



O. JENNINGS WISE, '50, IN UNIFORM AS CAPTAIN OF THE
RICHMOND LIGHT INFANTRY BLUES

From a photograph (furnished through the courtesy of a great-niece, Mrs. Maria G. Venn, of Washington, D.C.) of the lithograph of the colored sketch by Colonel J. B. Danforth, issued by the Richmond Blues after the war.

^{Obie's}
O. JENNINGS WISE LETTERS

1848 - 1861

Compiled in 1937 by William M. Adkins from copies (originals no longer extant) owned by Miss Ellen W. Wise, of Richmond, Virginia, great niece of O. Jennings Wise, and from originals (the 1861 letters) in the possession of Colonel Jennings C. Wise, nephew of O.J.W. Also included are a few letters from Obie's sisters and other members of the family.

Bloomington, Indiana, September, 1944

Bloomington, August 22nd, 1848.

My dear Sister,

Your letter, dated the 27th, ult. now lays open before me, and were it not that I have a good excuse for the same, I should be heartily ashamed of leaving it so long unanswered. My excuse is that I knew not whether you were in Accomack or in Washington. I also had a letter to write to father by last mail and one to Sister by the mail before. I pledge to you my solemn word that I have answered, and for the most part promptly, every one of your letters. Now and then it is my turn to scold a little. I should like to know what juncture, state, fix (or whatever else you choose to call it) affairs have arrived at, that I have not received a letter from you for about three weeks, Eh? Now just see what a pretty commencement I can make at the business; and, mind the warning, if I don't get a letter from you by tomorrow's mail, such another string of vituperation as will be whizzed around your ears- A - - h! never mind.

Tell Nene that her brother will bring her everything she wants when he goes home. Our landlady has a little girl, the very image of what Nene was when I left home, and she calls me "Obe-di" with the selfsame twang which Nene used to give my name. I have not been more reminded of home since I left it than I was the other day, when I found her sitting on a little cricket, busily engaged in "sewing with a pin." This, you know, used to be Nene's favorite employment. Tell Bumby that there is also a little boy here only a year older than he is, who has got through his spelling book, and

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who can read very prettily. I sometimes imagine that he is something like Bumby too, but then he hasn't got his old mannish ways, and doesn't call me "Burro."

Are eggs any more plentiful in Accomac than they were in Engenho Velho? The highest price for them here is 3 cents a dozen, and the fattest pullet only sells for five cents. Only think of board's being \$2 per week, when provisions are as cheap as all that. It is getting late, and as my candle is burning dim in the socket and my ideas are becoming much dimmer, I leave off writing till tomorrow, wishing you—

—a fair good night,
And rosy dreams and slumbers light."

Morning.

I must recommence only to close my brief epistle, as I have neither time to spare nor news to write. You ask "if you cannot supply Sister's place with me." My answer is-- "No." You have your own place to fill in my affections, a place as large and dear as any. My affection for Sister is not to be bestowed on any one else, but leaving home it shall abide with her wherever she may be, but I hope that I can love more than one sister at a time. Sister's marriage has indeed drawn you as well as herself much closer to me. I look to you as my future companion and sharer of every thought or feeling. But pshaw! I am again building castles in the air; it will only be for

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a few years, after which, in all likelihood, you too will be married. Please receive and answer these few lines as a letter.

Your affectionate brother,

O. Jennings Wise.

P.S. I shall direct this to Washington, and if you are not there it can be forwarded on to Accomac.

O.J.W.

Miss Ann Jennings Wise.

Bloomington, September 8th, 1848.

My dear Sister:

Your much and long wished for letter arrived by last mail. It is the only one I have rec'd for three weeks. Why dont you write oftener? I am sure I am always prompt in answering your letters. Please remind Sister now and then that she owes me a letter, 'as also Tully and Jimmie. Peyt. also owes me a letter
if I am not very much mistaken. /

We have only two weeks more studying to do before the vacation. The Faculty intends recommending to the Trustees a change of the vacations, so as to have only one vacation (3 months long) per annum, commencing in July. If they do so I shall be at home in less than two years, and our class will have only 15 months more of studying. Our Professor of Mathematics having been elected President of the Ohio University, the Faculty have recommended to fill his vacancy, a Mr. ——— of ———. He is a rum looking old customer, but they say that he has a large family, among which are four daughters, three of them being in their teens, which will be quite an addition to our ladies' society in Bloomington.

I suppose that father is not coming out here this fall. I wish I only knew whether I am going to Nashville this vacation or not.

/ Ask Harry if he remembers his brother Obe. Give my love to all, and write me a long letter.

Your affectionate ~~customer~~ ^{brother},

O. Jennings Wise.

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Bloomington, May 9th, 1849

My dear Brother and Sister,

I received your letters by the last mail, and you may know of how much satisfaction they were to me, when I tell you that I have entirely shaken off my habitual dread of letter writing in order to answer them.

Courtesy demands that a lady's letter should be first noticed. So, ma chere soeur, allow me a few moments carefully again to peruse your epistle, and then I will answer it. You wish me home. I am full certain that your wishes on this subject cannot surpass mine; and nothing would afford me greater pleasure than to be able to "go about" with my little sister wherever she pleases. But I am afraid that when I do go home, I shall not be able to stay there for any length of time. I have already run Father to very much expense and must prepare to do for myself the very moment I overstep the boundary between youth and manhood.

Indeed I feel anxious to take my stand among men, and to grapple with *life*. I am getting very tired of the dull routine of a schoolboy's life, and am continually thirsting for some kind of excitement.

I am very sorry to hear that Mother is unwell. Does Accomac agree with her health? Tell Mother that I am now reading Sophocles and Juvenal, and that if she doesn't mind I shall soon be as good a Latin scholar as she is.

So Sister "can't afford" to pay \$4,00 to go down

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home. What a pity! Why don't you all throw in 25cts. apiece to pay her passage on?

Your fair has, I presume, come off before this. Our Sewing Circle met last night, and we had a pretty full attendance. I have never told you how we manage it here. *C'est ainsi*.—The ladies meet once every three weeks, at about two o'clock in the afternoon, and sew till night. After tea the gentlemen walk 'round, the work is laid aside, and all amuse themselves with music, eating cake, and playing the agreeable till ten o'clock, when, after escorting the ladies home, we go home to bed.

If there is, as you say, a good dancing master in Accomac, you should go to him. The chief objection I have to this town is that the people are so extremely bigoted against dancing. Last Winter when we had dances here (we always had to go out in the country for girls, as to getting one of the town ladies to shake her foot, that was decidedly out of the question) the Presbyterians declared that it was "wicked"; the Baptists, that it was "awful"; and the good Methodist brethren denounced our ballroom for a "young hell"; that the fiddler was "the devil himself" and that every dancer was an imp.

I took especial notice of and did particular honor to your birthday. Give my best love to Miss Margaret Arbuckle, and ask her if she remembers how she chased me all over the land at Col. Finney's in order to kiss me. What is Tully Parker doing now? Tell cousin John that Mr. Slocum, from the Eastern Shore, sends his best respects to him. He has just been giving me a glowing description of the manner in which cousin J. brought the tears from the audience when he spoke the valedictory here.

About the baby you have none of you ever told me anything. What is the color of his eyes, his hair, --who is he like? It is now four o'clock. I shall have to put off sending this till next mail.

May. 11th.

My dear Brother,

I hope that you will not hereafter wait for me to write first. You should write at least two letters to my one. I am out here without anything for which you care to write about, while you are surrounded by everything that can interest me.

If your debating society is worth anything, I advise you to attend well to it. There is nothing more desirable to any man in the U. States than a facility in extemporaneous speaking. I have been practicing it ever since I came here, and flatter myself that I have made some improvement, but I find still that I can speak much better with than without notes. I wish you all success in your debut in public speaking, although you seem to wish a better hall for the deliverance of your exertion than Onancock can supply.

/ Have Bumby and Johnny yet put on the dignity befitting uncles? Uncle Bumby!!! I am glad to hear that there is a good, large quantity of our nephew, and that his lungs promise well.

How I wish that I could take a sail with you in your fine boat. I can imagine myself, lying back in the stern, too dignified to assist in managing the boat, for fear that a laugh would be raised at my ignorance and awkwardness.

So you were unable to keep your scholars under subjection. Verily, they seem not to have much reverence for their ought to be respected teacher. But persevere, and by setting them a good example in morals, religion &c. and by boxing, now and then the ears of ~~the~~ a refractory one, you may be able to tame the animals.

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I am very sorry to hear you say that you would vote for ———, the more especially when he is running against a true-hearted, whole-souled *gentleman*, who is *moreover* a good friend of Father's. Do not trust that man. He is a viper, as cowardly as he is venomous, whose lack of talents is only surpassed by his want of honor. One of the proudest hopes I cherish is to be able to bring upon his head some day some retribution for his villainy.

Bloomington, November 2nd, 1849

My dear Sister,

I have the poor excuse of laziness to offer for not writing to you sooner; indeed I was not really aware of the number of your letters that lay unanswered in my drawer. However, let me answer some of the latest. I am very glad to hear that Father has taken Mr. Bell into partnership with him. While last in Accomac I was somewhat acquainted with Mr. B. and was much pleased with his quiet and gentlemanly deportment and with what I heard of his character.

With regard to what you say of Miss —, either that lady, sister, or yourself must have exaggerated mightily. Instead of calling "every morning," I made not a single morning call on Miss —, and am confident that my evening calls did not exceed half a dozen in number during my stay of four weeks in Nashville. And indeed I went there to please not myself, but Miss —. To be sure I was somewhat pleased with the artlessness and simplicity of the little girl; and although she could amuse or entertain me but little, she seemed so glad to get clear of the study room for an hour or two, and seemed to like so much the idea of having a beau to call on her that I went oftener than I otherwise would. No—no, Sister Annie—never fear that your brother will ever be sufficiently *gauche* to annoy any lady by the frequency of his visits.

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Since my return from Jeffersonville, I have given up ladies' society altogether. Indeed I believe that I have gone too much with women and learned too much about them. However that be, I am fast growing a woman-hater, and am pretty sure to live an old bachelor: indeed all my projects and expectations are now connected with that idea. Suppose you--no, that won't do, for there's nothing I hate like an old maid.

Thank goodness, we have but nine more months to remain in Bloomington, and then my schoolboy days are over. Whew! what a time they have been. I have been thrashed enough to stint anybody's growth by schoolteachers: let's see by how many -- six out of the number have given it to me. I'll tell you what, it has been a series of trials, from the first time I stepped into Beach's old schoolhouse at Drummondtown to the present day.

I have just changed my boarding house, in consequence of which I get my meals a little better cooked and 50 cts cheaper than before.

All the boys are well. Give love to all about home.

Your affectionate brother,

O. Jennings Wise.

For Annie.

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For Annie

Bloomington, Decr. 2nd 1849.

My dear Sister,

Your kind letter, dated November 15th, came to hand last week. You should not be hurt at my not answering all your letters; for I have less time to write, and less to write about than you have.

My "Bachelor Notions," of which you so much complain are becoming stronger, insomuch that should I even come across the paragon I have so long been in search of, she should pass by unnoticed. A Miss ———, from Kentucky, will soon be here, to remain for several months. She has \$150,000 of her own, invested in brick houses in Louisville; and report says that she is only 17, pretty and accomplished, and has already "given the mitten" to thirteen suitors!!!!!!! All of the boys intend making a "dead set." And if, after they start the game, the chase is very exciting, your brother may join in the pursuit, but only for the excitement, and with no design more serious than that of conquering the heart for which so many have sighed in vain. A fortune encumbered with a woman is not sufficient to conquer the bachelor predilections which I already find so healthful. Indeed that portion of my corporation which the ancients were wont to denominate "the seat of anger" has so enlarged as to demand an inch more of vest and pantaloons: notwithstanding the 7 lbs. I lost while sick I now weigh 6 lbs. more than ever: my cheeks, but a little while since so sunken, are now, I dare say as full and as rosy as your own. In fact I never enjoyed such health and spirits, accompanied, as they are, by a most voracious appetite (which I am endeavoring to restrain, for I am determined that when I go home I will not sustain the same character for gluttony that I used to). All this I attribute to my new principles and my new boarding house.⁴ We have now the best cook and the best landlady in town. I have just finished, with the assistance of Little Doug., a plateful of delicious apples which the latter has just sent up to us.

However Miss ——— may have changed since, she was, when I saw her, an "artless little schoolgirl." I hope that if her "Winter campaign in Washington" has made any change in her it is for the better, and that she has not lost her *artlessness*, as many young ladies do, in acquiring the *art* of catching a husband.

Tell Eliza that if she goes to Mistering me, I'll wear out two pair of socks a-day, just for her to darn. Indeed I am heartily tired of the term—from the lecture room to the drawing-room it follows me, and I can get relief from it

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in no other way than by going to Dr. Wylie's where I am plain "Obe," or "Obe Wise."

Give my best respects to Mrs. Snead and tell her that it will not be long before she finds me a pretty frequent visitor. How I feel for Mrs. Wright. I wonder if she ever thinks of me now.

We have another Eastern Shoreman on here now. His name is Robertson⁵; he is from Somerset County, Maryland. He is a large, finely made fellow, of about twenty years of age, and is possessed of fine talents. He arrived here about a month ago, and rooms with Big Doug. He has not got over his homesickness yet. Poor fellow! I know how he feels—as if he had no one near to care for or to love him. He is very sensitive. The other day I found him crying bitterly, and found out that he had mistaken a good-natured joke from one of the boys for a malicious sarcasm. This was the cause of his tears. I think him a very fine fellow, and have taken quite a liking to him.

Our new professor of Mathematics [not the one mentioned above], Mr. Marshall,⁶ has just arrived here. He is small and slight, has evidently been a very hard student, and has an enormous head, at least in size. He is a Virginian and a nephew of Chief Justice Marshall. He is only twenty years of age, his chin is as smooth as any girl's, and, although he wears spectacles, there is not a member of our class that has not a more manly appearance. Pres't McGuffey recommends him as a man of very superior intellect.

Our law school here has not as many students as usual. Attending it is a curiosity that I have seldom seen—a well-educated and refined Irishman. His name is Burke.⁷ He is, I know, an excellent classical scholar and a good logician. He is a graduate of Trinity College, Dublin; this is the only thing he has told me about himself. He certainly seems to have aristocratic blood in his veins, from the extreme smallness and delicacy of his hands. He has a little of the brogue, and is very warm-hearted like all his countrymen, but lacks their blarney.

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I believe that I have nothing wherewith to finish this
page. Give love to all.

Your affectionate brother,

O. Jennings Wise.

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Bloomington March 24th, 1850.

My dear Mother,

Some time has passed since I have been intending to write to you - ever since I received your postscript to Annie's letter, written about Christmas.

Indeed it is very difficult to eke out a letter from the substance which the routine of a schoolboy's life affords; so much so that I am continually filling my epistles up with my own thoughts, feelings, pursuits, castles in the air, &c., till I am obliged to burn many of them for fear of being thought an egotist. Do I always escape it?

Our class, last week, lost its best member. On Sunday last he felt some symptoms of congestive fever, but paid no attention to them. During the day a heavy hailstorm came on, during which I picked up several hailstones as large as pigeon eggs. Our deceased classmate, Young,⁸ was a mile out in the

country, and walked home in the midst of it, and ate immoderately of the hail. He was immediately taken very ill, and soon became senseless to all around him, in which state he continued till he died. On Tuesday morning the Doctor told me that he could not live till night. I stayed with him all the afternoon. And after supper I went back and found him dying. He lay for some time drawing his breath heavily, then clasped his hands and raised his head; it fell back instantly on the pillow and he was dead. This is the first human being I ever saw die. Poor fellow! I little thought on Saturday while we were debating, and the debate was unusually protracted, when he got up and said that he would deliver his valedictory speech, that it would indeed be the last one he would make among us.

His father did not get here till he was dead, and he was buried at the expense of the class, on Wednesday. John, Henry, and myself with four other Seniors were pallbearers.

Dr. Wylie was very much grieved at his death, and says that he was the best student that he has ever had. In fact I know of no quality, needed either for a scholar or a perfect gentleman, which he did not possess. He was poor and proud, and pure as an infant from all vice. I can well remember his significant glance of contempt when an oath was used in his presence.

He was twenty-two years of age, large and finely proportioned, weighing about 160 lbs., with a countenance which evinced a sensibility of feeling and delicacy or rather nicety of taste. In overlooking his papers we found a complete translation of Pindar in heroic verse, written in his own hand, together with prose translation of the whole classical course. This will leave but twelve of us to graduate. When I first came here there were twenty-five in the class. Young, however, is the only one that has died.

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This is the last week of the session. Next session we will only have ten weeks to study; for the last month of the session is always given to the Senior class, ostensibly for the purpose of allowing them time in which to write their speeches; but in reality to allow them to keep all the horses and buggies and ladies in town whirling through the streets, or driving out to picnic parties.

