-glass, to tell John Lloyd to have the shooting-irons, as she called them, ready for that night, as some parties would call for them. Mrs. Surratt was driven out to her farm by Lewis Weichmann, a boarder in her house, and a government clerk, who had been a school-mate of her son. Weichmann testified that as they were going to take the buggy at Mrs. Surratt's city house, Booth talked to Mrs. Surratt in the parlor. The twain left Washington about half-past two o'clock, got to Surrattsville about half-past four, and there found Lloyd who had just returned from court at Marlborough, bringing in some fish and oysters. While Weichmann loitered at the bar and around the yard, Mrs. Surratt went into the house, and Lloyd says that she gave him a field-glass, and told him to have two bottles of whisky, and the shooting-irons ready, as some parties would call for them that night.

About midnight that Friday, or within six hours after Mrs. Surratt left the tavern, Harold, Booth's traveling companion, 709 burst into the old tavern and said, “Lloyd, for God's sake, make haste and get those things.” Lloyd looked out on his yard, and in the moonshine he saw a man on a light-colored horse. He was told that this man had his leg broken, and therefore only one of the carbines was requested. Everybody was excited, according to the evidence, and Harold and Booth drank the better part of a bottle of whisky. Lloyd was already drunk when he got back from Marlborough. Stopping no more than five minutes, the two guilty outlaws galloped down the neck of Charles County. The next day, soldiers from Washington reconnoitered all around Surrattsville, and passed further down the County, and on Sunday night the tavern was searched and after several days of obstinate silence and denial, Lloyd related the secret at last. The two outlaws rode that night through the hamlets of Tee Bee and Beantown, to a doctor's house, in the edge of Bryantown,

thirty miles from Washington. Harold knocked at Dr. Mudd's door, at day-break, and Mudd and Harold helped Booth off his horse, took him into the house and set his leg. Booth also shaved off his mustache, and Dr. Mudd improvised a pair of crutches for him. Mudd had been acquainted with Booth in Washington, and they had been seen to have confidential interviews at the National Hotel. That Saturday morning, after two or three hours' rest, Booth and Harold got into Zachariah, or Zekiah Swamp, and Mudd denied any knowledge of Booth as late as the following Tuesday. Booth left his boot in the house with “J. Wilkes” written inside it, and this was found when Mudd was arrested one week afterwards.

Of Booth and Harold nothing more is known with certainty for several days. Extracts from Booth's diary, the nature of the country, and the period of their disappearance would indicate that in the pain and fever of his broken leg, Booth remained in the neighborhood of Zekiah Swamp, and Allen's Fresh, near the present Terminus at Pope's Creek, of the Baltimore and Potomac railroad. He may have been harbored by some of Mudd's acquaintances, and this was a strong position, 710 almost surrounded by the waters of the Wicomico and the Potomac, in a country sparsely settled. One week after the murder, on Friday, a whiteman's canoe disappeared from near Swan Point, and the same afternoon some men at work in Westmoreland county, Virginia, only a few miles, from the birth-place of Washington, saw two men land, tie the boat's rope to a stone and fling it ashore, and strike at once across a ploughed field, in the direction of King George's Court House. These facts were reported to Washington, and a small detachment of cavalry and two detective police were despatched on Monday, the eleventh day after the assassination, to Ball Plain to cut off the fugitives. If there was any logic in Booth's course he probably designed to cross the State of Virginia through the mountain country, and work his way amongst the mountains to the Gulf or to Texas. He had killed his horse in the Maryland swamps, and crippled, sick, and without other companions than a mere boy, his prospects were gloomy enough. He crossed the Rappahannock river with some Confederate cavalry just disbanded, and laid up at a farm-house, near the hamlet of Bowling Green. There the cavalry party, commanded by Lieutenant Doherty, surrounded him in a barn, in the dark of

the morning of Wednesday, the thirteenth day after the assassination. Young Harold gave himself up. The barn was set on fire, and Booth, shot by a soldier named Boston Corbett, expired just after sunrise, on the porch of Garrett's Virginia farmhouse.

Payne, the assassin of Seward, was too late to get across the Eastern Branch bridge, and, riding to the forts north of Washington, abandoned his horse, took up a pick, and in a clumsy disguise returned to Mrs. Surratt's house just as the officers had arrested her. A fellow named Atzerodt, who was appointed to kill Andrew Johnson, and who lived at Port Tobacco, a low place in Charles county, was arrested at the house of one Richter, near Germanstown, Montgomery county, northwest of Washington. Mrs. Surratt, Payne, Harold, and Atzerodt, were hanged. John Surratt escaped to Canada, and 711 thence to Rome and Egypt. He possibly might have saved his mother's life by giving himself up for her, but he was a worthless fellow, and a civil jury failed to convict him. He illustrated his entire contemptibility of assassination by delivering lectures on the subject in the year 1869.

It appears to have been shown to the cooler judgment of men that the assassination of President Lincoln was no matter to which the Confederate Government was accessory. Wilkes Booth was the conceiver and chief of the whole affair. He was the son of an actor of Jacobin tendencies, who was fond of playing Brutus, and was accustomed to mistake himself for that character, to the risk of his fellow actors. *John Wilkes* Booth, named for a violent London politician; grew up with a stagey code of morals, and had been a volunteer against John Brown's band. Of a subtle and diseased nature, enamored of the Confederacy, proud of his physical powers, and seeking illustrious notoriety, he aimed to become a historical personage, and he has succeeded; but mankind has not seen fit to place him in the list with Brutus. He belonged to the dark line of Ravailac, Lorenzino de Medici, Guy Fawkes, and Balthasar Gerard.

Returning to the theme of Surrattsville, I may give a scrap of conversation which I held in 1867, with Lewis J. Weichmann, who told me of his first visit to Surrattsville, while Mrs. Surratt inhabited the tavern, one year or more before the murder. He said as follows:

Library of Congress

“It was on a Friday afternoon, in March, rainy and dreary, when at last I went down to Surrattsville, with John. He came for me in a buggy, and the road was so rutty and miry that we were four hours on the way. On coming in sight of the house, I was miserably disappointed. The theme of so much panegyric was a solitary frame tavern, at a cross-road, a few sheds and barns around it, and a hitching stall, and a peach orchard reaching behind. The farm consisted of 300 acres, and it was afterward let, with the tavern, for $600 a year. A small porch stood in the middle, on which opened a 712 hall reaching quite through the house. At the foot of this hall, to the left, was the bar-room and post-office, with a door opening upon one of the cross roads, and to the right were the parlor and dining room. Altogether there were eight rooms, comfortably furnished. Mrs. Surratt received me pleasantly, and we had a good warm supper, after which I went awhile to the bar-room, where there were some of the Rebel farmers of the neighborhood, come to get their letters, to lounge, and to play cards. John kept the bar, and we had a game with two Jewish persons, who had carpet-bags with them. These carpet-bags Mrs. Surratt came in and removed. Their owners left before day-light next morning, and one of them, named Jacobs, was arrested, crossing the Potomac, with $50,000 upon him. Mrs. Surratt was proud, and counted her beads a great deal. She was a convert, and not an original Catholic, and her husband was a Protestant till his death, which happened of apoplexy in August, 1862. There were three or four negroes, about the place; it was a dull, cross-roads' existence, but pleasant for a day or two to a stranger. Next morning, at daylight we were awakened by very beautiful music. It was a brass band, come out from the Washington Navy Yard, to serenade the Democratic county officers just elected. Among the hangers-on was a seedy, frowsy, monkey-faced boy, whom Surratt introduced to me as Mr. Harold. He came in with the rest, took a drink, and went further up the road with them. I left the house on Monday, pleased with my visit, and we stopped at a drug store by the Navy-Yard, Surratt and I, to get a cigar. The boy, Harold, was clerk there. Surratt told me, on the way, that his brother, Isaac Surratt, an engineer, had left his home on the 7th

of March, 1861, at the news of Lincoln's inauguration, and gone to Texas, where he had been ever since in the Confederate service."

Allison Nailor, jr., told me, in 1873, that he hired to Harold the single-footed racker which Booth rode on the night of the murder of President Lincoln. Harold had been introduced to Nailor by Atzerodt, who kept his horses at Nailor's stables. 713 This man Mr. Nailor describes to have been a low-flung German, almost Jewish in his nature, who traded in horses and was a great coward, but yet might serve the purposes of a conspiracy in case he could make anything out of it and go at liberty. He belonged to that class of men who would take advantage of a condition of war to rob, outrage, and, if necessary, murder prisoners and non-combatants, and yet had no manliness. Mr. Nailor says that his horse was kept out for so long a time that his man was apprehensive that the hirer had got drunk, and being in some manner responsible for the horse kept the stable open and listened to hear him. Late in the evening he heard two horses come down Pennsylvania Avenue around the Treasury building, and one of them he knew by the time of the step to be the horse loaned to Harold. On the east side of 14th street the stableman presented himself as if to stop the horses. Seeing him Harold and his companion turned sharply to the left and went at a high rate of speed up the side of Willard's Hotel, and, turning into F street passed out towards the Navy Yard. Mr. Nailor feels satisfied that the man with Harold was Payne or Powell, and that they were just then returning from the attempted assassination of Secretary Seward. Harold staid outside while Payne undertook to enter the house and do the work.

