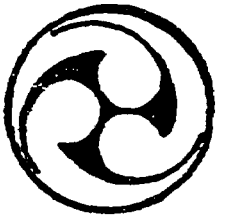
My Seven Sons

By Lilian Washburn

THE TRUE AND AMAZING STORY OF THE SEVEN FAMOUS WASHBURN BROTHERS, AS TOLD BY THE OLD GRANDSIRE, ISRAEL, SR., AND TRANSCRIBED BY HIS GRANDDAUGHTER, LILIAN WASHBURN.



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The Norlands

Far up among the hills of Maine
Whose rugged summits rise
From dimpling lake and smiling plain
To meet the distant skies,
Where Summer, like a blissful dream,
Steals in among the pines,
And wreathes the rocky bedded stream
With dainty tinted vines.

Where Winter holds a royal reign
And winds his mighty horn
Above a world without a stain
On every flashing morn,
The Norlands lies serenely fair
As, in the ancient seas
Encircled by enchanted air,
Lay the Hesperides.

And here, apart from wordly strife,
From sordid gain and greed,
A noble band awoke to life
Of lofty thought and deed.
They drank the inspiration taught
On every granite hill;
They learned the lessons interwrought
With every singing rill.

A nation's sons were they, who saw
What statesmen only see.
They laid their hands upon her law,
And shaped her destiny.
Tread gently, reverently, when
Ye come upon this sod;
Here sprung a race of giant men,
The handiwork of God.

This poem was written by Miss Nellie Hamlin Butler, niece of Mrs. Hannibal Hamlin, in the journal at The Norlands which has been kept since 1865.

Foreword

There has never been any complete and authentic account of the seven famous sons of Israel Washburn, and Patty Benjamin, his wife.

As one of the children of Charles A. Washburn, I have told this tale through the mouth of the old Grandsire, as he sits in his sunny corner at the age of ninety.

The facts are all readily proven, especially regarding my own father, the best of men, who was and is vilified in the most amazing way, even to this day.

For this reason I have made his story longer, and in more detail than the rest, and leave it with history to right the wrong to his memory.

LILIAN WASHBURN
Dean of the Washburn Family

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My Seven Sons

Prelude

I am ninety years old and blind. Perhaps for that reason my inner vision is all the clearer, and as I sit here in the sunny corner of the porch of the great mansion that my sons have built for me in my old age, I am minded to tell the tale of these, my seven sons.

I tell the tale feeling that my Patty, their mother, is here with me although she went to her reward nearly twenty years ago. Yet is she always with me as helper and counselor, and as inspiration.

And so to my tale, which must begin with a little of my own history, and the great event of my life, my marriage to Patty Benjamin.

Like any young man of my day my intention in life was to have a home, a wife, and children. Since I had been doing pretty well as a school teacher in Lincoln County, Maine, and saved my money when I worked in shipbuilding at White's Landing, now Richmond on the Kennebec, I felt prepared to offer Miss Patty Benjamin my heart and hand. So I rode over to Lieutenant Benjamins' on March 26th, 1812, to marry her.

The minister was there and the knot was soon tied. As she took my hand, stepped upon my extended foot and so to the pillion behind my saddle, she said, "Go ahead Israel; I'm with you."

This was so characteristic of Patty that I feel as if

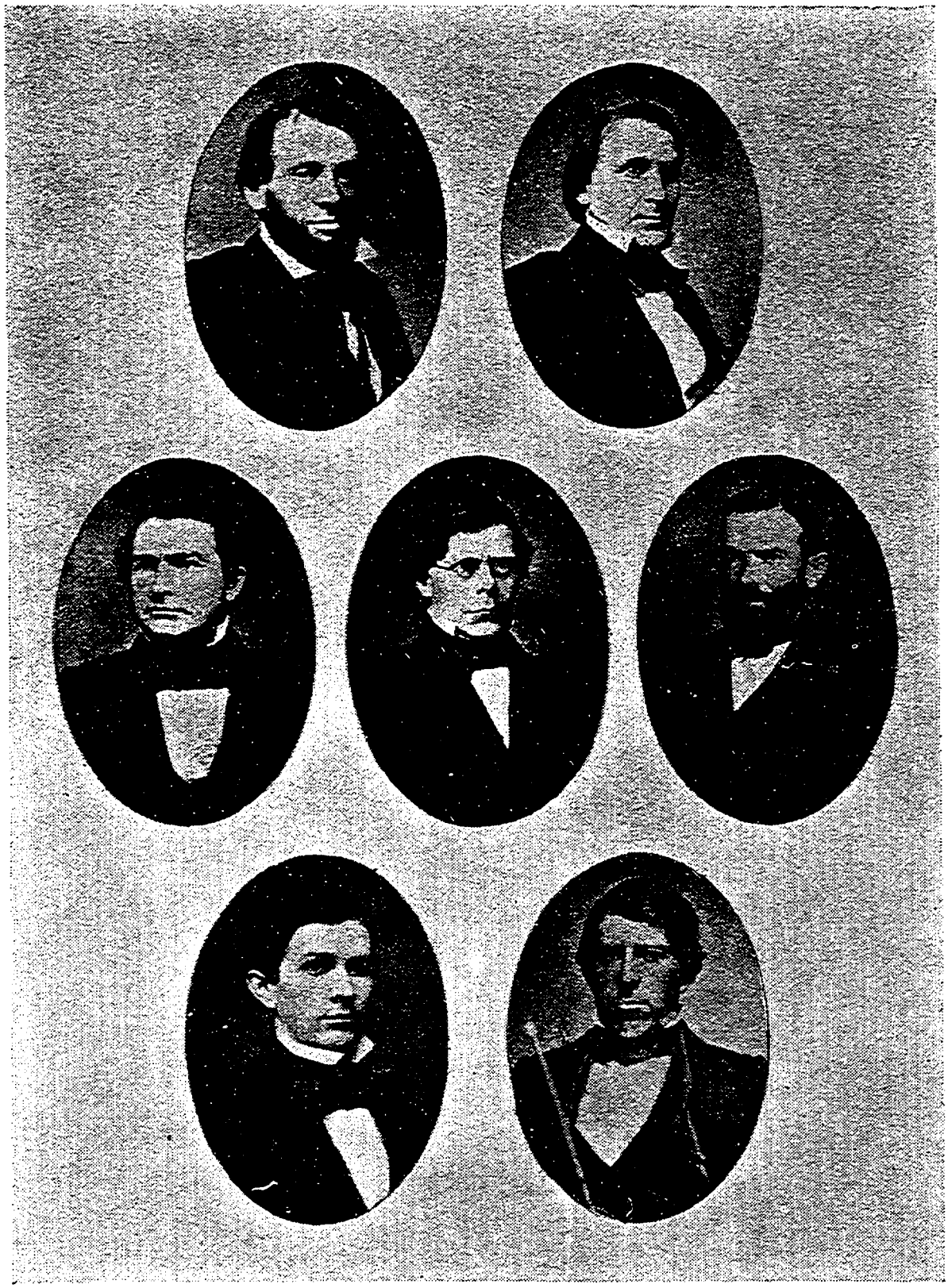
my life had begun there,—"Go ahead, I'm with you." Grasping the loop on my belt that was placed there for a woman on a pillion to hold, Patty virtually directed my progress then as she was to do all my life—helping as a woman should, but not forcing herself forward.

Patty brought a good dowry with her: household goods, linens, and a little sum of money that we carefully saved. There was one thing, however, that I found would have to be made after our first year together.

Therefore, following Patty's instructions to make a big one, I planed smooth some good stout pine boards, shaped them, and made a hooded cradle painted green. It was in this cradle that my son Israel and all his brothers and sisters were rocked. It stands today in this great house, being one of the few things saved from a fire, and all the younger women who come here rock their babies in it.

Within a day or two when the happy mother was feeling better she said, as I picked up the baby, "I want you to carry him upstairs, Israel, upstairs first, so that he may rise in the world". And this I laughingly did, for our sleeping room was on the ground floor. Thereafter, each and every one of our numerous family were so carried. I leave it to you to say whether or not the prophecy was fulfilled.

An anecdote I may now tell will better begin the prelude to my screed. It was when we had three sons, and were taking them over Strickland's Ferry to visit their grandparents at East Livermore. The



The seven Washburn brothers. Upper left, Sidney; upper right, Elihu. Center left, Cadwallader; center, Israel; center right, Charles. Lower left, William; lower right, Samuel.

ferryman, watching Israel's efforts to help him pull the ferry-rope, had the temerity to remark, "Kind o' small, ain't he, Mrs. Washburn?"

"Small," answered his mother with much dignity, "small. Well maybe, but do you know, Mr. Strickland, I expect to see that little boy Governor of Maine some day. Drive along, Irsael." The ferryman remembered that later.

It must be understood that Maine, in the early days of my family, was still a part of the Massachusetts Bay Colony, from which it was not set off until 1820. Tote roads were more common than any other kind of road, cookstoves were a rarity, brick ovens the rule. Men cut down their own trees and sawed them out themselves. Beams and heavy pieces of timber were hewn and dressed off by hand with axes. (Lest I am obscure, let me explain that a tote road was a trail through the thick woods from which trees had been felled and hauled aside. The stumps were cut as close to the ground as practicable, and a man could tote, or carry, a load on his back, ride saddle, or use a pack horse on such a road; but they were not wide enough for wagons of any sort.)

Now let me describe our home. This house, where all our children were born in the early part of the nineteenth century, had been owned by Dr. Cyrus Hamlin, father of Hannibal Hamlin, Vice President of the United States. Dr. Hamlin sold the property, which included the small farm, to Artemus Leonard, who in turn sold it to me. It was a large, square, old-

fashioned domicile with green blinds and gable roof; it stood facing the east and on the south side had a deep piazza extending from the front to the rear. Inside, the dining room was a large room in the back part of the house. Bedrooms opened off each end, and adjoining it was a small room containing a large cooking stove. The parlor, in the front part of the house, was used only on formal occasions as was customary at that time.

But it was the dining room which was the center of family activity, for during the winter months it became our living room as well. It contained an immense fireplace, on one side of which was the brick oven used for the great baking of the week when they turned out huge loaves of white and brown bread, mince, apple, pumpkin and custard pies, cakes, and pork and beans. Between the windows stood a large table, its leaves dropped down to gain room, but which was large enough when opened out to seat a small regiment. Overhead, pendant from the ceiling, were numerous hooks with poles stretched between on which pumpkins and apples cut for drying were hung in their season, and over which, in the winter time, mittens, stockings, and neck comforters were placed to dry. There was substantial comfort in the very look of this room. The broad fireplace with its cordial glow was a compelling invitation to sit down, take ones ease, and be happy. On a cold wintry day, a stranger looking in would naturally be inclined to say that, if peace dwelt anywhere: "The heart that is humble might hope for it here."

This house, which was the first one of three to be built on the same site, was the home of the children, the growing youngsters in their school years and before they scattered to the ends of the earth. In the parlor was laid out the still form of the child, the infant son who was the only one of our children to die in infancy. For a few years after this there were no cries of babies, no patter of tiny feet. But the mother's prayers were answered and she bore another son, to whom she gave the same name she had given to the one she lost—William Drew—and in two more years a daughter came to complete the roster of eleven children.

In all the rooms there was sufficient furniture for comfort, but, with the exception of the parlor, there was no attempt at anything beyond that. The bedsteads were solid wooden affairs with holes bored along the inner piece of the frame. From these, cords were passed in a regular pattern that formed squares, each cord being held taut as it was passed through and the whole made firm; it took considerable skill to interlace these cords in proper form, and considerable muscle to render them firm. An implement known as the bedkey was used to tighten the screws at the corners of the frame. The beds, made of feathers saved from the geese, were mounted on ticks of straw that was replaced yearly as the wheat and oat crop was mature; this entire contrivance was made by the housewives themselves. The whole bed was firm and yet had considerable elasticity, it often being necessary to tighten the cords. Great fun

for the boys of the family, in case one of their number slept too late, was to crawl under the sleeper's bed and "bump him up" from below with strong young backs alternately humped and relaxed.

The rooms were all of good size, and in spite of our large family there was no crowding. Space, light, movement, energy, good morals, the society of high-minded people, and the joy of reading good books formed an environment in which an imaginative boy could grow to bigness, straight as one of his father's pine trees and as sound at heart. He could grow to grandeur, to courage, to an understanding of his mother's oft repeated admonitions.

Food for such a family was a serious matter, and it is true of my Patty that she could always make a meal taste good no matter how simple her ingredients. We had many a supper of hasty pudding and milk, many a breakfast of crust-coffee and corn bread; dinners of salt pork and potatoes were frequent. (In case anyone does not know it, hasty pudding is cooked corn meal eaten as a porridge, and crust-coffee is made of dried bread crusts, browned and pulverized.) In this day when we rave about vegetables and fruits, one wonders how a woman could raise a family with red cheeks, sound teeth, straight strong bodies and clear minds on a diet in which fresh vegetables were obtainable only in summer, and then not for a very long period; when lettuce was almost unknown, celery seldom raised, an orange so great a luxury that it was almost a curiosity, a grapefruit unheard of, an apricot known

only as dried fruit, and that seen but seldom. For fruits there were apples, wild raspberries and blueberries and, sometimes, plums and cherries. The apples were dried in great quantities, and a paring-bee was as important a function as a quilting or a town meeting. Cider applesauce was our New England equivalent of the apple butter of Pennsylvania, but was not so universally made. Jam was made of the plums as a special treat; cherries, if obtainable, were often dried and, when needed, soaked and cooked, for the housewife's conservation of food was entirely through drying, salting, pickling and preserving. Preserves and fruits must be very sweet and cooked for long periods to have them keep at all, and must be used within the year lest they sugar off. Dried figs, dates and prunes were brought as a great rarity from the cities.

For my part I would raise and, in due time, kill a "critter", or beef, and also a pig or two each year; Patty would help me to salt, dry, and smoke all of the meat except what we would use right then. Usually the beef was killed in the early winter; one-half of it was frozen, the other half corned. (A piece of beef will stay frozen all winter in this severe climate.) All the boys would help in these duties, Sidney and Charles being especially capable; their mother had the wisdom to let her sons choose their own tasks as much as possible.

Women spun wool and wove it; hacked flax and spun and wove that; spun also the southern cotton when their men brought it home. They dyed their

own goods, shrunk, cut, shaped and made up all of these materials, sewing entirely by hand with needles so carefully guarded that it was said of one woman she had used the same needle for forty years; all this besides the endless knitting of socks, both woolen and cotton. Charles early learned to knit, and to his dying day could turn a heel as deftly as any woman.

The quiltings, apple-parings and corn huskings did not interfere with haying, harvesting, planting and cultivating of crops, and at no time was the regular work of the barns with cows and other livestock and the fueling of the houses neglected.

All these activities made a ceaseless round, in which all the sons and daughters, as they grew old enough, must and did do their part. "Certainly," said they, "we must be up and doing, in order that we may eat, sleep warmly, keep sheltered and clothed; but our real business in life is study, and the upbuilding of a nation new to the world. Vision. Making our dreams come true." This idea of vision was inculcated in them from birth, and it is one of the traditions of the family.

Our home life was a very happy one. These brothers never quarrelled with each other. Patty, their positive mother, would allow none of the fighting or bickering in which so large a group usually indulge. If they could out-argue each other, well and good, and often the room rang with their verbal contests, but fisticuffs were forbidden.

When I realized that my sons were rapidly making

their way in the world of men and things far from our peaceful home, I called them together, although Sam and Will Drew were almost too young to know what it was all about. Taking a bundle of sticks tied together, I asked first one and then another to break the bundle. Of course none could do this, but Charles, who had read the classics, laughed and asked if he should separate the sticks. Then I said, "I am glad, my son, that you see the meaning of this, and I want you all to remember it. If you all stick together I am sure my sons will never be broken by anyone."

"Yes," said Patty, who was much interested, "and don't forget to aim at the stars. If you don't hit anything, you'll have the satisfaction of seeing your arrow go up and come back again!"

It was thus that my wife and I worked together to show our sons the heights, and already we were able to glimpse the result of our teaching.

Israel

Our eldest son, Israel Junior, was the ideal eldest son of any family; for it is said that, given an older son who does all a son should do, the other children will follow him to their own benefit. It was he who cheered the workers or spurred on the laggards, if there were any, which I must say was seldom. Also, it was he who brought his mother's high ideals to every task; who read poetry, translated Latin, and dreamed great dreams, meanwhile never neglecting a boy's or a young man's daily household tasks. He came to help me in the little store more than he did on the farm, however, since he was the one who could figure the quickest in the trade and knew values of any goods I might buy.

You understand that a country storekeeper must trade in about everything that can be bartered in our country districts, from hoes to hay, or from wool to boots and cant dogs, to say nothing of calico or cashmeres for the womenfolk!

Thus, with a book under his hand on the counter he studied law, having much help from my brother Reuel, a judge so wise and steady that it is told no higher court ever reversed his decisions. When Israel passed his examinations and was admitted to the bar in Bangor in 1834, brother Reuel gave him a fine suit of clothes as a reward; this pleased us all beyond measure, especially Patty, who said:

"I've done my best in outfitting my sons; but in the courts of the great world where my son is going, dress is very important and I am glad to see Israel properly outfitted in this way."

Let me tell you now that it was not only clothing with which Patty equipped her sons, or saw them outfitted. To each and every one of them she gave a plain gold ring which she placed herself, with certain ceremonies, on the third finger of the left hand of the one who was leaving home.

It was a notable occasion when Israel Junior so received his ring, which was one evening when our pastor could be with us. The older boys, Sidney, Elihu and Cadwallader, were also dressed in their best and admitted to the parlor. They heard the minister's solemn admonitions, his prayer, his few quiet words to Israel especially, and the grave replies of this oldest brother who was, as I said before, their model in every way. Perhaps, at the moment, it did not occur to these younger boys that they, too, would be so honored later. And, although we were all men in that parlor when Patty herself placed this ring on Israel's hand with a "God bless you, son of mine, now and forever," I think her eyes were the only ones that were dry.

I may as well tell you now that they wore the rings, those great sons of hers, all their lives. They are still wearing them, save that several of the older boys had to have theirs cut off as their hands grew larger, and then thought it best to keep them, re-welded, lest the thin gold band, so sacred to each and grown

thinner with years, be not preserved.

And so Israel hired an office in Orono, a town near Bangor, where there was a good deal of legal business which he was quite capable of handling. Titles to land were often in question, as our neighbors waked to the realization that even our United States of American had legal limits to land. In my day land was so cheap that it hardly mattered who owned it, or what they did with it.

Israel became a justice of peace almost at once, and it seemed to me he had hardly left us before we learned that he was in the state legislature; that he was on school committees; that he was preparing reports on matters and things of moment to his community, or to the state in general. Many of these reports are on file and will be kept as records. He had an able pen, as did all our sons, and his command of English was perhaps the best of any of them unless it would be Charles, who was more of a writer by profession. His next step was to Congress in 1851, and he was elected and re-elected until he became Governor of Maine. But that was later. When he came to make speeches in Congress he was always admitted to be one speech-maker worth listening to. His work as Congressman, like that of Elihu and Cad, was largely questions of boundaries, such as the great northwest, where he ably seconded his brothers, Elihu and Cadwallader; more particularly, he helped settle what has been termed in later years the Aroostook War, a bloodless contest to decide where the boundaries of our state should be. Besides

states' boundaries, slavery was the other major issue of Israel's terms in Congress, to which body he was elected in all a total of five terms. Moreover, although he always disclaimed the honor of having named our present Republican party, he it was most certainly who re-organized the old Whig party and saw to it that the new name was used.

Israel was the most quick-tempered of any of our sons, but he was one who made his quickness and slightly caustic humor count as weapons to his hand rather than weaknesses. For instance, I think of one occasion when a fellow Congressman made a long and very dry speech, using many gestures; as he finished he turned to Israel, "I fired into 'em well didn't I?" to which Israel replied, "Yes, you fired well, but you didn't hit anything."