I am going to attend singing school this vacation. Some twenty of us have discovered that our church music has much room for improvement, and intend lending our voices to the bettering of it. We have lately had a quarrel between our preacher and his congregation. \$300 of the arrears of his salary were unpaid (the whole annual salary is only \$400), whereupon he let them know in round terms that they had starved out every preacher that they ever had, and that he wouldn't preach any more till his salary was paid up. Whereupon the worthy elders called a meeting to consider the case, and had it not been for the women all voting in favor of retaining their preacher, I believe they would have turned the poor man out, for daring to grumble at living on \$100 per annum. Do you treat your preacher any better in Accomac?

I have been reading Pollock's *Course of Time*. The author has not quite the genius nor half the taste of Milton, yet I like it fully as well. It is more simple and touching, and contains more religion and less metaphysics than *Paradise Lost*.

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All the boys are well, except Jno. Jas., who is some
what indisposed. Give love to all and write frequently to

Your affectionate son

O. Jennings Wise.

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For Annie.

Bloomington, April 29th, 1850.

My dear Sister,

This day, if I mistake not, is the thirteenth anniversary of your birthday. I have been thinking of it, and it calls up a good many old remembrances. Do you remember when you were ten years old, how demurely you reminded us all at the dinner table that we had not drunk a bumper to your health?

I received your letter, dated April 11th, last week. Accept my thanks for the long list of belles with which you have been pleased to favor me. Nothing, however, is more alarming to my modesty than the thought of meeting in open field such a phalanx as you have arranged before me; the more so, as being a mere student, I have not yet learned to tutor my tongue to the courtly flattery which best suits ladies' ears. However, I hope to find enough enjoyment among you all at home to prevent my being dependent on the smile of any lady fair for my pleasures. I have been seriously thinking of making my graduating thesis a discourse on the evils of matrimony. Besides St. Paul's authority on this point I find that Plato is of opinion that "nothing tends to narrow the intellect and rouse the temper, so much as the petty cares and vexations attendant on domestic life." I can't entirely agree with the ancient moralist in this; still it seems that the "——" is not so crooked but it hath some lines of truth."

I am inclined to think that your taste needs cultivation, if you can find no poetry in the valentine I sent you.

I much approve of your plan of mutual confidence between us, when I get home, but I am afraid that I shall not have many secrets to entrust to you, unless you shall choose to listen to my various castles in the air, of which I spin out a complete series every day.

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I am glad to see that you have so soon learnt to believe that you know but little; indeed you have done so at a much earlier age than I did. This is certainly a good sign; it shows that you are beginning to reason, and understand correctly;—to use a metaphor which I have heard Dr. Wylie employ in speaking of this subject—“When the grain of the intellect is young and sappy, the ear of corn stands upright, but when it begins to ripen it modestly bends.”

I have just been reading your favorite, Hannah Moore, and coincide with you, in the opinion, that a better model for the imitation of female excellence could not be found. If any woman cultivates her intellectual powers alone, to the neglect of her moral faculties, if she possesses extraordinary talent, she is apt to degenerate, as Madame de Staël did, into an opium-eater.

I do not like the manner in which you speak of the “showy accomplishments of the day.” They are very necessary, not only to women, but to men also. I feel as if I would give a great deal to be tolerably skilled, *at least*, in fencing, boxing, and dancing. I have been trying to learn to sing this vacation. Having been persuaded by my music master that I had an excellent voice, and that my deficiency in ear could be removed by practice, I set hard to work; but soon found that I had neither time nor patience to wade through his crotchets, quavers, sharps, and flats, and have condemned my music book to a dishonorable situation on the upper shelf. I recommend you to pay attention to music and dancing; as to your becoming a proficient in either, it

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is not necessary, and hardly desirable; for a woman, in most cases, secures more esteem by "gently pleasing," than by "sublimely astonishing."

I hope that Annie and Ellen Childres will accept your invitation. I should like very much to see them. /

I have a half-idea of stopping at Brown—, Pa., on my way home to see our cousins there. Our vacation ends tomorrow, and then we have to take another tug at it for two months and a half, after which I hope to bid farewell to my schoolboy days; and to tell the truth I am not sorry for it, for I often find the restraints of the recitation room very trying and tiresome.

By the way, my dear sister, I must beg of you not to cross your letters again. On account of this crossing system I have not been able to decipher one of your last sentences till just this minute. I will attend to the request that you made there in my next letter. In fact I did procure from Dr. Wylie a list of books for a regular course in historical reading, but have lost the note I made of it. It is now half-past ten o'clock, and I must to bed. All the boys are in fine health. Give love to all, and write more frequently to your affectionate brother.

O. Jennings Wise.

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Bloomington, July 24th, 1850.

My dear Sister:

Your letter of the 12th inst. came to hand yesterday, and I now commence an epistle at random, with nothing in particular to say; but only for the purpose of writing once more before I go home.

I cannot at all see why Sister cannot remain until we get home. Is it indispensably necessary for her future welfare that she should commence housekeeping at the first of August? Mais cependant- I expect that she finds Accomac a dull place, even with the prospect of meeting her brother there, to recompense her for the gaieties of Washington.

Our commencement takes place on the 14th of August, and we will set out for home on the following day. We will arrive in Baltimore sometime between the 22nd & 28th. You know better than I do how soon we will be able to get from there to Accomac.

Our final examination took place on the 14th inst. I was very unwell the night before, and Dr. Wylie came to me the next morning and told me not to go down. However, as soon as I got the old Dr. out of the way, I braced myself with a large dose of opium, which enabled me to go through the whole six hours' examination. We all got through splendidly, standing a better examination than the class has ever done before. Since then, we are all gentlemen at large, with nothing to do but to prepare our last schoolboy essays for the commencement. I have nearly finished two poems, and hardly know which to select for the occasion.

Enclosed I send you a notice of my last Fourth of July speech. I am pretty well pleased with the notice, of course; but am perfectly certain that I said not of "mere attention to dress, or to circulate scandal and talk nonsense at parties." My subject was the design and influence of the love of home; and the touch on the ladies on which the editor dwells so much was only brought in, in order to introduce the different influences which it exerts on national welfare. I thought of sending a copy home, but when I computed the

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postage and found that it would amount to \$1.50cts—*Le jeu ne vaut pas la chandelle.*

There, I have run out all my stock on hand for the composition of a letter. Give love to all and remember your brother.

O. Jennings Wise.

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AN ADDRESS

On the 4th inst., at 7 o'clock P.M., Mr. O. Wise delivered the Anniversary Address of the Philomathean Society of Indiana University, at the Chapel. We have listened with pleasure to many efforts on similar occasions, but never heard one so fraught with correct sentiment, so abundant in beauty of metaphor, vigor, and expressiveness.

The eloquent manner in which the speaker alluded to the occupations of mothers, the frivolities of fashion, the fickle, the unsubstantial, giddy, peculiarities of the French, we trust made a lasting impression on the minds of the female portion of the auditory. He pointed out to them certain higher duties than mere attention to dress, or to circulate scandal and talk nonsense at parties. He directed them in a most forcible manner to the proper mental and physical nurture of their children. But our space will not permit a longer notice of the address. Suffice it to say, that Mr. O. W. may live till he is as grey as a polar bear, and proportionately increase in wisdom, but in our humble opinion he will never have cause to regret the delivery of the address of the 4th inst. A proper sense of delicacy forbids our speaking in stronger terms.

Berlin, November 16th, 1852

Dear Annie,

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Your letter of August 25th, reached me about two weeks ago, the day after I received Father's letter dated a month later than yours. I would have answered it sooner, but Father's first demanded attention; and after it, I had to finish a letter which I had commenced to sister. You must remember that my "object-
ion to long letters" consists not in reading, but in writing them: I have read yours over, not once or twice, but many times; and after all I feel disposed, Oliver Twist like, to "ask for more."
Indeed, if I don't receive letters more frequently from home, I seriously intend to engage a paid correspondent, whose duty it shall be to communicate with me every two weeks and oftener when occasion requires.

I suppose that by this time you are fixed in Philadelphia, like me away from home: "go to then, there's sympathy" - you look at it through the vista of months of separation; "there's more sympathy" - you pine occasionally at the prospect and wish to be back again, - so do I; "would you desire better sympathy?" I believe you would - at least I would, for this thing of being away from home is by no means pleasant, even when one has the malicious satisfaction of companionship in adversity. Nevertheless, don't let's be cast down, but try, like good Mark Tapley, to "be jolly under creditable circumstances." Hard work will shorten the time. Don't go to thinking ^{now} that the number of pleasures in

my reach here enables me to view the matter in this light more easily than you can; for to counterbalance that your distance from home is only measured by months, mine is by years-- moreover-- you have a little more religion to help you through than I have. Still I dont mean the above working sentence as a stimulus for you; I know that your danger is in the other direction, for while you were under my tuition my main difficulty was to hold you in.

Dont imagine that I am not aware of having covered nearly two pages with nothing,- I see it as plainly as you do; but where's the use to be particular? "'tis my humor" to write nothing now, and fortunately, for I've nothing else but nothing to write- besides you can skip if you like.

December 15th.

A month has past since the above rignarole was fortunately interrupted. /

The time has been replete with some very important events for I have taken a bold dive into the whirlpool of Berlin society, and have received your letter of November 12th. I am very thankful to you for it, especially for the part promising to write every two weeks. I am glad that you have gone to Richmond instead of Philadelphia; I feel as if you were nearer home. I heard much about the school before I left Virginia, and hope that you will find in it every opportunity for the enjoyment of your taste for study, and that I shall find my dear sister, on my return, a woman able to instruct me in

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many departments of knowledge—still retaining her affectionate disposition, the piety which subdues and holds in check her naturally high spirit, and the meditative and poetic vein which she often indulges in, and joining to them the learning and accomplishments of an elegant and educated woman.

But I must describe to you my *début* among these—

“Snuffy lords and highborn dames,
With accent broad and barbarous names.”

Some week or two ago, I found on my table a note requesting the honor of my company at a *soirée*, “*chez* Monsieuer le Baron Schimmelpennick,” Minister from Holland. The appointed evening I procured a carriage and a valet for the occasion (you know I can’t afford to keep either of these luxuries), and I drove to Mr. Vroom’s, where my carriage was placed at a respectful distance behind his, and followed in his suite to the house of the Dutch legation. I joined him and the ladies at the door (three ladies—Mrs. & Miss Vroom & a Miss Rossel). Our two *attachés* staid at home—very stupid in them. We were ushered through the door and upstairs between two rows of liveried servants. You may think that this was somewhat embarrassing to a flat-footed democrat, but it wasn’t. Indeed footmen are not here the bolt-upright, staring, sign-post individuals that they are with us and in England. Each one of them seemed to feel himself a necessary and respectable part of the matter in hand, and received his master’s guests with a pleasant smile and an easy bow.

On reaching the top of the stairs we stepped into an ante-room where a liveried gentleman took our cloaks and handed them to our valets. The two gentlemen holding their hats in their hands, we then entered the reception room—Mr. & Mrs. Vroom *en avant*, and Mr. Wise, flanked by the two young ladies, *en suite*. And there we were at the further end of four large rooms, opening into each other by folding doors thrown back, and filled with proud dames glittering with jewels, graceful damsels wearing no jewels but their bright eyes, military officers in full uniform, and civil officers and diplomats plainly dressed in black and white. It really seemed as if the military chaps were intended to be paired off with the old ladies, and we civil functionaries with the young ones. Our host received us immediately with a hearty welcome, and presented us all to his wife and daughter. These at once engaged *our* ladies in conversation; and turning a searching look for a recognition from some acquaintance, I caught the eye of the young Countess Von Saldern, whom I had often met with her three sisters at Mr. Barnard’s. She returned my bow, and presumed (in broken English) that this was my first *soirée* in Berlin—“but you must not,” said she, “think this a fair—what do you call *règle de jugement?*—criterion—yes!—of the splendor of our court circle. Wait to go to a ball at the palace. Ah! how glad I am to hear that his Majesty requests you to wear uniform—and not the black dress you had intention to go in. How silly was it for you to wish that!” This led to a pretty warm contest between my radical democracy and her opposite sentiments, and she was taking me to task for saying that there was “more deviltry than divinity in kings,” when her youngest sister interrupted us with, “Pardon, Monsieur, Mathilde m’est actuellement en place de mère. C’est ce soir mon *début*, et j’exige qu’elle me fait presenter de suite à l’ambassadrice Française.” I bowed and complimented her on the ease and *savoir faire* with which she

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managed her début. "Pas encore tout à fait à mon aise," answered she, "mais je l'espère aussitôt que je m'accoutume aux flatteries si courantes entre le corps diplomate." As they left me I recognized Ali Effendi, the Turkish Chargé, who requested to be presented to my *chef*. Then I busied myself with searching up all my acquaintances who spoke English to present them to Mr. Vroom, and surrounded the ladies with all those who could not. (All three of the ladies understand French well, but are somewhat timid about speaking it; I think this one evening did them more good than a dozen French lessons.) Next I met with Mdle. Bonin, the clever daughter of the present Minister of War. She insisted on my speaking German; I tried it and succeeded admirably, owing, however, more to her quickness than my own, for she always helped me to the very word I was stammering after. Still she often laughed, a cheerful, friendly laugh—evidently not directed at me; but at the distortion of her mother tongue. She made an agreement to learn skating with me this winter, and turned her attention to someone else just as I shook hands with the Chevalier Gondim, the Brazilian Secretary of Legation, who had occupied rooms together with me on my arrival here. Poor fellow—he looked badly. He had left Berlin to be married about a month before, and the match had been broken off in consequence of a quarrel with his intended brother-in-law. We stepped into a snug corner and had a nice, long talk together, deploring the present political state of Germany, laughing at the divine right of kings, and congratulating ourselves on the free institutions of our respective nations. We were joined by Mr. Rus, the Mexican Secretary, who chimed in with our conversation, alluded touchingly to the intestine disorders of his own country; but declared such a state far preferable to that of Germany. "Such a silent submission and degradation," said he, "on the part of such a noble people as the Germans is worse than the stillness of death." We were now becoming more serious than befitted the occasion, and Gondim broke the spell by informing me of the arrival of a new Brazilian attaché and his wife. "He is only twenty-three years old," said he, "and she but seventeen. They look like two children and she is very beautiful. Stop—there she is. I will present you." I picked up my hat, which I had laid on a chair, in order to manage more easily a cup of tea, and stood before a most charming little creature, with rosy cheeks (yes, and a clear white complexion. Isn't that queer for a Brazilian?) and soft hazel eyes, and a faultless neck encircled with diamonds. She spoke French perfectly, and we soon struck up a lively conversation. I told her of my residence in Brazil, and it was not long before we were rambling like two happy children over the Tejuco Mountains, from the great falls to the little falls back again to Boa Vista—pausing to view the noble bay below—discussing every feature of the beautiful landscape, from the Sugarloaf and the Corcovada on the right, to where the sharp peaks of the Organ Mountains rise in the distance to the left. Then we wandered through Engenho Velho, went to Gloria Hill, through the Catete to Bata Foga Bay, rambled back to the palace and grounds of San Christovao, and then skipped again to the Botanical Gardens. All these scenes were dear to us both, and we became such good friends at last that she playfully addressed me in broken English and challenged me to answer in Portuguese. Turning over a good deal of lumber in my brain, I raked out as quickly as I could some half a dozen phrases, and was about getting

to the end of them, when she was called to the other side of the room by the Brazilian Ambassadress. I am not sorry that she was; a longer *entretien* might have been dangerous. You know that, although less susceptible than most men to the influence of maiden charms, I always had a weak side for young and pretty married women; and I have seldom met one with whom I was more pleased than with the very youthful Madame di Pereira. I have since been introduced to her husband, with whom I am also much pleased. He has resided for a long time in the United States, and is well acquainted with our language and politics. "I was," said he, "a resident in Washington during the whole of Mr. Tyler's administration. I know your Father well, although I have never been introduced to him."

I heard him reply to Mr. Adam's attack on him, and saw him slap Stanley of Carolina on the floor of the house. Indeed, I listened to most of his speeches while he was Captain of the Corporal's Guard. What a speaker he is! eh! how much force and earnestness! I am surprised to learn that since his return from Rio, he has lived in retirement; it

seemed to me when I knew him, that political conflict furnished the food of his existence." You can well imagine how I was pleased by such talk as this. I assured him that Father had entered upon the care of his farm and the practice of his profession with the same zeal and earnestness which he displayed in Congress; and that I believed that he felt no restless longings to be among its scenes again - the less so, because, although holding no office, he still takes an active part in all the politics of the day. "Perhaps so," said he, "but I hope your legislature will show their wisdom soon by sending him to the Senate. If I judge rightly, that is the proper place for him." He also talked to me much about things in Brazil. He is acquainted with old Dr. Ildefonso. We recounted many of the Doctor's merits and eccentricities, and he told me that the old man is as hearty as ever, and regularly presents a yearly petition for the abolition of slavery.