Mr. Nailor's man immediately returned to the stable and saddling a horse rode out toward the Navy Yard bridge. He had heard Harold and Atzerodt talk together in the afternoon about lower Maryland, and supposed that a drunk was going on and the favorite horse of the stable was being ridden down into those country necks. He proceeded along and having crossed Capitol Hill, when he got to the Navy Yard bridge, the guard told him that two persons had just crossed over and that one of them rode such a horse as he described; this proved that Booth and Harold had met beforehand at or about Ford's

Theater and that they had changed horses, Booth taking Nailor's horse. The guard said to Mr. Nailor's man: “You can go over the bridge it you want to, but the countersign will be given out 714 before you come back and you cannot return to-night. Satisfied from the description that he had got on the track of the parties, the stableman returned, and as he came down the Avenue saw groups of people, and when near the stable heard some one say that one of the murderers had ridden out of town on a single-footed racking horse. Mr. Nailor never got his pony, and believes from the evidence that when Booth was about to escape across the Potomac he rode it down into the swamp and shot it. He never demanded the horse, being glad to keep out of the Old Capitol Prison, for such was the panic at that time on the subject of the assassination that nobody had a chance for justice. Booth's horse had been hired in the rear of the National Hotel, at Pumphreys; it was a blackish bay, and he never returned it.

It may be interesting reading while on this subject to describe a scene between a clergyman and Mr. Lincoln.

Dr. Byron Sunderland, a Vermonter, long resident at Washington as pastor of the First Presbyterian church, is a small, active, indignant gentleman, with a fierce patriotism that fathomed the pro-slavery spirit years before the war, and saw that no compromise could be expected with it but that made over its decapitated trunk. Accordingly, when Mr. Lincoln arrived in Washington, he and others of his congregation hastened to wait upon the President and urged him to take a determined philanthropic and patriotic front. The first of these visits was made by Mr. Zenos Robbins, a resident here for thirty years, but a native of New Hampshire.

Mr. Robbins had been acquainted with Mr. Lincoln when the latter was a Member of Congress, and he said to him in the White House the day before the call was issued for 75,000 men:

“Mr. President, we hope—all your friends hope—that there will be no more blank cartridges, but a square, direct, and powerful exhibition of the strength of the Government.”

“Are those your opinions?” said Mr. Lincoln.

“Yes, sir!”

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“Then I suppose that you will be interested in the newspapers to-morrow!” said the President.

And next day the proclamation appeared.

In like maturer, Mr. Robbins and Dr. Sunderland went to the White House a few days before the expiration of the time that the President had given the South to submit under penalty of emancipation.

Said Mr. Robbins:

“We are confident that you will come up to the mark, Mr. Lincoln.”

“Oh,” said the President, “I don't know about that. You know Peter denied his Master.”

“I don't think you will, sir!” said Dr. Sunderland, promptly, “we are full of faith and prayer that you will make clean sweep for the Right.”

Mr. Lincoln's face resolved into its half shrewd, half sad expression. He took a chair, and leaning toward the clergyman, said:

“Doctor, it's very hard sometimes to know what is right! You pray often and honestly, but so do those people across the lines. They pray and all their preachers pray devoutly. You and I do not think them justified in praying for their objects, but they pray earnestly, no

doubt! If you and I had our own way, doctor, we would settle this war without bloodshed, but Providence permits blood to be shed. It's hard to tell what Providence wants of us. Sometimes we, ourselves, are more humane than the Divine mercy seems to us to be."

This familiar conversation exhibits the struggle in Lincoln's mind before the commission of any leading act of his administration. It shows that the act of emancipation was no mere military thunder, but a triumph over grave scruples, an anxiety to be vindicated and to do only right. It was an act counselled by thought and prayer, turned over in the wakefulness of night, subjected to the accusations and cavils of its own author and to the tests of argument and law, and like the solemn founding of the Plymouth State upon the Mayflower, it was among the soberest resolutions of history.

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Mr. Robbins, of whom I have written, was the patent lawyer who obtained Mr. Lincoln's patent for lightening the draught of steamboats upon Western rivers, a patent applied for while Mr. Lincoln was a member of Congress, living here in comparative obscurity. Mr. Lincoln came into Mr. Robbins' office, at the corner of F and Seventh streets, with the model under his arm, and the same model now is one of the most precious relics of the Patent Office.

The water is often so low in Western rivers that steamers get aground and lie helpless for weeks. Mr. Lincoln's contrivance was to set air chambers under the guards, made of canvas or oilskin, and by inflating these to increase the buoyancy of the boat in the dry seasons. It is no reflection upon our genial martyr to say that his patent takes poor rank among inventions, but it shows that his mind was ever at work to do good, and this model is not the least of his monuments.

Andrew Johnson pardoned the remaining conspirators, if such they were, Mudd, Arnold, O'Laughlin, and Spangler in 1867 and permitted the bones of the rest to be disinterred.

Mrs. Surratt's body was exhumed and decently buried. It was decomposed to a shriveled pulp of mummy, and a worm-befriending skeleton. The head was turned aside, as by the wrench of the rope; the gaiters on her feet were in mouldy preservation; the hair was luxuriant as in life. The relics were put in a coffin and interred north of the city in a shady cemetery, where her grave will often be the inspiration of a thrill or a paragraph.

The fate of this woman will be investigated in the future with keen interest, but I incline to the belief that it will meet with posterity's acquiescence as pitiful, only because she was a woman, but deserved because she was privy to the murder of a just and blameless ruler. The only clear brain of the determined Some Albert Smith may turn her memory over, and with it make a heroine to match Brinvilliers; but the greater halo of the murdered President will make her grave, if not a shunned, an unhallowed, spot forever. In common life she was a woman without romance, without 717 character or affections, eminent enough for illustration, with little beauty; and between a country tavern and a lodging house in town, the poet must spin her *misericordia.* Art is long, but it will scarcely pass the benignant statue to apostrophize the toadstool at his feet.

Wilkes Booth's body was finally dug up at the Penitentiary, Washington, and sent to Baltimore—a mass of corruption in a blanket, the head off the spine, part of the spine and one leg gone, but an old shoe and a boot remaining, and a suit of handsome short hair clinging to a skull! They put the carcass in the old stable where he kept his poor nag the night before the murder—the nag he rode like a demon across the bridge of Styx—and there behind the scene of his supposed glory he lay as he had lain the last night of his life, in a barn amongst the cattle.

Atzerodt's body was found to be a dissevered skull and a crooked spine. I saw this poor blabberer hanged, with a bag over his head not whiter than his bleached face. It was the poor white trash that did to death the great human Friend at last. Have mercy on them, who know not what they do!

Meantime Harold, the *pal* of Wilkes Booth, has been buried in the Congressional Cemetery, close by William Wirt, George Clinton, Elbridge Gerry, and other great people. This seems to be a case of irreverent Gerrymandering. The old arsenal, where the assassins lie, has been pulled down. The great crime has passed out of the revenge into the pity of men.

The lower counties of Maryland are good but hilly roads. There are no taverns fit for lodging except at Port Tobacco, Leonardtown, and Marlborough. One has only to go fifteen miles out of Washington to find cross gates on all the roads which he must dismount and open. At the same time a kind of a rude hospitality prevails, and if the tourist will supply himself with a few bottles of whisky he can pay for his welcome. The new railroad system may have some effect on these old slave-holding Catholic countries, but they will come up slowly as they declined, like a patient after the typhus fever.

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Quite a different country lies to the northwest of Washington, and this has also been opened by railway. As we have given some time to sketching the lower country we may jot down some points about Montgomery county.

The Metropolitan Branch railroad striking boldly across the county northwestward for forty-two miles, overtaking the Baltimore and Ohio old stem at Point of Rocks, will be of the greatest possible local advantage to Washington City. Our road to Baltimore, passing over a low country, chiefly alluvial, and by the beds of marshy and pestilential streams, has not developed a single town of importance. Laurel is the nearest approach to a settlement, and here are recent signs of animation around Annapolis Junction, but Bladensburg and Elkridge are no larger than they were in the administration of Jefferson, when the stage coach was our locomotive. The old road affords no healthy and convenient opportunities for villa-sites, and hence Washington has not a single railway suburb. Our resident people must send their families in the Summer to the North or the springs, while, if there were railway opportunities to reach the high grounds above Rockville, or the upper waters

of Rock creek, or the terraces below Parr's bridge, many clerks, chiefs of bureaux, and business people would build country boxes and enjoy the society of their wives and children in the warmest weather. In fact, our only settlement of late birth and growth is what is known as Clerksville, out on the Rock Creek side; in that direction is our riding and sauntering done; by that cool valley lies our gate to the realms of Flora, and there are our finest country seats—as those of M. G. Emery, Alexander Shepherd, and Montgomery and Frank Blair.