Israel's activities were as numerous in Washington's House of Representatives as they had been in his town of Orono. He studied parliamentary law and his ability in it soon made him one of the committee on rules. His interests included contested elections, deaf mute education, Revolutionary pensions, and all sorts of railway questions from rights of way to how much mileage a Senate or Congress member should be allowed. And, above all, he never let a chance slip to further anything that was to the advantage of Maine.

The all-important questions of states being admitted as with or without slavery always found Israel, as well as his brothers, on the anti-slavery side. Great were the debates about admission of

Missouri and California as free or slave states. Israel's first speech of any consequence was, strange to say, on the question of the reception of Kossuth in Washington. As one looks at this now, after a lapse of many years, it doesn't seem as if such a matter was of great moment; but Israel's speeches were of the kind that resounded, and Kossuth's abolition sentiments were definite, not to the liking of our southern citizens at all. In the end he simply settled the matter by urging that all extraneous questions be dropped and that Kossuth be received with hospitality and distinction, which was done.

That, I believe was characteristic of all our boys. Get things done, done well if you can, but get done with the matter in hand.

I have alluded to the organization of what we now call the Republican party in which Israel was a prominent figure. At this juncture slavery began to loom as an issue of the greatest moment and another word was whispered about, then openly spoken—secession. It seemed that no party had any definite ground to stand on; the old Whigs were tottering to a fall. Israel, therefore, always for getting things done, called friends together, held meetings and ultimately named a new party; he always gave the credit of the actual name to a Dr. Bailey who, as Israel said "was to do this work,—to combine and organize the shattered forces of anti-slavery opinion,—the immediate founder of the Republican party—Dr. Bailey." All the same Israel told me that the name Republican came from the oldest party of

the people founded by Thomas Jefferson. Thus it was identified with the Declaration of Independence, with freedom and equality of man! To this day we have the Republican party—long may it last, and much may it do for our country no matter who named it.

It must be remembered that our sons came home from time to time to see us and to tell us all the news, both personal and national; my eyes were none too good and I could read but little, and Patty was not one to read since she always did her own house-work. But when one or more of the boys returned great was her activity, and such a dinner as greeted them! I will give you my memories of one of Israel's speeches made in March 1856, as it was read to me by Sidney who came home the oftenest. This Congressional speech was made after the newly named Republican party had taken definite shape, and after much controversy had elected a speaker of the House of Representatives for the first time under that name; this was Nathaniel P. Banks. Let Sidney read it to you now:

"Mr. Speaker, for the sake of slavery, compacts of long standing deliberately entered into, and with mutual considerations, have been destroyed; principals of faith and honor have been cast away like worthless weeds—and, as if these things were not enough, we are now told that the instruments of this sectional interest, its gangs and invading armies, may enter and seize upon our infant territories, our own territories under the immediate and special

protection of the General Government, subjugate the people rightfully there, make laws and elect delegates for them.

"Slavery, in its claims and demands of today, is so much greater and better than anything else that to protect and strengthen it is held to justify the destruction of whatever stands in its way. Laws are set aside, and compromises violated for its sake, and nothing is held sacred against its assaults—all memories and hopes, all possessions and rights, the Constitution, the Union, the living Gospel of peace on earth and good will to men are but flax and stubble when exposed to the consuming flame of this insatiate and inexorable system."

One of his most powerful and important speeches was given two months later: "In this year 1856 a great moral and political battle is to be fought. It is the old quarrel—the strife of centuries and continents—but one of its decisive conflicts is here and now impending. As it shall be decided, so will run the history of America and mankind for ages."

Thus he denounced slavery, "founded in truth and justice" as the southerners said, as more probably founded in lies and cruelty; he maintained its avowed purpose was to rule the whole union or dissolve it, as they thought best. Throughout his speeches he made use of his terrible weapon of sarcasm, a weapon, I may say, used by all of my sons unsparingly.

Israel wanted to see Judge McLean nominated for President as his dissenting opinion in the Dred Scott

case had been as able a denunciation of slavery as his own speeches. McLean had a high position with the new Republican party for this reason. The plan, however, did not carry and the country went Democratic again.

From the time the questions of secession and slavery became the main issues in Congress Israel threw his influence, which was considerable, and which was, of course, backed by his two brothers, into these matters. Never for a moment, however, did he neglect any issues that were peculiarly related to Maine; and so, without any particular effort on his part, he found, as soon as he had left Congress in 1860, that the people of our state wanted him for governor.

Naturally he was pleased, all the more because his mother, whose health was not very good then, wanted to see her prophecy fulfilled. "Israel," said she, "will make such a good governor that he will be a model." I think she spoke a true word then.

At this time war was declared. Fort Sumter was fired upon, and our country districts rang with a mixture of fear and heroism; fear lest our sons never come home again, heroism lest this, our state, be among the laggards. Israel's first call for volunteers was promptly answered; he at once began outfitting companies as rapidly as funds and difficulties, such as lack of war supplies, would permit. In the end it was said that Maine regiments were the best equipped of those of any state at the beginning of the war.

Israel's second term of office as Governor of Maine was so satisfactory to his constituents that he was offered a third term, but he declined the honor saying that he had been in public service for some twenty years and felt that his home and his family needed him for the remainder of his life. At this time, Lincoln, who was always a true friend of all my sons, appointed Israel for the important post of Collector of the Port of Portland, and it seemed best to move to that city, where he built a handsome house on a hill which was to be known later as the Western Promenade.

But this son of ours did not cease his activities because he was no longer directly connected with politics. He lent his able pen and his ability in debate or lecture to any need of the hour. A book taking in the history of our little township of Livermore, and called *Notes of Livermore,* was published; then, too, he wrote, besides magazine articles, an exhaustive paper on our Northeastern Boundary. He willingly lectured on request on almost any subject.

Settled in Portland he brought his ever present beliefs to a definite head in supporting the Universalist church, and, since church education was of great import, he brought his able pen and eloquence to giving Tufts College help as far as he was able; he was president of the board of trustees of that college, and was given the honorary degree of Doctor of Law.

At this period, churches in Portland began to find themselves in what has become the business district

and there were many business organizations who were very desirous of getting possession of the property of the Church of the Messiah on India Street. In fact, so heavy was the mortgage on the church that the parishioners thought they must sell, until Israel stepped in, purchased the church, mortgage and all, and held it until the congregation could redeem it.

And so, with his family about him, with his church interests, his social life, and his endless activities in the interests of the city, never neglecting his country as a whole, lives our oldest son.

Sidney

There is always, in any large family, one who keeps in the background; one who, although equally able mentally and capable in every way, is yet satisfied to help the others along, taking no credit to himself for so doing. It was this way with my second son, Algernon Sidney. Patty used to say that he was of more help to her in the house than any of her girls; I know that he was a great help to me on the farm. In fact, all through his life he was fond of gardening and, I presume, was one of the first men to whom it occurred that nature did a lot more for a man who helped her than for one who let her do it all herself.

All my sons were great readers, and Sidney was no exception. I may say, also, that each and every one of them was possessed of a sense of humor and drollery that helped them, and all those who came in contact with them, to live a life that was none too easy in their younger days.

Sidney did not go to college. In fact, save for his reading, he followed no special bent, and one might say that all his education was completed in the schoolhouse that you may still see standing to the north of my home. His addition to a volume called *Notes of Livermore,* compiled largely by my son Israel, is as follows:

"Some of the boys more favored went to the high-

schools, academies and colleges,—but when at a long subsequent period a bright and ingenuous youth (his son John) was hearing others discuss their graduations and degrees, their class and commencements, and was told that the writer's Alma Mater was represented by the old faded schoolhouse, he should have been struck with amazement that one with such scant opportunities should have been so wise."

Part of the home training of all our family was the constant intercourse with men of character and scholarship. Patty always let it be known that her home was open to any visiting minister, teacher or otherwise noted man. I speak of men because in my day men's wives usually stayed at home in the same way that Patty did, and for the same reason, namely that any woman who bears and rears a family has her hands overfull with her allotted task; her friendly visits to her feminine neighbors kept her in touch with that element, but women from beyond our township borders were rare visitors.

Therefore I mind me of an incident connecting itself with our son, Sidney. We were sitting about one afternoon before it was time for me to think of barn chores, or Patty to think of supper, and talking to the Rev. Wm. Allen Drew, our eminent preacher, who was with us for the dedication of our new little church that still sits right in front of this, my home.

Sidney, who, I regret to say, often slid his barn duties on to Charles' or Cadwallader's shoulders or even the slender ones of little Willie Drew, our youngest boy, came in looking very fine indeed with

a nice new coat, his hair carefully parted and his cowhide boots carefully blacked and very clean. He sat down and began to listen to Mr. Drew who was reviewing his sermon very pleasantly. But hardly had his smug appearance made its due impression before Cad thrust his head around the door.

"Sid," he shouted, "take off my coat!"

Patty laughed, and I remember saying, "I thought I knew that coat. Go, son, and put on your own old one. 'Tis Cad's turn to look fine." He went, a little sheepishly, for it was last year that it had been his turn to have new garments.

In these easy days when a man may step into a city store and emerge with a well-fitting suit of clothes with only the trouble of paying for them it is hard to realize just what the real labor of outfitting her sons was to their mother.

First I had to raise the sheep and shear them. It took a dozen or more fleeces to make the web of cloth that Patty spun; but remember that first the fleeces were dyed in the wool with butternut dye that Patty made from year to year from our own nuts. The fleeces were then carded, the yarn spun, the loom set up for the long task of weaving the web. I sometimes hear her yet,—clack—step—clack—step as she flung the shuttle from one hand to the other and brought the beam back and forth as she flung it. It was a winter's work. The cloth must then be fulled by being immersed in hot water (since the boys grew out of their clothes soon enough without shrinking of the cloth), pressed with the heavy tailor's goose,

and finally cut to the pattern. The web would not reach for more than three suits of clothes, and even then the coats could not have tails to them. This grieved Sidney not a little until his mother turned about and said:

"It is far better to have brains in your head than tails to your coat."

Sidney's career, then, was the quiet home-making of a good man. He began life as a merchant in Boston, beginning as any farm-boy might, by selling goods over the counter in a general store, and by being alertly aware of where profits were to be made. Planning and saving came natural to him, and he studied finance as far as any green boy could be said to study money matters.

Patty never seemed to be surprised when any one of her sons succeeded in his undertaking, but she was a little startled when, one day, I drove her to Hallowell and showed her our Sidney as cashier in the bank. He looked very fine in his frock coat, with his quill pen behind his ear; he was later to become president of this bank.

"Well," said Patty as we drove home, "he's got tails to his coat already."

Elihu

Elihu! Ah! there was a man. There is so much to tell about him that I must pass lightly over his boyhood and youth, save to say that he was the first of our sons to actually go out into the world of men and things other than our peaceful home.

Our children multiplied, our means did not. Therefore, when my father, Israel Washburn, of Raynham, for whom I was named, wrote to say that they could take care of one boy for us, I took Elihu and drove down to Raynham, Massachusetts, where I left him for over a year.

With a mother's intuition Patty begged me to bring her son to our home again, and when I did so she rejoiced; it turned out that the boy had not been happy there, nor had he had as much schooling as we had anticipated. Patty and I were both of the opinion that education was the best thing we could give our sons. In fact, when school reports were brought to us, all my children understood that those reports had to be good and no nonsense about it.

"I hear your children are getting high marks at school" from a neighbor, would elicit from Patty, "Certainly they are. Aren't they Israel Washburn's children!" which was hardly fair to herself, although she did not consider herself a scholar. For myself, I could not see but the liberal education she derived from her many meetings with educated men

who came to our home was just as good as book study.

As I said, Elihu began life as more or less of a traveller; I had taken him with me in 1828 when I delivered a drove of cattle, which took some handling, to Brighton. The others boys seemed to think him more or less of a hero, having been to Boston!

Sidney and Israel Jr. both stayed in Maine, but they were the only ones who did. Elihu went here and there, always working, always studying with one object in view—to be a lawyer. In this he finally succeeded, being admitted to the bar in Massachusetts in 1840.

But he must needs follow Cadwallader to the Northwest, as we called the great states of Illinois, Wisconsin, and Minnesota. (Since then our Northwest has moved on as far as the Pacific ocean, but however!) He soon decided to settle in Galena, Illinois, where, as he wrote me, "The people are a litigious set," which was due, I imagine, to the mines. Mines and mining were always in litigation during that period of our country's growth, not only in Illinois but in California to which state my son Charles betook himself, as I shall tell you later.

Law, of course, was Elihu's business, but politics ran high in his chosen state. It did not surprise us folks at home to learn that Elihu, three years or so after he located in Galena, was delegate to the Whig national convention at Baltimore and it was he who presented Henry Clay's name as candidate for the presidency.

In 1848 he himself was candidate for Congress and was defeated. Apparently, as he became better known to the state of his adoption, his constituents thought better of it, for in 1852 he won his seat in Washington by a small margin; this margin grew continuously larger and he actually served for nine successive terms, eighteen years, and became "Father of the House." In this capacity he swore in two speakers, Schuyler Colfax and James G. Blaine. He was one of the Representatives who followed, as far as a man not in the army could follow, the army's positions in the field. He was actually among those present at Appomatox courthouse when Grant and Lee signed the papers that ended the war. But I am getting ahead of my story. It seemed as though Elihu's going away from us so young was, in a way, prophetic, for his whole life was one continuous matter of journeyings.

Galena, when he went there, wasn't much of a settlement. Streets in spring were simply deep muddy tracks; the houses were largely of logs, some few of frame, but none of them looking substantial as our New England homes look. Yet the society was good. There were many men of education who wore their broadcloth when the occasions warranted. Their ladies wore silks, cashmeres or bombazines; dresses made in Paris were no rarity, especially among the French Huguenots many of whom had settled in Illinois, among them the Hempstead and Gratiot families. These excellent men became fast friends of Elihu who greatly admired them and who

upheld their Huguenot beliefs as well as they did themselves, although he himself never varied from the church to which Patty and I went every Sunday—that same church you can see just outside my gate, the Universalist.

And so it came about that the young daughter of Henry Gratiot, a young schoolgirl when he first saw her, attracted Elihu and in the course of a few years he married her. She was a delightful little person with a trousseau that Patty marvelled at; in fact, Patty almost deplored Elihu's choice, thinking this gay young girl might not be equal to the great career that Elihu was already carving out. Later, Patty freely admitted her error, following with interest the girl of whom it was said that she was "born in a log cabin and lived to be kissed on both cheeks by a queen."

It is not my intention to go into the family life of any of my sons. I speak of this because it was largely out of compliment to his young wife that Elihu studied the French language and became most proficient in it. This knowledge was to be a great help to him in a career unthought of at that time.

I will return again to Congress where in 1854 Elihu, being elected from Illinois, was to remain for eighteen years. Israel was there, too, and Cadwallader soon followed making a place in the history of our country never before equalled, and of which Patty and I were duly proud—three sons from three different states. Yes, they always held together as I had instructed them in their youth. In fact, it did me

good and often made Patty smile at my enthusiasm, when a newspaper would refer to "The Washburns" in much the same way as they spoke of Whigs or Tories, Republicans or Democrats.

It was at a later time that one of our neighbors' girls from home was at a reception in Washington and heard some one near her say—"Ah! there is Elihu Washburne. He fills the room. No one has filled the room like that since Daniel Webster died." Patty was pleased as punch, and so was I when she told us this.

Our country began to stretch out toward the Pacific ocean at this important time. Up to then getting to California was difficult as it was necessary to go round Cape Horn by sailing vessel, or by the dangerous miasma-infected, crocodile filled Isthmus of Panama, or, more often, to go by covered wagon across the great wind-swept plains where herds of buffalo were often as much of a menace as were hostile Indians. Ah yes, many a wagon train which started with all suitable care was over-run by a herd of stampeding buffalo and left with nothing but wreckage to show where men had made the attempt to cross the continent! And now you can hardly buy a good buffalo hide at all!

In my youth steam-engines and their trains of cars were not very much of a success, and long journeys on trains were a great rarity. But in 1857 here was Elihu insisting that lands adjoining the railroads should not belong, necessarily, to the roads. I can hear him now. "Father," he argued hotly, "those

men who are doing so much to open up the Northwest and the far west with their railway tracks are not all doing it for public benefit. They want to get all sorts of privileges for themselves and their stockholders."

"Wild country?" he went on, jumping up and walking about. "Yes. It's wild enough. The last word was that the herd of buffalo that stopped the train took two days to pass. But it isn't going to remain wild. The land office in Washington is piled high with homesteaders' papers. Some days I think all Europe is coming over here to settle. I think immigration ought to be restricted—"

"But son," I interrupted, "so far as anyone can see by the papers, the immigrants are pretty good people. They must have a certain amount of enterprise or they'd never start across ocean and continent—"

"True, true," he answered, "but we ought to swallow what we've got already before we take in any more of 'em. At any rate, whoever settles our west, and far west, shall have their choice of land, since they have the enterprise to go there, and the railways can only have their due share. Cad and Israel agree with me. I guess among us we can make Congress listen." How many folk can thank "The Washburns" for their farms, their ranches and their homesteads!

On another occasion I asked him, "What do you think of this man Lincoln who seems to be before the public in one way or another?"

"He and I are great friends," was the quick reply. "What do I think of him myself? I think he is one of the really big men in this struggling country. And I like his attitude on slavery."

"And what is his attitude?"

"The same as mine, or yours. He thinks it's all wrong."

At this point Elihu pulled up his chair close to mine, and lowered his voice. "I'll tell you something he told me the other day. It seems he was over in Virginia, hardly a mile from Washington, and he saw a slave auction. They were offering a young girl for sale from the auction block. She was hardly more than a child, and the men were pawing her over, examining her as a farmer might paw and examine a filly or a young heifer. She cried and said strange words that might have been curses or merely pleas for mercy, but the man who bought her slapped her face and called for a whip to drive her along with—just as I might call for a whip for my filly. Old Abe said, 'If I ever get a chance to hit that thing, I'll hit it hard'."

"I hope he gets the chance," said I. "Do you see much of that sort of thing?" I added. Just then our little Callie, our youngest child, came to the door. Her heavy golden hair was plaited in two big braids. She had on a neat little apron trimmed with the tatting she had made and, as she stood there calling "Mother says she made a cornbread and it is about ready," her blue eyes danced, and I prayed that she

might in no way be drawn into the conflict we all dreaded.

I suppose all of us men born to the absolute freedom of Massachusetts and Maine farms will never understand the idea of slaves at all. Why, we don't even have servants hereabouts, just help—folk who come in and accommodate us when we need them, for a consideration, or often just for board and keep.

My sons were against the idea of a human being, no matter what his color, becoming a slave. The southerners' argument that the hot climate prevented crops being cultivated by white men, who would die under the burning sun, and that the Bible expressly spoke of the sons of Ham as being subservient to the other tribes, seemed specious always.

Elihu was always careful of expenditures, not only his own but those of our government treasury. When he had been in Congress some fourteen years, always watching expenses, he was made a member of the Committee on Appropriations; long before that he was called the "Watchdog of the Treasury". Very seldom did any bill for disbursements of government funds pass without at least one challenge from him, but when his brother Cadwallader put up a bill for needed funds in Wisconsin Elihu said never a word; this occasioned the remark—"How did it happen that that bill passed the 'Watchdog' today without even a bark from him?"

"Oh," replied his friend, "don't you know that the watchdog never barks when one of the family passes by?"

Elihu could make a first class speech, although he was not so good in that as was Israel. His speech on protection of the lead mining industry was worthy of mention. He had a commanding figure and any one of my boys could hold an audience spellbound. When Lincoln was nominated for president, Elihu made what was, I suppose, the longest speech he ever made. It showed Lincoln as he really was from the standpoint of his friend and neighbor and it must have been very useful to pro-Lincoln men in spreading information in the East where Lincoln was little known. It was said that Elihu's style of speaking was more convincing than that of any other member of the House.

The southerners hated Lincoln; in fact, I am not sure that they would not have hated the angel Gabriel if he had been elected President of the United States. At any rate, it was known that threats to assassinate Lincoln might find the opportunity open if Lincoln's time of arrival in Washington were known. Therefore, only two men in Washington knew when the newly elected President would come, —Wm. H. Seward and my son Elihu. Seward, for some reason or other, did not come to meet the train at all.