I am happy to learn from Mr. Pereira that Brazil is now fast assuming a high stand among the family of nations. I have also heard the same thing from other sources. Their free constitution has become even more liberalised; indeed I believe that no blot except that of religious intolerance now remains on it; the Emperor has tried a system of internal laws, and inland police regulations for the suppression of the ^{slave} slave-trade, which is succeeding admirably; the town of Rio de Janeiro is being rapidly enlarged and beautified; the railroad connection with Petropolis is completed; plans for more extensive works to pierce the centre of the empire are frequently discussed, and the opening of the navigation of the Amazon promises a gigantic development of natural resources; besides this the coffee plantations are reaching far to the inward, and hundreds of slaves are daily marched from the seaboard to the interior.

But I am wandering from the subject of the evening party -//

Well, so I went along during the whole evening, passing from one person to another, presented to patricians who can trace their genealogy almost to the Caesars, chatting familiarly with Ambassadors, Countesses, and Baronesses, and wonderfully pleased with all. Everybody seemed to be overflowing with good humor and good feeling, even Mr. de Norman, a little English attaché, to whom I was introduced shortly after my arrival here, and with whom I had not exchanged even a street bow since,—even he came up at last, shook me warmly by the hand, alluded to our previous introduction, hoped that I had not forgotten it, and requested a presentation to my *chef*. I, of course, had a very pleasant remembrance of the commencement of our acquaintance, desired nothing more than that it should become more intimate, and introduced him immediately to Mr. Vroom. Shortly after this Mrs. Vroom intimated that it was growing late; we made our goodnight to the host and hostess, passed again the double file of footmen, and drove rapidly homeward.

Firm a democrat as I am and hope to remain, socially as well as politically, I must acknowledge that I never spent a pleasanter evening than that which marked my first *entrée* in the hot-bed of Berlin aristocracy. The great secret of its being so agreeable consists in the natural ease of manners which prevails. Imagine a set of highly educated and refined people preserving the benevolent simplicity of cottage manners and intercourse, and you have the *beau idéal* of courtly breeding. So apparent is this idea that, to me at least, the gaudy trappings which surround these people seem strangely out of place. I have met no society so similar to this as that of the little circle of well-educated gentlemen and ladies which I enjoyed so heartily during my stay in Bloomington.

No one here hesitates to turn his back, when occasion requires it, on lord or lady; no decorous Misses freeze you with a "Sir,!" and I have heard no expression approximating to the horrible "genteel" of English and American middle class gentry; there is none of that feeling of awkward constraint induced by pushing the dictates of etiquette beyond the requirements of good sense and good feeling. I don't mean to say that there are not circles ~~of~~ in our own country where such good manners are prevalent, but you know that there are many in which they are not.

In one thing we are far superior to these people; our ladies are much better educated. German women learn the modern languages, study music and dancing - and very little else. They are, few of them, conversant even with poetry, and in many things are profoundly ignorant. A young countess, for instance, asked me - "Why did you talk all the time with Madame Pereira in French?" "Because," said I, "neither of us understood the language of the other well enough to talk in English or Portuguese." "Portuguese! ach - so! that then is the language of Brazil. I thought that English was spoken everywhere in America." During the course of the evening another lady made a dreadful blunder about the geography of Spain and Portugal. A Spanish attache, who was talking with her, set about giving a very sensible explanation of the relative position of the two countries, and got heartily laughed at for his pains. It won't do to talk to them on any learned subject, except metaphysics. The natural bent of the German mind drives even the women to metaphysical abstraction. But even then formally expounded definitions are dangerous; and, above all, let each unsophisticated youth beware how he refers to the authority of a learned writer.

Tuesday, December 19th.

I have much more to tell you—indeed, I intended to give you my experience in three other shades and varieties of Berlin society, besides the Court circle, and to talk to you a little about the delightful music which I often hear, but the day and hour for closing all dispatches for the United States has come upon my unfinished letter, and I expect you had rather take it so than to wait a week or two longer for it.

Give my love to Isa, also to your friend Miss Heath, who was kind enough to wish to be remembered to me for your sake; and send it to everybody at home and everywhere else.

Your affectionate brother

O. Jennings Wise.

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Tuesday, December 19th.

I have much more to tell you—indeed, I intended to give you my experience in three other shades and varieties of Berlin society, besides the Court circle, and to talk to you a little about the delightful music which I often hear, but the day and hour for closing all dispatches for the United States has come upon my unfinished letter, and I expect you had rather take it so than to wait a week or two longer for it.

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Your affectionate brother

O. Jennings Wise.

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Berlin June 11th, 1854.

My dear Cousin,

I have delayed writing to you for so long a time, because I had nothing to tell. I have been leading a routine life and nothing of importance in the political world has happened since the date of my last letter, except the conclusion and publication of the treaty between Austria and Prussia as well as that of the consequent Vienna protocol of the 23rd. of May.

The Diet of the German Confederation at Frankfort, and a convention of the smaller German powers at Bamberg are still engaged in deliberations with regard to the treaty; each body seems to be awaiting the action of the other.

As to the treaty itself, you have doubtless noticed that every article, except the last, has been drawn up with an eye to Talleyrand's maxim, that language is only useful to conceal our thoughts. The last article, (stipulating that the possession of any part of the Turkish domain by Russia as subject to Russian dominion, or the crossing of the Balkan by a Russian army will justify aggressive movements on the part of the two contracting powers) I regard as a mere concession, made to silence popular excitement. The King of Prussia sent agents to St. Petersburg and against any construction of this article rendering it obligatory on Prussia to commence hostilities on the occasion of either event at Vienna, immediately after the conclusion of the treaty, to protect on Prussia to commence hostilities on the occasion of either event contemplated.

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Thus, you see, the decisive indications so long and anxiously watched for from Prussia and Austria have not yet been given. The question now concerns their neutrality or alliance with England and France. The improbability of their taking arms in favor of Russia is universally recognised, and English and French agents of every description are employing all their efforts to persuade the world of the necessity and probability of their armed concurrence with the Western powers. I am still convinced that they will remain neutral.

As for Prussia, I have already told you that the popular approval of the movements of the Western powers amounts almost to enthusiasm. But the people will never be able to march against Russia, without first ejecting Frederick William from the throne. He is a very weak man, and even his amiable weaknesses, as well as others of a less excusable nature, incline him to the side of Russia. His queen, you know, is sister to the Czar. She is a woman of narrow intellect and warm feelings, is devoted to her brother, and wields an influence over the King, to which, it is said, his is a willing subject. Besides this no Louis XIV was ever possessed of a firmer conviction of the divine source of his sovereignty. On several occasions he has publicly used language which would seem affectation in the mouth of any but the most enthusiastic despot. Thus in 1848, a few months after he was forced by the people to bow with uncovered head to the wagon loads of slain insurgents driven through the courtyard of his palace, he could find the fact to tell the nation - "I govern - not, God knows, because such is my pleasure; but because such is the will of God; therefore I will govern." Indeed, in spite of his friendly demonstrations

to all parties, no one doubts that he would much more willingly undertake a crusade against England than against Russia.

As for Austria, - I find that I was entirely mistaken in my impression of the cordial relations which I believed to exist between the court of Vienna and that of Petersburg. All late indications show that the young Emperor regards the obligations, under which the Czar has hitherto laid him, as a burden of which he would fain be rid. Nevertheless, I do not doubt th at Austria will preserve her neutrality, simply because neutrality is her only safe position (if indeed she can be safe in any position). Even giving credit to the belief that the young Nero at the head of affairs has intellect enough to perceive that the growing spirit of German republicanism necessitates a relaxation of the unmitigated despotism, which he has hitherto united Russia in impressing on his subjects, - it cannot be believed that he at all comprehends either the force or the truth of liberal principles; and if he yields, it is from necessity, - not inclination. This necessity combined with a jealousy of Russian dictation, will doubtless prevent any alliance with the Czar, admitting such an event to be otherwise possible. But there are considerations equally strong to preclude a union with the western powers. Austria cannot oppose the pretensions of Russia on any ground of moral principle. If she does so at all, her resistance must rest entirely on that ground of assumed expediency commonly styled the balance of power, and which is embodied in the dogma asserting that no European state should be allowed to extend its territorial limits without previous agreement with the other states. No longer ago than 1851, when

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the Bishop of Monte Negro declared the independence of that province, and when the Sultan sent an armed force to reduce him to obedience, Austria joined with Russia in a military and diplomatic interference and enforced from the Porte concessions for the Christians of Montenegro even more abusive of the independent sovereignty of the Sultan than those subsequently demanded by Russia in favor of the whole Greek population of Turkey.

(Here a sheet of the original is missing)

June 13th.

Nothing has been heard from the conference now going on between the King of Prussia and the Emperor of Austria. It is thought by some that the King picked this time for the conference in order to be absent from Berlin during the celebration of the silver wedding of the Prince of Prussia. The Prince is the heir apparent, and the favorite of the people, many of whom do not hesitate to express a desire for the abdication of the King in his favor. He is a man inclined to liberal principles, and the only one of the royal family who combats the King's predilection for Russia; so far has he carried this lately that warm words have passed between them. (Transcriber's pencilled note: Was this " Fritz" Princess Royal Victoria's husband.)

I must tell you what a silver wedding is. It is a custom in Germany to celebrate the 25th anniversary of the wedding day by a second performance of the marriage ceremony. The bride wears a silver wreath and hence the name. That of the Prince was celebrated on Sunday last. The people turned out en masse, and although by no means disorderly, were quite enthusiastic in their demonstrations. In the evening the town was illuminated.

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The 50th anniversary of the wedding day is similarly celebrated here. The bride then wears a golden wreath, and this occasion is called the golden wedding.

Remember me affectionately to all and believe me,

Your affectionate cousin

O. Jennings Wise.

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Berlin, August 10th, 1854.

My dear Annie.

Your kind letter of July 16th reached me yesterday, and now lies before me with your other unanswered letter of May 27th.

I have been very busy of late, or I might have written to you before. Mr. Vroom has been absent for some weeks of the time, thus rendering my attendance at the office longer and stricter, and during the time which has elapsed since his return, I have been assisting a friend, who has just taken his degree of L.L.D. at the University, in the revisal of a long Latin thesis which he had to present. When you write to Cousin Sally, present my excuse to her in this form for not having furnished her lately with any item of war or politics.

As to your question in moral philosophy, I am obliged to answer it somewhat at length.

To the mind of every one who acknowledges a belief in the immortality of the soul, and in the existence of a wise and Almighty Providence, it is apparent that ultimate expediency coincides with moral right. But Paley's doctrine goes further, and asserts that expediency is an end, and mortality only a means adapted to its accomplishment. If this is the case it results from one of two principles.

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First. It may rest upon the assumption that the Deity, himself being subject to necessity has, by a mere arbitrary set of his will so framed creation as to render a certain line of conduct in his creatures necessary, to some extent, to its preservation.

This is the doctrine which renders right and wrong entirely subject to the arbitrary will of God. or:

Secondly. It may be argued that there is a necessity, either superior to the Deity, or arising out of his own nature, which renders this line of conduct necessary for such preservation.

Either of these views regards God as a mere intellectual essence; for if we admit that he has a moral nature, we must at the same time recognize the fact that this moral nature must necessarily dictate a line of moral conduct for himself and for his creatures. This I conceive to be the fairest and most defensible statement of Paley's theory. I do not interpret him as meaning that man should follow his own perceptions of expediency, when those perceptions are opposed to the dictates of moral instinct, with which he has been furnished as a sure guide to the attainment of his best interests.

Still I disbelieve Paley's theory;- and for the following reasons:-

1st- It is perfectly rational to suppose that God himself is invested with moral attributes which inculcate a course or moral conduct for himself and for his creatures;- so that he has framed

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creation in such a manner as to render its harmony dependent upon obedience to the dictates of these attributes; thus making expediency to depend upon morality.

2nd. We have a faculty of mind which immediately recognizes the existence of immaterial as well as of material facts, and apprehends their qualities.

(The existence of immaterial facts, which the mind recognizes in a manner similar to that in which it apprehends material existences, is something to be kept continually in view while treating on metaphysical subjects. It is a very common error to believe that our minds create many things which are not apparent to the external senses. The mind of man has no creative power- it cannot shape an existence out of non-existence.

I am told that the German philosophers lay great stress upon this distinction of immaterial from material facts. It is beautifully set forth in an expression of Kant's, which was quoted to me the other day.- "There are two things, the which, the more I contemplate them and meditate upon them, the more they fill me with amazement and admiration- the starry heavens above me, and the immortal soul within me.")

This faculty, which I have mentioned, Dr. Wylie used to call intuitive reason, in contradistinction to the faculty of discursive reason, whose province it is to connect facts already apprehended and educe conclusions from such connections.

It is this faculty of intuitive reason which recognizes the difference between black and white, between hardness and softness &c. when applied to material objects. And when applied to immaterial objects, it recognizes analagous differences. The actions of men are among the immaterial facts which are subjected to this recognition. It recognizes some actions as right and some as wrong- some as expedient and some as inexpedient. It also recognizes right and expediency as separate and distinct facts- (for the qualities of facts are themselves facts)- so it does wrong and inexpediency. And it recognizes a quality of approbation as attaching to right, which it does not recognize as attaching to mere expediency,- as well as an offensive quality belonging to wrong, which it does not recognize as belonging to mere ~~ex~~ inexpediency.

(You will observe that when I speak of facts here, I mean beings or existences.)

It is apparent that this difference in the qualities of right and expediency, or wrong and inexpediency, can have no real existence; and it is unphilosophical to conclude from the mere coincidence of right and expediency that God has placed in the minds of his creatures a faculty which deceives them in this respect.

3rd. - Paley's theory presents to us a God, infinite in intelligence and power, and our greatest benefactor; and it also admits of a belief in his affection towards us. It must be allowed that

these qualities are such as to command our respect, our gratitude and our love. But we recognize other qualities which command our reverence, if not our affection, in a more eminent degree; and the great attributes of truth and justice are thus necessary to fill up the perfection of the Deity.

From these considerations I conclude that there is no necessity superior to the Deity, which forces him to frame a moral law in order to the attainment of expediency. I believe that he would have the power to place expediency at variance with, or independent of any rule of moral conduct, were it not for the existence of attributes within himself which forbid it. I believe that the moral law which governs us arises out of God's own nature and is superior to his will; and that he has adapted the work of his hands in accordance with its dictates. I believe that the quality of right is a first truth- something referable to no ulterior cause, for the reason that I am able to perceive no evidence of, and no necessity for the existence of such ulterior cause.

And I recognize the necessity of the existence of such first truths for the reason that it appears to me irrational to believe in the existence of an endless string of causes, and for the reason that it is impossible for anything to be mediately or immediately the cause of its own cause.

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There is but little news. The Austrians have as yet shown little immediate intention of fulfilling the stipulations of their late treaty with the Porte, by taking possession of the Danubian principalities. It is thought that the English government have been too hasty in showing their hands before they were certain of the game. Lord John Russell's intimation of the necessity of permanently depriving the Czar of Sebastopol seems to have frightened Austria a little- the idea of throwing another Gibraltar into the hands of England is rather unpalatable.

The republican troops have evacuated Bucharest and retired beyond the Sereth. The English and French troops have not yet smelt powder. It seems to be agreed that the naval commanders regard Constadt as impregnable; but report says that an attack by land and sea is preparing for Sebastopol. Count Esterhazy is now Minister here, during the absence of the regular Austrian plenipotentiary, Count Zhan.

It is now known that he has ^{not?} any special mission to fulfill.

The arrival of Espartero in Madrid has led to temporary tranquility in Spain, though further outbreaks are feared from the ultra partisans. The King of Saxony died this morning- so the telegraph says.

I'm sleepy- perhaps a line more tomorrow.

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Friday, August 11th.

The morning's paper furnished me with no additional news. I am about to take a vacation for of four weeks. Balie Peyton and myself, together with a Mr. and Mrs. Dumont, set out tomorrow morning for a tramp through Southern Germany. Our route will be this:- From Berlin to Leipsic, circuitously passing through Wittemberg, Dessau, Cothen and Halle. From Leipsic to Bamberg. From thence to Munich by way of Augsburg. From Munich to take the diligence to Salzburg. At Salzburg, we are to remain longer than at any other place, and employ the time in pedestrian excursions into the surrounding country (the Tyrol). After this, make tracks for the Danube, and float down to Vienna. From thence a circuitous route to Prague. Leaving Prague we will explore that part of Saxony bordering on the Elbe, which from the nature of its scenery is called Saxon Switzerland. Then we will repair for a day or two to the baths at Carlsbad; after which we return to Berlin, stopping on the way a day or two at Dresden.