Six miles from the city is “Silver Spring,” the first station of importance, the estate of Francis Blair, Sr., lying off half a mile to the left, and the more modern estate of Montgomery Blair a few rods further. Francis Blair's place is one of the quaintest and completest in this part of America; a cottage house suited to the climate, surrounded by graperies, and conservatories, supplied with water by modern processes, ornamented 719 by shade and lawns, the hedges planted like palisades and miniature a?borescent bastions, making the path to the house a delightful series of confrontings and surprises. Montgomery Blair's house is a bran new adjunct, standing on a high bill and showing its smart French roof to the sun. The station of Silver Spring is 350 feet above tide water, or about seventy feet higher than the dome of the Capitol.

Eight miles beyond Silver Spring is Rockville station, half a mile to the left of the railroad. Several fine old estates are seen from the road, such as the Compton House and Brent's Hall, both considered to be very respectable in their day. We already see in plain view the distant cone of Sugar Loaf Mountain, twenty-five miles to the west. Rockville is the court-house seat of what has generally been considered the poorest county of Maryland. From this point to the Monocacy the water supply is so unreliable that the railroad has been embarrassed as to its water stations. There are but two mills on the road, one at Rock Creek, the other at Big Seneca, beyond Rockville. The old county hamlet is a Maryland Catholic settlement, with a neat brick court-house set in shade trees and inclosed by an iron railing. Here are kept the records of pre-historic Washington and the provincial rolls

of the subsequent District of Columbia. Over the site of this town passed a division of Braddock's army, marching from Alexandria to Frederick.

Near Gaithersville, at Middleburg Mills, is the estate of General Lingan, who was killed in Baltimore by the mob for supporting, with Henry Lee, the *Federal Republican* of Alexander Hanson, the organ against the war with England. He was the grand-father of Mr. James Lingan Randolph, the chief engineer of the Metropolitan Branch. Here, also, is another fine estate, said to be the property of Ogle Tayloe. There is good spring water at Gaithersburg, and fine building sites.

Barnesville is three miles from the base of Sugar Loaf Mountain, which is said to be 1,200 feet above the sea, a tall irregular knob like a bastion, at the angle of the escarpment 720 of Parr's Bridge, extended between it and the Monocacy, with a Creek flowing back on each side. The sides of the Mountain are scarcely passable to a mule; its summits are milk white, and this is said to becaused by the copious guano of the innumerable buzzards which roost there, and which may be seen every morning starting off by hundreds to their daily revelry amongst the distributed carrion of the plains. The Metropolitan and the old stem branches are here thirteen miles apart. The mountain is a coast-survey station, and forms the triangulation by the help of hills at Laurel, Manassas, and a fourth hill eight miles below Washington on the Potomac.

The Pittsburg extension has been engineered by Mr. Latrobe, the first great railway engineer in the United States, and the author Of the principle of building arched viaducts on curves, as at the Relay House. He is the first engineer who ever grappled with mountain grades, having laid the first rails on the Alleghenies. The main elements of his character are minuteness, accuracy, diligence, and perseverance. He is bold, but never visionary, and moves upon the sure tilts of the nine digits to all his fine performances. He was Chief Engineer of the Baltimore and Ohio railroad from 1836 to 1856, and has still dark hair and great vigor, although sixty-five years of age. He is said to be comparatively poor, though his deserts are millions.

The Metropolitan line is the work of Chief Engineer James Lingan Randolph, who entered the service of the Baltimore and Ohio railroad in 1836, and has since been engineer of the Sunbury and Erie, the Blue Ridge (S. C.,) and the Columbus and Georgia road. His home is at Martinsburg, West Virginia, but his mother resides in Washington. He is the brother-at-law of General D. H. Strother, or “Porte Crayon.”

The regions back of Washington City in Maryland, on whatever side, are susceptible of improvement by being cultivated in small patches, and the cheap prices of land ought to compensate settlers for the general sterility. Before Washington 721 City grew to be a market, land anywhere in Montgomery County could be bought for from three dollars to five dollars an acre. At present the land near Rockville is held at from twelve dollars to fifty dollars, and the gravel hills near Washington bring even five hundred dollars. Hay is the best crop the Montgomery County farmers make. Good poultry is raised all through this region and finds a market here. The worst features of this county are the scarcity of water, and the absence of rock, by whose decomposition the soil acquires constant accessions of strength. There is not a good quarry this side of Harper's Ferry. The vicious system of agriculture practiced here for one hundred years has so exhausted the land that it must be fed, as one said, “with guano and phosphates, just as pigs are fed.” The silex, so abundant in this soil, will make stalk but not fruit. The system of burning stubble and brush in this region is conceived in ignorance, for the valuable vegetable elements of these go off in gases, and are lost, instead of being retained by rotting in compost heaps. This county needs the German farmer, with his practical knowledge, economy, and persistence. Maryland, as an agricultural state, is fifty years behind Pennsylvania and New York, yet it is as capable of as much good as the plains of Flanders.

The Virginia side of the Potomac is, in some respects, more agreeable than the parts of Maryland we have described. The lower Appalachian range, called indifferently the Catochin and the Bull Run Mountains, crosses the Potomac at right angles and can be seen a few miles hack of Alexandria presenting many noble scarps, profiles, and

prospects. The roads have declined, however, and one had much better ride on horseback if he wishes to get the best ideas and have reasonable comfort. The Occoquan River, which gives much of the drainage to these hills, is by turns sombre, gloomy, and dashing, and two railroads lead into the region, one of which terminates beyond Leesburg while the other proceeds to Quantico in the region of Mount Vernon. At the risk of making a chapter unduly capacious we shall sketch Mount Vernon as it was and is. 46

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To visit Mount Vernon is still a great privilege. Only one man has since arisen to vie with Washington in the love and gratitude of the people, and his home is a practical frame house, of a disagreeable mud color, on the muddy street of an unfinished half-city. All of Mr. Lincoln that is memorable to the eye is found in Washington City. But Mount Vernon is still the same noble tide-water estate, on one of our elder rivers, and the sceneries which lie around it smell of the Atlantic and bear the flavor of a past great age. We shall probably never have a place of pilgrimage, take it for all in all, to equal this, and those who revere Lincoln most truly, hold as faithfully their allegiance to him who was first in the first war.

A little steamboat with a weak backbone, plies daily to Mount Vernon from Washington. The “Arrow” can carry two hundred people, and her daily complement is not above sixty. It is fifteen miles from the Capital to the shrine, and the fare is $1.50, of which a third goes to the Mount Vernon Association. There is a poor restaurant upon the boat, and she is chartered by Mr. Sykes, a proprietor of Willard's Hotel. You embark from the foot of Seventh Street,—a rather dreary set of piers, and one or two nearly condemned old steamboats, lying by, with a few dilapidated mansions looking down upon them from the clay bluffs, and when, at half past 10 A. M., the whistle has blown for the last time, you may sit on deck and look back at the portico and grove of Arlington, the low, rickety Long bridge, and the Virginia forts. Passing close into the Maryland shore you see the site of Mrs. Surratt's execution, and the acres of shot and cannon upon the lawn of the Arsenal. Up the Eastern Branch, whose mouth you pass, is seen the Navy Yard, the bridge crossed by Booth on Good Friday night, and the Lunatic Asylum, looking like a palace on a steep.

Relics of the war are observed, for many a mile, in broken wharves, erected at great expense, and now broken up for fuel; in the forests cut off to the stumps to give artillery space for play, and in pounds for horses; fields trampled bare by camps, and always the high, naked hills upholding their airy ramparts two 723 hundred feet above the water. We pull up at Alexandria, and all are interested to see a sign on a brick house, of George Washington.

There are some negroes and hack-drivers on the wharf, many shad boats, some Canada ships, very large and noble-looking, but no American ships. Ours have all foundered by the weight of pig-iron piled upon them. The town is still a city, but a silent one. Hark! and up the grass-grown streets you can see the ghosts of the handcuffed negroes go, doffing their century of curses. Everything looks old and waiting,—waiting for the curse to be removed from the ground. All Virginia now takes up the negroes' cry: “How long, oh Lord! how long!” We leave behind the grassy battery of Alexandria, where cows eat the moss from the broken gun-carriages, the lighthouse spire, and the Cameron Cove, and, crossing to Maryland again, stop at Fort Foote, the only earthwork of the war still kept in order and garrisoned. It is a strong position, flanked by a bay and swamp, and steep as the heights of Abraham at Quebec. Four miles below, on the same side, is Fort Washington, a stone work, blown up in 1814, but now restored and bristling with guns, and as picturesque a spot as one can see. The river, meantime, has been growing steadily wider and nobler, expanding into still, white lakes and bays, with bold, wooded shores, and many ancient mansions set amongst the chestnuts and oaks, look down from the bluffs and moundy hills upon the sails, which tack and veer, the tug-boats, puffing to drive their coal barges onward; the shad fishers, pulling long sweeps, twenty men to a boat, and the net playing out astern, and lying upon the bosom of the water like a necklace of carbuncles, while all the beachy shores are set with windlasses and huts where they are winding in the nets and salting the shad and herring. In the midst of these far, white vistas and peaceful pursuits, Mount Vernon is planted amidst the hallowed timber-trees of its former inhabitant, whose body is now a part of their juices and whose spirit is speaking in their noble foliage.