Elihu came to meet one train and not finding Mr. Lincoln's car attached retired hastily from the depot lest his own presence excite notice. He slipped out and walked about on some of the small mean streets that were near the railway station until an hour later, the time for the next train from the west. Sure

enough, the special car was attached. Elihu, with his customary haste and vigor, ran up the steps of the car and tried to open the door, only to be met by a guard with a loaded pistol.

"You can't come in," said the guard. "Out with you, mister—"

"I'm here to meet Mr. Lincoln. Put up that weapon. I'm Elihu Washburne, I tell you, I'm Elihu Washburne. Let me pass—"

I suppose Elihu was never nearer sudden death than at that moment, but fortunately Mr. Lincoln, ever alert for a friend's voice, put his head out of the inner door of the car.

"Let him in," said the President. "It's old Washburne. I'd know his voice anywhere. Let him in."

In our peaceful countryside, where we were far from direct conflict, these things hardly took shape until we learned from the boy who brought up our mail from the house a mile below us (where an office desk held all the mail there was) that war was on in good earnest. Fort Sumter had been fired on, the flag hauled down, and a new flag made by the southern states run up.

Elihu had not the physical strength for fighting, but his great energy, ability, and direct approach to governing forces made him still a power in the land in no way second to Israel, Cadwallader or Samuel; Israel who, as Governor of Maine, at once organized and equipped men for the front; Cadwallader who not only did that in Wisconsin but, being placed at the head of his men, took the field at once; or Samuel

whose knowledge of seamanship sent him out to a fighting finish on the sea.

Elihu had a good deal of influence with Lincoln, and it was he who emphatically recommended Grant to replace McClellan, or rather to supersede him, since Lincoln had not up to that time created a full generalship, or generalissimo, which we had not had since George Washington.

So we saw but little of Elihu during those trying war years, but letters came through telling of his following the army in a carriage, on horseback, or, for short distances, on foot. He was one who saw our army start bravely, confidently, fully equipped to drive back the rebels, and saw that same army overmastered, scared, in panic throwing away all accouterments. He, himself, was so astounded by this that he actually got out of the carriage in which he was driving with a friend and tried to make the soldiers rally. Flourishing a gun and bayonet, which he had picked up, he shouted as he threatened them, but all in vain. Had he not done this he might have been taken prisoner, since the identical hospital which he expected to visit was taken into the hands of the enemy at that time. A fine predicament that would have been!

I concur with my sons, who actually knew Lincoln, in saying that at the first the President had the thought of a quicker and, as one might say, an easier end to the war; that his plan was to come to some amicable agreement about the slaves, intending that they should be freed slowly, those born after a given

date being free. This would have made the reconstruction period that has followed our terrible war a totally different matter. But Lincoln could not carry out this plan, and so he freed the slaves by one stroke of his pen.

At last the war was over. My sons drifted back to my home with stories and souvenirs of one sort and another. Among other things, Elihu brought me the inkstand which he had seen Grant and Lee dip their pens into in signing the surrender of Lee at Appomatox Courthouse. By that time I was completely blind, but I can feel the shape of it, a small cone with a smooth surface and small neck. Elihu tells me it is of a brown color. A little later, General Grant sent me his cavalry saddle. This is a strange thing to me as I feel it all over. It is not in the least like any saddle I ever saw, having big stirrups, a high pommel and all manner of leather parts which I do not understand. But it is a wonderful souvenir!

Being still in Virginia on April 15th, in fact, he was already on a Mississippi steamer bound for Washington, Elihu learned with consternation of the assassination of President Lincoln; he returned to a Washington City in such an uproar as it will be impossible for me to describe. To me, whose only knowledge of these things comes at second hand, the astounding facts were almost too terrible to believe. It was as though a whole nation mourned, not the least of whom were the freed men, whose solemnly tuneful voices rang through the streets of Washington in wild dirges.

Elihu, of course, was among those most prominent in the matters concerning Lincoln's lying in state in the Capitol, and all other details of the sad trip of the black-shrouded train that carried all that was mortal of our greatest American to his last resting place. Of this, also, I have a souvenir,—the black crepe scarf and rosette worn by Elihu as Lincoln's pallbearer.

We were left in a peculiar situation so far as our government was concerned, for Andrew Johnson was, in all his doings, as far from Lincoln's wisdom and quiet strength as one pole is far from the other. At first Elihu, who like all my sons believed in upholding the government, felt disinclined to be one to impeach Johnson, but it seems that when he knew all the facts he came over to the other side and went into impeachment proceedings as violently as he ever went into anything.

He said to me afterwards, "Father, he is a bad and faithless man."

"That may all be, my son," said I, "but our nation as a whole will be better off if we carry along as we are rather than be held up to ridicule among the other nations of the world. This time just after our war is not any time for such work as impeachment of any president of the United States."

"I guess you're right, Father," replied he, "but I shall begin now to think of the next presidential nomination."

"And who will be your candidate?" I asked, glad to change the subject.

"U. S. Grant," he answered.

And from that time on, among his friends, in meetings of one sort or another, Elihu worked for Grant's nomination and was successful.

Now, as we all know, getting out voters, getting voters informed about the man who is a candidate for president, is no idle matter. I am convinced that my son Elihu's commanding personality and forceful speeches had much to do with Grant's nomination, and even more to do with his election at both the periods when he ran for president.

Elihu continued in Congress until Grant was elected and he was offered the portfolio of Secretary of State. This he accepted provisionally, as he was beginning to feel the strain of his long public service and felt that Europe and its healing waters might benefit him. He was then sent to France where he remained eight years, the longest term any minister plenipotentiary had ever had.

France, even then in a state of governmental uncertainty, was likely to be a very active post; it indeed proved to be so. At first, there were diplomatic receptions, dinners at the palace with Emperor and Empress, Holland's Queen, the British Ambassador,—all the panoply of a great nation in its heyday. But before long the war between Germany and France broke out.

As these items came to me, as I sat here in my sunny corner, I wondered how it happened that a son of mine, brought up on my small farm, could go so far afield; then I knew that it must be from the

mother that they got their ability, and I wished she were still with me to share my pride.

It would seem that Elihu's personal bravery in staying in Paris through the seige and Commune was something to marvel at. He felt that by remaining in his legation and keeping his flag up he could help refugees of all nations; he could feed many of the hungry, he could place our United States of America in a position of authority and give us credit that we had never had before in a diplomatic way. In other words, he often took decisions upon himself, in his masterful way, that had never been taken by any of his predecessors; knowing his impregnable position at home he, in the end, made history in rendering diplomatic decisions that have never been reversed, so good was his judgment.

Actually, our strict neutrality gave Elihu the opportunity to serve what one might call neutral Germans, in other words, Germans who had made their residences and had their business relations in France for so many years that it was not easy for them to return to their native land quickly. Many of them came to him for aid in getting their passports.

But there were other men who came to Elihu for aid—men who hoped, through him, to prevent a communist outrage which, it was feared, might shake St. Peter's throne in Rome. I refer to the wholly unwarrantable arrest and execution of the venerable Archbishop Darboy who was put in the prison of La Roquette as hostage for a communist leader named Blanquin.

All Elihu's very real power on all matters of state and all his masterful way of acting quickly without waiting for definite orders from Washington could not save the Archbishop, and it was with tears in his eyes that he told me of attending the funeral and doing all possible honor to the mortal remains of one whom he had called friend. I am proud to say that Congress sent him messages of definite approval of all his actions, and letters of thanks came to him from many Catholic bodies. I must mention, also, that the German Emperor sent him a letter of a most friendly nature and, finding that Elihu did not feel that he could accept a jeweled order, sent him instead a portrait of himself.

I pour out an old man's wrath at the unnecessary and unwarrantable murder of a saint among men, the Archbishop Darboy. This word "communist" is strange to me; although I am an old man, I don't understand how they pervert the old community usages and ideas into the proceedings of rogues, wholly ignorant folk who, while bragging of doing their followers good, take every opportunity to disrupt order, seemliness and law.

As to the French themselves, and Americans caught in the fury of a relentless war in which they had no part, it was my son Elihu who worked night and day for their interests. As always in war, the question of food was paramount, and Elihu tells me that he calculated that he had fed at least three thousand fugitives of both countries, as well as other lands; he did it, in a great measure, by supplying his

own storerooms with beans, saying that there was nothing of so little bulk that would supply so much nourishment proportionately.

Thus, for eight years and a half, with one return to the United States, Elihu stood faithful to his trust through much mental and physical stress. He then came home to retire to private life, but often returned to Washington to renew his associations there, especially his close intimacy with General Grant.

Grant was Elihu's warm friend until he decided to run for a third term, something we had never had in politics. Although Elihu himself was definitely spoken of as a possible presidential candidate, despite his loyalty to Grant, Grant's disloyalty to him caused a breach in their friendship that was never healed.

And thus in these my last days, as he occasionally sits here and tells me of his experiences in France and his recent political activities, I rejoice in him all the more because of his loyalty to a friend. He tells me, of late, that he is still a very busy man, although definitely out of politics. He is giving lectures, writing historical books, and, in short, very much occupied in his home in Chicago.

Cadwallader

Cadwallader? His mother named him, saying that we had had enough of family names, and he should have the name of a man who had made fame for himself. So she named him Cadwallader Colden, which was reduced to Cad, a designation held in low esteem by the English, since a cad is a low fellow, but which, to us, came to mean all that was high and fine.

Cad was the one of all my sons who always got himself up in the morning, and got the others, both older and younger, out of their beds. And so it was all through his career, helping others up and on, pushing them if necessary, but always forward.

He studied law, as a man could in those days, reading in his Uncle Reuel Washburn's office, then passing examinations with his brother Israel. Then he began his own career with the idea of self-support at an early age. He was principal of a school in Wiscasset, and then preceded Elihu to the great West where he looked, with the eye of one brought up on a farm, on the vast rolling prairies of Wisconsin, and its neighboring Minnesota. How he wished that we in this country had means of milling the hard wheat which a few farmers had found to be easily raised but not practical to mill, that is, except for a few men with small mills of their own that were inadequate, often useless against the hard kernels.

His law office brought him sufficient returns, but the state of his adoption needed men to go to Washington as representatives. He did some campaigning, speechmaking here and there; this, in the days when there was no transportation except on horseback, when newspapers were things of great moment and hard to come by on remote farms. Then the early settlers, eager for news, for recognition as a state, for appropriations to build up their interests, would gather in numbers great and small to hear a good speaker and to learn his policy and his views of the affairs of the nation.

Thus, quite presently, he was sent as Representative to Congress in 1854 where he stayed two terms and was again elected for 1866-68. Here he joined his brothers Elihu and Israel from their chosen states. Their mother was pleased at this as who would not be, for what mother has had three sons so honored in one nation and at one time.

This was at the time, 1858-1860, when feeling ran high in Congress, when Abraham Lincoln was first elected, when Secretary Seward was so busy opposing him, when the so-called comic artists were busy sketching him, and lampoons were rife in the land. (My sons, also, came in for their share.)

But they followed my advice given them in their active youth, and stuck together on important issues—so much so that they, with a group who were more naturally followers than leaders, were almost as much a power as the Whigs or Tories. In other words, "The Washburns" were to be reckoned with,

especially when important issues came up.

This was the period before the Civil War, when it seemed to us in New England that our southern friends were taking unusual liberties with our Constitution. They were making claims that the rest of us could not countenance, such as forcing slavery on us all, and they were for allowing any state, if it so desired, to secede from the Union they had sworn to support.

The following incident lends a lighter tone to that period of wrath, often suppressed, but oftener boiling out in angry words, sometimes even to the point of blows, or unwarranted threats. It would seem that Keitt of South Carolina called Grow of Pennsylvania a "black Republican puppy," which term of opprobrium Mr. Grow resented. Someone else—I never got the name—intercepted Keitt and knocked him down. Barksdale of Tennessee got hold of Grow when he, Barksdale, was struck by Potter of New York. Barksdale thought it was Elihu who had struck him in the general scramble for places in the fight, and he struck at Elihu. The blow, however, never landed, since Cadwallader had run up and seized Barksdale by the hair; this hair proved to be a wig which came off in Cad's hands, much to its owner's discomfiture. Thereupon everyone set up a laugh, which grew to a roar of mirth as the excited Barksdale, in replacing his hair, put in on wrong side foremost. What with Elihu's blazing eyes, Cadwallader's truculent bearing, the imminent approach of Israel, and the general disapproval of the whole

Congress, Mr. Keitt subsided (somewhat the worse for wear) to his seat, convinced once again that "The Washburns" were something to reckon with.

Our neighbors across the Atlantic ocean were very much amused when this story was sent them. London *Punch* came out with a long set of doggerel verses. I recall a few lines: "The Pilgrim from Woody Wisconsin"—"Washburn stood by his brother. Broad Illinois sent the one and woody Wisconsin the other."

War, as we all know, was declared in 1861 and Cadwallader went back to his state of Wisconsin to raise men to defend the Union and to abolish slavery. Slavery was not the first issue, as we know, but in Cad's mind it rode triumphant. He echoed, and reechoed Lincoln's words, "This country cannot exist half slave and half free." Men rallied to him at once. We have never been a military country, but we have always had men who could shoot straight, men who could defend a cause, men who were willing to follow a good leader to death, and Cadwallader was such a leader. In fact, I really believe if he had got the appointment to West Point which he so earnestly desired in his younger days he might have been General in Chief. At any rate, he kept on going up as he had always done in any undertaking and became successively captain, major, colonel, major-general.

When the war was finally ended, his state of Wisconsin, appreciating everything Cadwallader had done, elected him governor for two years, which

position he filled capably. His mind, at that time, was full of projects to bring that state to greater prosperity. The main business was lumbering, which obviously could not go on indefinitely since a man with a good logging crew can take off in one month more trees than will grow again in forty years. Some other industry ought to be established. He had visions of wheat growing in the illimitable prairies of Wisconsin and Minnesota, in which last state the mighty Mississippi could turn huge wheels forever.

Being studious as were all my boys, he learned that there was a country in Europe (Belgium) where it was said that the soil was identical with that of Wisconsin, so he sailed for Europe where he found that the tales were true. At that time there was no rule about immigration. Anyone who could pay for a passage, or work his way, could come to this enormous, glamourous, endless country; a country so large that much of it was unexplored, unnamed, uninhabited even by Indians in many places. A man might ride for days and weeks across our prairies without seeing a man, or striking a stone anywhere. No weeds grew in the lush grass. The soil was virgin, deep, mellow; rolling country with no hills, or at best hills not to be counted as such by one from our New England states, one who had crossed the Applachians, or had seen the Rockies.

Bohemia,—a trip of weeks in a sailing vessel. It was a vessel none too well equipped with food even for the passengers; with sheets on the beds that were not changed at all during the voyage; with diseases

among the crew that one can hardly name; with, in other words, hardships of all sorts, but counted as part of life in those days. If a man had a desire for travel, he expected to take his life in his hand at every turn.

My son went and returned safely, bringing with him men and machinery to mill the hard wheat. This mill was set up on the banks of our Father of Waters, the old Mississippi, at a place named St. Paul where the falls of St. Anthony burst through a gorge. The mills were a success at once. From a small set of machinery they grew to turn out endless barrels of fine flour, bolted and screened in ways hitherto unknown to us in our new country. This flour took the first gold medal ever given to any country outside of Europe and, from then on, was known as Gold Medal Flour, which name it bears to this day—a prize for any man, something for an old father to be glad about.

The fact that fine flour, if confined in rooms not properly ventilated, will form gases is now well known, but at that time the damage possible had not been suspected, nor had anyone thought of fire in this connection. When gas blew up in Cadwallader's first mill and took fire from the fires already in the mill, we thought he would be both ruined and discouraged. Serious as this was, however, it did not daunt my son. Not at all. Just how he managed to borrow money enough to keep him afloat none of us ever knew, but, as his father, I may be excused if I say that a man of his reputation for probity and

strength could get credit where a lesser man could not. At any rate, he rebuilt his Mill A, adding to it in due course Mills B and C. Let me tell you that for every man hurt or killed in the noble fight they made to save my son's property there is a name carved in the stone over the doorway on Mill A. Also, each and every one was pensioned, and widows and orphans were cared for. Indeed, a noble man!

These mills now turn out more flour in one day than any European nation can turn out in a month. Feed the nations? Certainly! We can do that!

It was a rare incident when all my sons were at home at once, but that did happen at one time in the year 1861 and great was the rejoicing. As they gathered about the dining table, sipping their wines, after the hearty meal was over, they got to rallying each other as to who was the greatest man among them. A vote was taken, and we found to our amusement that apparently each one had voted for himself. Israel was then Governor, Elihu was a Congressman, Cadwallader was in the army, Sam was in the navy, Charles was a writer of note and had been editor of the *California Chronicle* at Alta, Sidney was keeping his bank steady in an era of the wildest speculation, and William Drew was carrying chain to survey the great state of Minnesota. I remonstrated pleasantly and asked for a real opinion, smiling to think of this great race I had fathered.

Settling down again to their votes, it transpired that Cadwallader had six votes and Israel had one, which, of course, had been cast by Cad himself.

Yes, I am still of that opinion, for although since then my remarkable sons have gone farther on in their several lives, none of them made Cad's record: Congressman, major-general, Governor, empire-builder, merchant prince. They were right. Cadwallader is the great man among them.

Interlude

I have outlined for you the careers of four of my sons, and I am proud of them; but, in reason, I must not neglect my three daughters. They were fine women, all of them. Martha, the daughter born next after Cad, went west to keep house for her brother and there married Mr. Charles Stephenson. Mary met her fate in Orono at Israel's house, and after her marriage to Mr. Gustavus Buffum they went west, also, and lived in Missouri. Our little Callie (Caroline, as she now prefers to be called) also met Dr. Holmes in Orono at Israel's; the Civil War breaking out not long after, she shortly found herself a widow with two children. It is she who is with me most now in my blindness.

By the time our sons began to go out in the world to definitely mould their lives, Patty's ambitions began to manifest themselves in other ways. She wanted a modern cottage house, and, as you may realize by now, Patty Benjamin usually got what she wanted. So in 1843 the house was built on the same foundation, a house, as she said, in which she could entertain any of her son's guests with satisfaction. If our first house was the house of the young children, the second one was the house of the grown men and women; Caroline and Mary were married there, Patty's hospitable spirit flowered there, and many were the meetings concerning the church

which stands in front of the house to this day.

It occurs to me that I have not said enough of our Universalist church, which has always been so much a part of our home, and definitely a part of our children's training and education, as a church should be. The Universalist church was then, and is to a certain extent even now, frowned upon by other denominations as somehow too free, too easy. Early in 1827 we who liked mental, as well as actual, freedom got together and decided to build a church edifice of our own in what was then the center of population. Not wishing to be in debt, we sold the pews of the church before we cut down the trees in the forest. Then, much labor being contributed, we built our church, on land which was partly mine and partly that of neighbor Otis Pray (a very favorable location in that the main road passed directly in front of it). Finding that we had a matter of seventy-seven cents margin after all bills were paid, it was voted to discharge this in favor of the committee. The church was dedicated in 1828 and rededicated in 1874 which was last year, as I am telling you this tale in 1875.

And now, as I sit here pondering these things, before my inner vision rolls a picture of the landscape as I clearly remember it. Any day you may come and sit with me and I will tell you what I see: A panorama unrolls that is equal to anything in any country famed for its beautiful scenery. To the east my blinded eyes still see the sun first tinting the edge of a long, low hill. It shines through trees that, lit

from beyond in this way, show black against the sky until the sun, rising above them, makes them a golden glory. To the south, low hills roll away into blue distance. To the west, hills rise high and ever higher until, on clear days, the summit of Mt. Washington can be seen in a faint outline of deep blue against the evening sky. To the north, the hills close at hand cut off everything but the Maine sky, which is varied in summer with its tints of pink, red, yellow, and all shades between, or in winter is painted with a giant brush of shifting, gleaming northern lights that sweep across the hilltop.

I was always a great reader; in fact, I suppose I read too constantly. About 1859 I began to realize that my sight was going, although as it proved to be cataracts the reading may not have had much to do with it. At that time oculists were beginning to think that the cataract films could be removed safely, and of course my sons, Israel especially, at once had me operated on, but without success. I became totally blind, with only some sense of light or darkness left to me.