This is a trip which we have been planning for a long time; and have talked over and settled all the preliminaries, concluding a special treaty with regard to baggage. We are thus equipped. Each gentleman is to wear a travelling suit of pepper and salt color, surmounted by a Kossuth hat of a dirty color. The baggage of each is to be stowed in a knapsack and a leather pouch swung by a strap passing over right shoulder and resting on

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the left hip. Mrs. Dumont, in consideration of her feminine weakness, is to be allowed a small trunk, in which she is permitted to pack any and every sort of wearing apparel. She is also permitted to carry a small umbrella. But the masculines are each restricted to two pair of boots, two vests, two pair of pantaloons, one coat, one overcoat, six pairs of drawers, eight shirts- with neckcloths, pocket handkerchiefs and socks ad libitum. Shaving apparatus is to be left behind as a nuisance.

N.B. Cheap hotels and conveyances are to be patronized throughout; & although the gentlemen may use walking sticks, they are on no account to be allowed umbrellas. All books except guide books are prohibited.

Give love to all.

Your affectionate brother,

O. Jennings Wise.

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Berlin, October 15th, 1854.

My dear Brother,

I received a few days ago your very welcome letter of September 18th. Your letter of April 17th, was also received in due time. I have not been waiting for your letter before commencing one to you. Ever since my return from Austria (a month ago) I have been intending to give you some particulars of my late trip, but every hour of my time has been so occupied that it has been impossible. I propose making my sightseeing the subject of a series of lettershome, of which you shall have as large a share of description as I can find time to crowd in between now and tomorrow night. This I am enabled to do with the greater facility, since although, I took no notes on the way, I have at my elbow "Murray's Handbook for Southern Germany," which is an excellent remembrancer for short memories, as well as an indispensable traveling companion for pilgrims short of information. You must know that there is quite a library of Murray's guide books, describing every country in Europe as well as some parts of Asia and Africa. They are gotten up with the greatest care and accuracy and are so full that they not only contain exact descriptions of routes, rates of payment, lions and scenery; but are so replete with historical matter, striking and graphic sketches, meditations, poetical quotations, &c. &c., that I might not only astound you with the depth of my historical research, but could, if I chose, cover many sheets with second hand sentiment. But this I promise not to do, except occasionally

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with inverted commas. Murray has been very useful to me in many ways, and I won't abuse his confidence. So I tell you plainly that when you begin to be astonished at the tenacity of my memory, or at the wonderful manner in which I handle the dates and heroes of ancient and modern history, you must remember that Murray is near at hand. I will, moreover, promise to describe nothing which I have not seen, and as for the sentimental and moral reflections, it is not to be supposed that a man who considers prosewriting at best, a condescension of his muse, will stoop to stealing from John Murray's quotations.

Thus the nature and original of the following pages is fully explained, and this dissection of the same humbly at your service.

Our party, besides Peyton and myself, consisted of a Mr. and Mrs. Dumont. Dumont is a Belgian by birth, a dentist by

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one flat continuity, ignorant of the diversity even of fences. But we did not lack good humor, and the anticipated enjoyments of the trip furnished abundant matter for conversation; and even when this flagged, it was pleasant to sit and watch the features of the country, some of which, and especially many tracts of stunted spruce pine, brought home thoughts vividly before me.

At two o'clock we arrived at Leipsic, where we had to wait two hours for the Hof train. After a lunch, quickly dis-

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patched, we employed this interval in strolling through the town. Leipsic looks like a very endurable place for a residence. It is blessed with that delightful rus in urbe of trees and flowers, which adds so much to the health and comfort of most German cities. A large building used for a barracks occupies the centre of the town, and a broad space around it is laid out in well shaded labyrinths of walks embellished with flowers and statuary.

The Germans practice more and understand much better than we do, the culture of flowers. Indeed flowers seem to be indispensably necessary to their comfort, - they make such familiar friends of them. Scarcely a house is to be found, even in winter, the windows of which are not in bloom, and the people employ flowers in very many customs and ceremonies. One of the most pleasing is that which the servants have of festooning the doors and windows to welcome the return of their masters, even after a few weeks absence from home.

The river Elster flows through the town, and we visited the spot where Field Marshall Prince Poniatowski was drowned in the great battle of Leipsic of 1813. The spot and vicinity are marked by several monuments. It is now private property and lies in the midst of a beautiful garden, or rather park. This was the only lion, which our two hours stay in Leipsic allowed us to see.

We rode all night, bating three hours that we stopped at Hof, where we arrived about midnight, - a sad interruption of our

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slumbers, for which we solaced ourselves with coffee and cigars, and thereby secured the certainty of sound sleeping in the next train. And it was a sound, sweet nap that I fell into as soon as we were off again; but it did not last long, for Peyton and I awoke at day-break and threw open the windows, ~~most~~ much to the discontent of the Germans in the same coupee, whose slumbers it disturbed, and who, as all their countrymen do, deemed a draught of cold air mortally dangerous. However, we kept the window on our side open, and until the sun was fairly up, we watched the shifting lights and shades which played over the face of a beautiful rolling country. About 12 o'clock we came in sight of the old city of Nuremburg;- and a most interesting sight it was. Conceive an irregular pile of steeples and towers- "so old that they seem scarcely not to fall-" rising above rows of sharproofed houses, with gable ends turned to the street, and surmounted with steeple-shaped dormant windows resembling the tops of oriental turrets, and with a hoary old citadel placed on an eminence at the Northern extremity, whose solid bastions and battlements frowning on the town beneath present continually an idea of feudal supremacy.

This was to be our first halting place. The railroad station being outside the city walls, you can suppose us bundled into an omnibus and pursuing our way slowly through the city gate towards our hotel, while I abstract from Murray some items of information.

The earliest mention of Nuremburg in ancient records occurs in the first half of the 11th century. In 1050 it is spoken of as a castrum and oppidum, and it received its first privileges of freemarket, and the rights of levying toll and coining money, from Henry III. between 1039 and 1056. During the 15th and 16th centuries, Nuremburg attained the height of its wealth and propperity. It possessed an independent domain 23 German miles in extent. (The German mile is to the English nearly as 5 to 1.) It was able to furnish a contingent of 6,000 fighting men to the army of the Emperor Maximilian, and it was the centre of trade between East and West; the chief mart and staple place for the produce of Italy and the Levant, which it received principally from Venice and Genoa, and distributed over the North and West of Europe, returning in exchange whatever the North had to offer. It was admirably adapted also by its position for an entrepot for the traffic carried on by means of the Danube and Rhine. But commerce and the carrying trade of Europe were by no means the only sources of its wealth; since, in the extent and celebrity of its manufactures, it deserves to be considered the Birmingham of the period. --

To this period belong the names of the Nuremberg artists, Albert Durer (1471 - 1528) painter, Sculptor, engraver, mathematician and engineer; Peter Vischer, sculptor and caster in bronze (d. 1530), Adam Kraft, sculptor, (d. 1508)* He then enumerates the inventions and discoveries which have had their origin in Nuremburg - viz: -

playing cards, paper mills, moulded cannon, watches, gunlocks, wire drawing, air gun, clarinet. "In 1550, Erasmus Ebner found out that particular alloy of metals called brass; the brass of earlier times was a different combination. -- The discovery of the Cape of Good Hope contributed to the decay of Nuremburg. Also the prejudices of the trades and guilds contributed to the ruin of its manufactures; the first, in 1498, expelled the Jews, and forbade them under pain of death even to sleep within the walls; and at a later period they shut their gates upon the Protestant weavers exiled from France and Flanders, who, however, found an asylum in other German cities, which their skill soon rendered successful competitors of the short sighted Nuremburgers.

The period of the Thirty Years War inflicted a permanent blow on the city. The citizens adopted early, and steadfastly adhered to, the reformed faith, and consequently espoused the cause of Gustavus Adolphus, who, in 1632 was compelled to throw himself into the town with an army of 15,000 men to protect both himself and it from the advancing force of Wallenstein, which was treble his own. Wallenstein encamped for nearly 3 months before the city and exhausted the whole country round to obtain supplies for his troops, while attempting to starve out the Swedes.

In the mean time Gustavus received immense reinforcements, and the supplies of the city were exhausted. Thus situated and failing in every effort to bring about a general engagement,

he was driven to the desperate determination of storming the enemy's camp at Furth; and after suffering a severe repulse, was compelled to break up from his quarters and retreat, leaving a garrison of 8,000 men in Nuremburg. At the time of his departure, 20,000 Swedes and 10,000 of the citizens had perished of disease and starvation, in about 8 or 10 weeks; fire and sword had laid waste the surrounding country, reducing it to a desert; the neighboring villages and hamlets were heaps of ashes and ruins. Wallenstein managed to keep his ground only 5 days after his rival had withdrawn. He then broke up his camp and retreated, having scarcely suffered less than Gustavus, nor did he venture any attempt upon Nuremburg. The extraordinary efforts made by the city to meet this exigency completely exhausted her financial resources, and left her encumbered with a load of debt whose burden remained oppressively felt for more than a century.

The 70,000 inhabitants who dwelt in former times in Nuremburg, were diminished in 1846 to 47,390. That which was once the greatest and most wealthy of all the free Imperial cities, the residence of Emperors, the seat of diets, the focus of the trade of Asia and Europe, the most important manufacturing town in Germany, the home of German freedom and art, the cradle of the fine arts, of poetry (in its uncouth infancy, it is true), and of almost numberless useful inventions; which was alternately the courted ally and the dreaded rival of sovereign princes, had degenerated

from the latter part of the 17th century to the beginning of the 19th into a dull provincial town. Forsaken by its ancient commerce, it might be compared to the one of its own galleons of former days, abandoned by the receding tide. Its manufactures, once so universally known and prized in all parts of the world as to give rise to a proverb -

"Nuremberg's hand

Goes through every hand,"

were reduced to dribble in lead pencils, pill boxes and children's toys. It has, however, of late years experienced a considerable revival of prosperity, the population having increased from 45,381 in 1843 to 47,390 in 1846 when the last census was taken.

The manufacturers of Nuremberg seem again on the ascendant; at present they include cloth, brass and bronze wares, mirror and tin and lacquered ware and furniture; the foil used in setting jewelry is exclusively made here; much steel and brass ware is sent to America. Nuremberg exports to all parts of the globe in great quantities, the chief supply of children's toys, known in England as Dutch toys, an inappropriate name, since they are mostly made by the peasants of the Thuringian forest, who employ themselves and their families on such labors during the winter months, and by their frugal habits are enabled to produce them at an amazingly low price. In spite of the changes it has undergone in fortune and condition, as a city it remains almost unaltered, re-

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taining probably more than any other in Europe the aspect of times long gone by. It is surrounded by feudal walls and turrets (of which latter, in former days, it boasted to possess 365,) faced and strengthened in more recent ~~as~~ times, when the influence of gunpowder began to be felt, by ramparts and incipient bastions, resembling the early Italian mode of modern fortifications. These again are inclosed by a ditch 100 feet wide and fifty feet deep, the sides of which are faced throughout with masonry. Its four principal arched gates are flanked by massive cylindrical watchtowers, no longer of use as fortifications, but picturesque in a high degree, and serving to complete the coronet of antique towers which encircle the city, as seen from a distance."

We were duly deposited at the "Gasthaus zum Rothen Hahn" (Inn of the Red Cock), an old fashioned German Inn, with a carriage way passing through it and rather dirty withal, (Mrs. Dumont complained a good deal of the fleas next day), but roomy and cheerful and "situated in a convenient part of the town." Peyton and I thought it advisable to undergo a thorough cleansing before dinner and, on inquiring for a bathing establishment, were conducted to the banks of the river Pegnitz, a part of which near the centre of the town is fenced in for lavatory purposes. Finding a clean sandy bottom, we first waded, and then swam across the classic stream. On returning to the hotel, we found our two companions indulging in a draught of beer. Bavarian Beer is the most distinguished of

all the beers in Germany, and although we had previously made use of the imported article in Berlin, we now availed ourselves of the first opportunity to enjoy it in its native purity - fresh and sweet, sparkling and foaming. It has much the flavor of English ale, and although not so strong, is much "livelier"; - nor has it so harsh a taste of the hop. We drank it during our whole route through Bavaria, and I can remember no satisfaction of the palate more delicious than that which it afforded me. Nor, as I conceive, is the beneficial influence of beer to be limited to the palate; - although it does not brace the energies like the strong wines of the South, nor quicken the wit like the lighter wines of France and Germany, it excels both in producing a healthy buoyancy of spirit and conducing to a state of mind at once contented and companionable. Indeed I must confess a lurking suspicion that the pleasurable nature of all my reminiscences of Bavaria is attributable ~~to~~ in some degree to my having seen it all through the medium of beer.

After dinner we sallied forth to take a general look at the city. It being Sunday, everybody had turned out in their best clothes, and we soon found ourselves among a crowd of people very different from the contemplative souls of Northern Germany. A perfect abandon of gayety prevailed, and the clattering tongues and quick gestures around us, together with the not unfrequent appearance of brunette faces gave abundant proof of an appreciative

infusion of Southern blood. The women were remarkably handsome. The climate of Bavaria seems very similar to that of Virginia, and permits the perfection of every species of female beauty, - from the regular features and dark eyes of the South to the flaxen hair and "eyes of laughing blue" usually attributed to the Saxon race. I thought that Peyton never would get tired of looking at the women, and it was with difficulty that we prevailed on him to accompany us to St. John's Churchyard, "which has been the burial place of the burgher aristocracy of Nuremburg for many centuries." It contains more than 3,500 grave-stones, among which are those of all the distinguished artists and poets of the city. The remains of Albert Durer have been removed from the tomb bearing his name. Murray relates that this great man, who gave the first impulse to art in Southern Germany, "died of a piteous complaint - a termagant wife, a perfect Kantippe, who plagued his gentle spirit out of his body." In a corner of the churchyard, there is a building for the reception of bodies which have suffered sudden death. There were three bodies exposed when we entered, a woman and two little children. They were all on comfortable beds, dressed in their usual clothes, and had flowers laid around them; and the forefinger of each right hand was hung to a string and so delicately balanced as to sound a bell in the adjoining room (the surgeon's room) with the slightest motion. A third room was supplied with a bath and other restorative means. You will remember a description

of the same sort of thing which is given in "The Initials."

We next went to the Burg or Imperial Castle. Situated on a high rock at the northern extremity, this overlooks the city, and presents a perfect picture of a feudal castle; - which species of architecture is so irregular as to exceed my powers of description. I can only tell you that it is a collection of towers, round square and pentagonal, shutting in a courtyard, which is entered through one of the towers by a huge gateway. It contains two fine old chapels and a collection of old pictures which are not fine; some of the latter are the productions of Albert Durer, and which, like the earlier paintings of Raphael, although they may have been a great improvement upon the then art of painting, are entirely too stiff and formal to please the modern eye. There is also a collection of antiquities, where specimens of the first watches and other articles of Nuremberg manufacture are exhibited; also many specimens of mediaeval arms, offensive and defensive. Among these is the heavy blade of ^{an} executioner's sword, which is engraved with a quaint and appropriate inscription, the wording of which, however, has escaped my memory. Within the walls of the Castle there is a well 500 feet deep; we were enabled to form an idea of its enormous depth by throwing a bright reflection from a mirror on the water below, and by throwing water down and counting the seconds which elapsed before we heard it fall. This castle used to be the favorite residence of the Emperors of Germany.

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It is now the only castle standing in Nuremberg, though there was formerly another. "The Emperor used to appoint a Burgraf or Stadt-holder of Nuremberg; he lived in a castle within the walls, and was intended to be a protector to the city, though he was usually regarded by the burghers as a thorn ⁱⁿ its side. The ancestors of the present royal family of Prussia ^A make their first appearance in history as the Burgraves of Nuremberg. They were constantly engaged in feuds with the citizens, until, at last, in 1417, Frederic IV., Burgrave of Nuremberg, anxious to raise money to purchase the Mark of Brandenburg, sold his castle and a portion of his rights to the citizens for 120,000 gold gulden. No sooner was the purchase concluded, than the magistrates, assembling together men, women and children, caused the castle to be leveled with the ground, so as not to leave a trace of it behind."

The sun had set by the time we got through with the Burg and, as we determined to get up early and finish Nuremberg next day we agreed to retire betimes. German hotels have no common parlors or sitting rooms, and we were driven immediately to our bedrooms. Peyton and I occupying the same room, we enjoyed our cigars there, while a little black-eyed chambermaid prepared our beds and engaged us in conversation. Like all the South German peasants, she spoke a miserable patois, and we found much difficulty in understanding the questions with which she constantly plied us. Nothing disconcerted, however, she kept on in a coquettish strain, and indicated

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no intention of retiring till we showed signs of undressing.

Monday, October 30th.

I earnestly intended to dispatch this letter two weeks ago, and have been delaying it ever since in order to finish with Nuremberg. Mais, Voyez vous, c'est une chose impossible. The University lectures have commenced again, and I have determined not to miss one of them. The German is now becoming to me an easy medium for learning law, and I must dive into the science without further dawdling. The little that I have accomplished in it since I have been here (I have now been attending the University for a year) is mortifying to me, but by no means disheartening; for if I apply the same amount of time to it that I have been doing to French and German and to European politics, I hope in another year to have a good general knowledge of the Roman law. But to other things.