“Seventy odd years he has been dead,” says a Senator as 724 we catch the first glimpse of the yellow mansion, with its red roof, cupola, and tall, slender pilasters, and all the passengers cease to speak, and look up at the natural lawn, dense with forest shade to the water's edge. We come to rest at a little pier, and, while the “Arrow” proceeds to further landings, we begin to climb a gentle gravelly path, which takes the advantage of ravine and brook, to mount to the plateau of Mount Vernon, covered all the way with gracious shade and musical with blowing leaves and piping birds.

A few minutes suffices to bring us to the present tomb of Washington, standing amidst a little congregation of family graves, about half way between the river and the mansion, and quietly set in trees, whose boles rise high up as if they drew stature from him whom they sheltered.

The tomb of Washington is plainer than the jealous American would expect. It is a brick quadrangle, painted red and white, built in a gentle hillside, and entered by a high, open barred iron gate. If one should hunt for mean resemblances he would compare it to a freshly painted stable or an ice house; and yet, the man who lies there and the green woods which cover him, shut out the worldly question as to whether he is fitly inurned. He lies amongst the vestiges of his private self, by the side of that old wife who obeyed him so faithfully and was happy in his service, and his glory is not divided with mere marble or architecture. The size of the tomb is nearly that of a laborer's cottage, and the gateway is flanked with two plain pilasters, between which, above, is set in black letters; “Within this enclosure rest the remains of General George Washington.” Looking through the gate, one sees, in the shaded light, two marble coffins lying upon the brick floor, their feet toward the spectator. That to the left is plain, and contains the dust of Mrs. Washington; the other is embellished upon the lid with a spread eagle, flag and shield, and marked at the foot with the donor's name. It bears below the insignia the single word “Washington.” Both marble coffins are large and long. Behind them a door opens into the dark vault of

725 subsequent Washingtons, and the Scriptural passage is lettered above it: “I am the Resurrection and the Life; he that believeth in Me, though he were dead, yet shall he live.”

Outside this enclosed tomb are four monuments, full of the wordy inscriptions placed by provincial and pretentious people over their dead. The Washingtons who lie around their incidental relative were just able to support their derived dignity, and they have tried to bring that achievement to the notice of posterity. Every respectable American who loves the land with Washington's practical devotion and thoughtfulness, is more his relative than Bushrod Washington, or John A. Washington, or all the Custises. There is not a drop of his blood upon the earth. Nature never afflicted his glory with a posterity.

Suppose we could lift the lid of this marble box, how much of the form of the General should we find remaining? Probably little more than some blackened bones, and some dried or liquid dust.

The old tomb of Washington stands on higher ground, between the present vault and the mansion. It is a bank of sod, overgrown with cedars, and small trees, approached by a steep walk of a few yards in length, and closed by a nailed door, set in a low, mossy arch of brick. Here Washington's body remained thirty years, or until October 7, 1837, although he had left directions in his will to have prepared for him a vault, “the present vault requiring repairs, and being improperly situated besides.” The laggard heirs and executors were in no hurry to go to this expense, while they stoutly refused to give the remains to the government, and, at last, some desperate person, probably imposing upon himself the work which had been neglected, forced the door of the old vault and carried away the best preserved bones and skull he could find. Then outside parties proposed to help the Washingtons remove the body, and a Philadelphia marble-cutter presented the family with the present sarcophagus. This man and his ally, and fellow contributor, have answered the question above propounded.

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In the old vault they found fragments of coffins, decayed wood, bones, bugs and snails strewn together over the floor, and the grave had a pungent and unwholesome smell. Washington and his wife were found in the furtherest part of the vault, and the coffin of the hero appeared to nave been disturbed; for the outer case of wood was decayed, and the inner case of lead was sunken and fractured. They turned back half the top of the leaden case upon himself, and exposed to view “a head and breast of large dimensions. * * The eye sockets were large and deep. * * * There was no appearance of grave clothes; the color was dark, and had the appearance of dried flesh and skin adhering closely to the bones. We saw no hair, nor was there any offensive odor from the body, but a yellow liquid dripped down from the leaden case when we removed it, and stained the fresh marble we had brought.”

This is the tale of mortality. They sealed up with cement the old lead and its contents into the new case, and probably that momentary gust of light and air completed the work of annihilation. At present, if the marble wore unsealed, all of Washington to be found there might be held in one's two hands.

A winding path in the bill side, steadily rising, brings us to a covered spring of cool water and a curious underground way dug from the mansion to the river. Then, by some steps, we make the last ascent and come to the open grass lawn of the mansion, with the peculiar old house in full view, standing sidewise to us and revealing the barn, stables, negro quarters, and outhouses on the rear and flanks. The old house disappoints the expectation, and yet is pleasing and venerable. It is a low-roofed, painted, shackly, but straight edifice, with a high piazza which covers the two stories, and the whole is built of wood cut in blocks to imitate stone. The eight columns which uphold the porch are also of wood, sanded. There are dormer-windows on all the four sloping sides of the roof, and a cupola, full of wasp's nests, surmounts the whole, from 727 which you can see the long reaches of the river and Fort Washington. The house and immediate outbuildings could be built, at the present price of lumber and labor, for about twelve thousand dollars. But

nobody would now build such a house. Instead of the high hollow portico, covering the whole front of the building, we would now put a low veranda and upper balconies. Instead of imitating stone we would carve the wood into pleasing designs, or use stone outright. The interior of the mansion is pleasantly habitable to this day, but the naked whitewashed walls look very blank; the rooms are generally low of ceiling, and one would think it a hardship to live in the room where the hero of the American hemisphere died. Neither gas, nor water-pipes, nor stoves, nor wall-paper, nor a kitchen under the mutual roof, but chiefly a library, a drawing-room, with a carved marble mantel and an old rusty fine harpsichord, a hall through the house, a reaching up for grandeur with feeble implements, some plain bed-chambers, and a few relics of the great man; this is Mt. Vernon as an abandoned home.

This house is above a century and a quarter old, and good for another century if pieced up and restored from time to time. Back of it a pair of covered walks reach to the clean negro quarters, between which is seen a rear lawn, with garden walls on the sides, and across the lawn passes the road to Alexandria and Fredericksburg, so often ridden by the General. The gardens are of a showy imposing sort. He inherited this house from his half brother, and lived in it for fifty years, not counting seven years during the Revolution, when he was absent. This house stood upon the mansion farm, one of several farms which included in all about three thousand acres. Washington, the son of a second wife, had been married to a widow fifteen years, when he was put at the head of the Colonial armies. He belonged to a military and commercial family; rather Yankees in thrift and enterprise, than like the baronial planters round about them. But he was a man who grew in every quality except pecuniary liberality, and no, book-keeper 728 in Connecticut watched his accounts with more closeness, although he was very rich and childless. He was the most perfect fruit of virtuous mediocrity, and the highest exemplar of a disciplined life which the scrupulous, the prudent, and the brave can study. Every triumph he had was a genuine one, if not a difficult one. Guizot, the best student of his larger life, who had in his eye of neighborhood the careers of all the great men of France, including Bonaparte,

Talleyrand, Wellington, etc., says that his power came from his confidence in his own views and his resoluteness in acting upon them, and that no great man was ever tried by all tests and came out so perfectly. Jefferson said that he was the only man in the United States who possessed the confidence of all, and that his executive talents were superior to those of any man in the world. He had wonderful power in influencing men by honorable sentiments, and he never gave a man an office, as Lincoln did, to quiet him or to gain him over. His character was in little picturesque, but he was plain as Lincoln in the parts of life which he himself prescribed. Here is a true picture of him, riding in from his farm at Mt. Vernon:

An old gentleman riding alone, in plain drab clothes, a broad-brimmed white hat, a hickory switch in his hand, and carrying an umbrella with a long staff, which is attached to his saddle-bow. The umbrella was used to shelter him from the sun, for his skin was tender and easily affected by its rays. His breakfast hour was 7 o'clock in Summer, and 8 in Winter, and he dined at 3. He always ate heartily, but was no epicure. His usual beverage was small beer or cider and Madeira wine. He took tea and toast, or a little well-baked bread, early in the evening, conversed with or read to his family when there were no guests, and usually, whether there was company or not, retired for the night at about 9 o'clock.