Now a blind man is a more or less helpless person, but I soon learned how to get about in our familiar home. Everyone who came along would read to me, or lead me out to take the air, and everything was done for my comfort and convenience. I had an excellent home, a wonderful family, and I did not and do not repine.

But I think it was the blindness that prevented my observing a change in my Patty. My dear wife began

to fail at about that time and on May 6th, 1861, she passed to her reward. Great was the loss to our church and community, still greater to our family, greatest of all to me. It has always seemed to me that she has only stepped across the threshold, and I know it cannot be long now before we meet for I am ninety years old and upwards as I tell this tale.

Let me tell you something of our services for Patty to which all of our children except Cadwallader, William Drew, and our two older girls, came; these four were located in the West. You may see me, already seventy-seven years old, holding the gold-headed cane that my son, Charles, had given me, sitting at the head of the room beside all that was mortal of my wife. There was a simple service, nothing especially laudatory. Nothing emotional appeared on the surface and there were few tears, for this is New England and the State of Maine whose tides run strong and deep with never a surface ripple.

This woman had died as she had lived, triumphantly, vigorously, with her head up, her vision clear. She had literally entered into rest for the first time, and as she found the reins slipping from her hands after her stirring and ambitious life she may well have sent out a last vigorous command, knowing herself blessed in her sons that they would obey it. She may have said, "I have done what I could. It is now for my children to keep faith, to follow on in the path that I have shown. Up, you sons of mine, the nation needs you. There must be no flagging in

your duty. Up and on." (For this was when Fort Sumter had been fired upon, when all our beloved land was wondering whither that act would lead us.)

As the neighbors filed past me where I sat, and as they looked for the last time upon "Aunt Patty," it would seem that each and every one, in lieu of the flowers with which we shower our beloved dead now, placed in the casket a fine thought, a promise, a hope, something that Patty Washburn might take with her to the great beyond in much the same way as the Indians placed bows and arrows in the blankets of their chiefs, as they were laid to rest, for use in the happy hunting grounds. The thoughts and hopes that each of my sons and daughters in their turn sent with their mother, came back enlarged, enriched, and blessed.

Israel, Governor of Maine: He must have felt a great satisfaction in that he had fulfilled his mother's ambition for him. He had come over even then from Augusta where, as governor, he showed a firm and steady hand in a time when so many men were swept about like straws in a gale of wind.

Sidney: He was the banker of Hallowell. His clear judgment and care was to keep his bank sound.

Elihu: As he hastened up from Washington where he was "Father of the House" and "Watchdog of the Treasury", did he dream of riots, of disorder and bloodshed and the red flag, the red flag that could not quench his courage as he stood beside America's flag upholding her honor and glory not only in France, but on all the European continent?

Cadwallader: All the brothers had pronounced him the greatest of them all. Out in far Wisconsin did he see the battlefields upon which he would lead his men to victory? Did he see, after that, fields of waving grain where grain had never waved before, all due to his dreams of an empire founded upon the good feeling and good food of its people?

Charles: Surely he could not see the maelstrom of fury into which he would so shortly be drawn. Nor could he have foreseen that he, the only bachelor of the family, would before long bring a most lovely young bride to this house, a bride who was to share all these terrors with him.

Samuel: Up from Boston Harbor and his ship, did he, in anticipation, feel the impact of the round-shot that was to send him limping through a pain-wracked life?

William: He had played with trains of cars in his boyhood. As Surveyor General of Minnesota, did he see the development of the great Northwest in rail-roading, when his cars would carry his brother Cadwallader's wheat to all the world?

Perhaps they saw, for they were men of vision. I know, at least, that as the five lowered into her grave this bodily part of their mother, each one made sure that his gold ring was upon his finger, each one took firmer hold upon his ideals, for they all foresaw in some measure the struggle that was upon our nation.

After Patty's going away my life went on much as usual. My downstairs bedroom had everything placed so that I knew just where everything was,

and often I would lay my hand on the cradle which I kept at the head of my bed, or place my foot on the treadle of Patty's flaxwheel to hear it hum. Those things were company to me. Thus, when I smelt smoke one fall morning in 1865 and knew that someone whose voice was familiar to me had gone by my window shouting, "Fire! Fire! Uncle Israel,—fire—fire!" my first thought was of these. I am afraid I made the working men, who were making repairs and alterations on the house at the time, more than a little trouble as I refused to go out until I was sure they were saved, especially the cradle.

The house was totally consumed, and when we came to discuss the origin of the fire it turned out that one of the carpenters had shot at a cat that he didn't like, and which had run under the buildings to get away from him. In those days gunwads were made of tow, and the supposition is that one of the wads smouldered until the high wind on this particular day blew it into flame.

The fire left me homeless for a time, but it did not take long for my sons to have this mansion built, where I sit to tell this tale. Both of our other houses were commodious, with sunny rooms and many comforts, but this is much larger, with very large windows. There is a fireplace in my bedroom, which is downstairs, and from which I soon learned to find my way to my sunny corner. My sons come often, some one of them being here all the time, many gatherings are here, and I am content.

Charles

To begin the story of my fifth son means to begin with a picture of a youth with a book in his hand. Charles always stood well in his classes. A good mathematician, a splendid essayist, a master of English prose, he started his career in a small schoolhouse, guiltless of paint at the time and so overcrowded with seekers after learning that seats were at a premium. Thence he managed to get to Kent's Hill Seminary. Living conditions were about the same as at home, which meant that when Charles went there he must needs look after himself to a great extent, for, although Patty managed to give her sons a pretty good outfit of clothing when they went abroad, that was about as far as we could go. But students could cut their own firewood, cook their own meals on their own small stoves, do any light work for which a professor's wife might pay a small sum, and in these various small but practical ways eke out the term's expenses. Also Charles taught school in the periods between his own studies, for the school terms were so arranged that students could go about teaching in order to collect funds with which to carry on.

In speaking of the stress and strain of life in the early years of this son, I would not have you think that his life was in any degree an unhappy one. Among this family of brothers, big and little, and

sisters who adored him for his geniality and helpfulness, Charles, with his merry ways, his frequent jokes, was an integral part of a whole that moved toward a remarkable destiny.

The lighter, brighter side of life was represented by as much gaiety as any one young man could find time for. In the immediate vicinity of our home, notably on the same hillside, were the schoolhouse, the church, the tavern, the saddlers, the general store which I kept, the minister's house, and half a dozen other homes that sheltered boys and girls, young men and women. There were frequent parties of one sort or another, in which everyone joined in a true American equality. No special dress was needed. No one had any money for store clothes. Neckties were made by women out of bits of their old silk dresses, shirts were stitched by hand by mothers or sisters, coats and trousers were also made by women. Winter was the season of most of the social gatherings. Dances were frequent, with one old fiddler to inspire their feet; there were singing school, husking bees, quilting parties, apple-paring contests, sleighing trips that ended in surprise parties, skating parties, and sugaring off of maple sap. In summer and fall there were corn roasts, picnics, and straw-rides. And everyone went, no matter what the weather, or the condition of the roads.

The spelling match was the great event of the school year, and seldom indeed was Charles spelled

down, even when pitted against his brothers and sisters.

Many a night, on his return home from a party, Charles would stand outside of the house. He wondered about the Southern Cross, told of by mariners, but never did he suppose that he would see it. Often he would study out some Latin or Greek verse, calling upon Israel to verify his translation before he sought his bed. He liked to recall the ancient tales of Orion and of the Great and Little Bears as he had translated them in his Latin books, dreaming, planning, hoping, quoting poetry: "Many a night I saw the Pleiades, rising through the mellow shade, glitter like a swarm of fireflies tangled in a silver braid."

Thus, although Charles was a normal young man among his fellows, his tendency was always toward study, reflection. Poetry and history were more often his readings than tales of the imagination. Did he learn that a neighbor had bought a book,—and buying a book was as important as buying a cow, and far less frequent—within a few days he was upon that neighbor's doorstep to inquire with the utmost solicitude as to when he could borrow it, assuring the owner of the greatest care in its use. In the minister's house a small but excellent library was kept. I will venture to say that Charles read every book in it.

Charles' schooling at Kent's Hill was in preparation for his further ambition, which was to go to West Point, there to train for a military career. He

did enter there, passing easily all the mental tests, and for a short time settled down among the other entrants with much satisfaction. His letters at this time are fairly gleeful. This was his great opportunity; this was a definite career, a plan of life that pleased all of the older boys as they deemed that this dreamer would now become more practical, the positive training of an army opening to him many opportunities.

It would seem that there were too appointees for West Point from the same district. As but one was allowable, when Charles had been a few days at the Point it became necessary to eliminate one or the other of the two young men. A mental test had disclosed Charles ready at all points, but the physical examination showed some tendency to weakness in the calves of his legs. This was considered cause to dismiss him, as it was supposed he could not stand the drilling to which he would be subjected. As a matter of fact, this tendency to enlarged veins, if it ever existed, never developed.

Thereafter, all his life, Charles took pleasure and pride in taking long walks, and in carrying through duties of one sort or another that required standing for hours; this was a mental protest, but he could not return to West Point. The decision was final.

For the following summer he worked at our home, almost too listless and depressed to even try to teach his usual summer school. In his letters to Israel he thinks it possible that he may go to sea. He had no taste for the sea, no desire for the rough experiences

that were involved in a seafaring life, but—what was there to do? He felt the need of further education, but how obtain it?

Israel gave sound advice at this juncture, telling Charles by no means to go to sea and on all accounts to go to college somewhere, even if his chosen Alma Mater, West Point, had refused him. The other older brothers also advised Charles to go to college, and after many long thoughts and with some financial help from his brothers he entered Bowdoin College in 1844.

At college Charles was very popular. He was always ready to help other students, either with their studies or in the difficult task of maintaining themselves in food and studying at the same time. It became customary for two or three of them to gather in his room and cook their food on the one stove. This part of his life was a continuation of his experiences at Kent's Hill Academy; studying winters, teaching schools in summers, with intervals on the farm when he helped with crops and harvests. Students cut their own firewood, as well as doing, so to speak, their own housekeeping, and Charles' college days were busy ones. It took character to do all that—to work or to study all the time, realizing that, although the studies were what you came for, the stomach must be filled and the body kept warm if you were to study at all.

Bowdoin was founded by a man who realized that, if there were to be any students in a district where actual money was so very scarce, most of these stu-

dents must have means to work their way through, or at least to add very materially to their physical wants while at college. Thus Charles writes of cutting his own firewood in the wood-lots belonging to the college, of cooking his own steak on the coals of his little stove, making rabbit-stew, baking potatoes in the ashes, boiling corn meal (hasty pudding he called it), baking apples and so on; this food was supplemented by bread that some professor's wife or housekeeper must have made, since there were no bakeries then anywhere. Students also received from home supplies such as bacon, beans, salt pork, pickles, preserves, maple sugar, and corn beef, all of which constituted an ample supply for a hardy man.

Charles ate what he could get, worked in getting up his firewood, and for the rest, studied, always studied. In the two long vacations, mid-winter and mid-summer, he taught school. And in the end he won through, being graduated in 1848.

It was while Charles was still at Bowdoin that his mother's ambitious plans for her sons flowered into a determination to have a new house. Although our abode was quite up to the local standards, and was in good condition, it was not, in her estimation, going to be good enough for the men whom she had mothered. Charles was much interested in this plan. As often as he came home he helped me cut down trees and haul the logs to mill to be sawed into lumber for the new house. Then there was the tearing down of the old house as the new one grew.

But the college years ended and once again Charles was confronted with the question of what career to undertake. There was never any doubt about his making a career, either in his mother's mind or in his. Sidney was engaged in merchandising in Boston at this time. Elihu was a lawyer in Galena, Illinois. Cadwallader was practising law in Wisconsin and already beginning to write of the great opportunities that the virgin forests offered there, to see visions of wheat on the fields and prairies of Minnesota to the north. For a while, after graduating, Charles worked as a clerk in the Land Office, in Washington, D. C., a position which Elihu obtained for him. (Patty, on being asked why her sons did not all go to the same state had replied that no one state was big enough to hold them.)

At this time the great news came from California. California! Gold! Adventure! The dreamy, bookish, young man suddenly took fire, a fire like his native snow-banks, cold, yet blazing. Like his brothers, quiet and forceful, he set his face to the west. When this decision was reached his mother was pleased, and I was content, for until then Charles had seemed a shade less enterprising than the others, less adventurous, less likely to build to any great achievement.

Three ways were open to California, all difficult, all with some element of very real danger; Indians on the plains, fevers on the Isthmus, and scurvy or worse on the ill-fitted, ill-provisioned sailing vessels trading around Cape Horn. This last was a three

months passage, but it took as long or longer overland by wagon train. The Isthmus was known to be badly overcrowded, as ships sailing to its northern edge could not, or did not know what ships might be sailing up the west coast from Panama City.

Of three evils, choose the least. Charles sailed for California the latter part of 1849, going around the Horn under very much the same circumstances as did Richard Henry Dana a few years before, except that Charles was a passenger, not one of the crew. His letters report no especial cruelties of the captain or mate, much poor food, some sickness among the crew, much weariness and inertia, boredom if you will, on his own part as the weeks dragged into months. Three months it was before they sighted the Golden Gate and his journey was ended, early in 1850. His eyes, for which he had been obliged to purchase glasses for a near-sighted condition, were much improved by the enforced rest, his courage was good, his dreams now about to become actualities.

On his arrival he was confronted with an atmosphere of gold. Gold in the hills, gold in the camps as a medium of exchange in dust or nuggets, gold washed from the pans on the gold-bearing sand, gold in nuggets dug from the earth, gold embedded in quartz in more friable earth. Men were drunk with the power of it, the lure of it, the danger of having it in quantities.

San Francisco was little better than a mining camp, but the Golden Gate was the glory that was

California to Charles. Men were rough beyond belief, women were scarce and mostly of ill-fame. Life was at its rawest, its most primitive in law and order; but the God who set the stars in their places was overhead. His mother's gold ring was on his finger—all would be well with him.

Some such thoughts and visions must have come to this son in his first experiences in that amazing country. Fresh as he was from a quiet, well-ordered home life, from a law-abiding, God-fearing, strictly moral part of our country, he was amazed to see men of ability drawn into the whirlpool of the mad life of the gambling dens, the illicit deals made possible by such loose morals.

Money, money, easily made, carelessly spent. Money as a god. Get money, get power here in this new land if you can, but, above all, get gold. In such a community any new man is approached by those who wish to know his principles, his abilities, his plans. This quiet, orderly student was a new type. What was he going to do? Which group would he ally himself with?

Charles outfitted himself sparingly with the tools necessary to dig gold, paying fifty to a hundred and fifty per cent more for picks and shovels, pans and so forth than he would have paid in the East for the same equipment. He joined a party going to the mines where he was one of a group who, like himself, were seekers for gold as a means to maintain a decent livelihood, to establish future homes, with enough savings to make them comfortable for life,

and to send their children along with greater prospects than they, themselves, had ever had. Leland Stanford, with his wife and child, was one of this group.

So Charles dug gold, washed it out in his pan, cooked and kept house in much the same way the other miners did. Enough money was earned in this way for him to take up the other kind of work for which he felt himself more fitted.

Meantime, while still at work in the mines, his quill pens were dashing across his blue foolscap paper which he covered with the careful script that editors hoped for, but often did without when the material was of value. Perhaps it was here, when quill pens were whittled down to nothing and ink was hard to come by at all, that he began to think of some sort of writing machine that could be operated by the hand of the writer.

In his later life, he wrote a novel, entitled *Philip Thaxter,* from which you may read a few passages that serve to show the gold country as it was on his arrival:

"The Garret House was not so good a building as Captain Stout's tavern, though it was not scantily supplied with those things that make glad the inner man. There was boiled venison fat and juicy, beefsteaks, mutton-chops, ham and eggs, broiled quail, roast goose, broiled antelope steak, baked potatoes, hot rolls and batter pudding.

"For sleeping conveniences, the bar-keeper told them the best he could do was to allow them to spread

their blankets on the floor of the bar-room, which was also the dining-room. This would cost them only a dollar each, whereas, if they slept upstairs in cots or bunks it would cost two dollars.

"—— —— on Kearny street there was a row of gambling houses in full blast. The first one was a large and elegantly furnished room with a bar extending nearly its whole length. S— took a drink, offered a sovereign ($5.25) and received in change $4.75 which astonished him as he had heard the liquor was twenty-five cents a glass. The bar-keeper, however, told him that everything above four dollars passed for five, that five franc pieces passed for dollars, and English shillings and all other pieces larger than a 'ninepence' passed for quarters.

"On each side of the room were tables on which were placed large piles of silver and gold coin mounted with big samples of pure gold, just as it came from the mine. One specimen they noticed was marked $1,300.00. Besides the tables arranged along the sides of the room, there was a row in the middle of larger tables upon which still larger piles of coin and richer specimens of ore were placed. These tables were devoted to faro and monte, and around them were gathered as many as could stand, some betting and some watching to see the run of the cards.

"The tables ranged along the sides of the room were devoted to smaller games. One man had a set of dice which he threw in at the top of a hollow tin cone, and which came tumbling down with entire

fairness unless the owner of the bank saw someone betting on a particular number, when he could, by a motion with his left hand, stop those dice which he had thrown in with his right and cause others to fall down which had been loaded to meet this very case.

"At a monte table the wildest kind of betting was going on. Miners with long beards and shabby clothes would pull out their bags of dust, sometimes having several pounds of gold in them, depositing them on the table and risking the whole on the turn of a card. If they lost, they would go off, apparently unconcerned, saying there was enough more where that came from.

"The scene was intoxicating. Of those who entered that room, the larger half engaged in some of the games. Many who went in, having never lost or won a dime before at any game of hazard, and who had entered from curiosity, did not leave till their last dollar was piled on the banker's table.

"Every art that could excite, and every device that could intoxicate was brought into use. At the farther end of the room was a fine band of music that discoursed soft and voluptuous strains. Around the walls of the room were suspended large and costly paintings in immense gilt frames, some of them being of nude figures and all having a meretricious look.

"Behind several of the tables beautiful females were seated to deal off the cards and take in the winnings and enliven the games by their smiles and

witty remarks. Had the great tempter of souls himself devised a place where the feet of those who might enter there should take hold on death, he could not have improved on this."

As will be readily understood, California was to all intents and purposes a small principality with, for the time being, a sort of rude self-government, shown in the vigilance committees and the hasty swearing in of judges and justices of one sort and another to the end that these actually unlawful bands have some semblance of law.

Shirley was a woman, apparently, who had recently come to California to join her husband. Her description is vivid:

"We have lived through so much of excitement for three weeks, dear M—, that I almost shrink from relating the gloomy events that have marked their flight. But if I leave out the darker shades of our mountain life the picture will be very incomplete. In the short space of twenty-four days we have had murders, fearful accidents, bloody deaths, a mob, whippings, a hanging, an attempt at suicide and a fatal duel.

"The state of society has never been so bad here as since the appointment of a Committee of Vigilance. The rowdies have formed themselves into a company called the 'Moguls' and they parade the streets all night, howling, shouting, breaking into houses, taking wearied miners out of their beds and throwing them into the river, and in short 'murdering sleep' in the most remorseless manner."

The above quotation was, of course, written from a mining camp. But in the city of San Francisco there was time for a man to think of other things than gold. So we find in this same magazine sketches, poems, and articles of an entirely different nature. Among them is one of the scholarly articles of Charles. Gently reflective, high-minded, like his mother's arrow it pointed up, giving the men who were weary of hangings, riotings, whippings and murders something else to think about. You may read:

"Men are not virtuous because virtue is profitable, nor are they honest because honesty is the best policy. Neither are men religious from the hope of Heaven or fear of Hell. If from such motives they appear so, there is no vitality in the religion they profess, but it is simply a cloak, worn for its worldly advantage, and its possessor is no better than other men. 'If ye love them which love you, what thank have ye?' 'Love ye your enemies.' 'The vilest wretch on earth will do a good deed for a reward, but the good man will do it regardless of selfish considerations. To him the act is its own reward'."