I have seen something in the Washington papers which threatens to touch my pride as well as my pocket. Some member of Congress has drawn up a bill, including a scheme for diplomatic appropriations, which contemplates reducing my salary to \$1,500. while it proposes to raise the salary of every other Secretary of Legation now appointed in Europe, and also proposes creating a Secretaryship at Vienna with a salary of \$2000. Now there is one point with regard to which I am fully and accurately informed viz. that living is considerably cheaper in Vienna than in Berlin.

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Moreover, even if this were not the case, I see no reason why my position should be placed at the tail end of the diplomatic list. It also proposes to disallow in future the outfit and infit of Ministers Plenipotentiary, and to raise the salary of the Minister here only to \$12,000 per annum. Not to notice the absurdity of raising the Minister's salary, and cutting down the Secretary's at the same place, a few figures will show that this disposition of affairs actually decreases the payment of the Minister. Supposing a Minister to remain here for four years, (and he seldom remains longer) under the present system, he receives

Outfit.....	\$9,000.
4 years salary.....	36,000.
Infit.....	4,000.
	<hr/>
Total	49,000.

Under the system proposed

4 years salary amounts to	\$48,000
	<hr/>
Decrease of Minister's pyt.	1,000.
" Secty's salary	2,000.
	<hr/>
Total decrease for 4 yrs	3,000.

Now I can assert with certainty that, let affairs remain as they are, Mr. Vroom's salary, together with outfit and infit, will not be sufficient for the maintenance of his family here for four years; and if by remaining unmarried, I am enabled to contract my

expenses so as to live within my salary, it is no reason that it should be reduced so as totally to exclude a married man from accepting the office in future, or to cause me to resign it in case I should chance to commit the not unpardonable offence of matrimony. The Secretaries in London and Paris already receive \$800. (an allowance for clerk hire) more than I do per annum, - and yet it is proposed to raise their salaries and cut mine down. That this matter will properly be attended to is "a consummation devoutly devoutly to be hoped."

Quite an excited correspondence has lately taken place between this Government and that of Vienna with regard to the extent to which, and under what circumstances, Prussia is bound to sustain Austria in case of a collision between the latter and Russia. If I had time, I would like to explain the full nature of this to you; but I have not.

From Sebastopol we have as yet no news at once decisive and reliable. The bombardment was commenced on the 17th, and still continuing on the 21st inst. The Russian telegraphic dispatches say that up to this date they suffered no damage except 500 men killed and wounded, and that the fire of the allies from the Sea had been silenced, and that from the land side much weakened. The English reports, on the other hand, say that one of the Russian forts was battered down and the fire of another silenced. This afternoon a telegraphic dispatch was received from St. Peters-

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burg, stating that the allies have been beaten back from their position, with the loss of some of their cannon; further particulars have not been received, and none of these reports are as yet regarded as authentic.

I have read in the Union, Father's letter to Mr. Adams, and believe that its publication will be of great advantage to him. It seems to me that his positions are sound and satisfactory, and such as to assure him the approval of thinking men throughout the South.

From what I have been informed of his acquirements, I should think that Ned Joynes could easily, by a two years course at a German University, take the degree of Doctor of Philosophy, the only literary degree given in Germany.

Neither of the Dougs. have written to me; nor have any of the boys except Peyt., whose favor I hope to answer before long.

Give love to all,

Your affectionate brother,

O. Jennings Wise.

P.S. After you have finished with this, send it to Sister.

I shall continue the voyage in a letter to her sometime or other, I don't know when.

O.J.W.

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Berlin March 18th, 1855.

Dear Brother Dick,

I received some time ago your letter of February 9th, and it has pleased me very much,-first because it assures me that you have not forgotten to love me, and next because it tells me so much about home.

As to the card I sent Nene, you ought to have told me what the words are,-for I don't exactly remember; but I think they stand after this fashion -

Gluckwunsche

zum

New Jahr

If so, it means Happy wishes for the New Year.

Do you know that I begin to feel old when I think that you are big enough to ride Ringtail and carry a gun?-and then that you have shot 25 ducks,-which is just 25 more than I ever shot in my life. Indeed I'm prouder of those ducks than if I had shot them myself,-for they are a sign that my brother Dick has begun to show the man that's in him;-that he can take a quick, steady, true aim and do execution with it; that he can be prompt and deliberate at the same time. Keep up your practice with your gun, Dick, and make yourself a crack shot. It is wholesome, manly sport, and I am very sorry that I have always been such a bungler at it. But remember that the same cool quickness that helps you to bring down your ducks, is a quality, which, like a plantation axe, can be applied to a great variety of useful purposes,- and unlike a plantation axe, instead of dulling, it always sharpens by use. Keep wide awake and you'll see plenty of chances to make use

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of it; and when you see a chance, don't let the opportunity slip. You see I've commenced a sort of moral lecture to you, and so I'll carry it out.

You must bear in mind that there are a great many other qualities which you possess, and which you are bound to cultivate and exercise; one is patience, one is perseverance, one is application to study, and another is the power of thinking over all you have learnt till you understand it thoroughly. You will never be a man till you have attended well to these; and if you do attend to them, they will help you to bring down larger game than ducks, for they are the guns that men shoot best with nowadays.

I shall be proud to see my brother Dick a crack shot and a first rate horseman; but I shall be very much prouder of him when I see him a gentleman that wears his wit as polished as his sword."

Are you fond of reading, Dick?—I don't believe you are naturally so fond of it as I was at your age. Before I was as old as you are, I used to stay in the house for hours at a time while the other boys were at play, turning over page after page of fairy tales, and stories of wonderful travelers, and Sunday school books, and lives of great men and books of history. I knew all about Robinson Crusoe, and the Thousand and One Nights, Jack Hazard, Sanford and Merton, Oliver Twist; had read the Life of Washington, Voyages of Captain Cook, Parley's Common School History, Parley's General History, Parley's History of America, Grinshaw's History of the United States, Rollin's Ancient History, —and I don't know how many other books. But I have not been a good student. I have always loved to read, just as you love to go a gunning;—but I have not grappled manfully with hard, patient study,

like I ought to have done. I sometimes think that I might already have been a great man, if I had been trying hard for it all this time. And if you intend to be a great man like Papa is,—you must commence at once and keep hard at it. There's no time to lose.

Have you read the book Grandma gave you before I left home—Hans Christian Anderson's *Story Book*? The author of that book is a German, and since I have been here I have seen the book in the German language. There are a great many such story books in German, and what is curious is that they are all written by great men, and are as profitable for grown people to read as for children. The Germans are a good, kind people, and in their manners and feelings are often very simple and artless.

I frequently see two great big soldiers meet each other in the streets, and pull their long moustaches to one side, and kiss each other, just like two little children. But I think that's carrying the matter a little too far. Don't you?

Our Minister here, Mr. ~~Croon~~ ^Vroon has four boys with him. Two of them are about as old as you and Johnny. They have not been here more than eighteen months, but they all go to a German school and speak German as rapidly as English. When you were four years old, you could do the same with the Portuguese language, which you have since entirely forgotten. You are older now, and the next time you learn a language, the shot will stick where it strikes. I learnt French at the same time you did Portuguese, and I know it better now than I did then. Have you commenced Latin yet?

I am sorry that I do not know of any English History of Prussia for you to read, so that you could know all about the country where I am now living. I will tell you something about it as well as I can without stopping to look at my books.

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About 600 years ago, there was an old German professor named Leuthe, who lived in a high place among the Alpine Mountains, near a toll gate. Now the German word for toll is *Zoll*, and this old gentleman used to sign his name *Johann Leuthe of Hohenzollern*, that is John Leuthe of High Toll Gate. Worldly matters were thriving with the old man, and he determined to go to the town of Nuremberg and set up as a merchant. His children after him followed the same profession, until one of his descendants became rich enough to buy a castle in the town and the Emperor of Germany appointed him *Burgraf*—that is, Castle Count of the town. From all accounts, this *Burgraf* and his descendants became very haughty and tyrannical, and soon threw aside their old family name of Leuthe and signed their names only *von Hohenzollern*, which they have continued to do down to this day. Nevertheless, they did not forget that "money makes the mare go," and, keeping an eye to the main chance, they continued to keep up their commercial speculations. By this they were enabled to lend large sums of money to the Emperor of Germany, who gave them in return a mortgage on the Electorate of Brandenburg. At last one of these *Burgraves* sold his castle to the people of Nuremberg and gave them their liberty for a good pile of money, which he paid to the Emperor of Germany, who gave him the title of Elector of Brandenburg and made him sovereign ruler over that Electorate.

The newly created Elector immediately took up his residence in the city of Berlin, now the capital of the Kingdom of Prussia, then capital of the Electorate of Brandenburg. His descendants intermarried with different royal families of Europe, but didn't make much noise in the world until the time of Frederic William the Great Elector. This great man was born in 1620. While he was a boy he was a great favorite with his uncle Gustavus Adolphus, King of Sweden, and before he was fifteen years old he fought bravely in several battles under his cousin Henry Frederic of Nassau, Prince of Orange. In 1640 he commenced to reign, and immediately showed himself a great soldier and statesman. Just think, he was only eight years older than you are now [Brother Richard was then going on twelve years of age]. He turned out all the old officers of the Government, got a new set of smart active fellows around him, made a number of new laws, and soon got everything fixed snug and comfortable at home. Then he commenced to fight great battles and to buy great tracts of country from neighboring kings.

I haven't got time to tell you any more now, but if you'll write me another letter, I'll go on with the story.

There has been nothing of importance heard lately about the fighting in the Crimea; but all hands are sending more and more troops, and I expect that as soon as the warm weather fairly sets in, there will be some tall fighting. The English, French, and Turks have about 150,000 troops now—some at Eupatoria, some at Balaklava, and some before Sebastopol. There are not many of the English. I don't believe they have more than 10,000 men in the field.

In the mean time, they are all talking about making peace. After a number of interviews and informal meetings among the representatives of the different countries at Vienna, they all formally met together last Thursday, and commenced consultations, which are still going on, about the terms upon which a treaty of peace ought to be made. The following are the names of all the representatives - for England- Lord John Russell and Lord Westmoreland. For France - Baron de Bourqueney. For Turkey - Arif

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Effendi and Riza Bey. For Russia - Prince Gortschakoff and Mr. de Titoff. I have heard nothing about a representative for Sardinia, though she ought to have one, for she made a treaty last winter with England and France in which she promises to help them fight against Russia. The King of Prussia wanted to send a representative too; but the Governments of England and France won't let him; - they think he is too strong a friend to Russia.

It is very certain that Austria will do all she can to make peace, and it is thought that England and Turkey and Russia would all be willing to make peace on reasonable terms. Everybody thinks, however, that the Emperor of France will try hard to prevent it. From what I can learn, I believe that he did more towards bringing on the war than anybody else, and he hopes to reap a good deal of personal credit from it. He is an unscrupulous, ambitious, bad man. I have just been reading Mr. Victor Hugo's eloquent description of the way in which this same Louis Napoleon acted a little more than two years ago,—when he broke up the government of France, and in one day shot down hundreds of men, women, and children in the streets of Paris, and threw into prison and drove into exile 40 or 50 thousand honest and brave men. All this he did only because his presidential term was nearly out, and he was afraid that he would not be re-elected. Since then he has caused himself to be made Emperor, and he still continues to tyrannize over the French people, and now hopes to reconcile them to it by giving them a chance to acquire military glory. He is a dishonest scoundrel, and I trust he will receive his just punishment in due time.

Whew! - what a long letter I have written here! Give

my love to Papa and Mama and Aunt Harriet and sister Annie, to
Henry and John James and Doug., to Nene and Johnny and Ida, and
everybody else.

Your affectionate brother

O. Jennings Wise.

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Berlin, August 8th, 1855.

Dear Annie,

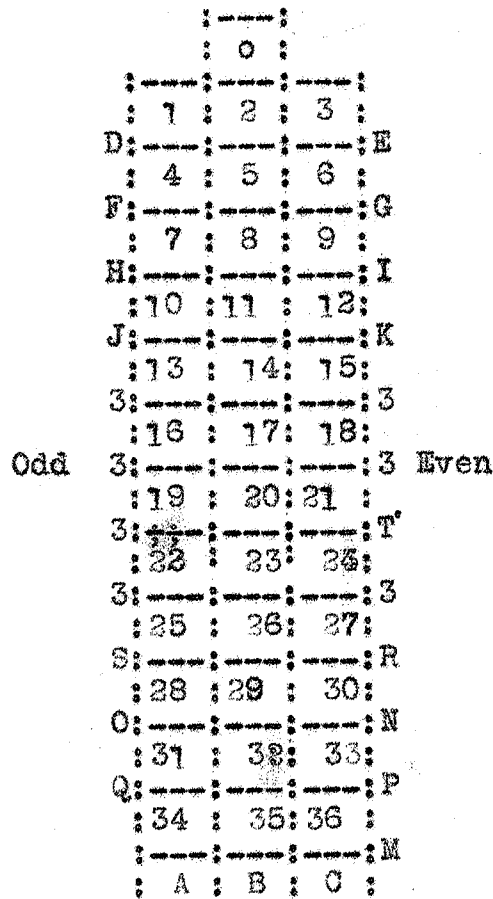
It has been two weeks since I received a letter from you and such a case of delinquency on your part awakes me to the actual necessity of putting in practice an intention of mine which has not been accomplished for about 12 months. I think it was about a year ago I wrote you, and in the course of that year which has passed, some strange things have happened - latterly some very strange things. /

I have a confession to make to you—prepare yourself! It isn't love, and it isn't marriage, but something almost as awful to tell as either, so listen. Would you believe that your brother, who left home a sober-sided and middle-aged man [he was twenty-two when he left home!], has since grown so young and so profligate as to stand for hours together beside a gambling table, tossing down and taking up whole handfuls of broad gold and silver pieces? and then to stand a quiet spectator of no less than eight bloody duels? Strange as it may seem, this really did happen about two weeks ago, and all within the short space of four days. And strangest of all, the hardened reprobate has not experienced a moment's penitence for his crimes. Well, on Monday, July 16th, at 7 o'clock P.M., I started, with my old traveling companions of last summer, M. and Madame Dumont, to accompany them, *via* Frankfort on the Main, as far as Heidelberg, where I went to pay a visit of a few days to Peyton. Traveling all night in the cars, we snoozed and snored comfortably, and arrived at Frankfort on Tuesday morning at 10 o'clock, having passed and observed an interesting variety of ruined castles in the vicinity of the town. On arriving at the old capital of the German Empire and the present seat of the German Diet, our first step was naturally that of eating a hearty meal, after which I hunted up an antiquarian book-seller

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and purchased a number of old volumes for Mr. Vroom, then examined some fine statuary and a collection of modern pictures at the Art-Union, where we purchased lottery tickets, entitling each of us to draw (perhaps) an oil painting, some time next Fall. After this Mrs. Dumont declared herself tired out, and we betook ourselves to supper and discussed the plan of amusement for the next day. About 10 miles from Frankfort is the town of Hombourg, one of the most celebrated watering-places in Germany, and, as at all such places in South Western Germany, there is an extensive gambling establishment attached to the baths. Well, we agreed to go to Hombourg next day and try our luck, binding ourselves by solemn promise not to lose more than ten florins (about \$5) apiece. The two games played are "*rouge et noir*" and "*roulette*." Dumont did not understand the former, which is the more desperate game and requiring the greater amount of capital to play at it; but he explained to us the game of roulette. As this is something interesting I will show it to you.

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Such is the diagram of the table.

There is attached to it a circular table, about 18 inches in diameter, fixed on a pivot, and around the edges of it are little compartments 37 in number and marked with the different figures from 0 to 36. This plate is made to revolve rapidly, and while it is turning a small ball is thrown upon it. The ball falls into one of the compartments or holes, decides the winning number. The game is in this wise- Every player is allowed to take as many chances in his

(Here a square piece is cut from the original diagram)

favor, or against him, as he pleases; but the odds and the chances are always inverse. Thus if he bets on "even" or "odd," which he can do by laying his money on one of the plates thus marked, there are no odds and the chances are even; that is, supposing he has bet on "even," if the ball falls on any even number, he wins, but wins only the amount of his stake; the bank having only the advantage of the "0," if the ball falls upon which he loses - also, of course, if it falls upon any single number, in which case, if he wins, he wins 36 times his stake; because the chances are 36 to one against him, and the "0" is not counted in computing the odds. The manner of betting is simply to lay the money on a number. Again, the player can bet

on six numbers thus, if he lays his stake on D. or E. and any one of the numbers from 1 to 6 inclusive wins, he gains six times the stake. By laying his stake between two numbers, as at "U," if either wins, he gains eighteen times his stake. By laying his stake between four numbers as at "V," if either wins, he gains eight times his stake. And if he lays his money at "A," "B," or "C," he bets on the perpendicular line of figures, any of which winning, he gains twice his stake. So you see that for a person betting on several figures and combinations of figures at once, there is no end to the different calculations. (The letters A. B. C. &c, are my own additions for the purpose of explanation - there are none but the figures on the roulette table.)