Washington had a poor farm, though a large one, and he had to faithfully attend to it to make it productive. He tried very hard, late in life, to rent it all out, or to induce agricultural immigrants to settle upon and around it. It steadily declined 729 after his death, and will not now, probably, bring more per acre than when he died. His chief crops were wheat and tobacco, and these were very large,—so large that vessels came up the Potomac, took the tobacco and flour directly from his own wharf, a little below his deer-park, in front of his mansion, and carried them to England or the West Indies. So noted were these products for their quality, and so faithfully were they put up, that any barrel of flour bearing the brand of “George Washington, Mount Vernon,” was exempted from the customary inspection in the British West India ports. His mother lived until he was 57 years old, but his father

died when he was 11. His life was rich, but not accomplished, and he set free 124 slaves at his death. He always rose to the needs of history, and, if his household seems to lack pathetic and feminine features, that is, perhaps, because he was never out of the public regard, because he had no children, and, also, possibly, because he was unfortunate in all his early loves. There are half a dozen cases on record of his direct rejection by ladies to whom he proposed. Much of his life was passed in camps and lonely surveys, and he made himself, by acceptance, instead of choice, a rigid historical being, the last in a semi-barbarical age.

He was worth during all his married life, about £100,000 sterling and it paid him not above 3 or 4 per cent. in money. In this quiet, almost elegant home, he received many princes, exiles, and refined travelers, lured so far by the report of his deeds and character. He disappointed not one of whom we have any record, and his neighbors, as well as those remote, forgot his austerities in his integrity. We could have placed no more composed and Godlike character at the fountain of our young State, and his image, growing grander as the stream has expanded, is reflected yet in every ripple of the river. We have grown more democratic since his time, and we often wish that Washington had been more pliable, popular, and affable, but it is to be remembered that he was a Republican and not a Democrat. As one of his Federalistic observers has said of his day:

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“Democracy as a theory, was not, as yet. The habits and manners of the people were, indeed, essentially democratic in their simplicity and equality of condition, but this might exist under any form of government. Their governments were then purely republican. They had gone but a short way into those philosophical ideas which characterized the subsequent and real revolution in France. The great state papers of American liberty were all predicated on the abuse of chartered, not of abstract rights.”

Lincoln was a Democrat rather than a Republican, and he lived in a day of interviewing reporters, of land grabs, and ransacking common schools. But what man of his day

resembled Washington in personal virtues, in illustrious history, in complete surrender to the State? Could his noble character have lived to our time, and been the model of every American, we should have been a democracy without corruption, and Republicans without austerity. See how he treated his nephew, Bushrod, when Bushrod wanted an office:

“Your standing at the bar would not justify my nomination of you as Attorney to the Federal District Court, in preference to some of the oldest and most esteemed general court lawyers in your own State, who are desirous of this appointment. My political conduct in nominations, even if I were uninfluenced by principle, must be exceedingly circumspect, and proof against just criticism; for the eye of Argus is upon me, and no slip will pass unnoticed that can be improved into a supposed partiality for friends and relations.”

Washington told Coke, the Methodist, that he was inimical to slavery. The better elements of our age were all intelligent and growing in him. But the mighty whirlwind raised by Rousseau, and by Jefferson, blew upon the country, and we are what we are; while Washington and Lafayette, soldier and pupil, stand the only consistent great figures of the two hemispheres, the last *Republicans* of the school of Milton and Hampden.

Such as he was, here he lived and lies, and the vestiges of 731 the breaking up of the past are all around him; the key of the Bastile; his surveyors' tripod, which first measured the streams beyond the Alleghanies; and at last the forts which the North planted against Virginia slavery.

Mount Vernon is now inhabited by Mrs. Cunningham, the stewardess or guardian of the small part of the estate purchased by a ladies' association, and with a few servants, she collects a fee from visitors and sees to the stability of the mansion. Some over-critical people have alleged that she was a rebel. I only know that she did her duty here, and the civil war never crossed the edge of this estate. Since I last visited Mount Vernon, the people of some pious little town in New Jersey have sent an oil-cloth for the floor of the great saloon here, and every year shows the reviving interest in Washington's fame

and homestead. The contiguous farms are owned by Northern men, the best of them by a gentleman from Michigan. There are few people roundabout who preserve any remembrance or reliable hearsay of Washington. A new element has come in, and the negro banjoist on the “Arrow” seemed like a merry avenger, as he sung, with grinning good humor:

“Babylon's a fallen, Babylon's a fallen; We're gwine to occupy the land.”

Mount Vernon, landwise, stands three miles from a main road leading from Alexandria to Fredericksburg. The road runs some distance back from the river to evade swamps, creeks, etc., and, therefore, affords scarcely a glimpse of the Potomac and its mild, wide sceneries. Alexandria is nine miles northeastward, and Occoquan is twelve miles southwestward. There is no road leading into the back country along all these twenty-one miles, unless it be a wood path or a farm lane, and the nearest town back from the Potomac is Fairfax Court House, twenty miles off. This is the case even at present, if we except a settlement of New Jersey Quakers on a part of the Mount Vernon estate. The back road, moreover, 732 is one of the worst in any country, and probably worse now than when Washington was President. I discovered this, last fall, to my sorrow; for, in a fit of enthusiasm to explore the Old Dominion, I rode on horseback over the whole road between Alexandria and Fredericksburg, a distance of fortyfive miles. Washington rode over most of it to visit his aged mother for the last time in 1789,—the same day he was advised of his election to the Presidency,—and as he made the round trip, going and returning, in twenty-six hours, while I was two days riding one way, it follows that the roads are worse or that the General was a better rider.

From Alexandria to Mount Vernon Gate, by road one sees nothing but deep gulleys, skirts of swamp, and a couple of creeks which eat the bowels out of the hills year by year with the industry of Prometheus' vulture.

Passing the private road to Mount Vernon, nothing is to be seen but worn-out lands, pine barrens, and more swamps, until you reach the Ancontink saw-mills and the frightful old ruin of Pohick Church. This was the family church of Washington until the close of the revolution, when all the big proprietors began to attend a new church at Alexandria. Then Pohick was left to its fate like many an Episcopal edifice, and the fiddling and lying old “Parson” Weems claimed to be its rector, as he peddled Matthew Carey's books and wrote his own “biographies” of Washington and Marion. Bishop Meade, the Froissart of these old ruined churches, says that Weems never was a Virginia parson, never had any principle, and sold Tom Paine with one hand and the Bishop Llandaff's answer to him with the other. Weems' family were Methodists, living at Dumfries, and he appears to have been a cross between George Francis Train and Dan Rice. Beyond Pohick is a most picturesque town and river called Occoquan, where the once bloody streams flowing from the battle-fields of Bull Run, Groveton, Warrenton, and Catlett's and Bristoe's Stations, tumble seventy-two feet by successive falls. This is a fair country village, inhabited by Quakers and by some Unionists, who raised a flagpole 733 here for the Republican party during the Fremont campaign. The height of the rocky, wooded hills, the thunder of the waters, the wildness of the gorge, the beauty of the bridge, the hum of the mills, and the aged and recent associations of the place gave it a mysterious, almost awful, significance to me. A petty stream, it yet rose in the Bull Run Mountains, nearly forty miles away, and was the largest tributary of the Potomac below the Shenandoah and Monocacy. It ran under the Stone bridge, where Ayres, with one battery, stood solitary in that dreadful rout, —the one gun that protected Washington from the fury of the house of Richmond. It was the favorite, and also the most dangerous and unreliable, ferry of George Washington's neighborhood, and nature had bedecked it out of her own ruins. The Occoquan River empties into the Potomac just below this picturesque hamlet, and one of its headlands, High Point, marks the nearest approach of the rebel river batteries to Washington during the autumn succeeding the battle of Bull Run. These batteries lined the river at High, Freestone, Cockpit, Shipping, Smith's, Chotant's, and Matthias' Points, until the advance of Burnside's army began by the railway line of Acquia Creek, in November, 1862. It thus

happened that Mount Vernon was not molested by either side during the war of secession; for it was in general between the army lines, or, at any rate, doubtful ground.

Beyond Occoquan the Fredericksburg road passes ten miles over a God-forsaken country, till it reaches what was once Dumfries, on the banks of Quantico Creek,—a town once flourishing, founded by Scotch emigrants, and a place of wealth, revelry, shipping, and banking. Now, there are not fifty inhabitants; the Quantico Creek has filled up, and a town that once bade fair to be the rival of Baltimore and Norfolk is absolutely extinct.

For the rest of the way to Fredericksburg there is nothing to be seen but the abandoned camps of Burnside's and Hooker's armies, and some ruined Episcopal churches. All Virginia, indeed, is in its church ruins a ghastly reminder of Jefferson, 734 who was to ecclesiastical architecture here what Richelieu was to the baronial castles of France, a leveller and a destroyer. The Declaration of American Independence was only three months old when he moved upon the English Established Church, entail and primogeniture together. In 1779, he abolished tithes and parish rates, and in 1801, the first year of his Presidency, he sold the glebe lands, the last support of the Established Church, an act for which every drunken, fox-hunting parson called Heaven's vengeance upon him. But, nevertheless, nearly the whole Church Establishment fell into the hands of the owls and lizards within ten years; for there was no spirituality remaining in it, and it had become a useless survivor of the planters' aristocracy, and of the parsons, Bishop Meade himself says: “In order to conceal the shame of the clergy from the young people the elder ones had to hurry them away to bed when indulging freely of the intoxicating cup.”