We find all through Charles' writings this tone of slight melancholy, and of high thought. It was not long before many men in the camps began to feel relieved at the knowledge that a man who could, and would, write of things abstract was among them.

These quotations contemporaneous with Charles' life in California give the two extremes of the life there. In this same little magazine are outlined the

immediate activities of the city in a series of small editorials on monthly summary of events, which events vary from politics and fires to dinners and a notice that The Ladies Protection and Relief Association celebrated its second anniversary. By a report of the treasurer it appeared that since July 11th, 1854, they had expended a loan of $2,159.77 and had a balance on hand $251.53. A donation of $1,000.00 was received from C. K. Garrison Esq. This goes to show that America expanded then along much the same lines as she does now; first law backed up by force if necessary, then business, then charity, which, begun by women, was appreciated by men and helped along, in its turn, by everyone.

In this same section of the little magazine the item is found that "The S. S. Golden Gate left for Panama, carrying treasure to the value of $1,101,858.04 and the Nicaragua steamer, Sierra Nevada, for San Juan, with treasure to the value of $828,972.94."

Truly this was the "gold coast" and, apparently, there were no pirates in those days, for there is no report of this treasure being taken to any other place than that for which it was intended. This was a mild editorial brag. Everyone in California wanted to tell the world that they had gold there. Look here—you effete easterners, see what California can do, and marvel.

To return to the mines with Charles, I will quote from his book again as others read it to me:

"The new-comers were now elated and in great haste to take possession of their claims; for they

could not believe it safe to leave unoccupied for a single hour so valuable a spot as this was reported to be. Every man they saw approaching, they fancied was making for the same place. They therefore dispatched one of their number with a pick and shovel to the ground, as they had learned that that was sufficient to hold a claim for three days, according to the mining laws that then obtained on the river.

"That evening they provided themselves with such tools as they were lacking. The cradle was the customary utensil for washing the gold. This was placed on the edge of the river and the dirt was carried to it from the claim in buckets and dumped into this machine. The water being poured into this at the same time that the cradle was rocked to and fro, the dirt was carried first through a sheet-iron sieve to an inclined table and from that fell to the bottom of the rocker and thence ran out of the machine. The gold, in the meanwhile, being heavier than the earth, settled to the bottom of the cradle and was caught and retained by the riffle boards that were tacked down for the purpose. They soon caught the idea of this machine by seeing it used by others, and before dark, they had their claims measured off, their tools in them, their cradle set on the bank of the river, and were prepared for a powerful effort the next day.

"They likewise made for themselves a bush tent that same evening and obtained from their friends of the trading tent such cooking utensils as they required, as also a bag of flour, a quantity of Chilean

beans or frijoles, a piece of pork, and sugar and coffee. The next morning they were up betimes. They were so eager to get to work that they could not stop to prepare much breakfast. The remains of their soda biscuit, a slice of boiled ham and a drink of Yuba water sufficed (i.e. water from the Yuba river) and they began work in fierce earnest. The most powerful man of the three used the pick and shovel and filled the buckets, the second man carried them to the cradle and the third ran through the dirt. They looked often to see if they were getting any gold, and sure enough they were. So they kept on till noon and when they came to clean up and took their treasure into the store to have it weighed, they found they had just one dollar and seventy-five cents. Scotty said they did not save the gold. He would show them how to do it. So after dinner he went out and after watching them for a few minutes said it was plain enough that the gold all ran through a few buckets, and taking out the gold found not less than five dollars.

" 'The motion of the cradle,' said he, 'must be uniform, the water must run through gradually, and the black sand must be stirred up frequently from the riffle boards, else the gold will all run over.' Thus enlightened our friends went to work again, and at night had an ounce to show for their day's work.

"The day being Saturday, that night there was a great gathering of miners at Scotty's tent. Almost every man had a buckskin bag well filled with gold,

and they seemed to vie with each other to see who could spend it most lavishly. In the back part of the tent were two gambling tables, around which stood a crowd 'bucking' at monte.

"The miners, when they came in, would generally drink themselves and ask all the others to drink—nay, would insist on treating the whole crowd, and compelling them to drink whether they would or no. Hence those who were among the first at the store were in a maudlin state before it was at all late. The different people were in every degree of inebriation, from the strictly sober to the very drunk. The majority, however, were in a state to be reckless, and the gold was fast accumulating on the gamblers' tables. Men seemed to gamble just for the sake of losing; for they would get a certain amount of dust changed to coin, when they would approach the table for the avowed purpose of 'bucking it off' and, when it was gone, would go away contented."

This was, then, the life of the miners as far as the actual getting out the gold was concerned. The question of housing and food is also dealt with in the same book. Again I ask that you read aloud:

"The hills around were covered with pines, tall and straight, with never a limb for eighty feet from the ground. By cutting them so that they would fall down the hill they could get all the logs required, and close to where they wanted them. It was, therefore, short work for them to fell the timber, cut and notch the logs and put them in their places. For roofing they got some stout canvas from one of the trading

tents and at the end of four days they had a house such as was the envy of all the tent inhabiting miners.

"They also had the further luxury of sleeping on something softer than the ground, for across one side of their house they made a tier of bunks wherein they could sleep without being reminded that the ground was a hard bed to lie on. They also had a rude table on the other side of the cabin made, not of boards, but of small poles laid side by side. For seats they had a small pine about eight feet long, split through the center, and in the oval part of which legs were inserted, thus bringing the flat side uppermost.

"Their usual bill of fare was about the same as the other miners. The standing dish, or rather the main reliance, was pork and beans. The beans were of the kind called frijoles, a kind of Chilean production, of a dark color, large, easily cooked, and palatable. These were put into a large pot with a piece of pork and stewed until they were soft and pulpy when, with a piece of bread, they afforded a luxurious meal. For bread they relied mainly on sea and soda biscuit, but the miners generally made their own bread each day. It was not always the lightest, and not infrequently was hard enough and solid enough to be a very dangerous brickbat.

"A favorite dish with the miners was a peculiar kind of griddlecakes called 'slapjacks'. They were simply flour and water made into a batter, and poured into a spider, and browned over a fire. This dish was often eaten because it was so easily pre-

pared. The slapjacks were not so tough as green hide, but were rather to be compared to the texture of a felt hat and not infrequently passed by that name."

But Charles, being of an ingenious turn, soon found a way to make bread which had several advantages to recommend it. First, he could make it without touching his hands to it; second, he could make it with very little labor; third, he could always be sure of light and palatable bread. His method was this: Into a very large and deep tin pan about half full of flour, he poured his yeast. This he stirred up with sufficient water to make a consistent batter of the whole. He would then set it aside, if in the morning, until evening, if in the evening, until morning, by which time it would all be the lightest sponge. He would now add a sufficient quantity of dry bicarbonate of soda, pulverized very fine to neutralize the acidity of the batch. Then he would pour the whole into a Dutch oven and set it on the hot ashes, covering it with a hot cover overlaid with coals. In about forty minutes he would have a loaf sweet and toothsome, and light as one could wish.

As soon as Charles' activities in the mines permitted, which was as soon as he had dug enough gold to pay for his bargain, he became editor of the *San Francisco Times*.

When he had definitely taken up his pen, he wrote for a small monthly magazine called the *Pioneer*. He wrote under the pen-name of Oliver Outcast, which he used interchangeably with Oliver Optic, Pere-

grine Pilgrim, or Peter Plunkett, as was the custom in those days when Dickens was Boz and Mary Evans was George Eliot.

Later he bought out the *Alta California* and was for several years editor of that paper. He began a sort of crusade against many of the abuses of that city in which he had cast his lot and, as his pen was as merciless as it was definite, he soon found himself in some personal danger.

A Southerner, filled with hate against Lincoln, and against Charles as Lincoln's supporter and openly against slavery, came to Charles' office, and some words like this passed between them:

"Mr. Washburn, suh!" he began, "you did not see fit to take my warning. I told you, suh, to retract your words."

"Quite so. I guess I must have been thinking of something else when you left."

"I will thank you, suh, not to be so—er—er-flippant."

"Flippant! Nothing is further from my thoughts. I am a man of the utmost seriousness."

"I demand, suh, that you retract all that you have said, and make an apology."

"I understood you to say that before."

"I demand an answer."

"The answer is that I won't do it."

"Think it over, Mr. Washburn. Retract or—"

"I don't need to think it over. I'll not retract one word of what I have said. In fact, I'll say a good many more before I have done with you, and with

such as you. Now leave my office."

"Mr. Washburn, I will meet you on the field of honor. Choose your weapon."

"Field of honor, humph! Which particular field would you designate as worthy of so exalted a person to be honorable upon?"

"I do not like your language, suh!"

"I like yours even less."

"Tomorrow at dawn, then. What weapons will you choose?"

"The only weapon I have is my rifle. I'll bring that. It won't be dawn because of our morning fog. Please understand that I haven't the least desire to shoot you, or to shoot any man in cold blood, but as the only way to make such scalawags as you understand anything is to do some shooting, I will say again that I'll bring my rifle and meet you at fog-rising."

"Where?"

"If I choose the weapons, you may have the pleasure of selecting the field upon which you propose to murder me. If one field seems to you to have more honor scattered about on it than another, do, by all means, select that particular field."

"I do not like your language, suh!"

"So you said before. You'll have a fine chance to stop my language forever, tomorrow morning. I'm a fairly big target."

"Tomorrow, then, at dawn, on the field near the Cliff."

"Yours to command,—most honorable sir."

They met as planned. Charles, after their seconds had arranged the usual preliminaries, wheeled, turned and threw his rifle toward the zenith. Whether it was this unexpected gesture, whether the rifles of the period were inaccurate, or whether his foe had decided not to do murder for the sake of his own skin, I do not know, but although the shot took effect on my son, it was only a harmless flesh wound in his shoulder. It felled him to the ground, where he bled profusely.

His challenger fled, and well he might, for this duel, so uncalled for, this calm shooting of a man who would not even defend himself, started something in California that blazed throughout the length and breadth of the state.

But from his bed of pain Charles' constant cry was, "Law, friends, law. Order. No violence on my behalf. Let them go. They will all die of their own poison. It will do me no good to have murder done for me, since the fates did not decree that it should be done upon me. Let there be law and order in this fair country. Order and law, I say."

In recognition of the signal services that Charles had rendered California in his fearless attitude, his friends gave him, about this time, a gold watch and chain. This gift is so typical of the California of those days that it will bear describing. The watch itself is thick and large, and has a smooth case with his initials on it in monogram. It was made of the best gold procurable and contained the best works that his friends could obtain. But its chain was its

crowning glory, for this chain was made of twenty dollar gold pieces linked together. Each double-eagle, as these coins were called, had a square hole cut out of the center, into which the next coin was fitted through a small slot cut out of the side and then sealed again near the center. The fob was made of gold-bearing quartz, a very rich specimen, polished and mounted. The chain proved too heavy to be practical, but the watch and fob Charles kept.

In the course of his ten years in California, Charles made several trips to the East where he was received with great enthusiasm as no one, so far, had had quite such adventures as he. By that time Panama transportation was more regular, and the Union Pacific railroad had been stretched out to the coast.

Charles came East, November, 1860, carrying the electoral vote for Lincoln from that state, this being the first vote that California had cast as a state. It was of the greatest importance, as it decided the election for Lincoln and was the last vote to be brought in. At the same time Charles brought his own application for Collector of the Port of San Francisco. Lincoln considered this favorably but said that there had been so many Washburns in Congress, meaning Israel, Cadwallader and Elihu, who was still there, that he feared another Washburn appointed to what was then a very important post would cause disapproval.

To show the feeling in California about Charles I will here interpolate a few of the letters he had with

him and I may also say that his application was, and is, a curious thing since it is simply three sheets of the blue foolscap paper then so much in use, pasted together one below the other. It is headed in the exact and beautiful penmanship of a professional writer (perhaps I should say scrivener, or copyist) as follows:

"To the Honorable Abraham Lincoln President of the United States of America.

"The undersigned merchants and business men of San Francisco having long known Mr. Charles A. Washburn personally or by reputation cordially recommend him as a suitable and acceptable person to fill the office of collector of the port of San Francisco."

The signatures are headed by Stanford Brothers and are ninety in number, in two columns. On the reverse side of this paper in a handwriting not so professional, is written—

"Washington Feb'y 28th 1860. Mr. Charles A. Washburn having shown the within petition to and asked me to read the names signed thereon, I state, at his request without hesitation that I know most of the firms whose signatures are appended, and recognize many of the most wealthy and influential in the city of San Francisco. (Signed) Milton J. Latham.

"I concur in the above statement. (Signed) E. D. Baker."

In addition to these evidences of his claims and popularity he was able to present a petition signed

by a large number of the largest business houses and firms in San Francisco recommending him for Collector of that port. The Hon. M. J. Latham, formerly holding the same office, and at present U. S. Senator, certified to the leading position of these signers in the business community, and also of Hon. E. D. Baker, Senator from Oregon.

He was also recommended in the strongest terms by a majority of the Republican State Central Committee of California as having "ever maintained an unsullied character in every relation of social and public life and the opinion expressed that his appointment to any office would be eminently popular among the Republicans of the State and the duties of the office discharged with honesty, fidelity and a zealous regard to the honor of the public service."

He had also the recommendations of other gentlemen of influence and standing, which he presented with this statement: William A. Weeks, presidential elector for California, 1861; M. S. Whiting, secretary representative Central Club, City and County of San Francisco; R. R. Chenery; W. B. Farwell.

Charles was now thirty-nine years old and at this juncture it may be said that, while he was a very pleasant and popular man, he was never what is known as a ladies' man. He seemed to have decided upon the life of a bachelor—until he saw for the first time the beautiful Miss Sallie Catherine Cleaveland, of New York City. Like most men who have waited long for the domestic side of life to appeal to them, he suddenly lost all idea of remaining single.

As was the custom of the time, before addressing the young lady herself he asked permission to do so from her uncle, Mr. Henry Cleaveland, with whom she was living as an adopted daughter.

Miss Cleaveland was of the same line of descent as Grover Cleaveland, and also of the line of Martin Van Buren. She was very tall, very slender and of such great beauty that the little girls of the neighborhood used to be rewarded for good behavior by being taken to the west side of Washington Square; there they would stand on the sidewalk and watch the beautiful lady step into her carriage, an open barouche in which the ladies of that period took the air.

She was twenty years his junior, but a young lady of a very serious turn of mind, and very modest in spite of the flattery all about her. This scholarly man who talked so delightfully, and with such a pleasant wit, interested her, but she would make no promises. How strangely does life work out sometimes. Charles, very deeply and earnestly in love with this young lady, desired to do something that would advance his suit in her eyes, as many a younger man had done before. Therefore, when he found himself refused the Collectorship of the Port of San Francisco but offered another post by Lincoln, he thought well of it.

Lincoln said that the post of Commissioner to Paraguay needed a man upon whom he could rely, and that, from what he already knew of the Washburn brothers, and from the credentials which this

brother had presented, he knew that he would get an honest man. Also, American interests out in Paraguay were becoming more prominent and there was every probability that the post of Commissioner would be erected into that of Minister Plenipotentiary, in which case Charles, being on the ground, would be in line for that.

And what was Paraguay? And where was it? And what were the American interests there?

Paraguay was a small independent state in the central part of the southern section of South America. Its history was one of priestly conquest, of wonderfully prolific soil, of tropical customs, tropical food, and tropical heat. Americans, perhaps I should say men from the United States of North America, were at that time trying to open up certain interests of a business nature; these included the wonderful lace making of the country and the selling of the yerba maté, or Paraguayan tea, which found a ready market in the Argentine, Brazil, or Uruguay.

The little country was reached only by means of a river which was so tortuous in its channel and so uncertain in its tides that it was difficult of access. In following my story to its end it will be well to remember this, also to remember that we as a country were just beginning to expand a little. South America was our sister continent. There were few men representing us on the entire continent. It was a diplomatic move to have a man there, even though American interests there were of no great value. Lincoln knew that our importance in the eyes of the

world would be enhanced if we had a man in every civilized country. Even then war vessels were patrolling the coast trying to capture slavers, or pirates, and diplomacy in a South American state might be needed at any moment. Thus his offer to Charles.

While debating whether to accept or reject Lincoln's offer Charles was busy bringing out his first novel, entitled *Philip Thaxter,* which took his hero from Maine to California, and from which I have freely quoted. This did not, in the end, net the author any money, but it did give him some measure of fame. It was said that it contained the best descriptions of early life in California during the gold rush that had been published up to that time.

And so, once again, Charles Washburn set out on his travels to a far land. He still cherished his mother's gold ring, his memories of her, and her love and hopes for him.

An item in Charles' diary read:

"Sep't 18th—weather is getting hotter each day. The evenings are delightful. There has been dancing on deck for several evenings. Last night danced myself for the first time. Had an amusing vis-a-vis in the shape of a Yankee schoolmaster named Bliss, tutor of Gen'l Webb's children—Expect to reach St. Vincent early tomorrow morning."

This is the first allusion to Mr. Bliss. Hardly could the American Ministers, General Webb and Mr. Washburn, have realized that the "Yankee schoolmaster" was indirectly to place the flag of the

United States of North America and its representative in danger of dishonor.

"Friday, Oct. 4th—we dropped anchor in the Bay of Rio at eight or nine o'clock last night, and this morning as soon as it was light we steamed up and made our way up towards the town. The bay is certainly magnificent, large and landlocked and surrounded by a great variety of hills and peaks that give it a most romantic and singular appearance.

"Monday 23rd June 1862. On board *Steamer Pulaski* (trip to Buenos Aires). At four P. M. we got under way and steamed along till we got below Lambaré where the engine got out of order so that the water could not get into the boiler. Was detained two hours in getting it clear and started again, having drifted against the left bank. Turned in about nine. At two the engine stopped. Found we were again ashore the helmsman having made a mistake and turned the helm the wrong way. Threw out a kedge anchor and in two hours got off. Twice ashore was pretty well for the first night—while at breakfast this morning the men on deck saw a large tiger on the shore. I did not see it. Have as yet seen very little game, no capinchos, few birds and few alligators. Weather warm."

Charles' life during this period in Paraguay was a mixture of activity in regards to diplomatic matters, and watchful waiting in case other things of that nature came up. A trip to Buenos Aires was to help out an American consul there who did not feel

himself so well up in international law as was Mr. Washburn.

It was at this point that Charles notes writing a "very earnest letter" to Miss Cleaveland, which was sent August 25th, and that he expects, by good luck and direct connecting steamers, to get an answer by December 23rd. It was four months at the earliest for a letter to go and a reply to be received. This fact has an important bearing on later events in Paraguay, as we shall see.

He had, after remaining for some time in a few rooms, taken a house of more pretentious appearance. This house was the typical Spanish style of building, with few windows on the street side, a wide entrance, or arch, built in the center front, the masonry high enough for a person to enter on horseback. It was built around four sides of a central court. His own living quarters were on the street side, immediately behind his rooms was the flower garden, while in the rear he kept his horses, his cow, ducks, turkeys, geese and so on. There was also a garden for vegetables. At the extreme rear were rooms for domestic service, or poor people who needed a refuge and could not pay rent but were willing to keep the garden in order and take care of the cow and the horses.

It was at this period that the appointment as Minister Resident was given to Charles and his uniform was forwarded from London. This uniform is a thing to marvel at, considering the climate. The coat is made of heavy broadcloth, blue, and wadded through-

out, lined with white satin. The high collar, sleeves and front of the coat are loaded with gilt trimming worked into the cloth with gilt thread. The trousers are the regulation army cut of the time with gilt trimming down the side seams. There were two pairs, one white, for dress occasions. There is a cocked hat such as admirals still wear, and two dress swords and a sword belt. One sword has a white hilt, the other is plainer. Neither can be used as swords, as they are not sharpened.