Well, on Wednesday morning, we hired a carriage and started for Hombourg, - Mrs. Dumont excited and seriously bent upon breaking the bank. We drove through a beautiful plain, luxuriant with grain and fruit trees, which together with the Lombardy poplars, the occasional pine thickets, the bright sunshine and clear atmosphere called to mind many a sweet scene far away; - a delightful drive it was, and I was almost sorry when we arrived at Hombourg. Mrs. Dumont was impatient to enter the Casino and make straightway an assault upon the tiger. Nous autres kept her in an awful suspense, teasing her into a half hour's promenade among the shrubbery beforehand, during which time we made the bargain that whoever won the biggest pile should pay the score at dinner. At last we entered the Casino, a tasteful block of building containing a large ballroom, two restaurant rooms (under the superintendence of a great artist from Paris,) two reading rooms- and two gambling saloons. /

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We edged our way to the roulette table, and I began to feel some eagerness as I counted ten broad pieces of silver into my traveling cap, a little Scotch bonnet very convenient for the purpose. Dumont put down a piece and lost, Mrs. Dumont also. The third time that the warning was given—"Messieurs, faites le jeu!"—I slipped a couple of florins on six numbers—whirr! went the tablet, and as it slowly stopped, the voice of the director was heard again, "Numero trente-quatre," and twelve glittering silver pieces were tossed towards me. They fairly dazzled me as I clutched them with both hands! I then lost three florins successively, betting each time in a different manner, next I won, next I lost, and so it went on, loss and gain keeping things about even.

Mrs. Dumont

played with similar success. Dumont made several brilliant hits, winning on single figures. I then stopped, determining to quit the haphazard style, and play on a calculation. My two friends determined to stick to the variety game, the one somewhat flushed with success, - the other eager with hope. My calculation was soon made. It was to bet continually on the first row of 12 figures, (on "A") indemnifying losses by increasing the stake. Thus, supposing I should lose five times successively, and win the sixth time, I would bet thus - certain of aggregate gain at any time the ball fell in my favor - thus -

1st time bet	1 florin	-lost in all	1 florin	
2nd "	" 1 "	- " "	" 1 "	
3rd "	" 2 "	- " "	" 4 "	
4th "	" 3 "	- " "	" 7 "	
5th "	" 4 "	- " "	" 11 "	
6th "	" 6 "	- win "	" 12 "	(odds being 2 to 1 for me)
	net gain	<u>1</u>	florin	

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I started at this game with fifteen florins in hand; and, you see, although I could hardly win much, - yet it was impossible for me to lose, unless there should be such a continuous run against me as to exhaust my capital, - an improbable occurrence, since the chances were only 2 to 1 against me. I played on in this way for more than an hour, never encountering a run of more than four successive losses, - so my cap gradually grew heavier, - while my companions went through all the depths and shoals of good and bad fortune, sometimes with pockets full and the next moment reduced to a few pieces. At last Dumont touched my shoulder - "Come," said he, "I've lost my last florin - let's go to dinner." So I quit playing and all three of us betook ourselves to the restaurant. Mrs. Dumont had won one florin; I was thirty-five florins winner, - so paying for the dinner fortunately fell to me. The French artist did himself credit, supplying us with delicious meats and exquisite sauces, and producing at last an omelette souffie - "right as love's smiles." The dinner and wine abstracted half of my winnings, and seeing that Dumont was a little downhearted at not being able to play any more (having promised his wife and myself not to lose more than 10 fms) I offered him the other half to play with, - which he at last accepted on condition that I should pocket all he won with it. We strolled through the grounds until our cigars were finished and then returned to the roulette table. My play went on as before, and I had won twenty florins more, when Dumont broke for the second time, and I supplied him with another 15 pieces. Then we all played steadily for about an hour, and I won forty six florins - quite profitable but it began to be tiresome; - so to keep up the excitement, I be-

gan betting at random, which I kept up until my cash in hand was reduced to thirteen florins. Then I returned to my old play, and at an evil moment, - for a run of six times against me swept my capital. Dumont had been winning, and wished to return me twenty florins; but I was getting sleepy and preferred to look on. Mrs. Dumont kept about even - Dumont fluctuated extensively until a rash bet flummoxed him entirely. So we two had nothing to do but watch Madame's game until one by one, her florins also went to swell the thousands in the "Bank." The little woman was awfully chagrined, and begged so earnestly that we at last agreed she should be allowed to lose five florins more, - which she did very quickly. Then we went into the other room to look at the "rouge et noir" tables. Here was gambling of a more serious description - no light laugh and gay affability like that circulating around the roulette table; but grave faces and deep silence, - nervous fingering of gold, and eyes intently fixed on the shuffling of the cards. The variety of expressions was quite a study; - grave, grim, glad, sorrowful, angry, eager, sullen, sad, flushed, pale, - all sorts and variations of countenances were to be seen. It set well enough on the men; but among the women it was awful; women are often angels, but when they're not, they're very apt to be devils, - and to see them around a gambling table with fixed, glassy eyes, wan cheeks and hungry lips - the whole soul absorbed in avidity for gain - bah! it is disgusting. However, there were some honorable exceptions, especially in the case of a dowager looking personage with a hooked nose and a cold grey eye, quick and sharp as a hawk's. This old lady

excited my especial admiration; - she took snuff as composedly as if she were occupied with nothing but her knitting, and lost and won whole rouleaux of gold without changing a muscle. Apparently she had nerve enough to supply a score of ordinary heroines - and heroes too.

At 10 o'clock we called the carriage and drove back to Frankfort, each having paid 10 florins for a good dinner and a day's recreation.

I forgot to tell you that we finished the previous evening at the theatre. Goethe's *Faust* was given by some of the best actors from Berlin. This masterpiece of the tragic drama bears the palm from all others, and the effect it had on me was such that I shall never see it again. I love genteel comedy, and broad farce is my special admiration; but I always find something painful, or even shocking, in tragedy. *Faust* is ten times more exciting than the roulette table. The manly poetry of Faust, the tender womanliness of Margaret, and the sneering subtlety of Mephistopheles are admirably calculated to excite a variety of emotions; but some of the incidents are too painful, and when Margaret kneels on the stage, and addresses to God the earnest, agonizing prayer of a ruined and broken-hearted woman, it seems absolutely blasphemous to allow such a thing to be acted.

On Thursday morning we went to the "Roman House." This was formerly the Council House of the German Emperors. No part of it is exhibited except the room where the Imperial elections were held, and the large "*Kaiser saale*," which used to be employed for the Emperor's dining-room on state occasions. The latter is very large, and the walls are ornamented with full-length portraits of all the German Emperors, from Charlemagne down to Francis II.

Afterwards we went through the Jews' street. This is a long narrow alley, very filthy,—dingy houses with cramped windows, crowded with dirty Israelites who occupy the street exclusively. Near the end is the smoke-dried birthplace of the brothers Rothschild, and near it a counting-house belonging

to the firm. The mother of the Rothschilds, who died some three or four years ago, remained in this dirty hole till the day of her death.

At two o'clock we took the railroad for Heidelberg.

August 17th.

The foregoing sheets have been for some time in my portfolio, awaiting a chance for completion, - and now the best way I see of finishing the tiresome narration into which I have been drawn, is to cut it short. I have just received Henry's letter of July 23rd and I'll bore him with the rest of it next week, or week after, or some time or other. Indeed I am seriously coming to a determination to get square with all ^{my} correspondents - at least to "make an effort." By the bye, there must be something sympathetic in that saying of Mrs. Chick. Do you remember inserting the quotation in a letter to me some time ago? Well, two days before receiving that letter, I put it in one to Sister, and since, it has come back to me again from a European correspondent.

Nothing of importance has occurred since the bombardment of Sweaborg, of which we have not yet received the Russian *account*. American surgeons are continually applying to the Russian Legation here for appointments in Crimea, - and I have to play

interpreter for all of them. Week before last I helped eight of them to enlist. Tell John J. that four of the number were old class mates of his - viz: - Edridge, Johnson, Stoddard, and Jones, the latter from the Eastern Shore of Maryland.

Love to all.

Your affectionate brother

O. Jennings Wise.

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Paris, May 9th, 1856

My dear Sister,

I have this morning received your letter of April 23rd. I was tolerably prepared by flying rumors for the news which it contains, - and I thank you very much for your immediate confidence.

I don't understand how it is—but this thing of marrying seems to be a sort of necessity with most people,—and I have made up my mind to submit to it, in your case, with a good grace, although for my own gratification I would fain have kept you single a few years longer.

You tell me that you are "happy in this new love"—your first and only love, I believe, in all the warmth and freshness of a first love, and though a little selfishness may prevent my sympathizing as heartily as I ought, yet it affords me gratification to know of your happiness. May God grant its continuance, and may your love be returned fully, with all its purity and devotedness.

I heard much of Mr. Hobson, several months before I knew you were acquainted with him. He has warm friends and intimate ones, in Judge Mason's family. The Judge himself has often spoken of him as a man in whom he reposed much respect and confidence, and the young ladies always mention him as an intimate and valued friend. Whether I shall learn, as you say, "to love him for his own sake," is rather doubtful - for you know, I am not a woman, and therefore not given to falling in love with young men, however deserving they may be; - but I shall certainly cherish a sincere friendship for him, for my sister's sake, - provided always he proves himself worthy of her.

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I am glad that you will not move out of the State, for you will have your bachelor brother (whom Heaven preserve from matrimony!) always at striking distance and always at your service.

I have this moment been interrupted by the entrance of Miss Mary Mason, and took occasion to inform her of the substance of your letter. She begs me to congratulate you for her, and to say that you "have chosen the best man of her acquaintance, the very best." Supposing that this will be agreeable to you, I send the message just as it was given.

With regard to the length of your engagement, as concerning all matters of a matrimonial nature and tendency, I am entirely incompetent to advise you. Only let me know as soon as the time for the marriage is decided on. It would be great gratification to me to see you once again before it takes place - but don't delay the wedding on my account. Weddings are disagreeable ceremonies to me. I have had to assist at four of them this winter - which took place among American citizens at the hotel of the Legation - and although the parties were mere strangers, I would rather have been absent. They were all saddening spectacles to me I don't know why - but I am certain that to witness my own sister's wedding would be painful.

I am very much grieved to hear that our mother is suffering still so severely. Assure her of my best love - to which her devotion to Father fully entitles her, - and tell her that I trust to be able before very long, to assist you, not in soothing her illness, - but in cheering her restored health.

I regret as much as you can, that I cannot go home this summer; - but under the circumstances, it is impossible.

I am convinced that my doing so would cause much uneasiness and inconvenience to my chief, and I owe it to him to delay my own gratification for a few months longer.

I have neither time nor material to write you at length on anything that would interest you.

My days and most of my nights are filled up with office work and law reading. I see nothing of Paris except its overheated soirées, where, although the women are all dressed like princesses, the men faultlessly coifed, booted, and gloved, & the saloons splendid beyond description,—the boring would be intolerable, were it not for the relief of dancing. This amusement is in perfection throughout Europe; the old-fashioned, quiet, demure dances are all out of vogue, and nothing but polkas, mazurkas, schottisches, redowas, waltzes, and galops "put life and mettle in the heels."

The women are perfectly trained in all these paces, — and as Peyton used to say in Berlin, "When you take hold of a woman here, its just like riding a half mile race; all you have to do, is to hold hard on the turning, and whip like h - ll down the stretch."

Our friend Mr. William Wright is here now, with his family. Mrs. Levering (ci-devant Victoria Wright) gave birth to a little girl some weeks ago. They all say it is an extraordinarily fine child, but it looks to me like all other babies.

Inform Dr. John J. that his old acquaintance, Madam Sellers, has brought her husband to Paris, where she is flaunting it gaily in high circles. I have not made their acquaintance, but report says the husband is as jealous as ever.

Give love to all.

Your affectionate brother

O. Jennings Wise.

Miss Annie Wise.

Legation
des Etats Unis.

Paris, le 9. Juillet 1856.

My dear Annie,

Your letter of June 5th reached me just in time to let me know beforehand that today is your wedding day. A very bright, pleasant day it is here, and strange to say, not at all different from several other days previous;

- it is in vain for me to try to think so - but so it is. - Bah! I've just written the opposite thing to what I mean - viz: - that in spite of my trying to make it, - the day won't seem at all different from other days.

I sat up last night to do all the work up, so that I should have a lazy morning to do nothing but talk with you, - and intended to be very sentimental. But here I am after five hours sound sleep, a good bath, and a hearty breakfast, (indeed I believe you'll have to commit something worse than matrimony, ma chere, to disturb my appetite), feeling just as if I don't know what I came for. It is very well that I am not at home to-day, for I should be awfully put to it to know how to go through the affair properly.

The whole thing mixes up all sorts of ideas and remembrances,—pleasant and unpleasant,—serious and comical,—and carries me backward and forward through all the scenes of our nineteen years' acquaintance—and it seems to me that some man whose face I am unacquainted with is about to take unto himself for a wife,—a little red-faced infant,—a little girl in short frocks,—a very slender damsel of thirteen summers,—a maiden of sixteen who has begun to wear her hair and bodice like a woman,—and a full-grown woman

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whom I think about, but have never seen,—all in a heap,—and that somehow I ought to feel a little more pathetic about the transaction than I really do.

Now, just let me be an old man for a little while, and talk the whole thing over. I remember very distinctly the first day of our acquaintance, — the more so, because it was only a few days before our Mother's death. I think I was a good deal more selfish and unfeeling than children usually are. I remember my Mother's face perfectly, — I remember that I thought it very beautiful, and she is the only being whom I remember to have loved better than I did Father. And yet, I fear that, at that time, I loved myself much better than both of them; — for I remember that when Sister was sobbing and Henry screaming at her bedside, — I only felt stupid and frightened. Indeed I was a very ungracious urchin, gluttonous, selfish, and inordinately vain of my curly hair, — and when we were told that we might see the baby, — although Sister and Henry ~~went~~^{went} into a sort of ecstasy over their little sister, — I took very little interest in the new born stranger, and only thought, as I still think, that little babies are extremely ugly.

Well, very shortly afterwards we were separated for two years, and when I returned to Deep Creek, I found you running about and talking, very precocious and very pretty, — petted, indulged and spoiled by everybody, especially by Aunt Margaret, — while I had become much more humanized by Grandmother's care, who had taught me to read very well, and to think a little, and had commenced licking me into shape, in more senses than one. But I am getting prosy. Suffice it to say, that you were in your childhood,

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a warmhearted and quick witted young one, with a smart chance of the vixen in your composition, - all of which qualities laid you liable to no small amount of teasing and petty tyranny on the part of your elder brother, long after he was old enough to have known better. Indeed taking all things into consideration, I think the last six years of our acquaintance has been more profitable and more pleasant to both of us, than it was previously. In that time, my dear sister, I have learnt to admire and respect you, and to love you much more dearly than I did before. Apart from the very rapid improvement on your part, I have acquired since my return from College, a sort of property in you, which I am now called upon to deliver over to another claimant. I do not find it entirely agreeable to give up the quantum of self sufficiency attendant on advising and otherwise patronizing a younger sister; but so I must do. Our relative positions are about to change. You are about to become a prudent matron, and as such, it will be your place to patronize your brother - still a wild young bachelor, and exposed to all the weaknesses and temptations attendant on the situation.

Greet my brother in law in my name, and tell him that I resign, with as good grace as I can, since I must do it, all claim and title of authority, in his favor.

Mr. Wright talked a great deal about you while he was here. I forget whether I gave you his message - He said - "Tell Annie, that I will go down and take a look at that beau of her's and if he does not come up to the mark, I'll forbid the banns."

Give love to all. God bless you, my dear Sister.

Your affectionate brother,

O. Jennings Wise.

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Legation
des États Unis.

Paris, le 23, Septr. 1856.

My dear Sister,

I've nothing at all to tell you, but must write only to say how much I have been relieved and enlivened by your sunny letter of the 4th inst: recd. this morning. On my return from Switzerland a week ago, I found Judge Mason reading a letter from somebody in Richmond, containing most alarming accounts of my brother-in-law's illness, and I have since been in a fever of anxiety. The apprehension it caused me was very bitter, and I have prayed often and earnestly that my little sister's happiness should not be desolated so soon.

Octr. 14th.

The other side will show you that I commenced punctually to answer your letter; - but an interruption came, - and since then I have been doing nothing except taking care that my office work should not accumulate - and haven't written a line on my own account. Pretty hard drudgery it is - but the physical man bears it admirably, - and with the prospect of cutting loose next Spring, I don't feel much like complaining.