These sketches will convey to you some idea of Washington's life at Mount Vernon—one of a few big planters on ruined land, making a losing fight against bad soil, and without markets or other contiguous towns than mere shipping villages. The soil can be brought up slowly by plaster and clover, and the ague can be driven off by an efficient and generally supported system of draining and farming; but Virginia needs common roads, live stock, and intelligent, thrifty laborers. These are coming rapidly, and I apprehend that men of

weak constitutions from New England and Michigan, who now go to Florida to winter, will do much better by settling above Fredericksburg on the Potomac. There is a railway required on this route to complete the Acquia Creek line and make it a trunk line between New York, Harrisburg, and Pittsburgh. Forty miles only remain to do, to flank the Orange and Alexandria Railway, and reduce the time from Baltimore to Richmond to three hours from seven, as it now takes. Land here is worth $20 an acre, with buildings. As the country fills up, every part of this land will be redeemed, enriched, and made marketable. It is well timbered, and the fisheries and oyster beds 735 are of the best. For fruit-raising it is well adapted, and river navigation places it within a day's reach of a dozen markets. There are dismays here, but not to compare with the woodticks, the alligators, the moccasin, the fleas, the fevers, and the isolation of Florida. Run-down land, two sickly months, and some dying-out rebels, are the evils of the lower Potomac. But it is the oldest part of America, and for scenery, ruins, and variety of products and markets the most enjoyable part of the whole Atlantic slope. The Chesapeake Valley is the San Francisco Valley of the East. Freedom can make it worthy of Mount Vernon.

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CHAPTER XL. ART, LETTERS, AND BOHEMIANS AT THE CAPITAL.

Around the Capital of a great nation the artistic and literary spirits have always assembled, and this has been the case with Washington. It has been from the beginning of its hisfory a place of resort for tourists and literary men, and a place of abode for journalists, scholars, and artists. The kindly Paulding was both Secretary of the Board of Navy Commissioners and Secretary of the Navy, and the air of the latitude of Washington appears in his style. William Wirt gave scarcely less time to literature in this District than he had given in Virginia. Robert Walsh, perhaps the founder of review literature in America, was educated at Georgetown, and spent much of his life at Washington. Here Joel Barlow, the author of the Columbiad, built himself a mansion in the Jeffersonian day. For many years the publishers of that most useful repository, now unhappily discontinued, issued *Niles's Register,* on Louisiana Avenue. Sparks, Irving, Kennedy, Poe, Legare, Cooper, Motley,

Bancroft, Ross Brown, and Mark Twain are amongst the hundreds of notable men who have at periods been tenants of the city. Here resided Schoolcraft, Stanley, Catlin, and others who have transmitted the wild Indian to wonder and fame. Here Peter Force, the pious book collector, lived until the Government took his library, and then died for employment and want of responsibility. The most influential novel in the world was published in monthly parts by Mrs. Stowe in a Washington newspaper. The diplomatic and official 737 history of the country has been almost wholly edited and collected here, and the journalism of the country has been in great part learned here.

There were, say in the year 1868, when I moved to Washington, four kinds of newspaper correspondence at the Capital City. First, the *Globe;* second, the Associated Press; third, the Special Telegraphers; fourth, the Special Correspondents.

The *Globe* was a mere name for a daily paper, printing the verbatim debates of Congress. The best stenographic reporters of the country reported for it. Four of them took charge of the Senate; five of the House of Representatives. They received about $3,500 apiece per session, and the *Globe* proprietors received their profit, a handsome one, besides. These reporters only had seats on the floor, wrote out their respective notes in manuscript, and only occasionally some member revised his speech or printed what he never said at all. These reports are, therefore, as absolutely correct as the world will ever get any mere utterances; but they are utterances alone, and give no ideas of the manners, the men or the surroundings of said utterances.

The Associated Press was originally an association of half a dozen or more New York City daily papers, formed to economize and receive in common, reports by telegraph from the Capital and elsewhere. This association sold news to papers of the rest of the country, which formed subsidiary organizations. The Washington news for the Associated Press was Chiefly collected by a Mr. Gobright, a painstaking, responsible, and courteous gentleman, past the middle age, and being chiefly concerned with the things already passed and happened, was generally very faithful indeed. The Associated Press had the

respect and confidence of the highest officers of the Government, and it gave the people outline news so that they were kept tolerably well and promptly informed of the facts at the Capital. Reporters in both Houses prepared abstracts of Legislative proceedings for Mr. Gobright, and he and his assistant 47 738 collected executive and department matters at their fountain head meanwhile.

The Special Telegraphers were isolated young men representing a paper apiece or a combination of papers which required more detailed impressions and prognostics of news than the Associated Press gave. The youth of many of these men, the number of them and the competition among them, accounts for much hap-hazard and premature information which appeared prior to and about the year 1868. Many of these men were partisans, and wrote, by a mistaken conception of duty, news of a very partisan bias to their several papers. Others were maintained by departments of the Government, and inclined toward the quarter where their bread blew from. Most of these were indifferently paid, and being alternately rebuffed or cozzened by officials much of their correspondence expresses the momentary gratitude or spite of the time. They were, however, the apprisers of the people of matters else too late disclosed, and in the concurrence of their rumors, impressions almost prophetic lay. Those officials who would have been gladdest to use the telegraphers were most forward on adverse occasion to denounce them at the Capitol, and the present age (posterity), had better rely upon the prattle of these cotemporaries and neighbors of the public men of 1868, to find the respective eminence thereof, than upon any opinion of said public men themselves. To each of the said public men of the year 1868 there was but one perfectly great character, and that was the man Ego.

The special correspondents were amateur literary men, lookers-on in Washington, library readers, young office-holders with a destiny to throw ink, or people with a mission and a plethora of words. Those of them most reverent to public life and people had a religious turn or held an office. Some of them were humble as Mrs. Heep, and others held great State palavers with Presidents and Senators. From the writings of these worthies we can see the Government of the time reflected upon almost every variety of

mind. Human nature 739 is the combination safe key to reconcile this mass of conflicting correspondence. That portion of it which is apt to be most incisively true was written by men who didn't care a—nything about parties.

The lives of the sculptors and modelers about Washington would make a quaint story, and some passages in the architect's reports show the measure of their compensation.

Giovanni Andrei of Carrara, Italy, was the Superintendent of ornamental sculpture and carving at the Capital from 1806 to his death in October 1824. Bulfinch endorsed him officially after death as “able, refined, faithful, correct, devoted and urbane.” A correspondent of Mr. Jefferson in Italy selected Andrei and shipped him to the new city of the west, where he kept his place under several architects. Poor Italians! Their vague memories haunt the great edifice like their queer performances. Anderi's salary was $1,125.

There were four sculptors at the Capital in 1825, Antonio Capellano, Luigi Persico, Nicholas Gevelot, and Enrico Cansici, each receiving about $1,500 a year. Francis Jardella, Superintendent of carvers, received $1,187.50. Carvers received from $1.50 to $2.00 a day.

The salary of Charles Bulfinch the architect, was $2,500 per annum, and the sculptors Antonio Cappellano and Luigi Persico received each $1,500 a year.

In 1833–34, Luigi Persico occupied a room in the abandoned temporary Capitol for a studio, and modeled his nondescript statue of Columbus and the Indian girl there.

The bondsmen of Enrico Ca n ü sici in 1824, in the sum of $4,000, were Joseph Gates and Wm. W. Seeton. Cansici was to have received $10,000 for a marble group to ornament a clock in the Senate.

In the extensions, and just previous to the rebellion, T. Vicenti, modeler and sculptor, received six dollars a day; the architect-in-chief, Mr. Walter, received $4,500 a year, Samuel Strong $2,000 a year as Superintendent, M. C. Meigs successor do., $1,800 only as Captain of Engineers; draughtsmen got $4 a day, and foremen, $4.50.

740

In the old Capitol centre, exclusive of the wings, there were 41 rooms, besides the Rotunda and Library, and eight of these were in the fourth story. The fine old chimney-pieces and hearths in that edifice cost $40 apiece; the carvings of the capitals of the great columns of the old portico $260 apiece; hard burnt bricks cost $5.25 a thousand.

Mr. George Blagden, the constructor of the Capitol, died accidentally by violence in 1826. He had been for years in charge of the practical work at a salary of $1,500 per annum.

After Congress re-occupied the Hall of Representatives in 1820, its acoustics were so bad that all sorts of remedies were tried for the ten years ensuing, such as spreading carpets and draperies, suspending canvas between the floor and the open dome, framing a wooden partition between the columns of the prostyle, etc. A very distinguished Committee, composed of Henry Clay, James Barbour, and William Wirt, invited William Strickland of Philadelphia, to assist Charles Bulfinch the architect, in improving the Hall, but nothing was accomplished until “Robert Mills, an ingenious architect, who had passed through the city in 1821 and again in 1827,” was called upon, Bulfinch notwithstanding, to remodel the place. This he did in 1833, by reversing the speaker's chair, and all the seats, raising the floor and constructing a wall behind the third seat in the galleries.