I quote from a letter to Miss Cleaveland about this time:

"May 21st, 1864—let me say something about this country to which, it may be, you are to come before many months. It is indeed a beautiful country diversified with a great variety of vegetation, with hills and valleys interspersed, and at this time of the year the climate is delightful. The nights are just cool enough to sleep under blankets and the days are warm and clear. Each day I take a hard gallop on my black 'Pampero' and think of the time when I shall have you by my side on these 'paseos'. Perhaps, though, you do not ride on horseback. If not, then I will teach you. I have a horse on purpose for you, very gentle, yet very brisk. His name is Roger de Coverly and the wife of the French Consul here, Madame Cochelet, who had never ridden before at all, learned to ride him so boldly that she would run a race with the fleetest. I think I have described my household before to you. I can't complain that I lack for anything but a wife.

"I have my horses and my dogs, my ducks and my turkeys, my servants, and my general accommodations, and yet I say like Haman 'all these avail me nothing' and they never will until you are here to share them with me. But when will that be? I have been expecting to learn whether or no I was to get leave of absence, but as the mails have almost entirely failed me for the last four months as yet I do not know if my request will be granted.

"I think by the next steamer I will get an answer and you can hardly appreciate how anxious I am that it should be favorable. In that case I shall soon be on the broad ocean flying towards you, and if there be any truth in the sailors proverb that when the girls at home have got hold of the tow-line the ship moves fast, I shall have a speedy voyage, for I know that you will give a long and a strong pull."

These letters are all stamped "Washington, Free," and went in the official mail-pouch. A frank instead of a stamp completed the letter's journey to its destination.

In due course Charles got his expected leave of absence and early in 1865, after four years in Paraguay, he arrived in New York City, there to take part in one of the "events of the day" when Miss Sallie Catherine Cleaveland became his wife.

While Charles was in Paraguay he wrote another novel, called *Gomery of Montgomery,* and also made a good start upon a history of Paraguay. As he went and came through New York City he saw publishers and the novel was accepted for publication. It had

a small run and was much commended by critics for its strange and remarkable plot, but did not sell very well. Like *Philip Thaxter,* it barely paid its own expenses.

His special object, however, was to take his bride to see me, his old father; to see, but not to be seen, since I had become definitely blind, as I told you before. I was then eighty-one and was very much delighted that my bachelor son had married at last.

Of course Charles realized that there was a certain element of danger in taking his young wife to any country at war, but orders are orders and at Rio were six vessels of our South Atlantic squadron, kept there purposely for any emergency that might arise in which the honor of the Stars and Stripes was called in question. It was to be presumed that one of these vessels could be detailed to convey the American Minister to Paraguay. But Admiral Godon, then commanding the squadron, made all manner of excuses, which practically amounted to a refusal to convey Charles and his wife at all. He even went so far as to say that our government had no reason to send a Minister to Paraguay, as he, himself, knew that there were no American interests there! This surprising state of affairs finally came to an end. Peremptory orders from Washington caused the *Shamokin* to be placed at Charles' disposal, but in the meantime he had found a steamer to convey him and his wife to Buenos Aires. They had arrived at Rio about October 1st, 1865, and at Buenos Aires

November 4th, but it was a whole year before they reached Ascuncion.

Arrived at Buenos Aires they learned that the war was taking a much more serious turn than anyone had supposed it would take, and that, although the allied forces desired above all things to remain on good terms with the United States, they could not see their way to allowing Mr. Washburn to pass through the blockade. Presumably they thought that such a recognition of Paraguay would help to keep up her morale, but they didn't say it that way. They said that it was dangerous for any vessel to pass up the river, as there were torpedoes placed there; that certain fortifications could not be reached in time to warn them not to fire upon any vessel passing through; that there were a thousand and one reasons why Charles should not pass to his post.

As I have already mentioned, it took from four to five months for a letter to go to the United States and a reply to reach South American cities. But General Webb was in Rio and learned the conditions. He was prompt in his response to Charles' letters to him and persistent in emphasizing Secretary Seward's instructions to the effect that the United States would not be so defied. He said that he would demand his own passports, which meant to sever relations with Brazil, if our Minister were not allowed to pass the blockade. That finally had its effect. Charles and his wife were allowed to proceed on board the gunboat *Shamokin,* Captain Crosby commanding.

I quote from Mrs. Washburn's diary at the time:

"A letter was sent to Mitré today (Argentine governor) saying that on his part, all was satisfactory. Tamandaré kindly suggested it would be better for us to send an officer in the morning to Lopez through Mitré's camp saying we were on our way that he might be prepared to steer us clear of torpedoes. The officer will probably be back tomorrow night and we hope to reach our journey's end the day after.

"Nov. 5th Monday—At twelve o'clock Mr. Pendleton returned. The Admiral's aide came with him and accompanied us as far as the Brazilian fleet. Their pilot went to the Paraguayan lines and there we got a Paraguayan pilot. As we passed the Brazilians there was a great deal of bowing from every side and music. As we came in sight of Curupaiti the band commenced playing. The Captain ordered a salute to the Paraguayan flag and they returned it. When we left the ship they gave us a salute. The officers in command at Curupaiti conducted us to a carriage which brought us to Humaitá. Captain Crosby came as far as the land and then left us. He has conducted himself through this affair in a most becoming manner."

They finally got to Ascuncion, took a house, hired servants and began the usual life of a Minister Resident in a foreign country. It was on November 20th, 1866, that I find the first allusion to Mr. Bliss as having paid for some groceries for himself. He was a very fine Spanish scholar, and was at this time

engaged in writing a history of Paraguay in Spanish, having left the employ of General Webb in Rio expressly to carry on this work. The Paraguayan government paid him a small salary for this work, in which Lopez was greatly interested.

Mr. Bliss was a very remarkable scholar. He was the son of a missionary to the Indians in New York State, Rev. Asher Bliss, and was not an adventurer by any means, as his intelligence would allow of his being received in any company. His memory was amazing! He never forgot anything he saw or heard, and he acquired a full knowledge of the Spanish language in a very short time. As Charles found himself involved in much correspondence in Spanish he finally employed Mr. Bliss as his secretary who then became a member of the household assembled under the American flag. The affairs of the legation were carried on for some time in much the usual manner although everyone realized that the war was coming closer and closer, but Charles saw no reason to be apprehensive regarding either his household or his flag.

Mrs. Washburn enjoyed the diplomatic life, rode horseback, made and received many calls, gave many dinners and other entertainments, and attended others given in return. When certain hopes became definite she rejoiced with her husband at the thought of an heir. Such being the case, Charles began to look about for some assistance in her coming trial. There was no English speaking doctor in Ascuncion at this

time, but there was a certain George F. Masterman, who was, at the moment, in jail.

There was nothing surprising in that since by this time Lopez had put everyone in jail whom he had not otherwise accounted for in more dreadful ways, and the accusation against Masterman was that he had concealed gold in the drug store which he was operating at the time he was arrested. The gold was lumps of sulphur which Masterman expected to use in compounding some of his prescriptions, but the jail was just as real as any jail you ever heard of. He had been in it some eleven months when Charles applied to have him released and in October, 1867, took him into his legation as physician. Here he exercised what skill his one year in a hospital had given him, and assisted at the birth of the first child born to Charles and his wife, a daughter whom they named Hester—a star—born October 22nd, 1867.

This birth was the signal for much congratulation. Madame Lynch sent flowers and a gold ring of the curious pattern of the country, nine slender rings intertwined to form a broad band. Apparently all was peace between our diplomatic representative and the Paraguayan government. Evidently Lopez was appreciative of having a representative from the United States there at all.

All wars seem to start with the idea that the disturbance will shortly come to an end. The war between Paraguay and her powerful neighbors went on and on, growing, so far as Paraguay was concerned, more sinister. Her dictator, Lopez, seemed

to have gone mad with the lust of killing, or perhaps I should say with causing to be killed, the people for whom he was responsible—the native Paraguayans.

This man Lopez has gone down in history as a character for whom there is no accounting. His personal history is not unusual. In his younger days he was sent to Paris to be educated. This was at the time when Napoleon third had made his famous *coup* and had taken possession of France as a self constituted emperor. Perhaps Lopez got his idea of empire from this. At any rate, he seized the reins of government in Paraguay almost before his predecessor laid them down and proceeded to work out a system of spying, oppression and fear that Nero himself might have commended.

He brought with him from Paris a Madame Lynch, who was the wife of another man. She was the mother of four of his sons, although he had an older son of whom we know little, and took charge of his palace, so called, as though she were his wife. The ladies of the diplomatic corps were compelled to call upon her, which none of them liked to do. It is possible that this unfriendly attitude had something to do with Lopez' desire to make a legitimate alliance. At any rate he had offered himself as a suitor for the hand of the second daughter of Dom Pedro, Emperor of Brazil, but had been refused. It is thought that this refusal was, in part, the reason for his declaring war against Brazil, for his egregious vanity had been offended and he wanted revenge.

To understand the complete subjection of the

Paraguayan people, we must recall that, in the first place, they were not and are not a warlike people. Also, they had been trained for a century or more by the Jesuits to a complete obedience to any authority. They were a mixed race, part Spanish, part Indian, almost wholly uneducated, living in very primitive conditions. They were dragged into the war through terror of torture or starvation if they refused, and loyalty to Lopez as an individual was the figment of some excited brain who only saw these matters from a safe distance.

It was some months after the birth of little Hester that matters came to a head in the American Legation, that danger drew near to the Americans assembled there. By this I mean that Lopez began accusing Charles and the two men to whom I have referred, Bliss and Masterman, as conspirators and to demand that as such they be given over to him.

All about Ascuncion there was an atmosphere of terror. The capital was ordered evacuated on February 21st, 1868. My son refused to leave his legation, and kept his flag up. Refugees poured into the legation imploring succor. He permitted some of them to live, temporarily, in the rear rooms of his house, after receiving permission to do so. Among others who came there was Dr. Carreras, who had been head of the government at Montevideo, and who had come as a fugitive to assist Lopez, two years before, but was treated with no consideration and was not allowed to leave the country. Mr. Rodriquez, the former Secretary of the Uruguayan legation, came at

the same time. They were afraid to fall into the hands of the Brazilians, as they were known to be bitter enemies to Brazil. They lived in the legation for a time as Mr. Washburn's guests.

At this time, certain ironclads of the allied squadron came up the river and opened fire on a small fort. This fort, which was in view of the American Legation, had but one available gun and a few field pieces. A small number of shots were exchanged, when the bold allies turned about and went down the river again.

There were constant threats of a search of the American Legation, ostensibly to look for gold supposed to be concealed there, or to find papers that either Bliss or Masterman was supposed to have written inimical to the Paraguayan government.

Charles had been at some pains to get together certain data about the country in general with a view to writing a history of Paraguay when a better opportunity for its completion should arise. This history was published in due time, but much, in fact all of the history of that immediate period, was written after Charles had left Paraguay entirely. However, there was much valuable data which Charles did not wish to lose, and he and his wife were at a loss to know where to conceal these papers. Finally Mrs. Washburn thought of a plan. The dining table had an oilcloth on it which was never removed. The legs of this table stood in small cans of kerosene so that the persons who were to eat there could do so without having ants, or other insects, appear upon

the table itself. This oilcloth was lifted one night by Charles and his wife, and the manuscript carefully spread out under it, and there it stayed for several months, until at last its writer could take it in his handbag to safety.

The evacuation of the capital caused some odd results. For one thing Charles was obliged to gallop out into the country for provisions, taking turns in this with Monsieur Laurent-Cochelet, the Minister from France. For another thing all the cats that had been abandoned by their owners came to the legation. These cats were a great nuisance, as they were starving, wild for food, and a constant watch had to be kept to prevent their getting into the rooms. At any time Mrs. Washburn might find a cat on her dining table, happily consuming food not intended for him. Naturally the cats had to be put out of their misery, and sometimes Charles shot them, sometimes his man called "Scotty" was the executioner. I mention this absurdity as it has a bearing on a matter that will be called to your attention later.

Charles had been trying for months to get word to the United States that his position was untenable, asking for his recall in due form from the State Department. He could give no reason for this, meaning no direct reason, since he was positive that his letters were opened, and that many of them would not get through. However, he kept up a lively series of letters to General Webb, knowing that that gentleman was aware of the dangers that encompassed him, and that the constant demand for a gunboat to

take him and his family down the river was more than a request for transportation.

Tales of all sorts of horrors, of tortures committed upon the persons of anyone who offended Lopez, or his mistress Madame Lynch, were rife. Many people brought jewels and silver to the American Legation, some remained a while, but most of them fled to the jungles rather than risk capture. Messrs. Carreras and Roderiquez gave themselves up and when, later, Masterman saw Carreras in the military camp in which he was confined it was to be shown his hands whereof every finger had been mashed with a hammer, this by way of extorting some confession from the unfortunate man who had naught to confess.

By this time everyone was apprehensive. Laurent-Cochelet managed to get away, leaving the French Legation abandoned. Other citizens either fled into the interior or took shelter on some vessel going down the river, and all this time there was fighting going on against the allies.

The Paraguayan forces fought with such bravery that it amounted to desperation, not because they wanted to fight, nor because of any loyalty to Lopez, but because of his methods of punishment and because his plan of battle was so unusual. In this method a certain per cent of the attacking force was sent forward against the enemy, while a short distance to their rear another older group advanced with instructions to shoot any of the first party who turned back. Behind them came a third group, and so on until all were engaged. This strange thing is a his-

torical fact, and readily proven. Without doubt a certain amount of patriotism was brought out among the Paraguayans; they did hold allied forces ten times greater than they at bay and soldiers always admire a commander who leads them to victory or keeps them from defeat.

In the end the allies won, but in the meantime nearly all the men in Paraguay had been killed. Lopez had actually armed boys not more than ten years old. It will take sixty years, three generations, to restore the balance of the sexes, if by the curious alchemy of nature there are ever again a proportionate number of men in Paraguay.

Dr. Stewart, who resided for twelve years in Paraguay, testified later, on oath, to the following in regards to conditions there; he occupied the position of inspector general of the hospitals and medical adviser of the Lopez family, having thus full opportunity of knowing that of which he speaks:

"I was an eyewitness of the horrible atrocities committed upon many hundreds of human beings who were accused of conspiracy. I saw them heavily laden with irons and heard their cries and implorings to their torturers for mercy. Lopez knew all that was going on. Torture was almost indiscriminately applied and those who survived its barbarism were put to death.

"No fewer than eight hundred persons comprising natives of nearly every country in the civilized world, were massacred during the terrible months of June and December, 1868.

"The next relative whom Lopez seized was his own brother-in-law, Don Saturnino Bedoya, who in July, 1868, was tortured to death by the 'sepo-uruguayana', a mode of torture correctly described by Mr. Masterman and Mr. Bliss.

"I saw Lopez' two brothers, Venancio and Benigno, in irons and heard from many witnesses of the butchery, that Benigno had been cruelly scourged and afterwards executed in December, 1868.

"General Barrios attempted suicide after the imprisonment of his noble wife, the sister of Lopez, but recovered and was then laden with irons. I saw him professionally before his execution and found him quite insane—and had Mr. Washburn been thrown into prison, as was at one time suggested by Mrs. Lynch and by the late bishop of Paraguay, I am convinced that he would have been tortured and made away with like the other victims of Lopez."

The regulations regarding punishment in Lopez' army were of the most barbarous character, and these regulations were carried out so often and so inhumanly that the men were thoroughly cowed. This is all historical matter, and is on file in Washington, D. C. Whippings were the main punishments, together with heavy irons—so heavy, in fact, that a man could hardly move at all in them. If a man spoke the slightest word that could by any stretch of the imagination be construed as criticising Lopez, he was either whipped, tortured, put in irons, or executed, of which the execution was the most to be desired. Not only was the culprit punished, but any other

man who might have been listening to his conversation, and always his immediate army mates, were subjected to the same number of lashes that he took himself. Thus twenty men might be whipped for the fault of one.

There is no special point in quoting more of these horrors, but to show the extent to which the officers carried out their terrible orders from Lopez I will quote only one part of one report which, as I said, is on file in Washington. A man who had dared to repeat some derogatory remark about Lopez was sentenced to be executed, and those with whom he had been speaking to be whipped, each being given fifty lashes. I quote:

"Private Canuto Galeano was, by mistake of the corporal, punished with only forty-nine lashes, and I ordered the number to be completed to fifty, which being done, he turned around, as if offended, asking to be punished more, if the number was not yet completed, for which display of pride, I had him punished with twenty-five lashes more, and placed in the stocks. All of which I respectfully beg to report to you. (Signed) Julian Nicanor Godoy."

The unhappy women of the country were even worse off, if possible, than the men who were in the army. I quote other orders about them:

"Long live the Republic of Paraguay. Camp in Pikysyry December 18th, 1868. To Captain Bernardo Amarilla. By supreme order I despatch to your quarters, under charge of Ensign Ignacio Romero, and thirty armed men, nine hundred women, who are to

proceed in the manner to Cerro Aruai, thence to Paraguari and Caacupé, on the other side of the Cordilleras, with instructions to the commandant of the department of Caacupé to distribute them in the furthest districts of that part of the Cordillera, where they may be able to sow beans, andaices, etc. For this purpose you will forward this order to the commandants of Paraguari and Caacupé. May God preserve you many years. (Signed) F. I. Resquin."

It will readily be seen that the people in Paraguay were in such a state of terror that they obeyed like sheep. They had no resistance left in them, for Lopez and his mistress devised new horrors each day. Lopez, finding that there was one man who resisted him, set about exterminating that man, my son. Thus he surrounded the American Legation with squads of soldiers, whose clanking swords under her windows left Mrs. Washburn little sleep. The only way that she could keep her tears dry, or herself from a total collapse, was by reading Spanish novels, as she had mastered the language by this time. Often she could laugh at the absurd and exaggerated tales, even while the baby played with some carnelian watch-charms that Senor Leite Perera had detached from his watch-chain to give her just before he was taken away to torture and death. Hester has them yet. Fortunately the child remained well. She was a perfect joy to them all, as they were shut up in the American Legation all the time now.

The South American squadron had, by this time, a new commander, Admiral Davis. He was almost

as dilatory about getting up the river to rescue Charles as Admiral Godon had been in taking him to his post. In the end, however, he did send his smaller vessel, the *Wasp,* Captain Kirkland commanding. The vessel dared not, or at any rate did not, come within twenty miles of Ascuncion, and a smaller boat, belonging to the Paraguayans, was sent the rest of the way to take off our Minister Plenipotentiary and his family.

It had taken my son a number of months to secure his own exequatur, together with passports for his wife and child and her maid Kate Leahy, but Lopez refused at each application to give any passports for Porter C. Bliss, Charles' secretary, or George F. Masterman, his family physician. It was, therefore, evident that the accusations which Lopez had trumped up against these two men, calling them spies, informers and enemies of his Paraguayan government, put them in considerable danger.

Here follows part of Charles' statement under oath later in the proceedings:

"The new foreign minister, Caminos, wanted a list of the persons who were to go—he sent me the passports next day, omitting the names of Bliss and Masterman—I could see that Lopez was still hesitating whether to let me go or not. I got a letter from Caminos requesting me to stay until the Paraguayans who had left their property in my hands had had time to take it away, but I told him I should not wait a moment for that purpose. A number of persons who had sent property to my legation sent for it

and took it away. We had about two notes a day passing between us, I all the time insisting that I was ready and wanted to go, and they making excuses for my detention by this, that and the other pretext.

"At last, on the 10th of September, 1868, I was told that the little steamer *Paraguayan* would be ready that morning and I could go on board. We were ready to go, and Bliss, Masterman and myself talked over what was best to do; whether it was best to make a protest that I should refuse to go without them, or whether I should march out of the legation with the American flag flying, covering all of us. But we knew that anything of that kind would have no good effect; that it would only enrage Lopez, and that a very little thing would induce him to stop all of us. Our united opinion was that, if I could get away and give the alarm to our squadron as to their situation, it would be the best thing for me to do. They thought probably before they would be killed something would come to their relief. I started my family ahead of us, so they might not see anything that might transpire."

Here follows part of Bliss' statement of what happened:

"On the tenth of September, 1868, Mr. Washburn and the members of his legation started from the legation building on the way to the Paraguayan steamer which had been set apart for the purpose of taking him to the United States steamer *Wasp*, lying three or four miles down the river. At the first corner of the street Mr. Masterman and myself were

surrounded by thirty or forty Paraguayan police soldiers, the same who had been on guard for two months looking for us, and in the presence of Mr. Washburn and the French and Italian consuls we were driven away to the police prison—'driven' meaning pushed and shoved while on foot. Mr. Washburn made no useless demonstration at the time other than to salute us in departing by a wave of his hat.