Eh bien! - Since you last got a letter from me, I've been through quite a siege - looked up at the "castled crag of Drachenfels" - and at "thy dark turrets, old Ehrenbreitstein" - seen the Jura mountains (albeit in the distance) and had ocular demonstration of the fact that "Lake Lemane lies by Chillon's walls" - been poking my head into all sorts of cathedrals, churches, castles,

palaces, picture galleries, museums, monasteries and gambling houses, - and all without eliciting more than a passing interest - not a single speck of poetic enthusiasm.

Not that I've outgrown entirely the sentimentalities - I don't think I have; but I had a woman along with me, who did so much of that sort of thing, I couldn't find a spot of the ground unoccupied, and didn't feel inclined for a tenancy in common; - so I took up the sneering dodge, and amused myself and bedevilled her with it. It was Mrs. Semple, of Williamsburg, who was in Paris, and wishing very much to go to Geneva, and wait there until her husband could join her, - who claimed me for an escort, and as I wanted a trip, I allowed myself to be appropriated for the purpose and took one of Judge Mason's little boys along to leave him at school at Meiningen.

Mrs. S. was very goodnatured, and was as little troublesome as a lady, with a lady's maid to help her make trouble, could possibly be; - and as for her habit of sentimentalising, I suppose that arises from constitutional feminine weakness, and so is unavoidable.

It may possibly be of interest to you to trace the details of our line of march on the map.

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We took the railroad from Paris direct to Cologne, passing through Charle-roy, Namur, and Liége—stopped a day at Cologne to do the cathedral, &c.—took the cars to Bonn—and from thence the steamboat up to the little town of Bieberich, the palatial seat of the Duke of Nassau,—he whose dignity and ducal sovereignty are maintained by the gambling house at Wiesbaden, at the expense of all the strangers who resort to the watering place. We thus passed through all the most picturesque and historical scenes of the Rhine. It is a beautiful river—more so than the Ohio or the Danube—varying at every turn,—never monotonous—always beautiful—sometimes even approaching the sublime, but not quite reaching it. The great number of shapeless masses of crumbling stone, commonly called ruined castles, add a little to the picturesque effect, and a very little to the interest. The legends connected with these are for the most part the stupidest and paltriest of old women's stories,—not to be compared with the tales that enliven the nursery. You will find most of them compiled in Bulwer's *Pilgrims of the Rhine*, where they are, of course, duly diluted with that author's peculiar mixture of sentiment and snobbish flunkeyism. Curse that age of chivalry. I hate even its monuments. I wish some "great earnest man," like Carlyle or Thackeray, would fairly take hold of the subject, and show up the age of chivalry in all its weakness and cowardice and vicious barbarity, and hold up a true picture of the legion of evils it has entailed on folks of the present day. I can't for the life of me determine whether it has left continental Europe a state of things worse than itself, or one only tinctured with its own evils—either is bad enough.

But- 'revenue a nos &c

From Bieberich, we took the cars to Frankfort on the Main, and from thence to Eisenach. By reason of a slight mistake on my part, and much stupidity on all sides, we went 40 miles past Eisenach, to the fortified town of Erfurt, a town also celebrated in the history of Luther;— but not the right one.

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In palliation of my own share of the stupidity, - I will tell you that the guide book laid down the distance from Frankfort to Eisenach at 10 hours; - we happened to get an express train, which made it in 8, and when we stopped two minutes at the insignificant station house of Eisenach, I was busily engaged reading Carlyle. So it was that when, at the appointed time, we stopped at a handsome town, I was astounded beyond measure to read in large letters over the station house - Erfurt. So we stayed all night there, and early next morning went back to Eisenach, where I left Mrs. S. to enjoy Luther's prison cell in the fortress of Wittenburg, and took Georgie down to Meinungen - about 30 miles - posted back the same evening and returned that night to Frankfort. Did all the wonderful sights of the city in the morning, and in the afternoon to Hombourg (a little town, the seat of the gambling establishment that pays the expenses of the sovereignty of the Prince of Hesse Hombourg) Here, I am somewhat ashamed to say, I so far forgot your sisterly injunction as to meddle again with the green table, not much though - for Mrs. S. to my mortification, dragged me away when I was winner about \$50. Don't be angry; - I conscientiously lost it all again when I got to Baden-Baden, (which latter place fills the pockets of the Grand Duke of Baden. I suppose you have some idea now of the Finance Department of the smaller German sovereigns.

We had an easy travel of 3 hours to Heidelberg, where I roused Peyton up and had a pleasant day in the old boy's company.

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Then by rail still to Baden- Baden, where we spent the morning with the old castles and fine scenery. Mrs. S. was unwell in the evening and confined to her room. I resorted to the roulette table, which I found surrounded with very low company. It was late in the season, and instead of the decorous gentleman, such as held the more apparent blackguards at a distance at Hombourg, and gave an air of propriety and affability to the game,- there was scarcely a man or woman at the Baden table who seemed to claim respectability. Many of them were English, and these squabbled occasionally about their winnings. However, I joined them, and at the outset almost had reason to repent my temerity;- in one of my first ventures I bet on a single figure- it won,- and thus I gained 35 times the amount of my stake, when to my surprise a black whiskered individual opposite me, remarked to the croupier- "La piece sur le 27 est a moi." I informed him that he was mistaken in his supposition;- but he insisted. So I coolly gathered up the pile of gold and silver which the croupier pushed to the spot, pocketed it, and looked black whiskers full in the face, expecting a shindy. The scamp was not prepared for this, and muttering "ajors, je me suis trompe' " dropped his eyes and the subject simultaneously. Such a set of scamps I never saw- there were continually persons claiming what did not belong to them;- but after brow-beating the fellow that tried it on me, I was not disturbed again.

I played for about four hours- sometimes at random- and sometimes with varied and whimsical calculations- sometimes losing sometimes winning- About 11 o'clock, I was pretty well tired

of the amusement, and stopped to count up-found that my winnings at Hombourg had increased to about \$200. I carried it back to the table, and commenced playing boldly,- at first with success-but soon fortune played an extraordinary freak (or, more probably perhaps, the croupier played at me and cheated)-for I lost 14 times consecutively, betting on the same set of 12 figures, where the odds were only two to one against me. This swept all my winnings, and I went off to bed much more light-hearted and content, than if I had carried any of the ill earned lucre up stairs with me.

Now, my darling sister, I know that you will consider this gambling transaction wrong, and so, no doubt, it is, though I don't, perhaps, entirely appreciate the extent. But you need be under no apprehension for me in the matter. Your brother is not a gambler, and it would be very hard to make him one. It is dull work to me. It tires much more than it excites. But lest this assurance may not be sufficient to reassure you, you shall have another. I feel no apprehension for myself, but lest you should have uneasy apprehensions, I pass you my word, seriously, I will never play again at a public gaming table. So you needn't write me again so anxiously as you did last year, when I confessed similar misdeeds.

From Baden we went to Kehl and crossed over to Strasbourg to see the cathedral there with its world renowned raree show of clockwork - a sort of puppet show, Punch and Judy affair, after all.

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From Kehl to Basle, - and thence to Berne, where we spent an evening with our Minister, Mr. Theodore S. Fray, some of whose novels and poetry you have perhaps read. From Mr. Fray, we learned the particulars of the insurrection in Neuchatel, which had just taken place. The history of the province of Neuchatel is somewhat curious. The people are thrifty and frugal, and have always evinced a desire to be affiliated with their congenial neighbors of Switzerland, an event which failed of consummation, until the troubles of 1848 offered an available opportunity. I think it was until 1807 that Neuchatel remained under the rule of a line of princes, a branch of the royal family of France. At this time the line became extinct by the death of the reigning princess. Marlborough was then in command of the allied forces in the struggle with France, and conceived the idea of conciliating the House of Hohenzollern by presenting it with the sovereignty of the principality. This was accomplished, and Neuchatel remained under the Prussian rule until 1807, when Napoleon gave it to one of his favorites - Berthier, I think. The Congress of Vienna of 1815 restored it to Prussia.

In 1848, the people expelled their Prussian rulers, and became annexed to Switzerland, and so Neuchatel remains a Swiss Canton - the only fruit of permanent liberty and independence accomplished among all the revolutionary attempts of 1848.

Prussia never has acquiesced in this arrangement - has repeatedly asserted (in words) her rightful sovereignty over Neuchatel, - and in the late Congress of Paris, Baron Manteuffel, the

Prussian plenipotentiary, called the attention of the Congress to the matter, which appeal was met with silence.

Fully as discontented as the Prussian Government itself, were the crowd of Counts, Barons et id omne genus, whom the new state of things, stript of their titles and importance. So what should these gentry do, on the 3rd day of September last, but seize the citadel of the town of Neuchatel (with or without the direct instigation of the Prussian King) hoist the Prussian flag, and proclaim the restoration of "order." The thing was well commenced secretly planned and promptly executed; - but, alas for the royal insurgents! the citizen soldiers who happened to be at hand, were reenforced by the sturdy burghers, who rose en masse, - and with but little bloodshed, as the old song has it, "the Prussian host was routed" - and 500 prisoners were taken - among them all the noble ringleaders in rebellion against republican authority. Wasn't that a glorious spectacle? Lords and nobles raising the standard of rebellion, and reduced to order by the sturdy democrats! -Vive la Liberty! Vive la Republique!

Allons, enfans de la patrie,-
Le jour de gloire est arrive
Contre nous de la tyrannie
Le 'tandard sanglant est eleve.

&c.

&c.

&c.

!!!

It is said that the noble prisoners evince no solicitude, being all confident in the aid of Allah and his Prophet - alias the

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crowned heads in general and the King of Prussia in particular, for their release; notwithstanding, it is asserted that a dozen or so of them will be condemned to hard labor for life, for the sake of example.

From Berne, we took a carriage to Nancy. By the bye, the scenery at ~~Berne~~ is magnificent - so it is at Heidelberg and at Baden - Baden - but more so at Berne, with the Jura mountains in the distance, I shan't attempt to describe any of the scenery - for I can't do it.

We reached Vevay early in the afternoon of the next day, and stayed over night, taking the steamer for Geneva in the morning.

I forgot to say that on the way to Vevay, we stopped to dine at Fribourg - a town very wildly situated, with scenery extremely striking. We went into the cathedral to hear the organ, said to be the finest in the world - saw it but did not hear it - the music-grinder having absented himself.

The lake of Geneva presents admirable scenery—especially the upper end, where the hills rise high and rugged—and there are even snow-topped mountains

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to be seen in the distance; it grows much tamer as you approach Geneva.

Arrived at Geneva, found the diligence full for the next three days and no vetturina to be obtained, ordered dinner and post horses. When one was eaten and the other saddled, took congé of Mrs. Semple, and in a trice was off, gaily and cheerfully, horses prancing, jackboots rattling, postillion shouting, whip cracking, and all only to whirl along my individual self in a light carriage all the way to Pont d'Ain. It was a glorious ride, that ride of eight hours by moonlight among the hills, with three brisk horses and a dare-devil postillion before me, swift gallop up hill, brisk trot down, up again, and down again; there was buoyancy of life and activity in it; variety, too, in the play of the moonlight on forest and river, valley and hill; and when we stopped every hour at some village inn to change horses, the villagers were often there with music and dancing and light-hearted laughter, and more than once a rosy-cheeked peasant girl came out with a gay greeting and a hearty kiss for the postillion—not for the traveler.

Gradually the lights grew dim in the villages and the hostlers came yawning up with fresh horses, but each postillion was gay and spirited, and had a shout and a song for every furlong, and the moon shone brightly still. I tell you there is life and romance and poetry and action in a ride by moonlight alone, behind post horses—from Geneva to Pont d'Ain.

From Pont d'Ain, the rail to Lyons,— then a sleepless night in the express train to Paris and the jaunt ^{is} over. And so must this be—that's the reason why I don't like to begin writing home— I always string it out so long, I don't know where to cut it short.

Remember me affectionately to your husband; take care of him for your own sake as well as his— and remember to bring him back from _____, in time to meet me in the spring.

I have become pretty well acquainted with your friends,
Messrs. Dabney and Fariaferro. The latter has just gone to
Berlin to spend the winter; but Mr. Dabney remains in Paris.

God bless you,

Your affectionate brother,

O. Jennings Wise.

For Annie.

(The original of this letter is slightly torn.)

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Legation

Paris, le 7. Janvier, 1857.

des Etats Unis.

My dear Sister,

Your two last letters are before me. I thank you very much for the sisterly affection which they evince, and which is so very dear to me, and would like very much to write something in return which would interest you; but it is now 1. o'clock at night, and you must need content yourself with a rambling sheet, written nightowl fashion; indeed I would be apt to defer it to a more convenient season, were it not that/

I am a little proud of, and much interested in the picture-buying commission with which you have entrusted me. You must know that you have done a very imprudent thing in giving me a *carte blanche* order to purchase a dozen good engravings. Why, I might put you in for one or two thousand dollars in the purchase. I so frequently examine gems of art—the proof sheets from plates of great old engravers, which are as expensive as oil paintings, and other engravings, descending so gradually in the scale of price and excellence,—that I can't make up my mind to commence buying until you limit me in the amount to be expended. Please do so immediately, for I like the two occupations of examining pictures and spending money, and am impatient to commence the combined operation.

I have my eye already on a fine proof sheet of Mor-
gelen's plate, of the Magdalen in the desert, which is fully as large
and to my eye, a still better picture, than the original picture by
Correggio, which I saw at Dresden.

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As to the Madonna in a chair, I have not yet seen an engraving of it which entirely pleases me; though I have never seen the original, which is in Italy. There are but few fine engravings extant, other than copies from celebrated paintings, and the best seem to be taken from the old masters. I am undecided whether I ought to include in your selection, a copy of Raphael's Madonna de Sainte Siste, the original of which is considered the great picture of the Dresden Gallery. Perhaps you would not like to have two Madonnas from the same painter.

What do you think of the following? Landseer's animal pictures; Murillo's peasant groups; Ruben's mythological, sacred, or fanciful; Tenier's, scenes of Dutch peasant life. Detached groups from Horace Vernet's battle scenes; anything from Guido besides his Hope - the Aurora is a fine thing. Leonardo di Vinci's great picture of the Lord's Supper.

I shall thank you for any further hints or suggestions - but remember to limit me in the amount to be expended; I'll spend it all, be sure of that.

For your sake, I am very much pleased with the farming project. It is the only life which is perfectly consistent with bodily health and mental tranquillity; besides, men and women too, are equally useful, and in a much more dignified and responsible position, when they are known and appreciated by their neighbors, than when they are atoms in a crowd, exchanging civilities so continually with so many people, that they have no time left for intimacy and friendship. Duties to society may be very respectable in some cases, but generally in cities they degenerate into some-

thing like ostentation - certainly they waste more time than everything else, and prove great irritatives to the temper. In a word, they are bores, and tease your poor brother dreadfully, who escapes them only partially by turning his rough side to everybody that approaches. Were I a rich man, I would buy a farm within reach of yours, and live in the country too. As it is - "Me in virtute." Be classical, and translate the last word correctly - it means fortitude.

I should have delighted to accompany you on the Northern trip, that is, if my so doing would not have interfered with honeymoon enjoyments. Please make up your mind do consider yourself a settled down married woman altogether well accustomed to your husband, before my return, so that you may be at leisure to spare much time, patronage and attention to your brother.

I shall not visit Italy, spite of your positive instructions; the material aid is wanting.

I suppose you have read the Newcomes - if not you ought to. Do you remember where M. de Florac bewails Baden-Baden as his "Moscow?" Well, Paris proved my Moscow; I have worked harder here than I ever did anywhere else, have spent beyond my salary, and strict economy together with the increase of salary which commences with the current year, and the \$200. infit which the new diplomatic bill allows me, will just enable me to get home without drawing on the Home Department.

As to what you say about the gambling transaction, there must be a mistake or an omission somewhere. I received no word nor message from Father "last year" on the subject; so filia!

disobedience can't be ranked among the list of sins. Au reste, you may be tranquil, - you have my promise, and no harm is done yet, at least, for I have found gambling like visiting, - decidedly a bore. I have more pleasure and excitement too, in translating a single chapter in the Corpus Juris, than in both of them together.

Your last letter sets me completely at ease concerning your husband's health. Remember me to him in brotherly affection, and tell him that I counsel him in all sincerity, and at the risk of interfering between man and wife, never to permit his wife to bully him. Tell him to "make a note on it," for such is emphatically the first rule to be observed in what Captain Cuttle calls "the house of bondage."