Guiseppe and Carlo Franzoni, brothers, and their cousin Jardella, did some good work about the Capital between 1809–19. Carlo Franzoni made the beautiful clock in the old Hall of Representatives, an allegorical group in the law library, and the columns in the old staircase which are composed of stalks of maize with the ripe ears carved in the capitals. He died in 1819 at the age of thirty. The work of the elder Franzoni perished in

the burning of the Capital, except an eagle at the Navy Yard. These young strangers were from Carrara, and were said to have been nephews of a Cardinal of that name.

One of the first propositions made for a historical painting 741 in the Capitol, was that of a woman, Julia Planton of Philadelphia, January 24, 1821. She wished to sell Congress an emblematic representation of the treaty of Ghent.

In 1832 Edward Everett reported from the Joint Library Committee “the expediency of procuring a *pedestrian* statue of of Washington, to be placed in the rotunda, and to be executed by Horatio Greenough.”

Mr. Greenough's works, The *Frontiersman* and *Washington,* were ambitious beyond the period of that sensitive and laborious sculptor. He had more ideas than talent, and wrote better than he modeled. The experience of forty years has taught us that portrait art, particularly with the tame accessories of modern, civil costume, seldom fills the measure of expectation. *Roger Williams* is our most effective statue because the subject was left to the artist's volition, modified by his scholarship. Of a like nature are the subjects of *Columbus,* and *John Smith,* two figures which ought to be set up in Washington above all other places in the world. The noblest monument to the former extant, is Rogers's bronze gate, which is in some respects our most valuable public work.

The work of Crawford in the pediment of the Senate portico and upon the summit of the dome, are happier than uncharitable criticism will allow. The figure of Freedom is improved —whether Jeff Davis suggested it or not is no matter—by the nondescript headdress, which replaced the original Phrygian night cap. The plumes give it somewhat of the style of our open-air Indian, whose memory is kept in the hill and river nomenclature all around the Capital, and its posé is light and easy, its drapery flowing, yet dignified, and the face is calm, gracious, and inviting. The work in the pediment is likewise excellent and varied in action and sentiment, and sufficiently harmonized in the composition. It is easy to sneer at

statuary; if we possessed Buonaroti's Moses, his horns would give a fund for all the cheap and illiterate witticism in the land.

There are busts in the Capitol of all the Chief Justices, and 742 Taney suffers nothing for being debarred the court-room—rather those who set his eloquent face in exile. The relievos of the Rotunda, which to some appear hideous, are merely reproductions from old engravings contemporary with the explorers delineated. The figures in the central portico of the East front, by Persico, and others, are redeemed by their quaintness; for allegorical art should not necessarily stand the test of mathematical criticism. Grime and eccentricity have their allurements in capitoline art; a broken torse or a grim satyr in stone may be more fitting for a public walk or nook than a bran new effigy of something whose current fame is provocative of ridicule. Whoever has walked in Turin, Munich, or Berlin, may behold in the places of honor, statues nearly as bad as Mills' Jackson and Washington, those monuments of provincial favoritism, triumphant over national scholarship. The poor little monument before the City Hall will play its part in the public scenery as much as the Washington Monument, which should never have been undertaken by disorganized and desultory popular contribution. Only governments, which act with unified spirit and are supported by the public resources, are capable of prosecuting such large works to completion. With all our praise of a “strong Government,” and our yearning for a “nation,” we Americans are most captious about those things which demonstrate the general state. We write columns against the awarding of a pitiful statue to an artist at the Capital, while we give millions to a land swindle on our frontier; and we begrudge the Federal site every ornament which Congress dares to vote it over the waging heads of rural constituencies. We are always reminded of The People, but The State is nearly friendless and must be our mendicant. For a good colossal statue in Washington, we suggest, the subject of the Demagogue, that many-headed scoundrel who has ruled us more than law or patriotism.

A great deal of fun has been excited from the statuary around the Capital, but national statuary has been the subject of pasquinade in every country. Even Clark Mills' queer

productions 743 may strike posterity who will regard them as valuable by their stiff literalness.

John Trumbull, the artist, having been summoned to take measures to protect the paintings from dampness, reported as follows:

“But one of the paintings testifies to the possibility of their being approached for the purpose of doing injury: the right foot of General Morgan, in the picture of Saratoga, was cut off with a sharp instrument, apparently a penknife. I have repaired the wound, but the scar remains visible. If I had possessed the authority, I should have placed in front, and at the distance of no less than ten feet from the wall, an iron railing of such strength and elevation as should form a complete guard against external injury, by ill-disposed persons, unless they employ missiles of some force.”

The delightful grimness of this diction, reminds one of Trumbull's art, which is sedate, dignified, and formal. An English traveler has made this criticism upon Trumbull's themes:

“The truth is, the subjects are unmanageable. In the Declaration of Independence, we have a respectable congregation of decent farmer-looking men, staring quite as vacantly from under their periwigs, as the solemnity of the occasion could possibly demand. A few are seated or standing at the table which displays a large scroll of parchment. The rest are seated on benches, waiting apparently with exemplary patience the completion of the important document.

“Out of such materials, Titian himself could not have made a picture. The subject admits of no action, nor of strong emotion of any kind. Then the quantity of canvas which is devoted to coat, waist-coat, and breeches, and the rows of clumsy legs, without one bit of drapery to conceal them!”

There are many curious comparative facts about the Capitol, of which I often think when I walk there. It is the most extraordinary composite structure in the world. In the main

classical, it still contains the crudeness and quaintness of a 744 Flemish Guddhuis. Here are Corinthian capitals, powerful monoliths, as florid as they ever blossomed in Athens, and near by are homely capitals devised by Jefferson, of corn in the car, the headed sheaf of the wheat, and the tawny leaf of the tobacco. Parts of the masonry are formidable as the arches of the Coliseum, yet there is a dome of iron such as no year of our Lord but this could have framed and put together. A battery sends a spark of fire, like a winged lamplighter, from the eye of the dome to the coal-pit, yet the heathen deities swarm on every ceiling. Take the chaplain out of Congress and there is not one Christian symbol in all this mighty pile to tell whether the nation worshiped Jove or Jehovah. The beautiful clock that in the old Hall looks down upon the ghosts of memories, might have kept time when Caesar was stabbed dead in the Senate House. All lands have paid contribution here. The statuary was chiseled by the Arno and the Tiber; the stairways were quarried in Tennessee. He who cut yonder bas relief, fired the infernal machine upon Louis Phillipe.

The hand that modeled yonder head of Washington felt the wrinkles of Voltaire and measured the lips of Rousseau. In this bronze door a Yankee artist's wife standing for her model under the Pincian Hill, represents the Lady Bobadille, who, perhaps, had heard Columbus speak. No edifice of like strength and vastness known to man, was ever created with the same celerity. Whoever lived in this city sixty years ago, saw only the blackened walls of the old Capitol defacing this site. No building of the elegance and superfices of this was probably ever erected so cheaply. The dome excepted, and the climate considered, it should stand, if its doom were now to come, as long as the arches of the palace of the Cæsars. Over its three acres of aisles and alcoves, twice repeated in successive floors, one can wander of a rainy or a sunny day, never in want of suggestions, delights, perspectives, studies, or he can ascend to the lanthorn, and look upon a landscape whose principal outlines are fast filling in with as strong historical associations.

745

One day I was passing through the Capital, and saw upon a door the sign “Thorpe's studio,” an acquaintance of mine is the celebrated J. B. Thorpe, artist raconteur of

New York City. I supposed that it might be he, who had availed himself of his wide acquaintance to get a studio in the Capitol, and having been annoyed by this sign for some time, I opened the door and began the ascent of a very pleasant broken flight of stairs which were conducted in and out with much economy of space and noble roominess past one of the little old domes of Bulfinch's structure. The admirableness of that old Capitol was more manifest to me than I had previously appreciated it. I found that Thorpe was merely a photographer and portrait maker for the benefit of the Senate, but after leaving his room I proceeded to wander through dark passages suggestive of assignation, intrigue, corruption, and assassination, and at one place I could look through a crack in a partition and see two fellows in another room quarreling like Dutch boors. The Senate Library was in this part of the building, and it consisted chiefly of law books, documents, and bound copies of the debates. In the vestibule was an enormous aggregation of packages labeled tariff of 1842, corruptions of 1836, British outrages in the Chesapeake, &c. Many of these rooms were groined in the ceilings, and supported by quaint columns. The windows afforded a delightful view right down the avenue, and there was but one person in all that vastness, the librarian, whose place I presume is a sinecure. As I strolled through the old halls, and looked into the empty dome piled full of documents, and finally got up to a place where I could peep between the inner and outer domes, I felt a sense of admiration for the early architects of our Capitol, that they could so combine, in the words of Jefferson, “economy, taste and accommodation.”