"We had just gone through the ceremony of parting inside the legation, as we were perfectly well aware that we would be seized, and Mr. Washburn had advised us to accuse HIM of conspiracy, if necessary to save our lives. The Paraguayan government had stated expressly that it would seize our persons by force, if necessary, and had demanded our surrender on peremptory terms on five different occasions during the previous two months.

"The troops formed a hollow square, and accosting us in the Guarani language, with shouts and jeers told us to go to the police headquarters. We were each of us provided with a satchel in which we had packed up such necessaries as we considered absolutely indispensable during our imprisonment, and which we supposed we would be allowed to retain, including several changes of linen, combs, biscuit, cigars, a little money, and one or two books, and other articles of the first necessity—I was taken into police headquarters and my satchel taken from me; I was ordered to strip off all my clothing which was most carefully searched, even the seams being care-

fully examined to see if we had concealed any cutting implements or other articles considered contraband. Everything in my pockets was taken from me with the exception of a few cigars, which were left me.

"I was then returned the clothing, and told to put it on, and then to sit on a stone in the presence of a large circle of soldiers mounting guard. The blacksmith was called to put fetters upon my ankles, upon which I turned to the chief of police, who sat by, and asked permission to light a cigar. He looked rather surprised at the audacious request, but allowed me to pick out a cigar and handed me a light. I sat smoking but silent while the irons of thirty or forty pounds weight were riveted upon my ankles. I was then taken to a dark dungeon in the interior of the police department, and the door closed, but left slightly ajar. Mr. Masterman was treated in the same manner a few moments later.

"Mr. Masterman not being here, I can speak in great part for him also. I was left there without any further visits from any person except on one occasion a small jar of water was brought to me but no food until eight o'clock in the evening, which time I spent lying on my back on the brick floor of the dungeon, counting the quarter hours struck by the cathedral clock and smoking. As fast as one cigar was finished I would light another, because a cigar being company for me, I did not wish to lose the light.

"At eight o'clock in the evening I was called on by a guard and told to follow them. I marched as fast as I could with the heavy weight of my fetters

which allowed me to take steps only about two inches in length. Proceeding to the principal entrance of the police department, I found there a number of soldiers with torches. I found also horses and mules with the rough saddles of the country, all prepared as if for a night of exertion. The chief of police met me there and told me to get on one of the horses. I looked at him for some time, not being able to get my wits about me at once, or to imagine HOW I, with those fetters on me, was to mount a horse. After waiting to receive some further information from him, he hinted that I was expected to get on sidewise, which was the only way I could ride. I was finally assisted to the saddle, and then strapped on. Mr. Masterman and the Negro (fellow prisoner) were immediately brought out, and mounted upon the other beasts. I was the only one who had the honor of being mounted upon a horse. The others were upon mules, I think. We then started on a fearful night journey to the headquarters of the army about thirty-six miles distant. The sufferings of that night to all of us were such as I never endured in an equal period before or since, though I was subsequently put to the torture on various occasions; but the tortures we suffered were tolerable when compared with the agony we suffered on that fearful night.

"I had received no food since our arrest. Weighed down by my fetters, which dragged me off my horse several times, having to be assisted on again by attendant soldiers, being obliged to make a constant

effort to maintain my equilibrium upon the beast, suffering for lack of sleep, before morning I became nearly exhausted. The weight of the fetters was becoming such excruciating torture that I nearly fainted, but nevertheless was obliged to maintain my position, still without food or relief, until noon of the next day, when we arrived at the headquarters of Lopez' army, thirty-six miles from Ascuncion. The roads were very bad. We had to cross hills and valleys and the beds of mountain streams. When I fell off I was dragged a considerable distance before they put me on again."

To quote the whole of this story of the sufferings of Bliss and Masterman would be too prolonged. They were kept prisoners by Lopez under the most unspeakable conditions, their leg-irons kept on them for many months, no fresh clothing given them or any opportunity for bathing. Also they became covered with vermin.

In their first camp they encountered Dr. Carreras among other political prisoners. He was in even worse condition than they were, his nose having been broken as well as his fingertips, and he was a mere skeleton. Any and all of the prisoners were kept in a starving condition, or given food so vile that only the veriest starvation could induce them to eat it.

Bliss and Masterman were repeatedly adjured to confess that Mr. Washburn was the author or prime mover in some conspiracy. To make quite clear the reasons for what followed I will again refer to Mr. Bliss' statements:

"They, the tribunal, expressed themselves very bitterly against Mr. Washburn, who had been charged by prisoners previously tortured and forced to confess with being at the head of the conspiracy. The plan of proceeding was simply this: these prisoners were obliged to invent some story, and were desirous of attaching as much blame as they could to parties whom they knew to be beyond the reach of the Paraguayan government, it being their plan to protect as far as possible the innocent prisoners who were then within the clutches of Lopez.

"Question—Do you know whether or not these confessions were made with the consent of Mr. Washburn in the case of the persons who had been previously arrested?

"Mr. Bliss—It was not with an understanding on the part of Mr. Washburn, because at the time of these arrests Mr. Washburn had no knowledge of a charge of conspiracy; but in the case of Mr. Masterman and myself, as I have before stated we had an understanding with Mr. Washburn just previous to our arrest. Mr. Washburn, referring to the notorious fact that false declarations had been made by our friends, most probably under torture, said that we might very likely be spared suffering to a certain extent by our accusing *him* and that, if necessary for the purpose of prolonging our lives or mitigating our sufferings, we might accuse him of *anything* and might say *anything* and *everything* against him that circumstances might demand.

"I resolved not to make any such confession ex-

cept as a last resort—all this time they continued to denounce Mr. Washburn and to call upon me to make statements concerning him. After a good deal of reflection extending amid these altercations through several hours, and having undergone fearful physical suffering, I was not *then* put to what was ordinarily *called* torture; but the treatment I had suffered was actually *greater* torture to me than I endured on any other occasion, having been taken to that tribunal and kept for twelve mortal hours without any food and this after having been denied food for twenty-four previously, with my manacles on me, which had become painful beyond endurance eating into the flesh. What I suffered was, to me, beyond any torture I afterwards endured, although not technically called torture.

"I say that, having endured all this, and after reflection, I finally came to the conclusion that I would confess in a general way, and throw the blame of everything on Mr. Washburn; that I would not implicate anyone within the reach of Lopez, but that I would spin out my statement as long as possible for the purpose of gaining time until I was sure Mr. Washburn had left the country and was out of harm's way; that I would go into great detail about Mr. Washburn's previous antecedents, to palliate the charges against myself and the other victims who had been forced to make similar confessions, thus talking against time to see if it were not possible by throwing on *him* the blame to mitigate our condition.

"I, therefore, commenced my statements, going

back to the first arrival of Mr. Washburn in this country, seven years before. I spun a long story about the influences under which Mr. Washburn had been appointed. I charged him with having come to Paraguay originally in 1861 with the intention of making a fortune out of the Hopkins claim; that he intended to make a hundred thousand dollars or more out of that. I went on giving statements at great length about Mr. Washburn's movements and intentions through his entire life in Paraguay, charging him with all sorts of crimes and delinquencies as agreed upon with Mr. Washburn, himself. I gained time by making these calumnious charges, and at midnight, after being twelve hours before the tribunal, I was remanded to the prison square, where I was chained up by my fetters to a rope that ran around the square and to which all the prisoners were chained at nightfall. Before long a guard came around, and I was given some boiled beef, which I had to eat with my fingers, that being the only mode of eating allowed, except on some occasions when they brought me a horn spoon. No knife or fork or other cutting instrument was allowed. I might mention that on my arriving at the encampment all the buckles were torn off my pants, under pretense of not allowing any metallic substances to remain on my person."

This was followed by a trumped up charge of conspiracy in which Bliss, with ten others, was supposed to have signed a paper agreeing to do away with Lopez. At first Bliss denied the charge, of which

he actually knew nothing, but as the others filed by, all with tortured bodies and more or less confused minds, agreeing to anything that they were told to agree to, Bliss at last decided that he might as well seem to agree also. He pretended to remember the terms of the paper they were supposed to have signed, also admitted that he had framed it—this paper that never existed at all save for Lopez' purpose of excuse for torturing his victims. But that was not enough for Lopez.

"Lopez believed my testimony, and he believed my statements to be more faithful in their details than those of most of the other prisoners, for the reason that I was supposed to be secretary of the organization and I was known to have a good memory. For these reasons they supposed mine would be an authentic account. I had been twice obliged by the pressure of events to confess what was not true, as I had been confessing all along, but I thought I would again make a stand; that I would not confess anything further now; that if obliged to do it, I would stand the torture as long as I could.

"So then I refused to confess anything further and the torture was put into execution. I was seated on the ground, two muskets were placed under my knees and two muskets over my neck, my wrists were tied together behind my back and pulled up by the guard. The muskets above and below were connected with thongs fastened around them so as to be readily tightened; in some instances they were violently tightened by pounding with a mallet. They con-

tinued to tighten them, bringing my body in such a position that my abdomen suffered great compression, and that I distinctly heard the cracking of the vertebrae of the spine. In fact, after I was aboard the United States squadron I could never stoop forward without feeling a twinge in the back and the abdomen.

"I remained in that position about fifteen minutes, the officers standing over me watching the effects of their cruel work. At the end of that time I was prepared with a new batch of novelties of the most startling character. They extracted from me a general confession as to the heads of what they had inquired about, before they released me. After I had confessed in general I was taken in that condition before the tribunal, who set to work to elucidate the minutiae of my new confession. I thought I would try the experiment of frightening Lopez by representing that the whole world was engaged in a conspiracy against him.

"I endeavored to confuse Lopez—to convince him that he was in the most desperate straits—he believed it for he issued a proclamation to his army stating that there was a general combination of most of the civilized nations against them, and making a last appeal to their patriotism.

"These statements of mine were considered so very important that I was desired to express them in detail, with such a satirical commentory upon them as could not well be given through the medium of judicial proceedings. I was removed from the

circle of prisoners, where I had been until that time, to a little straw hut situated a stone's throw from the tribunal, where I remained with my irons on, but had shelter from the weather, which I had not had previously.

"They furnished me with a rude seat, and a little wooden stand with an inkstand and paper, and kept me there for the next two months. I then resolved to write against time, believing that so long as I could continue the production of anything startling in my pamphlet my life was reasonably sure of being spared—I invented a fictitious biography of Mr. Washburn before he came to Paraguay—I brought in Latin quotations and old jokes—I resolved to make it the medium of informing the world of the enormities of Lopez and, under pretense of giving a synopsis of Mr. Washburn's work on Paraguay, I devoted one hundred and fifty pages to descriptions of the character and enormities of Lopez, which I attributed to Mr. Washburn's pen—I was kept writing with a corporal's guard over me some twelve or fourteen hours a day.

"After a short time the printing of the Manuscript began and continued, a sheet, or eight pages, being printed each day—as I was working against time I was very particular about correcting the proof—one of my interrogators became suspicious—but he let my work go through none the less.

"I had spun my work out as long as was possible and finally brought it to a conclusion on the second of December—that is to say the printing was finished

then, the writing had been finished some time before. On the fourth of December I was told that Marshal Lopez, out of his unbounded clemency, had determined to mitigate my sufferings, and a blacksmith was called in to take off my fetters. I had worn my fetters all this time, and had been kept on a starvation diet, which consisted of a small ration of boiled beef twice a day with a little cake of mandioca flour, made from the root of a vegetable of that country.

"Later I was told out of his most exalted clemency, Marshal Lopez had resolved to pardon my great offenses; that a new American Minister had arrived there, and that as an act of courtesy to this American Minister President Lopez wished to pardon me on condition of my maintaining consistency with my declarations before the tribunal.

"I had been for three months wearing the same suit of clothes, and of course my pants were cut to pieces with the leg-irons. Of course I was fearfully dirty, and covered with vermin. A pair of drawers and a shirt were brought and I was requested to put myself into a more presentable condition before being brought before the tribunal for the last act.

"I was told I would find some of my countrymen there. I was not told who they were, or for what purpose they would be there. Nothing was said about the presence of the American squadron. Nothing was said about a demand for our liberation.

"I was brought before the tribunal and found there two of our naval officers to whom I was introduced in a very indistinct way. I understood one to

be Lieutenant Commander Kirkland. The other officer's name I did not catch then, but ascertained subsequently that it was Fleet Commander Ramsey, chief of staff to Admiral Davis. The officers said nothing to me except to ask my name, 'are you Bliss or Masterman'?"

A part of this amazing book may well be quoted here, as it led to many strange happenings: (Translation from Porter C. Bliss' "Historia Secreta de—Charles A. Washburn—etc. etc.") "Washburn was born in the State of Maine, some forty years ago. He is one of the younger of seven brothers, of whom the older dispersed through several states having advanced in fortune and influence to such an extent that three of them have met in the halls of Congress in Washington, as representatives from three separate states, to which circumstances it is owing that Charles has been able to take part in politics.

"In this very respectable flock our hero was the *black sheep,* the real Jonah of the ship! Among other precious qualities which adorned this hope of the family, and which caused serious anxiety to his parents, was a constitutional inability to distinguish *meum et tuum*—

"It is a source of real regret to the author to be obliged to state that our learned hero did not emerge from his academic studies (in Bowdoin) with honor, for a mysterious event clipped his wings. The cause of this misfortune is not perfectly clear, and was one of those matters concerning which he always preserved a significant silence, but the explanation sup-

plied by rumor is that the event was not altogether disconnected with the disappearance of certain silver spoons from the table of the academic commons.

"If such were the case, the prudent reader must not attribute this little circumstance to a want of honor on the part of the punctilious hero, but to his well known organic infirmity of kleptomania."

This narrative was, as Mr. Bliss said, spun out to a very considerable length, some three hundred and twenty-five pages, and went on to vilify Charles in a hundred other ways, among these being a long story about the cats which had been wantonly murdered in the American Legation. Mr. Bliss, who had a very excellent sense of humor, made it very amusing, thinking that the utter absurdity of his accusations would, to thinking men, cause them to fall by their own weight. He also made it very sarcastic, thinking that this tone would be agreeable to Lopez and might hoodwink him as to the very definite statements concealed in the book, which was exactly what happened. Lopez was such an utter ignoramus that he swallowed all this faked, sham material with the utmost complacency. He had it published serially in his paper, the *Seminario,* and circulated everywhere.

In my childhood there was a story current among children that anything that was in print was true. Certain grown up children who read this book were evidently of that opinion, for they took it with the utmost seriousness. They held that poor Bliss, writing under threat of torture and knowing all too well the torture itself, was a very mean, low, unscrupu-

lous fellow, with no comprehension of honor and no fidelity to his friend Mr. Washburn, through whose continued efforts he was finally liberated.

This book, in fact, was largely responsible for the outrageous treatment given to Bliss and Masterman when they were finally taken on board the American gunboat, *Wasp.*

Since I have introduced the topic of this book and its contents, and since it did once create such strange impressions, I will state here that those silver spoons never existed at all except in the imagination of the "historian." Bowdoin college was not rich enough to have any silver on its commons table, if, indeed, there was a commons at all or if Charles ate there. As I have already stated that he was graduated from Bowdoin in 1848, I need not contradict the imputation that he was dismissed from college.

At the time Bliss was writing all this bosh for Lopez' benefit, and to save himself from further torture, Masterman was doing about the same thing, under the same circumstances, also having been put to the "sepo-uruguayana". The various guards and torturers went from one man to the other, being careful to see that they did not communicate with each other, and when one lacked for inspiration he was told that the other one had confessed and that he, himself, might as well confess also. Thus Masterman, also, produced a book, but of less moment and much shorter. Lopez did not think it so important as Bliss' book. I do not know if it was printed or not.

Just why the British did not go in with one or more

of their own naval vessels to get Masterman out, I do not know, but they seemed to think that Mr. Washburn's claim for the delivery of their countryman would go through, and thereby save them trouble, so they took little or no action in the matter.

We must now return to the events that occurred regarding Charles and his family after Bliss and Masterman were forcibly detained while actually under the protection of the American flag, which Lopez saw fit to dishonor in this way.

It was the duty of Captain Kirkland, commanding the *Wasp,* to make his official adieus to Lopez. From where the *Wasp* lay, some three or four miles below Ascuncion, the way into Lopez' camp was through the jungle. If you don't know what a jungle really is, let me tell you that it is, for the most part, like a solid wall of growing things, a mat hung before you that must be cut away as you go. A track cut through a South American jungle often closes up in a few days, so that it is unrecognizable to any but a native.

A man was sent, therefore, to guide Captain Kirkland and another officer to Lopez' camp. This was about mid-afternoon. The officers were gone a long time. Mrs. Washburn was in a highly nervous condition and after the baby was quieted and put to bed, she began to be hysterical. Charles was also very uneasy. The sun was declining. What could be the matter? What should they do? Obviously they could not abandon the captain of the gunboat. Back and forth they paced the deck, back and forth, and

the sun dropped lower and lower, and the captain did not come.

There was suddenly a stir on the river bank and the captain appeared with a pistol in each hand, the other officer being similarly armed. With some motions of their weapons, they got into the ship's gig, and came aboard. As they dropped down the river Captain Kirkland explained that the guides had taken them to Lopez' presence very quickly, but that when he had made his adieus and was returning they went on and on, in and out of paths that he was sure they had not traversed before. Finally, waiting his chance, he pulled his pistols out, and pointing them at the heads of his two guides, said, "Take me to my ship, or I'll blow your heads off," and in a short time they reached the river bank.

By so narrow a margin was the safety of our Minister Plenipotentiary and his family secured, and war with Paraguay averted.

Hardly had the *Wasp* begun to steam down river before Charles began his letters of remonstrance to Lopez concerning Bliss and Masterman, but these letters were of on avail. What happened to them has already been told, being transcribed from state papers on record in Washington, D. C.

When Charles reached the outside world, after leaving Buenos Aires, he found to his amazement that he was not only accused of the plotting of which Lopez had made haste to accuse him, but that he was supposed to be a thief, a liar and a coward. Truly he was a terrible villain, and all this largely upon the

evidence of the absurd, overdrawn, overstated book of which Bliss was the author (the author under stress of torture and starvation), and which book Lopez had circulated in advance of Mr. Washburn's release from his perilous position.

His first impulse was to ignore all these accusations, letting them fall by weight of their own absurdity. Unfortunately, in the diplomatic service that cannot be done; therefore he demanded an investigation at once, which was carried out as soon as he reached the United States of America.

It need hardly be said that no man changes his character so utterly at the age of forty-seven years, and with a beautiful wife and child to keep up his morale. No man who has taken so firm a stand for the right, and been so outspoken as to risk an assassin's bullet, can be called a coward. No man who has been so much respected by all the leading merchants of San Francisco that they joined in an appeal to have him set at the seat of customs as collector of that important port, could be called a thief. Neither could a man whose spoken word was never doubted, or testimony questioned in a trial that lasted for months, be called a liar.

I may state at this point, also, that in the course of the entire investigation it did not transpire that there was another, and a very grave reason for Charles' wishing to get away from Ascuncion at that time. In the curious prudery of the time it was never mentioned, but when Bliss and Masterman were called to confer with Charles just before they

all left the American Legation Masterman must have, and Bliss may have been aware of that reason, which was, simply, that Mrs. Washburn was again in a delicate condition.

If, therefore, the accusations of cowardice which were later thrown at my son held any weight at all he might have been excused for this reason alone. No man having the dignity of our government on his shoulders could, or would, engage in an unseemly scuffle on the street of a foreign country, some four or five men against fifty, knowing also that he held the safety of two women, a child, and the hope of another little life in his hands.

All this had happened too fast for the government at Washington to understand it, especially as many of Charles' dispatches had been intercepted. All they actually knew was that Mr. Washburn had asked for a recall, and that it would be necessary to replace him. Evidently Congress did not agree with Admiral Godon, that "there were no American interests there".