I am surprised that Dr. Garnett should be suffering even temporarily from illness. He certainly seems to have a very hardy constitution. Lieutenant Wells, who has just come over in the Resolute, tells me that the Dr. overworks himself. If so, his wife ought to rusticate him for awhile. This way that young women have of getting married has its inconveniences, in doubling the anxieties and cares of the rest of the family; so they should be very careful indeed. I sincerely trust that our Mother is advancing towards a complete recovery from illness. The immediate convalescence which you describe as consequent on the last attack, seems to me a good omen. I have received Mother's letter of Novr. 14th, which was delayed very long on the way, and will write her next week. I have also received from Hal a delightful letter, of a later date. I have had from several sources the particulars of Isa's marriage. Remember me to her affectionately.

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I have lately had some very unpleasant duty to perform. On the 30th of last month, an American gentleman named Morey was shot^{dead} by a stupid French sentinel. Together with our Vice-Consul, I had to assist at the inquest, which was well conducted. The civil and military officers agreed in a fair statement of the case; and the sentinel has been arrested and will undergo trial by Court Martial.

There is no political news, except that the Paris conferees are about concluding their labors. I am informed from an authentic source, that they have confined their attention to the difficulties as to the boundary line &c, growing out of the Treaty of Paris; and neither the affair of Neuchatel, nor Italian politics nor the proposition of our Government as to neutral and belligerent rights, has been admitted to consideration.

It is said, however, that the Ministers of the Powers who signed the London Protocol of 1852, will hold a special conference as to Neuchatel. It is said that Russia agrees to yield the Isle of _____ and the town of Belgrade, in consideration of another slice of territory removed from the Danube. The French have dispatched two fleets to China, - on account of the murder of a French missionary. These will probably act with the English forces, and the war in China may give rise to another offensive alliance between the two Governments.

The gay season here is fairly under way again. Two weeks ago we presented seventy-five American gentlemen and ladies to the Emperor and Empress, and the tickets are issued for the first ball at the Tuileries.

Another winter,—fortunately my last—of dressing and dancing, late hours, crowded rooms, boredom, and sweat—all of which I shall dodge oftener than I did last year.

Give love to all.

Your affectionate brother

O. Jennings Wise.

For Annie.

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The Position of Austria

Translated from the Berlin "Zeit" of May 3.

The Allgemeine Zeitung has always been very Russian and anti-Turkish. There was a time when it could report nothing from Turkey, except dreadful massacres of Christians, and brutalities of Mahomedans against Greeks which made the hairstand on end. All these have proved mere fables, and only invented to render the Russian party popular. This journal has, it is true, recently taken occasion to speak for the preservation of Germany's political independence of Russia. This however, if we mistake not, did not occur until after the conviction had been most clearly expressed at Vienna that Austria's interests no longer coincided with the policy followed by the Czar in the East. The turn which, since this event, this paper has taken against Russia is very astonishing; but we cannot on this account say that it has taken a decided position in the present question, - for, at the same time that it has turned against Russia, it abuses England and is perfectly enthusiastic about the Greek insurrection. With regard to Austria, the Allgemeine Zeitung has always been well served from this quarter, and the political tendencies of Vienna generally find a tolerably true exponent in the Augsburg journal.

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For all these reasons, a recent article - "From the Danube" - in the above named journal merits especial attention. The author, who on all other occasions has been exceedingly Russian, and whom there is every reason to consider well informed, has suddenly undertaken to prove the necessity of Austria's pursuing an anti-Russian policy. The disclosures of the "Blue Books" seem first to have caused him doubts in regard to the views of Russia, and he finds these doubts verified by the recollection of the words in which Prince Paskiewitsch announced at St. Petersburg the capitulation of Valagos: - "Hungary lies at the feet of your Majesty," and finally by the recollection of the fact that General Radiger entertained at his table the rebel officers as "guests of honor." "This series of events finds its most perfect explanation," says the Allgemeine Zeitung, "in the plan which Russia proposed for the solution of the Eastern question. Austria was first, by some important service, to be placed under such deep obligations that she should be unable to offer any resistance, and should thus be made subservient to Russian views. In order that this subserviency should not be forgotten, Austria's self respect has, more than once been put to a severe test. The Czar thought that the recollection of his important services, the constantly manifested gratitude of our court, and his own proud bearing towards obliged Austria, would render her in this affair politically silent as the grave; at least he considered her so obedient that, without any previous consulta-

tion, he might have demanded her signature to the treaty concluded with England." According to the article, the Czar in his plan to win England over to his proposals, forgot the chief thing, viz:- the character of the young Emperor of Austria, whose veto he completely overlooked.

"When," it continues, "the conduct of Russia, which became every day more and more open, rendered Austrian representations at the court of St. Petersburg necessary, these were answered so peremptorily and the Austrian Cabinet was treated with so little respect, that the St. Petersburg dispatches were always opened with bitter expectations. The same astonishing disrespect is said to have induced Count Mensdorf to request, that, rather than remain Ambassador at St. Petersburg, he might be allowed again to command his brigade; although so far as he was personally concerned, he had nothing to complain of. Before the disclosures of the late "Blue Book," many persons recollected only the important services of Russia and the hatred which every true Austrian must still feel against England; England; and these induced them to consider more leniently, though still with sorrow, Russia's ever increasing self delusion. During his Olm nitz visit, the Czar treated Count Buol so slightly, not to say insultingly, that it created universal astonishment, and Nesselrode and Meyendorf were utterly nonplussed.

There can be no doubt that the young Emperor, witnessing this conduct towards his ministers, retains these events impressed upon his mind and will never forget them. He is not one

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to be imposed upon by anything, be it just or unjust. Without any delay he prescribed that course of policy independent alike of both parties, which he has since truly followed despite of intrigues and suspicions of the most inimical character. There was no need of the "Blue Books" to teach him what he owed his country. He clearly saw beforehand the subjection to which the Czar seemed determined to reduce him; and the danger which threatened Austria must have silenced for the moment all feelings of personal affection. When, moreover, the confirmation of these facts by the reports of Sir H. Seymour left no doubt in reference to the future role attributed to Austria there was but one path for the Emperor to follow; and that path he has undeviatingly followed up to the present moment."

The article then touches upon the endeavors for peace made by the imperial cabinet and adds - "It being, however, impossible to avoid a war, all endeavors to avert the calamity being exhausted and rendered futile by Russia's refusals and Lord Redcliffe's machinations, - then, even before the publication of Seymour's despatches had entered public the programme of Russia's future course were all affection and all hesitation arrested by the very nature of the existing circumstances; and the very last man was to be sacrificed in giving force to a course of policy which will insure Austria and the whole of Germany, not only now, but also for the future, from similar dangers. Thus the question is reduced to one of mere expediency, and of Austrian expediency; for it cannot be

pretended that Austria is willing to sacrifice one iota of her individual interest, the general interests of Europe. Admitting the restraints of Russian influence in Turkey to be coincident with the latter, and leaving out of view the possibility of its being accomplished without the aid of Austria, - would such a consummation strengthen or confirm the safety of the present government of Austria? The interposition of the independent and neutral territory of Turkey would present no effective barrier to protect Austria against Russia, and the securing of the friendship of the Western powers would effect nothing in this respect; for the Western powers would, in any event, be as ready to prevent the extension of Russian sovereignty into Austria as into Turkey itself. Nothing would therefore be gained by an open outbreak with Russia; and much would be lost. Leaving out of view the tendency of such an event to draw upon Austria sooner or later the vengeance of the Czar, she would be thenceforth deprived of an ally whose assistance she has already needed to maintain her own subjects in subjection, and which she may need again at any moment. Nor can she look for such assistance to the Western powers, whose sympathy at least will always range itself on the side of her insurgent subjects.

And other considerations, equally grave and much more immediate, must deter Austria from such a course. In order to assist France and England she will be forced to remove her garrisons from the Italian provinces, which are already in a state of

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discontent amounting almost to turbulence. An open outbreak there would be inevitable; and who can guarantee a different state of things in Hungary? Add to these difficulties that of the notoriously miserable condition of Austrian finances, and we see a nation with both hands tied.

Ere this reaches you, you will doubtless read the imperious language which the French Emperor has addressed to the King of Greece (Je vous ordonne - la France vous ordonne &c) and also the submission of the King to the threats of the English and French. Still the people are in arms, and the last accounts report the "insurgents" victorious over the Turks.

The reports of the Russians having been four times repelled from Silistria have been confirmed. The total loss in killed and wounded ~~an~~ amounts to 5,000 men. It is now asserted that Prince Paskiewitsch has left 40,000 men before Silistria and is advancing with 60,000 to give Omar Pacha battle at Schuneld. The Turkish General has 90,000, and it is said that Marshall St. Armand hopes to reinforce him in a few days.

The article then sketches the policy followed by Austria for some time past, and is apparently well versed in the subject. If we may conclude from this article that the Vienna cabinet, with its young Emperor at its head, is determined to pursue an independent line of policy, we must also conclude that it has not forgotten the evils which the ministry of Palmerston inflicted

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upon Austria through Hungary, and that the memory of these wrongs has determined Austria to pursue a policy not only independent of Russia, but also of the Western powers.

In fact, if England expects an alliance with the German powers in the present European contest, Germany has the right to expect from England some act which will renew the confidence in her honesty and truth which the history of the last few years has so very much shaken in Germany."

Richmond, Va.

Jany. 3. 1861.

My dear Father,

I arrived here yesterday at 7 P.M. - All are well, except Mr. Lyons, who is recovering from an attack of diphtheria. I have not seen him; but Austin tells me he is nearly well today.

Letcher has modified his message. He leaves out all reference to "negro taxation"; impugns S. Carolina because of Govr. ^{Pettus!} ~~Pettis~~'s declaration that, in a certain contingency, slaves should not be imported from the border states;--harps on the African slave trade; mildly expresses the opinion that a State Convention is "not the proper remedy," hypothetically insinuates that it would be better for Va. to combine separately with the U. Western States, in the first instance; since, if we joined first with the Gulf States, the fear of African slave trade might then impede union with the U. West., etc. etc. etc.

The report that North Carolina has seized the forts in her borders is of somewhat doubtful authenticity. Mr. Cowardin returned yesterday from N. Carolina, and reported that the

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forts were then actually occupied by state troops,--he, himself, having seen some of the troops on their way.

Today Mr. Howard, who has just returned, reports that a committee of militia officers had waited on Govr. Ellis to demand the occupation of the fort;-- that Ellis refused to move;-- that the militia then determined to act without his orders,-- and it was believed they were taking measures yesterday to carry out the threat. He says, too, that the occupation would be perfectly easy--none of the forts being garrisoned,--and each remaining only in charge of some six or eight men.

Ere this reaches you, you will probably see a telegraph we have just received from Washington,--~~th~~ stating that the Prest. gave audience today to the Commissioners of South Carolina, and abruptly dismissed them, after hearing their proposals, which he denounced as "insulting."

One of the South Carolina Commissioners telegraphed confidentially, from Richmond, on Tuesday evening last, to Govr. ~~Pick~~ Pickens,-- stating that the Prest. had ordered reinforcements to be sent from Norfolk by the "Brooklyn," to Fort Sumter,--and advised the Govr. to storm the fort at once and at all hazards. This

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report is true. Wm. Old gave it to us,--and he accompanied the Commissioners to the telegraph, and read the telegram before it was sent.

Report says, today, that the Prest. got wind of the thing,-- immediately countermanded the order for sending reinforcements by the Brooklyn,-- and telegraphed a confidential promise to Govr. Pickens that Fort Sumter should not be reinforced.

It is now certain that the "immediate secessionists" have large majorities in the three conventions of Alabama, Mississippi, and Florida. The article in the "Confederation" turns out to be a barefaced submissionist trick, intended to influence the election in Georgia.

I called on the Commissioner from Alabama, Judge Hopkins, this morning;-- but the room was filled and I had no chance for much conversation with him.

We have determined not to publish your letter before Monday morning, when copies will be laid on the desks of both Houses of the Assembly. I will give Kean a copy on Saturday,-- so that it will also appear on Monday in the N.Y. Herald.

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I have today selected the following 12 marshals for the
 "resistance convention" of the 28th.

Jas. Alfred Jones
 Col. J. Lucius Davis
 Judge W. H. Lyons.
 S. S. Marye
 T. T. Cropper
 R. H. Sorton
 Nat. Tyler
 O. J. Wise
 Major Wm. Munford
 Capt. R. M. Cary
 John Howard
 Chamberlain.

I have also corrected the proof of the circular, which will be
 struck off tomorrow,-- when I'll send you a printed copy.

I have also been busy today listing names.

Harvie called on me today,--expressed an eager desire to
 co-operate . I forgot past differences. Under the seal of
 confidence, I imparted to him the plan for our gathering of the 28th.
 He expressed doubt about the expediency--feared that it might
 alarm and drive back the timid, and give a lever to the
 "conservatives." I told him that I would send out the circulars

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on Monday,-- and that if he ~~desired~~ and Old desired to assist, they could inform me;--but that I would, in any event, go on with it.

I expect to hear nothing more from either of them,--as, doubtless, they will not act without Hunter's sanction,--which they will hardly obtain.

Love to all

Yr. affectionate Son

O. Jennings Wise.

Hon. H.A. Wise.

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Richmond, Va.

Jany. 22. 1861

My dear Father,

I should have written to you before;--but suffered all last week with a sore throat which kept me indoors and out of humor.

Finding that the Convention bill would certainly pass the Legislature, I did not send out the circulars to our friends to assemble here on the 28th. I now have all the circulars and lists ready,--and only wish to consult you as to the propriety of assembling them, armed, to meet the Convention here. Dr. Thompson and several other of our friends insist that it will have a bad effect,--by furnishing pretexts of obstruction to the submissivist wing of the Convention. We shall also have to rely entirely, on our own friends,--since the Hunter men--none of them--will give any assistance. We can, however, assemble as many as are needed for effect, and I only await your orders to issue the circulars. If you are of opinion that the effect on the Convention will be a good one,--please inform me by return mail, and I will drop the circulars at once into the postoffice.

I opposed to the utmost the "reference" clause of the

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Convention bill;--because I feared that it would injure the morale of the Convention. But I have some hope that it will turn out for the best. It certainly prevents the secession of Virginia,--and will, I hope, oblige the ~~acceptan~~ adoption of your plan of resistance, which can be carried out in toto without "reference,"--since the only acts of convention to be referred, in any event, will be an ordinance of secession or a change in the State Constitution.

Mr. Hunter has been playing us false on the subject of the Crittenden resolutions. I have found it very difficult to abstain from editorial denunciation of his speech, filled as it is, with submission, impracticability and blue federalism. I strongly suspect that he and Douglas are hunting in couples. Dejournette tells me that the whole movement of Southern men at Washington, in favor of the "Crit. Resols." was instigated by Toombs,--who pushed them forward to defeat by the Black Reps., only to strengthen the weak kneed in Georgia, and secure prompt secession there. Nevertheless, I feel sure that Messrs. Douglas and Hunter are endeavoring to put them to another use,--that of

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patching up a scheme of pacification, of which the two Senators will be the heroes. The ~~farouk~~ farcical appointment of a federal commission on this "basis" by our Genl. Assembly was secured under the management of Hunter's and Douglas' joint pimp, Mr. R. A. Pryor.

Please inform me whether you are likely to have opposition in P. Anne, and of what sort.

We are doing our best here to secure the election of Col. Munford to the Convention. The prospect is a good one.

In Henrico, Mr. Lyons and J. B. Young are the prominent men ~~just~~ put forward by the "resistants." One or the other will be the candidate. Young is generally thought to be the most available, since he commands the support of the Whig sheriff and deputy sheriff. However, it is doubtful whether either can be elected,--since the submissionists ostensibly command a majority in the County.

Yesterday, at the recommendation of the six ex-captains, I was unanimously elected Captain of the "Blues." The ceremony of inauguration was very handsomely gotten up. At 8 o'clock, P.M.,

I was conducted to the armory by a committee of four ex-captains,--where I found the whole company assembled,--also the "Old Guard" (120 ex-members, regularly organized, and of which Col. Munford is Capt.)--with a full band of music. I was introduced by Col. M., who made one of his handsomest speeches--had to make a speech in reply--then shook hands with the whole assemblage. After which, the battalion formed, and we marched to the Columbian hotel--took possession of the dining room--drank toasts,--made more speeches. Battalion formed,--escorted me to, and aligned in front of the "Enquirer" office,--where I made them yet another speech by way of "good night,"--and they marched off with "three cheers for Captain Wise"!--

All this is very pleasant to a young man's vanity,--and I am glad to obtain command of a company at this time. But it will consume much of my time. For want of an efficient captain, the company drill and discipline has been much relaxed,--and they have been divided into cliques and involved in much squabbling.

I have had much trouble with Mr. Smith about Harry. He now refuses to pay more than the rate of \$80 per annum, with permission, too, to dismiss him at any time, and only pay for the time he may

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choose to keep him. If obliged to take him for the whole year,
unconditionally, he will only pay \$60. Please instruct me what
to do in this matter.

Love to all

Your affectionate son,

O. Jennings Wise.

Hon. H. A. Wise

Rolleston.

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