One day I secured a ticket for the baths and was shown down in the vaults of the Capitol. A negro of a buff color was seated on a stool opposite the bath-room door. Within, the gas burned softly and low in its vase, showing the floor of inlaid marble, the booths including the baths with the dim light through their 746 ground glass doors, and opposite each door, upon a chair, cocked back, sat a Congressman waiting for his turn. After awhile I got a chance and the negro opened one of the doors. There was a bath tub against the wall, hewn out of one solid block of marble; the marble floor was warmed by heaters below, so that it felt to your bare feet almost like the warmth of another human skin. All the

comfortable appurtenances of the bath were there; the warm towels, rough and fine, the sponges, the soap, that had the smell of the date palm, the brush to stir up the energies of one's scalp, the mirror to abash one with the image of himself, made ruddy by the pencil of the flame from the moldings of the bronze side-light. With a tolerably long armless chemise, and a copy of Catullus, I felt that I should have made a very good Roman of the era of Diocletian.

One peculiarity of the Capitol when lighted up by night, is that the flags hoisted over the two chambers are made visible as in the clear daylight by the illumination of the enameled glass in the roofs. The many flames of gas between the upper and lower panes shed a white light like a halo, around the streaming colors, and in the densest darkness the spangles and the stripes shine like banners in the midnight. When the Capitol itself is half in shadow, and the tholus seems to be merely a spire of fire, the calmly unfurling flags over the wings show all their dyes to the darkness, and the effect is beautiful.

One night during the Impeachment trial the Capitol looked better than I ever saw it. There was a trifle of rain without, and where the lantern glowed with flame the mist all round about was visible in passing clouds. So from wings where House and Senate sat, the mists were floating away from the outshaken flags, as if the mists of doubt and war were rolling off, while all the marble walls were touched with mild rubescence.

Within the Senate Chamber the atmosphere was also good,—the dark, rich red carpet, the pale orange tint of the walls, the dark, attentive rows of people above, many of them intensely interested and orderly as Judges. This building will figure in such phases in many a fiction.

747

The latitude permitted to Cabinet Ministers in recent years has put in their power to make portrait galleries in each of the great departments.

Mr. Creswell has made a gallery in the Postal Department of all the Postmaster Generals since Franklin. These portraits are large photographs, tinted in India ink, and separately framed, and they cover the walls of his business office. Most of them are said to be striking likenesses, and they indicated a fine, sagacious series of faces, some forty or fifty in number.

Speaking of photographs, a New York photographer, known to the country at large as M. B. Brady, who has spent thirty years in waylaying every notability—citizen or foreign—of distinction; and who, during the war, expended several thousand dollars in following up the army with the camera, reproducing all the climatic war scenery with the vividness of actual occurrence,—Brady finding himself possessed of nearly a barnfull of negative plates and proof copies, wishes Congress to purchase the whole set for the Congressional Library. It seems to me that, as goverment does very little for the intelligent needs of the people, while it has recklessly given appropriations in land, franchises, and money to material things, often of very doubtful legitimacy, that this really remarkable collection of views and portraits might be added to the library without infringing upon any severe precedent of parsimony. I do not know how much is asked for this gallery, though I suppose about enough to pay five able-bodied “Carpet-baggers” per annum. Amongst them are large-sized pictures of nearly every person in any manner associated with the period of secession and civil war. The list extends back to the times of daguerreotypes, and embraces pictures, taken from life, of Chancellor Kent, Fenimore Cooper, Edgar A. Poe, Audubon, Andrew Jackson, Martin Van Buren, and nearly every person of any significance who has affected this nation for a quarter of a century. Brady has nearly impoverished himself by conducting this wild goose chase after notabilities. He seems to have undertaken it from genuine hero-worship, without knowing how 748 he was ever to come out, and in scarcely any case have these original pictures been paid for by their subjects. In like manner did old Peter Force ransack all the garrets on this continent for books and tracts of American neighborhood history, and bibliography, and, when Congress came to the old man's relief, a few years ago, he was paying $600 a month

interest, to be allowed to preserve intact his overgrown collection. These books are now the property of the United States, and they give its library almost its sole dignity. The librarian, who is a hardworking, prudent man, seems anxious to put this great series of pictures in the custody of the government, and, I think, wherever the Capital may rest, or be removed, that, in consideration of the growing scholarship of the country, these pictures should be secured before they are burned by fire, or scattered to the winds by the incapacity of the artist to keep them, and then, probably, in a mutilated condition, to be repurchased by the Government, at some later day, from some speculator or other who will have more means to influence Congress than this poor photographer.

It is singular to see men in the same profession cutting each other's throats. When it was agitated to buy the Force collection of books for the government, a dozen old book men rose up from unknown alleys, and claimed that their collections had as much right to recognition as Force's. So now three or four envious photographers agitate to keep Brady from disposing of his gallery. The motive of his work has been entirely different from that of anybody else. He has simply wasted a great many years, and a good deal of money, upon the mistaken presumption that somebody would one day appreciate the sacrifice. I have been in the habit of running over his gallery, when any considerable man died, to get facial data for reproducing him, and I should like to see his works collected in portfolios, and put at the disposal of that literature of the future, which we are sure to have. Spofford, the librarian, has always believed that upon this continent would grow up the truest and most voluminous literature of any people, with as many readers, 749 reading the same language, as now constitute all the readers of Europe, in a dozen languages.

It is really sad, in this millennium of material interests, of speculators, lawyers, and projectors, to see what a little space is filled, in the estimation of Congress, by people of enterprise in intellectual and artistic things. Little Vinnie Ream, who returned from Rome with her statue of Lincoln, unveiled it after a year before Secretary Delano and a little

group of encouragers, among whom was Senator Trumbull, on Saturday morning, in the rotunda of the Capitol.

The little girl comes of an humble family from Wisconsin. She was made a clerk in the Post-Office during Mr. Lincoln's term, and developed into a sculptress of her own volition and aptness. Being pretty, as sculpturesses generally are not, a good deal of her cleverness was denied her by her female rivals, and she became the butt of the Boston school of men and women, including Mr. Sumner, who denounced his colleagues savagely, for having given her the work to do, when, as he charged, it should have been entrusted to Mr. Story.

After Vinnie had been awarded the contract, the impeachment trial developed in all its fury, and her accidental association—by her sister's marriage—with Perry Fuller, made her a target for the most unmanly vituperation, both in the newspapers and in gossip.

But, when she went to Rome, the first man to step out and take her under his protection was the very Mr. Story who had been signalized as the only man fit to make a statue of Mr. Lincoln.

The following is the opinion of a very able young artist, Henry C. Bispham of New York, upon some of the prominent paintings of the Capitol:

“Bispham,” said I, “what do you think of the last accession, Powell's picture of the battle on Lake Erie?”

“The figures are badly drawn and painted, and, in some respects not as good as his De Soto. This figure lacks flexibility; they are too woodeny. The figure of the man or boy 750 lying dead on some floating wood on the left of the picture, is badly foreshortened and the arm in an impossible position. The background is well painted, composed and drawn. Look at the arms of the rowers and see their woodenness.”

Library of Congress

“What do you think of Moran's landscape of the Yellow-stone?”

“It is very fine in a good many qualities, as in color and drawing. The waterfall in the distance with the vapor rising above it, and the river coming toward the spectator for a straight line, that is rather disagreeable to the eye; there is too much shadow in the foreground of both sides of the picture, and the line of shadow from right to left forms an obtuse angle, which is very ugly in any picture.”

“How about Leutze's picture in fresco, of “Westward ho?”

“It is a fearful jumble of color and effect, lacking in concentrativeness, and it possesses no central point of light or dark. The immediate foreground of figures and landscape lacks in depth and strength, and the color is just as strong in the distance as it is in the foreground. Some of the figures are well drown and some quite splendidly, particularly the scout on horseback at the left hand of the picture. The women are very Dutchy in face. There is evidently a desire shown in the entire picture to combine great effect, great space and many people and incidents of travel. But in doing this, he has failed to introduce a decided black and white, or light and shadow, and has not kept any center point of interest and strength in the composition.”

“What do you think of Powell's De Soto?”

“At first sight it shows an overcrowded canvas which destroys the dignity and force of the subject. The horses are the worst part of the picture, too small and badly drawn. The squaws are too ideal in face, and badly painted, but the male figures are well drawn and colored, and well grouped. The cross is too small and necessitates such an exertion of strength on the part of so many men to raise it. It could have been drama to represent greater height in the same space. The 751 modeling of the figure and drapery is almost masterly. On the whole it suits an artist better than the Lake Erie picture.”

“Now we come to the picture of General Scott on horseback?”

“That represents a very common type of art. It is thoroughly a wooden representation of a horse, and there is little improvement in the rider, except as to his face.”

“Which of the paintings in the rotunda do you prefer?”

“After Trumbull's, which have a value apart from art, I like Vanderlyn's Columbus. It is a good composition, quite clear and forcible, set at the proper distance, and the light and dark are well managed. About the best thing here are Roger's doors which are very fine, and carefully modeled, and all the pictures are fine compositions. The frescoes on the Senate side of the house are very fine, and the birds and animals surprisingly well done.”

MILLS' WASHINGTON.