Therefore, Major General Marshal McMahon was sent to Paraguay. When he reached Rio de Janeiro, General Webb explained to him that the flag of the United States had been insulted in that an American and an Englishman, both under its protection, had been arrested and taken to Lopez' prison camp. General Webb in Rio, and later Mr. Washburn in Buenos Aires, explained to General McMahon in the most positive terms that Lopez' act had virtually been a declaration of war; that the flag had been insulted,

and that he, as American Minister, should by no means recognize Lopez' government. This, of course, was according to strict diplomatic usage.

But General McMahon, none the less, did present his credentials to Lopez, although in order to do this he was obliged to follow Lopez halfway across Paraguay, and, as there was at the moment no capital of Paraguay, McMahon must needs set up our dishonored flag wherever he happened to be.

General McMahon was in Paraguay, altogether, some six or seven months. It was about four months before his recall came. Meantime, of course, Lopez, the Brazilian government, the Argentine, Uruguay, England, France, Italy, and any other nation that had battleships at hand to protect their South American interests were convinced that the United States of North America was a pusillanimous nation, weak and unable to resent an insult to its flag.

What a position for one of my sons to be in!

It so chanced that my son Elihu, who was Secretary of State for only twelve days, was in office when Grant learned the facts about the insult to the American flag in the arrest and forcible detention of Bliss and Masterman, more especially Bliss, who was an American citizen. Without doubt Elihu was highly incensed, not only at this insult, but at the many gross libels that were even then being hurled at his brother Charles, but the accusation that he used his great influence with Grant to get General McMahon recalled is an absurdity. Any president would recall

any minister from a country under such circumstances.

[Author's note: Many years later, notably in the *Fordham Monthly* of April, 1892, which was after the death of Charles, it was said in an article entitled "College Recollections" that this recall of General McMahon was due not only to the influence of Elihu, but of Israel and Cadwallader, who, says the author, were all in Congress at this time. That, to quote Artemus Ward, belongs to the class of facts that are not true. Israel at this time, 1869, had not been in Congress for ten years, Cadwallader had not been there for four, and as stated before Elihu was only Secretary of State for twelve days, and shortly left for Paris, where he remained for eight and one-half years.]

Naturally, Charles demanded a Congressional investigation as soon as his startled mind realized that he was actually being accused of all manner of things, from cowardice to dishonesty, and from complicity in plots against the Paraguayan Government to attempts to get arms and ammunitions through to the allies. His influential brothers came up like a phalanx of protection at his back, but please recall that their influence was necessarily indirect. This Congressional investigation is on file in Washington, and may be examined there at any time. It is simply listed as Paraguayan investigation 1870.

Mrs. Washburn was in a highly nervous state, often hysterical, and as soon as General McMahon arrived and Charles could turn over his credentials to him,

they took ship for home. As soon as he landed, Congressional proceedings were begun and continued for some time. This took place in New York City, where they remained for a time, until it began to be evident that Mrs. Washburn must be in an environment less trying than this constant questioning of her husband's good faith.

Mrs. Washburn was glad to come to the peace of the granite hills and passed a comfortable winter here, surrounded by snow, and with happy prospects that were consummated on March sixteenth, 1869, which was her husband's birthday. The splendid son born then was recorded in the family journal (which has been kept, in a series of books, ever since the Norlands was built) as follows:

"Tuesday, March sixteenth, 1869—I don't remember all the particulars, but I have reason to suppose that, forty-seven years ago today, there was some excitement about the house that then stood here, on that day an event occurred of great importance to the writer hereof—for on that day he first bade daylight good morning.

"Well, it is strange that he should have passed through so many hairbreadth escapes, and be here to jot it down, and still lives, good as new, and would not change lot with mortal man.

"It is 10:45 P. M. and fifteen minutes ago a stranger arrived—his name is Thurlow Washburn. May he live to an age as great and honored as his grandfather's and may he have 'His mother's faith, his father's spirit, without his failings'."

We may now leave this part of Charles' life, summing up by saying that the Paraguayan investigation resulted in a complete vindication of his proceedings in Paraguay, in the reprimand of the dilatory Admirals Godon and Davis, and the recall of McMahon and temporary severing of relations with Paraguay until such time as a more stable government should be inaugurated.

Lopez, finally captured by the Brazilians, was killed in a morass while trying to escape. Madame Lynch escaped with a pistol in her hand. Getting to the edge of the river, she managed to board a French gunboat, claiming French protection to which she was still entitled as she had not married Lopez. Arrived in Paris, she began to try to extol her paramour as a second Napoleon, liberator of his country and so on. Many people thought all this authentic, until our Congressional investigation set the facts before the world.

Madame Lynch went to England, where her favorite pastime was displaying her jewels which were valued at many thousands of English pounds sterling,—those jewels whose value had been extorted from the Paraguayans, men, women and children, who starved and suffered in order to make their compulsory contributions to the Lopez government, and to have the money spent to bedeck this harlot, the favorite of a would-be sultan.

Masterman returned to England, where he wrote a book in which he seemed to think Mr. Washburn cowardly in that he had not tried to rescue his

precious person at that critical moment on the streets of Ascuncion. For this he made Charles a most abject apology later.

Bliss was never well after the torture to which he had been subjected. Actually, the poor man never stood wholly upright again, and suffered much discomfort with his spine, as well as his digestive system. He died comparatively young, in a New York hospital where General Webb's sons placed him and where they took care of him until he died. He has been here, and I have felt his poor thin hands and the curve of his aching back. He and Charles were firm friends, and he often visited in his family. The two men enjoyed many a hearty laugh at Bliss' absurd book, always thinking that its utter ridiculousness would amuse everyone else as much as it amused them.

But now, even as I talk, I learn that someone in Paraguay is republishing this book, giving it full credence. In their efforts to make a hero or a saint of Francisco Solano Lopez, they seek even this tenuous thread for their purpose. Why make a hero of one of the greatest cowards, one of the greatest scoundrels that ever lived? Truly our neighbors on the southern continent must be singularly deficient in a sense of humor.

It was in 1869, while all these other matters were coming to a head, that Charles was working out his typewriter, which he called "Washburn's typeograph"! This was, in some measure, an adaptation of other similar machines, but had several distinc-

tive features that were wholly his own. He continued to improve his machine until, in 1870, we find that he is asking for a reissue of his patents with the improvements. Later he sold out his improved machine to the Remington company, which use his patents yet. This typewriter had no capital letters. The types were under the platen-roller, and struck the paper from below. Therefore, in order to see your work, you raise the whole roller-carriage. Also, in the first machines, there was no bell to stop you at the end of the line. Even when the bell was introduced there was no stop, and if the bell did not operate, or you forgot it, you could go on hammering the keys, and the effort of the mechanism to pass an impassable point would bend the types badly.

The arrangement at The Norlands was that, if possible, one of the brothers should make his home with me. Samuel, retired captain of the navy, sadly crippled, had returned, and this gave Charles the opportunity to remove his own family nearer to New York City where his business interests centered. As Mrs. Washburn was desirous of being near her own people they took a house in Reading, Pennsylvania, temporarily. It was there, September 27th, 1870, that the second daughter, and third child Lilian was born.

Although he had been away from it so long, Mr. Washburn had always dreamed of California, and as soon as it seemed advisable he preceded his wife and family to that state. In May, 1871, he bought a house on Jackson Street in Oakland, and for four years the usual happy family life went on. The children

were all very healthy and bright, the environment all that could be desired; but the climate did not agree with Mrs. Washburn and besides suffering with rheumatism, she seemed about to become a nervous invalid for life. We know now that much of the drinking water in California is not suitable for use, but no one thought of that then; neither did anyone think of sun-baths and salads as cures for many ailments. When rheumatism developed it was considered incurable, but it was believed that a change of climate might help the sufferer.

Added to this was some unfortunate speculation in gold mines; much of Charles' little fortune was swept away when water flooded the mines. As his typewriter was now one of his main interests it seemed best to return to the Atlantic coast, and Reading, Pennsylvania, was again the city to which he took his family.

Before locating there, however, we find the family again here at The Norlands, as there was a notable gathering of the clan in the summer of 1874 when the church was rededicated. A great occasion was this for Livermore as Edwin Chapin, the great Universalist preacher, gave the morning discourse and Anna Louise Cary sang. Miss Cary, as may be known, was born about twenty miles from The Norlands. The crowd on The Norlands hill was so great, and the church so crowded, that the minister had to be passed through the window to reach his pulpit. In the afternoon there was another service at which the three children of Charles, with several others, were

christened. After the minister had touched each little head with the drops that he prayed might be consecrated to them in their later years, Miss Cary sang *Feed My Lambs* in her wonderful deep contralto.

Comfortably settled in Reading, Charles continues to write articles for magazines, to give lectures chiefly on Paraguay, often on the political situation of the day. He always draws a large audience, as he is an able speaker, has a good presence and an excellent delivery.

His *History of Paraguay* was published in 1871 and was very favorably received. It contains the whole story of his experiences in that country, as well as a very able and exhaustive history of the country itself. As a history it will doubtless remain a standard, and be included in libraries as a book of reference.

Samuel

"Sam, you ought to be a doctor." This from Patty, his mother, one day when Sam had been reading a medical treatise and had given her what proved to be adequate remedies, besides making her pillows comfortable, and making her some gruel which he laughingly called "pap". (Pap, as you may not know, is flour cooked just so and is often, if properly prepared, the only food a young baby can digest.)

Well, I think Patty was right, but you may not realize in these later days what fascination there was for a boy in the call of the sea. Farm boys often seemed to feel this lure more than boys who lived near the ocean itself.

At any rate, Sam went to sea when he was only eighteen years old, and since he had no actual knowledge of the sea he took what he could get in the way of employment on a coastwise vessel. In short, he was a fore-mast hand. It was a rough life if you ask me, but since Sam was one of Patty's sons he didn't stay there long. Within two years he became master of a sailing vessel and, thereafter, engaged in the merchant marine service between Boston and Liverpool and between Boston and New Orleans.

Of course he volunteered for sea duty in the volunteer service of the navy in the Civil War. He was accepted and, like Cad in the army, shortly took rank

as lieutenant, then as captain; this was on a gunboat *Galena* which participated in the fight at Fort Darling, May 13th, 1862.

His flag was not hauled down, but he, himself, was struck in the hip by a spent shell, from the effects of which he has been lame all his life. But at this time, when he felt his services sorely needed in the navy, he did not relinquish his duties, but was made commander of a division in the Gulf Squadron under Admiral Farragut. Also in the latter part of 1865, just before the close of the war, he was in the Atlantic Squadron in the Chesapeake Bay.

When the war was definitely over he went, for a few years, to the West, but, finding himself growing more and more definitely incapacitated by his injured hip, he returned home to me here at The Norlands, which was built while he was absent. As I sit here in my sunny corner, he makes sure that I am well cared for, even to the making of "pap" for me. He thinks my digestion more delicate in my old age than when I enjoyed corned beef and cabbage in my youth.

He continued to read about medical matters, and to this day the neighbors send for Captain Sam before they send for a doctor. Often he succeeds when others fail, as when the local men could not stop a man's hiccoughs, and Captain Sam sat him down suddenly, backwards, in a tub of cold water—stopping the spasms definitely.

The brothers so arranged this property that it can never be sold, arranged it in their wisdom with the

idea of bringing back to the ancestral acres the younger generation.

You enter the premises between two granite posts which guard the opening to the hedge, a hedge that is now more than seven feet high on the south and west of the lawns. This forms a desirable enclosure since, without it, there would be little privacy so close is the road on the west of the house. On this lawn is a row of huge maple trees, set out by Charles, one for each brother.

Inside, the house is as simple as the outside. It was built with a wide roomy hallway through the center with doors at each end, and on each side of the hall two great rooms, the whole having ceilings eleven feet, six inches high, which give an effect of space and uplift hard to describe. I feel though cannot see it. Huge windows are everywhere, coming to the floor on the south side although this was built when people were claiming that too much air would give folks colds or rheumatism; when sun-baths were not even shining from afar; when people were more apt to look at their stoves than at fireplaces such as may be found both upstairs and downstairs at The Norlands.

This house is now the house of the grandchildren in just the same way as the first house was the house of Patty and myself, the father and mother of the famous seven sons, and as the second house was the house of the brothers with their wives and young children. And now the grandchildren and the great grandchildren are beginning to sit up and take no-

tice, to return to wonder how this thing can be with so many years and so many associations behind it.

Here, when my sons were living, have come governors, Senators, members of Congress, lawyers, doctors, learned men in almost every profession, ministers of the gospel and accredited ministers to foreign countries. If I say that all those occupations and professions are included among our immediate family, which happens to be the fact, let me say also that others who foregathered with us always had a cordial welcome.

Here we have souvenirs of Elihu (who replaced the final E to his name), pieces of shell picked up in the ruins of the Hotel de Ville, in Paris, while the ruins were still smoking. Also his arm band worn as pallbearer to Lincoln, and a bill of sale for a female slave, Lavinia, and her boy-child Jim. We have a piece of holy-wood from Paraguay, South America, brought by Charles from the palace of Lopez, the dictator of Paraguay. It seems hard as a rock, but you can still scratch it and get a whiff of the incense it would have if burned. Then there is the cap of the soldier-doctor in the war of the rebellion, with a red cross on its top, making one wonder just when that symbol was first used in the army of the United States. And one remembers the brave wife and two little children who hardly knew their father before he heard the long roll of the drums calling him to his reward. There are tattered battle-flags that floated from a ship's masts and were torn through with shot and shell but never hauled down.

Sam, captain of that vessel, lived, but never walked freely again. Then there are more peaceful souvenirs, books written by two of my sons, Elihu and Charles, magazines with articles or speeches made by different members of the family, Congressmen, governors, or Senators. There are photographs, also, and Patty's old spinning wheel and the old home-made cradle in which she rocked all of her eleven children, and in which to this day all our babies are rocked.

We have one most priceless possession—a view of valley and hill, rank upon rank, towering to Mt. Washington which we can see on clear days. This reminds us of my Patty's command to her sons to aim at the stars! How could they do otherwise when this panorama rolled always before their inner and outer vision?

William

"Carry him upstairs, Israel. He'll take the place of the babe we lost, and we'll name him William Drew."

Thus was our tenth child and eighth boy greeted by his happy mother. Indeed it seemed to me that Patty was as excited about this boy as she had been about Israel, Junior. Women are that way sometimes. I've often thought that the soul of the little son who went away so soon, returned in this new son's body.

At any rate William Drew (who, of course, went through the usual titles of Billy, Bill, Willy, Will, William and William Drew) did take up life with a vim unequalled or certainly unsurpassed by any of his older brothers.

They called him Young Rapid. By the time he grew up money matters were not so strained, so he had a much easier boyhood than any of them. He and our youngest child, Caroline, were always together. Indeed, since Sam went to sea so young, and Mary was so often with Israel, it seemed as though we had but a small family, were starting life over again.

In those days one of the main jollifications was a husking bee. The young folks went from one bee to another all through the fall season. We, of course, had a husking of our own each year, and I mind me

of the last one we had before William went West. It was a great occasion. Patty, I remember, stayed in the kitchen for the most part, with some of the older women who had come with their husbands, and who were, like Patty, very much dressed up!

Patty had on her new black silk dress for which Sidney had sent her the goods that summer. Silks were silks in those days, and, had it not been for the fire, I should have that dress yet. Sid's choice in silk was inestimable. He got this from a sea-captain whose ship, which traded in silks, had put in at Hallowell to do a little business. To make it even more beautiful, Patty had put on her embroidered collar from Elihu done by the French with whom he was so familiar. She also had on the pair of fine French-kid shoes that Israel had sent up from Portland, not to mention the gold brooch which she wore when we stood up to be married, and the pretty new cap of tarlatan, pleated with many pleats, that our daughter Caroline had made with her dainty fingers. Caps were caps in those days. Patty wore one, not because she had thin hair as most women of her age did, but because it was the fashion. And she looked, to me, just as fair as ever although her big blue eyes were covered with glasses and her abundant hair, still brown, was covered with her cap.

Oh! I was proud of her. All the more so when the time for pie and doughnuts, cider or coffee came round. No one of the women in our township could touch Mrs. Israel Washburn's pies or doughnuts!

So—my crop of corn came in quickly, with Young Rapid to help me, and the barn floor was piled high with the stooks that day. All our lanterns and some lanterns from neighbors hung about, some suspended from the rafters and some on all sides to give adequate light.

Neighbors came early. Those who helped shuck the corn found seats for themselves. The menfolks dragged up to each a stook of the corn and the worker quickly pulled off the ears. Many of the younger girls had helpers to pull the shocks apart and pile up the ears for them. Then the fun began. It was to see who could work fastest, and whoever filled the bushel baskets first got credit accordingly.

Of course, since son Will had dropped plenty of red seed, there were plenty of red ears, and as you know, the girl who tears down the husk and discloses red kernels is apt to get soundly kissed by the nearest boy. Often the girl ran away, only to be pursued by the ardent boy, and that added to the fun.

Some of the older men were just as full of life as the boys but not so likely to run after a girl, or woman, since we elders were getting a little creaky in the joints. I'll confess, however, that when neighbor Bradford's young daughter opened a red husk I was not slow in taking my privilege; nor was I when sister Polly, who came out for a moment, had the same luck.

The evening ended in the kitchen when a neighbor who could fiddle the fiends from the nether regions set bow to strings and I led Patty out in Portland

Fancy. We stepped it as well as any of 'em and enjoyed the good cakes and ale as much.

The fun kept up until midnight. The dances were mostly what are now called square dances, Portland Fancy, Boston Fancy, and Lancers. Then there were Old Zip Coon, Turkey in the Straw, Irish Washerwoman and others. It was a lively time, I assure you, and son Will, also young daughter Caroline, were in their element.

William graduated from Bowdoin college in 1854, being two years younger at that time than Charles was when he graduated. These two were the only ones who actually graduated from college, although they were all men of letters in the true sense.

William also read law with my brother Reuel but did not go so far with it as Israel did, or Cadwallader. However, any law study helps a young man up, so when he went to Minnesota in 1857 and at once found employment as a surveyor he knew values and was keenly interested in titles.

As with Israel, it seemed to us at home that we had hardly realized that our son had begun his own separate life before we learned that he was representative to Minnesota's State Legislature. Also he had been made Surveyor General of Minnesota, his days of carrying chain over in a few months.

His knowledge of lands and timber values are very great. He it is who leads business interests to the building of railroads. He is the one who can make monied men see the great openings before them.

Some day he may be what is known as a railroad king.

ADDENDA-WILLIAM

William Drew made his life and fortune in Minnesota, was a member of Congress from 1879 to 1885 and in 1889 was elected to the United States Senate.

He was much interested in the Sault-Sainte-Marie project of connecting the Great Lakes by canal. The Soo has been a great financial success, and opened up territories far beyond the vision of those who furthered the plan.

William Drew was also interested in milling wheat, and at one time had a small mill of his own, which fact is often confused with the great C. C. Washburn mills with which it was in no way connected.

In bringing this book to a close while the old Grandsire is still living, the full story of William Drew could not be part of it. This addenda is therefore inserted here.

I like to close with the Grand Old Man in life, happy in his sunny corner, rather than to carry each man's career to its inevitable close,—the passing of the brothers, falling like a pile of bricks one against the other.

Postlude

My tale is told, the tale of the Seven Sons of whom my Patty was so justly proud; the sons who have built for me this great house, and surrounded me with every comfort.

As I sit here in my sunny sheltered corner, I feel that I have had an unusually happy life, and that I have, with Patty, achieved something.

I am ninety years old and upward. Surrounded by my children and grandchildren as I am, I cannot but feel that Patty hovers over me, closer than ever of late, her firm soft hand in mine. And when I step across the threshold I know she will be there to welcome me.

In closing this tale I will give you the favorite quotation of my son Charles, a quotation from John Adams:

"I am very far from trifling with the idea of death: it is a great and solemn event: but I contemplate it without terror or dismay: *Aut finit aut transit:* If *finit,* which I do not and cannot believe, there is an end of all: I shall never know it and why should I dread it: which I do not. If *transit,* I shall be under the same constitution and government of the universe, and I am not afraid to confide in it."